



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



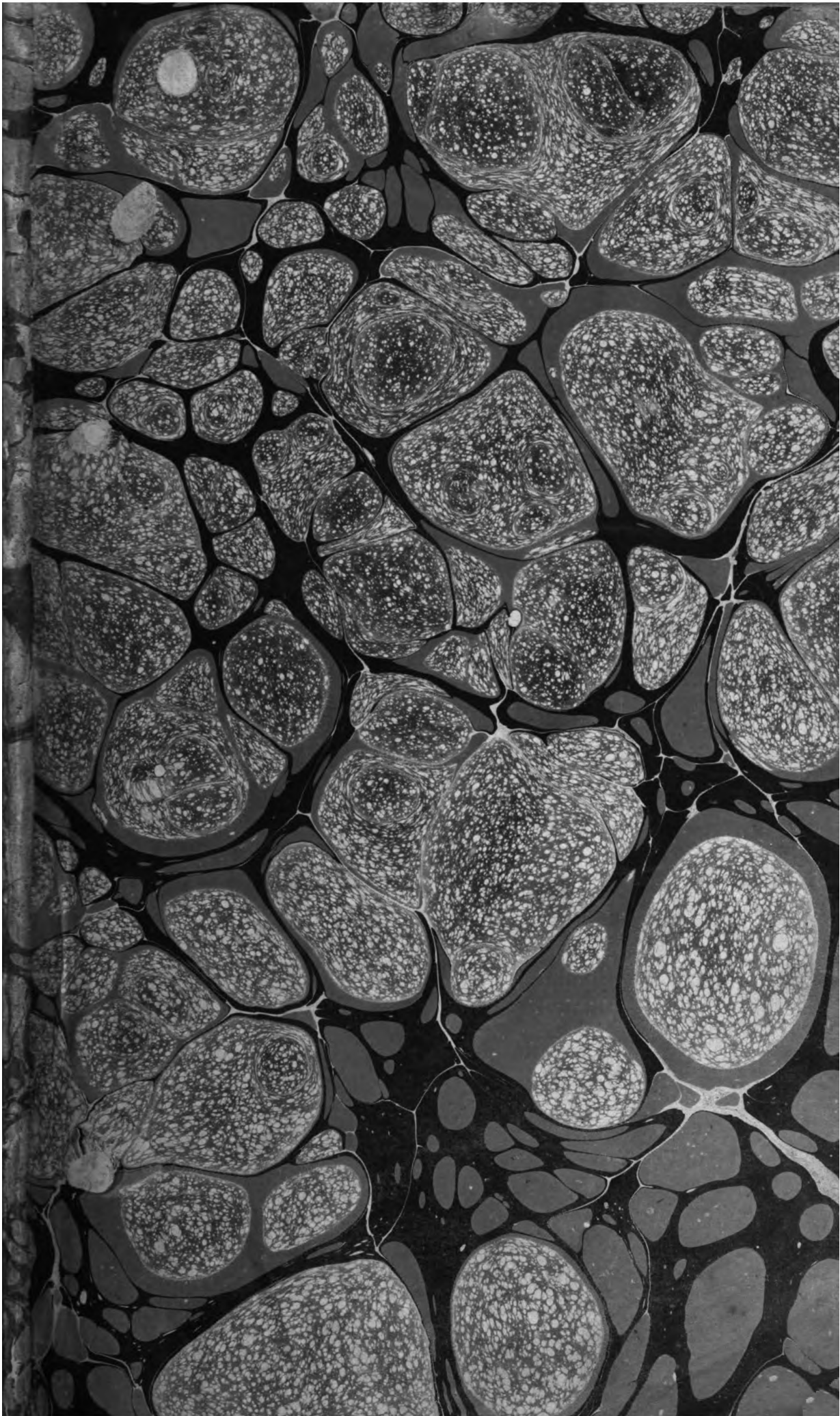
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



Hope estays 40-20.



John Thomas Hope.



2





T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

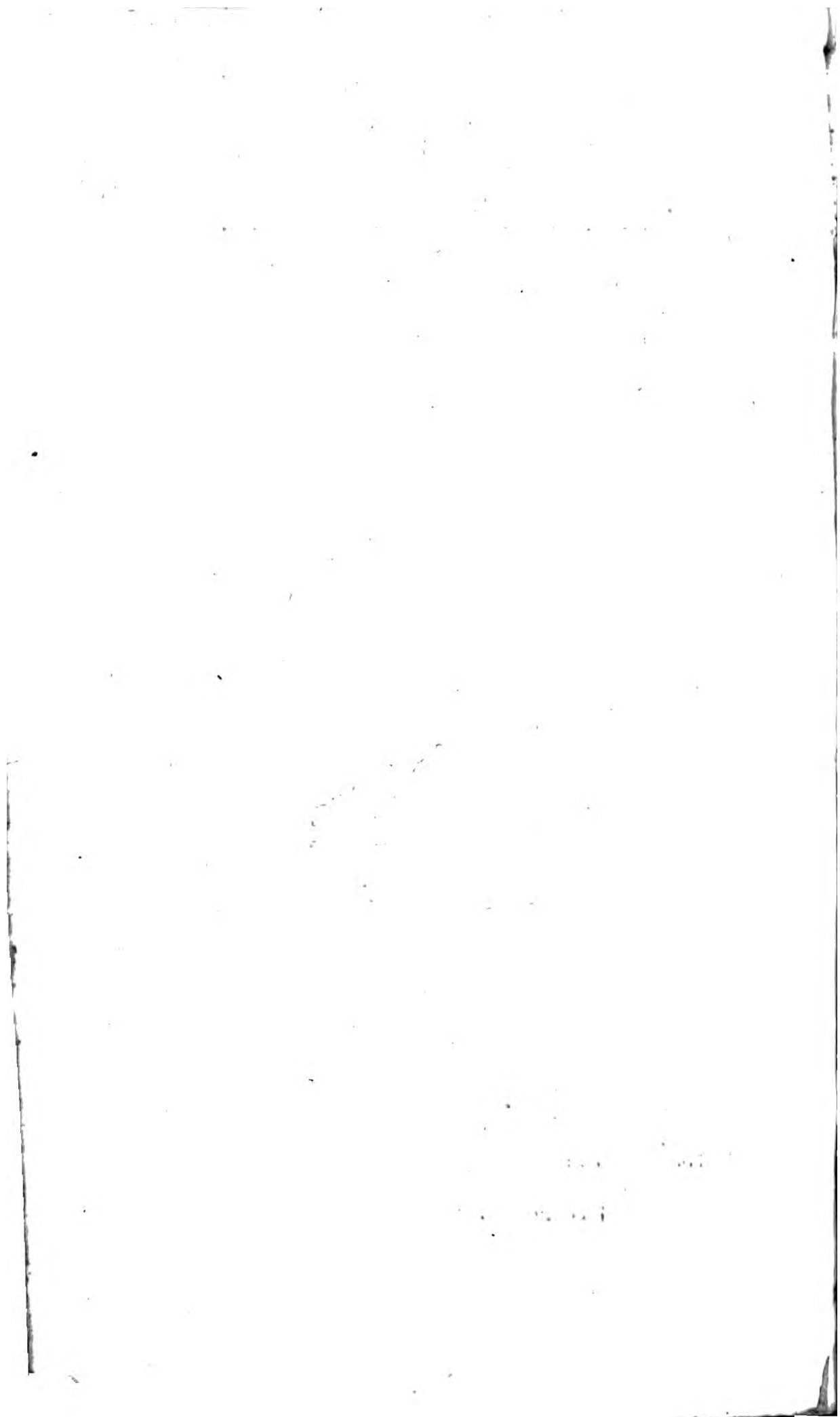
B Y
CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

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

JUVEN.



L O N D O N :
Printed for W. FADEN, in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street,
A N D
J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster Row.



CONTENTS and MOTTO S.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>No.
1. Difficulty of the first Address to the Public—
Why I resolve to range this ample Field,
The Muse shall tell, if you'll Attention yield.
ANONYMOUS.</p> <p>2. On Female Beauty.
Love and the Nymph shall charm my Toils;
The Nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.
FRANCIS.</p> <p>3. On the several Difficulties Authors have to encounter.
Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their Way;
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praises be forgot,
And makes of all an universal Blot. DRYDEN.</p> <p>4. On the Art of Acting, so far as it relates to the Passions.
Keep Nature's great Original in view,
And thence the living Images pursue. FRANCIS.</p> <p>5. On the Condition of Princes.
For <i>Troy</i>, the generous Fears of <i>Carthage</i> flow;
And <i>Tyrian</i> Breasts are touch'd with human Woe.
DRYDEN.</p> <p>6. Scene in <i>Jonathan's</i> Coffee-house.
Once more <i>Crespinus</i> call'd upon the Stage.
DRYDEN.</p> <p>7. On the Contempt of false Honour and Detraction.
False Praise can charm, unreal Shame controul—
Whom, but a vicious, or a sickly Soul? FRANCIS.</p> <p>8. Criticism on the Tragedy of <i>Macbeth</i>.
Thus grateful does thy Office prove
To Gods below, and Gods above, FRANCIS.</p> <p>9. On the various Means of acquiring Money.
Curs'd Gold!—how high will daring Mortals rise
In every Guilt, to reach the glittering Prize?
PITT.</p> <p>10. On Pride.
He treated every Body with an Insolence of
Pride, which to a good Mind is worse than
Cruelty. ANONYMOUS.</p> <p>11. The Author's Soliloquy with himself.
Hence the old Man stands open to your View,
Tho' with a careless Hand the Piece he drew.
FRANCIS.
Study thyself: what Rank or what Degree
The wise Creator has ordained for thee.</p> <p>12. <i>Shakespear</i> vindicated in a Letter to <i>Voltaire</i>.
Aim not, vain Bard, on <i>Virgil's</i> Wings to soar;
But follow trembling, and his Steps adore.
ANONYMOUS.</p> <p>13. Scheme for the Improvement of the liberal Arts
and Sciences, Manufactures, &c.
On <i>Cæsar</i> all our Study must depend:
For <i>Cæsar</i> is alone the Muses Friend. DRYDEN.</p> <p>14. The Growth of Folly affords constantly new Matter
for the periodical Writer, even tho' the <i>Spec-</i>
<i>tator</i>, <i>Tatler</i>, and, <i>Guardian</i> have exhausted a
great deal.
The flowing Year some Blessing give each Day,
Each ebbing Year some Blessing bears away.
ANONYMOUS.
One pluckt away, a second Branch you see
Shoot forth in Gold; and glitter thro' the Tree.
PITT.</p> | <p>No.
15. Plan of a Coffee-house for the Ladies.
So march'd the <i>Tbracian</i> Amazon of old,
When <i>Ibermodan</i> with bloody Billows roil'd.
DRYDEN.</p> <p>16. Criticism on the Tragedy of <i>King Lear</i>.
Deep in the Breast, and kindle in the Soul. PITT.
Hence flow these Tears. ANONYM.</p> <p>17. Letter to the Author occasioned by his Criticism
on <i>King Lear</i>.
Still there is Room. — — — FRANCIS.</p> <p>18. Vanity of human Pursuits, a Dream.
As much as earthly Limbs and gross Allay.
Of mortal Members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n, and Edge of
Day. DRYDEN.
How vain and fantastic are all human Pursuits!
ANONYM.</p> <p>19. The Obstacles indigent Merit has to hinder its
rising in the World.
Rarely they rise by Virtue's Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the Depth of helpless Poverty.
DRYDEN.
Children like tender Officers take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow. <i>Ibid.</i></p> <p>20. <i>English</i> Nation vindicated against the false Criti-
cisms of <i>Voltaire</i>.
We know the War that set the World on Fire:
Nor are so void of Sense the Sons of <i>Tyre</i>.
PITT.</p> <p>21. Account of a Pantomime Poet in his new
Lodging.
Of Bodies changed to various Forms I sing:
Ye Gods, from whom these Miracles did spring.
GARTH.</p> <p>22. On the Utility of a Scheme for the Encourage-
ment of Letters, &c.
These are imperial Works, and worthy Kings.
POPE.</p> <p>23. Character of <i>Jack Wild-air</i>, a modern Philoso-
pher.
Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of Tumults and Descents, and distant War:
Nor with a superstitious Fear is aw'd,
From what befalls at Home, from what Abroad.
Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
Nor his own Peace disturbs with Pity for the Poor.
DRYDEN.</p> <p>24. The Pleasures of being in Debt.
No Palace with a lofty Gate he wants,
T'admit the Tides of early Visitants.
DRYDEN.</p> <p>25. The Art of <i>Epic</i> Writers to move our Passions.
And I, who late th' embattled <i>Greeks</i> could dare
Their flying Darts, and whole embodied War,
Now take Alarm, while Horrors reign around,
At every Breeze, and start at every Sound.
PITT.</p> <p>26. On the Practice of Raillery, with an Account
of its Genealogy, a Fable.
If skilful to discern, when form'd with Ease,
The modulated Sounds are taught to please.
FRANCIS.</p> |
|--|---|

CONTENTS and MOTTOS,

27. On the Advantages of an Author's living in the Country,
 — — Oh! when again
 Shall I behold the rural Plain?
 And when with Books of Sages deep,
 Sequestred Ease, and gentle Sleep;
 In sweet Oblivion, blissful Balm,
 The busy Cares of Life becalm. FRANCIS.
28. Art of Pantomime, in Imitation of *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry.
 And should the Knights forbid their dear Delight,
 They rise tumultuous and prepare for Sight.
29. Mr. *Pope's* religious Tenets different from Lord *Bolingbroke's*.
 Nor thee, sage *Pantæus*, *Pbæbus'* Wreaths could save,
 Nor all thy shining Virtues from the Grave, PITT.
30. Character of Mrs. *Vainlove* and her Daughter.
 O *Tyndaris*, whose blooming Beauty warms
 The kindling Soul beyond thy Mother's Charms. FRANCIS.
31. A Sacrifice to the Graces in *Parnassus*, a Vision.
 — — And with her Train
 Of Nymphs and modest Graces treads the Plain. FRANCIS.
32. Author's Thoughts on various Subjects.
 Thus, silently I talk my Conduct o'er,
 Or trifle with the Muse an idle Hour. FRANCIS.
33. The Exercise of Female Lips.
 — — The fragrant Kifs,
 Which *Venus* bathes with nectar'd Blifs. FRANCIS.
34. Account of a Female House of Commons;
 Mix a short Folly with thy labour'd Scheme;
 'Tis joyous Folly that unbends the Mind. FRANCIS.
35. Advantages of employing some Hours every Day in Reading.
 Motto translated in the first Page.
36. Vanity of a fine Woman's making a wrong Use of her Power over her Admirers.
 — — *Cynara's* good natur'd Reign. FRANCIS.
37. The Wickedness of disturbing the religious Principles of Mankind, an eastern Tale.
Mexentius first, who scorn'd the immortal Powers. PITT.
38. Uncertainty of human Grandeur, and oriental Story from the *French*.
 In mystic Terms involving Truth. ANONYMOUS.
39. Degrees of Merit settled between the Antients and Moderns, a Dream.
 If feel my honest Indignation rise,
 When, with affected Air, a Coxcomb cries,
 The Work, I own, has Elegance and Ease,
 But sure no Modern should presume to please. FRANCIS.
40. Plan for a new *English* Dictionary.
 Many shall rise that now forgotten lie;
 Others in present Credit soon shall die,
 If Custom will whose arbitrary Sway,
 Words, and the Forms of Language must obey. FRANCIS.
41. The Female Painters.
 So looks the beauteous Iv'ry, stain'd with red;
 So Roses, mix'd with Lillies in the Bed,
 Blend their rich Hues. FRANCIS.
42. The Folly of admiring any Thing too much.
 And thus the jovial Length of Night we spent.
 Not to admire is of all Means the best,
 The only Means to make, and keep us blest. FRANCIS.
43. Folly of Ambition, an eastern Tale.
 Chain'd to her beamy Car Fame drags along.
 The mean, the great: an undistinguish'd Throng. FRANCIS.
44. Letter from a Friend in the Country.
 This Wretch his Country to a Tyrant sold,
 And barter'd glorious Liberty for Gold. PITT.
- Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
 The country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
 Cool Grotts, and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride
 Of Meads and Streams that thro' the Valley glide;
 And shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,
 And after toilsome Days a soft Repose at Night. DRYDEN.
45. Origin of Poetry, Eloquence and Argument.
 For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise,
 And treat of Arts disclosed in antient Days. PITT.
46. The Folly of a discontented Spirit; with the Character of Mr. *Surly*.
 Thou too, as nobly raise thy Soul above
 All Poms, and emulate the Seed of Jove. PITT.
47. On Epic Poetry.
 Poets would profit or delight Mankind
 And with the Pleasing have the Instructive join'd. FRANCIS.
- 'Tis not enough, ye Writers, that ye charm
 With Ease and Elegance; a Play should warm
 With soft Concernment; should possess the Soul,
 And as it wills, the list'ning Croud controul. FRANCIS.
48. On Tragedy.
 He gives a desperate Trial of his Art,
 With Passions, not my own who warms my Heart;
 Who with unreal Terrors fills my Breast,
 As with a magic Influence possess.
49. On Comedy.
 Because the Comic Poet forms his Plays
 On common Life, they seem a Work of Ease;
 But since we less Indulgence must expect,
 Sure we should labour to be more correct. FRANCIS.
50. On the Burlesque Style.
 Nor can I doubt what Oil I must bestow
 To raise my Subject from a Ground so low. FRANCIS.
- — The swelling Strain
 And Words gigantic. — — *Ibid.*
51. On the Spirit of Enterprize in general, and more particularly as it relates to Writing.
 Now, since I draw so near my Labour's End,
 I'll strike my Sail, and to the Harbour tend. DRYDEN.
- Nor do I bluth to own my Follies past;
 But own those Follies should no longer last. FRANCIS.
52. The Author takes Leave of his Readers.
 Already glutted with the Farce o'th' Age,
 'Tis Time for thee to quit the wanton Stage. FRANCIS.
- Here all his Labours, all his Dangers close;
 He ceas'd and sought the Blessings of Repose. PITT.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 1. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2 d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Sept. 29, 1753.

*Cur tamen hoc libeat potius Decurrere campo,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, Edam.*

Juv.



T has been remarked by Writers, whom Ambition to add to the Amusements of the Public has incited to portion out their Endeavours into periodical Essays, that their first Address, in the introductory Explanation of their Scheme, has been the Cause of more Uneasiness and Distress, and has occasioned more vehement Bitings of the Nails and Rubbings of the Forehead, than any other successive Lucubration; in like Manner, as we find Men, in the ordinary Scenes of Life, who, upon their first Appearance in a Company of Strangers, betray several aukward Movements in their Advances, arising from the different Ideas of Bashfulness and Diffidence, which agitate their Minds, until the initial Ceremonies are adjusted. As I have held a literary Intercourse with the Public for a considerable Time past, and have enjoyed the Pleasure of conversing with many Hundreds of my Countrymen every *Saturday*, I should have imagined myself capable of issuing an Essay, without feeling any extraordinary Sollicitude for the
Events

Event, or being disconcerted by those Alarms and Perturbations of Spirit, which are apt to seize People of Sensibility in their Tempers, when irresistible Principles of Action have prevailed over their Modesty, and called them forth into a more conspicuous Point of View : But I find, though I have been a Dupe to Popularity for several Months, that I have not entirely lost my Shame, which I take to be a rare Thing in an Author, and, it is with some Degree of Fear and Trembling, that I now hold the Pen, this my new Form of Appearance sitting about me like a new Fashion, which has never failed to discompose the even Tenor of my Mind, as it attracts the Eyes of the Multitude more earnestly, than a plainer and more usual Apparel. On this Account, I must own, that my customary Alacrity has felt a considerable Abatement, and, after much Contemplation and deep Study, I should have been totally at a Loss, how to recommend myself to the public Favour, had not the Example of the most eminent and powerful of my Countrymen, now at the Eve of a general Election, pointed out a Mode of Eloquence, to which I think it eligible to adhere, and shall therefore use it as the most persuasive Rhetoric I can suggest to myself.

Gray's-Inn, September 20, 1753.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of Great-Britain.

GENTLEMEN,

I cannot omit this Opportunity of returning you Thanks for the Favour you have shewed to me upon former Occasions, and, as I have had the Honour at a general Assembly of my Friends, met this Day at my Chambers, to be put in Nomination to represent you, and all your Vices, Follies, and Foibles in the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, I desire the Favour of your Votes and Interest, assuring you, that I shall, at all Times, exert my most vigorous Endeavours for your Instruction and Entertainment, being a sincere Friend to the Cause of true Wit and Humour, and a steady Assertor of Decency, Virtue, and good Manners. With these Sentiments I have the Honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged, and most obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

N. B. I was always against the Jew Bill.

As

As Mr. *Joseph D'Anvers* and the present Writer have hitherto stood together, it may possibly appear strange that his Name is not inserted in this Form of Address; but as Reasons of great Cogency have induced that Gentleman to decline continuing a Candidate any longer, I am determined to stand the Poll alone, and when I unfold the Motives, which have influenced me to vary from my former Manner of Publication, I flatter myself, that I shall bid much fairer to rise in the Estimation of my Readers.

I HAVE ever held myself greatly obliged by the Candor of the Town, in the favourable Reception they have been pleased to afford to this Undertaking, and, as I am desirous to improve that Harmony and reciprocal Good-liking, which seems at present to subsist between us, a Sense of Gratitude for the Civilities received, has dictated to me that it is now become a Kind of Duty, to pay some Regard to my Readers Eyes, which, I am apprehensive, have been a good Deal impaired by the Badness of the Paper and Print made Use of heretofore. And indeed, that any one should pore away his Eye-sight in the Perusal of my Lucubrations, is a Compliment, I have no Right to expect, and therefore, that there is a Demand upon me, not only for Perspicuity and Clearness of Stile, but also for Neatness and Accuracy in printing, is a Point I am willing to give my Assent to. On this Account I am determined to put every Thing out of Hand, for the future, in the handsomest and most elegant Manner; and, though this Resolution has taken Rise from a Desire to gratify those, who honour my Productions with their Perusal, I must own that it has in its Way received a Tinge from the secret Vanity of Authors, who certainly do not feel more Rapture in the first Dawn of their Conceptions, than in the ultimate finishing of their Designs, which, as I take it, is the twofold Satisfaction described by the Poet;

Behold his Pleasure while he works the Mine;

Behold his Pleasure, when he sees it shine.

For this Reason, it became absolutely necessary to detach myself from my Engagements with the *Craftsman*, in doing which, I have acted in Conformity to the Practice of all politic States, when their Allies do not send their Quota to assist the general Plan of Operation; and indeed, instead of being aided by my Connexions with that Paper, I rather found myself clogged with Incumbrances,
which

which, like the heavy Baggage of an Army, served only to retard my Progress. By this I would be understood to mean, the additional Articles of News collected out of the Daily Historians, from all which, I never could conceive, what Kind of Advantage can redound to a rational Creature, who can neither receive Instruction or Entertainment, by reading that Mr. *Such-a-one* died at his Country House, when perhaps the Gentleman is in perfect good Health; and if *Squire Rent-Roll* is arrived in Town with a grand Retinue, I apprehend it in no way interesting to any Man breathing, except his Taylor. As this Kind of Information was never properly co-incident with my Plan, I am pleased to be disengaged from it, the more especially as I cannot controul myself from thinking, that the Intelligence, which I collect with infinite Pains in the Research, will have a better Tendency to gratify that Curiosity, which prevails in human Nature, and will serve better to divert Spleen and Melancholy, than dull Letters from the *Hague*, and fictitious Advices from the *Swede* and *Turk*.

THERE was another Sort of Supernumeraries, or Fagots in my Train, to whom I am proud to give a Dismission, and these are the celebrated Personages who recommend the SO-MUCH-FAMED VIPER-DROPS, the ANODYNE NECKLACE, the PROLIFIC ELIXIR, the ANTI-SIPHYLICON &c. These People, to reassume the Allusion which I have already made, come forward like the *Invalids* of a Corps, covered with nauseous Wounds and Sores, and with Respect to their Attendance on me, I have often said with FALSTAFFE, "if I be not ashamed of my Company, I am a souced Gurnet." The Truth of it is, as I profess to minister to the Diseases of the Mind, I am apprehensive that my Performances may catch a Kind of Contagion from their Proximity to these Quack Advertisements, and be thought as totally devoid of Efficacy to enliven, refine and invigorate the Powers of the Mind, as the above-mention'd *Em-pyrics* are with Regard to the human Body: Besides this, as I have now insinuated myself into the good Graces of several Families, I do not think it decent to hand up Advertisements to a Gentleman's Wife or Daughter, which are only fit for an Hospital or a Brothel.

THIS Circumstance has always hurt a certain Delicacy in my Way of Thinking, which it shall be my Study to gratify for the Future; as the GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL was commenced to promote useful Mirth and good Humour, it shall never deviate from those

those Principles; and whatever petty Animofities may arife, I am determined to proceed in my Career, without going out of my Way, like the Countryman in the Fable, to cruſh the Graſhoppers that may make a Noiſe around me. I ſhall conſole myſelf, in that Caſe, with a Reflection that thoſe Nuiſances are ever found in the Sunshine.

Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis. VIRG.

To conclude, as I have now, like the Serpent, caſt my Slough, I hope I ſhall reſemble that Animal in one Inſtance only, that of Emerging from my former State with new Luſtre and Beauty; the Creeping, the Hiſſing, and the Venom of the Serpent, as they are remote from the Author's Breſt, ſo, I flatter myſelf they will never gain Admiſſion into his Writings.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Register Office, Sept. 29th, 1753.

IN order to conduct this Undertaking, with the utmoſt Affiduity and Diligence, I ſhall not, for the future, depend entirely upon my own Rambles, but, that I may collect the moſt extenſive Variety of Intelligence, I have opened a Set of Chambers in *Gray's-Inn*, which are to ſerve the Purpoſes of a Register-Office, where all Articles of Information will be given in, by my Emiſſaries, and entered in a regular Manner, by proper Book-Keepers; ſo that I ſhall have for the future little more to do, than barely to cull and ſelect from thoſe Repositories. As there cannot but offer ſeveral Occurrences, which will not admit of an entire Eſſay, I ſhall from Time to Time, throw out ſome curſory Animadverſions, dated from the above mentioned Place, which will be ſhort Speculations or Thoughts upon various Subjects; and I have ordered my ſeveral Agents, to keep a ſharp Look-out, in order to deſcry the leaſt Gleam of Merit in any Perſon whatever, which, whenever an Account of it reaches our Hands, ſhall be faithfully recorded in this Paper. By theſe Means, the Man of Virtue, ſtealing down the Bye-Walk of Life, ſhall bluſh to find his Virtue called into Day-Light, and the concealed Hypocrite ſhall ſtartle at the public Eye. The Ladies ſhall be informed of the Perfidy of Lovers, and the Men ſhall be made acquainted with the Coquetry and diffimulating Arts of Women. Though a royal Patent has made a Monopoly of the two Theatres, I intend to be *Manager* of both, and in this Office I ſhall conduct myſelf with the ſtricteſt Impartiality; I ſhall likewiſe watch all the Productions of the Preſs, and, in ſhort, as the Satireſt expreſſes it, all the Actions of Men, their ſeveral Paſſions, their Deſires, their Fears, their Reſentments, their Gratifications, their Delights and their Frolics, ſhall be the miſcellaneous Subject of my Lucubrations.

*Quidquid agunt homines, Votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, Diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.*

JUV.

Register-

Register-Office, 25th Sept. 1753.

It is confidently said, that several Academies will be instituted in this Metropolis, for the Encouragement of Genius and Science, in Imitation of the celebrated Societies, established in most of the principal Cities of *Italy*; and we further hear that the *Insulsi* have appointed their daily Meetings to be held at the *Rainbow-Coffee-House* in *Cornhill*; the *Insipidi* at *Garraway's*; the *Critici* and *Malevoli* at *George's*, near *Temple-Bar*; the *Aleatorii*, at *White's Chocolate-House*, and the *Bibaculi* at the *Shakespear's Head* in *Covent-Garden*.

Bedford-Coffee-House, 26th September.

The Number of Critics, within the Liberties of the City, being of late years considerably encreased, it was resolv'd by the Board of the said Body, held a few Days ago, that a select Number be chose for the several Precincts, and that the Majority of them do attend every *Sunday Evening* at this House, to examine and take into Consideration the State of Criticism for the preceding Week. Several Candidates have already offer'd themselves, and in some Places it is imagin'd the Contest will be very obstinate and warm. Timely Notice will be given in this Paper of the Day of Election, and a List will be insert'd of the Members, who are return'd to serve.

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, Sept. 28th.

On *Tuesday* last we had a splendid and numerous Audience, drawn together, by Mr. *Moffops's* appearing in *Richard the Third*, which Character he not only performed with great Spirit, but also convinc'd the Judicious that he is greatly improv'd in his Profession. Since that, *Much ado about nothing*, has been present'd, in which Play Mr. *Garrick* display'd his usual Strokes of Vivacity and Humour, and Mrs. *Pritchard* acquitted herself, as she always does in the Dialogue of Comedy, with the most diverting Pleasantry.

Covent-Garden Play-House, Sept. 24th.

We can now assure the Public that Mr. *Barry* is retain'd here for the ensuing Season, and the Town will not only be oblig'd to that excellent Performer for his own Exhibitions, but also for the Appearance of a young Actress, who has never yet been upon any Stage. The same Advices add, that, if a beautiful Form, an Elegance of Features, and an Eye bright with meaning can engage the Inclinations of an Audience, this young Lady will be sure of meeting with the most favourable Reception, which, it is not doubt'd, will animate her to such an Exertion of her Talents, as cannot fail to prove her an Actress of distinguish'd Merit.

TO THE PUBLIC.

ALL Persons who are willing to furnish the Critics, for the ensuing Season, with Apples, Oranges, Catcalls, and other Impliments of Criticism, at the lowest Prices, are desired to send in their Proposals, seal'd up, to be left at the Bar of the *Bedford-Coffee-House*, on or before the 29th of *October* next.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

Mr. Ranger's Journal



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. **2** To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 6, 1753.

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.*

HOR.



HAVING recommended myself, in my last *Saturday's Paper*, to the Patronage of the male Part of my Readers, I shall dedicate the present Essay to the *British Fair*; and, as it is principally calculated with a View to their Service, at the same Time that it carries with it a collateral Intention of insinuating myself into their Favour, I must beg to be admitted this Morning to their Toilets, to call off their Eyes for a little Time from the dearly-beloved Mirrour, to discard *Betty* from her Attendance, and in short, to exclude, for one half Hour, the whole Train of *Dancing-Masters, Manteau-Makers, Stay-Makers, French-Barbers, Venders of Washes, &c.*

I AM aware that the Ladies will be alarmed at the Thought of being alone with *Ranger*, but the Reason of my desiring this Dismission of so many Favorites, is, because I profess the very same Art, to which that Class of People have always aspired, that of heightning the Charms of Female Beauty; and as two of a Trade can never agree, I think it absolutely necessary to meet with no Interruption, in this important Point, from the Pertness of a Chambermaid, the Servility of Tradesmen, and the
Shrugs

Shrugs, and brisk Interjections of *French* Proficients, who will, no Doubt, be greatly astonished to hear, that their artificial Embellishments, though they may serve, when they do not luxuriantly wanton into fantastic Extravagancies, to adorn the Female Form, are yet in no Way essential, as Beauty, without such Auxiliaries, may be rendered still more attractive in the Eyes of all Men of Sense.

HORACE, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to the Acquaintance of the Ladies, as *Creech* and *Francis* have taken that agreeable Office upon themselves, was a Man of the exactest Judgment, and the most finished Taste in all Circumstances of Life; and he tells us, in the Words of my Motto, that he shall always love his *Lalage*, sweetly smiling, and sweetly talking; which two Accomplishments would not have been touched upon by so fine a Poet, if they did not carry with them some peculiar Charm, and I am inclined to think that in them consists the whole Train of Love's Artillery.

EXPRESSION has been mentioned by every elegant Writer on this Subject, as the first Ingredient in the Composition of Beauty, and certainly the more pleasing the Expression is, the more Energy will be from thence derived upon every Charm. For this Reason, the pleasing Smile is the best Hand-maid to an elegant Set of Features; it gives numberless Graces to every Delicacy, and diffuses over the whole Countenance an Emanation of that Sweetness of Temper, which is the native Ornament of the Fair. To this Sentiment the witty Dr. *Young* has subscribed in his Universal Passion,

*What's female Beauty but an Air divine,
Tho' which the Mind's all-gentle Graces shine?
They like the Sun, irradiate all between,
The Body charms, because the Soul is seen.*

THIS Doctrine has not been established without the utmost Propriety; for surely senseless, inanimate Matter, however Symmetry, Colour and other Adjuncts, may recommend it, cannot any Way gain upon our Affections. I have seen many a Picture where the Face was well turned and the Features justly disposed, and yet all Men of Judgment have invariably concurred to pronounce the Piece extremely bad, because there were no perceptible Traces of a thinking Power within. And if this Property is required in the mere Imitation of the human Face, what shall be said when it is deficient in the Original? when the Appearance of a Mind, which alone can distinguish us from other sublunary Existences, and which alone can impart real Satisfaction, and excite the social Feelings in an intelligent Being, seems to be totally absent? Miss *Millesfont* is without the nicest Proportion of Features, and without a glossy Bloom of Complexion, and yet I believe no one ever saw her sitting in a Side-Box at the Play, or Dancing

at

at an Assembly, without feeling Love and Joy in sprightly Tumult about his Heart. On the other Hand, *Formosa* has a Delicacy of Shape, and Regularity of Countenance, and still no one of Taste will hesitate to pronounce her unamiable; and I will venture to assert, that she is never toasted but by those, whose Intellectuals are so poorly stocked with Ideas, that they never perceive the Vacuity in others.

THE secret Quality, from which this Difference arises, has been called by the *French*, a *Je-ne-sçai-quoi*, and the Phrase has been adopted in this Country; but it is serving the Purposes of good Sense to explode so unmeaning a Term, and to substitute in its Room something that may carry with it a greater Degree of Significance. For my one Part (with all due Submission to better Judgments) I declare myself of that Sect of Speculatists who really believe that Women have Souls, and I am apt to imagine that the Operation of this inward Agent have no small Influence upon the outward Frame. A Poet of Eminence has sung, "the Passions in the Features are," and therefore I should think, that those Ladies, who are ambitious to appear lovely in the Eyes of Men, should sometimes sit to an intellectual Mirrour, in Order to see their Affections reflected to them; by which Means they would be enabled to adjust them, to harmonize them, to keep them in regular Order, and to make them sit right; and in my Opinion, they should be as assiduous to fashion themselves in this Point, as to apply the Patch, to re-establish a disorder'd Lock, to recal a straggling Hair, to settle the Tucker, or compose the Mant, since taking Care of the Movements of the Mind, is also regulating the Features.

FROM this will naturally result the next Essential to Beauty, the Manner of Talking agreeably, than which Accomplishment nothing can so much enliven the amiable Sex. We are pleas'd to see a beautiful Pair of Lips in Motion, when every Thing that comes from them, administers to the Pleasures of Conversation; the Spirits of the Fair are awakened by the Exercise of their thinking Faculties, and the Eye beams with double Lustre; the Tongue confirms, what the Countenance had before indicated, that all within is sprightly, cheerful, gay, spirited, and sensible. The Scene is frequently shifted to our Imagination; we are delighted to observe the Celerity, which distinguishes itself in the Operations of the Female Understanding, and the quick Succession of Ideas, which they call up, amuses with pleasing Variety, while the Beauties of the Mind and Face mutually exalt each other, and we stand convinced of the *Platonic* Tenet, that *good* and *beautiful* are the same.

THERE are three Things highly pernicious to the Endearments of Beauty, from which I must absolutely interdict those, who are willing to become my Pupils. The Enemies to Loveliness, which

I mean, are GAMING, SCANDAL and POLITICS, surer Destroyers of every Elegance and Bloom, than a Spotted-Fever or the Small-Pox; as chronical Diseases are more fatal to the Constitution, than a transitory Fit of an acute Illness.

WITH Regard to the first of these Corrosives, I leave it to the fair votaries of Fortune to consider how the winning Graces and the attractive Smile can irradiate the Countenance, when the internal is disturbed by Anxiety and Sollicitude, which soon transpire into the Face, and prey upon all their Charms. Besides when the Temper is disconcerted, Politeness and good Manners, are in Danger of being neglected; and while every one is intent upon the After-game, which is the fashionable Term for that Clash of Tongues, frequently heard in one loud Din, as soon as the Deal at *Whist* is out, it is not probable that the Fair can converse in a Manner suitable to the Softness and Elegance of their Sex.

SCANDAL always carries with it a dreadful Efficacy to ruin a delicate Face, because it generally springs from Envy or Malice, which are both entirely against my Rules for acquiring and preserving Beauty, as they are inveterate Habits, the Traces of which are apt to wear themselves into the Complexion, inducing Frowns, Wrinkles, Roughness, and a settled Appearance of Ill-nature, of all Things the most unamiable.

POLITICS is also of pernicious Influence, tending to inflame the Ladies with Party-Rage, to cause Heats in the Face, and to occasion those Vibrations of the Fan, Bitings of the Lips, and Fidgets on the Chair, which greatly discompose the whole Form. On this Account I would have my fair Readers abstain from Parliamentary Debates; and, though the Naturalization-Act has engrossed the Thoughts of the whole Nation, I think it enough for the Ladies, to have secretly resolved not to marry a *Jew*, and without engaging too deeply in the Controversy, the sparkling Crosses, which they wear upon their lovely Bosoms, will be a sufficient Indication of their Principles, and will at once reflect a Lustre upon the Whiteness of their Skins, and the Delicacy of their Sentiments.

IN what has been premis'd, I would have it remembered, that I do not mean to recommend a studied Simper, or a restless Exertion of Chit-chat, but I would have both to be a natural Effusion, from the Sources of Good-nature and good Sense, which, I am convinced, will be found a better beautifying Cream, than any Cosmetic advertized in our News-Papers; and therefore instead of lying-in for a new Face, or using any other Artifice, my Precept to the Ladies, is, BE GOOD-HUMOURED FOR A COMPLEXION; and I now give Notice, that I shall carefully observe, in all public Places, what Ladies repair a decayed Visage, or add new Graces to a blooming one, by this Receipt, and that I shall insert an exact List of the same in the Articles of News, which I shall serve up weekly to regale my Customers.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Register Office, Oct. 6, 1753.

I WAS happy the other Day, in the Contemplation of my embrio Hints when (to speak in the Language of the late unhappy *Inspector*) one of my Domestics informed me, that a Person without, desired earnestly to be admitted. The Reader may, perhaps remember, the SECOND SIGHTED SCOTCHMAN, who was with me upon a former Occasion. Upon his entering my Room, his Eyes rolled, as if pregnant with Fore-Knowledge. After congratulating with me for having totally relinquish'd the Paper, in which my Lucubrations were formerly published, and expressing his Satisfaction with the Neatness of the present Type, he enter'd abruptly into the Business of his Visit. He sat down and shaking his Head, "Friend *Ranger*," says he, "I have had such horrid Visions, that I must vent myself to you once more. We are the only People under the Sun, that give Encouragement to the *Cheeld of Israel; Portugal, Spain and Italy* reject them as the Enemies of Christ, and in *Paris*, whenever one of any of the Tribe enters the Place, he is obliged to take out a Licence for staying there a Month, and if he wants to remain any longer, he must renew his *Permit*, for another Month. I foresee the Ruin of our Constitution, and the Island, whose Kings formerly went to the *Cruisade*, will inevitably be involved in a War of the same Nature, commenced against themselves by all *Europe*. Here is a Paper which I entreat you to publish; I am going to spend the Remainder of my Days in the Highlands, where no *Jews* thirst for Gold, and so I wish thee *muckle* Happiness." Upon this he hastily withdrew; I shall now lay before the Public the whole Substance of his Prescience, and shall only add, that gay and airy as I am, I seriously wish, that not only those Evils, which he denounces, but also the Apprehension of them may be timely averted, by the Interposition of superior Power.

*Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans,
Et Ratio potius, quam Res persuadeat ipsa.*

More News for One Hundred Years hence, in the HEBREW-JOURNAL, by AUTHORITY.

Deal Oct. 3, 1853. Wind S: by E. came down and failed thro' the *Benjamin Salvadore, Suassa*, for the Mediterranean; the *Moses Alvaringo, Cappadocce*, for *Nova-Babylon*; the *Abraham da Costa, Franco*, for *Jamaica*, remains the *Two-Brothers*.

Gravesend, Oct. 4. Past by the *Aaron, Lopez*, from *Rotterdam*, the *Jerusalem, Mendez*; from *Norway*; the *Jonathan, Zimri*, from *Zurich Zee*.

L O N D O N.

Since our last arrived a Mail from *Holland*, by which we learn, that there was an Engagement between our Army and the Forces of the *French King*, in which the latter would have been totally defeated, had not a Fatality prevented it. Baron *Schwanberg*, the *Dutch General*, declared he had no Orders from the States, his Masters, to engage, by which Means, the Army of *Judaea-Nova* was exposed to the Canonading of the *French*, and their masqued Batteries did considerable Execution. Colonel *Lumbroso's* Regiment broke thro' the Ranks of the left Wing, but the *Irish-Brigade* coming down upon them, they were unhappily put to the Sword. We have not as yet an exact List of the slain; the Survivors of the Day made a precipitate Retreat to *Bergen op-zoom*, where they are determined to endure the last Necessity of a Siege, and to eat *Pork* rather than surrender.

By the last Advices from *Madrid* we are informed, that the Negotiations, which were set on Foot by Mr. *Keen* in the last Century, are now farther from being brought to a Conclusion than ever, the Depredations of the *Spaniards* being fiercer and more cruel than usual; and it is further said, that Mr. *Abraham Gomez Serra* has Orders to withdraw from the Court within four and twenty Hours.

On *Wednesday* last Lord Viscount *Salvadore* gave a grand Entertainment at his House in *Privy-Garden*, to several of the Nobility and Gentry, when

we

we hear the following Toasts were drank; *Our present happy Establishment in Synagogue and State, The glorious and immortal Memory of HARRY THE NINTH, The Anti-Christian Prelates, perpetual Damnation to Charles Ranger, Esq;* with several other public and private Toasts.

The SANHEDRIM met last Week agreeably to their Adjournment, and it is now farther adjourned to the 15th Day of November; when it is said they will sit for the Dispatch of Business, and it is confidently asserted, that a Bill will be brought into the House to take 16000 *Philistines* into Pay, and that an Act will be passed, to abrogate the present current Stile in this Kingdom, in Conformity to the *Jewish* Chronology.

Orders have been sent for the *Rebecca* Yatch to repair forthwith to *Park-Gate*, for the better Conveyance of his Grace the Duke of *Israel* to *Ireland*, of which Kingdom he is Lord Lieutenant. We hear that his Grace's Baggage is already dispatched, and that he is to set out on *Friday* next, with full Instructions to remit hither, whatever Money may be lodged in the Treasury, and to vest the sole Power and Regency in the Hands of Rabbi *Salomon Jarchi*, Primate of the *Hibernian* Synagogue.

Never was the *Leprosy*, and all Sorts of *Scorbutic* Humours so prevalent in this Kingdom, which has induced a regular Physician to study the same least the whole Nation should be eat up with it; and he has now invented his excellent *CHEMICAL DROPS*, or *BALSAM of LIFE*, one Bottle of which entirely eradicates the most inveterate *Leprosy*, as may be attested by several Thousands who have experienced it. Sold by the Author at the *Talmud* and *Crown* near the new Synagogue in the *Strand*.

N. B. Ask for a Six Shilling Pot of *Scorbutic Eleluary*.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Lewes, August 29th, 1853.

To the Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders of the County of SUSSEX.

Gentlemen, Having had the Honour to be put in Nomination, by a large Majority of Gentlemen, Rabbi and Freeholders, met this Day at *Lewes*, to represent you, in the ensuing *Sanhedrim*, I beg the Favour of your Votes and Interest, and am, Gentlemen, Your most Obedient Servant,

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

N. B. So far from absenting myself from the late Bill to naturalize the *Christians*, I take this Opportunity to declare, that I was not only present, but voted against it.

By Desire,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*, on SUNDAY next, will be presented a COMEDY, called

I believe, because its Impossible, or, The Christian Impostor.

The Part of Dr. TILLOTSON to be performed by

RUBENS SHYLOCK.

Dr. Atterbury, *Moses de Paiba*; Dr. Sherlock, *Moses Aminadab*; Sir Thomas Moore, *Abraham Esau*; Sir Walter Raleigh, *Josephus Aaron*.

The Part of Sir JOHN BARNARD, by

GAMALIEL CALBERT.

(Being the first Time of his appearing in that Character)

Dr. South, *Selim Levi*; Dr. Clarke, *Isaac Dalmeida*;

And the Part of St. CECILIA (with a proper SONG) to be perform'd by Miss BATHSHEBA.

To which will be added a FARCE, as will be expressed in the Bills of the Day.

* * Places for the Boxes to be taken of *Jacob Mammon*, at the Stage-Door; being the last Time of the Company's performing till the *Passover*.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 3. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2 d.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 13, 1753.

*Frangere miser Calamos, vigilataque prælia Dele,
Qui facis in parvâ sublimia Carmina Cellâ,
Ut dignus venias bederis, et imagine macrâ.*

JUV.



HE courtly *Roman* Satirist has attached, with all the elegant Touches of his delicate Raillery, that prevailing Spirit of Uneasiness, which renders People discontented with their own Situation in Life, and envious of the apparent Felicity of their Neighbours; but in the List of Male-Contents, which he has produced, I have often wondered that he has not thought proper to enrol the Race that write. The Occasion of this might possibly be, that Authors have more solid Reasons, than any other Class of Beings, to repine and murmur at their Occupation, and to wish that Fate had assigned them an Employment, in which they might partake more of the Ease, and of the Enjoyments of Life.

AND indeed, considering the great Disproportion of Intensions between the Labours of the Mind, and those of the Body, I do not know whether *Juvenal's* Advice, to be an Auctioneer rather than a Poet, is not entirely eligible and proper; for it is certain, that those nice Faculties of Perception, of which the literary

Enthusiast

Enthusiast is possessed, as they are the Inlets of our most refined intellectual Pleasures, so they are also, from the Quickness and Delicacy of their Feeling, susceptible of the most acute Degrees of Pain, and in the same Proportion that they administer to Happiness, they may also improve and sharpen the Edge of Misery; in like Manner as the String, from which the skilful Artist elicits a delightful Strain of Music, is also capable of returning the disagreeable Sounds of jarring Discord.

OF this Truth, I believe, every Writer is convinced, who is actuated by an honest Ambition to acquit himself with Honour in his Calling; for I by no Means intend to speak at present of those vain Scribblers, who are for ever happy in their own Self-Admiration, and who are intirely Strangers to the Agitations of Mind, attendant on a Genius, studious of correcting and polishing his Piece. In fine Writing, there are so many intricate Points, which demand Attention, that it must be with the utmost Sollicitude the Task is ever accomplished. Justness of Conception, and Truth in every Turn of Wit are indispensable Requisites; nothing can excuse the Want of Delicacy of Sentiment; the Sallies of Imagination, and the frolic Gambols of Invention must be restrained by Severity of Judgment, and all must be expressed with Perspicuity and Strength of Diction. Besides this, a proper Arrangement of Periods, following one another with graceful Variety, must unite the whole into Harmony, as the Painters express themselves, when they give the last finishing Hand to their colouring, and throw that general Glow upon their Piece, which at the first Glance strikes the intelligent Spectator. But the Truth of it, is, the Traces of a Mind, which can think with Clearness and Vigour upon any Subject, and pursue a Series of Ideas, one emerging from another, and tending gradually to form an intire whole, are so seldom discovered, that there is Reason to think it an Accomplishment unattainable, without the most assiduous Efforts of Study, and many Moments of Care and Anxiety.

AN honest and fair Fame is among the Instigations, which incite an Author to undergo all this mental Fatigue, but even that very Inducement is of so unstable a Nature, the Acquisition of it so uncertain, and the Tenure so precarious, on Account of the many Artifices of Envy and Malice, to counter-work a well-meant Endeavour, that, I believe, what at first looked so inviting to the Imagination, becomes at length the Writer's greatest Torment. Add to this, the great Hardship of pleasing
that

that Multiplicity of Appetites, with which Mankind abound, and the still greater Difficulty, which every Man of Genius experiences, to please his own private Taste. Mr. *Pope* tells us, in the general Preface to his Works, that he never wrote up to his own Ideas of Poetry; and *Boileau*, who is second to no Man for sound Sense and Judgment, observes, that an Author of Elevation in his Conceptions, is continually discontented with his Performances, is pleasing to all the World, except himself, and, while his Wit is every where admired, that, for his own inward Quiet, he sincerely wishes he had never dipped his Pen in Ink.

*Mais un Esprit sublime, en vain veut s'Elever
A ce Degré parfait qu'il tache de trouver ;
Et Toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
Il plait a tout le Monde, et ne sauroit se plaire ;
Et tel dont en tous lieux Chacun vante l'Esprit,
Voudroit, pour son repos, n'avoir jamais Ecrit,*

THAT these are the inward Feelings of all good Writers, is, in my Opinion, a Truth next to a Self-evident Proposition; but these are not all the Inconveniencies to which they are liable. After enduring all the painful Vigils and Labours of Composition, they are subject to Invasions of their Property from Men of interested Views, and the Mind already debilitated by Severity of Application, has frequently the Pangs of Disappointment to cope withal, and the Vexation of seeing others reap the Fruit of its Labours. This Practice has been stigmatized by the Name of Piracy, and it is owing to the Poverty of our Language that no worse Term has been used, to express an Action so infamous and detestable, the Severity of which, I find, has been lately experienced by a Genius of the first Class.

MR. RICHARDSON, Author of the celebrated PAMELA, and the justly admired CLARISSA, (if I may be allowed to judge from his Productions) is subject to every delicate Sensation above ascribed to fine Writers, and therefore, after his having prepared for the Public *The History of SIR CHARLES GRANDISON*, and printed the same entirely at his own Expence, which cannot but amount to a large Sum, an ingenuous Mind must be shocked to find, that Copies of very near all this Work, from which the Public may reasonably expect both Entertainment and Instruction, have been clandestinely and fraudulently obtained by a Set of Book-fellers in *Dublin*, who have printed off the same, and advertised it in their public Papers, even before the lawful Proprietor has made Publication here.

I AM not inclined to cast national Reflections, but I must avow, that I look upon this to be a more flagrant and atrocious Proceeding than any I have heard of for a long Time. Wit has been finely called, "the Owner's Wife, which other Men enjoy;" and, in this Instance, the Phrase appears to me more just than ever, as great Part of that Profit, which Mr. *Richardson* might justly promise himself, is rapaciously seized from him, and that too, by the vile Artifices of Bribing the Author's Servants, which is a Practice unworthy of the meanest Member of the Common-Wealth of Learning.

THE Republic of Literature, is the most respectable Republic in the World; *Plato* and *Tully* give them Laws in Ethics, and *Aristotle* and *Horace* dictate in Poetry; the greatest Men among them are easy of Access, and a free Intercourse subsists between the highest and the lowest. In this august Body, the Bookfellers are a Kind of Liverymen, and, as they know the Demand for the different Productions of Authors, in Case of an Election for Pre-eminence, they might be allowed to Poll; on this Account not only a dishonest Action, but also every Practice, which carries with it the Tokens of an illiberal Way of Thinking, is highly criminal in those, who might have imbibed, from their Occupation in Life, and their Connexions with the learned, a greater Degree of Probity and Refinement.

WHAT then should be said of Messieurs *Exshaw*, *Wilson*, and *Saunders*, Bookfellers in *Dublin*, and Perpetrators of this vile Act of Piracy? They should be all expelled from the abovementioned Republic, as literary *Goths* and *Vandals*, who are ready to invade the Property of every Man of Genius. Had the *Sosii*, who were Bookfellers in *Rome*, been guilty of such fordid Dealings, I am persuaded, they would have been mentioned with Infamy by *Horace*; and it is recent in every Body's Memory, that *Curl* underwent many severe Corrections for Conduct of the same Nature with that already mentioned.

I AM sorry that the Laws of the Land have not sufficiently secured to Authors the Property of their Works; until that is done, the Courts of *Parnassus* are in the Right to take Cognizance of this flagrant unpoetic Licence, and I shall dismiss this Paper, with the following Order issued out from thence upon this Occasion.

To the Students of TRINITY-COLLEGE in Dublin.

Trusty and well-beloved,

WHEREAS *Peter Wilson*, *John Exshaw*, and *Henry Saunders*, Bookfellers in your City, have, by the Arts of Bribery and Corruption, obtained five entire Volumes, the greatest Part of the sixth

sixth, and several Sheets of the seventh and last Volume of *the History of Sir Charles Grandison*, to the great Detriment of our favourite Son, Mr. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, to whom we have imparted a large Portion of our etherial Fire, and to whom we have opened the Secrets of the human Heart, with full Commission to describe all the Feelings of the same; and whereas we are moved with the highest Indignation at such an unjustifiable Deed, we do hereby enjoin our young Collegians, in a collective Body, to march to the respective Houses of the said *Peter Wilson*, *John Exshaw* and *Henry Saunders*, their Bodies to seize, and in solemn Procession to proceed with the same to the Place, where *William Wood*, Hardwareman, was executed in *Effigy*, and then and there the said Persons in a Blanket to toss, but not till they are dead, and of this you are not to fail under Pain of our highest Displeasure. Given in *Parnassus* this 10th of *October*, in the Year of the Homerican Æra, two thousand seven hundred and fifty-three.

By Order of APOLLO,
JONATHAN SWIFT, *Secretary*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Register-Office, Oct. 13, 1753.

SINCE my Disengagement from the Paper, in which I formerly appeared, I have made it my Business to learn what Impression the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, in this new Form of Publication, has made upon the Minds of the Inhabitants of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. A Physician at *Batson's* observed very shrewdly, that Mr. *Ranger's* Aversion to the ANTI-SYPHILICON, might very possibly be the same with that, which a burnt Child has to the Fire. A grave Gentleman at *Sam's* remarked with a Smile, that the Copartnership between Messrs. *Ranger* and *D'Anvers* is dissolved, the latter leaving off Trade. A Stationer at the *Chapter-Coffee-House*, in *Paul's-Church-Yard*, moistened a Corner of my Lucubrations with the Tip of his Tongue, and then holding it up to the Light declared it was a very neat Paper. At most public Places in *Fleetstreet*, JOE CLARE, with a Pinch of Snuff in his Fingers, and his usual Flourish, declared highly in my Favour; and a Lawyer at *George's* near *Temple-Bar*, was of Opinion, that a very good Action would lie against any Piratical Publisher that should usurp the Title of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, which the is sole Property of Mr. *Ranger*. At *Tom's Coffee-House*, in *Russel-Street, Covent Garden*, I could not glean any Thing, as my Hurry would not permit me to stay till the Rubber was out, and, my Person being well known at the *Bedford*, every Body was cautious of delivering his Sentiments. I could only over hear, "Hush! that's he — I know him very well by Sight — Was you ever in Company with him? — Several Times — You'd never think him capable of any Thing by conversing with him — Well enough when he is in high Spirits — Pretty Essay last Saturday! — Now he's talking to the GENIUS — he'll certainly pick up something from him." — From this Confusion of Sounds, I went to *George's*, at the upper End of the *Hay-Market*, where a well-known Personage, with an envious Countenance harangued, with an odd Sort of a whimsical Pertness, upon grave Writing and the Success of *Bon Mots*; but upon my asking, whether Mr. BROWN had been there lately, he looked disconcerted, and stopped short. In the softer Climate of St. *James's Air*, I was told, the Flowers, which I produce, cannot fail of Thriving, though the People there are already supplied by one *Fitz Adam*, who is generally thought a very pretty Florist. And I was particularly assured by an Independent Ele-

ctor

ctor who frequents the *Cocoa-Tree* in *Pall-Mall*, that Mr. *Ranger* will gain Admittance there, notwithstanding their Attachment to the ADVENTURER.

Bedford-Coffee-House, Oct. 7, 1753.

This Day Mr. TOWN signified to the Critics, in Malice assembled, that his declining State of Health, obliging him to change the Scene from the Waters of *Helicon*, to those of *Batae*, for the Remainder of the theatrical Season, he had judged it proper to appoint a Regency during his Absence, and accordingly nominated the following Critics, being Gentlemen of unquestionable Ill-nature, and distinguished for their zealous Attachment to the Cause of Zoilism,

Richard Fullstaste, Arch-Critic of *Westminster*,
John Shortcoat, High-Chancellor of *George's-Coffee-House*,
William Cavil, Chief-Critic of the *King's Bench-Walks*,
Arthur Ramble, Speaker at the *Robin-Hood*,
James Shallow, Secretary to an Historian in *Fleetstreet*,
Henry Reptile,
John Venom, and *Joseph Spitfire*.

And we hear that next Sunday the Gentlemen of the Regency intend to open their Commission.

Drury-Lane, Oct. 10, 1753.

Last Night was acted HARLEQUIN RANGER, as originally written, to which was added the RECRUITING OFFICER. Mr. *Ranger* cannot controul himself, from expressing his Surprize, that Mr. *Garrick* should be the first to introduce Pantomime Entertainments, the more especially, as his own universal Talents in his Profession are so well seconded by a good Company of Performers. We suppose he does it to gratify the Taste of the Town; but such *Smithfield* Exhibitions should certainly be banished from all regular Theatres, and as Mr. *Woodward* is an excellent Comedian, it would be more eligible for him, if he chuses to wear the motley Dress any more, to appear in the Character of a speaking *Harlequin*, after the Manner of the *Italian Comedy* in *Paris*, which is greatly encouraged by the *French Nation*, who have undoubtedly the most judicious Taste in Dramatic Performances; and indeed it is not a little surprizing, that nothing of this Kind has as yet been admitted upon our Stage.

Covent-Garden, Oct. 11.

The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed here last Night; *Romeo* by Mr. *Barry* and *Juliet* by Miss *Nossiter*, being the first Time of her appearing upon any Theatre. At her first Entrance on the Stage, the Delicacy of her Figure, and her graceful Distress obtained for her the warmest Applause, and as she grew more animated in the Progress, she frequently alarmed the House with the most striking Attitudes. At her first Offer to drink the composing Draught, the Faultering of her Resolution is finely marked, and intirely in a new Manner; the Fixure of her Eyes and Feebleness of her whole Person, when coming forward from the Tomb, are natural Circumstances; her Position at saying "I'll not wed Paris," and her looking at the same Place with *Romeo*, when he imagines he sees *Capulet*, had an universal Effect; her continuing to recline with Tenderness upon him, when he Turns from her; her rising from his Body, together with her Stare at the Friar, entering with a Lanthorn in his Hand, and her holding her Lover's Body, when she cries out, "you shall not tear him from me," were all happily imagined; and to crown the whole, her Action at stabbing herself, and her Manner of receiving the Blow, were thought as fine Circumstances as have been seen on the Stage. After this, it may not be improper to observe, that the uplifted Arm, and the standing in act to strike, when she says, "as with a Club, dash out these desperate Brains," are liable to Exception, because they rather denote an Intent to knock down another; be that as it may, if this young Actress studies the Management of her Voice, and attains a more simple Elocution, it is not doubted but she will prove a shining Ornament of the Stage.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine Office Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 4. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 20, 1753.

*Respicere Exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum Imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere Voces.* HOR.



IN a former Essay, published some Time since, I threw together a few Thoughts upon the *Profession* of an ACTOR; as a Sequel to that Piece, I shall this Day offer some loose Hints upon the *Art*; and though this Subject may not be interesting to every Reader, I persuade myself it will not be thought entirely unreasonable, at a Time when theatrical Entertainments draw together, every Evening, such a Number of the Inhabitants of this Metropolis; and as the Drama is the most polite and rational of our Diversions, an Attempt to throw some Light upon the Matter, I do not doubt, will be received with Candour.

THE Precept, which the judicious Author of my Motto has laid down for the good Writer, is likewise the best Rule for an Actor; for as both are Professors of imitative Arts, the same Rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," says *Horace*, "to the skilful Imitator a close and steady Observance of Men and Manners, and from that Source, I would have him draw an exact Resemblance, and the true Language of Nature."

This

This Advice, short and simple as it is, contains the whole Secret of succeeding with the Public, and whoever artfully conforms to it, will be sure of acquiring Applause from crowded Theatres. The Actor, in every Situation on the Stage, is a copyist from human Life; the easy and genteel Deportment of Gentlemen, is to be attained by an Intercourse and free Communication with People of that Class; the Drawing-Room must be visited for a Knowledge of the Ease and Dignity of Men of Rank, and by this Habitude, the Performer will fashion himself into a Kind of mental Elegance, which will not fail to inform his whole Person, and set off every Action, with a graceful Facility, at the same Time that it will enable him to be upon all Occasions, a more perfect Imitator.

To these external Circumstances of Carriage must be joined, a close and intimate Knowledge of the human Heart; its most secret Movements must be unfolded, and the Actor must be thoroughly acquainted with their minutest Effects upon the human Body, in what Proportion they agitate the Nerves and Muscles; how they impress the Features with their respective Signatures, elevate or contract the Brow, brace or relax the Sinews, and command the Attitude and Disposition of the whole Person.

THERE is not a Passion, in the whole Train of those Feelings to which our Nature is subject, but what has its own peculiar Adjuncts, its own Air, its own Look, and its own proper Tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole System, sinks the Spirits, and depresses the Voice into a plaintive Melancholy; Anger on the other Hand contracts each Sinew, sends the Spirits in a Blaze to the Eye, and vents itself in precipitate and vehement Accents. In like Manner every Emotion of the Soul has a sympathetic Influence on the Structure of the Body, and it is the immediate Business of the Performer, who would aspire to Excellence in the Art, to form to himself an exact Definition of each Passion, with all its Characteristics; and he must be particularly attentive to the Operation on the Nerves and Muscles, otherwise it will be impossible for him to exhibit, by his Speech and Deportment, a just Representation of any one of them, and to mark the Progress and Workings of the Mind, awakened and excited by the Vehemence of their Impulse.

AFTER having thus distinguished the Nature and Boundaries of each Affection, the next Step to be taken, is, to watch the various Shiftings and Veerings of the Soul, and to observe how the several Passions rise and fall, in quick Vicissitude. The Mind of Man cannot dwell for any considerable Time upon one Object;

ject; from whence it results, that, Love and Repentment, Grief and Joy, Despair and Hope, Rage and Tenderness, are perpetually taking their Turns in the Breast. To perceive minutely the very Point where the first ceases, and the succeeding one begins to rise, requires a nice Discernment; as in the well-wrought Piece of some eminent Hand, the Colours runs so artfully into one another, that their gradual Evanescence from the Sight, and their growing by insensible Degrees into a full Glow, is only to be discovered by the curious Eye. If I do not mistake, the Touch, which so skilfully blends different Colours in this delicate Confederacy, is called by the Painters the *Demi-tint*; and, in my Opinion something like it, should always be preserved, in the Performances of a good Actor, in Order to render each Transition graceful and natural, to melt the Audience by regular Essays into Tenderness, or induce any other Impression with Justness and Propriety. Whatever Passion has at any Time taken Possession of the Heart, must abate by Degrees, and the Traces of it must be almost effaced, before a contrary Affection can gain Admittance; and whoever is careful to mark with Feeling, the Ebbing out of the one, and Flowing in of the other, will be always sure to captivate the Affections of an Audience, and will have an irresistible Command over their Passions.

BUT the Matter does not rest here; the Performer, who is ambitious of distinguishing himself for masterly Touches in Scenes of Vehemence, will find another latent Secret, in the intellectual Anatomy, which must never escape his Notice. It must be remembered, that there are frequent Occasions, in which the Breast is distracted by two different Passions at once, both working the Heart-strings in one mixed Emotion. These complicated Agitations of the Mind are often imperceptible to a skilful Observer, and, therefore, as the Actor's chief Difficulty lies in this Point, a feeling Expression of it will always be a Proof of his Excellence, and Strokes of this Nature well executed will impress upon his Auditors the liveliest Sensations.

IT often happens in mere descriptive Poetry, that the Writer observing some surprizing Agreement between Things, which in their Natures seem totally inconsistent with each other, from thence takes Advantage to reconcile Contrarieties in such an agreeable Assemblage, that the tasteful Reader is entertained with a Picture, which at once amuses his Fancy and convinces his Judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate Touches of this Nature, and *Horace*, who had Art enough for every poetic Embellishment, has heightened his Odes with several Beauties of this Nature. In this Class of Elegancies may be reckoned the following Passages;

Urit grata Protervitas; —————

Pig-

*Pignusquæ direptum lacertis
Aut Digito benè pertinaci.
————— Tityosquæ vultu
Risit invito. —————*

MILTON also, who has every softer Delicacy in minute Descriptions, as well as every lofty Image in the sublime, has inserted many beautiful Colourings of this Species in his *Paradise Lost*, and his *grinn'd horrible a ghastly Smile*, is an admirable Instance. Mr. Addison has given to Thoughts of this Nature the Title of *thwarting Ideas*; and he adds, that they are some of the finest Strokes in the whole Compass of Poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this Hint further, I should call all Strokes of this Kind, where the Mind is worked into a Ferment, by the Name of *thwarting Passions*, and I will venture to say, that they will be universally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere Clash of Ideas, which the eminent Critic just mentioned has so much insisted upon; because they not only surprize with a seeming Contrast, but also interest the Heart; which is the Perfection of Poetry. The Greek and Latin Poets, and indeed the fine Writers among the Moderns, are full of these pathetic Representations of human Nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer Instance, than a Passage in Mr. Whitehead's *Roman Father*, when that Hero is reflecting on the Combat, which is to decide the Fate of Rome.

— Had I a thousand Sons in such a Cause,
I could behold 'em bleeding at my Feet,
And thank the Gods with Tears.—

To express these complicated Sensations, where several Passions at once agitate the Soul, requires such a Command of Countenance and Voice, that it is certainly the greatest Perfection of an Actor, and with a Kind of magic Power it always leads an Audience into the most pleasing Distress.

If the Bounds of my Paper would admit it, I should here indulge myself in examining our present first-rate Performers, with Regard to the three Divisions of Passions above established. To one I should perhaps ascribe the Merit of expressing with proper Vehemence, the conflicting Emotions of a *Zanga*; in another I should chiefly admire the graceful Transition from Rage to Tenderness, and probably I should not hesitate to say, that a third is Master of them all; but that in mixed Sensations he penetrates to the very Soul of his Hearers; and, were I to add, that, in many Situations, I have experienced the same from Mrs. Cibber, it would be but barely doing her that Justice, which her excellent Art deserves.

AFTER

AFTER what has been observed, it would have the Appearance of an Anti-climax to descend to *Rules* for Speaking, and proper Delivery; *Quintilian* has a just Remark on this Head; "As *Poets*, says he, profess to sing their Works, Verse should be repeated " in a Manner somewhat elevated above common Discourse, with " a Sweetness properly tempered by Discretion, and not thrilling into " a wanton Luxuriance of Sound, as if the Throat had been gargled " for the Purpose." To this it will be sufficient to annex, that a lively Imagination is the Talent which an Actor should principally cultivate, as it is that which excites those pathetic Feelings, without which no Man will ever succeed on the Stage, and with which it is hardly possible to fail. Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, 20th Oct. 1753.

I Have received of late several Letters, from sundry different Correspondents, each of them wrote, as the different Cast of the Writer's Imagination suggested, either in a Vein of Pleasantry, a Strain of Compliment, or in a serious manner discussing some great Topic. As these Gentlemen are all Essay-writers, They must not expect to appear in this Division of my Lucubrations; but the concise, laconic Tribe, who never undergo the Fatigue of Expatiating upon a Subject, and deal out their Prettinesses of Fancy in short Epistles, may properly be said to fall in with this part of my Design, and I shall therefore acquit myself to them all this Day.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

Sir,

I Found your Essay upon Female Beauty upon the Toilet of an intimate Acquaintance, and read it thro' with great Attention, but fairly must tell you I am not one Pinch of Snuff the better for it. A Fiddlestick for your being good humoured for a Complexion; I can't be good humoured; I am on the wrong side of Thirty, and the Men take no notice in Life of me. Pray give me some other Advice, or I shall be positively ruined, and your Compliance will for ever oblige me to be,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

PENELOPE PALEFACE.

I cannot advise this Lady better, than by bidding her *Marry for a Complexion.*

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

DEAR RANGER,

I Swear you are a strange Creature to think of sitting down to write and restraining your frolicksome roving Disposition, you wild Devil you, with a Parcel of Printers and Publishers. Answer me but one Question, how old are you?

Yours Unknown.

I can not resolve this Question from my fair Incognita, until she replies to my request; " Pray, Ma'am, how old are YOU ?

To CHARLES RANGE, Esq;

PRAY, Sir, are you any Relation to *Ranger* on the Stage; he's a dear Man, and I shall love you the better for his Sake; so answer me immediately, if you have a mind to be in the good Graces of,

CHARLOTTE RAMBLE.

To

To Miss CHARLOTTE RAMBLE.

MADAM,

IF you mean *Harlequin Ranger*, let what will be the Consequence, I must disown the Kindred; but if you intend Mr. *Garrick's Ranger*, it is with pleasure I inform you, that we are nearly related; and to shew you how desirous I am of your Esteem, I wish it were in my Power to make as striking a Figure in my Province, as that Gentleman does in his; and so, Madam, as my Cousin says, "My Service to your Monkey."

I am, Your most obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

To Mr. RANGER.

SIR,

AS you are a Critic I want to know from you, whether Mr. *Rofs* does not play *Castalio* with all the Tenderness of a young Lover?

I am, Sir, Your constant Reader,

WILLIAM BELLMOUR.

To Mr. *Bellmour* I shall reply in the Words of Lord *Foppington*; "ASK THE LADIES."

Drury-Lane Play-House, Oct. 20.

This Day Mr. *Foot* will introduce his last New Piece, call'd the *Englishman in Paris*, when the same Intelligence adds, Miss *Macklin* is to appear before the Public. As this young Actress has already given Proof of her Abilities, it is entirely superfluous to offer any Thing at present in the way of Recommendation; thus much *Ranger* thinks proper to observe, that, though the Company of this Theatre is already very strong, it will receive no small Addition from one, who has a genteel Figure, a well-turned expressive Countenance, and many Accomplishments, which, if they are not entirely Strangers to the Theatre, are certainly very far from being usual in those Regions.

Covent-Garden Theatre, Oct. 20.

Nothing material done since our last.

On Wednesday last a Report prevailed, that an Action of singular Spirit and Generosity was done at *White's Chocolate-house*, but upon tracing the Affair, we find that a certain Nobleman was not there on that Day, and therefore we are apt to think it is without Foundation.

Same Day a Man was found stretched on the Ground, at the Corner of Friday Street, and for some Time he was thought to be dead; but upon a clear Examination, it appeared to be a *Jew* drunk with *Calvert's entire Butt*.

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

Lately arrived in this Town *Abraham Grotisque*, Stay-maker, who engages with the Ladies to shew more of their Charms, and much lower than has hitherto been done by any of the Trade: He also makes them appear so big about the Waist, that they have all the Pleasure of appearing with Child, without the Burden of being so; and the most Innocent, by his means, seems to be within a Month of her Time.

N. B. He lives at the *Indian Queen*, in *Pallmall*; and also sells an Excellent Wash for the Neck.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 5.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2 d.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 27, 1753.

Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum, & Mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRG.



PEOPLE of high Spirits are subject to occasional Depressions, and Gaiety often subsides into a pensive Mood, which opens to the Mind new Scenes of Contemplation, and affords a Pleasure, tempered with a Degree of Seriousness, perhaps not unequal to the sprightliest Excursions of Fancy, and productive of Suggestions, frequently more useful than the brightest Sallies of Wit and Humour.

THIS Truth I experienced the other Evening, when, instead of attending to the Allurements of a Rout, or the more rational Entertainments of the dramatic Scene, a solitary Turn of Thought induced me to visit *Westminster-Abbey*. I there indulged myself for some Time in a Survey of the several Monuments erected to the illustrious Dead, and enjoyed a melancholy Luxury, which made such deep Impressions on my Mind, that I found myself entirely abstracted into Eternity, and the creative Power of Imagination instantly shadowed forth an awful Prospect of all those memora-
ble

ble Personages, who have made a conspicuous Figure on this evanescent Scene of Life.

FOND of dwelling upon Images of this Nature, I retired home to my Chambers, and, in order to comply with my present Disposition, had Recourse to that Part of the Archbishop of *Cambray's Telemachus*, where the young Hero descends in quest of his Father to the infernal Regions. In this Episode the excellent Prelate displays the Piety of a Christian Philosopher, and an Imagination not inferior to that of *Homer*; his Descriptions are all strong and daring; a fine Vein of Morality runs through the whole, and he deals out his Rewards and Punishments with the Air of a tremendous Judge. I admired the Justice of the Sentence, which dooms to Torture the *Ingrate*, the *Perjured*, the *Hypocrite*, the *malignant Critic*, who endeavoured to blast his Neighbours honest Fame, and the Race of bad Kings, who made their Subjects grown under the Weight of their Oppression. Fired with an honest Indignation against the Perpetrators of such immoral Actions, my Heart glowed within, me, until at length I came to a Passage, which made an Impression upon me very different from any Thing which I had felt before. "What chiefly astonished *Telemachus*, says my Author, was to perceive in that Abyss of Wickedness, Darkness and Desolation, a Number of those Kings, who had passed on Earth for a good Set of Rulers, and were now adjudged to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for having suffered themselves to be guided by selfish and ill-designing Men; and though they were not now in Torture for their own Misdeeds, they were accountable for those Ills, which they had permitted to be done under the Sanction of their Authority."

HERE I threw aside the Volume unable to controul myself from pursuing a Train of Reasoning, which this Reflection had disclosed to me; and, after pausing upon the Matter with sufficient Attention, and after making some few Exceptions, I subscribed to the Equity of the Poet's Determination. For certainly, in all Politic States, so many Things of the utmost Moment depend upon the Virtue and Conduct of the Sovereigns, that it is absolutely incumbent on them to exert a proper Spirit and Resolution, to make themselves acquainted with the Constitution of their Government, together with the Interest of their Subjects; and, whenever they find themselves beset by Men, of evil Hearts and sinister Views, it is their Business to break through the Band of Courtiers, and manifest the Virtues, which should be inherent in the Father of a People.

————— *Per obstantes Catervas,
Explicuit sua Victor Arma.*

HOR.

AT

I AM not for enforcing the Rigor of the Sentence mention'd above, without some Restrictions; I must avow, that I have all the Compassion in the World for Kings; I look upon them to be the most wretched of human Kind; I pity their splendid Misery, and, while others are dazzled with the Lustre of the Diadem, I consider the galling Pressure of its Weight upon the Regal Brow; it must be owned too, that tho' Justice may require, that they should be answerable, not only for their own Imbecillities, but also for the Misconduct of others, and though there may be a Concurrence of politic and moral Reasons for it, it is still hard upon those, who perhaps during their Lives meant well to the whole human Race.

To be born to a Crown, is in my Opinion to be the Heir Apparent of Misery, and to have an hereditary Reversion of more Sorrow and Anxiety, than is likely to be the Lot of any other human Being. PRINCES, from their very Childhood, are besieged by Fallacy, Perfidy and Fraud; Flattery usurps the Place of honest Simplicity, and like fine Women, they are sure of never hearing a Syllable of Truth from the infect Train that buz about them; the young Affections, which appear to be predominant in their Breasts, are encouraged by the Pimps of State, by which Means, in their riper Years they attain an entire Prevalence over Reason, and the Mind thus train'd to Error, and which was never taught to judge of Men and Manners, is left a Prey to the Artifices of a Court.

HISTORY will further suggest to us many Instances of Kings who have been compelled to the worst Extremes by the Ambition, and the turbulent Politics of their Ministers, and those who have arbitrarily made themselves the Delegates of Power. The Time has been, when Men of Intrigue have artfully form'd themselves into a Cabal to maintain their ill-gotten Power, and supporting themselves by a Confederacy in Vice, Prostitution and Venality, have insolently obtruded themselves upon their Sovereign, have obstructed his Choice of the People, whom he would have about him, have wrested the Reins of Government by Violence and Force, erected themselves into petty Monarchs, made a Cypher of that Authority from which they derive their Commission, and have precluded every Avenue, by which the Throne might be accessible to Truth, to Virtue, to Honour, and to public Spirit.

In this Case, it is really hard, that a King should be accountable for Mal-Administration, when, in the Nature of Things, it is impossible for him to discover the Truth, or receive any
Infor-

Information of the Tempers, the Dispositions, or the Greivances of his Subjects, while the Invaders of the Prerogative; in Order to render their Places and their Holds more tenable, and to defend the Errors of their Conduct, are daily entrenching themselves behind a thousand evil Actions, and obstinately persist in every wrong Measure, they have taken, rather than comply with a popular Clamour, for Fear of giving a Precedent to the People to watch their Motions, and call out for a Redress of Grievances, whenever any thing should be done against the general Interest and Sense of the Nation. Insolent Arrogance! for one Man, or any Knot of Men to set up their own private Designs against the declared Sentiments and repeated Remonstrances of an entire Kingdom. There is a Passage in the Writings of the late Dr. *Swift*, which mentions, the Lords Justices, the House of Lords and Commons, and the whole People of *Ireland*, *Plaintiffs*, and *William Wood*, Hardwareman, *Defendant*. The monstrous and ridiculous Absurdity of such a Suit appears at once in the most glaring Colours, and the Ridicule will be the same, whenever the same Circumstances co-operate in any other Country, whenever any one shall have the Haughtiness and the Obstinacy to be the Opponent of his Countrymen, whether he be Secretary of *State*, or Chancellor of the *Exchequer*; and let what will be the Cause of Contention, whether it be the Introduction of *Half-pence* in one Place, or *Jew-Pedlars* in another, the Administration of the Sacrament in *France*, or a repeal of the sacramental Test in Favour of a few any where else; or, in short, whether it be a specious Appearance of promoting the Christian Religion in one Country, or totally extirpating it in another.

IN such a Situation, thus environ'd, and thus compelled, it would be cruel that a Monarch should be liable to Punishment for the Transactions of his Ministry, especially when it is not composed of Men of his own Appointment; and therefore in such a Case, I am apt to think, that if *Fenelon's* World was prepared for departed Souls, and he to be made the *Rhadamanthus* of the Place, he would abate something from the Rigour of his Sentence, in Behalf of those Kings, who are bullied by their Courtiers, and, I believe, he would invent some new Species of Torture for those evil Counsellors, who should dare to hurt the Constitution of their Country either in CHURCH or STATE.

Z.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, 27th Oct. 1753.

SINCE my last I received a Letter from a Person, who signs himself ANTI-DRAMATICUS, by which I find, that this Gentleman and I have conceived different Ideas of our Theatrical Entertainments. As there is, in his Stile, a motly Mixture of the *French* and *English* Idiom, I suppose my Correspondent has imbibed his Notions in some provincial Town abroad; but must inform him, that we think differently in this Country of Men of Merit in their Profession, and Genius, in whatever Sphere it appears, is sure of meeting with due Applause from every *Briton*. On this Account I shall think our Dramatic Entertainments, a proper Subject to animadvert upon, from Time to Time, in these Lucubrations, in which I but follow the Example of so fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Addison*; and, by way of diversifying Matters, and for the Satisfaction of my Friend ANTI-DRAMATICUS, I shall occasionally examine, how *Gentlemen off the Stage act their Part*, and the Reader will in that Case judge, which comes off best in the Enquiry.

White's Chocolate-House, 25th Oct.

The Odds upon all Bets relating to the Jew-Bill, have been considerable for a long Time past, the knowing Ones laying Ten to One that it will not be repealed, but this Day Matters took another Turn, upon a Gentleman's making an even Bet that it well be recalled, and declaring that he was sure of winning the Wager, "*Because,*" says he, "*the Jews themselves are to petition a certain great Man for a Repeal, and I am sure they have Interest enough with him to obtain any Thing.*"

Drury-Lane Play-House, Oct. 26th, 1753.

On Saturday last Mr. *Foote* appeared for the first Time this Season on this Stage, and spoke upon the Occasion, the following Prologue, written by Mr. *Garrick*, which afforded very high Entertainment to a splendid Audience on that Night and several Times since. This Performer has since appeared in the Character of *Pondlewife*, in which Part he discovered by several nice Strokes that humourous Inflight into Nature, for which he is remarkable. The Reader in the Perusal of the Prologue will admire the ingenious Turn of the Author, and the Pleasantry of the Speaker, who entertained the Public with so delicate a Piece of Raillery on himself.

PROLOGUE.

THE many various Objects that amuse
 These busy curious Times, by Way of News,
 Are, Plays, Elections, Murders, Lott'ries, *Jews*;
 All these compounded fly throughout the Nation,
 And set the whole in one great Fermentation!
 True *British* Hearts the same high Spirit show,
 Be they to damn a Farce, or fight a Foe.

}

On

One Day for *Liberty* the *Briton* fires,
 The next he *flames*—for *Canning*, or for *Squires*.
 In like Extremes your laughing Humour flows ;
 Have ye not roar'd from Pit to upper Rows,
 And all the Jest was,—what?—a Fidler's Nose*.
 Pursue your Mirth ; each Night the Joke grows stronger,
 For as you fret the *Man*, his Nose looks longer.
 Among the Trifles, which occasion Prate,
 Even I Sometimes, am Matter for Debate.
 Whene'er my Faults, or Follies are the Question,
 Each draws his Wit out, and begins Dissection.
 Sir PETER PRIMROSE, smirking o'er his Tea
 Sinks from himself, and Politics to me.
 Papers Boy.—*here* Sir ! *Tam* what News to-day ?
Foote, Sir, is advertis'd — what—run away !
 No, Sir, he acts this Week at *Drury-Lane* ;
 How's that (cries FEEBLE GRUB) *Foote* come again ?
 I thought that Fool had done his Devil's Dance ;
 Was not he hang'd some Months ago in *France* ?
 Up starts MACHONE, and thus the Room harrangu'd ;
 'Tis true, his Friends gave out that he was hang'd,
 But to be sure, 'twas all a *Hum*, because
 I have seen him since, and after such Disgrace
 No Gentleman would dare to show his Face.
 To him reply'd a sneering bonny Scot ;
 Yow rasin reet, my Frynd, haunged he was not,
 But neither you nor I can tell how soon he'll gang to Port.
 Thus each, as Fancy drives, his Wit displays,
 Such is the Tax each Son of Folly pays.
 On this my Scheme, they many Names bestow,
 'Tis Fame, 'tis Pride, nay worse—The Pockets low.
 I own I've Pride, Ambition, Vanity,
 And whats more strange, perhaps, you'll see
 Tho' not so great a Portion of it—Modesty.
 For you I'll curb each self-sufficient Thought,
 And kiss the Rod, whene'er you point the Fault.
 Many my Passions are, tho' one my View,
 They all concenter, in the pleasing you.

* The Person here intended, is Monf. *Cervetti*, who has been a standing Joke with the Upper-gallery, for a long Time past, on Account of the Length of his Nose ; but, as I am informed, that no Feature of his Mind is out of Proportion, unless it be that his good Qualities are extraordinary, I take this Opportunity to mention that it is cruel to render him uneasy in the Business, in which he is eminent and by which he must get a Livelihood.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 6. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2 d.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 3, 1753.

Ecce iterum Crispinus. Juv.



OME Time ago I entertained the Public, with a Scene from a Dramatic Piece, entitled the TEMPLE of LAVERNA, which was so favourably received, that I am inclined to think the Readers of the GRAY'S-INN-JOURNAL will not be displeas'd to see something more of that Performance,

S C E N E. II.

A Number of JEWS circumcised and uncircumcised form a Cluster in the Middle of the Temple, from whence the following confused Sounds issue, viz.

TICKETS—Tickets—Lottery-Tickets—come, who buys 300 for all this Month?—I sell a hundred for next *Monday* at 15s. 6d.

—What do you say, *Adam*?

Adam. Come I'll give you 15s. for a 100 next *Monday*—

— No Master *Adam*, I have my Eye-Teeth as well as you,

or

or any Man in the Houfe; do you think I don't know, what is a doing? Altho' Mr *Slyboots* lies by, I can fmoke his Agents.

Mofes Noify. I tell you what, I want 500 for *Wednesday Morning* to compleat my Commiffion, and in a Word I'll give 14s. 6d.

All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noify*, mind *Mofes*.

Enter a Country Gentleman, in Boots with his Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here?

Fr. Yes, Sir.

Country Gent. Woons, what a Place it is!

Fr. Come Sir, you had better fit down, and make your Observations upon this Scene, which you were fo very defirous to be a Spectator of.

[*As foon as they are both feated the Waiter comes up and demands Sixpence each.*]

Country Gent. Six-pence Mon! for what? to fee thefe Monfters, I fuppose.

Waiter. Sir, it is ufual, every Gentleman pays Six-pence, who fits down.

Country Gent. Nay, Friend, I fhan't difpute it with you—It is not the firft Tax you have raifed upon me.

Fr. Hark ye, Mr. *Trueblue*, you had better not fpeak in that Manner; fee how they ftare.

Country Gent. S'blood! let'n ftare? what care I? I expect no Place; and, woons! I think a Mon, who pays half his Eftate in Taxes, fould at leaft be allowed to fpeak his Mind.

Fr. Not quite fo loud, I beg, Mr. *Trueblue*—You don't mind them but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their Ill-will.

Country Gent. Well, well, well — to oblige you — But, which is the Mon, who does what he pleafes with the great Mon at the other End of the Toon — Woons I cannot remember his Name — Lord, we drink Confufion to him very often in the Country — He is richer than a *German Prince*, they fay —

Fr. *Caiphas*, you mean?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the Mon — which is he, pray?

Fr. He is not come yet, but it is probable, you will fee him prefently.

[*Here the Jobbers grow very clamorous crying in harfh diffonant Tones, — Tickets — India-Bonds — Refcounters — Consolidate.*]

Country Gent. As I am an *Englifhman*, this is a perfect *Babel* — *Refcounters*, *Consolidate*, woons, thefe Fellows have certainly made a Compact with the Devil, and thofe are the Words by which they call him to their Affiftance.

Fr. No, Sir, no — Thofe are the Names of the feveral different Stocks.

Country

Country Gent. Bless me, Friend *Worthy*, it is a melancholy Thing that our poor Country should be drained of her Wealth and Power, by such infernal Leeches. Ah! many a Time and oft, have my Lord *Turncoat* and I talked over these Things in the Country— We have sat together, and drank *The true Interest of Great Britain*, and *Old England without Taxes*, until we have been both ready to cry — But no Mon is to be depended upon I see — he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant in the Mire, as any of them.

Fr. I believe Mr. *Trucblue*, you never saw so many *Jews* together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be sure — but we shall soon have them swarm in all Parts of the Kingdom now, that they are naturalized — Woons! if they come among us, I know what—Let them take care Care of themselves, I say; their Betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them—Let them look to it—but prithee, Friend *Worthy*, is the Report we have in the Country true? why, they say, Mon, that there will shortly be laid a Fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to Church. Woons! if that should be the Case, notwithstanding the Love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to sell my Acres, and retire to some *Christian Protestant* Country, for I would not become a *Jew*, no not to be a Minister of State.

Fr. Hush! who have we here?

Enter Lord Bowsprit, and Mr Servile.

L. Bow. (*Looking at his Watch.*) No, he is not come yet; it is not quite Twelve.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas*?

L. Bow. Ever since the Year forty-six. I leave a Sum of Money in his Hands, which he jobbs for me, and furnishes me with an Account at the Years End. I would have you do the same.

Servile. I should like it very well, my Lord; but it does not suit me to lodge a large Sum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only Objection, he can act for you in another Shape, he can buy and sell Stock, for your Account, without Money, this we call *Bulls* and *Bears*.

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an Act of Parliament against that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is something of that Kind; Sir *John Barnard's Act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular Sort of Man, and consults the Interest of the Public, but those chimerical Projects of his do not coincide with the present System, by any Means—He is a very singular Sort of Man, what they call a Patriot; indeed he has been always the same.

Servile.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that, I was my self a Patriot for two Sessions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and so I entered a Volunteer under the opposite Banner.

Enter Caiphas, (upon which a general Silence ensues.)

Caiphas. Has any Body enquired for me? — Hah! my Lord! Yours!

L. Bow. Mr *Caiphas*, I am your most obedient humble Servant — Give me Leave, Sir, to introduce this Gentleman to your Acquaintance, he is a particular Friend of mine, Mr *Servile*.

Caiphas. I am glad to know any Friend of your Lordship's — Has this Gentleman any Inclination to do any Thing in our Way? you need but let me know.

Servile. Under your Direction Mr *Caiphas*, I should like to job a little.

Caiphas. Its enough — call upon me To-morrow Morning — I'll put you in the Way.

Servile. I shall be for ever obliged to you, Mr *Caiphas*.

Caiphas. Say no more — You are my Lord *Bowsprit's* Friend that's enough.

Fr. to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas*, that is the wonderful Personage, whom you have heard so much of.

Country Gent. I protest, I cannot conceal my Astonishment — why, I expected to see a Giant, Mon — woons, is it possible that *Old England* should be bamboozled thus!

L. Bow. Mr *Caiphas* I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the City now. The Clamour against your People subsides, I am told, you need not be under any Apprehension, it will die away entirely in a little Time, I dare say,

Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away or not, Money is my Religion; and if I can but bring together enough of that, I dont' care a Pinch of Snuff for any Sect, or any Party whatever.

[*Several Jew-Brokers shew great Surprise, at over-hearing this, upon which Caiphas turns about, puts out his Tongue, and winks at them.*]

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr *Caiphas*, for why should a Man of your Sense lie under any Disadvantage, for Punctilio's or Form? We have done all we could to serve you; we are not so tenacious of Religion, but we can admit yours among us; and Money certainly is a very good Religion — that is the Maxim of a wise Man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we will talk more of this another Time — will you dine with me at the KING'S-ARMS? I am obliged to go now to the *South-Sea-House*, but, I have ordered an excellent *Ham*
for

for Dinner, and if you and your Friend will dine with me, we will be joyous.

L. Bow. Ham, Mr *Caiphas*! Come, come, that is a good Sign—I find you are coming over to us—you will soon be as good a *Christian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, those Things I laugh at—I tell you what, it is clear to me, that *Moses* never was in *Westphalia*, or he would not have prohibited *Pork*, ha! ha! ha!

L. Bow. Ha! ha! ha!

Servile. Ha! ha! ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your Servant, Mr *Servile*, your's

[*exit Caiphas.*]

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be sure to cultivate your Acquaintance with him, depend upon it, you will find it your Interest.

Servile. I shall not neglect it, believe me, I will be at his House To-morrow Morning by eight o'Clock—but we have no farther Business here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my Heart.

[*exeunt L. Bowsprit and Servile.*]

Country Gent. Woons! this Place has struck such a damp upon my Spirits, that I shall not be myself again, until I get into Company with a Set of honest Fellows, and drink THE OLD CONSTITUTION, in a Pint-Bumper.

Fr. Come, come, if you grow melancholy, we must quit these Gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wish, I could blow them all up, and then I should have a clear Estate—Let me give them one hearty Curse, and then we will go.

Fr. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

[*Forces the Country Gentleman out, upon which the Scene closes.*]

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Nov. 3, 1753.

THIS Week was issued from the Press, a very notable, curious, elegant, polite and sensible Pamphlet, in which the Author has found the Means of conferring his Praise and his Censure in the opposite Extremes of judicious Extravagance, which, without Doubt, will most certainly answer his Purpose of exalting his Favourites and depressing the Objects of his Severity. In this extraordinary Production many delicate Animadversions are indiscriminately thrown out upon three Characters, all highly eminent in their Profession, and (if I may indulge myself in a little Vanity) the Author of this Paper is dished up at the End of it, *Pour faire bon bouche.* This Part however

ever of the Performance is short of the Delicacy which runs through the rest of his Raillery, as in this Place, he has not hesitated to offer to the Public an impudent and scandalous Falsehood. The Writer of the GRAY'S INN-JOURNAL is above entering the Lists with a Man who dares to think one Thing and tell another; He will just observe to Miss *Noffiter*, that she had better let *Honest Ranger* kiss her Hand than any Fellow of them all; and he disdains to make any other Reply to the Person, who has once been guilty of an Imposition on the Public, as it is not to be doubted but he, who can publish a Falsity upon one Occasion, will entrench himself at all Times behind a thousand others;

*Destroy his Fib and Sophistry in vain;
The Creature's at his dirty Work again.*

POPE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Nov. 2, 1753.

Wit and Humour, and Sprightlines, and Pleasantry have subsisted here for a long Time past, until some certain Wits interrupted the Stream of our Happiness by displaying a good Deal of *false Fire*, and obtruding upon the Company some *Flourishes*, which were not at all approved by the sensible and judicious. It is however hoped, that these contending Genius's will adjust their Differences, without disturbing the Harmony subsisting between the Rest of the Gentlemen who frequent this Place.

Drury-Lane Play-House, Nov. 1, 1753.

On *Monday* Night last was presented here, the Tragedy called *VENICE PRESERVED*, when Mr *Mossop* performed the Part of *Pierre* with that Gallantry and heroic Ardor, which is the Characteristic of that Conspirator, and Mr *Garrick* and Mrs *Gibber* mutually exerted their excellent Art, at touching the compound Passions of the human Heart; and, it is no Wonder that in some Scenes the Emotions of the Audience run so extremely high, as they were acted upon by the two best Tragedians in the World. Since that Mr *Foote* has again drawn together a very splendid and numerous Audience, by his appearing in the Character of *Fondlewife*, which whole Incident is represented by this Performer and Mrs *Pritchard*, with as much Pleasantry as has been known on the Stage.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 7. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 10, 1753.

*Falsus Honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem.*

HOR.



Y Readers will observe, that I frequently select Mottos, for my Papers, from the Author, whose Name I have prefixed to this Day's Essay; the Reason of it is, his Sense is so refined, his Judgment so sound upon every Topic, and the Turn of his Expression so peculiarly delicate, that his Remarks are intermixed with my own ordinary Ideas, in such a Manner, that they recur to me, upon almost every Occasion that can offer in Life. *Horace* is so sensibly and elegantly sententious, not only in his Epistles and Satires, which are professedly moral Discourses, but also in his lighter Odes, and his gayest Excursions of Fancy, that I have often thought, an excellent System of Morality, and a fine Set of Rules for a virtuous, and cheerful Enjoyment

joyment of Life might be extracted out of his Writings; I have even carried this Hint so far, as to think seriously of publishing a Translation of all his excellent ethic Observations, which would, in my Opinion, be the best Collection of Thoughts on various Subjects, that has ever been offered to the Public, and would greatly excel the quaint *Antitiphsis*, the pointed Turn, and the affected Wit of *Rochfaucault*.

THE Observation, which in the accidental Circulation of Ideas presented itself to be discussed in this Lucubration, contains a beautiful moral, and is worthy of the Attention of the judicious. "Who is there," says the Bard, "that can desire an Acquisition of false Honour, who is not sensible of some inherent Defect? and who can be alarmed at the Blasts of Calumny and Detraction, who bears in his own Heart a Regard to Truth?"—This Sentence contains such indelible Marks of a virtuous Disposition, that it should be written in Letters of Gold, and impressed in deep Characters on the Heart of every Man, who would pass through Life with an honest and fair Fame, as it suggests a just Contempt for all ill-grounded Applause, and furnishes the Man of upright Heart with the proper Weapons of a noble Disregard for the mean Designs of Slander and Malevolence.

HYPOCRISY is considered, by all Moralists, as the most detestable and infamous Disease of the Soul; it discovers a Sense of the Grace and Beauty of a fair Character, but generally carries with it a total Absence of all those good Qualities, by which a Reputation is obtained, and it aims at Esteem, by artfully concealing the latent Imperfections, and exhibiting to the public Eye a glossy Appearance of something amiable and honest. *Contemptu famæ contemni Virtutes*, is, if I remember right, the Observation of *Tacitus*, and is perfectly just; for certain it is, that a Disregard for Fame will naturally induce an indolent Indifference for Virtue; but it does not follow, that he, who courts a public Reputation, has implanted in his Mind a due Reverence for those Principles, without which Fame will be always a Fugitive to him, who thinks of pursuing her in any other Path, than that of Generosity and Truth. I believe, there are frequent Instances of Men, who are turbulently careful of their Character in Public, and yet have never sufficiently endeavoured to eradicate out of their Breasts every Thing sordid, and to enrich the Soil with the Seeds of those Qualities, which alone can shoot up and ripen into real Honour. Unless the Mind is thoroughly weeded, inspight of every artful Disguise, the lurking

ing Mischiefe will, one Time or other, break out, and as *Perseus* expresses it, like a wild *Fig-Tree*, force its Way through the very Liver;

————— *Qua semel intus*
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit Caprificus.

Since I have mention'd this Satirist, it coincides with my present Scope, to observe, that there is not in any Author ancient or modern, a nobler Description of a Man of real Honour, than what is found in two Lines of his Writing; I shall transcribe his Words, because the Passage is highly beautiful, and for the Sake of the mere *English* Reader, I shall add Mr. *Dryden's* loose Translation.

Compositum jus fasque Animi, sanctosque Recessus
Mentis, & Incoëtum generoso Poetus honesto.

A Soul, where Laws both human and divine
In Practice more than Speculation shine;
A genuine Honour, of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind.

CERTAIN it is, that for the Formation of a right Character, it is requisite to have a perfect Knowledge of Right and Wrong settled in the Mind, Virtue should be lodged in the Soul, and the Heart should glow with generous Truth; but as the World now goes, there is more Art to acquire the popular Opinion, than Merit to deserve it; and the general Method, by which People grasp at Fame, consists in depreciating some Neighbour's Character. Thus the female Beauty aims at being a general Toast, by detracting from some other Fair one; and if her Rival outshines her FLIRTS and FIDGETS by an EASY DEPARTMENT at an Evening Assembly, her Word is, "I saw her this Morning, and she looked very pale." The Merchant likewise extends his own Credit and Correspondence by an artful Propagation of Suspicions to another's Disadvantage; and the Men, who aspire to a Reputation for Valour, are frequently known to recommend themselves by mean Innuendo's, to the Prejudice of some Antagonist; but, as in the former Instance, the Merchant who can discharge his Bills, when properly drawn upon, is sure of standing his Ground, so the Gentleman, whose Integrity remains unimpeached, whose Candour is unstained, and whose Firmness of Temper continues unshaken, will be always sure of being looked upon in a proper Light by the valuable Part of Mankind.

CICERO

CICERO observes, that for one Man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himself at the Expence of his Neighbour, is more against Nature, than Death, than Grief, or any other Calamity incident to human Life. And indeed there cannot be a stronger Indication of a narrow Mind, than a Design of erecting one's self into a vain Popularity, by artfully making Use of false Appearances, and Building an imaginary Reputation upon the intended Ruins of a Character, hurried by Precipitancy and Warmth into a Situation, of which ill-designing Men might avail themselves by a malicious Misconstruction of his Conduct. The Realms of Fame are not to be explored by *Doublings* and *Shiftings*, and, whenever any would arrive at those Regions, Honour, Truth, and Generosity must freight the Vessel; the Breath of voluntary, impartial Applause must swell the Sail, and the Course must be direct, bold, and open to the Eye of the World. For my own Part I cannot conceive what kind of Self-complacence can be deduced from a Misrepresentation of Circumstances; that Mind must be really very illiberal, that can attempt a vain-glorious Triumph, especially as it cannot be deaf to the Suggestions of its own inward Conscioufness, and more particularly, if it happens (as it sometimes will happen) that there is more than one Gentleman in the World in the Secret.

A REPUTATION thus obtained must certainly afford very little Satisfaction, and it will still administer less, when we consider, that it is gained from the ignorant, the prejudiced, the mean, and the contemptible; *Tollat sua munera Cerdo*, says a Writer already quoted; let the Underlings of Mankind keep their Commendations to themselves; for the Praise of such is beneath the Ambition of a Gentleman, and by Parity of Reason, their Censure, their Disapprobation, their Cabals, their Intrigues, their Tattles, their daily Computations, and their Midnight Clubs, are to be despised by any Man, educated to Honour, trained to Truth, and known, by the Openness of his Temper, to have a just Contempt for every Thing mean and little.

To draw to a Conclusion; false Honour is not worthy of any one's Pursuit, and Calumny is not to be regarded by the Person who makes Truth the Guide of his Words and Actions. The uncertain Tide of illusive Popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to subside, and then the *Shallows* are discovered, the *treacherous Quicksands* are revealed, and the *Bottom* lies betrayed to Sight. In like Manner giddy Detraction spends and exhausts itself;

itself; the Storm howls for a Time, and then decays into the Murmur of Obloquy, which at Length dies totally away; the Scene clears up; the Lustre of the Character intended to be defaced, remains unfullied, and Infamy, instead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native Spring.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Nov. 10, 1753.

BEFORE I proceed upon the Plan, which I have chalked out to myself for this Part of my Paper, some late Contingencies have determined me to prefix the following short Letter.

To Mr. LUN.

S I R,

THE next Time that you, at the Head of your *Company of Comedians*, take a fancy to make free with a certain Gentleman, he begs the Favour of you to carry on Matters as theatrically as possible; and, if it is intended that he should fall, he requests it of you, to bring out one of your Play-house Carpets, that he may entertain his Fate with Decency. Your Compliance will oblige,

Your Admirer,

CHARLES RANGER.

Having premised thus much, I now judge it not improper to make public a System of Rules, which I recommend to the Managers of the Play-houses, to hang up in a Frame behind the Scenes, for the better Instruction of the mimic Tribe in the Knowledge of themselves, the Duty they owe the Public, and the Behaviour which it behoves them to observe to Gentlemen in all public Places, as some late Transactions have made it manifest, that they ought to be restrain'd within proper Bounds.

A System of RULES, &c.

- I. That no Player shall, during the Performance, stand with a vacant Face, making a Tour with his Eyes round the House, or ogling the Ladies in the Green-Boxes, but that he shall, to the best of his Power, be attentive to the Business of the Scene to which he is engaged.
- II. That no Player shall come on, imperfect in his Part, or take the Liberty to insert his own Jokes and Witticisms, in the Productions of those Geniuses, for whom he should have the proper Respect due to the Superiority of their Parts.
- III. That no one shall mistake Bawling for Expression; Strutting and Swaggering for Deportment; twisting the Body and looking Cunning for

- for Sprightlines; pinching of Hats and standing on Tiptoe, for graceful Attitude; wry Faces for Humour, &c. but that each Performer who cannot arrive at EXCELLENCE, shall at least pay some Regard to DECENCY.
- IV. That Murder shall always be committed on the Stage, without being comical.
- V. That when any Gentleman thinks proper to enter the Green Room, no Arch-wag shall endeavour to disconcert him before the whole Company, by crying He—Hem! or by making use of any other Interjection equally witty and polite, with the one already mentioned.
- VI. That each Player recollect, that going on the Stage cannot exalt him from his former Station, to the Rank of a Gentleman, it being only allowed, by the *Courtesy of England*, that he, who was known to be a Gentleman before he appeared, shall not be degraded by it, while in his Conduct he preserves the Traces of a genteel way of thinking.
- VII. Lastly,---That no *Posse* of Players shall go together in Clusters to Coffee-houses *biting their Thumbs* at Gentlemen; and, if an unlucky Difference should arise between People in another Sphere, that no *mouth-ing Tragedian* have the Self-sufficiency to intermeddle, upon pain of being thought, by the cool and the sensible, to offer an Affront to every Gentleman present.

Bedford Coffee-House, Nov. 8, 1753.

It is now confidently said here, that the Pamphlet, which occasioned some Disturbance last Week, is the Production of a certain Enthusiast, who, as we are informed by an humorous and pleasant Writer, in the Ebullition of his Zeal, leaped off *Essex-bridge* in *Dublin*, for LIBERTY. The same Advices add, that he intends to harangue all the Corporations of this Metropolis upon the Subject of his late Pamphlet, and then will leap from off the Battlements of the upper Gallery, for the Cause of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. In this Case, it is believed, he will have *two little Wishes*; first, *That he were a Bird*, to save him from the Fall; secondly, *That he were Juliet's Bird*, that he may instantly fly to kiss her Hand.

CASUALTIES.

Romeo; — Ill of the *Green-Sickness*.
Othello; — Jaw-fallen.
Hamlet; — Lowness of Spirits.
Earl of Essex; — Fallen from a *Scaffolding*.
Jaffier; — taken up for stolen Goods.
King Lear — Ill of *Indigestion*.
Capt. Plume; — Lost his Stomach for *Roast Beef*.
Romeo's Apothecary; Bruised.

By the particular Desire of several Gentlemen.

On *Saturday* next this Author will reassume his former Good-humour; and, as his Muse may be said to be *haggard* at present, he will *whistle her off*, and let her down the Wind to prey at nobler Game for the Future.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 8. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 17, 1753.

————— *Superis Deorum*
Gratus et imis. HOR.



MY Friend Mr *Candid*, whom I have formerly introduced to my Readers, as a Member of the Club, to which I belong at the *Devil-Tavern* near *Temple-Bar*, called upon me the other Morning, and informed me, that having seen the Tragedy of *Macbeth* inimitably perform'd the Night before, he had thrown together some cursory Observations on that Production, which he desired I would communicate to the Public, through the Channel of this Paper. As I make no doubt but they will prove acceptable, I shall submit them to the Perusal of the Critics, in the loose Form which the Writer observed in putting them together.

IN order to calculate the Merit and Abilities of an Author with any Degree of Exactness, it is highly necessary to consider the Genius of his Age, and to examine the Opinions of his Contemporaries. If a Poet, now-a-days, should make the entire Action of his Tragedy depend upon Enchantment, and the principal Incidents result from the interposition of supernatural Agents, he would undoubtedly be censured, as transgressing the Bounds of Probability. He would be banished from the Stage to the Nursery, and condemned to write Fairy Tales instead of Tragedies. But *Shakespear* was in no Danger of such Centures; for if we survey the Notions that prevail'd when *Macbeth* was written, it will appear that he only turned a System, universally admitted, to his Advantage; and did not, in the least, overburthen the Credulity of his Audience.

THE Reality of Witchcraft and Enchantment has in all Ages been credited by the common People, and in many Countries even by the Learned. In Proportion as the Darkneſs of Ignorance was more groſs, theſe Phantoms have appeared more frequently; but the brighteſt Beams of Knowledge have never been ſufficient to drive them throughout the World. In the Time of our great Dramatic Genius, the Doctrines of Witchcraft, was by the Law and Faſhion equally Eſtabliſhed. As Prodiges therefore are always ſeen, whenever the Imagination is prepoſſeſſed with them, Witches were diſcovered daily, and in ſome Places increaſed ſo much, that a learned Biſhop takes notice of a Village in *Lancaſhire*, where their Number exceeded the Number of Houſes.

UPON this epidemical Phrenzy *Shakeſpear* might well be permitted to Build a Play; eſpecially ſince he has with great Exactneſs followed the Hiſtories, which were then deemed authentic; and I do not doubt, but the Scenes of Enchantment, were thought by himſelf and his Audience, very awful and affecting.

THIS Tragedy may be conſidered in a twofold View; with regard to the imaginary Exiſtencies introduced, and likewise with reſpect to the Characters drawn from the Page of human Nature. In this latter Senſe, it muſt be allowed to teach a very important Leſſon, *viz.* the intoxicating Power and rapid Progreſs of Vice. In the Perſon of *Macbeth*, we ſee a Mind enriched with many noble Qualities, and, after a ſevere Conflict, ſubdued by Invincible Ambition, in ſpite of the Suggelions of a Conſcience naturally tender and ſenſible. All his Sentiments of Loyalty, Gratitude, and Hoſpitality give place, by imperceptible Degrees, to his unbounded Luſt of Power, and to the Inſtigations of a wicked Woman, till at length he is transformed from a Man of many moral Virtues, to as great a Monster of Iniquity as ever debaſed human Nature. Who is there that does not Startle at the Moral here inculcated? Who, though adorned with every amiable Quality, can reflect on *Macbeth's* unhappy Fate, without Shuddering to think, on what a precarious Tenure, he holds the moſt valuable of all his Poſſeſſions?

MACBETH (ſays an ingenious Author) is the ſame in *Shakeſpear*; as in *Boetius* and *Buchanan*. The Poet conforms his Fable and Characters to the Traditions of his Hiſtorians. “Animus etiam *Macbethi* per ſe ſerox, prope quotidianis conviciis conjugis (quæ omnium Conſiliorum ei erat conſcia) ſtimulabatur.” “*Macbeth*, fierce of himſelf, was ſpurr'd on by the almoſt daily Re-proaches of his Wife, his Boſom-Counſellor in all his Deſigns.” How nobly has *Shakeſpear* improved this Hint; and how finiſhed are his Characters of this wicked Pair, through every Stage of Guilt, unſteady and reluctant in the Man, ready and remorseleſs in the Woman?

THE Incantations in this Play have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occaſion; they are part of the Story itſelf, and therefore properly uſed by the Poet, in a Buſineſs, of itſelf Dark, Horrid and Bloody. But Subjects of this Kind (which are perhaps in themſelves diſagreeable) cannot, at any Time, become Entertaining, but by receiving a Tinge from an Imagination, like *Shakeſpear's*; for which Reaſon Mr *Dryden* would not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* to imitate him in this Point.

But

*But Shakespear's Magic could not copied be,
Within that Circle none could walk but he.*

OUR Author could not only bring his *Ariel* from the Ætherial Regions, but could also summon Ghosts from below, and had an equal sway in the Upper and Lower World. The noble Extravagance of Fancy, which he had in so great Perfection, made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him, besides the Strength of his own Genius. There is something so wild, yet so solemn, in the Speeches of his imaginary Persons, that we cannot help thinking them Natural, and must confess, that if there are such Beings, it is highly probable, their Manners and Vocations, their Sports and Pastimes, their Delights and Repentments, must be such as he has represented.

THROUGH all the Scenes of Inchantment, it is observable, that *Shakespear* has selected his infernal Ceremonies with the utmost Judgment. He artfully conforms to vulgar Opinions and Traditions, and multiplies the Circumstances of Horror, upon an Occasion in which the Fate of a King is involved, with the most amazing Solemnity. The *Babe*, whose *Finger* is used, must be strangled in its Birth; the *Liver* of a blaspheming Jew must make part; the *Grease*, must not only be human, but must have dropped from a *Gibbet*, and that too, the *Gibbet of a Murderer*; and even the *Sow*, whose Blood is infused, must have offended Nature by devouring her own Farrow. These are touches of the greatest Judgment and Genius.

AFTER this general View of *Macbeth*, I must beg leave to mention some particular Passages, which are always sure to strike very forcibly on my Imagination. The Scene, wherein *Lady Macbeth* endeavours to work her Husband to the Execution of her treacherous Design on *Duncan's* Life, seems to deserve particular Notice. The Arguments, which she urges, evidently demonstrate the Poet's Knowledge of the human Heart. She artfully dwells on the Excellence and Dignity of Courage, which Ideas have, in every Age, dazzled Mankind, and animated by turns the victorious Hero, and the midnight Ruffian. *Macbeth* destroys the Fallacy, by distinguishing between true Courage and false Spirit;

*I dare do all that may become a Man,
Who dares do more is none.* ———

The judicious Critic will perceive, that this Topic is insisted upon with the utmost Propriety; for as Courage is the principal Virtue of a Soldier, the Reproach of Cowardice cannot be borne from a Woman, with any Degree of Patience.

WHEN *Lady Macbeth* is confirming herself in her horrid Purpose, she breaks out into a Wish (amidst the Violence of her Emotions) very natural to a Murderer.

————— *Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest Smoke of Hell,
That my keen Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n peep thro' the Blanket of the Dark,
To cry — HOLD! — HOLD! —*

In this Passage is exerted all the Force of Poetry. The Night is invoked, not invested in common Obscurity, but the *Smoke of Hell*; and we cannot but sympathize with the Horrors of a Wretch about to murder her King, her Friend, her Benefactor, and her Guest. *Lady Macbeth* dreads least the Sight of the intended
Wound

Wound should withhold her Knife, and she proceeds to wish, in the Madness of her Guilt, that the very Inspection of Heaven may be intercepted, and that she may (veiled in infernal Darkness) escape the Eye of Providence. This is the highest Extravagance of determined Wickedness.

WHEN *Macbeth* is preparing for the Murder of *Duncan*, his Imagination is big with the Horror of the Deed; *within*, his Soul is dismay'd at the Guilt of the Enterprize, and *without*, every thing is dismal and affrighting. His Eyes rebel against his Reason, and he starts at Images, which have no Reality.

*Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle tow'rd my Hand! come, let me clutch thee —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.*

HE then endeavours to summon his Reason to his Aid, but in vain; the Terror stamped on all his Powers will not be shaken off;

*I see thee yet, in Form as palpable
As this which now I draw. —*

Here ensues a new Attempt to reason himself out of the Delusion, but it is too strong;

*I see thee still;
And on thy Blade and Dudgeon gouts of Blood,
Which were not there before. —*

At length the Chimera vanishes;

— *There's no such Thing.* —

THE whole Delusion is carried on in so skilful a Manner, that the Audience start at the visionary Dagger, and share the Consternation. The Contrast between *Macbeth* and his Wife is finely marked, by the Remorse of the Man, and the hard-hearted Cruelty of the Woman; the least Noise, the very sound of their own Voices is affrighting, and the Mind is alarmed every instant with new Conjectures, and fresh Ideas of Perturbation.—

Hark! Peace!

*It was the Owl that shrieked; — that fatal Bellman
That gives the stern'st Good-night — he is about it —*
and again;

— *Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done; — th' Attempt, and not the Deed,
Confounds us — hark! — I laid the Daggers ready, —
He could not miss them. —*

IN short, the Murder is represented in the same affecting Horror, which would seize the Heart upon actual Commission; every Image seems Reality, and alarms the Soul; the very Blood curdles, and runs cold, through the utmost Horror and Detestation of the Deed.

SHAKESPEAR is almost the only Poet, who can boast the peculiar Art of inserting Poetical Description in the most serious Part of his Drama, with Propriety. Passion, Sentiment, and Poetry are frequently united by him, in the most agreeable Assemblage. Amidst *Macbeth's* slaughterous Thoughts, the following Lines are introduced with a solemnity suitable to the Occasion, and carry with them a pleasing kind of gloomy Imagery.

————— *E're the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd Flight, e're to black Hecate's Summons
The shard-born Beetle with his drowsy Hums
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful Note.* —————

It is impossible to reflect on the Character of *Macduff*, without observing the singular Art, with which the Author paints the domestic Virtues, or those Affections of the Soul which regard the Preservation of a Wife and Children. Such Sentiments, as are there expressed, result from the Suggestions of Nature, at all Times so uniform in her Workings, that nothing but a perverse Affectation of pompous Language and luxuriance of Diction, can hinder so many Writers from reaching a more exact Similitude in their Representations.

I shall conclude with observing, that the first great Instance of a Dramatic Genius consists in the Formation of Characters. In this Field *Shakespeare* remains unrivalled. It is his great Excellence to mark every Character, with Manners and Sentiments properly adapted, and to maintain the Propriety of each, in all Circumstances of Action. Guilty Ambition moves in a Sphere so narrow in itself, that it seems almost impossible to Diversify it; and yet we see it differently modified in four Characters of our Author. If we view *Hamlet's* Father-in-Law, how different is the Remorse of the *Dane*, from the *Scot's* Distraction? The Confusion of *King John* how distinguished from both? While the close, the vigilant, and the jealous Guilt of *Richard* is entirely peculiar to himself.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Nov. 17.

I Have lately received a Letter, from a Correspondent at *Oxford*, by which I find that my Lucubrations visit that Seminary of Taste and Learning. My Friend complains that, now and then, some Passages are found in my True Intelligence, which seem to carry with them a Ray of Light, which however in those Regions occasion nothing but *Darkness visible*. This was more particularly the Case with my last *Saturday's* Production; but I must beg leave to impute it to the narrow Conceptions of the Gentlemen of the University, who have derived their Ideas of Players from *Thespis* and *his Cart*, and, of course, have no notion of our present modern Improvements. They therefore little imagine that People, escaped from the lowest Stations in Life, and received by the Town on account of some superficial Endowments, without one single gleam of Genius, Imagination, Learning, or Taste, aspire to be thought Men of Consequence, Fashion, and Politeness. To restrain this Impertinence was the Scope of my last Paper; but not to dwell any longer upon this Subject, I shall here submit to Perusal a Copy of Verses (sent to me from the above mentioned University) which, I make no doubt, will be thought to have a great deal of Delicacy both in the Thought and the Expression.

On Travelling with a LADY.

As at my pretty Pilgrim's Side,
 Along the sultry Day;
 A timorous, but a faithful Guide,
 I chose the dubious Way;
 With anxious Care, and watchful Pace,
 The smoothest Paths I trod;
 Contriving pleasant Tales to ease
 The tedious irksome Road.

I told

I told of gallant Knights, who fir'd
 By gentle Ladies Eyes,
 To more than mortal Feats aspir'd,
 Their Love the precious Prize.

I watch'd from far the black'ning Storm,
 And wafted off the Air,
 That prefs'd with rude Assault to harm
 My fearful Traveller.

Now stopping, with unheeded Stealth,
 I catch'd her wand'ring Eyes,
 Whilst the dear Question of her Health,
 A kind Pretence supplies.

To Prospects that from far invite,
 I teach her Eyes to roam,
 While ravish'd with no other Sight,
 I feast my own at Home.

If chance some lonely Cot I spy ;
 Retreat of happy Pair ;
 I sigh, and say, how blest, were I,
 Was *Cælia* Mistress there.

When thro' some stragling Town we go,
 Their honest Joy I share ;
 As round the gaping Rustics Bow,
 In Homage to my my Fair.

Thus for so dear a Partner's sake,
 Might I for ever rove.
 And Life's long tedious Journey make
 A Pilgrimage of Love.

Drury Lane, Nov. 17.

A new Tragedy, entitled *Boadicea*, is now in Rehearsal at this Theatre, and will be exhibited about the End of this Month. Mr. *Garrick*, Mrs. *Cibber*, Mrs. *Pritchard*, and Mr. *Moffop*, are to perform the Capital Parts, and from such Performers it is not doubted, but the Public will receive a great addition to their Entertainments, especially as this Piece is the Production of Mr. *Glover*, Author of *Leonidas*, an Epic Poem, in which are displayed all the Graces of pure and elegant Diction, and many incidents entirely of a Dramatic Nature, in which the Reader cannot help feeling the tenderest Sensations.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 16.

The Appearance which Miss *Noffiter* made in the Character of *Belvidera*, is a further Confirmation that she is, upon many Occasions, Mistress of surprizing Attitude and Action, and it leaves no kind of room to doubt what Mr. *Ranger* has before observed, that she will prove a very excellent Actress, when her Voice acquires Strength from Practice, and when, by Experience, it mellows into more Harmony and Softness. The prevailing Manner of Marking, as it is called, may be the Source of very harsh and dissonant Utterance, unless properly governed by the Energy and Force of, what a Quack Writer calls, the *operative* Words. The attempting to lay an *Emphasis* in too many Places is an Error stigmatiz'd by *Quintilian*, who certainly was an unquestionable judge of Elocution. That great Critic observes, that too violent a Stress on Words of no great import, is full as bad as no Emphasis at all; and this forcible Manner of Speaking should be used sparingly, and reserved for, what *Cicero* calls, *glowing Expressions* (*verbum ardens*) where the Poet means to enforce some bright Image, or to strike at the Passions of his Auditors.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 9. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 24, 1753.

— *Quid non mortalia Pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?*

VIRG.



THE Desire of acquiring Money has in all Ages actuated Mankind, and influenced their Conduct in various Shapes, ever since civil Polity framed different States and Republics, and since Convenience stamped an imaginary value upon yellow Dirt, which soon render'd it by general Consent a proper Exchange for the rest of the Commodities of the Earth. By the same Means that it became useful in the ordinary Necessaries of Life, it also in Proportion administered to the Luxuries and magnificent Enjoyments of Society. The Gamester soon learned to carry a thousand Head of Cattle by Proxy to the Dice Room; so many Pieces of Ore became the Representatives of an adequate Number of Trees, and Things went on in this Progression, till at length a modern Beau could carry as many sparkling Acres upon his little Finger, as would have strained a thousand *Ajaxes* and *Hectors* of the Days of *Homer*. This last Remark I am proud to have an Opportunity of making, as the elegant Species, just mentioned, have for some Time unjustly been exposed to the Raillery of the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*; whereas by this Account the pretty Fellows of these Times have very visibly a Superiority over the Prowess and Vigour of the antient Heroes, equal to the Pre-eminence which is due to them in Point of Delicacy, Refinement, and every other genteel Accomplishment.

AN Ambition to amass Riches is certainly very laudable, when it does not transgress the Bounds which are prescribed by Reason to all our Passions in the general. While it is conducted with a View to a Competency, and the Enjoyment of the Requisites for Subsistence and Comfort; while it operates with a Propensity

fity to a Man's Friends, Relations, and, as *Milton* has it, all the Charities of Father, Son and Brother; and while it is the Source of Generosity, and an extensive Power of distributing Benefits to Mankind, it is, without any Manner of Doubt, a just Principle of Action; and though self-love is the Pebble which stirs the Lake, the Circles, which it occasions, will always be pleasing and beautiful to the moral Sense.

BUT the Misfortune is, this Affection of the Soul generally degenerates into Meanness, and has a fatal Tendency to ruin the Understanding, and to corrupt the Heart. The intellectual Soil must not lie fallow for any long Time together, and it is by Freedom of Converse, and an habitual Intercourse with the enlightened Part of the World, that a mental Vigour is to be acquired; and when the Imagination is constantly attached to a particular Set of Ideas, it becomes narrow by insensible Degrees, and for Want of that general Survey of the different Objects, which are continually passing on the Scene of Life, it is confined to a small Compass, and never ventures to make the least Excursion further. From this close Habit of Thinking, the Heart, too frequently, contracts a lazy Apathy, and grows entirely callous to all Manner of Sensation. Our Passions are involuntary, and are nothing else than the Impressions which external Objects usually make upon the human Imagination, from the Operations of which we feel those fundry Emotions, which are Incitements to spur us on from Theory to Practice, and which disclose themselves in our Actions, and are thence known to belong to the amiable Train of *Benevolence*, or to be of the hateful Family of *Selfishness* and *Ill-nature*. In Proportion therefore as the Ideas which pass in the Mind are Scanty, the Affections, which agitate the Heart, will be fewer and both must at last rust to a Point, and fix in a State of unfeeling Indolence.

A LOVE of Money, is at once the Source of those Deeds, which carry with them a splendid Appearance, and those also which are at first Sight, mean and contemptible. This Passion has made many a Writer of Eminence, and many Scriblers in a Garret; it has animated the General at the Head of an Army, and the Clipper of Coin in his Twilight Room; it has for many Ages thundered in the Senate, wrangled at the Bar, and lulled from the Pulpit. To this it is owing that the Merchant boldly traverses the Globe, trusting to all the Dangers of the turbulent Element, and that *Buckborse* will receive as many severe Strokes of a Cane as you please, for Six-pence a piece.

THE Art generally practised by People, who are desirous either to amass an over-grown Fortune, or to glean up a Livelihood, without the Talents to recommend themselves by striking out some new Discovery, or cultivating some advantageous Branch of Trade and Commerce, is to impose upon the Credulity of Mankind; and by obtruding false delusive Circumstances to excite their Curiosity, raise their Admiration, fill them with Astonishment, and thus gull them to comply with their Artifices of Fraud and Imposition. This Metropolis has never wanted a sufficient Number of these Projectors, and, at present, I believe I may affirm, that it abounds with Cheats and Impostors, in every Station, in every Art and Science, and in every Circumstance of Life. The solemn Physician, the specious Lawyer, the wordy Critic, and the bombast Poet, are found in all Quarters of the Town; and tho they all must be allowed to be very notable Masters of Deceit, I have lately made a Discovery of a personage, who greatly excels

cels them all in their own Trade of Delusion and Hypocrisy. The Scheme of distributing Hand-bills, importing that in *Icy-Lane*, *Magpye-Alley*, or any other Quarter of the Town, LIVETH a regular Physician, who has spent many Years abroad, travelled all over *Mesopotamia*, and is returned home north about to practise his Profession for the Benefit of his Countrymen is now entirely out of Vogue, and the Cheat is laughed at by all Degrees and Ranks of People. It is true, there are many other Plans on foot at present, which are somewhat more plausible than that which I have now touched upon; but among them all, I do not remember any Plan so well calculated to elevate and surprize, to keep up a Stare, as a new one which came into my Hands the other Day, as I was walking down *Ludgate-hill*. A tall meagre Man, with great Solemnity of Aspect, and strong Expressions of Argument in his Countenance, presented to me the following Billet, which many of my Readers can bear me Witness is transcribed faithfully and exactly.

Mrs. S E R M O N

“ Is removed from *Whitehorse-yard*, *East-Smithfield*, to the Sign
“ of the *Blue Ball*, in *Naked Boy Court*, *Ludgate-Hill*; you may
“ turn in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth*, the second
“ House in the Court.

“ Who resolves all Questions in Astrology, whether by Sea,
“ or Land. She likewise gives *gratis* to poor People, a Draught
“ for the Stomach, the Powder for the Tooth-ach, and an Eye-
“ Water.

N. B. Cures the Ague at the Second Cup gratis.

I HAVE heard that the present celebrated Dr. *Woodward* cures the Rupture, for any Person whatever, by wearing his own Bandages, which indeed hath frequently been Matter of Astonishment to me in my Hours of Reflection; but I must declare, in favour of Mrs. *Sermon*, that I think she performs greater Wonders than any of them, and that her Undertaking is more likely to do Honour to our Country, than that of any other Schemist now in being. Sure I am that she cannot fail of due Encouragement, as her Bill strikes very forcibly at the Passions of Mankind. The Circumstance of her living in *Naked Boy Court* is well inserted to raise Curiosity, and the Convenience of turning in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth* will prove inviting, especially as every one will be desirous of seeing that curious Animal. How she contrives to answer Questions in *Astrology* is beyond my Comprehension, but if well performed, must be highly useful to his Majesty's Subjects. She does it also by *Sea* as well as *Land*, which is greatly advantageous to a trading Nation; and then her Spirit of Benevolence must tend greatly to endear her to ever generous and humane Mind.

THE Draught for the Stomach, the Powder for the Tooth-ach, and the Eye-Water, given *gratis*, are strong Indications of a public Spirit, and a Temper above all mercenary Views. Add to this that she cures the Ague at the second Cup for nothing; what kind of Cup it is, I can't take upon me to say; thus far I will hazard my Judgment, that she really deserves a *Cup of Thanks*. Upon the whole Mrs. *Sermon* is in my Eye a very extraordinary Personage; and were I to decide the Precedence between her and all the Empyrics, Projectors, Fustian-Poets, Discoverers of the Longitude, &c. of the present Age, I should not hesitate to pronounce Mrs. *Sermon* the most notable amongst them all.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 24, 1753.

MY Rambles, through the several Quarters of this Metropolis, have been as frequent as ever, and many Incidents of an extraordinary Nature have fallen under my Observation in all Parts. I shall not however give any Narrative of my Proceedings at present, having been lately at a celebrated Society, where a Question of such Moment was discussed, that I think a Perusal of the whole Debate, exactly as it was managed, will not be unentertaining to my Readers.

Robin-Hood Society, Nov. 19.

This Place continues to be the Seat of Learning, Taste, Politeness, Truth, and sound Judgment. The Logicians attend the Disputations with great Punctuality, and their Researches after Truth are always carried on with great Perpicuity and Discernment. The Gentlemen of the Academy have nothing so much at Heart, as the Advancement of real Knowledge; and with this View, their Speculations are not confined to any one Branch, but they extend to the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences; and, as nothing is more becoming the Dignity of rational Agents, than following the Suggestions of their own private Judgment, the noble System of Free-thinking is here displayed in its genuine Lustre.

About Six o'Clock this Evening the Students met, and spent their Time till Seven in various Moods of Contemplation, some being fast asleep, none awake, some with their Eyes half shut, some with their Eyes half-open, some whistling, some biting their Nails, and others making such vigorous Application to the Mugs of Porter, and drawing from thence such copious Draughts, that it might be well imagined, the Students supped Truth to be in the Bottom. At Length the Arrival of the President gave Signal of the approaching Contest. With great Serenity and Composure he seated himself in his Chair, and after having spent some Time in mental Prayer, he arose with a Gravity mixed with a Degree of Cheerfulness, and smiled to his Acquaintance. Then with a clear and firm Voice began, "Silence Gentlemen! --- Pray, Gentlemen, be silent --- here are two Questions left, Gentlemen, which I will read to you for your Approbation.

*Whether Quartern Loaves are not much better than French Bread?**Signed AN ANTIGALLICAN.*

You that are for its being a Question hold up your Hands (*hands up*). You that are against it hold up yours, (*hands up*). The Majority is for it.

The other Question is, *Whether Religion is consistent with the Genius of a trading Nation?*

Signed MONEY-TRAP.

You that are for its being a Question hold up your Hands (*all*). Gentlemen it must be a Question.

1st. Member. 'Sdeath Sir, what do you throw down the Porter for.*2d Member.* An Accident!*1st. Member.* An Accident! I have it all in my Shoes.

President. Pray Gentlemen be silent --- Pray Gentlemen don't laugh --- Gentlemen, let us behave a little better --- Are all the Gentlemen accommodated? --- Gentlemen the first Question on the Book is,

Whether Italian Operas may be said to be a rational Entertainment for an English Audience?

It is signed GEORGE MANLY.

Is Mr. Manly here? if he is I wish he would answer.

Manly. Sir, the Question is of my proposing; and my Reason for desiring a Discussion of it, is, because we have at this Time the Dramatic Entertainments of *Shakespeare*, *Otway*, and other eminent Writers in such Perfection, that I should be glad to know what Occasion there is to send to *Italy* for an Opera, when our own Diversions are much cheaper, and I will venture to say a great deal better.

Presi-

President. Does any Gentlemen on this Row chuse to speak? --- Do you chuse it, Sir?

Mr. Tinsel. For my Part I am of Opinion, as to this Question, that it is, look ye, indecent and impolite. It is, Sir, throwing a Censure upon People of Fashion; and People of Fashion should have fashionable Diversions, and fashionable Diversions are expensive, and Expence is the Ornament of a Nation. *Mr. President* that is not all; the Opera is the only Place where a Gentleman can shew his Cloaths to advantage, without soiling them, for really at the Play-house, when an Actor has a mind to gratify his Vanity with a full House, they send so many Orders, I think they call them, to People of mechanic Trades, and the lower Class of People, that one is really hedged in between *Breeches-Makers*, and *Barbers*, and *Pawnbrokers*, and their fat Wives; that what with their Grease, and the Noise they make in crying Bravo at every Start and Stare, that I protest---

President. Time, Sir ---

Tinsel. One is really almost fatigued to Death.

President. Pray, Sir, be observant of the Rules -- Time, Sir, -- Does any Gentlemen there chuse to speak on this Row? *Mr. English* it is with you.

English. Read the Question, Sir, --- (*Question read*) I am of Opinion, Sir, that *Italian Operas* are an improper Entertainment for *Englishmen*. It has been, Sir, well observed by a witty Writer, that for ought we know these People at the Opera are singing high Mass; and, Sir, unless we are jealous of our Liberties, they will soon fade away; I am always jealous of hearing an unknown Tongue, which I look upon to be quite unconstitutional. They may be delivering Sentiments of Slavery and arbitrary Power; they may be insinuating the Luxuries of their effeminate Country. It has already been objected, that many Corruptions have been derived to us from these Diversions; and, as to the Gentlemen's Cloaths, I am not his Taylor, and therefore I have no Uneasiness on that Score.

President. Time, Sir --- Does any Gentleman here chuse to speak? Pray, Gentlemen, be silent --- Do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Mr. Sly. *Mr. President*, I must declare against the Use of such Abominations, and such heterodox Entertainments. It is profane, *Mr. President*, and only fit for the Ungodly. The Flesh is apt to rebel against the Spirit too much of itself, without such wicked Incitements, and so I conclude that I think them loose, abominable, wicked, and prophane, and they be all of the prophane that do go to them.

Mr. Lutestring. *Mr. President*, though I am not for the Importation of foreign Luxuries, because I take it, that the Balance of Trade is greatly against any Nation that goes that way to work; yet I must own, that am for encouraging Operas. I think it safer for an honest Man to send his Wife and Daughter to an Opera, than to the Play house, for this Reason; Sir, because the Women are apt to take a Fancy to the Players. They count them handsome Men; I was the other Day at a Rout in *Cateaton-Street*, and there was nothing else talked of; is not *Mr. Such-a-one* a fine Man, says one, "O, yes, Ma'am, says another, and has not *Mr. What do-ye-call him a fine Figure.* Oh! I am delighted with him cries a third. In this Manner *Mr. President* they go on, so that I think it safer for Women to go to Operas, because they will hardly fall in love with any Man there, and Players like the Chairmen in this Town, are most of them *Irish*.

Mr. Ma'summary. Be pleased to read the Question (*Question read*) As to Operas, *Mr. President*, I never was but at two, in my born Days, and the first of them, I liked it as if Heaven and Earth was coming together; but at the second, I no more cared for it, no, no more nor an Oyfter is like an Egg-shell. As to what that Gentleman there said about the Players, I believe none of them are cut out for Singers, though some of them sing a good *Speghos* enough. For my own Share on't I had rather hear *Ellin-a-roen* than all their Quivers, and *Carolun* was a better Composer than any *Italian* of them all; that's a sure Thing. As to their not being able to cuckold an Alderman, the Gentleman may have some little *Rasons* of his own for being afraid; but for my Part I can't help laughing when I think on those Singers, and I wonder at their Impudence to look a Woman in the face.

Presi-

President. Time Sir.

Mr. Macflummery. What is it?

President. Time Sir.

Macflummery. Time? What would you have one speak in *Time* like those she-Fellows of Singers there?

President. Pray Gentlemen don't laugh---pray be silent, Gentlemen---your five Minutes is out Sir.

Macflummery. Is that all? Give me that Porter there---here's my Service to you, and I'll tack a Sentiment to it---Here's all honest Hearts and sound Bottoms.

President. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh; do be silent, Gentlemen---does any Gentleman there chuse to speak?---Mr. *Macpherson* its with you?

Mr. Macpherson. I do not know whether the Gentleman's reasoning be *reet*, about Mr. *Carolun*, but this I can say, that one of *Ramsay's* Compositions set by the *Philharmonic Society* at *Dumferlin* would make muckle Entertainment, and by fare exceed the squeaking of those Eunuchs, who are, in my Opinion, a Disgrace to Society. I remember Master *Demis*, in his Book, has many Ideas on this Subject, deelevered with muckle Oratory; and I would rather, at any Time, see the Exhebection of the Dramatic Piece of the *Scotch Ballad*, given in the *Haymarket*, two Years elapsed since, than have a Dozen Operas exhebeeted for nothing.

President. Time, Sir.

(*Mr. Macpherson sits down, and speaks the Highland Language, which Mr. Macflummery answers in Irish.*)

President. Pray, Gentlemen, be silent. Gentlemen, as to my Opinion on this Subject, I has but little to offer, and I hope that the Proposer of the Question will give us some Arguments against the Operas, which will militate stronger, than those which has been already offered. With regard to their singing high Mafs, I owns that there is Wit in it, but I believes that the Gentry, that frequents them, is too well affected to our present Establishment, to think of admitting such Exhibitions, as is inconsistent with the Laws of this Land. Mr. *Manly* it is now with you Sir.

Mr. Manly. Sir, I am against Operas, for this capital Reason; *viz.* because most of them are composed by People ignorant of the first Principle of Composition, which is *Counterpoint*, or the Art of placing different Notes, sounding together in true harmonic Order. Music, Sir, consists of *Melody* and *Harmony*. *Melody* is the regular Progression of a single Part; and *Harmony*, of different Parts united. Now the *Melody* of all the Songs in our late *Italian Operas* is extravagant and unnatural, consequently unpleasing and fitter for Instruments than Voices. Their Singers are constantly endeavouring to surprize, by which means, their Songs are all Quirks and Divisions, and the Performers are sometimes squeaking like Cats at the Top of a House, and sometimes growling like Dogs in a Cellar. The Energy of the Words is totally neglected, and the Passion entirely lost; and therefore I cannot help wondering, that, while we have *Handel*, *Arne*, and *Boyce*, the *English* will lavish sums Sums upon a false and depraved Taste, merely to be thought Judges of what they do not understand. I shall finish, Sir, with asserting, that an elegant *Drama*, by a good Author, and the Music composed by either of the Masters mentioned already, might be an high and rational Entertainment; it would certainly save an immense Sum to the Nation, and would excite new Genius's to study, and excel all other Nations, in manly, sensible Compositions, where the Sound would be an Echo to the Sense, and the Passions would be agitated by the joint Power of Poetry and Harmony.

President. Gentlemen, it is now late, and so I wish you all a Good-night.

Adjourned to Monday the 26th Inst.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 10. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 1, 1753.

In omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est bonis) grassatus.—
FLORUS.



WRITER of periodical Essays is like one, who goes coasting from Place to Place, with Intent to lay down a Chart of the Course of the Country, the Extent of the several Parts, the Bearings, Limits and Connections. As the latter fails along, every minute Object furnishes him with Matter of Contemplation, and not a Hill lifts its Head, whether cloathed with Verdure and imbowered with overhanging Wood, or wild, barren and craggy, but he instantly treasures it in the Storehouse of Imagination. Each Recefs of the Land, each Creek, Rock and Harbour demand a particular Notice, and he is frequently induced to pause in these Reflections, heedless of the unbounded Prospect which the Ocean presents him. In like Manner the Person, who is engaged in a Course of Lucubrations to be published on a stated Day, is constantly traversing either abroad, or in his Closet, in order to delineate a just Representation of the different Scenes of Life, and to gratify his Readers with particular Charts, which may either serve to please the Fancy, or contribute to the Purposes of Improvement and Utility. In his Intercourse with Men and Manners every Occurrence attracts his Eye; and in his Converse with Books, he often meets with Passages, which should not be passed by unobserved

ferred, but deserve to be minutely set down in the Account of his Voyage through this Sea of Troubles, that they may serve as Lights or Landmarks to those who are bound upon the same Adventure,

IT is thus the best Essays are suggested, and for my Part, I must own, I never yet conversed with a Man of Sense, or perused a good Author, but I thence deduced some Hint, which afterwards unfolded several latent Reflections, that might otherwise escape me. A Friend once advised me to make a Collection of the several *French* Writers of Memoirs and Letters, and by these Means he told me, that I should never be at a Loss for Matter to expatiate upon. But in my Opinion this End is much better answered by the *Roman* Authors. The Classics display upon all Occasions such bright Traces of a manly Way of thinking, and abound with so many excellent and close Remarks, artfully interwoven with the Thread of their Poem or Narration, that a Man conversant with their Productions will be always able to draw very amply from their Stores.

IN perusing a few Nights since *Florus's Compendium* of the *Roman* History, I was greatly struck with an Observation, in the Character of *Tarquin*, which that Writer, though no extraordinary Master of the Graces and Elegancies of Composition, has found Means to insert with his usual Art, and without going out of his Way to make the Remark. "*Tarquin* (says "*Florus*) insulted all Mankind with an overbearing Pride, which "to an ingenuous Mind is worse than Cruelty." This short Observation most certainly carries with it a great Deal of Truth, and deserves to be enforced with all the Strength of Reason and Eloquence.

A WITTY Satyrift has called Pride the universal Passion, and indeed its Influence on Mankind is so manifest, that there is too much Reason to believe the Maxim well-founded. The general Prevalence of Politeness suppresses in some Measure the Appearance of it among the *French*, but any one, who has been at *Versailles*, may remember, that after all the Attention, Difference, and Complaisance of the embroidered Gentleman, who undertakes the Office of shewing the Curiosities of the Place, the Ceremony is always concluded with a Consciousness of their national Superiority, which breaks out in a brisk Question with a Shrug of the Shoulder. "*Eh! bien Monsieur; avez vous de pareille magnificence a Londres.* Well Sir, have you "any Thing equal to this in *London*?" In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, their Haughtiness is manifested by the frequent Use of Stiletto upon every trivial Occasion; Pride is there display'd by killing others, and the People of *England* discover it by murdering themselves. The Notion of Independance with which a free-born *Briton* is inflamed, render him untractable and refractory, to all Laws human and divine; Religion
he

he makes a Joke of, and he wonders at the Impertinence of the Parliament in attempting to restrain his unquestionable Right to dispose of his Person as he pleases.

THE famous *Montesquieu* imputes the Variety of Oddities, which prevail in this County, to the general Infection of the Scurvy; but if he had charged it upon our national Arrogance, I am inclinable to think, he would have assigned a truer Cause, though, perhaps, at the same Time black and fizy blood may not a little contribute to aggravate the Distemper. To speak with Precision, Pride is to the Soul what the Scurvy is to the Body, each in their separate Districts the Source of Ill-humours, Maladies and Disorders. The fatal Effects of the corporal Indisposition, just mention'd, have been so severely felt for a long Time past, that our common News-papers are filled with Advertisements of Chymical Drops, to eradicate it entirely out of the Blood. This certainly would have been a great Benefit to Society, but, I apprehend, he would deserve still more who should devise a Cure for the Disease of the Mind. On this Account I should be glad to see a Paragraph in the Papers to the following Effect.

To Persons of either Sex afflicted with any Species of PRIDE.

“ Never were *Pride, Arrogance and Haughtiness* so frequent as of
 “ late Years; nor has any Remedy been found adequate to this
 “ pernicious Habit, which occasioned a Physician of the Soul,
 “ who employed his Thoughts much concerning them, to adapt
 “ a Medicine, or *Moral Elixir*, which is a sovereign Remedy a-
 “ gainst *Pride*, and all the Variety of Symptoms, by which it mi-
 “ mics by Turns, almost all the Vices poor Mortals are afflicted
 “ with, and have their Rise from a depraved Selfishness of
 “ thinking, vicious Ferments of Ill-nature, and the Want of
 “ Self-knowledge, whence proceed the supercilious Brow, and
 “ surly Moroseness in the Men, and Coquetry, Airs, Fidgets,
 “ Tehees and Titters in the Women, which totally destroy
 “ their Beauty and their Features, and by a Consent of Parts
 “ affects their Heads, and produce direful Views and terrible
 “ Apprehensions; at other Times, Fits, flushing Heats, Low-
 “ ness and Sinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart,
 “ Twitchings of the Limbs, with many convulsive Disorders,
 “ which affect Numbers of both Sexes.

“ THE above Elixir is a wonderful Alterative, occasions
 “ laudable Humility, and, as soon as taken, makes the Patient
 “ good humoured, chearful and affable to Admiration, and is
 “ good for all Sorts of People to preserve as well as procure
 “ an even Temper of Mind.”

WHENEVER I meet with a proud Man, I should be glad to
 know what he takes himself for; and I have often imagined
 to

to myself, that if his inward State of Mind were detected to the Eye of the World, it would afford a ridiculous Contrast between his several Foibles and his fancied Elevation above the rest of his Species. The many secret uneasy Sensations which proceed from his imaginary Dignity would not be unpleasant to observe, and to perceive a Man rendered compleatly miserable by the very Turn of Thought, from whence he would educe his supreme Pleasure, would, in my Opinion, set People on their Guard against so great an Enemy to their Peace and Quiet. The Person who endeavours to indulge this gross Appetite, abstracts himself from Society, detaches himself from all Connections, and excludes himself from all the sociable Enjoyments of Life. Whenever this Passion is discovered, it is common to see the whole Company with-holding their Complacence from Persons who seem to think it a Tribute due to them. For my Part, it never fails to divert me in a very exquisite Manner, when I observe a Man sit like his Grandfire cut in Alabaster, as *Shakespeare* has it,] in order to receive the Compliments of every one, without any real Merit to deserve them, and without that reciprocal Complacence, which is always sure to procure Esteem. I would have such a one made Emperor of the Moon, or removed to some other Sphere fitted for his Reception, where Cruelty may pass for Courage, Ostentation for Merit, and Pride for Dignity.

NOTHING can so surely demonstrate a narrow Mind, as an attempt to degrade our Fellow-creatures by an haughty Arrogance of Carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *Insolence of Office*, and the *proud Man's Contumely* among those Instigations, which might prompt injured Merit to a Deed of extreme Despair, and this further enforces the Severity, which is felt by him, who is obliged to submit to it, and the Cruelty of that human Brute, who can think of putting it in Practice.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that I have urged against this rankling Infection, there is a Degree of Pride, to which every Man is entitled, and that is, a Spirit above Dependence, above Flattery, above an abject Deportment, and above every Thing poor, sordid and little. There is a Pride, which may serve to invigorate Honour, to embolden Truth, and to carry Virtue to an higher pitch of Improvement, than it might attain unassisted by this secondary Motive. The Pleasures resulting from this Principle are manly and noble, to enjoy the inward Consciousness of Honour and Honesty, and to exult in the Conviction of a Person's own Integrity, Probity and upright Intentions, is just and laudable. Thus much of Pride every one has a Right to, and I know no external Circumstance, that can reasonably entitle any Man alive to more.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Dec. 1, 1753.

A New Correspondent has lately sent me some very facetious and witty Paragraphs, which, I suppose, are intended for Parodies on my own Manner of writing. I am willing to pay the Author the Compliment of imagining this to be the Case, because, if they are not drawn up with that Design, he is the Dullest of all dull Rogues; and, indeed if they are, I do not think there is much to be said for him at any Rate. But as I am inclined to encourage any Attempt at Humour, I will excuse him for this Time, but must assure him, that if he does not, very shortly, mend his Stile and Manner of Spelling, I will take the Fun out of his Hands, save him the Expence of Penny-Postage, and do the Business myself.

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 1.

A Petition from the College in *Warwick-Lane* was, a few Days ago, presented to the Critics, praying that two of their Body may be permitted to take their Seats in the Committee at this House; but, upon Application from the Poets, the said Petition was rejected, for the same Reasons that Butchers are excluded from Juries upon Life and Death.

Sam's Coffee-house, Change-Alley, Dec. 1.

The Conversation here has taken a new Turn, within these two Days, the Lottery no longer engrossing the Thoughts of the Gentlemen of this Academy, and the new Play being now the Subject of their Enquiry. It is asserted, that a Caravan extraordinary from *Portoken-Ward*, and several other Vehicles will be at the *Change* precisely at Three o'Clock, in Order to receive Passengers from this House, from *John's*, from the *Union*, and other adjacent Places, for their more easy Conveyance to *Drury-Lane* Play-house this Evening. And it is further added, that the Physicians at *Bat-Jon's* have determined to desert all their Patients this Day, in Order to judge whether *Boadicea* dies of a natural Death, or whether it might not have been in the Power of the Faculty to save her.

Rainbow Coffee-house, Dec. 1.

The Board of Prigs met here on *Thursday* last, consisting of those Performances, whom we have formerly celebrated in these Lucubrations, viz. *Billy Spindle*, *Jack Oaklick*, *Harry Lopelle*, *Bob Nankeen*, *Jemmy Scratch*, and *Nat Pigtail*.

Nat signified to the Board, that he understood the new Play was to be acted on this Night; "I suppose it," says he, "to be a Tragedy by the Oddness of the Name."

Mr. Lopelle and *Bob Nankeen*, were of Opinion, it might be a Comedy for that very Reason, and then *Jerry* was desired to consult his Dictionary. Upon this *Jemmy Spindle* interposed, that he had not been very long from *Merchant-Tailors*, and that he believed the Word to be *Latin*. This Point not being determined, they all agreed to meet in *Vinegar-Yard* precisely at Three o'Clock, when *Jack Oaklick* declared he would give several vigorous Proofs of his Valour.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 1.

On *Wednesday* last was performed here, the Tragedy of *Richard the Third*; as there were many Circumstances in the Battle, which was fought in the Fifth Act, which are totally unknown to the Audience, it may not be improper to give some Account of that Engagement. As soon as *Richard* has encouraged the Soldiery by a warm and animating Speech, the Attack was begun by the Left Wing, under the Command of Lieutenant General *Marr*, who led on his *Ragamuffins* where they were peppered.

The

The first Impression was received by *General Rastor*, who had taken the Advantage of the Ground, and disposed several Men in Ambush behind several of the Scenes, from whence they sallied out and did considerable Execution. By these Means *General Marr* was repulsed; he made a safe Retreat into the *Joking-Room*, where he rallied his Spirits and his Forces, and then returned to the Charge, which grew fiercer than ever. Upon the first Impression upon *Richard's Army*, *Lord High Constable Grey* and his Battalion, having set up a formidable Shout, marched with determined Fury against *General Rastor*, and would have totally defeated the *Earl of Richmond*, had not a Fatality prevented it. For *General Grey* happening to let fall his Staff, great Numbers were embarrassed by the Accident, and some of them tumbling down drew others after them, till at Length the whole was a Scene of Desolation. Upon this Occasion *General Marr* fell greatly lamented, and (if we may be allowed to imitate *Sallust*) the same Absence of Passion, for which he was remarkable while living, was legible in his Countenance. *Felix si sic pro patriâ cecidisset*. Happy had he so fallen for his Country. *General Rastor* also, being overpowered by Numbers, gave Proof of his Mortality; he merited alas, a better Fate, but Heaven thought otherwise. *General Grey* was taken Prisoner, which was said by his Enemies to be a Judgment on him for the Numbers he had formerly deprived of their Liberty. The *Romeo Apothecary* acting as Surgeon to *Richmond's Army*, took him instantly into his Care, and it is hoped his Wounds are not mortal. We cannot at present give an exact Account of the Loss each Regiment sustained, but we expect a perfect List and a full Detail of the whole Action, in a *Gazette Extraordinary* to be published by the *Managers* this Evening.

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

If a single Gentleman is inclined to go to *Drury-Lane Playhouse* this Afternoon in a Hackney Coach, he may hear of three agreeable Companions, by applying to *Charles* at *Lloyd's Coffee-house* in *Lombard-street*.

Bill of SUICIDE for the Month of November.

Cut his Throat, *Henry Lovegold*, worth 100,000 l.—The Reason of his committing this rash Action, was, because he was ordered by the Court of Conscience to pay five and twenty Shillings to a Breeches-maker; found by the Inquest *Lunatic*.

Stabbed himself, *John Gloomy*, Esq;—He was often heard to say he had lost all Relish for Pleasure, and that it was only the same Thing over and over, *Lunatic*.

Shot himself, *Captain Dreadnought*,—He spent his Evening with several Friends, and was remarkably cheerful. He then went home, made his Will, and then blew his Brains out, *Lunatic*.

Drowned himself, *John Stukely*, an eminent Tobacconist; because his Ship arrived from *Virginia* two Days after he ensured, *Lunatic*.

Poisoned himself, *Abraham Stocks*, because Lottery Tickets fell after he had bought half a Dozen, *Lunatic*.

Took a Dose of Laudanum, *Joseph Gripe*, because Lottery Tickets rose after he had sold ten, *Lunatic*.

Hanged himself in a Garret, *Thomas Hopeless*, formerly a warm House-keeper in *Helborn*, but reduced by a Series of Misfortunes to extreme Misery, with a Wife and seven Children, *Felo de se*.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. II. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 8, 1753.

————— *Ut omnis*
Votivâ veluti pateat descripta Tabellâ
Vita —————

HOR.

Tecum habita, & noris quam fit tibi curta supellex. PERSEUS.



O endeavour at some Degree of Self-Knowledge, was the constant Advice of the ethic Writers among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and this Precept we find inculcated by each of them in Terms that come home to every Man's Breast. Among the Moderns, my Lord *Shaftsbury*, has more particularly enforced the Doctrine to the Race of Writers, and has recommended this intuitive Intercourse to every Author, by desiring him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himself; by which Means he will probably stand informed, whether he can boast that intellectual Harmony, which is requisite for the Formation of a tasteful Mind; whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the Progress of the human Understanding, the secret Movements of the Heart, the Grace of Character, the Beauty of Virtue, and all those elegant Refinements of Thinking, without which it is impossible to reach any Degree of Excellence in a Composition. We likewise find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyrist was aware of the Necessity of this spiritual Retreat (if I maybe allowed to call it so) and accordingly he

he has entered into a Review of himself in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleasant a Piece of humour and Raillery, as ever was produced by any Writer antient or modern. The Poet addressess himself to his own Mind, by saying, that he wants to hold a little private Conversation with that internal Agent, whom he had too long encouraged in Whims and Frolics, by an indolent Indulgence; and, now that his Patience is provoked to the utmost, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

*C'est à vous, mon Esprit, à qui je veux parler ;
Vous avez des défauts, que je ne puis celer.
Assez & trop long-temps ma lâche complaisance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'insolence.
Mais puisque vous poussez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en ma vie, il faut vous dire tout.*

In Conformity to the Injunction of the noble Writer, and in Imitation of the sensible and polite Satyrist, just quoted, I have lately divided myself into two Persons, in order to examine my inward Frame, the Motives of my Actions, the secret Spring of my Writings, and to attain a more intimate Knowledge of my several Foibles, my various Humours, and the whimsical Vicissitudes of my Passions. The Dialogue was carried on with great Warmth on both Sides, as if there was really an intestine War within me. As I am willing to disclose myself, as well as to dissect any other Character, that occurs to me in my Rambles, for the more effectual Improvement or Entertainment of my Readers, I shall lay the whole *Drama*, before them this Day. The candid, I am convinced, will pardon all such Errors, as arise from the Imbecillity of human Nature, and the Enemies of the Author (if he has any) will abate from their Inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous Self-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own Infirmities.

SCENE, *the Author's Study; he sits down to his Writing-Table, rubs his Forehead, bites his Nails, pauses for some Time in Reflection, and then the Dialogue begins.*

Ranger. — Come, my Soul, or whatever you are, that actuate this Machine; you and I have long been wrangling, and I desire now to have a private Conference with you, Pray, what could put into your Head to make me turn Writer?

Soul. How can you ask me such a Question? You know my original Motive was to make as much waste Paper, as the Rest of the Scribblers of the Age. The Town began early to take Notice of my Undertaking, and so the Amusement of it, and a Principle of Gratitude induced me to persevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a busy, pragmatical, intermeddling, foolish Kind of a Being, and when once you take a Fancy into your Head, there is no such Thing as reasoning
with

with you. Did not I represent to you that Writing is a State of Warfare upon Earth, and that the most candid and unassuming Expression will not secure a Man from secret poisoned Arrows, while Malice and Envy, and Ill-nature are such predominant Vices in Mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always answer you, that the wise and good will not become Tools to a Party, and that they will never condescend to do the dirty Work of Calumny and Detraction? Let me assure you, you were a Fool ever to trouble your Head about any Scribbler whatever. Take my Advice for the Future, and laugh at the Impotence of Malice; and whenever any one attempts to wound you with the Weapons of Falshood, smile at the Dart, which, short of its Aim, falls harmless at your Feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil*,

————— *Telumque imbelles sine Ictu*
Conjecit —————

Ranger. This is all fine Talking! But am not I pointed at in the mean Time? Don't I perceive the contracted Brow, the inflamed Eye, the Look that denounces Vengeance?

Soul. Not so fast in your Career; Pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourself? what Business had you to discover the Author? Prejudices will unavoidably arise against a known Writer. But you must go and consult with a few of your Friends, before the Work was commenced; and what was the Consequence? Did they assist you? They only whispered it about, and in a Month's Time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a Temper. Observe how some People lock up their Minds in Company; Snugs the Word; not a Syllable from their Lips, and they make Use of all they can extract from your communicative Disposition. Look ye, if you would but keep my Secrets a little closer, I don't in the least doubt but we should succeed much better. Don't be quite so precipitate, and let us take Time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll stake my Immortality, that we go on with more Safety and Ease. Or if you must take the Opinion of People, ask it of those only who have both Inclination and Capacity to serve you. Learn to distinguish between Men.

Ranger. I have no sinister Intentions myself, and I never suspect any Body else of harbouring ill Designs. But do you intend to persevere in this Task?

Soul. Most certainly, while the Public continues favourable. I know there are secret Schemes to undermine us, but, as *Pope* says, "All, all, but Truth drops dead-born from the Press."

Ranger. 'Gad, it's pleasant enough to see you assume the Air of a Dictator, and take upon you to reform Men and Manners, to correct vitiated Taste, to offer your Criticisms on fine Writings, give
Rules

Rules for Style, reprobate a Profusion of Metaphors and flowery Epithets, and ridicule the Foibles of Mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the Task; do you feel within you the Emotions of a sublime Spirit? Have your pervading Eyes searched every Subject to the Bottom? Had not you better employ yourself in reading the best Authors ancient and modern, than spinning out from yourself? Has *Apello* opened to you the Secrets of *Parnassus*? And then don't I know your Method of Proceeding? Don't you some Times defer Things to the last Day, and don't you let Inaccuracies escape from you, which a little Time would inform you want Correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the Nature of periodical Writings must admit some slight Inadvertencies, the Diffusions of Pleasure, and a thousand other Avocations must inevitably disconcert a Person at Times; and then one is not always in the same Humour. But why don't you take Care to correct the Press? when you should be attending to that necessary Trouble, you are often running about the Town, which is no Excuse to the Reader. For my part, I flatter myself that the best Judges will allow for an youthful Enterprize, and in a more advanced Period, and at more Leisure, I possibly may repay them for their present Indulgence.

Ranger. I see you will have your own Way. However I must tell you what I hear of you. It is remarked that you are too fond of mentioning Players? 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any Genius, can't you have more Pleasure in reading *Shakespeare*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are sensible, that my Paper is calculated for a Multiplicity of Readers; some like one Thing, some another; there is no pleasing all at once; And then you know I have no Ill-nature in me, and that I am far from having any Ill-will to any Man. Besides there is a Performer on the Stage, who has upon many occasions surprized me with new Lights in Passages that were before obscure, and who has often had an irresistible Power over my Passions.

Ranger. Still harping on your Favourite —but what Occasion is there for it? Every Body knows he is an universal Genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my Style, and say that there are others equal to him?

Ranger. No, that would be taken for Raillery; they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the Matter short, this Itch of Scribbling is a dangerous Thing, you'll never be cured of it, till the Critics effectually damn you, which between you and I —

Soul. Hush! blabbing again? Hold your Peace Man.

Ranger. Well! well! I will, for Faith I am heartily tired of the Controversy, and so since we are tied together like Man and Wife, without any Possibility of a Devorce, until Death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the Civility of People of Fashion. HERE-

HEREUPON the Debate was broke up, and other Thoughts breaking in, these two *Shaftsburian* Persons were both united into one, like two different Liquids in a Glafs, which by the Infusion of a fingle Drop, change their Appearance, and both become one clear and transparent Fluid.

W.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

Sir,

I HAVE a Complaint to make to you, which, I insist, you must not neglect. You must know that I have long sigh'd and languish'd in an Hackney Coach, till my whole Frame of Body and Mind has been in one great Fermentation, and all this for the want of a String to stop the Coachman, when I want to speak to him. For let a Lady be dress'd ever so much in Taste, or be going Incog upon ever such important Business, up she's oblig'd to get, fling herself half out of the filthy Vehicle to call aloud *Coachman, Coachman* — while he, the Fellow, still drives on regardless of his Charge, till some Porter in the Street hollows after him, and a Mob is gathered together and surround the Coach to be Witnesses of our further Orders — I vow and protest this is not to be born with. Consider the Discomposure of the Features and Dress; therefore I beg the Favour of you to see into this Matter, and proclaim the trifling Expence it would be to render those Conveyances more commodious for all other Ladies, as well as,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant, and constant Reader,

SLY-CAP.

P. S. If you oblige me in this, you may possibly hear from me again; though I believe I shall not trouble these common Hacks much longer, as I have great Expectations, if I can but get five thousand Pounds in the present Lottery of keeping a Coach of my own, but cannot be positive of it, till I consult Mrs. *Sermon*, in *Naked Boy-Alley*.

To Miss SLY-CAP.

Madam,

I do not think an Amour can be carried on in an Hackney Coach without a String, and therefore I think your Complaint very just. I am,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

Sir,

In Gratitude to you for the unspeakable Service I have already received from your last Paper, I beg that you will publish my Cafe, which is as follows.

For twenty Years last past, I have been afflicted with a most extraordinary Species of Pride, which affected my Head to so a great Degree that I could not help looking down on my Fellow-creatures with the greatest Contempt; I mean all who were not distinguished by the Advantages of high Birth or Fortune, insomuch that I do not remember for the Time above-

above-mentioned to have ever taken off my Hat to any Person who was not visibly possessed of a Fortune of ten thousand Pounds, which reduced me to such a Situation, that all my Relations despised me, and all my old Acquaintance shunn'd my Company. But upon Perusal of your Paper on the Subject of my Disorder, I found such an immediate Alteration in my Way of thinking, and such a Relaxation in the Muscles of my Neck, that I can already make a slight Bow to my Equals, and there is such an Amendment in my Organs of Speech, that I can pronounce *Sir* or *Madam* respectively, to any genteel Person of either Sex. Now, Sir, as under God, I owe my Cure to your Labours I am willing to attest the same on Oath, when call'd upon, and am,

S I R,

Lloyd's Coffee-House, Dec. 5.

Your most obedient, humble Servant.

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 8.

On *Saturday* last was presented, at this Theatre, for the first Time, the Tragedy of *Boadicia*, with all the Advantages which the Exhibition could give it. The Music and the Scenery were both suited to the Piece, and the acting of it, were there no other Inducement, should be sufficient to draw numerous Audiences. This Circumstance I cannot help thinking a great Encouragement to Letters, and it is enough to re-ignite the Dramatic Genius of this Nation, to reflect, that under the present Management of the Stage, Justice will be done, in every particular, to each Work of Merit. That Mr. *Glover's* Piece is of this Class, it is unnecessary to mention, though I cannot but remark, that the Applause it met with, was scarcely warm enough for such fine Writing. It is certainly a bold Enterprize, after *Shakespear* has made us all so fond of savage Liberty, to attempt a Play conformable to the Rules and Simplicity of the *Stagyrite*; and thence it arose that some Scenes were not thought busy enough; be that as it may, the Fire of the Author never grows dim, but glows intensely through the whole, and all his Descriptions of the distant Battle, and his artful Allusions to the hallowed Groves of the Druids, are finely interwoven. As I am convinced that this Tragedy will prove an elegant Closet-Companion to every Reader of Taste, on account of the Purity and Elegance of Diction, which instead of over-charging Nature, set her off with all the Graces and Embellishments of Poetry, I shall defer saying any thing further, until I have an Opportunity of perusing it at leisure, and in the mean Time, I will add, that if the judicious *Voltaire* were to Criticise it, he would allow this Production to be conformable to his own Delicacy and good Sense, and deserving of a Place among the best of our modern Tragedies.

P. S. I cannot dismiss this Paper, without observing that the Turbulence of some Part of the Audience in the Gallery broke out very unreasonably against a few Gentlemen of a particular Sect on the above Night. As the People have carried their point, by a vigorous and noble Effort of Spirit, in not admitting them to a Naturalization, they certainly should treat them for the future with that Humanity and Politeness, which is due to Strangers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 12. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 15, 1753.

— *Nec tu Drvinam Æneida tenta,
Sed longe sequere, & Vestigia semper adora.* STATIUS.



HAVE lately gratified myself with the Pleasure of perusing the several Performances in Criticism, with which *Voltaire* has introduced into the World his various poetical Compositions. That excellent Author has the Modesty to call most of these short Essays, by the Name of, *Fugitive Pieces of Literature*. But the smallest Productions of so pleasing a Writer, are indelible, and will be read with Pleasure, while there remains any Taste for a fine Turn of Sense and an elegant Felicity of Expression. When I observe thus much, I would not have it imagined that I perceive any Traces of Infallibility about him. In the general, his Remarks are deduced from Nature and *Aristotle*, and, on most Occasions, he delivers himself with a sound Judgment; but in my late cursory Review of his Writings, I think I have met with some Passages, which demand the Animadversion of a Writer, who pretends to instruct or entertain his Readers. In the Discharge of this Task, I think I cannot acquit myself in a better Form, than that of a Letter to the Author; and this I shall endeavour to expedite with that Politeness, which is due to such an extensive Genius, and I make no Doubt but the *English* Reader will concur with me, in the few Observations, which I shall submit to his Perusal.

To Monsieur VOLTAIRE.

S I R,

THE Republic of Letters has happily removed that awkward Distance, and that extreme Difficulty of Access, which Policy, ministerial Artifice, and insolent Pride have established in the ordinary Intercourse of Life; by which Means it has obtained, that the easy Seasons of Application, the *mollia tempora fandi*, are at all Times allowed to every Member of the serene Republic already mentioned; and, while Decency and good Manners are preserved, an easy Habitude subsists between the highest and the lowest of that august Body. Freedom of Conversation is the happy Collision, which has struck out so many new Lights in every Thing relating to the Sciences and the liberal Arts; and it has been observed that there is no Book so mean, but some useful Hint may possibly be derived from it. On this Account it may be proper to wave all Offers at an Apology, for the Liberty an unknown Writer allows himself, in addressing a Letter to so enlightened a Genius; I shall only premise, on this Occasion, that I take the Pen in Hand with that Respect to which you are certainly entitled by the Superiority of your Parts; but as I have taken Exceptions to some Criticisms, scattered up and down in your Writings, I cannot suppress a very strong Inclination of laying them before the Public.

I HAVE observed, Sir, that you are apt to reprobate the *English* Stage, with some Degree of Acrimony, whenever it comes in your Way, and that you have not hesitated to make free with our immortal *Shakspear*, after a Manner, which, in my Opinion is inconsistent with that Relish for manly Sense, which seems to be your Characteristic, and in a Style, which to me appears destitute of your usual Delicacy. If I should say, that the boasted *Bienséance* of your Country has relinquished you in some of these Passages, I flatter myself that upon a Review of them, you will not totally disavow it. The most striking of the various Judgments, which you have vented against the greatest Dramatic Genius in the World, is found in your Discourse prefixed, to your Tragedy of *Semiramis*, and is literally translated into *English*, as follows.

“ I do not mean to justify the Tragedy of *Hamlet* in every
 “ Particular; it is in Fact a barbarous Piece, abounding
 “ with such gross Absurdities, that it would not be tolerated
 “ by the Vulgar in *France* and *Italy*. The Hero of the Play
 “ runs mad in the second Act, and his Mistress meets with
 “ the same Misfortune in the third. The Prince takes *Opbelias*'s
 “ Father for a Rat, and kills him, and, in Despair, she throws
 “ herself into a River. Her Grave is dug on the Stage, and the
 “ Grave-Digger, with a Skull in his Hand, amuses himself
 “ with a String of miserable Jest, while the Prince answers them
 “ in Language equally disgusting. *Hamlet*, his Mother, and
 Father-

“ Father-in-Law drink together on the Stage. They divert themselves with Bottle-Songs, (*Chançons a boire*) they quarrel, they fight and kill. One would imagine this Play the Production of a drunken Savage. And yet among these Absurdities, which render the *English* Drama absolutely barbarous, there are some Strokes in *Hamlet*, worthy of the most exalted Genius. This has always been Matter of Astonishment to me; it looks as if Nature, in pure Sport, diverted herself with mixing in *Shakespeare's* Head, every thing sublime and great, with all that can be conceived low, mean and detestable.”

IT is thus the elegant and sensible *Voltaire* speaks of *Shakespeare*. I would submit it to yourself, Sir, whether this Criticism is candid, and whether it is a fair Discussion of the Tragedy in question. We do not concern ourselves in this Country with what is agreeable to the Taste of the Vulgar in *France* or *Italy*; we know that the *Clinquant* of an Opera, or a *Comedie Ballet* is more acceptable to their Refinement, than the sterling Bullion of an *English* Performance; but we might expect from a Writer of Eminence, a truer and more exact State of the Case. *Hamlet*, Sir, does not run mad, though if he did, *King Lear* has proved what a beautiful Distress might arise from it; he counterfeits Madness, for his own private End, but no body ever imagined that he thinks he is killing a Rat, when he slays *Polonius*. There is one Mr. *Garrick* on our Stage, who has entered into the very Soul of *Shakespeare*, and his Performances are allowed to be the best Commentaries on that Poet, which our Nation has ever seen. I have consulted him on this Head, and he assures me that no such Ideas ever entered into his Imagination, and yet I believe, when he appears in this Character, that he assumes the very same Consciousness, and the very same Circulation of Ideas, which it is probable must have passed in that young Prince's Mind. If you will be pleased to recollect the Passage, you will find that he takes him for his Better, meaning the King, and that the Rat is only mentioned to save Appearances.

THAT *Ophelia's* Grave is dug on the Stage cannot be refuted; but that very Indecorum produces, perhaps, so many fine Reflections, and such an excellent Vain of Morality, as cannot be paralld by the *Scene Francoise*, and is, without doubt, warmer and more interesting, than the frigid, unimpassioned Declamation of a more correct Writer. I cannot recollect that *Hamlet* ever shocked me with miserable Jest upon this Occasion; nor do I remember that any of them are such honest Bottle-Companions as to carouse and sing merry Catches on the Stage. Pray consider, Sir, that our Language, though no way inferior to the *French*, is not universally understood 'Abroad, and from your Representation of Matters, it may be inferred that our great Poet is really the *drunken Savage*, you have thought proper to call him. This would be derogating from the greatest

Poet

Poet the World has ever seen since the Days of *Homer*, and, I believe you will grant, is dealing unfairly with a Man, whom you cannot but Reverence.

WHEN you confess that he has many Flights of the highest Elevation, you make an approach towards Justice; but then I cannot help thinking that you are somewhat like a Painter, who lays on just and proper Colouring, and then instantly effaces it, when you add that you are astonished at his sublime Excursions of Fancy. I should have expected from your Candour, that you would rather have said, it is a Pity that he, who soared to such glorious Heights, should ever tire the Muses Wing, and fall beneath himself. You may remember, that it is with this good Temper *Longinus* talks of *Homer*; they are Dreams, says he, but they are the Dreams of *Homer*. He might, perhaps, with more Propriety than you have given the Appellation of a *drunken Savage*, have called him, AN OLD DOTARD, and asserted that some of his long Stories are detestable; but a candid Critic forgives the Imbecilities of human Nature, and passes Sentence like a mild and good-natur'd Judge.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet Honesti. HOR.

IN one of your Letters concerning the *English* Nation, you are greatly pleased with a Saying of the late Lord *Bolingbrooke*, in relation to the Duke of *Marlborough*. "He was," reply'd that ingenuous Nobleman when his Opinion was asked, "so great a Man, that I have forgot his Faults." Something like this might be your Judgment upon *Shakespear*; and it was more particularly incumbent on you, to treat his Memory with respect, because, I apprehend, you owe very great Obligations to him in many of your own dramatic Writings. We frequently perceive you lighting your Torch at his Fire; in your *Mabomet*, *Macbeth* marsbals you the Way that you are going; in many other Scenes we can catch your Eye fixed upon our immortal Bard, and in your *Semiramis* you have adventured to introduce a Ghost, in Imitation of the very Play, which has occasioned the Severity already cited. The Success you met with upon that Occasion might serve to convince you of *Shakespear's* inimitable Merit. The *Parterre*, if I mistake not, turn'd their Backs to the Stage, and blew their Noses; while the Ghost on our Theatre never fails to impress an awful Stillness on every Mind. This, Sir, give me leave to assure you, is not owing to the Barbarity of our Taste, but to the amazing Power of our Poet's Imagination, which could explore the undiscovered Regions of Eternity, and recal the fleeting Spirit, with a Solemnity of Ideas responsive to the Occasion.

SHAKESPEAR is a kind of establish'd Religion in Poetry, and his Bays will always flourish with undiminished Verdure. When I say this, I am not for maintaining that he is not guilty of Transgressions, but for every Transgression he recompences his Auditors with Beauties, which no Art will ever equal. That the Rules establish'd by *Aristotle* and *Horace* are agreeable to
Nature

Nature, I am ready to allow, and that inferior Genius's may avail themselves by a skilful Conformity to them, I as freely assent to. But Fable is but a secondary Beauty; the Exhibition of Character, and the Excitement of the Passions, justly claiming the Precedence in dramatic Poetry. It is in Writing as in Gardening; where Nature does not afford spontaneous Beauties, recourse must be had to the Embellishments of slow endeavouring Art, to the Regularity of uniform Views, the Intricacy of elaborated Mazes, and a studied Insertion of Evergreens; but when the Course of the Country of itself presents attractive Scenes on every Side, when the Trees branch out with a free Expansion, and the bold Prospect surprizes with the Heath, the Lawn, the Hill and Valley, in wild Variety, the Littleness of tedious Culture is unnecessary, and petty Ornaments are unlooked for.

I SHALL conclude, Sir, with a Passage from your own Works.
 "Do not blush, Sir, to repent of your little Inadvertencies.
 "It is hard, but it is amiable to acknowledge our Errors."
 "Ne rougissez point, Monsieur, de vous Repentir de vos petites Inadvertances. Il est dur, mais il est beau d'avouer ses fautes."

I am, Sir,

Your warm Admirer,

And most obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Dec. 15, 1753.

I HAVE received three Letters of an extraordinary Nature, and shall present them to my Readers this Day.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

I have read your last, and damn YOUR SOUL.

Yours,

JOHN BLUNT.

Mr. RANGER,

You are a QUEER SOUL, that's certain.

Yours,

TOM BUCK.

Dear RANGER,

Frank Esq and I, have been reading over the Dialogue between you and yourself, and he says, *you are a rare Soul*, but I could not help replying in the Words of your Cousin Ranger.

*I take the Body, you the Mind,
 Which has the better Bargain.*

Your Servant,

HARRIOT LIVELY.

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 12.

Mr. Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty has been the Subject, on which the *Beaux Esprits* of this Place have exercised their Talents for a few Days past.
 A Gentle-

A Gentleman who had been frequently Witness to their Debates, penned the following short Copy of Verses.

To Mr. HOGARTH on his *Analysis of Beauty*.

Hogarth, thy Fate is fix'd; the Critic Crew,
The Connoisseurs and Dablers in Vertù,
Club their united Wit, in ev'ry Look
Hint, sbrug, and whisper, they condemn thy Book:
Their guiltless Minds will ne'er forgive the Deed;
What Devil prompted thee to write and read?

From the *Daily-Avertiser*.

On *Wednesday* last a Gentleman and three Ladies were overturned in a Coach, near *Grosvenor-square*; the Ladies met with no Accident on the Occasion, but the Gentleman unfortunately fractured his *small Ribs*. This Accident was owing to a Steel-Hoop, which was wore by one of the Ladies. This may serve as a Caution to them, not to be too whimsical in the Article of Drefs.

We are credibly informed, that several young Ladies of the first Quality are come to a Resolution (in case the Marriage-Act should take Place) to present a Petition to enable them, when they can marry none but People of distinguished Fashion, to enjoy the Liberty of having, like *Beatrice* in the Play, an *Husband for working Days*.

Wants Employment a young Man who has three Days in the Week to himself, and will be glad to be engaged by any Lady to write her Message-Cards, and keep the Account of her Visits, after the *Italian* Method, by Way of *Debtor* and *Creditor*, by which Means she will see at one Cast of her Eye, how she stands with any of her Acquaintance, and this will also prevent many of those fatal Mistakes in paying Visits, when they really are not due, which have been the Occasion of Disturbances in many Families, and are greatly prejudicial to the Honour of any Lady, who means to hold up her Head, as high as her Neighbours.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 13.

The Tragedy of the *Earl of Essex* has been performed here this Week, and it is univerrally agreed by all, who have seen the Play, that Mrs. *Bland* performs the Queen with great Spirit, and with more Resemblance to a Personage of Rank, than is commonly seen on the Stage.

Drury Lane, Dec. 15.

On *Thursday* next will be performed a Comedy called, the *Ladies Philosophy*, for the Benefit of Mr. *Macklin*, when, without having the Spirit of Prophecy, Mr. *Ranger* foresees there will be a very numerous Audience. Mr. *Macklin* has been distinguished for a long Time past, as a Person eminent in his Profession, possessed of strong Comic Humour, and univerrally acknowledged to have attained to more Knowledge in the Art of Acting than falls to every Man's Share. The Public by the Cabals of Theatrical Policy, are deprived of the Appearance of a Performer, who has always been a very high Addition to their Entertainments. It is really hard, that one, who has spent many Years in the Study of the Theatrical Business, should at Length be excluded from enjoying the Pleasure and Profit of it. He was last Summer discharged from *Covent-Garden* Playhouse, where I should be glad to see a Performer of equal Skill; and this Expulsion has determined him to concert another Scheme of Life, to promote which, the Managers of the other House have generously offered him a Night. When Mr. *Macklin*, after having devoted his utmost Application to the Entertainment of the Town, is to take his Leave of all his Friends; and I do not doubt, but those who have frequently been pleased with his Performance, will make a Point of it, to requite him on the abovementioned Night for many Years spent in their Service.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 13. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 22, 1753.

Et Spes & Ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.

Juv.



THE End of this Paper is Entertainment or Utility; and tho' I believe, what I now offer to the Public, will not participate very much of the former, yet as I think it may be highly conducive to the latter, I shall make no Apology to the Lovers of Mirth and Humour for the Seriousness and Gravity of what is now laid before them. It is a Scheme for the Improvement of the liberal Arts and Sciences, Manufactures, &c.

As this Age abounds with Projectors of all Sorts, it is possible, that at the first Appearance of this Proposal, it may be considered in the same visionary Light with the Rest of the various Enterprizes now on Foot; but I must beg, that the Reader will not too hastily form a Prejudice against an Undertaking, which may be of the highest Advantage to this Kingdom. The Scheme is concerted by a public spirited Gentleman of *Northampton*; has met with the Approbation of some of the most eminent in
Litera-

Literature of the present Age, is countenanced by several worthy Members of the Royal-Society, and many Noblemen of the first Rank and Fashion have generously promised to be Subscribers to a Scheme of this Nature. The Gentleman who is the first Promoter of it, called upon me the other Morning, and desired I would, in order to render it as public as possible, give it a Place in the GRAY'S-INN-JOURNAL. However unworthy *Ranger* may be, as a Member of the literary Commonwealth, he is a warm Well-wisher to the Cause of all the liberal Arts, and could not refuse complying with a Request, which seems to arise from a Design to promote Real and useful Knowledge. I shall not at present endeavour to enforce it by any Arguments in its Favour; but I shall make it my Business in my next Week's Rambles, to collect the various Sentiments of the Public concerning this Undertaking, and perhaps I may at Maturity offer some Thoughts on this Head. I shall not therefore detain the Reader, any longer, from the Perusal of it, but shall release him with observing, that enlightened as the present Age is, and flourishing in Arts and Sciences, the Protection and Encouragement of a few *Mæcenæ's* will not fail to carry Matters to an higher Degree of Perfection, and Ornament.

PROPOSALS for raising by a Subscription a Fund to be distributed in Premiums, for the promoting of Improvements in the LIBERAL ARTS and SCIENCES, MANUFACTURES, &c.

AS Riches are acknowledged to be the Strength, Arts and Sciences may justly be esteemed the Ornaments of Nations. Few Kingdoms have ever been formidable without the one, or illustrious without the other, or very considerable without both. Does it not then behove every Nation to cultivate and promote amongst the Members of her own Community, what are so apparently and eminently conducive to her Interest and Glory? Encouragement is much the same to Arts and Sciences as Culture is to Vegetables: They always advance and flourish in Proportion to the Rewards they acquire, and the Honours they obtain.—The *Augustan* Age amongst the *Romans*, and some preceding Ages amongst the *Greeks*, were remarkable for the Delicacy of their Taste and the Nobleness of their Productions; they have recommended and endeared themselves to all Posterity by many valuable Monuments of Genius and Industry. None, I presume, will imagine, that the Men of those Times were endued with natural Abilities superior to the Rest of Mankind in former Ages, or in this our present Time, but their Abilities, originally equal, rose to this Superiority, by falling into a more fertile Soil, and being exerted

exerted under more favourable Influences. Had the same Advantages been enjoyed, even in the most supine and barbarous Periods, there is no Doubt but Genius would have shined and Industry toiled, and very probably with equal Success.

PROFIT and Honour are too sharp Spurs, which quicken Invention, and animate Application; it is therefore proposed, that a Scheme be set on foot for giving both these Encouragements to the liberal Sciences, to the polite Arts, and to every useful Manufactory. That with this View a Fund be raised by Subscription for the Distribution of some suitable Premium, or honorary Gratification, for any and every Work of distinguished Ingenuity. That whoever shall make the most considerable Progress in any Branch of beneficial Knowledge, or exhibit the most compleat Performance in any Species of mechanick Skill, whoever shall contrive, improve, execute, or cause to be executed any Scheme or Project, calculated for the Honour, the Embellishment, the Interest, the Comfort, (or in Time of Danger, for Defence of this Nation) may receive a Reward suitable to the Merit of his Services. Such an Undertaking, it is thought, may easily be established, and as easily supported, by a Body of generous and public-spirited Persons, and it is hoped may prove and effectual Means to embolden Enterprize, to enlarge Science, to refine Art, to improve our Manufactures, and extend our Commerce; in a Word, to render *Great-Britain* the School of Instruction, as it is already the Centre of Traffic to the greatest part of the known World.

Northampton, June 8, 1753.

A SCHEME for putting above the Proposals in Execution, modelled partly from the Plan used by the Dublin-Society.

WHEN there is a sufficient Number of Subscribers to put the Scheme in Execution, it is proposed that they form themselves into a Body, by the Name of a Society, for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures in *Great-Britain*, or by such other Title as the Subscribers shall agree upon.

LADIES as well as Gentlemen are invited into this Subscription, as there is no Reason to imagine they will be behind Hand in a generous and sincere Regard for the Good of their Country.

IT is also proposed, that the Subscribers shall chuse amongst themselves a *President*, one or two *Vice-Presidents*, a *Treasurer*, and a *Secretary*.

ALL the Articles relating to the Scheme may be settled by Balloting, and each Subscriber shall be entitled to as many Votes as are in Proportion to his Subscription.

THE

THE Premiums may be Honorary and Pecuniary, and adjudged in the following Manner. Some Time before the Day fixed for that Purpose, the Specimens may be sent by the Candidates without any Name to the *Secretary*, who may give Receipts for them, and mark each particular Receipt and Specimen with the same Number.

AT the Time agreed upon for adjudging the Premiums, a Committee being chosen, and some of the ablest Judges of each particular Art, Science or Manufacture called into their Assistance, the Performances of the several Candidates may be examined, and their superior Merits determined; then the Persons who produce the Receipts, whose Numbers correspond with those of the best Specimens, may afterwards claim the Prizes. If a profound Secrecy is previously enjoyed to the Competitors, in all Cases that will admit of it, under the Penalty of being for ever excluded the Benefit of the Premiums, it is thought there can be no Room for Prejudice, or Partiality.

IN particular Cases, as for very curious and valuable Inventions or Improvements, &c. Gold-Medals may be given (which may serve both for *Premiums* and also for *Honorary Gratifications*) of such Value and with such Devices as shall be thought proper by the Subscribers; but for common Inventions or Improvements, pecuniary Premiums are judged sufficient,

THERE may be given with the Medals, Certificates signed by the *President*, *Vice-President*, *Treasurer*, and some of the principal Subscribers, signifying what Honours the Acquirers have been intitled to, and what Rewards they have obtained; therefore if a Medal be got by a Person, whose Circumstances may oblige him to part with it, yet still a Certificate will perpetuate the Honour he has received.

CERTIFICATES may likewise be given with the pecuniary Premiums, which will be of equal Use.

IF considerable Premiums were given to the Inventors, and still greater to the Improvers, if thought worthy, and the greatest of all to those who shall most amply execute, or cause to be executed, the said Inventions or Improvements, it may be presumed this would be attended with beneficial Consequences.

SHOULD the Subscriptions not be sufficient at first for so many Premiums as might be wish'd; a Beginning may be made with giving Rewards for the following Articles, or some others that may be judged of the most Importance to the Nation, *viz.*

FOR Improvements in the present Plans of Education, in naval Affairs, in Husbandry and particularly for the introducing of such Manufactures as may employ great Numbers of the
poor

Poor, which seems the only Way of lessening the Swarms of Thieves and Beggars throughout the Kingdom, and relieving Parishes from the Burden they labour under, in maintaining their numerous Poor, as well as rendering Multitudes of the unemployed lower Class of People useful to the Community, and happy in themselves.

PREMIUMS may also be given for the Revival and Advancement of those Arts and Sciences which are at a low Ebb, amongst us; as Poetry, Painting, Tapestry, Architecture, &c. As above all other People, the *English* are endued with Talents peculiar for Improvements in Arts and Manufactures, so by their most extensive Commerce, they will of Course reap greater Advantages from such Improvements, when made, than any other Nation whatever.

London, December 22, 1753.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 19.

THE Critics in a Committee of the whole House, have taken into Consideration, the present State of the Theatres, and the Situation of the Drama. Variety, they have agreed, is the Life and Soul of those Diversions, as well as all other Pleasures of Life, and they have laid it down as a fixed Rule, that no Theatre will ever flourish without gratifying the strongest Passion in our Natures, the Love of Novelty, and that no Actor or Actress can ever be greatly conducive to the Entertainment of the Public, without endeavouring to assume different Shapes, two or three Times in the Week. With Regard to Writing, they intend shortly to publish a Treatise on dramatic Poetry, in which will be fully explained the modern Notions of Tragedy and Comedy, their Ideas of Fable, Incident, Character and Diction; and after Publication of the said Work, they are determined to proceed with the utmost Severity, against all Poets who shall be guilty of any Infringement of the Rules, which they shall think proper to establish.

Sam's Coffee-house, Change-Alley.

On *Sunday* last the Caravan overflowed at six o'Clock; occasioned by the Appearance of a new Driver, being the first Time of his Driving any Stage or Caravan whatever. He performed wonderfully for a Beginner, had several new and surprizing Strokes, stood in several amazing Postures on the Box, and pronounced *Ge-ou* with a very proper Emphasis. And here I have one Favour to ask of our common News-Papers, and that is, to mention this Performer with more Delicacy, than others generally have been. As he is a Gentleman, not compelled by Necessity to this Undertaking, but urged to it by Inclination and for his own Diversion, it is hoped they will be tender how they mention him, lest, not being callous to Censure, he may be discouraged from persevering in this Task.

Slaughter's Coffee-house, Dec. 18, 1753.

The repeated Advices from *France*, of the noble Struggle made by the Parliament against the Arbitrary Measures of the Clergy, occasion inexpressible Joy in this little Asylum of the Refugees. Yesterday indeed an unlucky Dispute arose between Monsieur *D'Onion*, and Monsieur *D'Echalotte*, which had like to have been attended with bad Consequences.

The

The Occasion of it was as follows — Monsieur *D'Onion*, after perusing the *Paris à la main* for about five and thirty Minutes, broke out into an Exclamation — “ Parblieu ! says he, de ting go ver vel in *France*, de Parliment make noble Effort, et ma fois, it is not imposseble, dat de Huguenots may be restore — Ventrebleu ! if I zee dat Day, I die vid Pleazure, for I have sacrificize my Estate of tree honder'd Livre de Rente for my Religion — Ventrebleu ! it is true.”—Monsieur *D'Echalotte*, looking upon this Boast to be a Reflection upon the other Gentlemen of the Religion, took him up short.—“ Monsieur *D'Onion*, replied he, fat Right you have to make de Man of Consequence, more dan oder Peepel—dere are dose, dat have de Zele as eclatante as Monsieur *D'Onion* — my Fader gave up his Estate of five hondred Livres a Year, avec Droit de Chasse too, because he vood not be Papiste, and myself, Monsieur *D'Onion*, I myself, if I had a toufand Livres de Rente, I vood abandone it, rader dan submit to the Whore of *Babylon*, Corblieu ! damn it !”—This Matter growing very serious, Monsieur *Charenton*, who is of a very friendly Disposition, thought proper to interpose—“ Messieurs, says he, pourquoi querellez vous ! why you quarrel ? You have bote suffer ver much in de Persecution, and I too, aldo I never talk of it, lose my *Charge* of two hondred Livres a Year, but I do not make merit of dat — no, no, cela ne me'chappe jamais — for all dat every Body know it — Derefore, Messieurs as veo are persecute all for the zame Cause, let us be good Vriends, je vous en prie.”—This pathetic Speech had so good an Effect upon the two Gentlemen above-mention'd that they immediately embraced each other, and spent the Remainder of the Evening, in a very affectionate Manner, at a Game of Chefs.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 19.

On *Monday* last a Comic Opera was performed at this Theatre to a very splendid Audience. A great Deal of whatever Humour, this Production may contain, is certainly lost to an *English* Audience ; and the Manner of Acting, being a Burlesque upon, what the People here are not very well acquainted with, is not universally felt ; But notwithstanding these Disadvantages, there is one among them, Signora *Nicolina Giordani*, who displayed such lively Traces of Humour in her Countenance, such a pleasing Vivacity of Action, and such Variety of graceful Deportment, that she is generally acknowledged to be, in that Cast of Playing, an excellent Comic Actress. — We are informed that the Tragedies of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Venice Preserved*, not having been acted here this Season, will shortly be revived, By the particular Desire of several Persons of Quality, who long greatly to see the said Tragedies.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 21.

Last Night a polite Audience assembled here to see a veteran Officer discharge himself from the Service, and take Leave of the Public. Mr. *Macklin* performed with such true Humour on this Occasion, in the Character of Sir *Gilbert Wrangle*, that he is allowed by every one present, to have finished with a convincing Proof, that he is well acquainted with the secret Workings of Nature, in the human Breast. This Loss will be the less lamented, as he has bequeathed to the Public Care, his Daughter Miss *Macklin*, who, as we have already observed, has such a pleasing Elegance of Figure, such Sensibility in her Countenance and so many genteel Accomplishments, as cannot fail to render her a very shining Actress ; and it is, not doubted, but in genteel Comedy (a Walk which wants to be filled) she will always make a very graceful Appearance.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 14.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 29, 1753.

Multa ferunt Anni venientes commoda secum:

HOR.

— *Uno avulso non deficit alter*

Aureus, & Simili frondefcit Virga Metallo.

VIRG.



It has for a long Time been the Objection to the periodical Writer of Essays, that every Subject is pre-occupied; that the *Spectators*, *Tatlers* and *Guardians* have cultivated every Field of Reflection, and that there remains nothing untouched at present for the Adventurer in this Way. If these Criticisms had their Weight with every one, there would be no such Thing as an Attempt to shake off that Indolence, which seems to have overspread the literary World, and which if not happily dissipated, must prove the Bane of Taste, Spirit and Emulation.

THOUGH I have all the Respect due to the Memory of the excellent Writers of the Papers abovementioned, I am far from paying them a blind Adoration; on the contrary amidst all that Effulgence of Genius, that surprizing Emanation of Wit,
and

and that pleasant Vein of Humour, which is remarkable in most of their Works, I can frequently descry a Subject carelessly treated, without Method, without Reasoning, and without any Beauties of Stile or Language. I have often gone through a Series of important Trifles; I have found them vague upon Subjects of Criticism, indeterminate in their Expressions, loose in their Definitions, and even sometimes ungrammatical in the Construction of their Periods. This being the Case, I am of Opinion that it would be an erroneous Proceeding to crush every other Attempt, merely because Sir *Richard Steel* planned so many Years before. Had the Rigour of this Sentence been carried into Execution, the World would never have been favoured with the inimitable Lucubrations of Mr. *Johnson* in the *Rambler*, a Paper, in my humble Judgment, carried on with a Spirit equal to any of his Predecessors, in many Respects not inferior to *Addison*, and in some, perhaps entitled to the Pre-eminence. That the *English* Language has received from this Writer many supernumerary Ornaments, I believe, will not be contested by any Judge in these Matters. He has handled every Topic with great Erudition and strong Sense, enlivened with all the Embellishments of a warm Imagination, and the whole Set off in a manly, clear and harmonious Stile. If his Work has not the Variety of the *Spectator*, it is because Mr. *Johnson* wrote singly and alone; Whereas the former was concerted by a Number of different Hands; and therefore in the present Age, there seems to me, nothing wanting but a Coalition of a few bright Men, to equal the last Age in periodical Productions of all Sorts.

If I should add to the Loss of the Gentleman, already mentioned, the great Detriment a Suppression of my present ingenious Brothers of the Quill would occasion in the Republic of Letters, I make no Doubt, but that their respective Admirers will form a Party to support what I advance. The Truth of the Matter is, there are many Subjects in every Branch of Science, and in all the liberal Arts, which, without Dispute, may be discussed in such a Manner, as will conduce both to the Entertainment and Instruction of the Public. For Instance Mr. *Addison's* Papers on Humour need never deter any Man, who has enquired into it, from offering his Thoughts to his Countrymen; for certainly there is Room for clearer reasoning, and more Accuracy and Precision in the Expression than what we find in his Lucubrations on this Occasion. The same Author's Criticism on *Milton's Paradise-Lost*, may likewise be equalled by successive Writers; and every Subject will still present new Points of View to the inquisitive Eye. The Regions of Reflection, are like a champain Country, in which
different

different Objects strike on different Imaginations, and Men dwell on Parts of the Prospect, which have escaped another's Notice, each taking the Path most agreeable to his Fancy, and enjoying various Sensations of Delight, according to their respecting Tastes for the Wonderful, the Regular, and the Beautiful.

THOUGH the time already elapsed has manifestly pre-engaged many Remarks and Observations, insomuch that there is now hardly any Thing new remaining, yet the Alteration of Customs, Manners, and Fashions in successive Ages, will always afford fresh Matter for the comic Muse. The Tree of Folly is like the Tree mentioned by *Virgil*; though many have plucked a Branch from it, it is shortly replaced by another, and the new Growth shoots into Day-light in quick Succession, and with undiminished Fertility; so that there never is a Deficiency of Matter for a Genius to seize, and there will always remain fresh Laurels to adorn the Brow of him who is ambitious to distinguish himself by a literary Fame.

ARE there those who delight in indulging a delicate Vein of Raillery on the Foibles and Peccadillios of the fair Sex? Never was there more ample Room to display a Turn of Wit in that Way, than the present Times are so happy as to afford. The Hoop has of late swelled to a wider Circumference than ever, and by the Help of a few formidable Rows of Steel, not only serves to protect the rigid Virtue of the *Amazons*, who wear them, but also threatens Mischief to the whole Circle of Beaux, who are hardy enough to invest the Ladies, in their well-fenc'd Entrenchments, notwithstanding the manifest Danger of fracturing a Shin-bone, or hurting the Pan of the Knee, by the least Inadvertence in their Approaches. While the Ladies continue in this Practice, I think they may fairly be charged with carrying concealed Arms, or making use of masqued Batteries, for which, in my Opinion, they have no kind of Occasion, as they seem to me to possess more Courage than any *Amazon* in History. For whereas those Virago's, famous for martial Prowess, used to encounter the Men with only *one* Breast exerted, the modern Ladies are not afraid of meeting them with *both* quite naked and displayed to View. The Head is also built up many Stories higher than it used to be, and the Art of Painting flourishes among them to such a Degree, that it is absolutely impossible to know an Acquaintance for any Length of Time together, each Fair-one having as many Faces, and as many Complexions for her Skin, as the different Mixtures of blended Colours can bestow. Add to this, that a Person may meet one of the fair Sex on one Day with

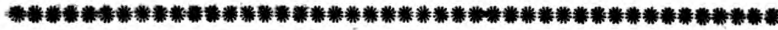
an elegant Shape, and the next he fees her as big round the Waift, as if ſhe really were within a few Days of her Time, though *Cribbage* and *All-fours* have ſuppreſſed the Reign of Love, and *Cupid* minds nothing now but cogging the Dice, or procuring a Pair-royal of Aces at Brag.

I HAVE choſe to glide over theſe Articles by way of pointing out Matter to ſome of my ingenious Cotemporaries; and as they are never remarkable for Benevolence towards one another, the preſent Swarm of Scriblers, periodical Writers, &c. may demand their Animadverſion. On this Head there is Room for conſidering the Source and Standard of Writing; Spirit, Taſte, and Senſe may be recommended to every Gentleman of the Quill, as the only Qualifications to introduce an Author to the public Favour. According to my Conception of Things, Invention is a requiſite Talent for the Conductor of a Paper, to be publiſhed on a ſtated Day; and though it is neceſſary, that the Writer ſhould have faſhioned himſelf by an early Acquaintance with the beſt Productions ancient and modern, I would have him derive from thoſe excellent Maſters an eaſy Habitude of thinking, with Clearneſs and Elegance on any Subject, and a quick Facility of diſpoſing his Thoughts in the beſt Method, ſo as to follow one another coherently, and with ſome degree of Vivacity, rather than an indigeſted Heap of Crudities, which at the ſame Time that they diſcover the Fulneſs of the Author's Stomach, alſo betray the Foulneſs of it,

THIS is another Topic, which the peculiar Fertility of the preſent Age has ſupplied; and a little Obſervation will evince, that new Lights are to be ſtruck out in almoſt every Branch of Literature. Since Mr. *Addiſon's* Time, a *Du Bos* has ſhone forth in *France*, and a *Spence* in *England*; and the late ingenious Editor of a Tranſlation of *Virgil* has proved, that Rules for fine writing may be ſtill enforced with great Propriety. Beſides this, the happy Diſpoſition for Luxury, Gaming, and every Vice, Folly, Whim, Foible, Humour, and Extrava-gance, which prevail at preſent, ſeems to promiſe a plentiful Crop every Year, without any Neceſſity to let the Soil lie fallow, in Order afterwards to glean the Mud more plentifully from it.

I HAVE thrown together theſe unconnected Hints, not with a View to ſerve my own Paper, which has now been eſtabliſhed for more than a Year; but to convince the Public of the great Propriety with which ſo many witty and ſpirited Writers have lately undertaken to add to their Amuſements.

W.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Gazette, 8th December.

ERRATUM in our last.

FOR HER GRACE the DUTCHESS of Dorset, read HIS GRACE the DUTCHESS of Dorset.

As this Article is not dated from Whitehall, Mr. Ranger humbly desires to know, whether it be of greater Authority than if it had been in the Dublin Journal.

From the Paris A-la-Main, Dec. 24.

As soon as the News of Mr. *Caiphas* being arrived at *Paris*, reached *Versailles*, his Majesty ordered *Monf. D'Argenson* to conduct him in one of the Body-Coaches to Court; an Honour, which has not been conferred on any *Englishman*, since the Days of *Bishop Burnet*, who was distinguished in the same extraordinary manner by *Lewis* the XIVth. of which he gives a very exact Account, in his inimitable History of himself, in two Volumes Folio. When he was introduced into the Royal Presence, the King received him with all the Respect, due to so uncommon a Personage, and after the Ceremony of the Interview was over, Orders were given, that the Waters should play for his Diversion. All the Nobility, in Consequence of this Reception, piqued themselves upon shewing Honours to this Gentleman; and particularly *Monf. de Belleisle*, who takes a great Deal of Pleasure in his Conversation, as he is very conversant in the Funds, ever since he was a Prisoner in *England*. Nor are the Marks of Distinction shewn Mr. *Caiphas*, confined to the Gentlemen about Court — *Monf. Reameur*, *L'Abbe de Nollet*, and the other Virtuosi of *Paris*, are highly ambitious of displaying to him their Collections of Curiosities, as they look upon him to be a most consummate Connoisseur, by the Reputation he has acquired of being perfectly acquainted with every thing relating to *Sir Hans Sloane's* Museum.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 29.

It seems to be a Kind of Fatality hanging over the Author of the *Earl of Essex*, that, after all his Labour and Application in finishing his Performances, he must be obliged to wait several Seasons before he can prevail upon the Managers to exhibit them to the Public. He has now by him a Tragedy finished and ready for the Stage, but it is apprehended he will be obliged to postpone his Solicitations, to have it represented for two or three Winters more, or perhaps for nine, so observant are the Masters of Play-houses of *Horace's* Rule to keep a Work lying by for a considerable Time.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 29.

On *Wednesday* last a new Pantomime Entertainment, entitled *Harlequin Fortunatus*, was presented here. It is writ entirely upon the *Græcian* Plan, so much admired by the *French* Critics, and of Course does not bid very fair to please the Multitude in this Country, whose Taste is too much vitiated by *Shakepear's* monstrous Irregularity, to relish the Simplicity of this Piece. Mr. *Ranger* will only observe, that he is highly pleased with the Fable, the Morality, the Universality, and Integrity of it; and as the Writing is equal all through; he looks upon it to be one of the best Pantomimes in the *English* Language.

Bedford.

Bedford Coffee-house, 24 Dec.

The following is a Copy of Mr. *Macklin's* farewell Epilogue, which has been handed about here this Day. The Reader will perceive in it manifest Traces of a Writer, who has often diverted the Town upon similar Occasions. In some Lines the Author has jocosely made the Speaker exhibit a Caricature of himself and his own peculiar Manner, but these Strokes will be obvious, without pointing them out.

EPILOGUE.

POOR I, tofs'd up and down from Shore to Shore,
 Sick, wet and weary, will to Sea no more ;
 Yet 'tis some Comfort, tho' I quit the Trade,
 That this last Voyage with Success is made,
 The Ship full laden, and the Freight all pay'd.
 Since then for Reasons I the Stage give o'er,
 And for your Sakes—write Tragedies no more :
 Some other Schemes, of course, possess my Brain,
 For he who once has eat,—must eat again.
 And lest this lank, this melancholy Physz,
 Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is ;
 A Scheme I have in Hand will make you stare !
 Tho' off the Stage I still must be the Play'r.
 Still must I follow the Theatric Plan,
 Exert my Comic Pow'rs, draw all I can,
 And to each Guest appear a diff'rent Man.
 I (like my Liquors) must each Palate hit,
 Rake with the Wild, be sober with the Cit,
 Nay sometimes act my least becoming Part — the Wit.
 With Politicians I must nod — seem full —
 And act my best becoming Part — the *Dull*.
 My Plan is this—Man's form'd a social Creature,
 Requiring Converse by the Laws of Nature ;
 And as the Moon can raise the swelling Flood
 Or as the Mind is influenc'd by the Blood,
 So—do I make myself well understood.
 I'm puzzled faith—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
 You'll know my Plot much better when you see it.
 But Truce with jesting, let me now impart,
 The warm o'erflowings of a grateful Heart ;
 Come good, come bad, while Life or Mem'ry last,
 My Mind shall treasure up your Favours past :
 And might one added Boon encrease the Store,
 With much less Sorrow should I quit this Shore :
 To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
 Protect the Pledge, my Fondness leaves behind ;
 To you her Guardians I resign my Care,
 Let her with others your Indulgence share ;
 Whate'er my Fate ; if this my With prevails,
 'Twill glad the *Father*, tho' the *Schemist* fails.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 15.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 5, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Jan. 5, 1754.

*Quales Threiciæ cum Flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, & Piæis bellantur Amazones Armis.* VIRG.



PAID a Visit, a few Days since, to a Lady, for whom I have always entertained a very high Esteem, on Account of a pleasing Turn of Conversation, and many other good and agreeable Qualities, which she is possessed of. Mrs *Millesfont* (for that is her Name) was never known to have the least Propensity to Scandal or Detraction; she is enamoured of the Virtues of her Neighbours, and whenever she cannot say something handsome of any of her Acquaintance, she is sure to be silent, without attempting to help about a lame Story by Innuendos, Winks, Nods, or any other female Artifice. She does not concern herself with the impertinent Knowledge of, who and who were together at the Masquerade; who were seen to interchange a few fond Regards at the Theatre, or who has lately had an Ill-run at Play; Politeness, Good-nature and Affability are her characteristic Perfections, and she is ready to see and allow Wit and Beauty in others, as well as in her own Daughters; though in my Opinion, it is a rare Thing to see them equalled by any of their Sex. Both the young Ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in Shape and delicate in their Features; extremely like each other in the Turn of the Face, and still each of them forming, if I may

be allowed to use the Painter's Expression, a different School of Beauty.

HARRIET, being two Years elder than her Sister, is rather more formed, and in higher Bloom than *Charlot*; but the latter promises to be rather superior when arrived to Maturity; when every Grace, which is now but growing up, is sufficiently unfolded, and all her Charms arrive to their full Perfection. *Harriet* seems to be sensible of the approaching Eclipse which her Beauty must suffer very shortly from the more striking Eclat of her Sister; but she perceives it without feeling any Incitement to Envy, or a Dejection of Spirits. On the contrary she rallies herself with a great Vivacity, and will fairly own that she is upon the Look out for a Man for herself, before *Charlot* becomes so mischievous a Beauty, as to engross the Attention of every Beholder; and then, says she, "I shall lose all my Admirers, and so I'm resolved to get married out of the Way." Upon this Plan she has directed herself for some Time past, without throwing off the just Degree of Restraint which her Delicacy prescribes to her upon every Occasion; but at the same Time, there is such an Emanation of Spirits in her Eye, and such a Sprightliness in her every Gesture, that I shall think it a very great Imputation on the Taste of her Admirers, if none of them should happen to propose for her. Though *Harriet* at present throws the Dart like a Tyrant, as the Poet phrases it, I am convinced when she resigns her Person, she will bid adieu to what the *Beaux* call her Haughtiness, and her insolent Airs. I am persuaded that her good Sense will then lead her to imitate the Gentleness and amiable Disposition of *Charlot*, who does not aim at being so fierce a Beauty as *Harriet*, but is chiefly desirous to be Mistress of willing Hearts. She does not endeavour to kindle her Eyes into that Glare of Fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiously she lets them shine in their own native Mildness; and were *Horace* to know her, he would never put his famous Question to her; *Cui flavam religas comam?* for she was never known to set her Cap at any Man, and her Conversation is always so negligently sensible, that she cannot be suspected of studying to be brilliant, and if she captivates every Heart, it is without any premeditated Design. In short, the Difference between these too young Ladies is this; *Charlot's* Charms have a constant Emanation, and *Harriet's* Beauties are in a perpetual Exertion.

I SPENT an Hour in the most agreeable Manner with this Family, when at Length the Discourse, after having been banded about between the Opera and the Burletta, rested for some Time upon *Shakespear* and other celebrated Dramatic Poets. I was pleased to be engaged on these Topics, when the eldest Sister, in her giddy Manner, interrupted us by asking me, "Pray Mr *Ranger*, can you tell me something about *Macklin's* new Scheme; I was at his Benefit, but I was so stupid, I did not
" under

“ understand the Hint in the Epilogue you printed. Pray what
 “ is the Man about ?” — To this I replied, that I really was
 not sufficiently in the Secret of his Scheme, to acquaint her
 with the whole Scope of it ; that he has built two magnificent
 Rooms, and intends to furnish them in an elegant Manner ; the
 Apartment on the Ground-Floor to be a public Coffee-Room,
 and the other to receive such of the Nobility and People of Fashion
 as may think proper to subscribe to his Undertaking. “ Well,
 “ I vow and protest, (says *Harriet*) it’s a vexatious Thing to
 “ see how these Men are always contriving Places for their
 “ own Accommodation, without Troubling their Heads about
 “ the Women. The odious Things are always herding with one
 “ another, and the Ladies are sequestred from all the Joys of
 “ these convenient Meetings. Does not one hear them eternally
 “ saying with an Air of Indifference, Ma’am I must go to the
 “ Coffee-House, and so saunter away with a Tooth-pick in
 “ their Mouths ?—Whip me, but I wish the Women would
 “ agree to have a Coffee-House of their own, to be revenged of
 “ the Fellows—Lord Mr *Ranger* it would do charmingly ; don’t
 “ you think so Sister ? — It would so tantalize the Creatures,
 “ to see us going into a Place, where none of them can gain
 “ Admittance—they would be so proud to wait at the Door
 “ to hand us to our Chairs ; and it would be such a Pleasure
 “ to go and meet one’s Acquaintance without going constant-
 “ ly in a stiff Dress to Routs and Drums ; dear *Ranger*, you
 “ must give us an helping Hand ; you must give us an Essay
 “ upon it you, wild Devil.” With this she tapped me on the
 Shoulder, in her lively agreeable Manner, and insisted with all the
 Rhetoric of a Romp, that I should propose her Scheme to the
 Public, which I assured her I should take the first Opportunity to
 perform.

I HAVE ever been of Opinion, that, in the general, Coffee-
 Houses are no very great Advantage to young Men, most of
 those Places being frequented entirely by Bucks, Bloods, and
 Rakes of all Denominations, from whom there is nothing to
 be acquired except a Swagger in the Gait, a drunken Tot-
 ter, a noisy riotous Deportment, a Volly of Oaths, and a
 total Want of what is called Good-Breeding. I know at this In-
 stant several young Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, whose whole
 Lives are spent between the Tavern and the Coffee-House, without
 having any Connections in genteel Families, or any Acquaintance
 with the amiable Sex, without which no one can ever properly
 be said to relish Society, or to possess that Polish in his Manners,
 which is necessary to distinguish the Gentleman. Perhaps this
 Opportunity of detaching themselves from the Ladies in Coffee-
 House Clubs is the Cause of that Aukwardness, which is fre-
 quently remarkable in Persons of Condition, when by some Dis-
 aster they are compelled to endure polite Company. On this Ac-

count

count I am apprehensive, that a Rendezvous of this Nature might have some ill Effect upon the Department of the Fair, and I must therefore declare, that, in my Opinion, the best Way for both Sexes to enjoy the Elegancies of Life, is to mix with one another without forming any Parties of Separation.

It is however possible that this Scheme may be carried into Execution, and no Doubt it will be attended with many notable Advantages. The Convenience of meeting People of Fashion, without the necessary Parade of going to their Houses, will certainly be very great, and Appointments with each other may be fixed with Ease by the Means of this Institution; as for Instance a Memorandum-book may serve for the following Purposes.

“LADY *Last-stakes* came according to Appointment to meet Lady *Betty Modish*; is gone to see *Barry* in the dying Scene of *Romeo*; will be here again after the Play, when she will be glad to have a Party of *Picquet* with Lady *Betty*, and spend the Remainder of the Evening.”

“MISS *Madcap* called here about six o’Clock in Hopes to see Miss *Limber-Tongue*; is gone to consult Mrs *Sermon* in *Naked-Boy-Alley*, after which she intends to see *Harlequin Fortunatus*, and will call here again, and begs Miss *Limber-Tongue* will leave Word where she may be heard of.”

“MISS *Tattleaid* begs to see Miss *Graveairs*; has a Million of Things to say to her, and particularly something she heard last Night at Lady *Hurly-Burly*’s.”

SUCH Proceedings as these will inevitably do Honour to the amiable Sex, and as they may judge it necessary to *claim an equal Empire o’er the World*, I beg Leave to offer them a few Rules, which may serve to conduct a female Coffee-House with proper Regularity.

A SYSTEM of RULES, &c.

I. THAT each Lady shall pay *Six-pence* at the Bar, whether she drink *Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Capillaire, Citron-Water, or Ratafia, &c.*

II. THAT the Actresses shall be admitted to this Coffee-house, by which means the Ladies will enjoy equal Pleasure with the several Gentlemen of Fashion who are so happy in the Conversation of his Majesty’s Company of Comedians.

III. IF a Quarrel should arise between any of the Ladies, they shall not fall to pulling Caps in Company, but take another Opportunity to vindicate their Honour.

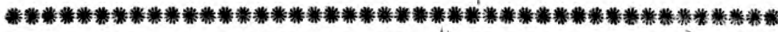
IV. IF any Lady is discovered with a Pair-royal of Aces in her Pocket, or endeavours to use any sinister Artifice at Cards, she shall be expelled the Club, with as much Strictness as if it happened at *White*’s.

V. IF

V. IF any young Lady offers herself to be chosen into the Club by Ballot, a single white Ball shall be sufficient to admit her, it being improbable that a real Beauty will obtain that Favour from any one of her Sex.

VI and Lastly. THAT it shall be deemed meritorious in any Lady to brag of her Intrigues, her Amours, and her Designs with any young Man, who shall frequent Mr *Macklin's* Coffee-House, by which Means the Ladies, may in Imitation of the laudable Practice among the opposite Sex,

*Talk of Beauties, whom they never saw,
And fancy Raptures, which they never knew.* Z.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Jan. 5, 1754.

I Have lately received several Remonstrances from the Ladies relating to the Inconveniencies they suffer in Hackney-Coaches for the Want of a String to stop the Coachman when Occasion requires it. One complains to me of having received a Black-eye, by an unlucky Jolt, when going to call to the Driver out of the Window: A second had her Head-dress totally discomposed, at a Time that she had a Mind to look as handsome as she possibly could; and a third, in a fair Italian Hand, which is scarcely legible, mentions to me, that those *Limbs framed for the tender Offices of Love*, are so shattered, that they refuse the gentle Office of carrying their Burthen. In short, I am so importuned by my Correspondents to redress their Grievances, that I must now put out an Order to all whom it may concern, to provide the Ladies with the small Convenience abovemention'd.

To all Masters of Hackney-Coaches, &c.

Cruelty and Ill-beloved,

WHEREAS we are advised that many Inconveniencies are endured by the lovely Part of the Creation, the female Sex, for the Want of a String to your Carriages, by the Help of which they might retard the rapid Driver, without running the Risk of a Black-eye, or a fractured Skull; and whereas it appears to us highly just, that you should oblige the said Ladies in so necessary a Point, this is therefore to order all and every one of you to furnish your Vehicles with proper Accommodations, on or before the 25th of *March* next; and whoever is found Delinquent after the said Time, shall have his Number taken by our Emissaries, and shall be prosecuted with the utmost Severity in our Court of Censorial Enquiry. Given under our Hand in *Gray's Inn*, *January* the 1st, 1754.

CHARLES RANGER.

Advices from *Dublin* inform us, that the Ladies of that Kingdom made very great Rejoycings on Occasion of a late Victory obtained there, in which they look upon the Honour of the Country to be materially concerned

ned; and it is hoped that all Animofities will fhortly be quieted by his Grace * the Dutcheſs of Dorſet, &c.

* This is a ſhort way the Gazette has found of mentioning his Grace the Duke of Dorſet, and her Grace the Dutcheſs of Dorſet.

Wapping, Wind, N. N. W.

Laſt Week put in here Samuel Foote, and Charles Ranger, Eſqrs; They behaved very well, of their own Accord, otherwiſe we ſhould have made'n ſteer another Way; tho' had we known Mr Foote's Intentions, we wou'd ha' ſent'in bound for London, with his Topſails lower'd, and t'other freſh Water Spark too. They ſhould have had a Broadſide, or ſo, and may hap, ha' found that they had come to a bad Market. Tho' Mr. Foote may divert the People farther up-land, we had taughten to run a muck and tilt at us, as they ſay he intends to do very ſhortly in the Part of BEN in the Play of *Love for Love*. Let'en, let'en do't; tho'ff we don't often go ſo far inland, we may bowl up to ſee him, and if he makes us laugh, why we love a Joke as well as another, an that be all. He rigged himſelf here in flying Colours, and bought Lieut. Halfpay's Hat and Wig off his Head, and he is equipped for a Voyage up the Streights, an he had but a good Cargo and a tight Veſſel. However we ſhall all be aloft to ſee him, and ſo we wiſh' in a good Voyage, and ſafe into Harbour again, for we hear he ſpends his Money as faſt as ourſelves, and cracks his Jeſt with as much Eaſe as we crack a Biſket, and ſo we ha' no further Malice to'en; give an take an that be all.

Literary Bill of Mortality for the Year 1753.

Encreaſed in Offerings of Pamphlets to *Cloacina*, this Year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty three.

Encreaſed in periodical Papers, all neatly printed on a Sheet and half of fine Writing-Paper, Thirty-ſeven.

Abortive, Five hundred Plays, including Tragedies, Comedies, and one *Parody of five Acts on Boadicia*.

L O N D O N: Printed for W. F A D E N, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. B O U Q U E T, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 16. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 12, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Jan. 12, 1754.

Manet altâ mente Repôstum.

VIRG.

Hinc ille Lacrymæ.

TEREN.



HAVING lately seen in the ADVENTURER a Criticism upon the Tragedy of King *Lear*, in which that Writer, whom I have often admired upon other Occasions, seems to me to have mistaken the principal Idea in the old King's Mind, while in a State of Madness, I hope it will be unnecessary to make any Apology either to him, or the Public, for offering my Thoughts on this Subject.

To be able to criticise a Poet with any Degree of Perspicuity, it is requisite to consider the Nature of his Fable; and the moral Use of the Work. This being sketched, we may then proceed to observe how he lays on his Colouring, the Disposition of each Personage, the Expression of the Passions, and which is the capital Figure in the Piece. *Lear* being examined in this Manner, it will appear that the Author intended to exhibit the Consequences attending the horrid Crime of Filial Ingratitude. To enforce this he represents an old Monarch, tired with the Cares of State, and willing to distribute his Possessions among his Daughters, in Proportion to their Affections towards his Person. Accordingly, the two that flatter'd him obtain all, the third Sister being disinherited for her Sincerity, and the King is at length driven by the Ingratitude of his eldest Daughter, to an Extreme of Madness, which produces the finest Tragic Distress ever seen on any Stage. As this is the Groundwork of the Play, I am really surprized that the Critic in the *Adventurer* should impute the Madness of *Lear* to the

the

the Loss of Royalty. The Behaviour of his Children is always uppermost in his Thoughts, and we perceive it working upon his Passions, till at Length his Mind settles into a fixt Attention to that single Object. This, I think, will appear in a critical Examination of the Play.

LEAR in his first Scene, shews himself susceptible of the most violent Emotions. The Poet has drawn him impetuous to the greatest Degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In such a Mind it is not to be wondered that Ill-treatment should excite the most uneasy Sensations. He takes Fire at an imaginary Appearance of Disaffection in *Cordelia*.

*But goes thy Heart with this?
So young and so untender!*

HE is soon after alarmed with Suspicions of disrespect from *Gonerill*, "I will look further into't." — He then is convinced of her contemptuous Disregard, and the Effect it has upon him, indicates a Mind, impotent and liable to the worst Perturbations.

*Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his Eyes?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are lethargied. —*

His Reflections after this shew what is nearest to his Heart.

*Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monster. —*

HE observes that *Cordelia's* Fault was small; and when even that made such an Impression on him, what are we to expect from his fiery Disposition, when rejected by those to whom he had given all? His Imprecation, though big with Horror, is the natural Result of his Indignation; and the Tendernefs and Overflowings of Softness, which melt him in the midst of his Vehemence, produce a fine Conflict of Passions.

*Th'untented Woundings of a Father's Curse,
Pierce ev'ry Sense about thee — Old fond Eyes,
Beweep this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye, with the Waters that you lose,
To temper Clay. —*

His Haughtiness then breaks out in a Menace to his Daughter.

*Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the Shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off forever*

His Address to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

*Thy tender-bested Nature shall not give
Thee o'er to Harshness,*

and a little after;

*Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,
Effects of Courtesie, Dues of Gratitude;
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd. —*

THERE have been many Poets who were acquainted in general with the Passion of human Nature; and accordingly we find them constantly describing their Effects. But *Shakespeare's* Art shows their

Im-

Impulse and their Workings, without the Aid of Definition or flowery Description. Besides the general Survey of the Heart, he was more intimately versed in the various Tempers of Mankind than any Poet whatever. We always find that he makes the Passions of each Personage in his Drama operate according to his peculiar Habit and Frame of Mind; and, in the Tragedy in Question, there are so many Strokes of this Nature, that in my Opinion, it is his Master-Piece. In every Speech in *Lear's* Mouth there is such an artful Mixture of thwarting Passions, that the Heartstrings of an Audience are torn on every Side. The frequent Transition and Shifting of Emotions is natural to every Breast, but in *Lear* they are characteristical Marks of his Temper.

*I pr'y thee, Daughter do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee my Child. Farewell.
We'll meet no more—no more see one another.
But yet thou art my Flesh, my Blood, my Daughter;
Or rather a Disease that's in my Flesh, &c.
But I'll not chide thee;
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell Tales of thee to high judging Jove.*

In this Speech every Master-passion in his Temper rise in Conflict, his Pride, his Revenge, his quick Resentment, and his Tenderness. *Shakespeare* has beautifully repeated Instances of this Nature, in almost every Line, and the following Passage has some of the finest Turns in the World.

*O let not Women's Weapons, Water-Drops,
Stain my Man's Cheeks—no, ye unnatr'al Hags—
I will have such Revenges on ye both — I'll do such Things,
What they are I no not — But they shall be
The Terrors of the Earth — you think I'll weep —
No — I'll not weep — I have full Cause of weeping —
This Heart shall break into a thousand Flaws, —
Or e'er I'll weep — O Fool, I shall go mad.*

HERE the distressed Monarch leaves his Daughter's Roof, and the next Time we see him, he is on a wild Heath in a violent Storm, where all his Reflections take a Tincture from the gloomy Colour of a Mind diseased with Anguish, and we soon see what is the principal Object of his Attention.

*————— Thou all shaking Thunder
Crack Nature's Mould; all Germins spill at once
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.*

and again;

*The Tempest in my Mind
Doth from my Senses take all Feeling else
Save what beats there — Filial Ingratitude!*

His sudden Apostrophe to his Daughters must draw Tears from every Eye.

*O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind Father, whose frank Heart gave all.*

The breaking off has a fine Effect.

*O! that Way Madnefs lies—let me shun that—
No more of that—*

This might lead any Man to the Cause of *Lear's* Madnefs, without thinking of the Resignation of his Sceptre.

As yet the Perturbation of his Mind does not seem fixed to a Point; he begins to moralize, but still with a View to his own Afflictions, until *Edgar* enters disguised like a Madman. *Lear's* first Question is, "have his Daughters brought him to this Pass? couldst thou save nothing? didst thou give them all?"—And this I take to be the first Touch of fixed Madness in the Play.

As our Hero is now out of his Senses, a new Field opens itself to the Poet. He had before display'd every Movement of the Heart, and the human Understanding now becomes his Province, in which, we shall find, he acquits himself with the most masterly Skill. Mr. *Lock* observes that, "*Madmen do not seem to have lost the Faculty of reasoning; but having joined together some Ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for Truths; and they err as Men do that argue right from wrong Principles. For by the Violence of their Imaginations, having mistaken their Fancies for Realities, they make right Deductions from them.*"

AGREEABLY to this Account, *Lear*, upon the Appearance of a Madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his Daughters Ill-treatment, and when contradicted he replies, "Death! Traitor! nothing could have subdued Nature to such a Lowness but his unkind Daughters."—He next takes him for a Philosopher, and enquires "what is the Cause of Thunder?"

In his next Scene a Desire of revenging his Grievances actuates his Mind;

*To have a thousand with red burning Spits
Come bizzing in upon 'em!*

He then proceeds to arraign his Daughters in a Court of Justice. "Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here take my Oath before this honourable Assembly—she kicked the poor King her Father—Here is another too whose warped Looks proclaim what Store her Heart is made of."—He still continues to dwell in Imagination upon the Crime of Ingratitude, which appears to him so shocking that he exclaims, "Let them anatomize *Regan*;—see what breeds about her Heart—Is there any Cause in Nature for these hard Hearts?" This last Stroke never fails to draw Tears from me. The Reader will please to observe that all this Time there is not a Word said of his Royalty; on the contrary, he says to one near him, "You, Sir, I entertain for one of my Hundred; only I do not like the Fashion of your Garment," &c. which hundred, was appointed after his Abdication.

AFTER this how was *Shakespeare* to represent *Lear* again so as to keep up the Passions, and heighten the Distress? By taking Advantage of every Circumstance in *Lear's* Temper. He had said that he would reassume the Shape, he had cast off: This then remained untouched, and accordingly in the next Scene we perceive him actually putting it in Execution, and his Fancy suggests to him, that he is a King; from which he reasons as from every other Principle, and always with an Eye to his Children. "No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself." From this his Imagination wanders, "There's my Gauntlet—I'll prove it on a Giant—bring up the brown Bills—O well flown Barb! i' th' Clout! i' th' Clout—Hewgh, give the Word."—From this Rambling he soon returns, and the habitual Ideas again take Possession of him. "Ha *Regan!* *Gonerill!* they flattered me like a Dog," &c. After this *Gloster* enquiring if it is not the King, he catches at the Word and answers, "Ay, every Inch a King." And then he draws some more Inferences from that Notion, till he reflects that *Gloster's* Bastard Son was kinder to his Father than his own

own Daughters got in lawful Sheets. From this he digresses into an Invective against Women, and continues raving, till at length his Spirit of Revenge returns upon him. "And when I've stolen upon these SONS-IN-LAW, then kill, kill, kill, kill."

It was *Shakespeare's* Art to reserve his being crowned with Straw for the last Scene of his Madness, as it is a Representation of human Nature reduced to the lowest Ebb. Had he lost his Reason on Account of his abdicated Throne, the Emotions of Pity would not be so intense, as they now are when we see him drove to that Extreme by the Cruelty of his own Children. Every Topic of parental Distress being exhausted, and all the King's Master-Passions displayed in his Madness, the Poet judiciously shews him gradually coming to himself in the next Scene; and we see the Ideas dawning slowly on his Soul.

Where have I been? — where am I? — fair Day-light!

In this Recollection of his Reason, he never once mentions the Loss of Royalty, but again touches upon the Cause of his Distress in his Speech to *Cordelia*.

*I know you do not love me; for your Sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
You have some Cause; they have not.—*

So that before his Madness, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loses Sight of the Ideas which had worn such Traces on his Brain; and he must be unfeeling to the great Art of our Poet, who can look for any other Cause of Distress, in Scenes which are drawn so forcibly and strong, and kept up with the most exquisite Skill to the very dying Words of the unhappy Monarch.

I HAVE purposely avoided saying any Thing of the under Plot of this Tragedy, as I foresaw a long Essay this Day. I shall take another Opportunity to offer my Thoughts on that Head, and the Corner-Stone of *Lear's* Madness being now established, I think I shall be able to raise a Superstructure upon it, which I hope will not be disagreeable to my Readers, and therefore I shall postpone these Reflections till another Occasion.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

IF you don't take Care and call in the Word EXCESSIVE, 'twill certainly come to a bad End—It is now very bitterly treated, and worn to Rags and Tatters—It is often drag'd in with such Incoherence, that it is enough to make one expire—We can have no Dislike to so genteel a Word, when properly applied; but it is barbarous to suffer it to be thus torn to Pieces, and kept in continual Slavery by those who know not how to use it. I am

Chit-Chat-Club,
in Poland-Street,
Jan. 7, 1754.

S I R,

Your Reader and Servant,

SUKEY WATCHFUL.

Fr 11

From my Register-Office, Jan. 9, 1754.

I am obliged to this Lady for her Hint to reclaim a Word which seems to be tending to Destruction. The *English* Language is not so extremely rich, that we cannot afford to dispense with a good Expression, and therefore I shall take another Opportunity to call in this Word and several more, as civil Governments do light Money; They shall all be issued forth again, as we see Occasion; and if my Brother Writers will all concur to do the same many goods Words may be saved from becoming trivial, ludicrous, burlesque, and in Time totally obsolete.

From Mr. Hardham's Snuff-shop in Fleet-street.

Mr *Ranger* called in here this Day, and regaled himself with a Pinch of right *Straßbourg*, which had such an Effect upon him, that he looks upon it to be full as good as Mr. *Bayes's* Spirit of Brains. He immediately found himself brisk in Fancy, and abounding in Wit to such a Degree that he was a Match in Repartee for the facetious *JOE CLARE*. It is therefore recommended to the Caravan to stop here in its Way to the *Bedford*, and the Passengers will find themselves better qualified to decide upon all Topics of Literature in that noble Academy of Sciences.

N. B. Be sure to ask for *Hardham's Right Dramatic Straßbourg*.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 12.

On *Thursday* last the Audience was greatly surprized at the Appearance of a new Actress on this Stage, in the Character of *Hermione*; and it was universally agreed, that it was the best first Attempt they had ever known. This Actress came on without any previous Puffs to prejudice the Town in her Favour; a modest Prologue was spoke on the Occasion, in which she only begs to be endured, though she convinced every Body that she possesses all the Materials to form a great Actress; Her Person being tall and graceful; her Features well disposed, without any Disproportion, and her Voice clear, full and harmonious. She had not the pitiful Ambition to over do her Part, but her Elocution was perfectly natural, and the Exertion of her Powers in some Passages shews what she is capable of, when her Fears are subdued. I am informed, she is so modest, that she does not expect that every Body shall be called a Scoundrel, a Pimp, a Rascal, an Hireling, a Coward, &c. that does not think her the best Actress, in the World. The same Advices add, that she does not desire to have a Letter to be addressed to her, full of scurrilous Abuse on every Person of Taste, whom the Scribler of it may dislike; nor does she plead her being a Gentlewoman to exempt her from being mentioned in the News-Papers. She will be proud to find herself mention'd with Approbation in the *GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL*, and she is ambitious to add to the Entertainement of the Public, by whom, it is hoped, she will be properly encouraged.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 17. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 19, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Jan. 19, 1754.

Locus est et pluribus umbris.

HOR.



THE following Letter is wrote with such a Vein of Candor and Taste, that I cannot with-hold it from the Public this Day. I am highly obliged to the Author for so ingenious a Piece, and shall be glad to know by a Line to the Printer hereof, where I may direct to him, as I should be proud to cultivate a Correspondence with so elegant a Critic. The Reader will judge of the Matter for himself, and upon a future Occasion I shall offer some further Considerations on this Subject, and will only hint for the present, that I hope it will not be any Detriment to me, that I publish a genteel Performance, which is, in some Measure, against what I have advanced. I flatter myself I shall not have Reason to be sorry for admitting him into my Province, and to say with the Poet,

Et Regni Demens in parte vocavi.

VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;]

S I R,

I Am persuaded that to address you in this Manner, under the Character of Mr. *Ranger*, needs no Apology; especially, when a Letter of this Kind goes from One, who, though a Stranger to yourself, has a Regard to your Reputation as an Author.

Your

Your Paper of last *Saturday* sets out with a Remark on the *Adventurer's* Criticism of King *Lear*, and you think he has mistaken the principal Idea in the old King's Mind during his State of Madneſs; after citing *Lear's* Exclamation on the Ingratitude of his Daughters; you add, "This might lead any Man to the Cauſe of *Lear's* Madneſs, without thinking of the Reſignation of his "Sceptre." But certainly whoever conſiders *Lear's* Character with Attention, will from the very Paſſage you quote, beſide an hundred others, think there is as much to be ſaid on the other Side the Queſtion. Nor can I think that you have ſo well eſta bliſh'd this Corner-ſtone of the Madneſs, as you hint in the Conclusion of your Paper; if you mean by it totally to exclude the Aſſertion of the Critic in the *Adventurer*.

I have read with great Pleaſure ſeveral of the Remarks you make on the Speeches in *Lear*, which are ſuch as can ariſe only in the Mind of a Reader of Taſte; but I cannot agree that "He "muſt be unfeeling to the great Art of our Poet, who can look "for any other Cauſe of Diſtreſs," in the Madneſs of the King, than the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

I know not in what Manner you may treat the Remarks I am about to make, but I can ſincerely aſſure you, they are only intended as Hints to yourſelf, on a Subject which I think of ſome Conſequence to the Admirers of *Shakeſpear*.

The *Adventurer* was wanting in Juſtice to the Poet, by mentioning the Loſs of Royalty as the Cauſe of *Lear's* Madneſs, without taking in at the ſame time the forcible Idea he muſt have of the Ingratitude of his two Daughters; and I think you alſo in the wrong, in excluding totally his Opinion. What I purpoſe here is, to point out *both the Ideas* working ſtrongly in his Mind, and what the Author intended as conducive to the Moral of his Play.

No Critic on *Shakeſpear* can better explain the Characters he draws, than the Poet himſelf does in every Speech; we not only ſee what his Perſons are during the Scene repreſented, but we are alſo made acquainted by ſome nice Touches in each Play, what was their former Mode of thinking and acting; and as no Poet ever underſtood Nature better in the Operation of the Paſſions, ſo he always makes them ſpeak and act in the higheſt Conformity to their Characters.

LEAR's Deportment and Sentiments in reſpect to his Daughters in the firſt Act, and what *Generill* ſays of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his Character; which is, that of a haughty, paſſionate, inconstant, weak old Man. He does not reſign his Authority to his Daughters ſo much out of Love to them, as to eaſe himſelf of the Cares of Government.—He retains the Name of King with a ſuitable Train of Attendants—He ſtill commands with his former Impetuofity of Temper, and is jealous even of Trifles. This the ill-natur'd Character of the Daughters won't bear, and they are in Conſultation in the moſt undutiful and unbecoming Manner to deprive him of his remaining Shew of Power: Their Behaviour and Ingratitude ſoon appear in the moſt glaring Inſtances, and make the old King ſorely ſenſible, that he had given them ALL.—

THE jeſting of his Fool wholly turns upon his unKinging himſelf and retaining nothing, which *Lear* minutely attends to, and ſays, "A bitter Fool!—After *Generill's* Propoſal to reduce his Train

Train, he breaks out, "Woe! that too late repents."—Then the Ingratitude of his Daughters and his own Folly deeply strike him,

—O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
 And thy dear Judgment out.

Afterwards he says to Gonerill,

*Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the Shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever. Gon. Do you mark that?*

IN the next Scene, wrapt up in Thought, he says,

To take 't again perforce!—*Monster Ingratitude!*

IN this Line the two Ideas are strongly blended, and the *Loss of Power* foremost, for surely that was the obvious Reason of the Insults he had received; if he had still been in Possession, they would have continu'd to sprinkle him with *Court Holy Water*: The Fool, whose Phrase the last is, says,

*Fathers that wear Rags,
 Do make their Children Blind;
 But Fathers that bear Bags,
 Shall see their Children kind, &c.*

I MUST here take Notice of the different Turn of Mind and the Colouring us'd by our Poet, and all good Writers, in distinguishing the Characters of Men seemingly agitated by the same Passions. *Lear's* Idea of his own Folly, in divesting himself of his Authority, is nicely and artfully distinguish'd by *Shakespeare*, from that Kind of Regret, which an imperious Man of another Character would feel from the Deprivation of Power.—He is full of the Loss of his Dignity, only as it was the Occasion of the ill Treatment he met with, and not from a Thirst of Rule.—This Idea and that of the Ingratitude of his Daughters, which he feels as the Consequence of it, I cannot help thinking, are as closely united in his Madness, as two Twigs twisted together, and one growing out of the other, of which the former is the stronger.

WHEN he exclaims and reproaches his Daughters in that heart-piercing Scene of his Distress on the Heath, he says,

O Regan! O Gonerill!
 Your old kind Father! whose frank Heart gave all—
 O that Way Madness lies—Let me shun that—
 No more of that—

ON his Recollection that he gave all, he immediately subjoins, "O that Way Madness lies; let me shun that; no more of that;—i. e. Let me not think that I have been guilty of so much Folly, as to have given all; and to such ungrateful Wretches.

I KNOW it will be insisted on by you, and may be by many others, that *Lear* makes use of the Sentiment of giving all, only to tax the Ingratitude of his Daughters in a higher Degree; but, perhaps, you may be convinc'd to a contrary Opinion, if you can be brought to allow, That the Moral of this Play, is not to expose the Ingratitude of Children, more than the Folly of Parents. This same Folly of Parents is also touch'd with great Judgment in the

Under-

Under-plot of *Glo'ster*, and the Character of *Lear's* Daughters finely contrasted with that of *Edgar*; and confirm'd by the Behaviour of *Edmund*—If we view this Episode in this Light, we shall see that it has its Use, and is not so foreign to the Purpose of the Play, as the Critic in the *Adventurer* seems to think.

WHEN *Lear* sees the Wretchedness of *Edgar*, he pursues the same Train of Reasoning which before possess'd him, and asks, "Did'st thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?"—And immediately after,

*What! Have his Daughters brought him to this Pass?
Could'st thou save nothing?—did'st thou give 'em all?*

THIS is agreeable to his Character—And from all that I have heard in common Life (for there are many Stories) of old weak Parents, who have acted much in the Manner of *Lear*, and to the Reproach of human Nature, have met with Ingratitude and Disobedience; these, I say, in their Feeling-hours of Distress, are reported to have reproach'd themselves with their Folly in GIVING ALL, as well as exclaim'd against the Ingratitude of their Children.

THERE are many Characters, I doubt not, now in the World, who retain a Heap of Treasure, useless to themselves, from their Children, on no better Motives, than to insure their Duty and Attention; and some who carry the Moral of this Play to a ridiculous Height, by denying their Children an Independance, merely on the same Parity of Reasoning, without considering the Difference between the Prudence of Parents and their Folly.

I FORBEAR making any Quotations from *Lear's* Speeches in his Madness; nor shall I repeat what has been cited by the Critic in the *Adventurer* in support of his Assertion, which is partly my Opinion. I think the Whole obvious enough, and that our immortal Poet, who had a perfect Knowledge of the Workings of the human Mind, has drawn both the Ideas in *Lear's* Madness, agreeably to the Representation he has made of him in the first Act.

WHAT I have hitherto said, is intirely confin'd to the different Opinions of you and the *Adventurer*; nor do I expect that you shall alter your Opinion in Conformity to my Judgment.—Let a diligent Examination of the Play determine you in the future Criticisms you intend to give the Public on this Subject.

WHAT has often occur'd to me, and what has been said by you and many great Geniusses, only serve to convince me of the Difficulty of any one Man's succeeding in a perfect Criticism on *Shakespeare*; at least, I have Reason to think so, from what I have seen of the several Attempts that have been already made by different Editors and Commentators from the Time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mangled Condition our Poet was thrown into by Mr. *Warburton*, and others.

SEVERAL Persons have succeeded in illustrating many of the Characters he draws, and have pointed out to public Notice, many of his latent Beauties; but, I believe, *there is scarce one Man alive* (to speak in the Stile of a very extraordinary Address to a great Man, in last *Saturday's Inspector*) *who is even capable of calling all his Beauties by their proper Names, much less of exhibiting them all with Advantage to the Public; whose Property they now are, if they will acquire a Taste to enjoy 'em.*

I CAN'T

I CAN'T forbear mentioning the Obligation which the Public has to the Genius of *Garrick*, who has exhibited with great Lustre many of the most shining Strokes of *Shakespeare's* amazing Art; and may be justly stiled (as he was once call'd by you) his best Commentator: Not that I imagine he is always perfect Master of *Shakespeare's* Manner of thinking, or can relish all his Beauties; but 'tis certain, he has done him more Justice by his Manner of playing his principal Characters, than any Editor has yet done by a Publication.

I SHALL conclude with the same Freedom as I began, by desiring you will consider my Manner of treating this Subject, as the crude Hints of a friendly Letter, and not as an Essay on the Subject in Dispute.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

Lincoln's-Inn, January 15, 1754.

T. G. D:

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

Dear RANGER,

AS you are a Friend and an Advocate for the Ladies, beg you will take into Consideration, that when a Lady is neatly dressed and walking abroad in a Morning, she shall be abruptly surprized with, "By your Leave;" the Consequence, of which is, she must either step up a dirty Door, or be jostled into the Street; and what is still worse, this may happen, when, perhaps, a Gentleman is admiring how clean she walks, and all of a sudden, and to her unspeakable Mortification, her Stockings shall be splashed unmercifully. This Mr. Ranger, in a Girl of Spirit, must occasion great Uneasiness, as it is no uncommon Thing for Ladies to get Husbands by a nimble Step, a clean Heel, a white Hand, and a fine Shape. Tho' the last of these begins to be out of Fashion. As I live and breath, if you don't redress this Grievance, I shall not think you a right Woman's Man, order the Chairmen to turn out themselves, and bid the Brutes shew a little Respect to our sacred Sex, or there will be no such Thing as appearing abroad. I am told that my Grandmother got an Husband by a clean Heel, and I hope to have the same success, not without your Assistance, which if it succeeds you will very much oblige.

York-Buildings, Jan. 15, 1754.

Your Friend, &c.

REBECCA LIGHTFOOT.

From my Register-Office, Jan. 19, 1754.

The above Complaint of Miss *Lightfoot* is so well grounded, that I shall proceed against Offenders in this Particular as severely, as against the Hackney-Coach.

Coachmen, unless both should pay a proper Deference to our Commands; and I have therefore ordered the proper Officers of the Censorial Court to take up and bring to Justice, all such Chairmen as shall dare Discommode the Ladies for the Future.

From Mr. Hardham's Snuff-shop in Fleet-street.

Besides the Right Dramatic *Straßburgh*, mentioned in our last, Mr. *Hardham* has lately laid in a Store of various Kinds of Snuff, which are acknowledged to possess several excellent Qualities, and are a sovereign Remedy for all Disorders in the Head, as can be attested by many eminent Critics, who have experienced the same. His *Right Orthodox Snuff* expels the noxious Vapours arising from Theatrical Parties, and instantly enables the Taker to distinguish genuine Merit in an Actor from false Fire, and mechanic Imitation. He has Snuff very proper to be taken at a new Play, as it totally obstructs the petulant Sensations of Pleasure arising from a malevolent His; he also enlivens the Spirits for Comedy, and composes them for Tragedy; prevents the ill Effects of a dull Writer, or a soporific Actor. In short, he sharpens the Discernment of a Critic, opens his Intellects, gives him some Degree of Taste, and renders him fit for his Profession, or, as *Horace* expresses it, *emundatæ naris*, and raises agreeable Images in the Fancy of every one who chuses to take his pungent Grain of titillating Dust.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 19.

Mrs. *Gregory*, who appeared here in the Character of *Hermione*, continues to rise in Reputation every Night, and never fails to draw a numerous Audience. I look upon it to be a peculiar Degree of Merit to adventure on the Stage unheard of and unknown, without Friends, and without any Kind of Party in her Favour; with these Disadvantages to extort the general Applause, and be in every Scene the most conspicuous Figure, tho' performing with practised and experienced Players, is the Mark of an uncommon Genius. She is perfectly Mistress of graceful Deportment, natural and sensible Elocution, and a Conformity to Nature, without any Trick or Affectation. Every Cast of her Eye, every Attitude, and every Motion of her Arms throughout her Part, are all in Character, and there is no Reason to doubt, but she will be a very considerable Addition to the Theatre.

Drury-Lane, Jan. 19.

The excellent Comedy of *Love for Love* has been revived here this Week, the humorous and diverting Part of *Ben*, the Sailor, was performed with great Pleasantry by Mr. *Foots*, who shewed by his Manner and his Looks, that he has entered into the Secret of the Character, tho' it was visible at the same Time, that his Powers were greatly suppressed by his Sollicitude for his first Appearance in a new Character. It may be said of Miss *Macklin*, though perhaps better qualified for spirited genteel Comedy, that she acquitted herself with great Applause in a Part in which Mrs. *Clive* has displayed so many inimitable Strokes of Humour.

LONDON; Printed for W. FADEN, in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Row.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 18. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 26, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Jan. 26, 1754.

Noxia corpora tardant, s
Terrenique bebetant artus, moribundaque membra. VIRG.

O Curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!
PERSEUS.



OW vain and fantastick are all humane Pursuits? How unsettled and inconstant are our Tempers, one Day pining for the Attainment of some imaginary Good, and, the next, hating ourselves for all that Perplexity of Thought which our whimsical Desires occasioned in our Breasts? How often are the soberest Understandings disturbed by Agitations of Spirit about Things in themselves of no Kind of Moment or Importance, and when once the Tumult has subsided, how contemptible do we appear to ourselves, for having been so weak as to yield to the Impression of ill-governed Appetite,

Appetite, Foible and Caprice? Every Period of Life is marked with this uncertainty; The *Child* has Perplexities which the *Boy* laughs at; and ripened by a further Accession of Years into Manhood, our previous Occupations become ridiculous, 'till at length OLD AGE thinks the whole a Series of Follies, insensible to it's own Infirmities, and little aware that the Passions operate at that Juncture with less Celerity, not because Reason is grown Strong, but on Account of the enfeebled Tone of all the mental Powers: like a Compass, which being grown rusty, is not moved with every Breath of Wind, but slowly veers from Point to Point: I am inclined to think that the human Soul will be always in this Progression towards a greater Degree of Purity, making each Moment a Critic on the last, and that as soon as the Spirit shall be unbodied, it will instantly smile at our wisest Employments in this World, our deepest Reflections, and our most serious Speculations. I was engaged in this Train of Thought the other Night, and having an Imagination, which does not very soon detach itself from the Objects that have once possessed it, the same Scenes of Reflection disclosed themselves to me in Sleep, and formed a Prospect, not unentertaining to my Fancy.

I THOUGHT the Hemisphere on a sudden brightened with more than common Lustre, a Flood of Glory diffusing itself through all Creation, and from an opening of the Heavens appeared high exalted on a Throne THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. After a Trumpet had sounded three Times, the following Sounds were awfully pronounced. "Let all those
 "fleeting Spirits, which formerly animated corporal Tenements,
 "forthwith appear from their several Mansions of Retribution,
 "and let those who now support a feverish Existence upon
 "Earth, instantly repair hither divested of their bodily Incumbrance, and account before our dread Presence, for the
 "Use they have made of their Time, during their State of
 "Probation."

THE Edict was immediately obey'd, and I fancied that I had no sooner emerg'd from my Tenement of Clay, than every Thing wore another Appearance, and new Faculties of Perception were assigned me. Vanished were the original Colours, concerning which so many Volumes have been written; Wit, Taste, Learning, Philosophy, Mathematics, and even Money itself appeared an absolute Chimæra; and several Personages beginning

ginning to address the Throne, I was further confirm'd in these Sentiments.

HOMER declared his whole Poem to be the Rhapsody of an over-weening Imagination; He owned his celestial Councils and his Battles of the Gods, to be a Jumble of Absurdities; His boldest Flights of Fancy appeared quite contemptible, and he wondered how he could ever employ his Faculties in stringing together such wild enthusiastic Reveries.

PLATO owned that he knew nothing of the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair; and Lord *Shaftsbury* wished that, instead of being guided by the pagan Philosopher, he had made use of the Light of Revelation, which might have afforded him some faint dawning Ideas of that Truth of which he is now perfectly convinced. He added, that he did not know what he was about, when he wrote his Rhapsody and many other Parts of his Performance, and that he now looked back at them with Contempt.

ARISTOTLE declared his System of Logic to be nothing but an idle Scheme of laboured Perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder Mankind. *Pindar* smil'd at his Olympics, and did not hesitate to say, that he really believed he was mad when he wrote them; and old *Euclid*, who, I believe never once laughed on Earth, burst into a loud Expression of Mirth, when he reflected upon his Endeavours to square the Circle, and his several Triangles and Quadrangles, which he owned do not contribute in any Degree to the Advancement of real Knowledge and Virtue.

ALEXANDER frankly confessed himself a Child for weeping for more Worlds: *Cæsar* declared he would as contentedly be the last in a Village, as the first in *Rome*; and *Pompey* had no longer an Aversion to an equal, *Cicero*, without elaborating a Period of a Mile, condemned his Pursuit of Fame as no more than the Chasing an empty Bubble; and he added, that he never thought himself properly employed but when expatiating against the Minute Philosophers. *Virgil* still persisted that his whole *Æneid* should be burned; *Seneca* wondered how he could ever entertain so much Vanity on the Score of his Writings. In short, among all the celebrated Personages of Antiquity,

tiquity, every one accused himself of Misapplication, and even *Titus* complained that he had lost many Days.

THERE were those who acknowledged that they never knew Uneasiness in Life, but what was occasioned by the Success of others, and that they were always compleatly happy, or compleatly miserable by Comparifon. *Poets* laugh'd at all their Pains to tag a Rhyme, and their Sollicitude for Works, which now appeared to them in a proper Light; and *Critics* acknowledged, that they took too much unnecessary Trouble to destroy Productions of so perishable a Nature. The Miser rail'd at *insolvent Gold*, as it is finely called by the witty Doctor *Young*, and his Heart expanded with Generosity and social Affection.

THE softer Sex presented themselves among the Rest on this Occasion; but the Simper of Self-Admiration no longer displayed itself. They were not anxious about the Gloss of their Skin, the Arrangement of a Curl, or the Disposition of a Patch. The snowy Breast ceased to heave with studied Carelessness, and the Shape was not tortur'd a thousand Ways, in Order to look attractive in the Eyes of Man. The Labours of the Toilet were now despised, and each Fair wondered how Dress could make so great a Part of the Business of Life, and how the Sex could ever take so much Pride in perishable Clay, however neatly moulded, and however tinctured with a pleasing Hue. They were now perswaded that true Beauty dwells in the Mind; Drums and Routs and Cards were held in Contempt, and as Mr. *Pope* has it, they viewed with Scorn two Pages and a Chair. They were all ashamed of the Falseness of their Friendships, their Teees and Titters at a ruined Character, their several Turns of Coquetry, Dissimulation, and all the Variety of female Artifice. In short, Mankind in general owned themselves distracted with Cares beneath a rational Creature; and Envy, Pride, Selfishness, Perfidy and Ambition swell'd the vast Account.

FROM these Disturbers of our Happiness I was rejoiced to see my Fellow Creatures relieved; and to perceive Love, Joy, and Benevolence effacing gradually all Traces of former Guilt, gave me such strong Emotions, that I instantly awaken'd from my Dream, which I have thus committed to Paper. Loose as it is, the Reader may derive this Moral from it, that there

is nothing in human Life worth the Anxiety it creates, and that it should be our Business at present to fix those Propensities and Habits in our Souls, which we shall not have Occasion hereafter to wish totally effaced, and which it is probable we shall be carrying to an higher Degree of Purity in those Mansions, which are prepared for our future Existence.

X.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

As you are a Critic on theatrical Entertainments, be pleas'd in your *Journal* to take Notice of a Doubt among some Lawyers.

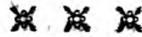
Whether Mr. *Blakes* in the new Piece of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, coming on the Stage with an Hare and a brace of Partridges, and Mr *Cooke* in one of the Dances at the other House appearing with a Gun and a Hare, are not, both liable to be prosecuted as unqualified Persons by the Game Laws; and whether they are not in Danger from the Association to preserve the Game?

I am,

S I R,

Your most-obedient Servant.

Serjeant's-Inn, Jan. 24.



From my Register-Office, Jan. 26, 1754.

In a Point of such Importance I do not care to give my Opinion, and so I leave it to the Parties concerned to consider of it with due Deliberation: This Proceeding may certainly be attended with very fatal Consequences; for without doubt, Mr. *Blakes* makes a very excellent Figure in the Entertainment mentioned, and therefore this may look like encouraging Vice on the Stage, by rendering it agreeable, and assigning some pleasing Qualities to the Person, who is hardy enough thus to transgress the Laws of his Country. I am not sufficiently versed in the Rules of *Pantomime* to determine whether it was calculated for the Encouragement of Vice or Virtue; but a Friend has promised me some of the best Tracts upon this Subject, and then I shall offer an Essay upon it which will afford some Light into this Species of the *Drama*.

Bedford Coffee-House, Jan. 23.

A new Author has appeared at this Place very lately, in a *Dun Night-Gown of his own loose Skin*, as the Poet expresses it, and tho' he thinks he is not smoked, yet his Productions are known by every one that ever converses with him for ten Minutes; as there is such a strong Congruity

gruity between his Writings and his Conversation, both being brisk, pert, frothy and insignificant, abounding in unmeaning Puns, and interlarded with ill-adapted *French* Expressions. Unless he mends his Stile and his Manners very shortly, he shall have the Honour of a Place in this Paper;

Flebit & insignis tota cantabitur Urbe. HOR.

Since our last arrived a Mail from *Parnassus*, which among other Things brought an Advertisement from *Bocalani*, importing, that, at a Quarter Session of the Poets, it was proposed not to grant a Licence to either of the Play-houses, and to permit no Place but *Sadler's-Wells*, as the properest Receptacle for Ostriches and wild Beasts. But *Shakespeare* over-ruled the Motion, and then it was agreed, that all hackneyed Tragic Exclamations be called in forthwith; That the Use of the heathen Mythology be prohibited to every modern Poet, for at least one Century; That the marvellous shall not be introduced, untill a Genius like *Shakespeare's* shall arise to entertain an Audience with adequate Sentiments and Diction, and it was then recommended to the Consideration of all Writers that Truth or a Resemblance to it, are the first Qualities in an Author.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 22.

Yesterday Evening was presented, for the second Time, a new *Italian Burletta*, in which the young Actresses, who entertained the Town in the first Piece shewed herself compleatly Mistress of the greatest Variety of Action, and acquitted herself in every Scene to the general Satisfaction, without betraying that Sameness in her Performances, which is too remarkable on the *English Stage*.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 25.

It is said here that *Mrs. Gregory* is preparing to appear in the Character of *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*, and, it is not doubted, as a great Deal of her Reputation will depend upon her Success in that Part, but that she will consider, with the utmost Attention, every minute Passage, and see how it serves as a Mark of Character, the Preservation of which is her great Excellence in *Hermione*.

Drury-Lane 23d. Jan. 1754.

A new Tragedy, entitled *Virginia*, is now in Rehearsal at this House, and will be performed some Time in *February*. As the Story has many affecting Circumstances, there is Room for the Poet to address himself to the Heart of his Auditors; a Point which has been too much neglected by many modern Writers of Tragedy.

There is lately arrived in this Town an Animal with a Man's Head, and a Horse's Neck; likewise a Woman of a beautiful Frame down to her Waist, from whence she commences another Creature, and then ends in a Fish; both very proper to be exhibited in the next Pantomime Entertainment.

N. B. To recommend them the more forcibly, they are both directly against *Horace's* Prescription.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 19. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 2, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Feb. 2, 1754.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat

Res angusta domi ———

Juv.

Maxima debetur puero Reverentia.

Juv.



It was the Answer of a certain eminent Jew, when asked by what Means he accumulated the very large Fortune, which he is supposed to be possessed of, that he had more Difficulty in acquiring the first Three Thousand Pounds, than all the Rest of his immoderate Wealth. This Apothegm may be said to comprize the whole Arcanum of rising in the World, but as not one of the Adepts in the Science has thought proper to discover the secret Art of putting this Rule in Practice, it is to be apprehended; the indigent

gent will find as many Difficulties as ever to retard their Progress, and hinder them from emerging out of their Embarrassments. The Author of my Motto has observed, many Ages since, that the most exalted Virtues and the rarest Accomplishments do not find it easy to extricate themselves out of Difficulties; and the Course of human Contingencies has proved the Maxim true to this Day.

THERE is perhaps hardly any Man, but can point out in the Circle of his Acquaintance certain Personages of very extensive Capacities, strong and quick Parts, and a delicate Sense of Honour, who are not however able to raise themselves to any conspicuous Point of Eminence, merely because their Talents have not been called forth by Opportunity, or animated by Success. Genius wherever it subsists, must be warmed and cherished, otherwise it is apt to languish and decay; the fine Sensations, which are attendant on an enlightened Understanding, occasion a certain Delicacy in the Possessor's Way of thinking, which renders him liable to a Dejection of Spirits upon many Occasions in Life. Refined Parts should be tenderly preserved, or they are liable to be chilled by the Blasts of Adversity; like those Fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern Clime, were they not carefully assisted in their Vegetation by the adventitious Use of hot Beds. The Stage is perhaps the only Source of real Encouragement to a Man of Genius; and indeed it may be truly said that the Players contribute more to the Promotion of Letters than all our Nobility put together. *Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrion*, says *Juvenal* with his usual Acrimony, and if the excellent Imitator of his second Satyr should think proper to favour the Public with any more Performances of the same Nature, he will not have Reason from the Generosity of the present Age to abate any Thing from the Severity of the Remark; on the contrary he may point it with all the witty Malice of a Friend to the Cause of Letters.

THE Circumstance, which in my Opinion reflects the greatest Lustre upon the Character of Lord *Sommers*, is the Encouragement he afforded to such a Genius as Mr. *Addison*, who might have remained in a less conspicuous Point of View without the Assistance of such a Patron. His Vein of Humour

mour, which is now the genteelest in the World, might have taken a Tincture from low Life; his delicate Raillery might have subsided into coarse and vulgar Railing; His Taste, which was finished by Travel and every other Advantage, might have grown quite callous and indelicate: for his Sentiments of Morality might have been substituted a Strain of Ribaldry, to awaken the Blush of Confusion in that female Face, which, as Matters happened, he took so much Pains to set off in the Smiles of native Innocence and unaffected Beauty; and that Pen, which entertained the Town in the most elegant Productions of human Wit, might have subsided into Politics, personal Invective, and Party-rage. He would, perhaps, like his Friend *Steel*, have composed a *Crisis*, and fallen a Sacrifice to the irresistible Genius of *Swift*; or, as we do not perceive that his Friendship to *Pope* was extremely sincere, he might have merited a Place in the *Dunciad*, among the many Scriblers, who are likely to figure in that Poem to all Posterity. But the kindly Protection of the Lord *Sommers* hindered him from sinking into Obscurity, and from being compelled by Necessity to sully that fair Fame, which is now the Reward of his excellent Performances. The Assistance of so eminent a Person was a Kind of Demand upon him, for all that elaborate Elegance, which now distinguishes itself in his Writings.

*He from the Taste obscene refines our Youth,
And sets the Passions on the Side of Truth.*

POPE.

It has been the Fate of many, endowed perhaps with Parts not very inferior to *Addison*, to droop in Indigence, their Poetic Fires totally extinguished, and I make no Manner of Doubt, but in the present Age, there are those who might become shining Ornaments of the Republic of Letters, were there any Incitement to spur the Muses Steed: But a Treatise on *Cribidge*, or a Calculation of the Chances at Whist, is sure of being better received at present, than such a Performance as the *Analysis of Beauty*, or any other Work of distinguished Genius. While a *Smart* subsists among us, I cannot help thinking it an indelible Reproach to the Age, that he has not any where found a *Mecenas*, and that he is suffered to draw his Pen in the Praises of his Maker, without receiving any other Reward, than a small Premium at *Cambridge*, and that Portion of Fame, which, in Spight of Malice and Envy, he will be always sure to enjoy.

WIT,

WIT, according to the present Fashion among the opulent, is rather an Object of Ridicule than an Accomplishment deserving Encouragement and Esteem. I have some where seen it remarked, that every rich Man has a peculiar Manner of Joking; perhaps their Affluence throws an imaginary Glare of Light around every Thing they say or do. With these pecuniary Men of Humour, it is observable that the Narrowness of Fortune, in which most of the literary Tribe are situated, is a standing Topic of Pleasantry, and the severest and most diverting Thing they can say of a Man is, that "*he is a Poet.*" The witty Doctor *Young* has ridiculed this Custom with his usual Delicacy.

*These, when their utmost Venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a Wit."
Poor Negroes thus to shew their burning Spite,
To Cacodæmon's say, they're Dev'lish White.*

THERE is hardly any Thing more affecting to a Man of real Merit, than to find himself scorn'd by the Insolence of Purse-pride. But People of Affluence should consider when they attempt to depreciate Men of superior Parts, that they betray an unmanly Triumph over those, who have still their Fortune to make. The World in general is apt to form an Idea of a Man, at the Time he is least able to make a proper Judgment for himself; and from thence it results that we find some utterly ruined by slight Errors, trivial Indiscretions, and petty Inadvertencies, while others owe their Elevation to Vices, to headstrong Passions, and a Series of selfish Views, which are, for the greater Part, more successful, than Modesty, a sober Understanding, and a Spirit above abject Flattery and mean Submission.

THEY, who sit smiling at the Goal of Fortune, while others are running the hardy Course, should reflect, that it is possible for a young Man by Perseverance and unremitting Application, to reach the very Point, in which they take so much Pride; and then it is evident on which Side the Superiority will be found. A well turned Spirit, with the Advantages of a genteel Education and a competent Knowledge of the World, must certainly receive additional Lustre from an Accession of Wealth, and the Accomplishments of such a one will in their Turn adorn and embellish Affluence. On this

this Account *Juvenal's* Maxim is without Dispute, highly just; a great Respect, says he, is due to Youth. The Practice of this Observation I would recommend to all Parents, Uncles, Guardians, and all Ranks of People, who have any Concern in the Education of the rising Generation; as it is to be apprehended that they frequently, by too much Precipitance in their Conduct, drive them to Extremes, which a little Indulgence might prevent, and by which they might become valuable Members of Society.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Feb. 2, 1754.

IN my Rambles through this Metropolis, I am always attentive to every Object that offers itself to View; I frequently meet a Poet scanning a Verse in a Crowd; an Under-actor repeating *Richard* or *King Lear*; a *Templer* meditating on the Laws of the Stage; a Merchant heedless of what Mails are come in, and chiefly solicitous to know what literary Performance is coming out; and, in short, I have daily Opportunities of observing the preposterous Absurdities of human Life. Besides remarking these common Occurrences, I am likewise particularly fond of going in to see the various Curiosities, which are constantly tempting the Inhabitants of the Cities of London and Westminster; I have seen the *Fire-Eater*, the *Porcupine*, the *Hyena*, the *Tallest Woman in the World*, and every Sight that can be mentioned. A few Days since my Admiration was greatly excited by a Representation, which is perfectly new in its Way. I was drawn to it by a Peculiarity of Style in the Bill, which they have distributed about Town. I shall give it to my Readers at present, and I will only add that it is highly worth the Perusal of our modern Playhouse Critics, as it may serve as a Form of Panegyric for them, whenever they think proper to celebrate a new Performer on the Stage; and particularly I would recommend it to the notable Writer of a Letter to *Miss Nossiter*, as I apprehend it to be very much in his Manner.

Just arrived from ITALY,

The ARTIFICIAL AVIARY.

To be seen at *two Shillings* and *Sixpence* each Person; any Hour of the Day (*Sundays* excepted) at the *Black Peruke* opposite the *Mews* at *Charing-Cross*.

Being the Representation of two Singing Birds, viz a Canary-Bird and a Bull Finch-

Perch'd in a Magnificent Cage;

They perform either separately or together; pour forth a great Variety of Tones, in so melodious and delightful a Manner, as to surprize and captivate the Hearers, beyond what is possible to imagine;

nor

nor do they less delight the Eye, than the Ear, by their beautiful and natural Figures; and keeping just Time to their Music, by the due Heavings of their Breasts, the Workings of their Bills, and every Attitude that mimicks Life, as if they were equally ravished themselves with the Pleasure they give the Company.

N. B. They have been seen by his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, by the Princess Dowager of *Wales*, and by the young Prince and Princesses; who were charmed with the Beauty, Harmony, and Contrivance of these admirable Pieces of Art.

Bedford Coffee-House, Feb. 1.

The new Genius mentioned in our last has not appeared here since; a rare Instance of Modesty in a Scribler! Since that an ingenious Gentleman has introduced a new Invention, called a poetical *Quadrant*, by which a Critic may take an Observation of the Altitude of modern Wit. The same Person has also a *Microscope*, to discover the Merit of the said Wits; and it is confidently reported that the *Irish Society* have order'd four hundred of each Sort, for the Use of the Country Farmers, who are grown of late extremely fond of Poetical Compositions.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 26.

This Day a new Tragedy, entitled *Constantine the Great*, was read here to the Actors for the first Time. This Piece is written by the reverend Mr. *Francis*, from whose valuable Translation of *Horace* it may be inferr'd that he is such a Judge of all the Graces of Language and every beautiful Turn in Writing, that it is not to be doubted, but he will give the Public a Production abounding in Elegancies, as well as Passages to seize the Passions of an Audience, agreeably to the Precept of his Master,

*Nec satis est pulchra esse Poemata; dulcia sunt,
Et quocunque valent animum auditoris agunt.*

Drury-Lane Feb. 1, 1754.

King *John* has been acted here with great Applause, and the Bastard artfully represented by Mr. *Garrick*. The mixed Qualities in that Character, *viz.* His pointed Humour, and his dauntless Spirit make a pleasing Contrast in the Performance. The Speech upon Commodity, which is perhaps the most difficult in any Play, is by this Actor convey'd with such Humour and such a Vivacity of Intelligence, that a skilful Hearer must think it an Addition to his great theatric Merit.

The Comedy of the *Recruiting Officer* is to be revived at this House next week, in which Mr. *Foot* will play Captain *Brazen*, and Miss *Macklin* the Part of *Sylvia*, by which Means those who are inclined to see that promising young Actress at her Benefit, will be amply repaid, for their Generosity, by the Pleasure they are likely to receive.

A Letter signed X. TEMPLE came to Hand relating to Mrs *Gregory*, the new Actress; but as she has by the Force of her Genius, recommended herself to the public Notice, Mr. *Ranger* thinks it unnecessary to take any further Notice of that Affair, and hopes the Writer of the Letter will excuse his not inserting it.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 20. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 9, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Feb. 9, 1754.

*Non obtura aded gestamus Pectora Pæni,
Nec tam aversus Equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab Urbe.*

VIRO.



IN a former Paper I took Notice of a false Judgment upon *Shakespear*, which the celebrated *Voltaire* has thought proper to send into the World. As the same Writer has, in another Passage, taken unbecoming Liberties with the *English* Nation, I shall make his Animadversion the Subject of this Day's Lucubration, and I make no Doubt but it will appear to any of his candid Countrymen, that he has been led by Prejudice upon this Occasion.

PREFIXED to *Voltaire's Merope*, we find a Letter to *Maffei* (the Author of an *Italian* Tragedy on the same Subject) in which that Writer, after mentioning a faulty Piece which was performed on the *English* Stage, delivers himself in the following Words.

Words. " Elle fut fans doute mal Reçue; mais n'est il pas
 " bien etrange qu'on l'ait representée? n'est ce pas une pre-
 " uve que le Theatre *Anglais* n'est pas encore epuré? Il semble
 " que la même cause qui prive les *Anglais* du Genie de la
 " Peinture & de la Musique, leur ôte aussi celui de la Tragedie.
 " Cette Isle, qui a produit les plus grand Philosophes de la
 " Terre, n'est pas aussi fertile pour les beaux Arts, et si les
 " *Anglais* ne s'appliquent Scrieusement a suivre les preceptes
 " de leurs excellens citoyens, *Addison & Pope*, ils n'appro-
 " cheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Li-
 " terature." " *The English Merope, (says Voltaire,) acted in*
 " *the Year 1731, was not well received; but is it not surprising*
 " *that it was exhibited at all? May we not infer from thence, that*
 " *the English Stage has not as yet attained a due Degree of Refine-*
 " *ment, it looks as if the same Cause, which has deprived the English*
 " *of a Genius for Painting and Music, has also withheld from them*
 " *the Spirit of Dramatic Poetry. That Island which has produced the*
 " *greatest Philosophers in the World, is not so happy with Regard*
 " *to the polite Arts, and unless they seriously attach themselves to*
 " *the Precepts of their excellent Countrymen, Addison and Pope,*
 " *they will be thrown at a Distance by other Nations in Point of*
 " *Literature and Productions of Taste."*

WHAT the Cause is, which has deprived the *English* of a
 Genius for Painting and Music, I am at a Loss to determine.
 Certain it is, those Arts flourished for a long Time in *Italy*,
 before they came over the *Alps* to our northern Regions and
 it is certain that a Taste for them has prevailed many Years
 since in this Kingdom. They have been cultivated here with
 the greatest Delicacy by several eminent Masters, though we
 cannot boast as many exalted Genius's as have adorned the
 softer Clime of *Italy*. The Transfiguration by *Raphael*, the
 Nativity by *Corregio*, and the last Judgment by *Michael Angelo*
 will perhaps never be matched any where else; but it is un-
 fair to deduce a Conclusion from thence, that we have no
 Genius for this excellent imitative Art in *England*. Portrait
 Painting has been in as great a Degree of Perfection in this
 Country as in any other Part of the World. Sir *Godfrey*
Kneller will always appear deserving of the Praise conferred
 upon him by our best Poets, and Sir *Peter's Lely's* Beauties will
 continue to vie with our most celebrated Toasts.

Lely on animated Canvass sto'e
The sleepy Eye, which spoke the melting Soul.

WHO-

WHOEVER, has observed with Attention the Performances of *Hayman*, must be convinced that *Voltaire's* Charge of a want of Taste is perfectly groundless. Every Thing is put out of Hand by this excellent Artift with the utmost Grace and Delicacy, and his History-Pieces have, besides their beautiful Colouring, the most lively Expression of Character. *Hutson's* Room (though he exacts no Price for seeing it) teems with mimic Life; and *Hogarth*, like a true Genius, has formed a new School of Painting for himself. He may be truly stiled the *Cervantes* of his Art, as he has exhibited with such a masterly Hand the ridiculous Follies of human Nature. In many of his Pieces there is such a grave and couched Kind of Humour, that it requires a discerning Eye to perceive the several latent Beauties; and he may be said to be the first, who has wrote Comedy with his Pencil. His *Harlot's Progress*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my Opinion, as well drawn as any Thing in *Moliere*, and the Unity of Character, which is the Perfection of Dramatic Poetry, is so skilfully preserved, that we are surprized to see the same Personage thinking agreeably to his complexional Habits in the many different Situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The Fribble, the Bully, the Politician, the Lawyer, the Miser, and in short all the Foibles of the human Mind are, by this Gentleman, so admirably depicted upon Canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a Loss to shew where he has been excelled.

We may also boast an equal Excellence in Music; for though *Mr. Handell* is not an *Englischman*, it is however a convincing Proof of our national Taste, that we have made it worth his while to fix his Residence among us, and that we have shewn a due Sensibility to manly Melody, where the Sound is expressive of the Sense, and where no unnatural Divisions, nor idle insignificant Quirks mislead the Ear in a thrilling Maze of wild and random Notes. Such a Genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always sufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire's* national Opprobrium, and the Admirers of *Arne* have constantly celebrated him for his peculiar Talent, at finding the most emphatic Expression in a Composition, and discovering where the Passions are placed in every Piece of Poetry. To these Passages he never fails to give their full Energy, and like a ravishing Commentator brings new Beauties into Light with such a sweetness of Harmony, that every Breast yields irresistibly to the melting Impression. The principal Beauty
of

of all musical Compositions, as I take it, consists in the Sounds being an Echo of the Sense, and having an Influence on the Passions of the Auditors, and I am proud to have an Opportunity of saying that we are likely to have an *English* Opera set to Music by the last mentioned Gentleman, which, I persuade myself, will do Honour to him and his Country.

With Regard to Dramatic Poetry, our Advantage over every Nation in the known World is, I think, very apparent. The best Critics have laid it down as a Rule that a Performance is to be judged by its Number of striking Beauties, and not by some Inaccuracies, and the Instances of occasional Conformity to the vicious Taste of the Times. If *Shakespeare* is viewed in this light he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced Reader infinitely superior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the polished Writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a Passage in *Voltaire's* Writings, where he is at infinite Pains to bring together a String of Quotations from the best *French* Tragedies, to evince their great Talents at Strokes of the sublime; in all he makes up about twenty or thirty at most; and the Beauties of *Shakespeare* have of late been published in several Volumes. Besides, *Otway* has found Access to the Heart better than any *French* Writer whatever, and the domestic Passions are touched by him with the greatest Elegance and Simplicity. It is very common on the *French* Stage to hear a Personage of the Drama, exclaiming perpetually *Helas* and *mon Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the Audience that he feels such and such Sensations; but our great Masters of the Passions make their Hearers feel by Sympathy the Agitations of their Hero's Breast, without running into cold languid Declamation.

The dramatic Poetry of this Country is like our Constitution, built upon the bold Basis of Liberty; and though the latter has brought our King to the Block, and the former admits Blood to be shed on the Stage; these are Corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the Poet says, "Effects unhappy from a noble Cause." Upon the whole we may apply, what *Horace* has said to the *English* Nation,

—*Spirat Tragicum satis, et feliciter audet*
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque lituram.

Our Poets are sufficiently possessed of the Spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute Rules of correct Taste,
and

and the Trouble of blotting. It may be added that they have more real Fire, sublimer Sentiments, and Characters better marked than any Nation whatever, and in Painting and Music, we can boast so many Masters in both as might have prevented the *French* Author from charging us with a want of Genius.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

SIR,

There is an abuse at both Play Houses, which, in my Opinion, demands your severest animadversion, and it would be worthy of your Pen to regulate the Management in this Point. The Thing I mean results from the Custom of sending Servants to keep Places in the Boxes, a Custom (to speak theatrically) more honoured in the Breach than the Observance. In *Paris* they never suffer any Servant to keep Places at any Rate; but if that cannot be accomplished here, I think it should be so ordered, that when most of the Company is seated, a Footman shall not be suffered to sit next a fine Lady, or a Gentleman well dressed. I was greatly incommoded in this respect the other Night at the *Inconstant*, and when Mrs. *Clive* and Mr. *Woodward* were exciting all the Gaiety of my Soul, a young Footman counterworked the effect of their Humours, and quite sowerd my Temper by some offensive Qualities, which I shall not mention. I wish you would think of some Method to prevent this Inconvenience for the future, and you will oblige,

Suffolk Street, 6th Feb.

Your most humble, Servant,

WILLIAM DECENT.

Unless the Box-Keepers should think proper to call out these People, Be it enacted, That the Pit may rise and give Laws upon the Occasion without incurring the Censure of a Riot, and for so doing, this shall be their sufficient Warrant.

CHARLES RANGER.

Bedford Coffee-house, 6th Feb.

The board of Critics met here yesterday Evening, when a choice Spirit offered to their Consideration a Scheme, which he said, he intends to carry into immediate Execution. It seems this Gentleman is of Opinion that we are not furnished with a sufficient Number of periodical Papers, and to make up for the Deficiency, he has not only laid the Plan of a Paper for every Day, but for every Hour of the Day; the first Number

to be published at Six in the Morning, giving an ample Account of what Bloods are then reeling Home from the Tavern, what Ladies are at Cards without having been in Bed all Night, &c. and in this manner he is to pursue his Design through every Hour of the Day. He intends to call it the *Repeater* or *Literary Watch*, and he makes no doubt but this Metropolis will receive great Entertainment and Instruction from so *well-timed* a Production, as he calls it, when he is inclined to give vent to a Pun.

From the Public Advertiser, Feb. 6.

We hear there is a new *English Operetta* of two Acts, called the *London Prentice*, written by a Gentleman, and now setting to Music by Mr. *Deſſich*, which will be performed at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, for Mrs *Clive's* Benefit. And as the famous *Nicolini* had the Honour to be taken Notice of by the Spectators for his courageous and graceful Deportment in fighting with and killing one *Lyon* in the Opera of *Hydaspes*, Mr. *Beard*, who is to act the Part of the *London Prentice*, will be obliged to engage two much larger and fiercer than that killed by the Italian, and it is not doubted will come off with Honour.

Mr. RANGER is apt to believe that Mr. *Beard* and Mrs *Clive* will not only come off with Honour but with Humour, and he therefore advises all the true Lovers of Mirth to be present.

Covent-Garden, Feb. 9.

On Tuesday next the *Relapse* is to be presented here for the Benefit of Mr. *Gibber*, who is to perform the Part of Lord *Foppington*. It is unnecessary to recommend this Actor to the Patronage of the Town, It being to be suppos'd that most People will be ready to favour a Descendant of one to whom the Theatre is so highly indebted, the more especially as the present Performer has formerly contributed greatly to their Entertainment, and is still capable of displaying Talents in Comedy which would be an Addition to the Company of either Theatre.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noster-Row*.



THE
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 21. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 16, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Feb. 16, 1754.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. OVID.



THE Chambers over my Apartment in Gray's-Inn having been unoccupied for a considerable Time past, I was enabled to pursue my Lucubrations with the greater Ease and Tranquillity, being free from those sudden Alarms of Noise, which are otherwise inevitable in any of the Inns of Court. But my Repose has met with an Interruption of so pleasant a Kind, that I have determined to acquaint my Readers with all the Particulars of the Incident.

ABOUT ten Days since a Gentleman entered upon the Premises, and ever since I have been frequently disturbed at my Studies by such quick and unexpected Shocks, that it was absolutely impossible for me to pursue the same Train of Thought with any Degree of Attention. If engaged in reading Mr. *Hawkins Brown's* excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined in their full Force all the Arguments in Support of that important Article of our

Belief; or if pausing upon the Reflections of some Moralift, or the Precepts of a Critic, suddenly I heard a violent Bounce over my Head; the Ceiling shook as if ready to come down, and a Convulsion shook the whole House. Deep Contemplation sometimes unbraces the Nerves to such a Degree, that an unexpected Noise startles the whole Frame of the Body, and throws the Spirits out of that placid State, which is requisite in order to think with Calmness and Perspicuity. This Discomposure I experienced upon so many Occasions, and sometimes in such quick Succession, that I judged it proper to step up Stairs to the Gentleman, to inform him of the Inconveniencies, which I lay under, and to beg of him to regulate Matters with less Turbulence.

I KNOCKED two or three Times at his Door, but receiving no Answer, and hearing him run about with great Violence of Exertion, I made bold to walk in unbid. You go into the Dining-Room through a Glass folding Door, which was at this Time shut, but the Curtains undrawn. Through the Window I saw the Gentleman pulling his Cloaths with the utmost Vehemence, and in an Instant he appeared in the Habit and Air of an old Woman delivering Doctor *Rock's* Bills upon *Ludgate-Hill*. Surprized at this Change, I stopt short to observe the Actions of this extraordinary Personage, and very shortly I was entertained with another Vicissitude of Appearance; for quick as Lightening he shifted Cloaths, and walked about the Room with a Basket, and with an audible Voice pronounced, "Muffins for Coffee and Tea, Gentlemen and Ladies." This appeared extremely whimsical; He then varied his Dress, and with a Silver Pipe cried out *London-Evening-Post*: After which he threw away his Bundle of Papers, fell down upon his Knees, laid his Hand on his Heart, looked up with a great Expression of Joy, and then rising, indulged himself in all the whimsical Vagaries of a Man frantic with Sensations too exquisite to endure. In this Way he continued for some Time, and at length threw himself into an Attitude of Surprise; after which he run wild about the Room, like one almost distracted with Despair, looking up in vain to Heaven for Relief, when to my great Amazement, he unexpectedly muster'd up his Spirits, and with great Alacrity leaped through a small Aperture into the Coal-Hole. After absconding there for a short Space of Time, he came forth with a Sack of Coals upon his Shoulders, which he emptied in the Middle of the Room, calling with some Earnestness, "*Below*." He had no sooner done this, but he directed his Eyes sparkling with Joy to some imaginary Object with which his Fancy seemed to be highly pleas'd; He then
came

came forward, and knocked at the Door, where I had taken my Station, which I then took an Opportunity to open, and as I was advancing towards him, he seized me by the Shoulder, and twirling me round with all his Strength sent me reeling into a Corner of his Room. Upon this he walked into the outward Apartment, flapping the Door after him, and immediately opened a small Casement Window, which was over the Door of his Bed Chamber. From thence he stretched out his Neck, and looking me full in the Face, burst out into a loud fit of Laughter; then producing a Squirt, he began to let fly at me in such a Manner, that I was soon pretty well watered from Head to Foot. The Exclamations, which I vented upon this Occasion, rung such a Peal in the Gentleman's Ears, that he was brought to a Recollection of himself. He came down very leisurely from his Post, and with a modest Air and genteel Address he politely asked my Pardon, and told me that he was so intent upon his Business, that he really did not perceive that he was offering Indignities to a Stranger.—

IMAGINING that I was in the Hands of a Madman, I was willing to acquiesce with his Apology, but to satisfy my Curiosity, I took the Liberty to enquire of him, the Nature of his Business and what might be his Vocation. “ Sir, said the Gentleman, won't you please to be seated—with regard to my Business, Sir, I am a Pantomime Poet—a Pantomime Poet!”—“ Pray, Sir, what is a Pantomime Poet?”—To this Question my Friend answered with a Smile, “ a Writer of Pantomime, Sir—it is a Plan which I have determined to apply myself to, having Reason to think that it is the only way of succeeding in the present Age. I was bred at *Eton* School, from whence at a proper Time I was removed to the University; at both which Places I laid in a sufficient Store of *Greek* and *Latin*, and always feeling a particular Turn for the Drama I applied my Genius principally to Tragedy and Comedy. In each Species of Writing I have given the finishing hand to some Pieces which have received the Approbation of a few Gentlemen of known Taste and perfectly versed in critical Matters. Encouraged by their Opinion I came to Town, and after a long tedious Application I find it impossible to get any of my Performances exhibited. The Managers are engaged for several Seasons, if I can wait till this Time five Years I may have a chance of coming on, but till then it's impossible; and then I am told that they always loose by new Pieces. On this Account I have taken a Resolution to cultivate a Species of the Drama, which cannot fail of being profitable to all Parties,

"Parties, and, being agreeable to the public Taste, will be brought on without Difficulty as soon as offered."—

HERE I broke in upon the Thread of his Discourse, by asking if he was determin'd to become Harlequin himself? To this he answered me in the Negative; but as it is a Rule in Writing to place yourself in the Situation of the Character, for which you are to find suitable Dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to this Precept, and therefore, in order the better to concert the sudden Escapes and Changes of Dress, which have so pleasing an effect in this kind of Poetry, he was practising over every striking Attitude, and every unexpected Situation of the Harlequin, that he might be the better able to form an Opinion of the Plot and the several Incidents of the marvellous, which he had found it necessary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purposed calling his first Piece HARLEQUIN TRIUMPHANT, OR POETRY IN THE SUDS. In this Performance the whole Race of Authors are to be exposed to the Derision of the Public, and Harlequin is to crack a very great number of facetious Jokes upon their Shoulders with his wooden Sword. A Poet is to be placed at Table and a Beef-stake laid before him, to his inexpressible Joy, when in an Instant, by some curious stroke of Art, the solid Substance is to be changed into a modern Tragedy, and *Calvert's Entire Butt* wasted away from his longing Eyes. The Bard after this is to be ducked in a Well, and then tossed in a Blanket, while Mother *Dullness* enjoys the sprightly Vein of Mirth, happy to see her Orders so faithfully executed. In short, the unhappy Poets are to undergo every Indignity, that human Wit can invent; and in Contrast to this, Harlequin is to riot in Luxury; the Spring is to pour fourth her freshest Verdure to charm his Eye, Summer to ripen the various Fruits upon the loaded Boughs, in order to regale his Palate; Autumn must administer the circling Glass, and Winter expand the frozen Surface of the Waters for him to Skate with all his Dignity, in Sight of the astonished Audience.

THOUGH this Plan appeared highly Romantic to me at first Sight, I could not help telling the Gentleman that I made no doubt but he would find his Account in it. I told him, that the surest way to rise in the World was to gratify the Follies of the People, and therefore commended this Scheme, which I am convinced cannot fail of Success. I just then hinted that if he could contrive to be less violent in his Studies, I should take it as a Favour, and after assuring him of my sincere Wishes for all the Encouragement his Project deserves, I took leave, and am

am at present tolerably quiet in my Study, not having above two or three Alarms in a Day, which must be now and then expected from so vigorous and warm an Imagination.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, Feb. 16.

THE Reading of Novels is the prevailing Taste of the present Age; in Compliance with this Fashion, I lately took in hand two small Volumes, which have for their Title, *The Friends, a sentimental History*; and as I have received very great Entertainment from the Perusal, I take this Opportunity to recommend them to all, who have any Relish for a Performance, in which the Narrative is carried on with Spirit, and the Incidents unfold themselves with just Degrees of Surprize, without making any Approaches to the Regions of marvellous Improbability. The Author seems to have taken Advantage of that Curiosity, which is inherent in our Natures, to lead us, through a Train of pleasing and unexpected Events, to a Knowledge of the Passions, a Taste for Virtue, and the refined Enjoyments of an enlightened Understanding. I therefore think, that our Romance-readers, by going through this Production, will redeem Part of that Time, which is unprofitably spent in an unavailing Application to mere Fiction, and the flowery Tales of Love and Beauty, whether suffering unmerited Distress, or arriving through a Series of Woes to the Height of human Felicity.

By Advices from several Routs in this Metropolis, we are informed that the Beau-monde has undergone a total Revolution within these few Years, and that Love is utterly banished from every Bosom. The Men no longer mind how a Lady looks, but how she plays; instead of observing the Delicacy of the Shape, the Turn of the Face, and the Symmetry of the Features, they only take notice how many Honours she holds, whether she makes a good Finesse, and can save a Game at a Pinch by winning the odd Trick. The Ladies in their Turn overlook the Appearance of manly Strength, the Beauties of a well informed Mind, and the good Qualities of an even Temper; but the Chat now takes another Turn, "Lord I know that Gentleman — I saw him at Mrs *Quadrille's* Rout — bets twenty Guineas on a Rubber --- and there's Captain *Phtyfsck* with him --- he lost five hundred Pounds at the Masquerade." Thus *Cupid* is grown mere Lumber, and Cards and the Marriage-act, it is to be apprehended, will thin the rising Generation, or produce a sickly, haggard, infirm Race, to constitute, what is called, People of Fashion. The Advice of an excellent Satyrist I think not amiss on this Occasion.

*If Sin you must, take Nature for your Guide;
Love has some soft Exeuse to sooth your Pride;
Ye fair Apostates from Love's antient Pow'r?
Can nothing ravish but a Golden Show'r?
Can Cards alone your glowing Fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt e're he can please?*

On

Drury-Lane, Feb. 15.

On Wednesday Evening was presented here the *Recruiting Officer*, Mr. *Palmer* acquitted himself in Captain *Plume* with the Air and Carriage of a Gentleman; it is unnecessary to say that *Brazen* was performed with a Characteristic *non-Challenge* of Temper; but it would be Injustice to great Merit not to add, that Miss *Macklin* is admirable in the Character of *Sylvia*. *Indigitur formosa est, Exultat ipsa Forma est*, may justly be applied to her on this Occasion; In Woman's Attire she is beautiful, the Petticoat laid, she is the very *Form* of *Beauty*. I do not remember to have seen any Actress wear the Breeches with so good a Grace; entirely adjusted in her Carriage, and elegantly fashioned in her whole Person, she treads the Stage with the janty Air of a pretty Fellow. After this Comedy a Piece of Mr. *Foote*'s called the *Knights* was performed for the third Time. The Character of Sir *Gregory Gazette* is highly Comic, and yet not carried beyond the Bounds of Nature, by the Author; and Mr. *Yates* shewed great Judgment in performing it with the most humorous Pleasantry, without exaggerating the Features. The same may be said of Mr. *Castello*, who played *Tim* with such an unideal Face, and such a Perfection of Folly, that he equals the lavish Description in Mr. *Gibber*'s Life of the celebrated *Nokes*. Mr. *Ranger* cannot conclude this Paragraph without informing the Public, that on Friday next Mr. *Foote* is to take a Benefit as Author of the Farce, and when it is added that it will be his last Time of appearing this Season, it would be calling the Taste of the Town in Question, to urge that is incumbent on the Lovers of true Mirth to dismiss this genuine Son of Humour from their Service with all the Tokens of Approbation which his Genius deserves.

Preparing for the Press,

PROPOSALS for PRINTING by SUBSCRIPTION.

The History of the *Grub-Street Society*, in Imitation of *Sprat*'s History of the Royal Society; in which strict Justice will be done to the Characters of those eminent Personages, who have been worthy Members of that Academy, and due Regard will also be paid to the present Race of Genius's who do Honour to that august Body. All those, whose Modesty will not permit them to read their Names with Pleasure in this Work, are desired to signify the same by a Line to the Author of this Paper, and their Arguments shall be duely consider'd.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noster-Rew.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 22. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 23, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Feb. 23, 1754.

To CHARLES RANGER; Esq;

These are imperial Works and worthy Kings.

POPE.

S I R,



OME Time ago I observed with Pleasure, that you communicated to the Public, a Project that is now in Agitation, for the Improvement of Science, and of useful Arts and Manufactures. I was glad to find, that whilst you are animadverting on the Follies and Impertinencies of Mankind, you at the same Time gave Proof of your Concurrence in a Design, which actuates a nobler and more extensive Sphere.

WHAT Progress hath been made towards the Execution of so laudable a Plan, I am at present unable to determine, but as I would naturally hope it will not be suffered to expire in Obscurity

scurity, I am desirous, by the Assistance of your Paper, to interest my Countrymen in the Prosecution of a Scheme, whose sole Object is the public Emolument and Utility.

THE Perfection of Arts, the Encouragement of Genius and Science, with the Advancement of Commerce and Manufactures are Points which the wisest Nations have always judged worthy, of their Care and their Attention. The Advantage, and even Safety of a State is equally concerned, with her Glory and Honour: And when a Proposal of this Kind is submitted to her Notice, it would imply no less a Want of Ardour for a national and heroic Fame, than a Disregard to her immediate Welfare, should she treat it with Indifference and Neglect. But this, we may flatter ourselves, will not be the Fate of that Undertaking, which is now making its Way to the public Favour. I have the Pleasure to be informed that many Gentlemen of distinguished Fortune, Abilities and Rank, have generously testified a Readiness to support it, in a Manner that shall be most conducive to the general Good. Sensible of the numerous beneficial Effects which will naturally result from it, they have discovered an Inclination to execute and realize it, with that Patriotism and Spirit which does Honour to the Eminence of their Station, and dignifies the Enjoyment of superior Opulence and Wealth. Should it be asked, how will the Community receive Advantage? I would answer much every Way; in every Branch of Science, and in every Article of Trade. Ingenious Artificers will be multiplied, where at present they are few in Number; and such Instances of Commerce will be encouraged and revived, which now appear to be in a State of Decay. For should a Society be formed, in Consequence of the Plan referred to, it is natural to imagine, they will be disposed to inquire, in what Cases their Influence can be most successfully exerted. New Manufactures will probably be introduced amongst us; and those which we already have will be carried to a much higher Degree of Improvement and Perfection.

WE have many Commodities of our own Growth, which are greatly insufficient to answer the necessary Demand; and the Deficiencies we are obliged to supply by buying at foreign Markets. It is probable, that many of these Commodities may be so far increased, that we may be able to furnish ourselves at Home, without having Recourse to Foreigners; by that Means, more Hands will be necessarily employed, and the Money sent abroad will circulate within our own Country. For Instance, the Growth of *Madder* was formerly in such Abundance that there was little or no Necessity to apply for
it

it else where: Whereas now, the Cultivation of it is so much neglected here in *England*, that our Dyers are obliged to purchase of the *Dutch*, what they have Occasion to use, at the annual Expence of several Thousand Pounds. Many other Instances, and of far greater Importance, might easily be specified, and I mentioned this, not preferably to those, but as it casually occurred to my Memory.

THE Cafe will be the same with Respect to the finer and politer Arts, for the Embellishment of human Life. A Taste for Elegance and Delicacy will insensibly prevail, and diffuse itself amongst us in various engaging Relations, Genius and Invention, instead of drooping beneath the Pressures of Exigence or Contempt, the usual Fate of friendless unassisted Merit, will be honoured in the public Applause, and rewarded by the public Bounty.

BRITAIN may in Time become the School of Architecture, Sculpture or Painting; when other *Jones's* shall arise to design her Palaces and Buildings, and new *Wandyles* shall teach the animated Canvass, to glow with all the Beauties which the fairest Forms exhibit to the Eye. We may add to this, that Motives of universal Interest, particularly call upon us, for our effectual Concurrence in a Work of this Nature.

A powerful and politic Enemy is jealous to possess herself of every Opening, that will lead her to the Improvement of the national Fortune. Hence is it that her Trade flourishes, her Marine is hourly increasing; and not contented with becoming our Rivals or Superiours, in many valuable Branches of Commerce, she is making large Advances to contest with us the Pre-eminence and Dominion of the Sea, and Prejudices apart, it must be readily allowed, that the Policy of *France* is, in these Points, neither unreasonable nor imprudent; Her Example may be a Lesson to ourselves; and even Errors and Disappointments may instruct us, where a Series of Prosperity would fail. Experience hath shewn us the very great Importance of the *Herring-Fishery*; Success approves it. Had this Scheme been put in Execution, when it was first proposed by Sir *Walter Raleigh* in the Reign of *James* the First, it is probable that such Advantages would have been derived to us at this Time that might really exceed our warmest and most sanguine Expectations. Or had the Proposal for augmenting our Navy made by Dr. *Dee* to Queen *Elizabeth*, been attempted but a Century before, we had been superior to the *Spaniards*
naval

naval Force at the Discovery of *America*, and might possibly have been now in Possession of the exhaustless Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*. But this, it may be said, is talking of an ideal Happiness; of what only might have been, or might perhaps have been prejudicial to the Community.

LET us then turn our Thoughts and Attention, to Matters universally allowed to be of general Use. For much remains to be done; and let a vigorous Improvement and Application make some Amends for the Time that hath been already lost, and indeed that this Scheme might be pushed on with the Force and Power it deserves, I could wish, to render the Satisfaction as extensive as the Necessity, that the Legislature would condescend to patronize it with the national Encouragement and Sanction. It is not unworthy of their Countenance and Care; and by this Method, they would shew the most profound Respect to that Advice, which graciously directed them from the Throne, to cultivate the Arts of Peace.

A neighbouring Island, where Oppression which make a wife Man mad, is unable to extinguish the Passion for public Liberty, points out to us what may be done by Virtue of this Plan, where a necessary Concurrence is not wanting.

IRELAND can boast her Patriots unenobled by Titles, and her Heroes of a private Station. No Obstacles will retard the Progress, where there is a Love for our Country; the brighter and more ardent the Flame, the higher will it rise, and its Heat will be productive of the happiest and benignest Consequences.

WITH regard to the modest and ingenious Projector, thus much may truly be said, that no Views of private Interest induced him to engage in the Design; but only an honest Affection of doing Service to his Country, in the most extensive Manner that his Power would enable him.

I am,

S I R, &c.

O.

TRUE-

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

Feb. 17, 1754.

S I R,

THO' I am a Frequenter of the *Bedford* Coffee-house, I am neither a Wit nor a Critic; there is likewise a very fat facetious Gentleman (neither a Wit nor a Critic) who attends the same Place. Now, Sir, this Gentleman, whether it is to shew his Activity under his Burden, or to display his natural Spirits, I can't tell, but he is never at Rest. He is continually shifting from one Box to another, but unluckily for the Rest of Mrs. *Mitchell's* Customers, he is apt now and then, to tread upon People's Toes. I am at present confin'd with a Pain in my Foot, having incautiously laid in this Gentleman's Way. I therefore beg of you, as you frequently animadvert upon those public Inconveniences, to recommend Mr. *Hart's* or Mr. *Duke's* dancing Academy for GROWN PERSONS to the aforesaid fat Gentleman; for unless his Legs are kept within some Rule, there will be no such Thing as venturing into that Coffee-house. I am Sir,

Your much squeezed humble Servant,

And constant Reader,

CHARLES TENDER-TOES.

From my Register-Office, Feb. 19.

Many false Steps have been imputed to a Person's not learning to dance; That complained of in the foregoing is certainly owing to no other Cause, and therefore I think my fat Friend should sacrifice to the Graces, as *Socrates* called it, when learning the *Ionic* Movement. *Motus docere gaudet Ionicos*, says *Horace*, and I could wish Mr. *Tunbelly* shared a little of the same Inclination.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

THE *Adventurer* has dropt an Hint that he intends shortly to relinquish the Paper which he has hitherto published with so much Success; I am very sorry to find this News succeeded by a Report, that you also have resolved in a few Weeks to take leave of the Public. I hope it is not true, and that, instead of discontinuing you will publish on *Tuesday* also for the Future, as there will be Room for you by this Abdication of your Brother-Writer. I shall be glad to see a Paragraph to contradict this Report, and am

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,



According to the Playhouse's Fashion I might advertize my Paper, being the last this Season, then in a Week after, being positively the last this Season, and afterwards by the particular Desire of several Persons of Quality, repeat the same Dish, but I shall make Use of no Artifice, and in a little Time will tell the whole Secret of my Intentions.

On Wednesday last the several Malefactors were removed to the proper Goal in order to take their Tryals at the ensuing Sessions at the *Court of consorial Enquiry*, when we hear there will be several remarkable Occurrences.

Hayes's Coffee-House, Feb. 13.

The Death of Mr. *Joseph Clare*, the merry Haberdasher of *Fleetstreet*, has cast an universal Damp on the Spirits of the Gentlemen frequenting this House; he having been as remarkable for his Uprightness in Trade, as for his facetious Disposition; possessed an happy Turn of Humour, which he exercised with great Pleasantry on the Foibles of Mankind; and if any Person conceived an Affront from him, he was uneasy till he made a Reparation for the Injury, which he never intended. Had his Abilities been equal to his Benevolence his Loss would be now lamented by all Mankind; at present it is chiefly felt by his Acquaintance, whom this Event has not only deprived of an agreeable Companion, but a faithful Friend.

From BOCALINI dated Parnassus, Feb. 16.

A certain modern Genius, who has made a very conspicuous Figure in *Pope's Dunciad*, took it into his Head some Time since to translate an Episode in *Homer's Iliad*, in order as he modestly says, to convince the World that a good Translation of *Homer* was requisite. And indeed his Performance proved effectual to convince every one that perused his, how high a Value should be set upon an elegant Version of a good Greek Author. It is not doubted, but the promised Translation of *Sophocles* will answer the same End, but for a different Reason; because every Subscriber will in all Probability, think it an Addition to Letters to have so valuable a Treasure imported into this Kingdom with no little Diminution of the Spirit of the Original, as the Genius of our Language will permit.

Covent Garden, Feb. 23.

By Advices from *Bath* we are informed that Mr. *Quin* cannot obey the Summons of his friendly Inclinations to serve Mr. *Ryan*, at his Benefit, this Year. It seems the Loss of his Teeth has in some Measure disabled him, from performing, "By G—d (says he) I will not whistle *Falstaff* for any Body, but I hope the Town will be kind to my Friend *Ryan*; "They cannot serve an honest Man."—The friendly Offices which this excellent Actor has done his Friend, these two last Years, reflect an Honour on his Character, and it is hoped, it is unnecessary to recommend to the Patronage of the Public an Actor, who has been so long in their Service as Mr. *Ryan*.

Drury-Lane, Feb. 23.

Last Night Mr. *Foot* entertained a numerous and polite Audience at his Benefit, in two different Characters, viz. that of *Fondlewife* in the *Old-Bachelor*, which he performed with great Comic Skill, and an humorous Part in his own Piece called the *Knights*, in which he diverted the Town in the double Capacity of an humorous Writer, and an Actor of Spirit and Pleasantry.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 23.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

Gray's Inn, Mar. 2, 1754.

*Illum non Populi Fasces, non purpura Regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia Fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque Regna, nec ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.*

VIRG.



THE Stoic Philosophy was by many of the Antients esteemed the Height of human Wisdom, the sure Road to Happiness, and the last Finishing and Apotheosis of an exalted Character. Its Excellence consisted, not in the Suppression or due Government of the Passions, but in extirpating them totally from the human Heart; by which means the Seat of feeling, and Source of every exquisite Pleasure, as well as tender Pain, was rendered quite callous and insensible, and suffered to move only with the Flux and Reflux of the Blood, without being agitated with any Kind of Sensation whatever. Our excellent Poet has given us a very picturesque Description of this notable System of Philosophy.

In

*In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,
 Contracted all retiring to the Breast;
 But Strength of Mind is Exercise not Rest.*

IT is whimsical to imagine that an absolute Repugnance to the Laws of Nature, and the Want of those Feelings, which are the best Ingredients in our Composition, can in any Way constitute an exalted Character. *Vita secundum Naturam*, a Life conformable to the Laws of Nature, is *Tully's* Definition of a moral as well as an happy State. Certain it is, the Elegance of a well-turned Mind, a Relish for Virtue, and the Practice of the social Passions, must arise from those Sensations, which Nature has implanted in us, as Excitements to Action, and inlets for due Degrees of Pleasure and Pain. Without these, our most refined Gratifications must suffer a considerable Abatement; the pleasing Anxieties of virtuous Friendship, the grateful Sollicitude of Love, the melancholy Luxury of tender Compassion, and the Delights which we derive from a well-wrought Scene of Distress in an affecting Tragedy, must all lose their Influence, and the Mind sink into a dull State of Insensibility. For my Part I have always had a sovereign Contempt for the unfeeling pedantic Wisdom of those unnatural Followers of a brutal Philosophy, nor could I ever admire their ridiculous Ostentation of a towering Superiority of Soul. That this is also the Sense of the greater Part of Mankind, is very visible from that soporific Awe, with which they behold Personages of this Cast, when interwove into the Drama; while Characters of a mixed Nature, in whom the Passions are in a beautiful Struggle between Virtue and Vice, are always sure to seize the Affections of an Audience, and interest every Heart in the Fortunes of the Hero thus represented.

VIRGIL has transmitted to us a Picture of the Completion of that Happiness, which was the exalted Boast of the Stoics: In the Words of my Motto, he tells us that the Person, whom he describes in the Possession of true Felicity, is never touched with popular Esteem, or the dazzling Splendor of the regal State; that Difference between Brothers, Conspiracies against his Country, or the Decline of the Constitution, never disturb his Breast; nor is he ever made uneasy by Compassion for the Indigent, or stung with Envy of the great. This is a Character totally different from the amiable Sketch by his Brother Poet of the Man, who considers the Relations in which he stands to Society, and feels for all Mankind. The negative Enjoyments above described
 can

can result from nothing but an absolute Indifference to our Fellow Creatures, and is so far from being commendable, that in my opinion it is equalled by every Debauchee in Town. I was lately in Company with one of this Class, who appeared to me to be a very great Proficient in the stoic Philosophy, and to have carried into his Practice, every Branch of the foregoing System, and, as a further Instance of the Excellence of the stoic School, I shall here present my Readers with a Character of a *Philosophic Rake*.

JACK WILDAIR is possessed of a Fortune, which might enable him to live with Splendor, or to prosecute any Enterprize in the Service of his Country; he has also the Advantages of Birth, to render him reputable in the Eye of the World; but like a true Philosopher he never placed any Value upon these happy Circumstances. With a noble Contempt for Riches, he squanders away his Substance in a Manner which shews him to be above the mean Ambition of popular Applause; and, instead of being arrogantly elated with the Thoughts of his high Birth, he associates with the lowest of Mankind, so superior is he to those little Sensations of Pride which might be apt to play about the Heart of a Man of worldly Vanity. Contented in his own Mind he never condescended to court the Favour of his Countrymen at an Election for Member of Parliament. The populi Fasces have never had any Attraction for *Jack Wildair*, and so little is he touched with the Splendor of Majesty, that he does not care for any King in Europe. While all our Politicians have made the two *Brothers* the constant Object of their Attention, he is little solicitous whether there be a Difference between them or not. The Fortifications of *Dunquerque*, the Depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *West-Indies* upon our Merchantmen, the Election of the King of the *Romans*, the Equipment of *French* Fleets, and all the other Points of Moment, which engross the Thoughts of our present Race of Patriots, never once discomposed the Serenity of his Mind. Liberty and Property are to him unideal Sounds, and if *Magna Charta* was burned by the common Hangman, it would not occasion the least Gloom in our Hero's Soul. He can also behold the Distresses of the Indigent, the corroding Anxieties of Poverty, most Stoic-like, without a single Sigh. *Nec doluit miserans inopem*; and so far from being envious of another's superior Affluence, *Jack* would not care he was thrown at a Distance by every Individual of his Acquaintance in all the Arts and Embellishments of Life.

NOR does the Firmness of *Wildair's* Mind rest here. He can visit all the Brothels in this Metropolis, without feeling the least Degree of Uneasiness. He can behold, undisturbed by any of those tender Touches, which might agitate weaker Breasts, an elegant Form, and the most beautiful Set of Features falling a Prey to *Infamy, Diseases Prostitution,* and as the antient Worthies thought it a noble Atchievement totally to forget the Man, in order to raise their philosophic Fame to an higher Degree of Eminence, so our modern Stoic can suppress the natural Affections, which might lead him to a Regard for his own Character Family, and Fortune, and superior to all those tender Ties, in the Rake he can also forget the Man. *Jack Wildair* is a very Roman in that Point; He is an excellent Practitioner of *Horace's* golden Rule to admire nothing, and if confined to the Bed of Sickness, to repair the Waste made by Folly and Intemperance, he is sure to spend his Time in a Series of moral Reflections. He wisely observes that all Pleasure is fugitive, that the Reverfion of Pain falls to every Man's Lot, and that the Condition of human Life is frail and uncertain. When his Health returns, he indulges in all the Sallies of his wild Imagination, to shew that, like *Aristippus*, he can aadpt himself to every Situation.

Jack has frequently been present, when his Friends have been distracted by all the Tortures of Mind, with which the gaming Fury afflicts her Votaries, and yet he was never known to be in the least uneasy for any of them; on the contrary he has been observed, to become a laughing Philosopher upon many of those Occasions, some certain Ideas of Recreation offering themselves to his Mind; and indeed in all Occurrences of Life every Thing is sure to suggest to him those Reflections, which are most conducive to secure his own Happiness, to prevent the ruffled State arising from conflicting Passions, to preserve the even Tenor of his Thoughts to reconcile him to himself, and enable him to possess his Soul in Ease, Tranquillity and Chearfulness.

This Character of a modern-Town Philosopher contains, in my Opinion, all the Branches of the much boasted stoic System, and all the leading Principles of Happiness, which it inculcates, are carried by the Gentleman, whom I have described, to a much greater Height of Wisdom and Felicity, than they ever were by the most rigid Follower of the stoic Academy, inasmuch as the modern Hero grafts his Happiness on the Passions, which he plays against one another, and in that Sense may be said to live *secundum naturam*;

turam, whereas the antient Stoic endeavoured to subvert the very Elements of our being, and among that Sect, he was the most exalted Worthy, who was the most divested of Humanity.

N.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

I AM an old Man, and was formerly very fond of theatrical Amusements, but of late Years my Inclination that way settled entirely into a Love of *Sir John Falstaff*. I came to Town about a Fortnight since, and took a Lodging in *Charles-Street*, where I intended to remain, untill Mr. *Ryan's* Benefit, in Hopes of seeing Mr. *Quin* perform it for his old Friend. But I find by your Paper that I am not to expect that Pleasure, and sooner than I should return disappointed, I should take it as a Favour, if you would order some one of the Actors to play the Part this Spring. If you do this I shall think you a fine young Fellow, and your Compliance will oblige

Sir, your most obedient Servant

ISAAC JOLLY.

I AM not willing to issue out my Commands upon this Occasion, but if Mr. *Shuter* will undertake it for his Benefit, I am perswaded, he will give great Entertainment to his Friends, and with the Accession of more Fat and Experience, I do not doubt but he may arrive to great Perfection in that humorous Character.

From my Register-Office, Mar. 2.

This Week was published a Poem, entitled the *Relief*, occasioned by the *Complaint*, or *Night Thoughts*. This Piece, if my Intelligence does not deceive me, is written by Mr. *Jones*, Author of the *Earl of Essex*, and contains many warm Passages, which denote a very lively Imagination. Tho' I am of Opinion that the *Night Thoughts* carry on a fine Train of moral Observations, yet I cannot help thinking that they are wrapt up in too much Gloom, and as there are many melancholy Souls in this Town, it is possible they may be too potent for such Spirits, and therefore an Antidote is highly necessary. I therefore embrace this Occasion to inform my Countrymen, that they may find *Relief* in the Performance lately published, the Scope of it being to reconcile us to our Station in this Life, by presenting to our Imaginations beautiful Scenes of Nature, and enlivening our Understandings with a comfortable Philosophy, and amiable Ideas of a superintendant Being, diffusing his Benevolence through all Creation.

Court

Court of censorial Enquiry 27. Feb.

This Day the Sessions opened here, When *John Claffie* was indited at the Bar of this Court, for that he went on *Saturday* last to the Tragedy of *Constantine the Great*, and then and there, without Taste or Decency, asleep did fall, in the Face of a very polite Audience, &c. The Cause was opened by *Councillor Candid*, who urged that such Behaviour is at any Time highly culpable, but more particularly at a new Piece, written by a valuable Author, and abounding with many elegant Passages. After this the Witnesses were examined.

WILLIAM WATCHFUL *sworn.*

I was at some Distance from the Prisoner, and in the beginning I thought he looked very conceited, frequently drawing up his Head behind a double Chin, and twisting it about with great Appearance of Affectation. Upon a closer View of him, I perceived he was fast asleep, which I thought very indecent.

MISS PRIM *sworn.*

I went to the Play dressed out like any Thing—and as nice as Hands could make me—and the Prisoner at the Bar sat next to me, and he destroyed the whole Fabric of my Hair—You did you ugly Thing—and I hope this Court will inflict a proper Punishment upon him for his Rudeness—You great Bear of a Man—you deserve it—that's what you do—

PRISONER'S *Defence.*

May it please this honourable Court; I am ready to plead Guilty as to the Matter of Fact, but with Regard to the Crime, I think I am perfectly innocent. That I did sleep, it is most true; true I snored; for since this Head of mine had seven Years pith, till now some six Moons wasted, I never saw a play so ill acted. I could not understand half what passed, but I defy Malice to prove that I ever nodded while *Mr. Barry* was on the Stage. In Regard to the Author I must own, that if every other Part had been so well acted, I should have had a very elegant Entertainment, and I must add, that I think the Town did not do common Justice to a Piece deserving of their Encouragement. Verdict NOT GUILTY.

Drury Lane, March 1.

The new Tragedy of *Virginia* is performed to such Advantage, that it is no Wonder it draws a numerous Audience every Night. Some Strokes of *Mr. Garrick's* in the last Act, to speak of them in the Terms they deserve, are equal to any Thing he ever did on the Stage. *Mr. Mossop* supports his Character with just Elocution; *Mr. Ross* gains great Reputation in his Part, and *Mrs. Cibber*, by her affecting Manner of dying, shews herself a powerful Mistress of the Pathetic. Add to this that a new Actress, with a pleasing Form, and good Voice, is a further Addition to the Entertainment, not to mention that an humorous Prologue by *Mr. Garrick*; and a very ingenious Epilogue spoken with a Perfection of Pleasantry by *Mrs. Cibber*, render the whole highly agreeable to the Public.

printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 24. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

Spring-Gardens Mar. 9, 1754.

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

SIR,



MIDST all the frolic Excursions of Fancy to which you have occasionally given vent in your *Saturday* Compositions, I have observed that there is not one of them but has some Degree of Tendency to the Instruction, as well as Entertainment of your Readers. On this Account, I hope you will not refuse a Place in your Paper to a Correspondent, who means to shew the Fertility of a Maxim, which has gained Credit with most People, though extreamly ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince from an experimental Knowledge of Mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* begins one of his Elegies with the following Lines.

*Donc eris felix multos numerabis Amicos ;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

Now, Sir, it is so far from being true, that a Man is surrounded with Friends in Prosperity, and is left destitute under his Misfortunes

tunes, that I will undertake to prove the very Reverse ; in doing this I flatter myself I shall serve the Purposes of Virtue, and vindicate the Dignity of human Nature.

You must know then, that I came to this Town, a few Years since, with Intent to read the Law, having just Fortune enough to support me in my Studies, until I might fix myself in a tolerable Road of Business. For this Purpose I lodged in one of the Inns of Court, and the Economy, which I was obliged to observe, rendering it impossible for me to go much into Company, I soon found out that I led a very muzzy Sort of a Life. I therefore soon shifted the Scene, and though, in a short Time, I found means to run out my little Fortune, I cannot say, that I have found myself relinquished by the World on this Account. It is true that some of my Acquaintance totally deserted me, but it was the Occasion, at the same Time, that others were more earnestly attached than they would otherwise have been. I remember the last Word my Aunt in the Country said to me, was “ *Bob, wherever you go, be sure to make Friends for yourself;*” this Advice, I will venture to say, I have had the Address to conform to with great Success, as will appear from the Sequel.

Most of the Friendships of the World are Leagues in Debauchery and Intemperance, made in the Drawing of a Cork, and often ended in the same Manner: *Out of Sight out of Mind* is certainly true with Regard to the Generality of Connexions, but the Impressions I have made upon the Minds of my Friends are not so easily effaced. On the contrary, when it happens that I am seldom seen by them, they are known to be in very great Sollicitude about me, are constantly very earnest in their Enquiries after me, and the Discourse they usually have with each other is, “ Have you seen our old Friend lately? — I can't think what's become of him -- I hope he is not gone out of Town — I have not seen him for a long Time. — faith, I'm very uneasy about him --- I wish to God he would see and settle his Affairs --- He's a very careless young Fellow — a great deal too wild — throws away his Money like Dirt — I have called upon him Morning after Morning, but all to no Purpose — I'd give a Bottle of Wine I could meet with him — I'd rather that than my Dinner — I never long'd so much to see any Body. ” These are the general Expressions of Anxiety which my Friends express on my Account, and there are some of them who are not content to rest here ; Words cost nothing ; they carry the Thing to such a Length as to employ a couple of Fellows, who are daily in all Quarters of the Town hunting and prying about for me. As there are few Instances of such earnest Friendship in the World, I am sensible what I have said, may have a romantic Appearance, and Mr. *Ranger* may suggest to himself, that I am entertaining him
all

all this Time with a Novel; but, Sir, I must take leave to assure you that every Word is literally true, and what may perhaps raise your Idea still higher, is, not one of all these People has ever got a Shilling by me, and I verily believe few of them are sanguine enough to expect it. Having said thus much in the Praise of these my Well-wishers, it will naturally be desired of me, to inform the World who and what they are, who are in such Concern about a Stranger, and not to keep you any longer in Suspense I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this Generosity from MY CREDITORS.

By this it will appear that the Pleasure of being in Debt, though very common in Life, is very little understood by the Generality of those, who addict themselves to this Gratification. The Art in all these Cases is to refine upon the Occurrences and Disappointments, to which our State is liable; and, for my Part, I own that the Pleasure just mentioned is one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life. My Morning *Levee* is as great as any Nobleman's; whereas in the Days that I could say I was in Possession of a Competence, I never had any Visitor whatever, except a Laundress to make my Bed in the Temple. But now the Case is perfectly altered; there is a constant Crowd of Attendants about my Doors, and to those, that are admitted, I have the Pleasure of making as many Promises, as a Minister of State, besides a lofty Pride in keeping them much after the same Fashion. Upon these Occasions it will now and then happen, that they, who best know how to make their Court, and have the Art of taking a pliant Hour, sometimes prevail upon me to appoint a Day for the Completion of their Wishes. As Things of Consequence cannot be done in a violent Hurry, the Day, agreed upon, is generally very distant, may be from six to nine or twelve Months, during which Space of Time, it is observable that their Good-nature never suffers the least Abatement, but they remain as sollicitous as ever, frequently expressing the most tender Regard for my Welfare. "My dear Sir, do, take a little Care of yourself — it goes to my very Heart to hear you cough so hard — why you'll not live three Months at this Rate — be advised by me, and put a Stocking about your Neck to Night, and take something to sweat you a little and ease your Chest — you should not drink so much — consider it impairs both Constitution and Purse — you know it's for your Good I speak — you'd be a great Loss to your Friends — take up a little, Flesh and Blood can't hold it always."

Thus, Mr. *Ranger*, am I beloved, and that for no other Reason, but my Address in making Friends for myself, and I am so closely watched by these generous Creatures, that it is totally out of my Power to take any wrong Step, that might be detrimental

to my Affairs. Of this I had a convincing Proof about a Year ago, when the Interposition of my Taylor hindered me from committing a very inconsiderate Action. I was going with a Friend to take a Trip to *Paris*, by which Expedition I must certainly have been drained of all my ready Money; but the Vigilance of my Friend contrived to have me stopped as I was just stepping into the Post-Chaise, and I was thence conducted to another Friend's House upon an amicable Arrest for seventy Pounds. Here I remained confined till my Passion for Travel was perfectly cool'd, and when I was at length restored to my Liberty, my abovementioned Friends, took particular Care not to leave me a single Shilling, for fear I should take the same unhappy Turn a second Time.

While I thus enjoy the Assiduity and Benevolence of such a Number, who are kind enough to interest themselves in my Affairs, I must own that there is a Species of Creditors, who are an Exception to the general Rule; for though all those of whom I have hitherto been speaking, are upon every Occasion highly pleased to meet me, this last Class detest the very Sight of me. As I am not conscious that I have ever done any Thing to incur their Displeasure to so great a Degree, their Aversion shocks me the more; and notwithstanding all the Pains I have taken to soften them by Politeness they still remain inexorable. Whenever I do not pay them what is due to them, I endeavour to put them off with the handsomest Apology in my Power; but all to no Purpose; I have run too far in Arrears, and they are not by any Means to be satisfied. As I should be glad you would give them a Word of Advice, I will just hint to you that the Personages, whom I mean, are no other than GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS. The Cry among them all is, what can a poor Serving-man do, if he is rob'd of his just Vails by such Scoundrels? They are all very unwilling to let me run further in their Debt, and therefore it is I can hardly get any Thing out of their Hands. If I call for Beer at Table, they are sure not to hear me, till their Master orders them to serve the Gentleman, when I receive the Leavings of the Tankard just out of the Hands of the most capacious Swallow in the Company. In short, the Peevishness of these my Creditors is a great Discount upon my Happiness, and I must confess there is no Kind of Pleasure in being in Debt to them. However I must endeavour to bear this Inconvenience, and if you will be pleased to insert this Letter in the GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL I shall be proud to get into your Books, and shall have the further Pleasure of being *indebted* to Mr. *Ranger* for this Act of Civility, which will always oblige me to be,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant

And sincere Well-wisher

ROBERT DUNS-SCOPE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, March 9.

SINCE the Profession of *Buckism* is grown into such Repute, a Bard, who boasts himself a Descendant of the same facetious *Wagstaffe*, that in the *Tatler* opened a new Vein of Poetry by his admirable Verses on a *Shower in Town*, and afterwards in a *Description of a City Morning*, has attempted an Ode in Honour of every honest Fellow, who bears a laudable Attachment to the said Profession. In this Ode he endeavours to recommend the Practice of *Buckism*, by shewing, that it makes the nearest Approaches, of any modern Discipline, to the antient *Stoicism*, which is well known to have been the wisest and most rational Philosophy amongst the Antients, as may appear more at large by having Reference to my last Paper, in which I have fully explained the several Branches of the Science. The Piece, which I now present to my Readers, is an Imitation of that celebrated Ode of *Horace*, which begins with *Integer vitae, &c.* and is the twenty second of his first Book. The whole seems to be very clear and intelligible; but if any Passages stand in need of a Comment, I could wish some ingenious Critic would favour me with Notes, and various Readings, which, I promise shall be punctually inserted, as I think it a great Pity, that so diverting a Superfluity, as verbal Criticism, should be entirely exploded.

I.

A Buck secure the Streets may pass,
 Nor fear the burnish'd Front of Brags,
 At *George's* often seen;
 He, though with Oaths equipt from *Tom's*
 And bluff'ring Airs, dare Devil comes,
 Shall ask no shelt'ring Skreen.

II.

Me once at *Jonathan's* a Jew
 Approach'd in Ire, but streight withdrew,
 And grinn'd with ghastly Grace;
 No tawny Surface of a Phiz,
 No Horrors of a Brow like his,
 Are found in all *Dukes Place*.

III.

Place him where *Fleet-Ditch* torrent Rolls
 Amidst a Crew of captive Souls,
 No Ills can there approach him;
 Insidious Catchpoles, base and fly,
 At Distance wait with cautious Eye,
 And fear to seize and coach him

Or



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 25.

To be continued Weekly.

Pf. 2d.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, March 15, 1754.

*Quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, nec adverso glomerati ex Agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent Auræ, Sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum.*

VIRG.



HERE is not, in my Opinion, a more exquisite Pleasure in the Power of Man, than what arises from an internal View of his own mental Constitution. To observe the various Association of Ideas, combined with a Rapidity, which scarcely leaves a Trace behind it, to watch the subtle Movements of the Passions, and thence to deduce the secret Source of many of our Sensations, which are in Appearance extremely complicated and surprizing, is a Task requiring the finest Perception in the Research, and also productive of the most useful Knowledge we can boast, and the highest Delight our Faculties are susceptible of.

THE Solution of a mathematical Problem may be agreeable to that Curiosity, which is implanted in us; and the *Newtonian Philosophy* may expand the Imagination with stupendous Ideas of the Distances of heavenly Bodies; but in these Occupations, like

Swift's

Swift's Taylor, it is possible, we may mistake one Figure, and then all our ingenious Labour evaporates into Air; whereas in the Pursuit of Self-knowledge, our Reasonings are from Feeling, and all our Discoveries besides the Advantage of being as surprising as in any other Science, carry with them a further Accession of Pleasure, as we are ourselves more immediately concerned in them. In travelling thro' an open champain Country the Prospect on every Side may administer to the Pleasures of Imagination; but a Man will certainly feel more lively Sensations when riding upon Land belonging to himself; the Landskip of his own Estate will look more beautiful to the Eye, the Lawn shall spread a more pleasing Verdure, and the Discovery of a Mine, or the secret Spring of a little Rill running thro' his Meadows, afford him a Delight not to be equalled by the gayest Scenes that can be presented to him.

THE Study of the human Mind is, therefore, the most rational and pleasing Employment we are capable of; for my Part I am always highly delighted when any accidental Circumstance throws me into this Tract of thinking, and whether reading *Rablais's* frolic Ravings, or the sublime Enthusiasm of *Homer*, I am sure ever and anon to lay aside the Volume, in order to trace the Pleasure, which I have received, to its hidden Source, and to account for the Appearance upon some Principle in our Constitution. An Opportunity of gratifying this Turn occurred to me the other Day, when casually turning over some of the most beautiful Passages in epic Poetry, I could not help taking notice, that I perused the Description of thousands stretched upon the Field of Battle, weltring in Blood, agonizing with their Wounds, and trampled under Horses Hoofs, without feeling any of those Propensities to Compassion, which were frequently awakened in me by the Death of a single Person. I could read with the greatest Composure and Serenity, Lines, which mention dying Groans of numbers falling in one promiscuous Carnage, broken Limbs of Warriors, Men and Horses, all mixed in one general Scene of Destruction.

*Tum vero Gemitus morientum, et sanguine in alto
Armaque Corporaque et permixti cæde Virorum
Semianimes volvuntur Equi* —————

A Muster-Roll of Heroes, who in one Line embraced their Fate, did not move me to the least tender Sensation.

*Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therfilochumque.
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.*

The Mind is totally impassive in all these general Accounts of the Calamities of War; but, when the Poet thinks proper to distinguish a single Person from the Throng, we melt in Pity of his Fate, heedless of the general Devastation, which is spread around him. That this is the Case every Body that has read the *Æneid* will

will be ready to acknowledge ; and yet it might be imagined that our Hearts should be more intensely agitated, when Desolation sweeps whole Ranks of our Fellow-Creatures from the Face of the Earth, and War renders all Nature one horrid Scene of Deformity, than when we read the Fate of an Individual ; but such is our Disposition, that we can go through all these Narratives without Emotion, and when the epic Writer throws out but a short Reflection upon the Fall of one Man, we are instantly fixed in Attention, and our Hearts throb with Compassion for his untimely End.

The Reason of this I take to be, that in the former Case, we are only told that so many embraced their Fate in Battle, in which Circumstance there is nothing to excite Commiseration in a reasonable Being. Death is one of the Conditions of human Life, and we all hold our Existence in this World upon the same precarious Tenure. We therefore consider the Descriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere Bill of Mortality, and when they inform us that such a Number perished upon the Spot, we peruse it with as much Calmness as the Paragraph which tells us, "Encreased in the Burials this Week five hundred." Of this those excellent Poets seem to be sensible, and on this Account we find them endeavouring to seize our Passions, by giving a particular Account of the Wounds inflicted on the Combatants. One receives an Arrow in the jugular Vein ; another has a Spear run through his Shoulder, and is rivetted with his Body double to the Ground ; a third is wounded in the Mouth and has his Head split in two. But even these are but the common Contingencies of Life, and after all the Poet's Pains, they do not amount to more than what we read in a common News-paper, "Yesterday a Labourer fell from the Top of an House, by which Accident he broke his Collar-bone and instantly expired." An Account of bodily Pain has but a very slight Influence upon our Passions ; it is mental Distress that principally operates upon our Hearts, and our Pity rises in Proportion to the Agitations of Mind, which we perceive in the Person afflicted. Besides this, the Poet frequently finds collateral Avenues to our Souls, by a Mention of Family-Connections, and to heighten our Sorrow, he addresses himself to the moral Sense of his Reader, and interests him still more in the Fate of his Hero, by representing his amiable Qualities, and the elegant Accomplishments, which would have rendered him a deserving Member of Society. By these Means our tenderest Feelings are awakened, and the Effect is not unlike what a Man may experience in a Church-yard, where he sees a Multitude of different Graves in which, the good, the bad, the old and young lie in promiscuous Silence, and he therefore beholds the Scene without Emotion ; but as soon as the Tomb-stone presents a Character of one distinguished from the Rest, he then laments the generous Friend, the tender Husband, the indulgent Father, and mourns for him who acted agreeably to the Relations in which he stood to his Fellow Creatures. Thus when we hear of a dying Person, that he was a Friend of the Muses, and that Harmony

was

was the Delight of his Soul, we consider him in a different Light from those, who, as Mr. Addison expresses it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the Head.

————— *Amicum Cretea Musis,*
Cretea Musarum Comitem, cui Carmina semper
Et Citharæ Cordi, numerosque intendere Nervis.

When we are told of another, that his Death was lamented by his Friends in sundry Parts of his Country, we cannot help joining in the general Grief.

Te Nemus Agnitæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevère Lacus. —————

The Number of Sufferers is encreased, and our Passions encrease in Proportion to the Knowledge conveyed to us of their Affections, their tender Friendships, and their Schemes for future Happiness. One falls in the Midst of his half-finished Projects; Him his blooming Mistress mourns with frantic Sorrow, and all his Relations bewail his Loss. Another receives his mortal Wound through the very Garment which his Mother worked for him with her own Hands.

Transit et Parmam Mucro, leviam Arma minacis,
Et Tunicam, molli mater quam nerverat Auro,
Implevitque Sinum Sanguis —————

Besides these little Touches which the epic Writer occasionally makes use of to awaken and engage the Passions, they are further obliged to diversify their Battles with Episodes, or short Accounts of particular Adventures, in order to secure our Attention, and relieve us from that general Scene of Slaughter, which, they are conscious we peruse without any of those Sensations, which it is the primary Excellence of Poetry to excite. Thus the Story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* will always soften the Reader into Compassion, when other Passages, in one Line of which there is infinitely more Mischief done, will be passed over with Indifference. I should not think the worse of him that should calmly go through most of *Homer's* Battles, but I hope there is not one of my Readers who would not yield to the tenderest Impressions at the Fall of *Pallas*, and the Lamentation of *Aeneas* over his dead Body.

The Use I would make of what has been premised is, that, as it is manifest we all sympathize with a virtuous Mind suffering unmerited Affliction, and our Passions are worked up in Proportion to the many amiable Qualities of the Character in Distress and the Keeness of Sensation, with which it feels its Misfortunes, our modern Writers of Tragedy should attach themselves to this Circumstance, and consider that it is not the theatrical Apparatus, the Bowl, the Dagger, the Dungeon or the Clink of Chains, that can affect an Audience, but a faithful Portrait of a Mind struggling with various Sensations. If the Players would also consider the same, Noise and Rant would be effectually banished, and instead of listening to the Music of their own sonorous Voices, they would endeavour by every Look, every Tone, and every Attitude to mark the infelt Anguish of their Minds.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

I WAS sitting a few Days since at a Coffee-House, when the Company was suddenly alarmed by the Appearance of an exotic Beast, which rushed in precipitantly, to the great Confusion of every one present. It seems this Monster lately escaped from a *French Keeper*; the Forepart of his Body had a strong Likeness to a *Smyrna Baboon*, and behind he resembled a *Norway Bear*. His Eyes rolled like two fire Balls; his Jaws were all distorted, and his grey Bristles stood an End. He grumbled Hoarse dislike of the whole Room, but did not proceed to any Mischief, which made me inclined to think some one of the Company had formerly released him from Captivity, or had drawn a Thorn from his Foot in some Forest of Chace, as it is certain, were there not some Restraint upon him, he could easily have torn the whole Company to Pieces. The Beast went off with great Ferocity; But I am informed that a Reward has been since offered for apprehending him, by a Tanner, whose Yard he watch'd in Quality of a Mastiff-Dog. If he should come in Mr *Ranger's* Way, I must beg he will order him to be secured, and, if he would further prohibit his Admission into Places of public Resort, it would be a singular Service to those well conditioned Beings, who are desirous to sit in a Coffee-house without Molestation. I am,

S I R,

March 12, 1754.

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN QUIET.

As I think it very material, that this wild Beast should be hindered from going about this Metropolis, I hereby make a firm Conveyance of all Property in the said wild Beast to him or them that shall secure him; and I further authorize the said Person or Persons, to confine him in a proper Room at *Charing-Cross*, to be shewn to the Nobility and Gentry with the *Hyrceanian Tyger*, the *Porcupine*, the *Yaboo*, and the *Tallest Woman in the World*. Given under my Hand this Sixteenth of *March*, one Thousand seven Hundred and fifty four.

CHARLES RANGER.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, March 13.

This Day the Court met at nine o'Clock, when WILLIAM DOUBTFUL was brought to the Bar, upon an Indictment that he, without having common Sense before his Eyes, but urged on by the Instigation of Madness, did in the Year of our Lord one Thousand seven Hundred and Forty nine, renounce all Guidance of Reason, and did embrace an absurd System of Philosophy, introduced into the World by the *Sceptics*, who professed themselves Unbelievers of the most obvious Truths. The Indictment further recited, that the above-mentioned *William Doubtful*, did not only avow this absurd Doctrine, but likewise endeavoured to corrupt the Faith of all his Majesty's Subjects, and to fill their Heads with wild Chimeras, strange Doubts and frantic Imaginations, to the great Detriment of Common Sense, Religion and Morality, &c.

Miss SWEETLIPS Sworn.

I was walking up *Pall-mall* about Seven o'Clock at Night, and I met the Prisoner at the Bar—I remember him perfectly well—He called me a pretty Apparition, upon which I could not help telling him, that I was as good Flesh and Blood as himself—“ Let me see what you are made of
(said

(said the Prisoner) and then he led me to a Lamp, and stared me full in the Face—"How do you like me (says I)—Upon which he gave me a rude Kiss, and then exclaimed.

Ha! shall I trust the Evidence of Sense?

How can this be?—It must be Madness all—

I know I rave, and this is all Illusion.—

He then brushed away without making any Apology for his Incivility.

JOHN BUCKRAM.

I made Cloaths for the Prisoner at the Bar, for three Years past, and I have often gone to him with my Bill, but he never would discharge it, saying that he doubted the Identity of the Person, as I think he called it. He told me that I must prove the same Consciousness, before he could be convinced—and so I have been kept out of Money for this long Time.

MARY SPINSTER.

I am a maiden Lady, and I let Lodgings in St. *Martin's-Lane*, the Prisoner had an Apartment in my House for fifteen Months, and during that Time, he has always used me extremely ill—He never would believe that I am a Maiden—He said he did not believe there were any such Thing in the World; and when I asked him Payment for his Lodging, he said he owed for no Lodging, but that it was all Elysium round him.

PRISONER'S Defence.

I must declare I do believe this to be a World of Apparitions, and that there is no Reality any where. As for Instance I have heard of Honour and Honesty, and Virtue, and Patriotism, and Friendship for a great many Years passed, but I never met with any such Thing in my Life; and I insist that there is no Instance to be met with. They are all mere Chimeras without Reality, and as I am convinced of this Truth, I am apt to suspect the same upon all Occasions, and therefore I doubt of the Existence of the Sun and Moon, and every Thing else that I have heard of; for if there is a false Parade made about one thing why not about another?

Here the Fury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict,
GUILTY of *Wilful SCEPTICISM.*

Clerk of the Court.

Prisoner at the Bar hold up your Hand; what have you to say why Sentence should not be passed upon you according to Law.

PRISONER'S Answer.

I move an Arrest of Judgment, that there is no such Thing as the *Censorial Court*. I doubt the Existence of all those Appearances about me, and till this Doubt is cleared up I demur to your Jurisdiction.

Ordered so close Confinement in Bedlam for Twelve Months. Adjourned.

To be Let and enter'd upon the 25th of *March*;

Mr. *Keith's Chapel* in *May Fair*, very proper to be converted into a Licence Office for Marriages. Expected for the Good Will, Five hundred Pounds, as it is judged, from the Custom it has had hitherto, it will be the best frequented Shop in *England*, it not being supposed there will be ten Licences taken out in all the Rest of the Kingdom.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 26. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, March 23, 1754

Scimus inurbanum Lepido Seponere dicto.

HOR.



THE Humours of Mankind are in a constant State of Fluctuation, flowing with Impetuosity to a Point, and then ebbing back as fast to the opposite Extreme. By these Means it results, that few Things are permanent among us, and almost every Period of Time is marked with some peculiar Characteristic, which, like Fashions with the Ladies, prevail for a short Space, and then give Place to some other successive Innovation. Thus the Æra of Humbugging seems to have expired, and the happy Period of Raillery begins to dawn upon this Metropolis. I have in a former Paper delivered my Sentiments concerning the notable Art of Humbugging, and I shall this Day throw together some cursory Reflections upon the Practice of Raillery, which, in my Opinion, it is the Interest of Society to explode from every Company.

I AM induced into this Way of thinking from an Observation, that few People are properly qualified to exercise this Talent, there

there being hardly any Talent which requires so fine an Understanding, together with so much Delicacy in the Exertion of it. But as Matters are generally managed, there is nothing so coarse as the Attempts of those, who are ambitious of shining in Conversation, and are therefore determined to banter Mankind into an exalted Opinion of their Accomplishments. But the utmost that can be allowed to these Gentlemen, is, to join in the general Laugh; and, if Mirth and Jollity are going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the frolic Festivity, without vainly pretending to take the Lead, or to engross the Conversation into their own Hands; in like Manner as the uninformed Country Squire should not be suffered by the Master of the Ceremonies in a polite Assembly, to come forward in a Minuet, where the Graces of Movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a Country Dance, and display all the Gambols of his unfashioned Agility.

Nec cum sis cetera fessor

Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri mouere Bathylli

Were I to define Raillery, I should call it a delicate Exertion of Pleasantry upon the Foibles or the slight Inadvertences, which disclose themselves in the Actions of Men. From this View of Matters, it will appear that no Tincture of Ill-nature must be suffered to disfigure the Surface; that only slight Errors must be the Ground on which the colouring is laid, and that good Manners must give a polish to the whole. No Man has any Degree of right to invade another's inward Peace, and therefore a well turn'd Mind will always decline any Thing that comes near to the Bosom of any Person, with whom he is willing to enter into Society. Whatever may tend to create Disesteem in the Circle of our Acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous Light upon a Character; whatever may discover an intellectual Imbecillity or excite uneasy Sensations by touching upon Circumstances, about which it is possible a Person may have a tender Feeling, though in their own Nature, they are not of any material Importance; In short all Topics, but such, as we are convinced the Object of our Merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided; and even in Matters, from which Decency does not command us to abstain, it will be highly necessary to glide gently over the affected Part, that the Wound may appear to be probed by a skilful Hand. I have somewhere read a Story of *Jack Ketch's* Wife, which I think throws a Light on this Matter. Any Body, says that elegant Lady, can tuck a Man up, and stop his Breath, but to do it with Dexterity, and make the Culprit die

an easy pleasant Death, is only the genteel Qualification of my Husband. Thus it requires no very shining Abilities to inform our Neighbour of his Oddities, and point out to him his slight Indiscretions; but to open his Eyes, and let in the Light without rendering it painful to him; to give a Sense of the Error, without disturbing the natural Complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himself, is a Task which requires more Elegance and Refinement than happens to fall to the Share of every Individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting Pretenders in this Way; every Quarter of the Town abounds with Men of Raillery, and to all these it is necessary to render an Account of our Actions, our Friends, our Attachments, our Cloaths, our Walk, and what not? But if People would consider their own Insufficiency, they would not obtrude their Dullness upon Society, nor expose the Awkwardness of their own Understandings. The late Doctor *Swift* has a Passage to the present Purpose, which I have always greatly admired for a Turn of Sense and Expression peculiar to himself. "There is a Brain, (says he,) that will endure but one *Scumming*; let the Owner gather it with Discretion, and manage his little Stock with Husbandry; but of all Things let him beware of bringing it under the *Lasb* of his *Bettors*; because that will make it bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply; Wit, without Knowledge, being a Sort of *Cream*; which gathers in a Night to the Top, and, by a skilful Hand may be soon *whipped* into *Froth*; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for Nothing but to be thrown to Hogs."

I SHALL fill up the Remainder of this Paper with an allegorical Account of the Birth and Parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may serve to lay before the Reader its several efficient Qualities, and thereby deter him from the Ambition of putting it in Practice, or remind him of the Requisites, that must accompany it, whenever it offers to appear in Company.

GOOD-SENSE and RIDICULE were joined in Wedlock; the Offspring of their Marriage was HUMOUR, who for a long Time roved about *Parnassus*, placing the Follies and Whims of Mankind in such a Light, as never failed to excite Mirth in the Synod of *Apollo* and the *Muses*. At length happening to wander out of Bounds, HUMOUR met, upon the Borders of *Parnassus*, just upon the Verge of worldly Commerce, a certain Lady known by the Name of ILL-NATURE. Drawn in by false Allurements and a Glavering Smile, which ILL-NATURE always wore upon her Countenance, HUMOUR offered Proposals of Marriage, which were carried without Delay into Execution, and in nine Months Time SATIRE was ushered into the World. Having a Mixture in his Composition of his Father's Qualities blended with the complexional Habits of his Mother, SATIRE grew up in the Practice of exposing the Infirmities of all who came in his Way. Without Restraint he took unbecoming Liberties with private Families, sowed the Seeds of Discontent in every Breast, and in
Time

Time began to disturb the Harmony of the sacred nine. Whereupon THALIA, who had been before extremely attached to SATIRE, conceived a secret Dislike to him, and in order to mend the Breed preferred a Petition to APOLLO to divorce HUMOUR from his Wife ILL-NATURE.

AFTER a full hearing of the Cause, APOLLO issued out his Edict of Separation. HUMOUR could not live single, and in a short Time made another Match, which, as good Luck would have it, turned out better than the former. His second Wife's Name was WIT, a Lady of great Vivacity, and abounding in surprizing Turns in all her Conversation. She hardly could see any Thing, but her Way was instantly to compare it to some other Object in Nature, and she frequently would make her Auditors laugh by pointing out a latent Resemblance in Things, which seemed in their own Natures absolutely repugnant to each other. Her principal Attention was to set off her Husband, and though she was fond of great Variety in her Drefs, she would upon many Occasions lend her best Apparel to HUMOUR, who never fail'd to look most engaging, when WIT contributed her Ornaments. HUMOUR in his Turn gave supernumerary Embellishments to his Wife, and they both reflected a reciprocal Lustre upon each other. They continued in a State of mutual Fondness, and their faithful Love was in Time rewarded with a tender Daughter, who was immediately called with the general Consent, by the Name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cherished her in their Bosoms, and as she grew up she discovered a Propensity to her Father's Way of thinking, but with a considerable Abatement of his Severity. The Mother's Delicacy she possessed entire, and whenever she touched upon any Thing, like her, she endeavoured to give it an agreeable Colouring. In this Habit she was further confirmed by POLITENESS, a collateral Relation by the Mother's Side, who took upon her the Care of her Manners, and instructed her perfectly in all the secondary Qualities or lesser Morals, which are commonly known by the Name of Good-breeding. Being confirmed in these Principles RAILLERY was, at a mature Age, trusted abroad into the World, where she had not been long before she was caressed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own House, introduced to *Mecenas*, and found her of singular Service in all his Writings. At the Demise of that Bard, RAILLERY wandered a Vagrant up and down, till at length she took it into her Head to visit *Boileau* in *Paris*, from whence she came over to *England* and resided for many Years at *Twickenham* with the late Mr. *Pope*, from whose Retreat she would now and then make an Excursion to pass some Hours with Doctor *Young* and Mr. *Addison*. At present it is said that she is taken into Keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom she is so enamoured, that it is confidently reported, she will not quit his Company, though he is now inclined to be deaf; and it is further said, that she will stick by him to his last Breath; but, at that unhappy Juncture what will become of her, no Body can pretend to determine. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

“—— *Vitio Parentum*
Rara juventus.

HOR.

I WAS greatly surprized a few Days since upon the Receipt of a Letter from my old Friend, the second-sighted *Scotchman*, whose Fore-knowledge has formerly contributed to the Entertainement of the Readers of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*. I received his Epistle with that Pleasure, which is always the Consequence of hearing from an honest Man, and, as I am in Hopes that the Contents of his Packet will not be found disagreeable, I shall lay the whole before the Public, without any further Ceremony, taking only the Liberty to suppress a few Compliments to myself.

Extract of a Letter from a Second-Sighted Scotchman, dated Inverness, the 9th February 1754.

— That we have had a Share by our joint Labours in obtaining a Repeal of the Jew-Bill affords me muckle Content; I am glad that the Completion of my Prognostics is prevented by the Interposition of superior Power; but notwithstanding this, there is another Affair of no small Moment which gives me very great uneasiness. I need not tell you that I mean the Marriage-Act, which, I make no doubt, was designed for very good and laudable Purposes. But alas! how short-sighted is human Wisdom?—my dear Mr. *Ranger*, I have Reason to imagine this very Step will be the Ruin of the *British Nation*. I foresee the decay of your Nobility; I perceive them dwindling by insensible degrees into an emaciated, puny, sickly Race, without any Possibility of their being improved by an Intermarriage with wholesome Flesh and Blood. Of the Consequences thereof, I have lately had a strong Conviction; for as I was sojourning upon the height of a Caledonian Mountain, the Air was suddenly rarified to a greater degree of Purity than usual, and such Scenes of Futurity were presented to me, that I was shocked at the Reflection, and as soon as my Vision was closed, I faithfully recorded the most striking Particulars, in Order to communicate them to my Friend *Ranger*, in full Confidence that he will give them a Place in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

N. B. *The Original to be seen by the Curious at the Printer's hercos.*

News for one Hundred Years hence in the Public Advertiser.

— On *Wednesday* last arrived in Town from his Travels thro' *Europe*, the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pentwazel*, of rare Accomplishments and very promising Genius. He is counted the tallest Nobleman in the World, being in Height very near four Feet ten Inches, which is greatly above the common Standard of Nobility at Present.

Yesterday came on, at the Sittings in *Lincoln's-Inn Hall*, a remarkable Hearing in the Cause mentioned in our last; upon a Petition from *George Beverley*, Esq; a Minor, complaining that his Guardians have unreasonably hindered him from performing a Contract with *Miss Maria Healthy*, a beautiful young Lady, with a small Fortune. The Guardians of the young Gentleman replied, that they have concluded a much more advantageous Match for him with *Miss Ricketty Barren*, upon which this Cause, which has been depending for near two Years past, was finally determined in Favour of the Defendants, this being the *summary way of Proceeding* in Cases of this Nature.

By the last Mail from *Ireland* we have Advice that as soon as his Grace the *Duke of Slender-Shanks*, Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, landed on *George's Key*, the People all burst into a loud fit of Laughter, crying out “*Arrah but is that he?*” which is justly thought a very disaffected Reception to one delegated to so high an Office.

We can assure our Readers that the Managers of both Play-houses have resolved to fit up the Boxes with Stoves, in Imitation of the Opera-house, in order to prevent the general Complaint of their being

too cold for People of Quality, who have suffered great Inconveniences, for want of this Accommodation, of late Years.

Last *Tuesday* Night as the Lords *Scrophulous* and *Spindle* were returning Home from the Burletta in a *vis-a-vis* Sedan Chair, one of the Chairmen fell down and broke his Leg; but happily their Lordships received no further Damage than that of being greatly frightened, and their Nerves being less convulsed at present, it is thought they will do perfectly well.

On *Sunday* last an excellent Sermon was preached at the Chapel-Royal by Doctor *Rubric*, Chaplain in Ordinary, upon which Occasion the Sword of State was carried by their Lordships the Earl of *Jessamy* and Lord *George Fribble*.

About Eleven o' Clock last Night the Lady of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *Shadow* was delivered of a dead Child,—to the great Disappointment of his Lordship and all his Relations.

This Morning early, died of the Gout in his Stomach, his Grace the Duke of *Burgundy*, aged nine Months. His Disorder was so inveterate, that it was not in the Power of the Faculty to assist him; by this fatal Event that noble Family is Extinct.

We hear that several Petitions for Divorce with leave to marry again, have been lately presented to the Lords,—all at the Suit of the Ladies.

On *Monday* last was Reviewed upon *Putney Common*, the first Regiment of Guards, by the Honourable Sir *Robert Lungs*, who was handsomely mounted upon an easy Pad sent to him, as a Present, by the Bishop of Man. Sir *Robert* was in great Spirits and wore a white Handkerchief about his Neck.

A Suit is commenced in the Commons by a Person of Fashion, against a Gentleman of *Ireland*, for criminal Conversation with his Wife, and we hear that a Law will shortly be Enacted to prohibit the Importation of *Irishmen* into *England*, without a special Recommendation duly obtained from the *Primate of that Kingdom*.

Never was the crying Sin of Fornication so much practiced as at present, on which Account it is said the B—— of L——n apprehends another Earthquake, and intends shortly to publish an Exhortation to Piety in Order to suspend the Laws of Gravitation.

A Duel was fought Yesterday in *Marybone Fields*, between Sir *Dilbery Diddle* and *Lord Trip*, in which the latter had his Cheek so violently scratched that it's feared he cannot possibly recover.

By Letters from *Portsmouth*, we are informed that Lord *John Lightfoot* hoisted his Flag there on *Wednesday* last, but, an hard Gale coming on, his Lordship was unfortunately blown over-board.

The same Advices add, that the Banns were published twice in the proper Parish-Church between Captain *Hardy* and Miss *Buxom*, but sailing Orders hurrying the Captain away upon a Voyage round the World, the Nuptials remain unfinished.

Births and Burials this Week.

Christened	{	Males	14	Buried	{	Males	232
		Females	11			Females	229
		In all	25			In all	461

Increased in the Burials this Week, 59.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 27.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, March 29, 1754.

*O Rus! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc Somno & inertibus Horis,
Dacere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ.*

HOR.



LATELY met with a Fable in a French Writer, which I thought, carried with it a great Deal of Propriety, and, though it was rather eked out, as is sometimes the Case among the liveliest Genius's of that Country, beyond the just Limits prescribed by the Matter contained in it, it was however conducted with such a Prettiness of Fancy and Expression, that I was very much entertained with the Perusal of it. Poetry (says my Author) is the Son of the God of *Ease* and the Goddess *Meditation*. He bears in his Appearance such a strong Resemblance to these his Parents, that it is impossible, to mistake the Marks of his Legitimacy, and therefore, whenever these Proofs of his Birth are deficient, we may with Reason conclude him to be of a spurious Breed.

FROM his *Father* he derives his apparent Indolence, his Serenity, his graceful Elocution, and his unlaboured Turn of Thought,

Thought, together with his elegant Felicity in all his Compositions; a Disregard for Riches and the splendid Enjoyments of Life. A remarkable Desire of Complacency, an entire Resignation to all human Occurrences, and a total Absence of all worldly Ambition, save what is inspired by Virtue and honest Fame, are his distinguishing Characteristics. From his *Mother* he possesses his Modesty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himself into Company; his pensive Air, which inclines him to be always enforcing some Precept of Morality or some Topic which may be subservient to the Use or Enjoyment of Life; his Love of Solitude, which induces him to shun Crowds and great Cities, and leads him into rural Scenes, where he may give free Scope to his Imagination, undisturbed by the Cares and Anxieties of Life. The same Disposition in his Temper renders him not very fond of being known by the Bulk of Mankind, that he may prevent the Inconveniencies attendant on him when his Affairs require that he should make his Appearance in Public. If he puts any Thing abroad into the World, and thinks proper to publish the Result of his contemplative Moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the Multitude; but chuses to receive the Tribute of Applause, obtained by his Writings, without being liable to the Sarcasms, the Taunts, and malevolent Jest, which are always the sure Concomitants of Praise, and which are generally a very great Discount upon his Happiness.

FROM these Motives he is enamoured of Retirement, and he is further confirmed in his sequestered State by a Consideration, that the more he keeps himself at a Distance from the Rest of Mankind, the more Beauties they are willing to discern in his Productions; in like Manner as the Hills and the remote Parts of a Prospect present a more vivid green to the Eye, than when our Advances to them have brought the Scene more close to our Inspection, and the Heath, the craggy Rock, and ploughed Land are familiarised to the naked Eye.

THIS is the Substance of the Fable; the Meaning that it inculcates is certainly very just and obvious. The best Writers in all Ages have subscribed to it, and the most applauded of the ancient Poets are constantly offering warm Pictures of rural Imagery to our Imaginations; they seem to be stifled with Dust and Smoke, when they are expatiating with Rapture upon the Pleasures of a Country Life, which they look upon to be the Nurse of Thought, and the only Sphere in which their Studies can be prosecuted with any Degree of Happiness and Success. The same Observation will hold good with Regard to all Kinds of Writing, unless it be those excellent Productions of the Press which make their Appearance under the various Shapes of *Newgate* Memoirs, News-papers, and political Pamphlets. In Works, that call for a long Train of Reasoning, subtle Disquisitions, and unwearied Application, undoubtedly the proper Place to accomplish them, is in those Regions, where Riot and Debauchery are Strangers, where Gaming, Drinking, and idle Amusements of all Sorts are unknown, and where above all Health and Cheerfulness add new Lustre to the Face of Things. It may perhaps seem a Paradox, if I should assert, that, among all the Gentlemen of the Quill, there is not one, to whom Solitude and Ease

are

are so necessary as the periodical Writer; but though his Compositions are generally compriz'd in a narrow Compass, and tho' he does not, for the most Part, pretend to search every Subject to the Bottom; though it is not expected of him to lay before the Reader deep, philosophical Speculations, abstracted Reasonings, and new Systems of Morality and Religion; yet, in my Apprehension, it will be found, upon an attentive Survey of his Situation, that it is particularly incumbent on the Adventurer in this Way, to withdraw himself from the Bustle of Mankind, and to appear, as seldom as possible, in little Circles at Coffee-houses, convivial Clubs at Taverns, and the long Train of public Places, which serve no other Purpose in this Metropolis than merely to *kill Time*, as the Phrase is, and to hurry a Person into a Course of Vanity and Dissipation.

THERE is a Passage in Mr. *Pope*, which I have ever perused with Admiration, because it shews him to have been a Man of the most prudent Understanding, as well as the most finished Poet; Two Adjuncts which are seldom found to coexist.

*I ne'er with Wits, and Witlings pass'd my Days,
To spread about the Itch of vulgar Praise.
Nor, like a Puppy, dagg'd thro' the Town,
To fetch and carry Sing-song up and down.
Nor at Rehearsals mouth'd, and sweat, and cry'd,
With Handkerchief and Orange at my Side.
I ask no Homage from the Race that write,
But kept, like Eastern Monarchs, from their Sight;
And sick of Fops and Poetry, and Prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian State.*

Perhaps too great a Tincture of Pride runs through these Lines, for any one else to make Application of them to himself. *Pope* had Talents superior to almost all Mankind, but if a more humble Writer cannot withdraw himself from our present Town-Smarts and Critics, like an Eastern Monarch, he may at least accomplish it, like *Juvenal's* Friend in his third Satire, who retired from *Rome*, to avoid it's Plagues and Inconveniencies, and enjoy his Soul in Quiet in the Country. *Atque unum Civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is possible, my Readers may think these Tenets inconsistent with the Character of *Ranger*; but airy and gay as *Ranger* may appear, he is now perfectly averse from the wild Sallies of his Name-sake in the Play: He would not chuse to stagger home from a Box and Dice in the Morning, nor to get through a Window into an honest Gentleman's House at Night; He cannot run after every White Apron he sees, nor keep Company with a Set of Fellows whom he despises. And yet there are Dissipations to which a Resident in Town is for ever liable; add to these, the Danger attendant on a Writer's making himself known in too many Quarters of the Town. Prejudices are ever apt to arise against an Author, who does not take care to conceal himself. The Transition is so quick from the Performance to the Person who produced it, that from the Moment a Man begins to publish, he is enlisted into a State of Warfare with almost all the Critics and *Malevoli* of the Age. Some

Some Readers have no Criterion, by which to judge a Production, except the Rules of Physiognomy, and, according to the Information derived from this Source, they pronounce Sentence upon Wit. "Lord! I have seen *Ranger*; — he looks like other People; — I have heard him speak too, and it is nothing but common Conversation -- He does not seem to have a thoughtful Look: — How can he pretend to give his Judgment upon Writers and Actors?" — Others there are, who take a different Road, and direct their Opinions by the Success of their Enquiries, and when, like *Scrub*, in the Play, they have got a whole Packet full of News, they decide as sagaciously as that notable Personage of the Drama. These People are for looking into the Parish-Books, to know how old an Author is, and they are never willing to allow him the least Degree of Strength beyond his Years. "A grey Head upon young Shoulders, neighbour *Wilson*, is not to be expected — You can't look for any Thing solid at this Time of Life." At this, the discerning Critic revolves into himself, and is instantly wrapped in the Gloom of his own Dulness, which is most assuredly of a very comfortable Solidity. It is, by the Way, somewhat strange, that this experienced Class will not allow a Man to be fit to entertain them, until his Imagination begins to flag, his Invention to close, like Flowers at the Setting of the Sun, his Memory to decay, and his Wit, if he have any Share of it, to become slow and tardy. This, however, is what is desired by the Man who would look an Author in the Teeth to know his Age, and from thence make an Estimate of his Merit. *Qui redit ad Fastos, et Virtutem aestimat Annis.*

A third Set of People make it their Business to pry into a Writer's Connections, and thoroughly inform themselves of his Attachments, his Friendships, and his Resentments. According as these coincide with their own Way of Thinking, they blame or approve. "There, says one, *Ranger* is right — O, D — n the Fellow! was ever such a Position as this? — He has not common Sense — O my dear *Ranger*, that wont pass upon us — We know you're prejudiced in this Affair — and there again; -- you praise this Man because you are intimate with him — Did I not see you walk Arm in Arm with him the other Night at *Macklin's* Coffee-house? — Not him! I would not take his Opinion of an Egg-Shell."

In this Manner is the Person judged, who attempts to run the dangerous Career of Wit and Genius, as *Boileau* expresses it, *Du Bel Esprit la carriere Epineuse*; and upon the whole, I think, it may be laid down as a Maxim, that no periodical Writer should ever reside in this Metropolis, that he may effectually evade the Censures of Prejudice, the Blasts of Detraction, the Envy of rival Wit, and the several Avocations of a Town Life. It may be added, that it is absolutely necessary that an Author should never suffer himself to be known, on Account of the Antipathy which will arise to his Person. *Patroclus* conquered for a long Time in the Armour of *Achilles*; but had he let the Secret escape abroad, with double his Strength and Valour, he would not have been able to achieve any Thing remarkable against the *Trojans*, who would have instantly conceived an utter Contempt of him, whom they dreaded in a feigned Appearance.

From my Register Office, 30th March, 1754.

HAVING observed, with no small degree of Compassion, the Strainings, the Contortions, and the violent Throes, to which most modern Authors are reduced, by the Forms of Address, which the Tyrant Custom has imposed upon them; and having further taken Notice that the Drift of most of their Compositions in this way have, in the general, the same Tendency, without ever remembering that their *unfeeling Master*, as Mr. Pope expresses it, *the more he is tickled, gripes his Fist the faster*, I have devised a new Method of Application, which will save them a World of Pains, and efface the common Imputation of Servility and mean Submission fixed upon them by the greater Part of their Readers. For this Purpose, I would recommend to them the following Stile and Manner, upon all Occasions, and he, who first conforms to it, will have the Pleasure of producing a Piece, in its way, perfectly Original, which is certainly an essential Quality in all Works of human Wit.

Dedication, to any Great Man whatever.

My Lord,
or
Sir,

Pay to the Bearer Twenty Guineas, and place the same to the Account of,

My Lord,
or
Sir,

Your most devoted humble Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, 27th March.

This Day came on a Hearing, in a Cause, wherein *William Gayles*, Esq; was Plaintiff, and *Elizabeth* his Wife, Defendant, upon a Motion made by the Council of the said Plaintiff, praying this honourable Court to bring to condign Punishment the said *Elizabeth Gayles*, for unreasonably slighting her Husband, and giving all her Attention to Gaming, to the great Detriment of her Family, and to the total Extirpation of all domestic Peace and Happiness, &c. A Jury being Impanelled, *Councillor Reasonable* urged in a long Harangue, that it is an absolute Apostacy from all that is elegant in the fair Sex, to yield to the Impulse of the unruly Passions incidental to Gaming; that such a Course of Life extinguishes every delicate and tender Feeling, banishes that Train of Ideas, which should reign in the female Mind, ruffles the Temper, disturbs the serenity of their Disposition, puts to flight the Loves and Graces, which would otherwise hover round them, and surrounds them with a Band of *Harpies*, who deface the pleasing Tincture of the Skin, furrow the Face with indelible Traces of Ease and Anxiety, disturb their Repose, shake the Curtains of the nuptial Bed with incessant ding, destroy their tender little ones, and drive the Fair at length to such an Extreme of Madness, that they make nothing of *Staking* an Husband upon a Rubber, *Betting* a blooming Daughter upon a Die, or *Bragging* an Estate upon one Hand, not to mention that their *lovely Persons* are by these Means rendered liable to an *amorous Arrest* upon an *Habeas Corpus*, from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betsy Tattle* was examined, who deposed that she has been Waiting-Maid to the Prisoner at the Bar for several Years passed, and that her Mistress never went to Bed till Three in the Morning, frequently making it much later; that for her Part, she believed *as how* there is not such another Woman in the World, nothing ever running in her Head but Cards, and that she was as sure *as any thing* that *Mrs. Gayles* thought the *King of Clubs* a much handsomer Man than her Husband.

Robert

Robert Lutestring, Sworn.

I have had the Honour of serving the Lady for three Years past with Silks of all Sorts, but I know no more of the Colour of her Money, than of the *real* Colour of her Face, and I have heard several Tradesmen make the same Complaint. I have often applied to the Lady's Husband, and was told, that he took care to supply her sufficiently for all her reasonable Demands.

The DEFENCE.

The Prisoner called several Witnesses to prove that she always preserved her Character, and that no Instance of Infidelity to her Husband could be alledged against her. She further asserted, that Captain *Horner* had offered to forego a Debt of two Thousand Pounds in Consideration of certain Liberties which he proposed to take with her Person, and tho' it is a Debt of Honour, that she peremptorily refused Compliance. This the Prisoner enforced very strongly, and upon this Argument rested her Cause.

Hereupon the Bench summed up the Evidence, and in the Charge to the Jury, it was urged, that it is not sufficient for a Woman to guard her Virtue, if she is insensible to Shame in every other Point, agreeably to the Statute 6th *Young*.

*Some modern Ladies think one Crime is all;
Can Women then no Way but backward fall?*

Lord *Townly's* Case was also cited, by which it appears, that it makes very little Difference, whether a Man be cuckolded by a spotted Ace, or a powdered Beau; after this the Jury withdrew, and in about ten Minutes brought in their Verdict, *Guilty*; upon which the Court ordered her, during a close Confinement for the Space of Twelve Months, to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, with serious Attention, and then to give Security for her good Behaviour for three Years afterwards. Adjourned.

Macklin's Coffee-House, 28th March.

Yesterday Evening this Place was opened for the first Time. The Coffee-Room is magnificently prepared for the Reception of all the Choice Spirits of the Age. Notice being given to the Company, that nothing under Silver would be taken, a Gentleman desired to know whether six penny-worth of Half-pence would be looked upon as a legal Tender, and the Question was answered in the Affirmative, to the Satisfaction of every one present, who all agreed that so elegant an Undertaking deserved suitable Encouragement. As this Scheme was not *damned* the first Night, but, on the contrary, met with universal Applause, it is not doubted but it *will run* for many Seasons, the more especially, as it will be conducted conformably to the most essential Rule of the *Drama*, with a Preservation of Character. *The Reader shall have constant Intelligence from this Quarter for the future.*

Covent-Garden, 29th March.

Last Night Mr. *Foot* performed his last new Piece to a splendid Audience, for the Benefit of Miss *B. Mamy*, and it is now said, that a Motive of good Nature will induce him to appear (once more this Season) on *Monday* next, in order to serve Mr. *Ryan*, at his Benefit, which, it is thought, will be, on the Side of Mr. *Foot*, a genteel Manner of expiating some former Strokes of Pleasantry upon the Peculiarities of a veteran Actor, who has on many Occasions a very great Share of Merit.

Drury-Lane, 30th March.

On *Tuesday* next will be acted, for the Benefit of Mr. *Ross*, the last new Tragedy, called *Virginia*. As this young Performer acquits himself in many Parts with a graceful Propriety, and as he makes a conspicuous Figure in this Play, it would be lessening his Merit, to suppose it necessary to bespeak due Encouragement for him on the above Night.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 28.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, April 6, 1754.

*Migravit ab aure Voluptas
Omnis ad incertos Oculos & gaudia Vana.*

HOR.



THE pantomime Poet, from whom I some Time ago felt a little Interruption in my Studies, has remained in the Chambers over my Head ever since; but, the Fervour of his Enthusiasm being a good Deal abated, he has proved a very peaceable and quiet Neighbour. For tho' he cannot, entirely refrain from his peripatetic Lucubrations, he is, however, careful to conduct them with a Degree of Temperance, and he now proves a Companion of very singular and entertaining Oddities. The other Morning he paid me a Visit, and was contented in the Beginning to converse with me upon com-

common and ordinary Topics, upon which he discoursed with sufficient Sedateness. At length he took occasion to introduce the Subject which was the Cause of his Visit, and I observed, that the Moment he touched upon his favourite Scheme of thinking, he betrayed several whimsical Gestures, and an extraordinary Manner of Address. "Sir, (says he,) I have taken the Liberty to intrude upon you this Morning in order to consult you, in Relation to a Work, which I have had in Hand for some Time past, and which I think cannot fail to be of public Utility, as it is one of the Desiderata in Literature, and a Species of Criticism likely to be productive of singular Advantages to the learned World. The Thing I mean, Sir, is, THE ART OF PANTOMIME, which I propose to publish by Subscription, not doubting but I shall meet with suitable Encouragement to prosecute so arduous a Task, and if Mr. *Ranger* will be kind enough to favour me with his Recommendation, I shall for the future esteem him, as a generous Promoter of the polite Arts."

In order to be able to comply with my-Friend's Request, and to serve him as effectually as my small Abilities will permit me, I desired him to explain to me at large the Plan of his Undertaking, and the whole Method, which he had chalked out to himself for so noble a Work. Upon which I was informed, that he intends to execute his Design, in Imitation of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, divided into as many Sections, and, as near as the Nature of the Subject will admit, comprized under the same Heads. His first Chapter is to set out with an Account of the imitative Arts, in which Pantomime will be proved to be superior to all the Rest, having the greatest Variety of Gesticulation, and the most expressive Significance in all it's Attitudes and Actions. In the next Section it will appear what Sort of Persons and Things are proper for Imitation, and that the Pantomime Poet must either attach himself to the Representation of Personages above the ordinary Race of human Nature, such as Magicians, Enchanters, Genii, Gods, Imps, and Monsters, Devils, Furies, &c. or to the Exhibition of Characters to be met with in the ordinary Occurrences of Life, such as we find introduced in *Harlequin Ranger*, which would make a very pretty Comedy of Two Acts, if Sentiments, and Language were put into the Mouth of each Character. Then follows a Dissertation upon the proper Manner of imitating, and Enquiry into the Origin of Pantomime, tracing it from the Time of *Horace* down to the glorious Time of Mahomet *Carathra*.

AFTER this our Author proceeds to examine into the Nature of *Farces*, and shows how they differ from the *Pantomime*. He then enters

enters more minutely into the Laws of *Pantomime*, and gives an Account of it's several Parts. Among these the Fable is first considered, and it is allowed it may be either simple or implex. He does not totally reject the former, but insists principally upon the Beauties of the complicated Plot, such as *Harlequin Sorcerer* or the Loves of *Pluto* and *Proserpine*; *Harlequin Fortunatus* being of the simple Kind, consisting of one Action only, impeded or accelerated by several Incidents, all tending in a direct Line to the Completion of the Whole.

THE refined Beauties of the Art offer themselves next, and our Author exhausts all his Erudition, all his Rhetoric, and all his whole Stock of Criticism, to point out the Advantages arising to a Piece from a well conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in these Words. "The pantomimical *Peripetia* consists in sudden Changes of Fortune, arising from a Concatenation of Incidents highly improbable in their Nature." Then the *Agnitio* is displayed at large and proved to be the liveliest Beauty in this Species of the Drama, it being a sudden Recollection in the Personages of the Piece, when, after a long Absence, they recognize and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds Access to his *Colombine* in a disguised Appearance, she by some Token discovers her Lover, and is happy in his Embrace.

AFTER having enforced these striking Particulars he delivers Rules for the Excitement of Terror, Pity, and the marvellous. The two former he mentions but slightly, not thinking them essential in these Compositions but in the marvellous; he observes, consists the utmost Effort of human Genius, and then enumerates the various Means by which it is excited, such as flying Mercurys, Rope-Dancers Kicking Straws, Children playing on the Flute, Storms of Rain, Thunder and Lightning, &c.

THE next Division of the Work, relates to the Manners of each Personage of the Drama, in which he recommends a serious Attention to Character, in Order the more forcibly to unfold Men and Manners, and the Customs, the Intrigues, the Flights and Descents of the Gods, with the whole History of the Heathen Mythology. In this Part of the Work he expatiates at large upon the Use of Machinery, and I make no Doubt, will greatly excel the celebrated *Bassu* in this Part of the Performance. Having the Interests of the Theatre greatly at Heart, our Author proves that no Playhouse can long subsist without a good Set of Carpenters, an expeditious Band of Scene-Drawers, excellent Candle Snuffers, Fire-Eaters, Trap Door-Men, Ostiches

ches, Monkeys, Serpents, and the whole animal World, besides a Race of Beings never seen upon the Face of the Earth.

THE Sentiment comes into Consideration in the following Chapter. The several Modes of the Mind are explained in an ample Manner, and Directions given to the Performer to render himself perfectly acquainted with the Operation of all the Passions on the whole Frame of the Body, and it is laid down as a Rule that he must be careful to mark the different Actions of Begging, Commanding, Threatning, Interrogating, Answering, that he may be able to impress a lively Idea of each upon the Minds of his Spectators.

THE Sentiment being established, the Diction claims our next Regard. Under this Head the several pretty Pieces of Poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticized, and proper Rules prescribed for Writing these Kind of Nonsense — Verses. To the whole Work is annexed a particular Examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in order to give a Specimen of the great Utility and Truth of the foregoing Rules. I shall therefore conclude this Paper with an Abstract from this Part of the Work.

THERE cannot, says my Author, be found in any *Pantomime* Writer a better imagined Opening for the Drama, than the first Incident in this Piece. The Scene discovers a large Wood in which the poor forlorn Harlequin is wandering, in a violent Storm of Rain, Thunder and Lightening. In a Fit of Desperation he throws himself on the Ground, and to heighten our Compassion poor Madam Fortune is introduced bemoaning her Condition in a very pathetic Strain of Poetry. The amiable Character of *Fortunatus* is seen in his Readiness to assist the distressed, and the Sequel conveys a fine Moral, viz. that Riches, Riot, and Debauchery are the most desirable Things in this World, as the Piece ends with Harlequin's being in the full Enjoyment of all his Wishes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleasing Image of rural Happiness, and the beautiful Incident of the Dog's biting the Clown conveys this Instruction, that a Dog's obeyed in Office, and it serves further to enforce the Necessity of an Act of Parliament to lessen the Number of Dogs, which overrun the Kingdom, to the great Annoyance of his Majesty's loyal Subjects. The frequent Remembrances between *Columbine* and her *Harlequin* make upon all Occasions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the sudden Changes of their Fortunes form a very beautiful *Peripetia*. Harlequin's Escape into the Oven, his running up the Chimney, and his Leap over the Gateway, when his Enemies are in close Pursuit of him, are all Touches of the highest Elevation and Genius, and upon the whole we may say with Mr. Dennis, that this Piece is admirable for its fine Moralities, its Universality, and its Integrity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Macklin's, April 6, 1754.

NOTwithstanding the great Resort of various Sets of Company, who are attracted hither by the Magnificence of the Rooms, some certain Critics, whose Taste for Literature leads them to think fine Writing of more Consequence than any other Subject whatever, found Means to form themselves into a Kind of Committee, in which several Debates arose a few Nights since. While others, in a mixed Kind of Tumult, were admiring the Elegance of the Structure, the Choice Spirits, just mentioned, were employed in the Discussion of a Point relating to the following Lines in *Milton's Paradise Lost*.

—————*Thou from the first*
Wast present, and with mighty Wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant.—————

It was said, that, in his Passage, our great Epic Poet has fallen short of that Sublimity, which is his Characteristic, and that he has debased the Idea of an Almighty Power, by representing the Work of Creation so slow and tardy. That the Spirit should sit brooding, for a Length of Time, over the Chaos, before it could animate the Mass, is directly repugnant to the Account of *Moses*, from whom we learn, that it was performed at the instantaneous Command of Providence. It was further added, that were the Philosophy just, the Image is too poor and frivolous, nor can the Creation of the World be supposed to have been *hatch'd* in so trifling a Manner. During this Criticism, *Monsieur Baptist* regaled the Company with Refreshments of his own preparing, all excellent in their Kinds, which is not to be wondered at, as he informs us, that his Mother was the best Maker of Lemmonade in *France*. “*Ma foi, Monsieur, Elle etoit la meilleure Lemonadiere en France.*”

Covent-Garden, April 6.

ON *Monday* Evening last, the Tragedy of *Othello* was performed here for the Benefit of Mr. *Ryan*; *Othello* by Mr. *Barry*, and *Iago* by Mr. *Ryan*. After the Play Mr. *Foote* performed his last new Piece, called the KNIGHTS, which he introduced with a new occasional Prologue spoken with a great deal of Humour. As I imagine a Perusal of it will gratify the Curiosity of my Readers, I have ordered it a Place in this Day's Paper.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E.

WHILST one brave Vet'ran quits the Tragic Lore,
 And swagg'ring *Falstaff* yields Delight no more ;
 His firm *Achates*, to the Drama's Laws
 Attentive still, serves in the good Old Cause,
 Blest'd in th' autumnal Verdure of old Age,
 But somewhat stiff—* *with Buckram of the Stage.*
 Urg'd by your Candor to my short Essay,
 A Whim he takes to add it to his Play.
 A Visit pays me ;—compliments ensued ;—
 " Welcome from *Bath*—I hope I don't intrude—
 " You look extremely healthy in the Face—
 " And my old Friend—you left him in good Cafe—
 Then with a Smile and Looks of soft Condition
 Comes to the Point—" I've, Sir, a small Petition."
 Proud of the Word erect I sit in State
 " Petitions numberless are sent of late."—
 " Your *Farce*—I mean your last new Comedy—
 " I'm ever bad at Phraseology—
 " Exactly pleas'd the *Palate* of each Wit—
 " I'd take it kind, Sir, at my Benefit."
 For former Freedoms willing to atone,
 " I'll play once more, Sir—and for you alone.
 " I'll write a Prologue *—*when I was at School.*
 " *THE USHER* wrote Prologues—*the USHER* was no Fool,
 Pleas'd he retir'd—and pleas'd I now appear,
 To serve known worth a cheerful Volunter.
 If feigning well be our consummate Art,
 How great his Praise, who, in the Villain's Part,
 HAS UTTER'D THOUGHTS—so foreign from his Heart ?
 From him succeeding *Richard* took the Clue,
 And hence the *Stile*, if not the Colour, drew.
 Oft in this House your sympathetic Sires
 Wept at his Woes, and kindled at his Fires.
 Over their Offspring still he boasts his Sway ;—
 Witness that Circle of the Fair and Gay,
 Who gild with gen'rous Beams his Ev'ning Hour,
 And pleas'd adorn the Sunset of his Pow'r.

* *vide* the PROLOGUE to the new Tragedy of *Virginia*.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and
 J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the
 former Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and
 Translation of the *Latin* Quotations.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 29.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, April 31, 1754

— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem Pietas & Apollinis infula texit.*

VIRG.



S the late Lord *Bolingbroke's* Works have come abroad into the World with all the Pomp of a superb Edition, and as Part of them, by being address'd to Mr. *Pope*, may be thought to coincide with his religious Tenets, I have judg'd it not improper to lay before my Readers, some Particulars relating to this Matter, which I lately met with in a Volume of the ingenious Monsieur *Racine*. It seems this Gentleman had given vent to some Animadversions on Mr. *Pope's* *Essay on Man*, and the Consequence was, that our great Poet, uneasy at the Reflection, resolv'd to assert his System in a Letter to the *French* Writer, which he enclosed to the celebrated Chevalier *Ramsay*. This Correspondence will throw a Light on *Pope's* Way of Thinking in religious Matters, and will evidently shew that he was far from embracing *Bolingbroke's* Principles. As the Sanction of so great a Genius is what the noble Writer seems to aim at, it will be defeating part of his Purpose, to convince Mankind that Mr. *Pope* thought the Imputation

of

of *Deism* a Blemish in his Character; and it may prove entertaining to the mere *English* Reader to see what a polite Inter-course was carried on between two Geniuses of different Nations, Strangers to each other, and only connected by their Wit and Parts.

A Letter from the Chevalier RAMSAY to M. RACINE.

S I R,

I WAS highly pleased, and do not doubt but you will be pleased also, at the Receipt of a Letter which Mr. *Pope* has sent me to be forwarded to you. You will perceive by the Contents, that it was not without just Grounds I undertook in a former Letter, to justify the Principles of my illustrious Countryman. My Vindication of him, I am sensible, might appear insufficient, as it might possibly be suspected to have its Source in Friendship. But here, Sir, he pleads his own Defence; his Letter will demonstrate to you his Zeal for Religion, and, it is to be hoped, will silence his Accusers. You will find it accompanied by a Defence of his System, written by Mr. *Warburton*, a celebrated Clergyman of the Church of *England*. Mr. *Pope*, by distributing this Performance amongst his Friends, adopts the Doctrine, approves the Sentiments, and thereby gives the whole an additional Value.

THE Opinion which you conceived of Mr. *Pope*, is on your Side very excusable. You received the Impression from the Misrepresentations of his Enemies; for many Enemies he has. *Urit enim fulgore suo*, &c. His superior Talents have excited a great deal of Envy towards his Person, and his Connections with several eminent Personages, all engaged in opposite Interests, or attached to the Court, have further served to inflame the Minds of Men against him. But there are many evincing Proofs of his Probity, and the Incorruptibility of his Principles.

I HAVE been informed, that he was in Intimacy with several successive Ministers, and often with many at the same Time. Thus circumstanced, it would have been easy for him to create a large Fortune, had he avail'd himself of the Disgrace of one Party, in order to recommend himself to the other. But he possessed a Soul superior to such mean Artifices.

My Intelligence adds further, that a certain Princess, who was an Admirer of his Genius, expressed an Inclination while she was Queen of *England*, to employ him, without requiring any thing further of him than a dissembled Conformity to the established Religion of his Country, promising at the same time to dispense with the Strictness of the Oath usually administered upon such Occasions. But Mr. *Pope* was inaccessible to Temptation,
which

which may serve to prove he was directed by other Principles than those of a Sceptic or a Deist.

I must assure you, Sir, that I am not induced to this Task by supererogatory Friendship to Mr. *Pope*, nor am I willing to offer him the Incense of Adulation. I mean solely to serve the Cause of Truth and Justice, and am,

S I R, &c.

Letter from Mr. POPE to M. RACINE.

S I R,

THE Expectation, in which I have been for some Time past, of receiving the Present you have honoured me with, was the Occasion of my delaying so long to answer your Letter. I am at length favoured with your Poem upon Religion, and should have received from the Perusal of it, a Pleasure un-mixed with Pain, had I not the Mortification to find, that you impute several Principles to me, which I abhor and detest. My Uneasiness met some Alleviation from a Passage in your Preface, where you declare your Inability, from a Want of Knowledge of the *English* Language, to give your own Judgment on the *Essay on Man*; you add that you do not controvert my Tenets, but the evil Consequences deducible from them, and the Maxims, which some Persons of notable Sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my Poem. This Declaration is a shining Proof of your Candor, your Discretion and your Charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your Unacquaintance with the Original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect Conceptions of my Translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real Sentiments. The many additional Embellishments, which my Piece has received from the Version of *M. D. R*——, have not done an Honour to the *Essay on Man* equal to the Prejudice it has suffered, from his frequent Misapprehension of the Principles it inculcates. These Mistakes you will perceive are totally refuted in the *English* Piece, which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic Commentary written by the learned Author of the *divine Legation of Moses*. I flatter myself that the *Chevalier Ramsay* will, from his Zeal for Truth, take the Trouble to explain the Contents of it. I shall then persuade myself that your Suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no Appeal from your Candor and Justice.

In the mean Time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially in Regard to some Particulars, about which you have desired an Answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my Principles are diametrically opposite to the Sentiments of *Spinoza* and *Leibnitz*; they

they are perfectly coincident with the Tenets of *M. Paschal*, and the *Archbishop of Cambray*, and I shall always esteem it an Honour to me, to imitate the Moderation, with which the latter submitted his private Opinions to the Decisions of the Church, of which he possessed himself a Member. I have the Honour to be,

London, Sept. 1, 1742.

SIR, &c.

RACINE'S Answer to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

THE Mildness and Humility, with which you justify yourself, is a convincing Proof of your Religion; the more so, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own Apology for his rash Attack upon your Character. Your Manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any Mixture of Reproach; but though you acquit me with so much Politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

CERTAIN it is, a Precipitance of Zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard Positions, said to be yours, or at least Consequences resulting from your Essay, cited against certain Truths (which I now find you respect as much as myself) I thought I had a Right to enter the Lists with you. The Passage in my Preface was extorted from me by a Degree of Remorse, which I felt in writing against you. This Remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the Consideration, that the greatest Men are always the most susceptible of the Truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. *Pope* should oppose a Religion, whose Enemies have ever been contemptible, and it appeared strange, that in a Work which points out the Road to Happiness, you should furnish Arms to those, who are industrious to misguide us in the Research.

YOUR Letter, at the same Time that it does honour to your Character, must bring a Blush in my Face, for having entertained unjust Suspicions; but, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public; the Injury which I have done you, was so, the Reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to Justice.

WHATEVER may be said in your Favour in the Commentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own Declaration. The Respect, which you avow for the Religion you profess, is a sufficient Vindication of your Doctrine; I will add, that, for the future, those among us, who shall feel the laudable Ambition of making their Poetry subservient to Religion, ought to take you for their Model, and it should ever be remembered that the greatest Poet in *England* is one of the humblest Sons of the Church I am

Paris, 25 Oct. 1742

SIR, &c.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Macklin's, 13 April, 1754.

While Preparations are making to receive the politer Part of the World in the upper Rooms of this House, the Men of Letters seem to be determined, that the Cultivation of Taste and Genius shall not be neglected in the lower Apartment. In Consequence of this Resolution, the same Company, mentioned in my last, met again here, when one of them produced a Latin Translation of a little Ode of Mr. Pope's which he said had many elegant Turns of Expression, and did strict Justice to the Beauty of the Original. Others objected to it, that it did not carry with it the same Simplicity and Closeness in the Phrase, and that in a Strophe or two it was rather a Paraphrase, than a Translation. *Ranger*, for the Amusement of the learned Reader, has ordered it to be printed this Day, together with the Original; and if the Perusal of it serves no other Purpose then to suspend for a while the Process of Cares and more disagreeable Thoughts, he shall think he has gained his End by this Publication of it.

O D E.

Happy the Man, whose Wish and Care
A few paternal Acres bound;
Content to breath his native Air

In his own Ground.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire;
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade
In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days and Years steal soft away;
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
Together mixed, sweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which most displease,
With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lye.

ODE

O D E.

O Ter, O plusquam quater ille felix,
Auream quisquis Mediocritatem
Diligens, Vitæ trahit in paternis
Tempora Campis.

Plena cui lactis faciles Capellæ
Mulctra propinant, Cereremque Tellus
Dædala emittit, simul atque præbent
Vellera Vestem.

Cui per Æstatem dociles ministrant
Arbores Umbram, tepidasque reddunt
Commodè Brumas, glaciale quando
Frigus adurit.

Semper hic felix oculo irretorto
Respicit lapsum fugientis ævi ;
Semper et sanam gerit ille sano
Corpore Mentem.

Cernit hunc Phæbus placidum renascens,
Cernit occumbens gravidum Soporè ;
Usque et alterna fruitur quiete,
Non sine Musis.

Insolens Culpæ scelerisque purus
Aureos condit sine labe soles,
Callidus dulci Studio Laborum
Fallere Curas.

Sic mihi vano procul a Tumultu
Vivere obtingat popularis Auræ ;
Sic mori detur, careatque sculpto
Marmore Nomen.

Bedford Coffee-House.

The Critics here are pleased to find, by an Advertisement for the Benefit of Mrs. and Mr. *Davis*, that the Tragedy of *Zara* is to be acted once more this Season. As Mrs. *Cibber*, Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Moffet* are all three highly excellent in their Parts, it is supposed that a numerous Audience will embrace that Impertunity of seeing *Voltaire's* best Tragedy performed with all the Advantages, which it can receive from such skilful Performers.

From my own Apartments.

All the young Persons of both Sexes are desired to take notice, that on Thursday next will be presented the *Suspicious Husband*, for the Benefit of Miss *Haughton*. It is expected they will attend so pretty an Actress on that Day, and of this they are not to fail, under Pain of our highest Displeasure.

CHARLES RANGER.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the
forme. Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and
Translation of the *Latin* Quotations.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 30. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1754.

O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.

HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,



I F I remember right, you some time since recommended the Maxim of an old *Greek* Philosopher, who lays it down as a Rule, that we should not suffer any Thing in Life to take too strong an Hold of our Imagination, because that Power of the Mind is found to have a very considerable Influence upon all our Sentiments and all our Actions. When once the Reins are thrown loose upon the Neck of ungoverned Fancy, we become instantly addicted to what is called in the common Phrase, *Castle-Building*, than which there is not a more dangerous Exercise of our intellectual Faculties. It is a continual roving of our Thoughts to ideal Scenes of Joy; Pleasure is our Pursuit, and when it does not appear within our Reach,
we

we catch at the Shadow, instead of the Substance; we ramble into a kind of Fools Paradise, and lounge away our Hours in the imaginary Gardens of a dreaming *Epicurus*, from whence it results that the Sinews of the Understanding become relaxed; an enervating Stillness spreads over all the Powers of the Soul, which is constantly dissolved in Luxury of its own Creation; fond Self-love helps to finish the Picture, and Delusion throws some Joys into Perspective, flings what is disagreeable into Shades, and totally hides from us the thorny Parts of the Landscape. These perhaps may be accounted Pleasures, but they are in the Main like the visionary Ideas excited by taking *Laudanum*; at the same Time that they administer a Flow of Spirits, they invade our Nerves and render us entirely unfit for any Sphere of Action.

AN Instance of this intoxicating Power of *Castle Building* I have observed for some Time past in Mrs. *Vainlove*, who has spent the greatest Part of her Life in a waking Dream, and can hardly be accounted one of this World, as she has been, in the General quite abstracted from Society, and has dwelt mostly in the airy Regions of Fancy. Mrs. *Vainlove*, in the greener Part of her Life, was flattered into a Notion of her own Beauty, by which Means she became fond of Power. Her Eyes, she thought gave her a *Right divine* to be a pretty Tyrant over the opposite Sex, and as the Imagination never deals out Blessings with a scanty Hand, her Sway soon became in Appearance as extensive as her most delusive Hopes could desire. But though she led the whole Race of Man in Captivity, she at length condescended to let an ambitious Lover to aspire to her Bed. The Consequence of this Condescension was, that in due Course of Time she was the happy Mother of a fair Daughter, in whom she saw her own Features, but moulded with greater Delicacy. Self-love inclined her to admire this flattering Likeness of herself, and the Emanations of Fancy bestowed upon her every Grace. Before Miss could walk, in the Mother's Eye she danced with all the Elegance of *Auretti*, and as soon as her Tongue began to utter imperfect Words; "Lord what a Deal of Wit the Child has? Dear Cousin a'nt you astonished at her? 'pon Honour I never taught her that." In Process of Time Miss *Vainlove* devoured up these Expressions of Admiration with a greedy Ear, and she began insensibly to believe every Word perfectly true, till at length her Imagination took the very same Turn which had distorted the Thoughts of her Mother before, and a Series of Years, instead of banishing the Deceit, but served to give a stronger Tincture to her Fancy.

WHEN

WHEN *Virgil's Dido* is crossed in Love, and she finds herself upon the Point of being deserted by the *Trojan Perine*, her ready Fancy seizes the Occasion to disturb her with visionary Scenes of Solitude, in which she thinks herself abandoned and forlorn.

————— *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur
Ire Viam. —————

But with Miss *Vainlove* the Case is quite reversed; though it should happen that her Fate removes her from the dear Society of Man; though the sudden Excrecence of a Pimple on her Face or Neck should doom her a Recluse, until her Skin regain its native Alabaster-Smoothness; though an untractable Lock should refuse to join in amicable Confederacy with the Rest of her Head-dress; and determine her in a Fit of Peevishness to sequester herself from the World, yet still she reigns Queen of the Assembly, and has a Circle of Beaux about her; the ideal Footman's Rap sounds Transport to her Ear, and she is every Instant receiving the Homage of contending Lovers, who have no Existence but in her own Brain. Her Mother confirms her in the Deception, and through the Force of Habit, they are constantly amused with Pictures of their own Creation; like those, who, Mr. *Lock* tells us in his Treatise on the *Conduct of the Understanding*, through some Distemperature in their Blood, or any other internal Cause, see a Variety of Colours passing continually before them, and frequently perceive a Groupe of human Figures, Soldiers and Combatants marching in Procession before the deluded Eye of distempered Fancy.

Miss *Vainlove* has carried Matters to such an Extreme, that she now sees no Perfection in the two Hibernian Sister-Graces. "I don't find, says she, that the Men like such tall Women; Beauties of a middle Stature are more the Taste at present." This she delivers with visible Tokens of Self-complacence in her Countenance; she really thinks herself the most celebrated Toast about Town at present; *Ryan* at the *King's Arms* is under infinite Obligations to her for the plentiful Libations of Burgundy, which have been poured out to her Beauty at his House; and she does not in the least doubt but *Macklin* will the next Winter feel the happy Influence of her Beauty.

HER Footman has the best Place in *England*, because he is in the constant Receipt of Bribes at all public Places, to induce him to tell the Name of his young Mistress, and the Place of her Abode. Madam *La Place* owes a great deal of her Success
in

in Business to Miss *Vainlove's* having the Lead of all the Fashions, and directing the Ladies of her Acquaintance to her Milliner, that they may set themselves off with the same Advantages of Ornament.

MISS *Vainlove*, without having one real Lover, has constantly a large Number of fancied Slaves to her Frowns and Smiles, and from thence it happens, that she looks upon all the Women as a Set of Creatures that envy her, and the Men she considers as her Votaries, fit for nothing but to grace her Triumph. There is nothing more common with her than to be within a few Days of being married to a Man of large Fortune, even when she never exchanged a Word with him. "Well, to be sure, says she, it's surprizing how Things are whispered about; the common Report is, that I am to be married to Mr. *What-do-ye-call-him*, without Doubt it is in my Power — but — Lord the whole Town has it." It is in vain to assure her that the Town does not trouble it's Head about her; Her Mother has told her she does not meet so fine a Woman any where, and so the Opiate works. I once met both these egregious Characters at a Play, when they informed me, that the whole Set of foreign Ambassadors were now in the young Ladies Train, and that * * * * who is a Man of Consequence and Fortune in the Country, which he represents, is absolutely expiring for Miss *Vainlove*. It happened, that after this I paid her several Visits, and never meeting any of her florid Retinue, I took the Liberty to mention that I never had the Pleasure of seeing that gay Set of Enamoratos; to this Mrs. *Vainlove* replied, that she had given them their Answer, "Whenever we give them their Answer, they never come again."

THUS these two Ladies never see any Thing in its proper Colour; they think their Dreams Realities; and, like mad People, are constantly Reasoning right from wrong Principles. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, minister to a Mind diseased, as *Shakespeare* phrases it; let them know that they cannot subsist very long upon such airy Pleasures, as they imagine to themselves, and convince them, that there is great Truth in what is said, perhaps too loosely by the comic Poet.

*There's naught but willing, waking Love that can
Make blest the ripen'd Maid, or finish'd Man.*

I am, Sir, your constant Reader,

T. W. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of CENSORIAL ENQUIRY, 18 April.

THIS Day came on a remarkable Tryal in this Court, in which the *Muffin-Man*, the *Watchmen*, &c. &c. &c were *Plaintiffs*, and — *Shuter*, Comedian at the Theatre Royal in *Covent Garden*, *Defendant*, upon an Action brought against the said *Shuter* for Damages suffered by the *Plaintiffs* at a public Exhibition on *Wednesday* Evening last, when they were all taken off, as it is called, with such lively Touches of Mimickery that the Audience was kept in a constant Burst of Laughter, to the very great Uneasiness of the said *Plaintiffs*. The Jury being impannellèd, Counsellor *Blunderlufs* opened the Cause in a very vehement Speech. He inveighed severely against *Stage-Players*, and urged, it was a very great Hardship, that honest and worthy Characters should be converted into Ridicule by the Buffoonery of an impertinent Player. For his Part he would take upon him to say, that his Clients were Persons of known Integrity, Probity, and Honour, and he thought them more valuable Characters in Life than any Set of Comedians whatever.

The *Muffin-Man* he insisted was so reputable and worthy a Personage, that nothing but the Height of Insolence could induce a Mimic on the Stage to attempt to hurt him in his Reputation. If these Things are permitted, he could not determine where the Thing would end, and he himself, he added might be treated in the same Sort; he therefore prayed that the Gentlemen of the Jury would take the Premises into Consideration, and award suitable Damages for so audacious an Offence. He then proceeded to call his Witnesses to the Fact.

WILLIAM TOPEWELL sworn.

I live near *Temple-Bar*. I saw the Prisoner at *Comus's* Court, and he was so diverting, that I took two Tickets for myself and my Wife. I could have sworn as how it was our Watchman that was speaking, and I also heard the *Muffin-Man* very distinctly, and my Wife was so fond of hearing him, that I began to be uneasy at it, and I thought it was very misbecoming that honest Folks should be brought to Shame in that public Manner.

ELIZABETH SUGARKEY.

I was sent with a good Character from the Register-Office to live in a sober quiet Family, and with much ado—Lord bless me I never had so much Trouble in my Life about any Thing—Mrs. *Molly* was waiting for me till almost one o'Clock before we could set out—and so at last we went and we got good Places near the Door in the *Piazza*, and there we waited till the House was opened. And then there came such a Crowd of Fellows that it was with much ado we got in at all—and when we did get in they placed us on the Stage—Well, sure I never was so ashamed in all my born Days—I thought I looked as impudent as any Actress among them,—and at last the Prisoner came on the Stage, and as he was passing by, he said to me “you had better take off your *Pattin's* Mifs”

Saucy

Saucy Fellow! — and so he began to mimic the *Muffin-Man*; and it was the very same Person that serves my Mistress with *Muffins*.

The DEFENCE.

Mr. *Shuter's* Council owned the Fact, but offered many Arguments in Mitigation. They insisted it could not be of any material Detriment to the Plaintiffs, even allowing that they were mimicked. Why, therefore, then, continued the Council, “ I cannot perceive, Gentlemen of the Jury “ that my Client — a — has — a — incurred so severe a Penalty, because “ why — it was not done with an evil Intent — and — a — my Client has “ but followed the Example of Mr. *Garrick*, who formerly availed him- “ self of his Talents for this Species of acting, and took very unlimited Li- “ berties with all the Actors on the Stage. As did likewise — a — Mr. — “ *Foote*, who called it, if I remember right, giving Chocolate. Why therefore “ then all that is to be said in the present Case, is — a — that — my Client “ Gentlemen of the Jury, has given Chocolate to the *Muffin-Man*.”

Upon this the Jury withdrew and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict Not-Guilty; whereupon the Court dismissed Mr. *Shuter* with Honour, and told him, if he does but endeavour strenuously to exert those excellent comic Powers, which Nature has bestowed upon him, he cannot fail to be the best Comedian on the *English* Stage. Adjourned.

Covent-Garden 20. April.

It is currently reported here that the Manager intends shortly to exhibit a new Piece, of two Acts, which could not have been brought out earlier in the Season, on Account of the Multiplicity of Business occasioned by the new Tragedies. In this Production, it is said, there is ample Room for Mr. *Shuter* to display his Talents for Mimickery, which have hitherto been dormant, for Want of a proper Opportunity to call them forth. It is not doubted but on this Occasion he will contribute very greatly to the Entertainment of his Auditors, and give a Idea of the Extent of his comic Powers.

Drury Lane, 20 April.

A new Tragedy, entitled *Creusa*, and written by Mr. *Whitehead*, Author of the *Roman Father*, will be exhibited here for the first Time this Evening, when all Persons of Taste promise themselves an elegant Entertainment, as this Gentleman's Writings have convinced the World, that whatever he puts out of hand, will be neatly finished.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the forme Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and Translation of the *Latin* Quotations.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 31.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, April 27, 1754.

————— *Gratia decentes*
Alternò Terram quatiant Pede. ———

HOR.



CELEBRATED *French* Critic has given it for a Rule, that every Author should from Time to Time, *Sacrifice to the Graces*; thereby beautifully insinuating, that Writers should endeavour to fashion their Minds into an elegant Way of Thinking, which will be always sure to transpire into their Compositions, and will be manifested by a delicate Choice of Sentiment and Expression. *Inest facundis Gratia dictis* is the Phrase, by which an Author of Taste has signified a Polish and Refinement in a Performance; and indeed among the Antients in General, it is this peculiar Grace, this genteel Manner of conceiving

ceiving and expressing their Thoughts, that has made their Productions the Admiration of Ages; and those have been accounted classic Writers among the Moderns, who have succeeded best in imitating the *Greek* and *Roman* Originals.

FULL of these Reflections I retired to rest a few Nights since, when, in the Hours of Sleep, my busy Imagination pursued the same Tract of Contemplation, and presented to me the following Scene. I dreamt that an Order was issued out from the High-Court of *Parnassus* requiring the immediate Attendance of all the Inhabitants of the Place at a SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES, according to an anniversary Institution in Honour of the Day, in which *Apollo* slew the *Python*. For this Purpose the three lovely Sisters walked together, interchanging in their Way mutual Glances of Cordiality and Affection, to an elegant Edifice raised by *Inigo Jones*; each had in her Hand Mr. *Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty*; They placed themselves on an eminent Altar in such amiable Attitudes, as have not been equalled on any of our Theatres, since the Manager of *Drury-Lane* House withdrew a certain Lady from the public Eye.

As soon as the *Goddesses* were thus prepared for the Solemnity, *Apollo*, in all the Pride of manly Beauty, advanced to the Altar, and paid his Adoration. This done, the *Muses* came forward in Procession, and, after prostrating themselves in a respectful Manner, they mixed together in a Dance and sung Hymns of Praise in Honour of the Graces. *Ducunt Choreas, & Carmina dicunt*. The whole poetic Region was exhilarated at the sound, and every Thing, that before looked beautiful, seemed to glow with additional Charms.

As soon as this Part of the Ceremony concluded, a Trumpet sounded three Times, as a Signal for Men of Genius to make their Approach; and instantly a *Grecian* Band appeared. The most remarkable among them were *Homer*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Sophocles*, and *Longinus*; *Aristotle* having send Word that he was engaged in a *Syllogism* and could not attend. *Socrates* began immediately to dance before the Altar, and *Plato* ey'd him with a stedfast Look. *Longinus*, having acquitted himself in the due Forms of Veneration, fixed his Attention on *Homer*, and *Sophocles* with a polite Address gave the *Goddesses* a Paper to peruse. This I observed they did with Marks of Approbation; and I soon after learned that it was a Proposal from the Reverend Mr. *Franklin* for a Translation of *Sophocles* into *English*.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS was Leader of the next Division; he thanked the *Graces* for having scattered so many Flowers amid the Thorns, which shoot up in his Part of *Parnassus*. *Terence*, who was always an *elegant Observer of Forms*, seemed to receive great Delight from beholding so much Beauty, and he preferred his Prayer with the utmost Purity of Diction.

THE Posture in which *Tully* placed himself recalled to my Mind the Description of him in the *Temple of Fame*.

*Gath'ring his flowing Robe he seemed to stand,
In Act to speak, and graceful wav'd his Hand.*

He declared in a flowing Stile, that “ from an Habit of surveying the Beauty of external Objects, the Mind makes an easy Transition to the Fitness, the Order, and Regularity of it's own inward Frame, and from a View of outward Decorum it begins to require the same Correctness and Elegance in its own Operations; studiously careful not to think or do any Thing unhandfomely, from whence results that *Grace of Character*, which is, in its very Nature, highly eligible and Praiseworthy.

VIRGIL came forward with a modest Mien, and great Regularity in his Motion. He desired to pass all his Time with the *Graces* and the *Muses*; and bowing respectfully thanked the *Graces* for that elegant Simplicity, the *Molle atque facetum*, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureate Shade, where he almost hid himself in illustrious Ease. *Statius*, *Lucan*, and *Silius Italicus* endeavoured to walk in the same Path after him, and sometimes they even aimed at his Footsteps, but an aukward strut in their Gate rendered it impracticable. The Goddesses told *Ovid* that they were sorry they could not follow him into Exile. At the Approach of *Horace*, *Venus*, and all the laughing Loves, smiled with peculiar Pleasure *Tibullus* was received with every Token of Affection, and, before he withdrew, he begged Leave to introduce Mr *Hammond* to their Presence, which was granted, and accordingly Mr. *Hammond* had the Honour of kissing their Hands.

AFTER this a Pause ensued in the Rites, occasioned by the Delay of several *Monks* and *Fathers*, to whom a Summon had been sent commanding their Attendance. They were all in a Cluster at the Foot of *Parnassus*, and they at Length returned for answer, that they did not chuse to worship false Deities. After such

such a Declaration, it was with Surprize I beheld a *Popish Bishop* lay aside his *Mitre*, and venerate the *Pagan Goddesses*. Upon enquiring his Name, I found this Personage to be the celebrated *Vida*. He was followed by *Erasmus*, *Strada*, *Bobours*, and several *French Jesuits*, who were at length joyned by *Boileau*, and *La Fontaine*. The former had a Degree of Severity mixed in his Smiles, and the latter was all Quickness, Vivacity and Wit. In Imitation of *Tibullus*, they begged Leave to present their Friends, and accordingly, *Young*, *Garth*, *Prior*, and *Gay* were introduced.

SHAKESPEAR and *Milton*, came down from the highest Eminence in *Parnassus*, to pay their Respects. *Dryden* had not Money to procure a sufficient Quantity of *Frankincence*, but the *Graces* accepted the Intention for the Deed, convinced by several Touches in his Works that no one had a finer Sense of Beauty. *Mr. Pope* advanced with his Eyes fixed upon *Homer*, who was then in Company with *Virgil*; His Look was thoughtful, but bright, and he delivered himself in the most harmonious Numbers. *Addison* followed close at his Heels, and he delivered himself in his peculiar Manner of giving good Sense the Air of small Talk. He observed how much Good-Humour added to the Beauty of the *Graces*, and he was pleased to see them without any fashionable Edifice of Hair on their Heads, and free from any enormous Circle of the Hoop.

By this Time a general Whisper began to ran through all the Ranks, owing (as I soon perceived) to the Appearance of *Dr. Swift*, who approached with some Marks of Reluctance. As he drew nearer he sucked in his Cheeks, and the Goddesses turned to each other with a Smile. Upon his making an Apology for some Strokes in his Works, they assured him that they could overlook those Singularities, on Account of his other admirable Qualities, and they added, that what was formerly granted to *Virgil*, should be in some Measure allowed to him, viz. To toss about his Dung with an Air of Gracefulness.

LORD Shaftsbury was ready to yield all Veneration to three Goddesses, who had always warmed his Fancy with the brightest Ideas. This noble Writer was succeeded by the Lord Viscount *Bolynbroke*, who declared himself an Enemy to all Forms of Worship; He avowed at the same Time, that he was readier to pay Adoration to those bright Existencies, than to the *God of Moses*, or the *God of Paul*, on which Topics he harangued

ranged with a Rowl of Periods, in which, if he did not advance the strict Truth, he deserved at least to be called, in the Words of a witty Satyrist, a *polite Apostate for God's Grace to Wit.*

HIS Lordship withdrew, and I then perceived some certain modern Periodical Essay-Writers entering the Temple; They approached the Altar with a College Mien, and a pompous Affectation of learned Industry. Though there was no Deficiency of Sense in what they delivered, their Stile appeared too elaborate, and their Words frequently formed an *exotick Dialect of adventitious Phrases*, by which Means all Ease was discarded from their Writings; and where Ease is wanting, Grace will be always deficient.

EMBOLDENED by the Example of my Brother Writers, methought, I approached the Altar, but I was told by *Euphrosine*, that I advanced with rather too great an Air of Negligence, and the Goddess advised me to avoid having an Air of Thoughtlessness, while I endeavoured to appear careless. I was so stung with this Reproach, that my Repose was instantly disturbed, and, when awakened, I pleased myself in the Reflection that the whole was but a Dream.

W.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, April 25.

THIS Morning I received a Message-Card, the Contents of which were as follows. “ Mr. *Shuter*'s best Respects to the Author of the “ *Gray's Inn Journal*; he takes this Opportunity to inform Mr. *Ranger* “ that the new dramatic Entertainment, which he mentioned in his last, is “ called the CONJUROR, and is to be acted for the first Time on Friday “ the 10th of May, at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent Garden*; as the Piece “ itself is a new Species of the Drama, Mr. *Shuter* thinks he will be able “ in his Part, to entertain the Audience with several new Strokes of Hu- “ mour, and he therefore hopes for the Favour of Mr. *Ranger*'s Company “ on the above Night.”

The Green Room 25 April, 1754.

IN these gloomy Days, when poor Comedy is neglected, and nothing but Tragedy dares ascend the Stage, I shall be glad to relax my Muscles with the *Conjuror* and Mr. *Shuter*'s excellent comic Force, and therefore he may depend on my being present on the said Day.

Macklin's

Macklin's, 26 April.

Will's Coffee-House formerly fixed the Seat of Poetry and Criticism in this Part of the Town; since that House has been shut the Muses were obliged to stroll about; but at present there seems to be a Gleam of Hope, that they may be happily recalled to this Quarter of the World again, as the Critics of Taste and Erudition frequently assemble in this Place, in Order to settle the true Criteria of Wit, Humour, Pathos, &c. The new Tragedy of *Creusa, Queen of Athens*, has been the Subject of their Enquiry for some Evenings, and the Result is, that a better Piece has not been produced for a long Time; that the Story is interesting and well-conducted, the fourth Act particularly fine, that in some Scenes the Acting is very touching, and that Miss *Macklin*, by appearing in the Character of the young Prince, is no inconsiderable Addition to the Piece.

Bedford Coffee-House 25th, April.

Yesterday at Noon it was currently reported that Doctor *Hill* had got one Subscriber to his Book upon *God and Nature*, but such is the Degeneracy of the Times, we can now assure the Public that the said Report is entirely without Foundation.

Jonathan's, Change Alley, 24 April

At a Meeting of several Stock-Jobbers, Children of *Israel*, &c. held here this Day.

Jacob Zorobabel, in the Chair.

It was unanimously resolved to support the Election of a certain Candidate, on Account of his Attachment to our Cause in the last Parliament. His Zeal upon that memorable Occasion, and the Contempt he shewed the City-Petition at *Westminster*, deserve our warmest Acknowledgments, and we are therefore determined to procure him as many Votes, as we can influence. Our Friends are desired to assemble on the Day of Election, in *Dukes-place*, from whence they are to march in a Body to the Poll, with Cockades in their Hats, and this Motto, *Ut Ædificentur Muri Jerusalem*, that the Walls of Jerusalem may be rebuilt, and the following Gentlemen are desired to signify this our Resolution to the said Candidate.

Abraham Salvadore,
Aaron Franco,
Moses Amimidab.
Adolphus Lopez,
Josephus Shylock,

Jeremiah Tubal.
Lancelat Gobbo,
Solomon da Costa.
Jacob Zimri.
Melchizidec Mammon.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and Translation of the *Latin* Quotations.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 32. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, May 4, 1754.

————— *Hæc Ego mecum*
Compressis agito Labris; ubi quid datur otii,
Illudo Chartis—————

HOR.



SERIES of pointed *Thoughts on various* Subjects has been put abroad into the World by several eminent Writers, and in *France* to this Day, it continues to be a favourite Manner of conveying an Author's Sentiments to the Public. The famous *Rockfaucault* succeeded so well upon this Plan, that he is univerfally admired, wherever Wit and Poignancy of Matter are relished. Though this Scheme of Writing frees the Mind from the Fatigue of pursuing a long and regular Tract of well-concerted Reasoning, and may from its appearing in loose detached Sentences, seem to the Reader to carry with it no great Difficulty in the Execution, it is nevertheless as hard as any

any other Vehicle of Instruction. It discards many of the requisite Embellishments of Stile, but raises a Demand for Sense and a lively Turn of Expression in almost every Line. Hence it is, that the Writer already mentioned has been so much celebrated by People of Taste, and hence it is, that *Pope* and *Swift* have thought proper to follow him in this Path of *Satyr*. A very ingenious *French* Writer has also published, within this short Time an entire Volume in this Way, abounding in excellent Reflections upon all Occurrences in Life, full of strong Sense, and highly spirited in the Diction. After having perused this Author, my Mind acquired such a Habit of thinking in this unconnected Fashion, that I could not settle my Thoughts on any one Topic for the Entertainment of my Readers. Wherever I went, whether through the Streets upon ordinary Business, or into the Fields, in order to participate of that vernal Delight, of which there is at present a pleasing Emanation all around us, I found myself constantly talking Sentences. I therefore resolved to commit them to Paper for the Inspection of my Readers, and this not out of any Ambition of emulating my Betters, but because I am of Opinion, it may make a Variety, not entirely disagreeable, in the Essay Part of this Paper.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A PERIODICAL Writer, in order to procure himself a sufficient Number of Readers, should endeavour to render his Works agreeable to the various Palates, which predominate among the several Inhabitants of this Metropolis; But though he should season his Papers to the Taste in vogue, he should not entirely give up his own Judgment; As *Cowley* has it, The World may so come in a Man's Way, that he may salute it, but he should not go a whoreing after it.

THE severest Critics upon Writing are those, who know the least of it, which is some Comfort to an Author, who lives in an Age of Envy, Malice, Ill-Nature and Detraction.

DEAN SWIFT tells us, that when he was a young Man, he believed that the Rest of the World resembled himself in talking of nothing but the last New Play: In this particular *Ranger* has been perhaps too much like that great Genius.

WHEN a Set of Booksellers are concerned in a News-Paper, a *Monthly Review*, or a *Magazine*, they take every Opportunity in the said Productions of Praising the Works, in which they have a Property themselves, and of decrying every Thing that may

may prevent an Encrease of their own Sale. Writers who are ill-used by them in this Shape, may enjoy always this Comfort, that were these People to poll in Parnassus, their Votes, upon a Scrutiny, would be struck off, as they are only Copyholders.

WHEN I see Mr Barry in the Tomb-Scene of *Romco* and *Juliet*, he puts me in Mind of the Description of the *Nightingale* in *Strada's* Prolusions;

Præbet iter Liquidum labenti é pectore Voci.

WHEN I see Mr. Garrick in the same Scene, he recalls to my Memory two Lines of *Tibullus*;

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit Hora;

Te tencam moriens deficiente Manu.

You may know what a Gentleman thinks of you, by the Behaviour of his Servants, while they wait at Table. These People are always such sincere Friends to their Master, and have his Honour and Glory so much at Heart, that they generally place their Affections and Repentments upon the same Object.

ON the contrary, you may know what the Waiting-Maid thinks of you, by the Reception you meet with from her Mistress; for at present all young Ladies are directed in their Opinions concerning the Men by what Mrs Betty is pleased to say at the Toilet, and if she declares, "O Ma'am, he's a fine Man—I loves to see him like any Thing"—or, "Oh! the Fright"—I hate the Sight of him." You are sure to find the Consequences of it, at the first Meeting.

As the World goes, there is generally more *Art* to obtain Success, than *Merit* to deserve it.

SOUNDING Periods and pompous Expressions no more constitute a beautiful Stile, than strutting in *Red Heel* Shoes, and *Gold Clock* Stockings can make a graceful Walk; Both may serve to impose upon the injudicious, but those, who are acquainted with Men and Books, will always think Ease a very requisite Quality.

DISCRETION has its Bounds as well as all other Virtues; and it degenerates into a Vice, if, like *Aaron's* Serpent, it swallows up the rest.

A MOTTO for the JEWS;

————— *Nos alia ex aliis in Fata vocamur.*

MADAM DE PUISIEUX, in the second Part of her *Characters of the Age*, desires to know what Women, in general, do with a *Mathematician*, a *Chemist*, or a *Schemist*? It seems, this Lady thought too much Study an Enemy to Love.]

WHEN I reflect on the late *Marriage-Act*, I cannot help crying out with the Poet;

Curse on all Laws, but those which Love has made.

IT is well remarked by a very good *French* Writer, that a King who does not keep a *Mistress*, is highly estimable, provided he does not become a *Bigot* through too much *Devotion*.

POLITICIANS have observed, that *England* can never be undone but by a *Parliament*, and, for my Part when I read the *Addresses* from *Candidates* to their *Electors*, I look upon them, for the *Majority*, to be neither more, nor less than *begging* to have an *Hand* in *Naturalization-Acts*, *Jews-Bills*, *Taxes*, and in short the *RUIN* of their *COUNTRY*.

IT is much more difficult to *HEAR* in *Company*, than to *SPEAK*; Every one is willing to do the latter, but few have *Politèness* enough to do the former, though it serves a double *Purpose*; it shews our *Manners* at the same *Time* that it improves the *Understanding*.

THE late *Doctor Swift* is not generally esteemed as a *Man*; in this *Point* the *World* agrees with the *Dean* himself, who was always mortified to think himself of such a *Species*.

OF all the *Arguments* in *Favour* of *Vice*, *defendit Numerus*, is the worst; who would chuse to travel in a dirty *Road*, because it is crowded?

EVERY *Age* has a peculiar *Characteristic* to distinguish it; the last *Century* was remarkable for a comic *Genius*, which sometimes broke out into unwarrantable *Luxuriancies*, and a *Breach* of *Manners*; the present *Times* have acquired a *politer Taste*, but cannot produce any *Thing*. The former transgressed through an *Excess* of *Vigour*, the latter are decent, but they have that *kind* of *Decency* which arises from a *Want* of *Power*, rather than of *Will*, and should take for their *Motto* the Description of *Eunuchs* in *Terence*; *Amatores esse eos maximos, sed nihil potesse*.

A *WOMAN-HATER* is the most monstrous *Character* in the *World*; it is to be void of the natural *Affections*, and averse from the most pleasing *Society* our *Nature* is capable of.

WHEN

WHEN a Periodical Writer has been well received by the Public, he should take care not to *eke* out his Plan, because the Novelty of a Work will wear off both with the Writer and the Reader, and besides the *Latin* Proverb should always be remembered, *ne quid nimis*.

PEOPLE of the same Profession frequently spend their Time in envying each other whereas, if they were actuated by *Emulation* and each would mind his own Business, every Man would find his Account in it; as at Play, the Way is not to be fretting at the Cards you suppose your Adversary may have, but to make the best of your own Hand.

SOME Peoples Discretion is the Reverse of Charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

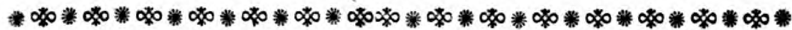
IT was well said by a Gentleman at a Coffee-House, that the last Scene of a modern Tragedy is like a Statuary's Yard; the Players are all fixed Attitudes.

WHEN once a Writer is known, his Enemies all will rail at him, and his Friends will damn him with faint Praise, because he has dared to take the Lead of them. He fares like one who meets with speedy Preferment in the Army; the Enemy will be sure to shoot at him, and his Brother-Officers will hate him for being put over their Heads.

RELIGION, which should make us live in Peace and Charity, is the Source of our most violent Animosities, no one being willing to let his Neighbour worship the supream Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though each Person is resolved to usurp that Liberty himself.

THE late Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote against the Christian Religion; Doctor *Hill* intends to write against Lord *Bolingbroke*. *Felices errore suo!*

THE best Comment on the Writings of Lord *Bolingbroke* would be a Review of his Life.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq;*

SIR,

IF you think the following Epigram worthy of a Place in your Paper, by inserting it, you'll greatly oblige.

Your constant Reader and Admirer

Lambeth Thursday, 2 May, 1754.

L — P —

Upon the Author of the Lives of the Pope's being made Clerk of the Buck-Warrants under Sir G—— L——

*From Romish Fasting, Pennance and Belief
B——s fled to English Liberty and Beef.
With most reformed Appetite and Palate,
He left his Brethren to their Fish and Sallet;
From Rome to L——t——n transfers his Hopes,
And now he cuts up Venison, and the Popes.*

From my own Apartment.

I have taken the Liberty to alter one Word in the foregoing Epigram, which I hope the Author will excuse, as I perswade myself the Epithet, which I have substituted, helps to give the whole an Air of Irony, whereas the Term made use of before, conveyed its Meaning too bluntly and indelicately.

Macklin's, 2 May.

The Conversation is strangely altered here within these few Days; instead of fine Scenes, Plot, Incident, Fable and Character, the Gentlemen now talk of nothing but real Landships, natural Cascades, Labyrinths, Vistas, purling Streams and shady Groves. The Critics begin to look extremely dejected at this Revolution, and some of them, it is thought, will go *strolling* into the Country, in order to exercise their favourite Talents upon the Performances of the itinerant Actors, during the Summer Season. In the mean Time these Gentlemen console themselves by reflecting, that on Friday next they are to have one Opportunity more, the *Conjuror* being on the Evening of the said Day to give a Tryal of his Skill at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent-Garden*. At present the Critics are adjusting among themselves the Behaviour they are to observe, and they are fixing who is to speak to him first from the Pit. In this Conversation our Connoisseurs resemble the Servants in the *haunted House*; I overheard one of them say, "it stands with Reason a *Conjuror* must have a long Beard, for did you ever know a *Witch* that was not an old Woman?" Another very seriously said, "I wish he ben't a *Jesuit*." Upon the whole, they all agree, that when in the House, they must take care to keep out of his *Circle*, lest he should expose them among his other Characters on the Stage.

Bedford-Coffee-house, May 3,

Since our last we are informed that *Alexander Cruden* the *Corrector* has subscribed to the Book upon *God and Nature*, and it is further said, that he himself intends to give the World a Treatise upon *Soul and Matter*. A Book upon *God and Nature*, and another upon *Soul and Matter* will certainly supply the two grand Desiderata in Literature, there not being above one hundred thousand Volumes upon these Subjects already, all equally entertaining, equally instructive, and equally edifying.

It is creditably reported that the Caravan, which has gone to the Bedford during the winter Season, will alter its Course, and set out from the *Cross Keys* in *Grace Church Street* for the following Places on the proper Days for Entertainment. To *Enfield* every Monday fortnight, and passes thro' *Newington* and *Tottenham*; to *Hampstead* every Saturday and Sunday, passes by *Mother Redcaps*, *Kentish Town*, &c. To *Richmond*, time enough for the Play two Nights in the Week; to *St. Albans*, when there are Moonlight Nights; to *Dulwich*, *Woolwich* &c.

N.B. No *Fiddlers* to be admitted, the Places being reserved for the *Nymphs* and *Swains* who delight in soft Thoughts in the approaching soft Season of the Year.

We hear from *Hornsey* that *George Tridridgeon* of *Holbourn Dealer* and *Chapman*, took the Diversion of eating a *Syllabub* at that Place on Wednesday the first Instant.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 33. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, May 11, 1754.

Impressit memorem dente labris Notam.

HOR.

*Oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui Nectaris imbuit.*

HOR.



THE following Letter came to Hand just as my Printer's Devil was at my Door, to call to me for some Copy. After having perused it, it appeared to me to carry with it a Vein of Pleasantry, under which there lies couched an artful Turn of Sense, not improper to be perused by the Fair. If therefore it will serve for one half Hour to banish, from their Company, a certain Concomitant of the Tea-Equipage, called SCANDAL, I shall think this Day's Paper subservient to a moral Use

194 THE GRAY'S INN JOURNAL No. 33.
Use, and I shall be glad to have suppressed an intended Essay of
my own, to give the *Step*, as the Ladies term it, to an Author,
who is so genteel a Master of Raillery.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

THE *Exercise of the Fan* was proposed in the Days of the
Speñator, as a Study highly necessary to the Ladies of
Great-Britain, and the Scheme, offered to their Confide-
ration, included all the requisite Perfections in the Management
of that pretty versatile Machine. Though I must allow that
Directions of this Nature were greatly conducive to a proper
Display of many female Charms, there is still a more useful System
of Rules for the playing off Love's Artillery, which I beg Leave,
through the Channel of your entertaining Paper, to convey to
the Notice of my beautiful Countrymen. The System of Rules
which I here intend, is the *Exercise of the Lips*, and, after ma-
ture Consideration, I think the whole Secret may be comprized
under the following Heads.

Moisten your Lips,
Bite your Lips,
Open your Lips,
Close your Lips,
Pout your Lips,
Rest your Lips.

THE Mouth being a leading Feature in the Countenance, and
the Seat of the Graces, where all the winning Loves and each
amiable Smile have planted their Allurements, there cannot
be too much Care employed by the Ladies to acquire a Pair of
well disciplin'd Lips, readily obedient to each of the Rules
above-established, and capable with Quickness and Ease to per-
form every Branch of this delectable Exercise.

WITH Regard to the first Word of Command; a due Degree
of Moisture gives a sparkling Lustre to the natural Vermillion
of the Skin, like Roses fresh be-sprinkled with the morning Dew;
it has also this further pleasing Effect, that when once a Lady is
known to have this Custom, the Men are constantly upon the
watch for some agreeable Contingencies, which frequently hap-
pen in this Discharge of the Exercise. It contributes likewise
to hinder them from appearing dry and rough, as is generally
the Case with old Maids, the least Suspicion of which the Ladies
seem willing to avoid, by the present Taste of extending the
Shape

Shape beyond its just Proportion by a fashionable Enormity of the Stays.

Biting the Lips is attended with more Difficulty than the premised Rule, because it is more complicated in its Nature and includes the Operation of the Passions. There are always many Topics in Conversation, upon which this Practice if well managed, has a very expressive Significance. When, for Instance, disagreeable Thoughts obtrude, it serves to excite new Ideas in the Fancy; it likewise prevents the unseasonable Eruption of a conscious Laugh, when the Libertine Wit of *Congreve* or *Vanbrugh*, provokes a betraying Simper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the Natural Redness of the Lip, and raises a Degree of Anxiety in the Men, for Fear the Delicacy of the Skin should suffer too much from too violent a Pressure.

I do not doubt, but it may seem perfectly easy to open the Lips; but this also I take to be a Matter of no small Difficulty. Very few it is observable open their Lips to any Purpose; besides it should never be done with too great a Precipitance, but always gradually and by due Degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up, within, an elegant Row of beautiful white Teeth, it will be sure to add greatly to the natural Bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable Contrast; like Ivory stain'd with a just Arrangement of crimson Colours. On this Head it may not be improper to caution my pretty Readers against an indolent Custom of relaxing into a Yawn, which distends the Mouth beyond its proper Size, and generally occasions the witty Saying, "*Thank you for not swallowing me.*"

BEFORE the Lips are closed, it is eligible to confer upon them a new Refreshment of Moisture, and, to enliven the Colour, if they were to undergo the Operation of Biting, I should not think it amiss. Shutting the Lips I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in most Ladies, and, I think, cannot be too much practised by old Maids, Wives, and indeed the generality of Women. In closing them, however, there are different Degrees of Pressure to be observed, because in this also the Passions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a Variety to the Air of the Face, by giving it an unusual Degree of Length; but in this, those, who have naturally a long Visage, are to be particularly cautious. When somewhat compressed, the Dimples in the Cheeks are displayed to advantage, and the whole Face is enlivened with a pleasing Glean of Serenity. If squeezed close together, it throws a beautiful Pensiveness into the Looks, which is seldom acquired to any Degree of Perfection by the Generality of the Sex, but when properly attain'd, in carries with it an elegant Kind
of

of dumb Eloquence, which the Critics have observed, is often a great Beauty in Poetry, and certainly has its Portion of Grace among the fair Sex. I know a Gentleman who can read the Thoughts of any Lady whatever by observing the Adjustment of the Lips. He tells me, he has observed a Pair of Lips speak, without any Motion, for an Hour together, and he has a List of Lips, which he says, are absolute Prudes; others that are Rakes; some that are amorous, and some that are swelled with Pride, and from a long Course of Enquiry he finds that they have more Electricity than any other Substance in Nature.

BUT these Remarks belong more immediately to the following Head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any Rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be always found expedient to moisten and bite them first, that, when prominent, the Under-lip may look as if pregnant with Delight. The Passions of Scorn, Indignation, Contempt, and the whole Family of Pride are finely marked by this Position. I have known a pouted Lip to look down upon a Rival Beauty during an entire Tragedy, and I have seen a Lady, without uttering a single Word, tell a Man, that she thought him an unmannered Coxcomb, by a forcible Exertion of this expressive Feature. I must observe, that this Practice becomes handsome Faces only; to such it gives an Air of Elevation, or a pretty Sullessness, which throws a kind of amiable Severity over the whole Countenance. Ugly Women seldom have this Art in any Perfection.

THE last Rule is to *Rest your Lips*, and is the most neglected of any, though highly essential in this beautiful Language. Young Girls can never be brought to pay the least Attention to this Precept; but were they sensible, that when the Features are left to display their own native Graces without Art, their Charms are irresistible, I am convinced this Word of Direction would be better observed. This Rule is more extensive than the foregoing, because it is proper for all Ladies in general; whereas the former should never be practised but by such of the Fair, as are blessed with a blooming Complexion and a Delicacy of Features.

THE Bounds of Mr. *Ranger's* Paper will not permit me to expatiate further; I shall therefore at Maturity publish by Subscription an entire Book, called the *Oeconomy of the Lips*, in which I shall explain at large the Doctrine here delivered, and I shall adapt each Article to the Make of the Countenance. The whole shall be concluded with an *Essay on the Passions of the Female Lips*, and to the Honour of this Part of the Face, I shall
 prove

prove, that in these Days of *Arbeitsm*, all Religion is centered with them, as what few Prayers are said at present, come from the Lips only, without the *Understanding* or *Heart* being at all concerned in the Matter. I have the Honour to be,

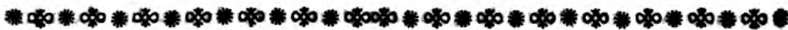
S I R,

Your most obsequious humble Servant,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

P. S. The Song in the *Beggars Opera*, "*Lip to Lip while we are young than our Lip to the Glass,*" will be considered, with some Hints to prevent the *angry Mab* of *Shakespeare* from causing Blisters. I also teach the Ladies how to cheat at Cards, and discover the whole Game by the Language of the Lips.

N. B. I may possibly take another Opportunity to consider the Eyes.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

S I R,

HAVING an Inclination to reap the Profit of industrious Application, and at the same time ambitious of a literary Fame, by publishing a Set of periodical Essays, not written in the easy Manner, which some Writers would prescribe, but so conducted as to give every Thing a sufficient Elevation, by a proper Dignity of Style, and Phraseology: I have plann'd an Undertaking of this Nature, which, I am confident, will not die away like an evanescent News-paper of the Day, but continue after their Author's Migration to a future State, to be a Vehicle of Sense and Erudition. With this View I have glean'd together all the most expressive and sonorous Words in our Language, such as *anomalous, erratic, chaotic, Category, Cachexy, Peripneumony, &c.* all which Terms artfully intermixed will lift the Language above what is commonly met with, and will give an ornamental Pomp to the Whole. But to variegate the Performance, it will be necessary to introduce, from time to time, a Paper of humourous Festivity, in order to irritate the Propensity to Mirth, to which most Readers are addicted. To discharge this part of the Design, I crave leave to solicit Mr. *Ranger*, and remain,

S I R,

Your most obsequious,

Most attached and most devoted,

PINDARICUS.

From my own Apartments.

I am apprehensive that my Manner of Writing would not coincide with the Specimen just given, and therefore I would have this Gentleman think of forming another Coalition, that may, (if talking to one of this Class I may use a familiar Phrase) *turn better to account*, or (as he himself would express it) *administer the tributary Advantages of lucrative Emolument and literary Fame.*

It being represented to the Court of censorial Enquiry, that the Influence of the present soft Season of the Year, leads every Mind, more or less, with a strong Propensity to Poetry, and it being reported that a Barber while he was shaving one of his Customers, spoke very feelingly of the genial Spring, and added with an Air of Ethufiasm, "*Sir, the pretty Querrifiers of the Wood begin to pour forth their little Notes;*" and it being apprehended that this Distemper may become epidemical, an Order will shortly be issued out, forbidding all Persons to versify until the Dog Days are over, and of this all pastoral Poets, all Composers of *Elegy, Anagram, Acrostic, &c.* are to take proper Notice, and, upon Pain of the highest Displeasure of the Court, they are not to pilfer any Thing from *Pope's Pastorals, Hammond's Elegies, or the Progress of Love in Dodley's Collection;* and it is further directed to all, who shall overhear any of these People mutter Verses to themselves, to take them instantly and dip them in the *Salt-Water*, in order to prevent the Malady from increasing.

Accidents. The *Conjuror*, who was to have appeared the 10th Instant, at *Covent-Garden*, has proved a Kind of *Bottle-Conjuror*, by not appearing at all; it is now said, the Author of the said Piece is writing another *dramatic Satire*, to be called, the *Conjuror outwitted*; the principal Parts to be performed by Mess. *Shuter and Dunhall.*

Committed. To the censorial Enquiry *David Quibble*, for the horrid, barbarous, inhuman, and bloody Crime of *Punning*, for which Fact he is to take his Tryal at the ensuing Sessions, which will begin on *Wednesday* next.

Robbed. *Shakespear* of two Farces, one called *Sheep Sheering*, the other *Catherine and Petruchio*; *Sir Charles Sidley*, of a piece called the *Grumbler*; whoever can give Information against the Perpetrator or Perpetrators of the said Fact, so that he, she, or they, may be brought to Punishment, shall receive an handsome Reward, and the Thanks of the censorial Court.

To all Gardeners and others whom this may concern.

If any Body wants a large Number of Tin-Cascades, imaginary Fountains, or unreal Water-Works of any Sort, very proper to be had in all rural Places during the warm Weather, they may be supplied at reasonable Rates by *John Burlesque*, who is at present engaged in preparing to throw the whole Theatre under Water next Winter, to give the Company some Idea of *Enfield-Wash*, in a Scene to be added to *Harlequin-Fortunatus.*

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 34. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, May 18, 1754.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem
Dulce est despere in Loco. HOR.



AFTER having perused the new Tragedy of *Creusa*, with all that Pleasure which generally results from a well conducted Story, and interesting Situations of the *Dramatis Personæ*, I was at length struck in a very particular Manner with the second Epilogue, which the Author has annexed to it. A Parliament of Women suggests many Ideas of a pleasant Nature to the Fancy, and there is a Variety in the Turn of Expression, for which this little Piece may very justly be called a pretty Composition. Having laid aside the Book, I found that the female House of Commons had taken entire Possession of my Imagination; I fancied

ciéd to myself, to see my amiable Countrywomen engaged in a deep Debate; the lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their Party-Divisions with great Warmth and vehement Elocution; the Words *Court* and *Country* Interest, *British Constitution*, *Patriotism*, *Virtue*, *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Liberty* and *Property*, *free uninfluenced Election*, *arbitrary Power*, with a long *Et cetera* of Phrases, with which our Ears are stunned in all popular Harangues, were methought banded about by these beautiful Representatives, with as much Zeal and Impetuosity, as ever they could possibly have been from the Days of *Hampden* down to the present happy Period. Their Fans, I imagined, prettily diversified with various emblematical Figures; and, instead of lovesick Virgins, *Jessamine Bowers*, *Rural Swains* playing on the Flute, they displayed to View nothing but Scaffoldings, Executions, Scenes of Broils, and Battle, Sea-pieces, embattled Squadrons, the Spirit stirring Drum, as *Shakespeare* has it, the *Ear-piercing Fife*, the *Royal-Banner*, and every Circumstance of *Glorious War*. The Patch no longer served as a mere Embellishment of Beauty, but carried with a very expressive Energy, and denoted the Attachments of the Ladies to the Court or Country-Party. *Blue* and *Yellow* Ribbons adorned the Head-Dress, and hung out a Kind of Flag of Defiance to the opposite Party. Elections were strongly contested all over the Kingdom; The *Old* and *New-Interest* clashed in *Oxfordshire*, and ended at last in a double Return; the Wives of several Copyholders were polled in different Places, and each Person swore, "as I live to breath" that she was a Freeholder. In *Kent* a Lady of antient and honourable Family was thrown out. The People of *Bristol* paid a voluntary Compliment to a Lady of distinguished Genius, who had been instrumental in bringing *Bristol* Stone Buckles into Fashion. After a very warm Contest for the City of *London*, upon finally closing the Pool the Numbers stood thus;

Lady Betty Allworthy, She-Knight, and Milliner	3650
Mrs. Mary Mearwell, Haberdasher	3570
Lady Fanny Comely, She-Knight, and Perfumer	3125
Mrs. Elizabeth Suger Kane, of Billingsgate-Ward	2950
Lady Harriet Lutestring, She-Knight, and Mercer	2603
Lady Deborah Gideonite, She-Knight, and Malt-Distiller	2591

WHEREUPON the four first were declared duly elected, and the last mention'd Lady, it was said, would be brought in for *St. Matws* in *Cornwall*, by the Lady for *Bristol*, and at the Recommendation

commendation of an old Dutchess at Court. The Writs being all returned, I supposed the Parliament assembled, the Ladies in the Upper-House, and the Commoners in the Lower. The Female Commons immediately proceeded to chuse a Speaker, which was a Point of great Difficulty, every one being eager for that Office, upon a Supposition, that the *Speaker* was to have the largest Share of the Debate; but being undeceived in this Point, the Matter was at length adjusted, and they then went upon Business. As several Occurrences offered themselves to my Thoughts on this Occasion, I shall throw the Business of this Part of my waking-Dream, into the Form made Use of on these Occasions.

Numb. 27,

V O T E S
O F T H E
FEMALE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Veneris, 17 Die Maij, 1754.

AN ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act for repealing, an Act made in the last Sessions to enable Persons professing the Jewish Religion to apply to Parliament for Naturalization*, was read a second Time, and committed.

AN ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act for repealing another Act made in the last Sessions for preventing clandestine Marriages, and other Purposes therein mention'd*, was read a second Time and committed.

Ordered,

THAT Leave be given to bring in a Bill to amend several Laws relating to the Distemper raging among the *Horned-Cattle* in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the same.

A MESSAGE from the Ladies, by Mrs. *Tattle* and Mrs. *Gobetween*, that the Ladies have passed a Bill, intituled, *An Act for Sale of a Capital-Messuage in Grosvenor-Square in Pall-mall, in the County of Middlesex, and the Gardens, and Out-Houses thereunto belonging (Part of the Estate of the present Lord Townly) and vesting the same in WILLIAM POUNCE of Lombard-Street, Banker, and for laying out the Purchase-Money in Discharge of Lady Townly's gaming Debts, and for other Purposes therein mentioned;*

to

to which the Ladies desire the Concurrence of this House; and also,

THAT the Ladies have passed a Bill, intituled, *An Act for vesting Part of the Estate of George Fiddlefaddle, Esq; in the County of Suffolk, and Part of his Estate in the Isle of Wight, in Trustees, to receive the Rents of the same, and apply the Issues in Payment of Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's Pin-Money, to defray the necessary Expences attending Routs and Drums, the Keeping of a Faro-Bank, and other Purposes therein mentioned*, to which the Ladies desire the Concurrence of this House;

AND then the Messengers withdrew.

AN ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, entituled, *An Act to dissolve the Marriage of Lady Betty Witlefs, with Lord Viscount Manly, on Account of his insolent Presumption in controlling his said Wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other Purposes therein mentioned*; was read a second Time, and committed to a Committee of the whole House.

Resolved,

THAT this House will, upon this Day sevensnight, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House upon the said Bill.

Ordered,

THAT it be an Instruction to the said Committee, that they do hear Counsel, and examine Witnesses for the said Bill, if the Defendant should make it necessary to be heard by Counsel, or to produce Witnesses.

MRS. Bigarre (according to Order) reported from the Committee of the whole House, to whom the Bill to repeal several Laws to prohibit the Importation of French *Laces* and *Cambricks*, and for an Act to suppress the *Spittle-Field* Weavers, to forbid the Importation of *French* Wines and allowing their *Liquors* Duty free; and relating to *Paint*, *Washes*, *Fans*, *Gloves*, &c, and for the better Encouragement of *French* Hair-Cutters, and to authorise the Payment of the Bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a Ship fitted out for *China* in order to import *Teas*, and *China* Figures of all Sorts, and lost near *Maddoc-ask-ber*, was committed; and she read the Report, and afterwards delivered the Bill, with the Amendments, in at the *Tea-Table*, where the Amendments were read, and agreed to by the House

Ordered,

THAT the Bill, with the Amendments, be ingrossed.

Ordered,

Ordered,

THAT Mrs *Trifle* have leave to make a Motion:

And she moved the House accordingly;

AN ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act to enable Pompey the little, Lap Dog to Lady MARY CREATURE, to relinquish the said Name of Pompey the little, and assume for the future to him and his Heirs the Stile and Name of MARQUIS*, was read the first Time;

Ordered,

THAT the said Bill do lie upon the *Tea Table*.

Ordered,

THAT Mrs. *Bragwell* have Leave to make a Motion:

And she moved the House accordingly;

AND an ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act for changing the present current Stile in this Kingdom, and to convert Night into Day*, was read the first Time, and ordered to be read a second Time.

AN ingrossed Bill, intituled, *An Act for empowering Lady STAKEALL to cut down and sell Timber standing and growing upon the Estate of Lord STAKEALL, her Husband, in order to enable the said Lady STAKEALL to purchase Monkeys, Parrots, and other Necessaries, and also to make a very large Bet at the next Masquerade, and for other Purposes therein mentioned*; was read the third Time.

Resolved,

THAT the Bill do pass;

Ordered,

THAT Mrs. *Fitch* do carry the Bill to the Ladies, and desire their Concurrence.

And then the House adjourned till To-morrow Morning nine of the Clock.

By Virtue of an Order of the Female House of Commons, I do appoint William Faden and Joseph Bouquett to publish these Votes; and that no other Person do presume to print the same.

ELIZABETH GRAVEAIR, Speaker.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartments, May 15.

A Public Writer has many and frequent Opportunities of seeing into the various Tempers of the Inhabitants of this Metropolis, among which, his Correspondence with several unknown Persons is not the least considerable, as it affords him Instances of their Proneness to Anger, their Modesty, their Impatience of Correction, their passive Forbearance when a Piece is rejected, and many other Contingencies of equal Moment. I have often received Letters from my fair Correspondents, in which they complain of my having altered their Stile and Spelling; others beg of me to take care of those Inaccuracies, and tell me in a Postscript, "*Mr. Ranger may spell this after the Manner of the Men.*" There are some, who when a Piece is rejected, have Humility enough to keep their Peace; from others, I am sure to hear of it roundly on Monday Morning. Opportunities have offered for some to thank me for little Insertions of Words which were most strongly expressive of the intended Idea; others will not give up a Word upon any Account, "Won't you allow me, Sir, to be a Judge of my own meaning?—Why do you make Slips in your own Lucubrations?"—With many more Interrogatories, which argue a sore and uneasy Mind. Whenever I receive Letters from a Correspondent of this Class, I cannot help saying, "Lord help his Wife."—as I apprehend, when Words become a Matter of high Importance, there must arise numberless Disputes during a Course of Curtain-Lectures. For my Part, I have always made it a Rule, not to have too much Sensibility when my Writings are criticised, as I suppose that every good-natured Judge will make proper Allowances for Hurry and other Infirmities of the Mind.

May 17.

There's a Passage in *Horace*, which I never understood till within these few Days; *O ego lævus, qui purgo bilem sub verni temporis horam.* "Fool that I am, says that Bard, to purge away my Gaul in the Spring Season of the Year." I suppose this Operation exhausted his satirical View; for having been this Morning at the *Dog and Duck*, I find myself suddenly rendered so flaccid, that I cannot hit off one single ill-natured thing for the Diversion of my merry Readers. I shall therefore only add, that I think it advisable for all Critics to drink deep of these Waters; if the Actors would also use them, they might help to carry off a great deal of the Stuff they have swallowed the last Winter: Witlings may here evacuate their Crudities; Poets their indigested Matter; and, in short, all Degrees and Ranks of People, may purify their Imaginations to a proper Degree of Serenity.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 35.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, May 25, 1754.

Studia adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas Res ornant, adversis Perfugium & Solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctantur nobiscum, perigrinantur, rustificantur.

CICERO.



N Application to Letters, and the affording of Part of our Time to Study, is finely set off by *Tully* with a Turn of Period, which at once elegantly displays the manifold Advantages resulting from Reading, and is an Incentive to every Mind to enrich itself with a sufficient Stock of Ideas, by a due Attention to the Labours of the Learned. " *Letters* (says the Author of my Motto) give Culture to the growing Mind, amuse old Age, add a Lustre to Prosperity, and afford a Shield from the Arrows of Adversity: They yeild Delight

in

in our domestic Hours, and are no Incumbrance abroad; they trim the Midnight Lamp; attend us in our Travels, and make frequent Excursions with us to our Retreats in the Country."

I AM aware, that the hasty Translation, which I have offered to my Readers of this Passage, falls many Degrees short of the Beauty and graceful Strength of the Original; but, such as it is, it may serve to inculcate the real Utility and Pleasure of a proper Regard to the Improvement of our intellectual Faculties, by an Allotment of a few Hours of our Time to this useful, as well as pleasurable Employment, which is at present rather too much neglected by the People of Condition of both Sexes.

MR. Addison wonders how People can spend so many Hours together, without receiving any other Ideas, than what are suggested, by an Arrangement of black and red Spots. But such is the prevailing Fashion of the Times, that the *Book of four Kings* (to use the Gamester's Phrase) is the only Volume, that is perused at present with the least Share of Attention. It is, in my Mind, a remarkable Circumstance, that one seldom sees a Messager-Card merely to invite a Person to a Rout, that is spelt as if the Writer had fifteen Shillings Worth of Education. Besides there are frequent Complaints in the Winter-Season, that "Every Body's engaged these two Months." That it's impossible to make a Party for Love or Money; that in a full Town, one is very often totally at a Loss for Company: In these Cases, the only Resource to which the Ladies betake themselves, is, fretting, scolding the Maids, quarrelling with their Husbands, sacrificing Reputations at the painted Altars of the Tea-Table, combing Lap-Dogs, with several other elegant Accomplishments for which the inventive Faculties of the Fair are never at a Loss. I am sensible, that a Dissuasive from Pursuits of this Nature may appear extremely unfashionable; especially, when 'tis found, that I would substitute a few valuable Books in their Room.

In my Apprehension, my pretty Readers are highly mistaken, if they imagine, that by dedicating a few Hours to the Perusal of the Productions of good Authors, they endanger their lovely Features, and run the Risque of dimming the sparkling Lustre of the Eye. On the contrary, to me it appears, that a Page or two in the Morning may serve to adjust the Countenance

nance; that the Acquisition of a new Idea may give an higher Ornament to the Head, than a new Head-Dress, and that every Face looks in higher Bloom, with a more attractive Emanation of Charms, in Proportion as we can read an Appearance of an Understanding in the Direction of the Eyes. For my Part, I should, at any Auction, set an higher Value upon a fine Picture than a fine Woman, unless she revealed some Traces of an intelligent Mind, because the former may be said to possess every requisite Quality to constitute it a Work of Value; whereas the latter wants the vivifying Soul to animate the Features, give Spirit to the Face, and demonstrates a Capacity of compounding, comparing, and forming various Combinations of Ideas. Unless we are habituated to a constant Practice of performing something in this Way, our Faculties will become totally relaxed and enervated, and the least Tendency towards thinking will become an intolerable Fatigue.

How much more eligible, therefore, is it to portion some Detachments of our Time from other Avocations, in order to spend a little Thought, in a Way that will enrich us, in our greener Years, with some Topics of Conversation fit to be made use of among Persons of common Intelligence! It is likewise laying up a Stock for old Age, or purchasing a Field of Reflection, which in the advanced Period of Life we may consider as the Estate of the Mind; where it may expatiate at Ease, and recreate itself with Speculations of Delight in its Decline.

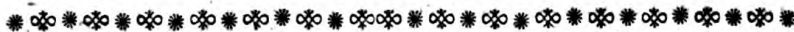
THERE is nothing perhaps more justly to be accounted elegant than learned Affluence, or a Mind seduced by the Temptations of an ample Power of Expence, and judiciously employing itself in polite Improvements, which heighten the Lustre of a prosperous Situation, and give an Embellishment to the most exalted Sphere in Life. Even Blockheads are frequently sensible of the Honour derived to them from a Reputation of this Kind, by their ridiculous Affectation of buying together an handsome Library, and making *Vaillant*, *Tonson*, or *Dodsley* take more Pains to furnish out an Apartment for them, than their Cabinet-maker to adorn their Drawing-Room.

BUT the greatest Advantage in Reading, is, that softening Quality which it has in all Cases of Adversity. By Cases of Adver-

Adversity, I would not be understood to mean, Disappointments in our domestic Affairs, or pecuniary Losses only, but all Situations in Life, where the Mind is liable to any Manner of Uneasiness or Distress. The surest and most certain Relief in those Contingencies is derived from an Habit of conversing with the learned Writers in all Ages. By these Means, the Mind contracts a Custom of not dwelling too long upon its own Idea, but readily it affords its Attention to the Investigations of Truth, which speculative Men have thought proper to send into the World. If I remember right, Mr *Locke* mentions a Power of transferring our Thoughts from one Object to another, as a very essential Faculty of a well-formed Understanding. When once this is attain'd, there is no Danger of our falling a Prey to Melancholy, to Grief, or any other Incumbrance which might restrain the Liberty of the Soul. From hence results that pleasing Serenity of Temper, which we observe to be peculiar to some People more than others, that Readiness to acquit itself in all the little Attentions due to those with whom we have a social Intercourse; and when under the Frowns of Fortune. A well-turned Spirit will at all Times have Recourse to Occupations of this Nature, to avert the Shaft, or soften its Smart, if its unerring Fate should make it reach us.

My Intent in throwing together these loose Thoughts upon the great Utility of Reading, is not to offer to my Readers this Day an entertaining Essay, abounding with Wit and Humour, to divert their Imaginations, but I conceive that a few cursory Reflections, thrown together in this random Manner, may serve to awaken in the Minds of some a due Degree of Regard to this too much neglected Occupation. If what I have premised should in any Degree conduce to this laudable End, I shall value the Lucubration of this Day much higher than any of my former Papers, even tho' they met with the same small Portion of Praise from the Witty, the Humourous, or the sensible Part of my Readers.

TRUE



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE our last arrived a Mail from *Vauxhall*, which brings Advice, among other Particulars, that Miss *Burchell's* Voice is improved to a great Degree of Perfection, and that there are great Crowds every Evening to refresh themselves with the Tin Cascade, at which Time it is said the Love-sick Tribe take Advantage of the general Attention to this beautiful Phænomenon, and amuse themselves with a soft Congress in the dark Walks.

*Where the coy Nymph her Lover's warm Address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.*

The same Advices add, that a young Parson mustered up Courage enough to break his Mind to his Mistress in this Place a few Nights since. It at first cost him many Stammers and hesitating Pauses, but having ventured to say, that the Walk he was then in was called, *L' Alley de Soupirs*, or the *Alley of Sighs*; he then proceeded with pretty tolerable Confidence, and talked fervently of *pure Joys, extatic Raptures, holy Bliss, heavenly Attributes, divine Perfections, &c.* which had such an Effect upon the young Lady's tender Disposition, that it is said, she made a Party to go to *Hornsey* the next Evening with him, to drink a Syllabub. As there have been several Poets here of late to offer their Service for the Summer-Season, it occasions great Speculation among the Waiters, who cannot as yet decide whether the Laurel will fall to Mr. *Lyrick*, or Mr. *Spondee*, both Gentlemen of undoubted Appetites, and zealously attached to the present happy Constitution of this Country both in eating and drinking.

By Letters from *Ranelagh* we learn, that the Hardship laid upon the Proprietors, by the Refusal of a Licence from the Justices, does not hinder Numbers of People of Distinction from frequenting that Place, and that the Consumption of Tea and Sugar will add much more to his Majesty's Revenue than the immense Ocean of adulterated Wines, for the Sale of which the said Justices have thought proper to grant their Permission, judging it, no doubt, highly necessary for the Improvement of Morals and Preservation of Health among their Fellow-Subjects.

Last Week several Malefactors were condemned at the Sessions held at the Court of Censorial Enquiry; and in our next will be published the Sessions-Paper, giving an Account of the several Malefactors who appeared at the Bar of this Court.

Though the Commanding-Officer of the *Covent-Garden* Forces has dismissed his Subalterns to their Summer-Quarters, it is confidently reported, that the Generals, *Lacy* and *Garrick*, will keep the Field for some Time longer, which causes great Uneasiness among the inferior Officers, who are all impatient to mount upon Duty in their respective Country Garrisons, for which Purpose they have already purchased several Waggon-Loads
of

of Thunder and Lightning, a Fountain little the worfe for the Wear, a flying Mercury somewhat moth-eaten, feveral caft Domino's for *Romco* and *Juliet*, a well-toned Bell, and fundry other neceffary Implements of modern Tragedy, by which Means it is not doubted but the country People will be full as much *humbled* as the Play-followers in *London*.

We hear that a new Comedy of FIVE ACTS will be acted next Winter at the Theatre Royal in *Covent Garden*, which it is thought proper to mention at prefent, that the Critics may have Time, by proper Alteratives, to acquire fome Degree of good Humour before this Piece is exhibited.

The Proprietors of the Caravans for *Enfield*, and other adjacent Places, are come to a Refolution to carry Pumps, Wigs, and Shirts gratis for the better Accommodation of fuch Gentlemen, as chufe to make ufe of this convenient Vehicle.

From my own Apartments, May 25.

Upon coming into my Chambers laft Night, the following Petition lay upon my Table.

The humble Petition of ELIZABETH WISHFORT;

Sheweth,

“ That your Petitioner is one of thofe who has an utter Averfion to the
 “ odious Appellation of *old Maid*, and that, tho' well inclined to do all in
 “ her Power towards fulfilling a very important Commandment, fhe has
 “ had feveral Lovers, who have all drilled away her Time in fruitlefs Ex-
 “ pectations of Propofals for Marriage, without ever coming to the Point.

“ That fhe is now bordering upon the Verge of that Period, when the
 “ Name of *old Maid* commences, and cannot poffibly hold out this Sum-
 “ mer;

“ Your Petitioner therefore moft humbly prays, that, not-
 “ withftanding the late Marriage-Act, fhe may have Re-
 “ drefs in the Court of Cenforial Enquiry againft the In-
 “ confancy of any future Lovers.

And your Petitioner &c.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ftreet, and
 J. BOUQUET in Pater-Nofter-Row, where may be had the
 former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 36.

To be continued Weekly.

Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, June 1, 1754.

Bona sub regna Cynarae.

Hor.

THE following Letter comes from a Correspondent from whom I shall be glad to hear as often as his Leisure will permit him.

To CHARLES RANGER Esq.

SIR,



HAVE lately met with some Papers of your Writing, in which with a nice and delicate *Trait de Satire*, you touch the Foibles of the Fair, and at the same Time that you endeavour to retrench their Hoops and other Follies, you win their Esteem by the Politeness of your Stile. I was the other Evening present in a large Company at Tea, when the *Gray's Inn Journal* became the Subject of our Conversation; I instantly took out of my Pocket your Exercise of the Lips, which I read out to the Ladies. " Well
to

“ to be sure, says one, he must be a charming Man—Lord
 “ I have seen him, Ma'am, says another, at *Drury Lane* Play-
 “ house in the Winter—He was often at *Drury Lane* Play-house
 “ —Lord! I'm in love with his Paper up to the very Lips, says
 “ a third—Where does the Creature get all this Stuff that he
 “ calls *True Intelligence*, exclaimed a fourth? For my Part, I
 “ vow and protest I don't believe there's a Syllable of Truth
 “ in it.” During this Interchange of Sentiments, I perceived
 that the Attention of the Ladies was principally attached to
 the Movement of the Lips, and ever and anon I could see them,
 as it were by Stealth, practising different Parts of that beau-
 tiful Exercise; whereupon I moved that they should all go
 through it regularly. The Ladies agreed, and I gave the Word
 of Command. It was really diverting, Mr. *Ranger*, to see the
 Effect this Operation had upon their really pretty Mouths; for
 pretty Mouths, I think, they all had, except one of them, whom I
 had a Kind of malicious Pleasure in observing, as she seemed to be
 a Composition of Envy and Ill-nature; of a quarrelsome Dispo-
 sition, and she was every Instant taxing the Rest of the Company
 with having reported such and such Stories; so that, were it in her
 Power, the whole Conversation, by Means of this young Lady,
 would have been taken up in defending and proving, and all
 about mere Trifles, which, it was of no Manner of Importance
 whether they were true or not. I could not help remarking, and
 I believe Mr. *Ranger* you will concur with me in the Reflection,
 that it would be much more ornamental in this Lady to set
 off her Countenance in the amiable Gaiety of Smiles, and to
 assure the Appearance of a placid and serene Temper, instead
 of being ruffled by tormenting Passions, and swelling with An-
 ger, which, as soon as it subsided, left her Mind and Face a Prey
 to the corrosive Thoughts of Repentment; and I could see her
 affecting an Air of Carelessness, while at the Bottom it was vi-
 sible she was ill-at-Ease.

It was with great Difficulty I could manage to keep this un-
 ruly Mad-cap of a Girl within any Bounds of common Civili-
 ty. The Fellows, she said, were extremely assuming of late; for
 which the Ladies might blame themselves for giving them so
 much Encouragement; if they would but keep their own Res-
 pect, the Creatures would know their Distance, and they would
 not then vainly think themselves Lords and Masters of the
 Universe. From hence was opened a new Vein of Conversati-
 on, and the Question with us was, whether the Ladies when
 once they have a Man in their Power, should not act the Ty-
 rant, and humble them to such a Degree, as totally to extirpate
 all Seeds of that Self-sufficiency, which they all seem to bear about
 them.

AFTER

AFTER a sufficient Number of the Company had delivered their Sentiments, I interposed, that there was a Society for the Discovery of Truth at the *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, near *Temple Bar*; there I imagined the Question might be discussed with all the Graces of Eloquence, all the Strength of Argument, and all the Decency and good Manners, with which a Research after Truth should be managed. However, I could not help offering it as my Opinion, though I plainly perceived that the Majority was against me, that a young Lady's chief Honour is Sweetness of Temper. In my Apprehension, said I, Good-Humour is the best Feature both of the Mind and the Face, and the amiable Sex will certainly act consistently with that Softness of Disposition, which seems by Nature to have been assigned them, by giving vent to this Source of Cheerfulness, which will certainly answer many good and excellent Purposes at once. It will contribute to preserve a Serenity in their own Tempers, will beam forth in gentle Irradiations through their Eyes, will preserve the Faces from untimely Wrinkles, prevent the Bloom from fading prematurely from the Cheek, and above all, it may often serve to get a young Girl an Husband, when she can put in but a small Claim for one on account of her Fortune.

HERE I was interrupted by a general Te-he, which was followed by biting the Lips, and the Practice of other Parts of that excellent Doctrine. When I was once entered upon the Subject so far, Mr. *Ranger*, I found it no Difficulty to proceed; I then informed the Ladies, that an insolent Beauty was in my Eyes an absolute Piece of Deformity; that the Affectation, which too often prevails in the Sex of displaying what they call their Power, was such an Extreme of Vanity and Folly, that I really thought the Persons, that could be guilty of it, however comely they might be, deserved to have no Share in the Propagation of Mankind. Upon this, the Fan was lifted to the Countenance, and after a Discharge or two of that pretty, voluble Machine, I went on to inform the lovely Company, that I had met with the History of two female Reigns; the first was that of a female Tyrant, and the second of an amiable Queen, or Mistress, call her which you will, who had a larger Number of Subjects than the former, and yet reigned over them with such a Mildness and such a gentle Sway, that the Men were all pleased to acknowledge her for the Mistress of their Hearts. As well as I could from Memory I then gave a succinct Account of those two Ladies, with which I shall beg leave to close this rambling Letter.

MARIA ascended to the Throne of Beauty in the eighteenth
Year

Year of her Age; immediately upon her Accession, she dissolved her Parliament, turned out of her Privy-Council every Person of Genius, Sense and Discretion, and introduced in their Room a *French* Hair-cutter, five Milliners, a Staymaker, a Chambermaid, and many other Personages of equal Rank and Condition. By the Advice of these Assistants she reigned with despotic Sway. She heard the Complaints of her Slaves with great Complacency, and without ever feeling the least Propensity to a Redress of their Grievances, which occasioned frequent Murmurs and violent Heart-burnings, and at length called forth a Shoal of Writers against her Government, as generally happens in all political States when the supreme Power is abused. On this Occasion there appeared a Shoal of Sonnetteers, Libellers, and Epigrammatists, who daily poured forth Treason against her Beauty, and pronounced her born to enslave Mankind. She had a very particular Pleasure in signing metaphorical Death-warrants for her Votaries; and she looked upon the whole Race of Mankind formed merely for her Use, to flatter her Vanity and to pay her Adoration. She exacted Tributes of Admiration at such an exorbitant Rate, that at last an *Hambden* arose, who disputed with her a Contribution of Incences which she insisted upon. This Proceeding opened the Eyes of the Rest of her Subjects, who all conspired to dethrone her in the twenty third Year of her Age; and then fell the Tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her Fall, after a short Reign of five Years, in which she conquered with so wild a Rage, as the Poet has it, that with the universal Joy succeeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whose Reign commenced, like a mild Evening after the violent Scorching of a hot Summer's Day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herself the Mistress of all willing Hearts, and valued herself more upon the Love of her Subjects than any idle Flattery she might extort from them. The Poet's Description was perfectly adapted to her.

*Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

SHE had no She-Friends in her Cabinet-Council, but guided herself entirely by the Directions of Prudence, Virtue, and good Sense. An *Essex*, at length, insinuated himself more particularly into her good Graces; but she had such a cool Command over her Passions, that she never disgraced him by a Blow, but in the End took him as an Associate into her Empire, which she, in a short Time, finally resigned, in order to enjoy the calmer Gratifications of a domestic Life, where she now shines with every

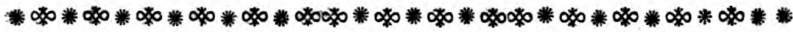
ry

ry amiable Grace, while *Toasts* and other ambitious Beauties fatigue their Eyes and every other Feature to gain to themselves a Number of Admirers among the opposite Sex. *I am,*

S I R,

Your Reader and Admirer

* * *



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, May 27,

SINCE my last, I received a Letter signed *P. F.* concerning a small Dispute which has happened between that Writer and myself. The Matter of debate between us is, in my Opinion, of very great Importance, and it very much concerns the learned World in General, that the Affair should be adjusted. It seems this Author, some time since, sent me an Epigram to be inserted in the *Grays Inn Journal*, which I comply'd with, after having taken the Liberty to alter a single Word, as I thought for the better, and having made a suitable Apology for it; in Consequence of this I received a Letter from my unknown Correspondent in the Stile of an angry Boy, which was, I thought, such an Indecorum, that, as a public Writer, and a Corrector of the Foibles of the Mind, I thought his Manner of treating me, and his too quick Propensity to Anger deserved a due Degree of Reprehension. In answer to which, my Correspondent has again thought proper to attack me, and he even carries Matters so far, as to charge me with a Plagiarism, though I had pointed the Passage I had borrowed, with such Marks as denoted it not to be my own. He further tells me, that he is married, and that his Wife and Family have not a very comfortable time of it, when his Wit does not succeed; which is undoubtedly the occasion of his Anger to me; he adds, that I have used him somewhat rudely, and concludes with saying, "*Pray, Mr. Ranger, be kind enough in your next to let me know, what Countryman you are.*" For my part, I do not conceive what light it will throw upon our Dispute to inform him of my Country; I think a Point of Literature might be managed without giving vent to provincial or national Prejudices, and it avails little, whether the present Writer be a *Cornishman*, a *Kentishman*, a *Welshman*, an *Irishman* or a *Scotchman*. As I do not like to gratify this Person in his Whims, I shall for the Present, beg to be excused, if I do not unfold my Birth and Parentage; thus much I will hint, that if the Gentleman will send his Wife to me, *I will let her know what Countryman I am.*

Macklins, 27th May.

In a Circle of Choice Spirits assembled here a few Nights since, a Gentleman informed the Company, that he is preparing for the next Winter a Treatise to be entitled, *μυστικα*, or *the Players Art of moving the Passions*. This Piece is to be written in Imitation of the *Bardo*, and all the Actors now on the Stage will be distinguished into proper Classes, in like Manner, as the Writers are in the Essay on the Profound, so that the Theatre, as well as the literary World, will be able to boast its various Degrees of sinking, as well as all other Professions.

These

These will be all distinguished under the Names of the same *Animals* made use of in the humourous Production just mentioned, and will be as follows.

1. *The flying Fishes*; These are the Actors who now and then raise their Fins in order to emerge into Light; but their Strength is too feeble and they soon relapse into nothing.

2. *The Swallows* are Actors eternally fluttering about, but their Agility serves no other Purpose than to catch an injudicious Clap.

3. *The Ostriches* are such whose Heaviness rarely permits them to utter a Syllable with any Kind of Fancy or Taste, and they are fitter to be shown in Pantomime than a regular dramatic Piece.

4. *The Parrots* are they that repeat an Author's Words without Idea or Meaning.

5. *The Didappers* are Actors who lye on the Carpet with their Faces concealed for a long Time, and pop up now and then where it is least expected.

6. *The Porpoises* are clumsy and uncouth; they put their Persons into great Turmoil and Tempest, but whenever they are to appear in a graceful Character, they are only shapeless Monsters.

7. *The Frogs* are such as are only fit for the fine Gentlemen in Comedies purloined from the *French*.

8. *The Eels* are Actors with a thousand Faults, but they are so slippery they elude the Examination of the Generality of Spectators.

9. *The Tortoises* are slow and chill, and like pastoral Lovers, delight much in romantic Love; they have for the most Part a gay Covering to their Head, and underneath it a very heavy Lump.

These are the Characteristics of our present Race of Actors, and a Key will be given with the Work to direct the Reader how to rank each Actor under the proper Classes, according as he assumes the various Shapes above-mentioned.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 37. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, June 8, 1754.

Contemptor Divin Mezentius —————

VIRG.



AT the last Meeting of the Club, of which I must consider myself an unworthy Member, as I have not of late attended them with proper Punctuality, my Friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the Acquaintance of my Readers, produced a Paper which, he said, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongst several other Manuscripts of the same Nature. After perusing it, I judged it would make no improper Entertainment for my Readers, and I therefore have ordered it a Place in this Day's Paper,

IN the Days when the Empire of *Bagdad* spread Terror round the Nations, and their conquering Arms added a constant Accession of Honour and Wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcafem*, a Youth of extensive Parts and boundless Ambition had the Address to raise himself to the first Honours of the State, and in Process of Time, he arrived to the Dignity of Vizier. In this Office his Conduct was such as might be expected from a Person of his exalted Parts. His Renown for Genius and a bright Understanding distinguished him above the Rest of the Ministers.

AMIDST

AMIDST the Effulgence of his Glory *Aboulcafem* was hurried away by the Violence of his Passions, which were rapid as the Cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the Whirlwinds in the Defart. His Soul was apt to kindle into a Blaze at the Sight of Beauty, and in the Height of his national Business he would frequently sport away his Hours in wanton Dalliance with a *Circaffian* Beauty, with whom he would often betake himself to the Baths, and there in amorous Dissipation write Letters upon Business of the utmost Consequence to his Country, and dispatch them to his Agents, whom he had sent to other neighbouring Courts. At length he was suspected to favour the Cause of the banish'd Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the Defarts of *Arabia*; and though no convincing Proofs could be alleged against him, yet not being able to vindicate himself from the Imputation, he was obliged to fly his Country.

ABOULCASEM immediately betook himself to the Prince *Abdallah*, and finding his Cause totally ruined, without any Possibility of re-instating him, he then exerted all his Industry to obtain Leave to return home. As Things of this Nature cannot be compassed in a short Time, in order to hinder his Mind in the mean Time from falling a Prey to Melancholy, and all the Horrors of disappointed Ambition, he applied himself to the Labours of the wise Men in order to relieve his Mind. Here he penned his Thoughts upon Exile, and many other important Points of speculative Morality. He lived like an Hermit in the Defarts of *Arabia*, and there, illustriously hid, he carried on his Researches into the Study of Nature, History, and all Branches of human Learning which could adorn and enrich so accomplished a Mind.

THUS furnished with all mental Embellishments, *Aboulcafem* was in Time permitted to return, but he was not restored to his Honours. As Ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no sooner fixed in his own Abode, than he instantly became an implacable Enemy to the Vizier, who had consented to recall him. He drew from the Stores of Knowledge, which he had formerly treasured up, some of the severest Reflections, which could be made upon the Minister's Administrations, and this in such a powerful Strain of nervous Eloquence, that he may very justly be said to have had a great Share in his Downfall. *Aboulcafem* was so happy as to have accomplish'd this Business, which was for a long Time the grand Object of his Intentions, but it was no sooner done, than he perceived himself as distant as ever from re-gaining his Prince's Ear. He therefore betook himself to his Country-House at a small Distance from *Bagdad*, where he employed himself in reading all the Moralists of *Arabia*, and in short all the fine Eastern Writers. In this Re-
cess

cefs he cultivated an Acquaintance with two of the firft Geniufes of his Time, *Selim* and *Mirza*, the former an eminent Poet, and the latter a diftinguifh'd Writer of Profe. Thefe two undertook the Defence of *Aboulcafem's* Character, and fpared no Pains to blazon his Fame to the World.

MEAN Time *Aboulcafem* purfued his Refearches into all Branches of human Wifdom; the civil Polity of States was to him a Storehoufe, which difclofed a conftant Fund of Supply; he then turned his Eye inwards upon the Texture and Make of his own Mind; he ufed to fay, that the Mind was a concealed Repository of Riches, and that it behoved every Man to find out the Secrets of it; this accordingly he did; but he did not enjoy the fecret selfish Gratification of many, who when in Poffeffion of a Treafure will never let it be feen by human Eyes; on the contrary, he was glad to have every Opportunity of displaying himfelf, and this rather to a Degree of Oftentation; from this Branch of Study *Aboulcafem* proceeded to examine into Matters of Religion, the various Systems of the eastern Sages were all to him perfectly well known; he laughed at the *Koran*; the System of Mórality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcafem* held in Contempt; *Mabomet's* Paradise was to him a mere *Chimera*, and he declaimed with a pompous Flow of founding Eloquence againft all thefe various Opinions; the *Bramins* were always the Object of his fevereft Contempt; in the Dictates of natural Religion, he would fay, we have no Occafion for fuch Guides, and in the Explanation of eftablifhed Forms they are highly dangerous; he was an Enemy to all Forms of Worfhíp offered in the Temple of the Prophet; he endeavoured to fubvert the Principles upon which this Worfhíp was founded, and to introduce a new Form of thinking of his own. Since *Aboulcafem* could have no Share in the Direction of State Affairs, he was determined to foar above fublunary Things, and to have the Lead in Matters of higher Importance. He was highly dogmatical in his Affertions, and he carried his Extravagance fo far, as to advance, that there was no Difference between the human Species and Brútes, and that it was highly probable that Dogs and the reft of the animal Creation were endued with Souls as well as Mankind, and in the general he afferted that all Souls were material.

IN the Midft of thefe Difquifitions, *Aboulcafem* was fitting one Night in his Study, his Lamp burning before him, when of a fudden, Thunders rolled deep and awful over his Head; the Mountains were shaken and they groaned; keen Lightenings flafhed athwart the Hemifphere; the third Heaven was opened and a Flood of Radiance defcended upon the Earth. The Solemnity of the Scene appalled the Heart of *Aboulcafem*; Trembling feized his Limbs; he fell prostrate and adored the Meflenger from God, who now ftood before him, and fpoke in Accents, which

which chilled the Blood within him, and made him stand convinced of his vain Philosophy.

ABOULCASEM, said he, receive my Sayings with an Ear of Attention. Know then that the Eye of him, who is in the third Heaven hath beheld thee; he hath viewed thy Ways with Compassion, and he hath made this Vision a Vehicle of Instruction unto thy Soul, which is at present lost and bewildered in a Maze of idle and foolish Philosophy; for thy Philosophy is not calculated to advance true Knowledge, Virtue, and Wisdom, but it has its Source in Ostentation. Ostentation and vain Glory have induced thee to display thy imagined Superiority of Parts, which pretends to pervade all Systems of Religion, and thy Heart's Conceit will approve of none. Thy Studies are ill directed, and their Drift is only to alienate the Minds of Men from any settled Form of Worship, which you are in the Wrong to disturb, as your own Insufficiency cannot substitute a better than what is designed to keep Society in a due Sense of Resignation to a supreme Being, and to preserve the Bands of civil Compact religiously unbroken. Cast but thine Eye upon yonder Vale; behold what is there transacted. There thou may'st see Men divested of all Forms of Worship, and rendered perfectly conformable to thy vain Notions of Religion. There thou may'st see what is the State of Man ungoverned by settled Forms of Devotion; they have shaken off all Regard to the Prophet, and behold them immersed in all Manner of vicious Practices. Uncontrouled they knock out each other's Brains, they make War to gratify their Ambition; freely without Restraint they proscribe whom they please; the Bonds of Society are broken, and the Contempt of divine Laws has introduced a Contempt for all human Institutions. To promote this Scene of Confusion are thy Writings calculated, but know, and dread the Truth I am now to utter; that it will better behove thee to pay Submission to the established Forms of Worship of thy Country than to disturb the Peace of the faithful, and thereby fill their Minds with Doubt, with Jealousy, Mistrust, Suspicion, and all the Horrors of an overweening Imagination."

At these Words the Radiance, which spoke, withdrew from his Eyes and left *Aboulcasem* in the utmost Consternation; the Impression was, however, very soon effaced, for notwithstanding this Admonition, he persevered in his ill Designs; but the Thread of his Days was cut short before he could vent them abroad into the World. However his Intentions were not totally frustrated, for the Hand of Death had no sooner smote him, than his Compositions fell into the Hands of *Namabran*, another eastern Writer, who sold them for a certain Number of Sequins of Gold, and by those Means the Writings of *Aboulcasem* came into every Body's Hands, and spread their baneful Influence on the Minds of all the Inhabitants of *Bagdad*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

Since my last I received the following Letter from the Gentleman with whom I have had a small literary Dispute.

Dear CHARLES,

I Was resolv'd to try your Temper, and since I find you have both Bottom and Spirit, I shake hands with you, and am your Friend again. Your Paragraph about *P. F.* in your last, was an Hit; it was smart, witty and to the Purpose, nay, so much to the purpose, that I have kept it from my Wife—should you like to laugh with the Author of the Epigram and the Letters signed *P. F.*, say but the Word in your next Journal and I will meet you at your own Time and Place, to laugh away Animosities, c'ak a Joke, squeeze a Lemon, damn the *Jews*, and settle the Affairs of the Nation; I perhaps may shew you something that will make no bad Figure in the *Gray's Inn*; but still I bar Alterations.

I am yours, &c. P. F.

My Correspondent at the same Time sent me an Epigram occasioned by my Answer to him last Saturday, in which I must own, he has pleasantly and wittily turned the Tables against me. For Reasons best known to myself, the Reader must not expect to peruse it in this Paper, though I am convinced it would afford him no small Pleasure. With regard to my Friend's Invitation, I must profess myself to be at his Command whenever he will please to signify it by a Line. I will then explain myself more fully to him concerning the Alteration, which has occasioned our Correspondence, and the *Grays Inn Journal* shall be open for any Thing of his Production, as I am convinced from our short Intercourse, that his lively Turn of Wit cannot fail to furnish out a proper Repast for intelligent Minds.

June the 8th.

The following Verses were sent to me this Week, and as they are said to be written by a Lad of fifteen Years of Age, in order to encourage growing Merit, the youthful Author shall have the Pleasure of seeing his Performance this Day in the *Grays-Inn Journal*. Lord! How his Schoolfellows will adore him? How his Heart will throb to find himself so soon in print.

Part of the first Satire of the first Book of HORACE, loosely imitated.

Content alone, Sir, 'tis confest
Can make a Man compleatly blest,
And yet so little on't we see,
(I must, egad, confess it t'ye)
All Stations, faith, I think have lost it,
From noble Lord to humble Poet;
All, every one laments his Fate,
From simple Rustic's empty Pate
To noble Judge's Head renown'd,
With Periwig prodigious crown'd.
The Soldier brave in Battle hot
Praises the Merchant's happy Lot,
While here and there he shows a Scar,
And damns the curf'd Fate of War.
The Merchant too, with rueful Face,
Laments his poor unhappy Cafe;
So many Ships all homeward bound,
With many, many thousand Pound,

I've

I've lost them all, alas! he cries,
 And with his Hands up to the Skies,
 Curfes the Time he e'er was made,
 The unhappy *Laughing-Stock* of Trade.

But here I cease to make more pother,
 About comparing this and t'other,
 I'll tell my Thoughts, howe'er as freely
 As possibly I can unto ye;
 Suppose, by Chance, or as you will,
 Man might of Pleasure have his Swill,
 Or rove about in any Station,
 Just as might suit his Inclination,
 That is to say, consult his Ease,
 And live just as himself might please,
 A Merchant if he lik'd, a Soldier,
 Or if it be his Whim, a Lawyer;
 Or if he would be still more grave,
 A Doctor's Station he might have:
 An even Wager I would lay,
 He'd be for changing in a Day,
 Or rather (for I wou'd not loofe)
 He wou'd not know what State to choofe;

Now *Jupiter* would serve him fair,
 If never more he'd hear his Pray'r;
 Men should confider, I protest,
 That *Jupiter* himself knows best;
 For if this Station, or that t'other
 Wou'd suit me better than another,
 Why surely ye can make no Doubt,
 It will be mine for all your Rout;
 Then think your present State the best,
 And——turn to *Horace* for the rest.

Your humble Servant,

Adolescens Æt. 15.

Haymarket 5th of June.

Last Night the new English Opera of *Eliza* was suppressed by an Order from superior Power; by which Means many Persons of Taste were deprived of a very elegant Entertainment, as it was universally acknowledged that this musical Performance has very extraordinary Merit, being a sensible Composition, calculated to convey the liveliest Ideas to the Fancy, and to awaken the Passions of every feeling Heart. It is said, that instigated by this Disappointment, Mr. *Arne* will apply to P.——t for a Bill to *unnaturalize* him, that he may then have the *Privileges of an Englishman*, as well as any Foreigner of them all.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and
 J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the
 former Numbers.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 38. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, June 8, 1754.

Obscuris vera involvens —

VIRG.



HAVING received several Letters, by which I find that the oriental Story, published in my last, has given general Satisfaction to my Readers, I have resolved to submit to their Perusal, a Translation of another *Indian* Narrative, of which I shall only say with Mr. *Pope*;

*Here in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false Scale of Happiness compleat.*

AMONG the Vicers and Ministers, who figured round the *Indian* Throne, and supported by their Prudence and Valour, the Lustre and Dignity of the illustrious Race of *Timur*, *Marad*, the Son of *Hanuth*, held the most conspicuous Rank. In War he had done signal Service to the *Califf*, and in Peace, his Country reaped the Benefit of his equitable Divisions on the Tribunal of Justice. In Recompence for his Services he had obtained the Government of a Province, in which Office he continued to give daily Proofs of Moderation, Generosity, and every amiable Virtue; by which Means his Fame was spread abroad, and reached the Emperor of *Agra*, who was instantly enamoured of so beautiful a Character, and he conceived a
Desire

a Desire to make so valuable a Personage his own. Thus the good Qualities, which were one Day to banish *Morad* from the Court, at present served to open a Passage for him, and to accelerate his Promotion; for in a short Time he prostrated himself at the Feet of the *Califf*, who incontinently heaped numberless Favours upon him, while *Morad* on his Part never ceased to deserve them. He was entrusted with all the Emperor's Treasures, and was Commander General of all his Forces. From the Confines of *Persia* to the *Indian* Ocean every Thing was under Subjection to *Morad*; every Tongue was mute in his Presence, and before him every Eye looked down with reverential Awe; he loved the Prince who raised him to this State of Elevation, and, instead of being envied, he was beloved by the People.

For a Series of several Years Prosperity on downy Pinions hovered over his Head, and the pleasing Images of his Prince's generous Affection placed him in Fancy beyond the Reach of Malice. A Reverse of Fortune he set down among the Things which he thought impossible; the Intrigues of Courtiers, and the Cabals of ill-designing Men were the Objects of his Contempt; attentive to Merit only, he carried his Extravagance of Virtue so far as to imagine, that in a corrupt degenerate Court, he could be great and good, with Impunity. But the Sun soon ceased to gild the Palace of *Morad* with the same cheering Radiance, which had hitherto beamed Lustre around him; the Storm gathered heavily in Clouds o'er his Head; and the turbulent Tempests of Jealousy, Ambition, Hatred and Revenge environed him with a Whirlind more dreadful than that which tears up whole Continents of Sand in the Wilds of *Arabia*.

In Consequence of this Confederacy against him, the innocent and injured *Morad* threw himself at the Prince's Feet in Confusion, which was artfully suborned as an Evidence of Guilt; the grand Apartments in his House, which were formerly filled with a Band of Courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of his Honours, his Estates were all confiscated, except what he inherited from his Ancestors, which by a singular Indulgence of the *Califf*, he was still permitted to enjoy.

At this Juncture, *Morad*, what were your Thoughts, what were your Sensations? The Sun ushered in a Day void of Occupation, and the Night a Train of restless Dreams. The gay Ideas of a Court rose constantly to his Imagination, and he would say to himself with a Sigh, "I have lost the Opportunity of doing good;" and his Heart in secret Whisperings told him, "You have lost the Dignity of Command." His Constitution received such severe Strokes from these melancholy Reflections

ions, that he languished under the Pressure, and his Soul sickened to Desperation. A gloomy visionary Light obscured his Eyes with dim Suffusion, and at length with Joy he perceived the approaching Sunset of his Days. *Death* he had seen without Apprehension in various Shapes, amidst embattled Squadrons, when he was in the Meridian of his Glory; and now, sunk with Misery and Affliction, he beheld him with an unreluctant Eye. As he lay languishing on the Bed of Sickness, his Servants, who had hitherto adhered to him began to neglect their Master, saying to each other, that it was impossible to please his Ill-Humours. *Morad, Morad*, you thundered not long since, at the Head of Armies; whole Nations obeyed your Voice; and now how altered! Relaxed and inebbled you groan in Anguish, and a menial Slave refuses that tender Aid, which out of Humanity thou wouldst have afforded him.

By this Time the News of *Morad's* Situation reached the Ear of his Son *Abouzaid*, who instantly quitted his Regiment. He flies to his Father's Relief, arrives at his Bed-side, and in a Gush of Tears embraces his agonizing Body; but all Help was vain; *Morad* beheld the Minister of Death before his Eyes, and to make the best Use in his Power of his last Moments, he bid *Abouzaid* draw near, and thus bespoke him.

" My Son *Abouzaid*, hear me. Your Father has no more
 " to hope or fear in this Life. The Angel of Death has
 " seized his Victim. Then listen to my last Directions: You
 " have beheld your Father in the Height of Prosperity; you
 " have known him in the Abyss of Misery; I have fallen
 " a Prey to ill-designing Men; the *Califf's* Humanity left me
 " my paternal Possessions; Wisdom and Equanimity I might
 " have preserved myself. But vain boast! I yielded to Debi-
 " lity of Mind; no more of that—Cast your Eye now up-
 " on yourself; but one short Moment, and these Possessions
 " are all your own; then mind my Words. Let Happiness be
 " your aim; avoid public Honours; fly from Courts, as
 " from the Monsters of the Desert; you have a Sufficiency
 " to shield you from Insults; let your Moderation shade
 " you from Envy. The Dignity of Virtue is the first
 " Honour you can attain; study to deserve sincere Friend-
 " ship, but let your Happiness be independant of exter-
 " nal Objects, and fixed in your own Mind. In the Zenith
 " of my Days I despised Calumny; who, said I, will listen
 " to thee, foul-mouthed Detraction?—I was in the Wrong; ne-
 " ver, My Son, think yourself aboe the Malice of the most
 " abject Creature; flatterers are always dangerous; conscious of
 " the Meanness they submit to in offering Incense, they en-
 " deavour to avenge themselves by the malicious Pleasure of
 " seeing their superiors humbled to the Dust like themselves.
 " Then learn my Son."—

He could no more; his Lot for Eternity was cast, and he expired. *Abouzaid* wept in Bitterness of Anguish over the best of Fathers; he treasured up his Precepts in the inmost Recesses of his Soul, and immediately began to conform his Practice to them. The first Step he took was to establish the internal Harmony of his own Mind, and then to promote Peace and Order throughout all his Family. He endeavoured to render Servitude easy to his Domesticks, until at length he found out their Ingratitude, by a Theft which was committed. He then perceived, that there was no making a Friend of a Servant; and having an Heart naturally inclined to form Attachments, he began to make Connections with his Equals. But Riot, Jealousy, Mistrust and Treachery determined him to try an higher Sphere of Life, which, however, he soon grew tired of, as he did not here meet with that Cordiality and Confidence, to which the Warmth of his social Affections inclined him. His Table was open to every one, without Distinction, by which Means he fell in the Opinions of all People of real Merit. In vain his Palace resounded with Singers and Minstrels; in vain did Amber and Aloes administer their rich Perfumes; in vain were his Tables covered with Vases of Agate filled with the most delicious Liquors of the East. These were no Inducements to Persons of a liberal Way of thinking, and therefore *Abouzaid* was again obliged to have Recourse to some new Plan of Life.

LET us addict ourselves, said he, to the polite Arts and the Embellishments of Wit; let us have Intercourse with Men of Genius; let us call forth drooping Merit from Obscurity, and try what will be the Effects of Gratitude in a cultivated Understanding. At the Word his House was filled with Moralists from all Parts of the East, with Poets, with Painters and with Musicians. Each in his Way contributed to adorn his Library. The Sister Arts of Poesy, Painting, and Sculpture lent their auxiliar Aid, and the Philosophers disclosed to him the secret Wonders of Nature. But in vain; *Abouzaid* did not so much want Books and other elegant Furniture, as Hearts endued with the social Feelings. He began to perceive that the delicate Turn of Expression, with which his new Guests delivered themselves, differed but little in the Main from the abject Submission of his former Slaves. In Process of Time Ease and Plenty pampered their Pride, and they began to look down upon their Benefactor, against whom they now gave vent to all the Sneers of malicious Wit; at the Ingratitude of which *Abouzaid* was so enflamed, that he dismissed them from his Roof.

HAMED, the Poet, was the last in this banished Train, on Account of the strong Tendencies to Benevolence, which his Patron

Patron felt towards him. At length *Abouzaid* told him, *Hammed*, your Ingratitude has stung me to the Heart; I loved you best; but I now stand convinced, notwithstanding all your florid Descriptions of Virtue, and the Excursions of your Fancy into Paradise, that you are like the rest; go, wander o'er the Desert; I see plainly that there is no depending on the Gratitude of the human Heart, nor will I longer pursue the Chimera of Friendship; My Happiness shall for the future be independant of outward Objects; and in my own Purity of Manners and Uprightness of Heart shall be lodged the Sources of that Felicity, which I have in vain sought at the Hands of Men like you. After this *Abouzaid* did not totally abstract himself from Society, but the Remainder of his Days was chiefly spent in preserving the Ballance of his Affections, and fixing such Habits of Serenity in his Soul, such a Taste for Goodness and such Relishes for Piety as might serve to qualify him for a Reception in those Mansions, which are prepared for good Men whenever the Minister of Death shall summon the unbodied Spirit from this sublunary Scene. W

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, June 15.

I Nstead of giving my Readers any Account of the various Occurrences, which have happened in this Metropolis since my last, I shall this Day treat them with a Retrospect of some certain Contingencies among Lovers, and I make no doubt but in the present soft Season of the Year, some Degree of Utility may be derived from the following succinct History of *Enamourats*. I am sensible of what Importance it is to the World to know that *William Doe*, Breeches-Maker is not dead, as was reported: That a Treaty of Marriage is on Foot between *John Wisacre* Esq; and Miss *Red-Cheek*: That on Wednesday Mr *Such-a-one* was walked through a Horse-pond by a Gentleman's Coachman for pretending Love to a pretty young Lady, with many other Adventures of equal Moment; but, at this Juncture, I beg leave to fill up the Remainder of this Paper with an Extract from some Records of *Rosalmond's Pond*, which have lately fallen in my Way, and which contain a Memorial of these Personages of both Sexes, who have thought proper to seek for Relief from the affwaging Waters of this little Canal. The Perusal may serve to caution tender Minds not too indulge too much so insinuating and enervating a Passion, as Love certainly is; and having said thus much, by Way of Preface, I shall give these Memoirs in the same simple Dress in which they fell into my Hands.

Miss *Betsy Hopeless*, Milliner in the *New-Exchange*, threw herself into the Pond for Monsieur *Capriole*, a Figure Dancer at *Drury-Lane Playhouse*; the Coroner's Inquest sat upon her Body, and, after admiring it for a sufficient Time, brought in their Verdict, *Lunacy*; but *not wilful*.

John Second-thought was smitten by the amiable Miss *Dimple*, and after having paid Attendance for many Months, and at the Expence of several considerable Presents, such as a Pocket Looking-Glass, a Twee, &c. He walked very demurely on a fine Summer's Evening to the Brink of the Pond, and having surveyed it very coolly, he changed his Mind and went Home again.

A young Lady of Fashion, whose Name it is not proper to mention, stung herself in for the Love of *Thomas* the Footman, but was taken up by the Centinel, and only damaged a new *Petenlair*.

Captain *Dare-Devil* having received a Kicking from a Brother Officer who was his Rival, went at six o' Clock the next Morning, and drowned himself in this oblivious Lake; his Body was taken up, and there was found in his Pocket a Tooth-pick, something the worse for the wear an empty Purse, very little damaged, Lord *Rocheſter's* Poems, and a Corka Skrew.

William Abley took a sober Walk with a Friend down the Bird-Cage Walk, took his Leave of him. and then very quickly plunged in. There were found in his Pocket two Guineas, some Silver, a Tobacco-Stopper, a Volume of *Whitfield's* Sermons, and a Piece of Paper, on which were the following Lines.

*A frowning World and a drunken Wife,
Is the Cause of my putting an End to my Life.*

Miss *Mary Tinder*, of *York-Buildings*, aged twenty three, in Love with an Under-actor belonging to his Majesty's Company of Comedians, took the Lover's Leap and was hurt in the Fall, but perfectly recovered.

N. B. This was the third Time of her attempting so desperate an Action.

Elizabeth Softly was deeply in Love with Monsieur *La Jeunesse*, a French Hair Cutter, and went with a peremptory Resolution to finish her Sorrows, but happening to meet a young Templar near the Brink of the fatal Waters, she changed her Mind, and in pure Compliance, and with a pretty Smile, she went with him to the *Vineyard*, and instead of sending a Person out of the World, it is said, that in nine Months after she brought forth a young Foundling.

N. B. She is still seen in the *Park* every Evening as it begins to grow dark.

Dick Nimblewrist, alias *Crook-fingered Jack*, fell in love with a Gentleman's Handkerchief, a Corner of which hung out of his Pocket so invitingly, that he was tempted to seize it, but being discovered in the Attempt, he was drenched in the Pond in Order to cool his inordinate Desires.

John Atall, Esq; threw himself in about six o' Clock in the Evening, which drew together a large Concourse of People; but, having laid a deep Wager at the *Kings-Arms*, he only swam across and got out again.

N. B. He took cold and died that Day Week of a raging Fever.

Margaret Fretfull, because her Complexion was hurt by the Small-Pox, dived to the Bottom, and there remained, till like *Ophelia*, she had too much of Water.

Monsieur *Languedoc*, a Gentleman who left his own Country on Account of his Religion, and that he might enjoy a Portion of *English Liberty*, met with some Insult from a vulgar seeming Person in the Mall, and Words ensuing, his Antagonist instantly threw away his Hat and Wig, spit in his Fist, and stood in a bruising Attitude; Whereupon Monsieur *Languedoc* drew his Sword, which so incensed the Populace, that they took him to the Pond and ducked him three Times.

N. B. A Tooth that had been loose for some Time fell out upon this Occasion.

Sappho the little Poetess, that walks in the *Park*, was taken out by an *Irishman*, who stripped and plunged in to her Relief. She was supposed to be drunk when she committed this rash Action, as she did not rebound her Verses on this Occasion as distinctly as usual.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 39.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

S A T U R D A Y, J U N E 22, 1754.

————— *Veteres ita moratur laudatque Poetas.
Indignor quidquam reprehendi non quia crasse
Scriptum, ille pidive putetur sed quia nuper.*

HOR.

If the following Letter affords my Readers as much Pleasure, as I have received from it, I shall have no Reason to be sorry for giving it a Place in this Day's Paper.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,



KNOW the Importance of an Author to himself is so very great, that he looks upon it as absolutely necessary, that the Public should be informed of every particular Circumstance relating to his Body or Mind; as for Instance, at what Hour he goes to Bed, on which Side he composed himself to Sleep; whether his Slumbers were interrupted, and above all, the Purport of his Dreams, *for Dreams descend from Jove.* In my Sense this Practice is perfectly just; but I hope Mr. Ranger will not monopolize Dreaming, and that he will give an occasional Writer the Liberty of communicating to the Public, how he passed the Night. My Hopes of succeeding in this Request are the more sanguine, as the intellectual Scene, of which I mean here to give some Account was occasioned by a Pertusal of a Vision of your own, in which you describe a *Sacrifice to the Graces.*

THE

THE Images, which that Piece excited in my Fancy, incorporated, if I may so call it, with the Ideas, that have been uppermost in my waking Thoughts for some Time past, and I imagined in my Sleep that there was a general Election in *Parnassus* for proper Members to represent the Republic, of Letters. It seems, *Apollo* was induced by frequent Murmurs and Complaints to dissolve his Parliament; some Male-contentments among the Moderns, being of Opinion, that the Antients had arbitrarily voted themselves perpetual Dictators in Wit, whereas, upon a free uninfluenced Election, they believed themselves capable of returning a larger Number than the said Antients. The Party for the Moderns was led on by Monsieur *De la Motte*, *Perrault* and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorously opposed by *Boileau*, *Madam Dacier*, and the latter by Mr. *Pope* and *Doctor Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new Edition of his *Battle of the Books* to be published forthwith, and *Pope* took occasion to reprint his *Essays*, and Criticisms upon *Homer*. The *Old* and *New Interest* were the Words by which each Party signified their Attachments, and Reams of *Lampoons*, *Acrostics*, and *Rebus's* were issued out by the *Moderns*, which were all answered by Epigrams, Fables, and Burlesque Pieces written by the Friends of the Antients.

At length the Writs were issued out to the proper Officers to chuse Representatives for the several Counties and Borough-Towns in *Parnassus*, some Places by poetic Licence having Leave to return as many Members, as could fairly prove a Qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic Poetry; *Milton* was set up by the Encouragement of several Friends, and they were all three accordingly chosen. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the Poll, and *Virgil* twelve; *Milton* by an Assessment a little before the Election created two new Votes, by which he also reached the Number twelve, and *Virgil* was so modest that he made no Objection to it. *Tasso*, *Sir Richard Blackmore*, and others were declared Candidates, but the former was proved to have bribed with *cliquant*, and the latter could not make out a Qualification.

SOPHOCLES and *Euripides* joined Interests, and *Aristotle* undertook to canvass for them; but *Shakespear* carried it by a great Majority; *Corneille* and *Racine* stood next upon the List, but a Scrutiny was demanded in Favour of the *Old Interest*, who objected to the Legality of several Votes, and the *New Interest*, upon a Suspicion that sundry Copyholders had polled, employed some *French* Critics to go through their Answer; it is thought it will at last end in a double Return.

IN the Region of Comedy the Antients lost their Election by a very great Majority; *Moliere*, *Ben Johnson*, *Congreve* and *Vanburgh*, being declared duly elected. *Shakespear* was offered a Seat in the House for this Quarter, but he chose to be returned for Tragedy. It is said, that when Mr. *Cibber* ar-
rives

rives here, he will be put up as a Person duly qualified, tho' it is apprehended that his Quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of several Votes.

THE *New Interest* exulted greatly upon their Conquest in the last Election, and in Order to compleat their Triumph, proceed further into the Regions of *Humour* and *Ridicule*. *Homer* was here again put up by *Aristotle*, who urged the *Margites* as a sufficient Claim; but the Writings of that Estate being lost, he was obliged to decline the Poll. After this an Advertisement was published, desiring the Votes and Interest of all the true Sons of Merriment for *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had just lost their Election in another Place; *Lucian* set up upon his own Interest. The *Moderns* declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift* and *Butler* joint Candidates, being all Gentlemen heartily attached to true Wit and Humour. Votes were also solicited for several other Personages; *Monsieur la Sage*, *Scarron*, *Marivaux*, and *Addisou* were strongly recommended; but the latter being returned in Conjunction with *Terence* and *le Sage* for the Borough of POLITE-MIRTH, Sir *Richard Steel* appeared on the Hustings and withdrew his Friend's Name. *Swift* mixed with the lower Sort of People; joked with the Women about their Posteriors, and republished his Account of the strange Man just arrived in Town. *Rablais* contributed a good Deal to the general Mirth; *Cervantes* occasionally gave vent to a Vein of low Humour, but *Lucian* could not make himself universally understood, and many of his Turns did not allude to modern-practised Life. *Scarron* got together a Company of Strollers, and exhibited Entertainments in Booths with great Success. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown* offered themselves on this Occasion, but were rejected with Contempt. At length the Books were closed, and *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Butler*, and *Swift* were declared duly elected. At which the Managers for the *New Interest* were highly inflamed; they lodged a Petition in Favour of *Rablais*, but such a Vein of Extravagance run through the whole, and some Passages were worked up into such a Strain of unintelligible Frolic, that it was generally supposed it would be given against him. However his Friends were determined to bring him in for an inferior Borough, and *Scarron* and *Marivaux* were also assured of their Election. Whenever *Fielding* shall take Possession of his Estate in this Part of *Parnassus*, there is a Borough ready to elect him.

To have so many *Moderns* chosen for the last Division was highly agreeable to the *New Interest*; they were however a good Deal dejected at the Election for *History*, for which the Contest was ineffectual. *Thucydides*, *Sallust*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus* being chosen by a great Majority. *Paminianus Strada* endeavoured to hurt the Election of the last mentioned Writer, in Order, as it was thought, to substitute himself; but *Peers* being allowed to appear at Elections in *Parnassus*, Lord *Bolingbroke*

gave

gave all his Interest to *Tacitus*, and assured him that his Works were of infinite Use in all his political Tracts. *Sallust* recommended *St. Real*, an approved *French* Historian, to a Borough. *Julius Cæsar* was put up without his Consent, a literary Fame not being the Object of his Ambition; Lord *Clarendon* was for a long Time decry'd by a Party, but was at last declared duly elected.

DEMOSTHENES and *Cicero* harangued from the Hustings, and were unanimously chosen for Oratory; it was remarkable that among all, who have made a conspicuous Figure in the *British* Parliaments, not one could make an Opposition in these Regions. A Party of *Frenchmen* endeavoured to make a Stand, upon the Strength of some certain Funeral Orations, but in a few Hours they found themselves greatly out-poll'd.

HORACE, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, and *Mr. Pope* were made the Representatives of Satyr; *Juvenal* and *Perseus* having set up for Places upon their own separate Interests; as soon as the Election was over *Mr. Pope* thanked the Constituents for the Honour conferred upon him, and signified his Inclination to take his Seat for *Ethics*, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*.

LORD Bacon and *Mr. Lock*, were returned for real and useful Philosophy, at which *Aristotle* was violently enraged. He was however somewhat comforted to find himself the first on the Poll for *Criticism*; *Longinus*, *Quintilian*, and *Bobours* were also declared duly elected. There was a great Number of Boroughs in this County, most of which were represented by *Frenchmen*, the Chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, Author of the Reflections upon Poesy and Painting. *Mr. Addison* was also returned in this District, but being previously chosen, he recommended in his Room the Author of that excellent Poem, *The Pleasures of Imagination*.

IN the Regions of miscellaneous Poetry *Dryden* had an Offer from almost every Place; *Spencer* was elected for a Borough, said to be ever-run with Witches and Fairies; In *Pastoral*, *Ambrose Philips* exerted his utmost Interest, but it was said that *Mr. Pope*, though he did not chuse to be the Representative himself, had resolv'd to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the Country People for the Offers made to himself, expatiated on rural Happiness, and said he should always be a Lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*, but begged Leave to recommend in his room *Vaniere*, Writer of the *Prædium Rusticum*, and the late *Mr James Thompson* Author of the Seasons.

THOUGH the *New-Interest* had no Reason to be dissatisfied with these Proceedings, they were highly disappointed in several Places. However, they were determined to keep up their Spirits with a Shew of Victory. I fancied their Acclamations of Joy were so loud on the Occasion, that I was awaked from my Dream. I am,

S I R,

Oxford,

June 17, 1754.

Your most obedient Servant.

J. NIGHTMARE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment June 22.

IN my last Paper I was led into a Mistake, which has hurt a certain Delicacy in my Temper to such a Degree, that it is not without Uneasiness I now look back upon it, even though I am persuaded, that when the Reader is made acquainted with it, it will not appear to him a Matter of sufficient Consequence to give any Man the least Disturbance. But Authors are frequently of whimsical Dispositions, and are actuated by Feelings to which the Rest of Mankind are entirely Strangers. Without further Preface, be it known that in the last Week I received an eastern Story of *Morad* and his Son *Abouzaid*, which the Person, who sent it, told me he had translated from the *French*. As I was very much entertained with this oriental Tale, I published it last Saturday, and then learned too late, that that very same Piece was translated into *French* from a Paper, justly in great Repute, published here three or four Years since. It gave me no small Confusion, that the *Grays's Inn Journal*, which the Author has always endeavoured to render as original as possible, should serve up an Entertainment cooked by a third-Hand; what renders this Affair somewhat extraordinary, is, that in the same *French* Miscellany, from which this *Indian* Narrative was taken, the Author has the Arrogance to talk impertinently of the *Rambler*, though he has availed himself of his Writings without acknowledging it. As this is the first Time that this Paper has subsisted for a single Day upon *French* Translation, Mr. *Ranger* will take care it shall be the last, for fear he should be imposed upon a second Time by the Policy of our Neighbours.

The Proceedings at the Court of censorial Enquiry, on the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, and general Goal Delivery held for the Cities of London and Westminster.

The Judges being seated and a Jury impanelled,

JOSEPH PASTORAL was indicted for that he, without having the Fear of the God of Wit before his Eyes, but urged on by a Propensity to thieving, a Volume of *Shakespear* did take, and thence a Farce did purloin called *Sheep-sheering*, and the same did send to *Covent Garden* Playhouse, where it was presented to a numerous Audience at Mr. *Barry's* Benefit, &c.

The Council for the Prosecution urged, that it is offering a very high Indignity to the Name of our immortal Poet to dwindle him down into a Farce-Writer, and that whoever attempts such a Work, "robs the great Bard of that which not enriches him, and makes *Shakespear* poor indeed."

John Instep. I am a Shoemaker, and I was obliged to take a Ticket for the Play from a Neighbour, who said he had five Pounds worth upon his Hands; and so I went to the Play, and I then saw a Farce, as they call it, which a Gentleman that I work for in the *Temple*, said, was taken from a Play of *Shakespear*. And further I know not.

Mary Cherry-cheek—I am Servant-maid to Mrs. *Macflummery*; and my Mistress, she took a good many Tickets; she does so every Year; and so she told, *Mary*, says she, you may go to the Play says she, and you'll be rarely diverted, says she, and take care to be home in good Time, says she, and dont go a picking up Fellows, says she—Lord Madam, says I, did you ever know me to trouble myself about Fellows, says I, and Lotd Madam, says I, if you suspects a Body, says I, you need not send me at all, says I. And so I went tho' for all that, and I was on the Stage, and I saw the fine handsome Man, La I loves to look at him, that's a rare Thing;—and then they acted *Sheep-sheering*, and as I am a living Soul I went Home freight.

Prisoner's Defence.

I never did so in my Life before, and if you'll forgive me this Time, I'll never do it again. GUILTY.

Upon which he set up a loud Cry, and roared out

*Ah! filly I, more filly than my Sheep
Which on the flow'ry Plain I once did keep.*

William Pilfer was indicted, that he did steal from the said *William Shakespear* a Farce entitled *Catherine and Petruchio*, and the same did carry to *Drury Lane* where he caused it to be exhibited &c.

Thomas Lyrick—I am free of *Drury Lane* Playhouse. ever since I wrote a Ballad for a Pantomime; I went thither on the Night this Piece was performed, and I saw the Prisoner behind the Scenes, trembling and biting his Nails, with as much Uneasiness as if he were original Author of the Piece; and I am convinced that I read the best Part of it in *Shakespear*.

Court. Dont you appear a Witness against the Prisoner out of Envy?

Lyrick. Envy him! no! no! all his Things are pilfered. If I envy People, I shall envy Originals.

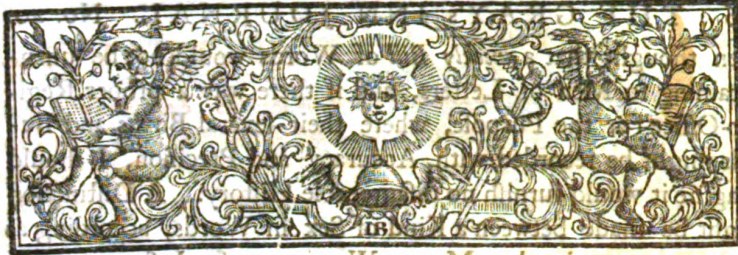
William Spout. I am an Actor at *Drury-Lane* Play-house; I have thirty Shillings a Week, and the Prisoner at the Bar read my Part to me, and he told me it would do Wonders, and that he had several more of the same Sort; and if I remember right he told me he had taken it from *Shakespear*.

Prisoner's Defence.

I looked into the Play accidentally, and I had a Mind to be doing, and I thought I should get a Trifle by it; and I do not deny that I stole the Farce, but I imagined there would be a Merit in it rather than otherwise. Guilty 10d.

There was another Indictment against him for the GRUMBLER and some other Farces, but this being laid for single Felony, he was not tried upon it.

After this came on the Tryal of *David Quibble* for punning; we shall take another Opportunity to give a full and true Account of it in this Paper.



GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 40. To be continued Weekly. PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1754.

*Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere, cadentque,
Quae nunc sunt in Honore, vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes Arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*
—Sermonum sibi Honos et gratia proax. HOR.

THE following Letter containing Matters of great Utility, I beg Leave to recommend it to the Perusal of my Readers.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;



THE Languages of all Nations have ever been in a State of Fluctuation, and we find this Complaint is constantly made by the sensible and judicious in every Age. Though the Diction of the Romans is likely to endure as long as Time shall subsist, yet we find that Horace in the

Words of my Motto, is aware of the Decay of Words and Phrases, which die away and are constantly succeeded by a sudden Birth of new Terms and Modes of Phraseology. In several other Passages of his Writings there are short Reflections upon this literary Phenomenon, in which he always appears to me to deliver himself with Sorrow and Regret. They fall, says he, like Leaves and are replaced by a new Product; like young Persons they flourish for a short Time, and then tend to Oblivion. The Comparison is most certainly very just; and as young Men in their Bloom and Vigour are said to be upon *Town*, it is the same with Words, they are also upon *Town* for a Time, and then totally perish. I have

often thought that a *weekly Bill* of Words would not be unentertaining to Men of Letters, and if there was a proper Register-Office for the Purpose, where their several Births and Burials might be recorded with Accuracy and Precision, I should imagine it would furnish no disagreeable History. A Distinction might be made between a Kind of Sex in Words, according as they are appropriated to Men or Women; as for Instance, *D—n my Blood* is of male Extraction, and *Pshaw, Fiddlestick*, I take to be female. Upon this Plan the weekly Bill might stand in this Form.

Born this Week	{	Males -	300	}	Buried	{	Males -	400
		Females	900				Females	990
			1200					1390

Decreased in the Burial of Words this Week 57.

IF, for the Satisfaction of the curious, a List should be furnished of the several Terms that are born, or that die away, with a short Account of the Life and Character of each Phrase, whether it be born of honest Parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what Company it kept, whether it was Whig or Tory, Popish or Protestant, it would in my Opinion be an agreeable Addition to this History of the Rise and Fall of Words. There might further be added an Account of such Expressions as might happen to be naturalized, with the Objections of the learned, who should think proper to protest against such a Naturalization of Foreigners among the Natives of this Land. Such a Procedure could not fail to yield Satisfaction to the curious; and, though it would not prevent the Instability of our Language, it would at least display the gradual Steps towards Improvement or final Destruction. For my Part, I have ever looked upon the Permanency of our Language to be of greater Consequence than the Stocks, of whatever Denomination, and for that Reason, I should be glad that some Means were devised to hinder the Diction of our *Shakespear* and *Milton* from being obliterated, and to suspend the Evils, which Mr. *Pope* threatened us with, when he said

And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

THE Dictionary, which the Erudition of Mr. *Jobnson* is preparing for the public may in some Measure answer this End, and, in Aid to that Design I have been, for some Time past planning a Dictionary of such Words, as appeared to me from a Concurrence of various Causes, to be most likely to be totally forgot. In order to forward this Undertaking I have annexed a Specimen of the Work, not as yet reduced into alphabetical Order, but drawn out in such a Manner as may serve to convey to Mr. *Ranger* some Idea of the intended Work. When the Whole is completed it may serve as a proper Companion

panion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler* and all the Works of Morality, which have been published in this Country, and it may be contributing to make our Posterity have some faint Notion of what is meant in many Places, when the visible Tendency of our Manners to an entire Change from antient Simplicity has almost effaced the Ideas, which the Author intended to express.

A Specimen of an English Dictionary.

CREATURE, A Term to shew our Contempt of any Person whom we dislike, chiefly used by the Ladies.

IMPERTINENT, A Term of Derision applied by the Ladies to every Man who speaks Sense to them.

THING, Very often used to imply our Dislike, but chiefly used to signify our highest Approbation. Thus it is said of a fine Lady, "*She's the very Thing,*" or of a young Fellow, "*O Ma'am he's the very Thing;*" and sometimes with Limitation, as "*yes, very well, but not the Thing.*"

PATRIOT, A Man who speaks against the Court till he gets a Place or Pension.

HONEST, This Term is derived from the *Latin* Word *Honestum*, which among the *Romans* implied every Thing that is honourable in a Character. From thence *Pope* was induced to say

An honest Man's the noblest Work of God.

This is the original Meaning of the Word; in its consequential Sense it is strangely altered. *Honest* now signifies Gaming, Drinking, and Debauchery of every Sort; it being common to say of a Man who is addicted to all these fashionable Vices, that he's an "*Honest Fellow.*"

GOOD-NATURE, an old *English* Word used by our Ancestors it is plain that it carried with it some Allusion to the Customs and Manners of those Times, but the Usage of the Word being now quite altered, there is no tracing it to its Source.

CHOCOLATE, The primitive Intent of this Word was, a Sort of Refreshment which was taken by the Gentlemen and Ladies for Breakfast. In its metaphorical Sense it signifies Wit, Humour, and Pleasantry, and he who can entertain his Friends with all these brilliant Qualities, is said to *give Chocolate*. The Etymology of this figurative Expression is derived from Mr. *Foote*, almost the only Writer of his Time. This Gentleman having prepared a rich mental Repast, was obliged, to evade the Censure of Justices, to invite his Friends to drink Chocolate with him in the Morning at the Theatre in the *Hay-market*, after which he presented several humorous dramatic Pieces, since which, to *give Chocolate* is become a Metaphorical Term for every Thing that is lively and ingenious.

RELIGION,

RELIGION, an old *English* Word for the Worship of a supreme Being, and the Practice of social Duties to our Neighbours; probably a Custom known to the antient Druids.

VERY, a Particle used by polite People for Conciseness; Thus if you ask, is not such a Book well written? a modern fine Gentleman answers, **VERY**.

HUMBUG, A Lye.

WORTH, originally it meant laudable Qualities of the Mind; at present solely confined to a Man's Fortune. Thus a Scoundrel of fifty Thousand is a Man of *Worth*, and an honest Man in Indigence is *worth* nothing.

PARTY, formerly signified Divisions in the State, at present it means a Jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any Place of Diversion.

TRAGEDY, a Name by which *Shakespeare*, *Otway*, and some others entitled their dramatic Writings; the Moderns retain the Word, but have totally lost the original Sense of it.

COMEDY, probably a Piece in which our rude Ancestors represented the Follies and Characters of the Age; nothing of this Sort is at present known amongst us.

DAMNED, when Priestcraft prevailed in this Country, the People were frightened with strange Ideas of *Hell* or a Place of Torture where the departed Spirits of bad Men were supposed to be confined. At present it signifies the highest Praise we can confer. Thus we say "A damned fine Woman; a damned charming Creature; a damned fine Fellow, &c."

MARRIAGE, alludes to a Custom among our Ancestors of solemnly binding a Man and Woman to live together for Life; It remained among us till lately, but was entirely abolished by a Marriage-Act in the Year 1753.

DRUM, an Instrument of warlike Music used at the March of an Army, or in Time of Battle to animate the Soldiery: Hence stiled by *Shakespeare* the *Spirit-stirring Drum*. It has not been used to any Purpose by the *English* since the Days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical Sense it means a Party of Cards, (*Vide Rout.*)

FRIENDSHIP, an old *English* Word used by our Ancestors to signify the complex Idea of Affection and Esteem between two or more Persons, founded upon a virtuous Sympathy of Tempers, and congenial Habits of Virtue (*for the Meaning of the Word VIRTUE, See in its respective Place.*) This Custom was totally banished from among us in the Reign of King *Charles II.* and few or no Traces of it have been discovered ever since.

GOD. The antient Druids, it is probable from all Historians, imagined that a superior Being super-intended the Direction of
the

the Universe, and the Term God, it is not unlikely, originally signified this superior Being. But since it has been happily found out that every Thing was made by Chance, or that Nature (*Vide Nature in its proper Place*) produced every Thing we behold, and since the Properties of Matter have been sufficiently detected by *Lord Bolingbroke* and others, the Term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expressive of some Chimæra, which has no Existence.

TUCKER, A Bit of Linnen, Cambrick or Muslin, which the Ladies use to shew as much as possible of their Necks.

MODESTY, Alludes to some Custom among the antient *British* Ladies.

EARTHQUAKE, a Party at Cards. *Vide Rout, Drum, or Hurricane.*

FASHION, A polite Term of Excuse for all the Vices that can be thought of.

NATURE, Nothing at all; it is often called *Plastic Nature, universal Nature, &c.* but the Idea is always the same.]

ROUT, formerly signified the Defeat of an Army, and when the Soldiers were all put to flight or to the Sword, they were said to be routed. The Ladies in order to preserve some Idea of *Cressi, Poitiers, Blenheim, &c.* have agreed to call their Assemblies by the Name of Routs. This it is thought they do with more Propriety, as frequently at these Meetings whole Families are entirely routed out of House and Home.

SOUL. It was formerly believed that in each human Creature there existed something incorruptible, which was not to perish with the Dissolution of our Bodies, but to be removed to some other Part of the Universe, and there to enjoy the Reward due to Virtue, or suffer condign Punishment for all Transgressions, while in this State of Probation. But the happy Discovery of the Properties of Matter has also banished this absurd Doctrine, which serves now to embellish the Fictions of Poets.

IMMENSE, an Epithet of Praise, thus we say "an immense fine Woman &c. (*vide Damned*).

VIRTUE, The antient *Druids* made it a Rule to keep all their Passions in due Government, by which Means they were never known to prejudice their Neighbours, or hurt their own Constitutions by Intemperance, and this Practice, it is probable, was signified by the Word *Virtue*. It is used by *Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Pope,* and other Poets, as a pretty Ornament for their romantic Performances. (*vide Friendship*.)

PITY, This is also an old *English* Word, the Meaning of which cannot be traced; it is now a Word of Course when we do not care a Farthing for a Friend in Affliction.

Yours, &c.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

June 29,

SINCE our last arrived a Mail from *Hampstead*, which brings Advice, that all Heart-burnings at the Assembly-Room have now totally subsided, which is entirely imputed to the successful Negotiations of Mr. *Beard*, lately promoted to the Place of Master of the Ceremonies, in which Office he acquits himself with the greatest Politeness and Circumspection, inasmuch, that no Mistakes are now committed to the Annoyance and extreme Uneasiness of the Ladies about Precedence. It is further added, that Mrs. *Musbroom* and Mrs. *Dunghill*, between whom there was a very warm Contest last Summer, as per our Paper of June 30, 1753, have now adjusted their Differences, and have agreed, that, as it cannot fairly be proved which of their Husbands is the richest, Miss *Musbroom* or Miss *Dunghill* shall be taken out to dance, as it shall be most convenient to the Master of the Ceremonies, who, it is not doubted, if the Ladies continued in the same Temper, will be very happy in his Administration.

Chicken-house, June 25.

There was a Meeting of several Wiseacres at this Place, a few Days since, when they took the present State of Affairs into Consideration. Many deep Speeches were made upon the Occasion, and many deep Bowls were also exhausted, and it is said they were all most excellent Company, nothing having happened to interrupt their mutual Harmony, each Person having smoked five Pipes to his Share, in which case Conversation could not be very brisk or pert.

Vauxhall, 29 June.

Notwithstanding the inviting Softness of the Season, and the Elegance of these Gardens, we are apprehensive here, that on Tuesday next this Place will be thinned of the better Part of its Company, Mr. *Cibber* being on the said Day to perform the Part of the *Busy Body* at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. A good Comedy at this time of the Year must certainly make an agreeable variety in our Diversions, the more especially as *Marplot* is a Character, which this Actor was always thought to perform with great Comic Humour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is a Person just arrived from *Paris*, who has brought over a new fashioned Dress for the Ladies, or rather *andrefs*, as it serves to show more of their nakedness than has hitherto been attempted by the best Refiners in the reigning Mode. It will be very convenient for the Summer season; Ladies are desired to send Directions to the *Paphian Queen* in *Pallmall* at any Hour in the Forenoon, and due Attendance will be given.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 41. To be continued Weekly. PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 5, 1754.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur; vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosâ; tales Virgo dabat ore Colores.*

VIRG.



GREAT Deal of Wit and Raillery has been exerted by several polite Writers against the predominant Fashion among the Ladies of setting off their Charms with the Addition of Paint. Our great *Shakespear* has put a very severe Remark into the Mouth of his *Hamlet* in the Scene with *Ophe- lia*, *Heaven hath given ye one Face, and ye make yourselves another.* This Thought has been twisted and tortured into a thousand different Shapes by every little Endeavourer at an Epigram for a long Time past, and the Custom has been frequently censured as a Folly imported from our Neighbours the *French*. As the Art of giving an artificial Tincture to the Skin, appears to me to admit of many favourable Circumstances, I shall employ this Day's Paper in Vindication of my pretty Countrywomen.

17

It may seem at first an extreme bold Position, if I assert that Painting is not an Importation of foreign Refinement, but originally of *English* Growth; and, yet that this is the real State of the Case, is sufficiently known to the most superficial Dabler in History. *Julius Cæsar* in his Account of the Inroad, which he made upon our Ancestors, gives the following Description of the *Aborigines* of this Island; *The Britons in general paint their Bodies with Woad, which gives a blue Tincture to the Skin, and lends them a formidable Aspect in Battle.* This, I think, may serve to obviate the Imputation of imitating the *French* in this particular, which I take to be a Point of some Consequence, as by this we cannot be charged with the Levity of having servily copied from others. We find that the Ladies among the *British* *Picts* went entirely naked, and painted their Bodies all over with the *Woad* already mentioned. This must undoubtedly have afforded great Scope for Fancy, and in those Days there must certainly have been many eager Rivalships among the Fair for Pre-eminence in point of Taste for Painting. For as the whole lovely Body was ornamented with different Figures and sundry various Representations, according as Imagination suggested, the Variety of new Fashions must have been extremely entertaining, each of the Fair being studious to adapt to each different Part of the Body that Degree of Colouring and that Form, which must have proved most becoming; just as our modern Ladies adjust a Patch so as to make the Contrast striking, and give stronger Expression to the adjacent Features. I have now by me the whole History of a *BRITISH PICT COQUETTE*, found by a Friend of mine among some antient Manuscripts, and sent to me as a Curiosity.

CASSIBELANA was the Ladies Name. She lived in the Capitol of the *Trinobantes*, and was remarkable for a fine Stature, and an Head of Hair of a surprizing Length, flowing in wanton Luxuriance down her Back. She always had at her Toilet some of the most exquisite *Woad*, that could be any where procured, and she was celebrated for her curious Art in preparing it for the Purposes of adorning her Person. The *Woad* being of itself of a bluish Cast, she would sometimes paint no Part of her Body, but where the Veins appeared, and to them she gave such a delicate Colouring, that the pure and eloquent Blood, as the Poet calls it, seemed to shew itself through her translucent Skin. As soon as she had established this Fashion, and made the rest of her Sex her Imitators, she would then suddenly change the Mode, and embellish her whole Body with various Devices.

ON the left Side of her Breast she drew a young *Cupid* aiming an Arrow at her Heart, and on the Right a Lover languishing in amorous Indolence. Each Leg represented an Admirer kneeling at her Feet, and imploring her Compassion, while she with all the Complacency of self-approving Beauty, let fall her Eyes with Indifference and cold Disdain. On her Back were represented the emblematical Figures of a Train of Pages following her in her way with all the Officiousness of careful Attendance. On other Parts of her Person was presented to View, *Venus* in lovely Attitude emerging from the Sea; the *Graces* were also to be seen walking Hand in Hand, their Faces brightened with Cheerfulness and mutual Love. In this Manner she would attend at public Sacrifices, where all Eyes were often fixed on her alone, and frequently the venerable Druid could not avoid, even in the Fervour of his Devotion, to cast a Glance upon such an attractive Profusion of Charms.

IN this Manner *Cassibelana* captivated the Hearts of all her male Beholders, who carved her Name upon every Oak in the Country, and the Banks of Thames re-echoed to the Musick of her Name. It was universally agreed that she was the best Painter of her Age; her Colours were warm and glowing; her Figures bold and striking, and the natural Motion of the different Parts of her Body made them appear still more animated and actuated, as it were, with the animal Functions of real Life; an Advantage which the most admired Portraits of the most eminent Painters since her Days, could never boast. In all public Places she entirely outshined the Rest of her Sex, which made her the general Envy of the Ladies, who frequently combined in Parties of Scandal to her Disadvantage, even though Tea was not then known in these Parts of the World. *Cassibelana* was every Day pulled to Pieces, according to the modern Phrase, and though the Ladies allowed that she really had a very lively Fancy in all her Drawings, and an excellent Design in all her Drapery, yet they could not see that she was so fine a Woman, though to be sure she had a pretty Manner in putting on her Things, for so they expressed the Covering of Woad which served to conceal in some Measure the natural Superficies of her Skin. I am apt to believe that the transparent Capuchin was imagined from a Practice of this famous female *Pitt*, because at Times she would lay on the Woad in such a Manner, that Mr. *Pope's* Line in his Translation of *Homer* may justly be applied to it;

Her

Her Beauty seems and only seems to shade.

Upon the Whole *Cassibelana* was Leader of all the Fashions even in *Kent*, the Inhabitants of which were the most polished of all our Islanders, and, as *Cæsar*, tells us, differed but little from the Manners of the *Gauls*.

FROM the foregoing Account, which I have rendered as close as possible from the Manuscript now in my Possession, it appears that even in the Days of the purest Simplicity Painting was the universal Practice; and therefore strongly am I inclined to think it laudable in the amiable Sex at present. I am further pleased to see the Fashions of the Ladies tending more rapidly every Day to a greater Similitude to the Customs of our Ancestors; for it is very manifest that they are every Day becoming more and more naked, and it is observable that they who display most of their lovely Bodies, make the greatest Use of Paint, which, in my Opinion, is not used from a Motive of female Vanity, but as a modest and decent Covering to the Skin. I must, by the Way, take notice that there is one Circumstance, in which the modern Practice of Painting differs from antient Simplicity. I do not find in the Account of any Historian, that the female *British* *Paints* applied the least Tincture of the Woad to the natural Complexion of their Faces. For a Bloom and a Vivacity of Colour they trusted to Exercise, fresh Air and wholesome Diet. But as the fashionable Vigils of Gaming were unknown in those Days, it must be allowed that this is an Improvement upon the Delicacy of our Progenitors; and indeed it could not be expected that in those rude, and, in Comparison with the present, almost uncultivated Times so elegant a Diversion could be known. For this we are indebted to modern Refinement which has introduced Improvements in Manners as well as in Arts and Sciences.

FOR my part, I expect to see the Time when the Ladies will be to all Intents and Purposes as naked as our Ancestors, and, in my Apprehension, if Things proceed with equal Celerity, the Period is not very distant, as their Cloaths are amazingly reduced at both Ends within these few Years. We shall not then complain, that the Importation of *French* Hoops, and *French* Fashions of all Sorts, are a Detriment to the Nation; Mercers and Milliners will be useless Things, and the Ladies will spend the

the Hours of the Toilet in drawing and painting, by which Means I flatter myself that the *British* Fair will be able to boast their *Guido's*, their *Titians*, and their *Raphaels*. To this End an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance is now drawing up a System of Directions to a female Painter, which will serve to aid their Invention, and give them a proper Notion of Design and colouring in all their Faces, by which Means it is to be hoped they will greatly excel all our most admired Masters, in every School of Painting.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, July 3, 1754.

*Unbappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,
Atones not for the Trouble that it brings.*

THE Truth of it is, Public Writers, are looked upon as a Body distinct from Society, who have detached Interests from the Rest of Mankind, and who stand with a Quiver ever full of im-poisoned Arrows, to direct at the Breast of our Neighbours. Hence arise the several Mis-interpretations of an Author's Meaning, which are every Day heard in the circular Meetings at Coffee-Houses, the manifold Application of Characters, taken from a general Survey of Life, to particular Personages, and the frequent Misunderstanding of an Author's Wit, or it may be his Dullness. There is nothing more common than to hear it pronounced "Damn the Fellow, he means such a one (or) damn him this is all Sincer, there is Rancour at the Bottom of it;" when perhaps in sober Truth he has neither Malice, Wit nor Humour. Be this point as it may, it is the Business of a Writer not to be diverted from the Prosecution of his Plan, while he indulges himself in no Liberties, but such as an Observer upon Men and Manners has a right to, and such as may be found in every Page of *Addison* and *Steel*; and tho' the *Goths* and *Vandals* of the Age should raise a Clamour about him, the Reader has a Right to expect that he shall still flow on in the same Channel of Good-Humour, without breaking in upon the Design of a periodical Paper, supposed to be undertaken to improve the Judgment or exhilarate the Fancy of such as chuse to give it a Reading. It is on this Account that *Ranger* will not this Day reply to any one who has taken up the Pen against him; a Field of Humour is, however, opened to him, in which, as Things happen, he may expatiate with some Degree of Pleasantry; and he now will content himself to give the Public the following Piece of Intelligence.

Over-against *St. Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-Street*,

Is published the GRUB-STREET JOURNAL, or DAILY SCANDALIZER, in which Paper, you may traduce the Character of any Gentleman, call any Man in *England* a SCOUNDREL, blast the

the Reputation of any young Lady, fow Diffentions in Families, or breed a Quarrel of the most extreme Violence, between any two Persons, and all this Dexterity of Mischief may be accomplished for the small Price of Two-Shillings.

N. B. At the above Place (when the Managers of the *Public Advertiser* are so delicate as to reject an Outrage against Good-Manners, Decency and Reason) the Directors of the said GRUBSTREET-JOURNAL, had rather the worst Consequences should attend their Publication, than that themselves should lose the small Emolument of a Shilling, which accrues to them from every Paragraph of Defamation.

Mr. *Ranger* does not doubt but many of his Readers will thank him, for this Information in a Point, which most certainly does Honour to our Constitution, is a Proof of our national Liberty, and may serve to give Foreigners such an Idea of our Manners and our Breeding, as is not known in any other Part of the learned World.

Since our last arrived a Mail from *Dulwich* by which we learn, that on the last Assembly Night, Mrs *Pentweazle*, who went thither from her House in *Blow-bladder-Lane* broke out of the Room in a violent Huff, because it happened that she did not open the Ball. Her Ladyship ordered her Coachman to drive to Town directly. and vowed, "as she was a living Soul, that she would not go among the Creatures any more. At which Words the old squeaking Coach creaked along the Road, until it was stopped by a single Highwayman, who robbed her of her Purse, a small Paper, containing the best *Rouge* for the Face, a Pocket Looking-Glass, and half a Dozen of her Shop Bills. Notwithstanding the Abruptness of this Lady's Departure, the Business of the Assembly went on with the usual Alacrity, and the Gambols of the Country-dance were excited by as sprightly Notes as ever.

We hear from *Richmond* that a young Gentleman fell very deeply in Love with a young Lady, as she was giving her Hand to him in a Minuet. It seems she performed this with such a graceful Ease, and at the same Time sent forth such artless Glances of Innocence and Vivacity, that his Knees faltered under him, and, as he could not get her for a Partner, he for the Rest of the Evening placed himself near her wherever she was, and the Night he devoted in Bumpers to her Health. The next Morning he took a Turn in *Ham Walks*, carved Verses on every Tree in his Way, and has talked so much romantic Nonsense ever since, that it is shrewdly conjectured he will either marry upon this Occasion or turn Poet, in which case it is supposed the Magazines will be greatly the better for him.

Bedford-Coffee-House, July 5.

The Notice proper to be taken of a Paragraph published in the *Daily Advertiser* against the *Gray's-Inn-Journal* is postponed until the Author of that Piece returns from *Oxford*.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 42.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 13, 1754.

Prorsus jucundè Scenam produximus illam. HOR.

*Nil admirari propè res est sola, Numici,
Solaquì quæ possit facere et Servare beatum.* HOR.



NOT to admire, is established by *Horace* as the golden Mean to procure Serenity and Happiness, and also to ensure the Tenure of them, when once obtained. The same Precept may be also enforced as the surest Method to frame a well informed Understanding, and to preserve a well directed Judgement. Mr. *Pope*, in his very sensible Essay on Criticism, has given this Observation the Sanction of a Maxim ;

For

For Fools admire, but Men of Sense approve.

But in the general Mass of Life, we find such a lamentable Inanity in the Minds of most People, and the Gross of Mankind is so poorly stocked with Ideas, that there are but few, who, in their calm inactive Hours, have a Sufficiency of Matter for the Employment of their intellectual Faculties, and thus from the Want of an Habit of arranging our Ideas in various Combinations, and comparing them in their several different Relations to each other, the Powers of Judgment lie dormant, and the circumspect rational Faculty, which should form Opinions of all Objects for itself, indolently gives Place to foolish Amazement and the idle Passions of Astonishment. It is observable that this Disease is not always confined to the unenlightened Part of Mankind, but we may sometimes perceive the same mental Debility take Possession of those, whose Understandings have received the Culture of Education, and have been very tolerably enlarged by an Intercourse with Men and Books. There are in the Circle of my Acquaintance at present, at least eight or ten Gentlemen of this Class, who have Talents to write and discourse with Ease, who, were they to allow themselves proper Leisure, are capable of discussing a Topic in Ethics or Literature, and of disposing their Thoughts in just Combinations, with Propriety and Strength of Expression; and yet in Company such a supine Relaxation unstrings the intellectual Fibres, that they frequently appear Drivellers, who have pinned their Faith on the Sleeve of others, and who have lost all Power of judging for themselves. In Consequence of this Inactivity I have known the Management of Conversation to be resigned entirely to those, who from Habit have acquired a Facility of delivering their superficial Observations, while Men of better cultivated Intellectuals seem tamely to receive their Dictates, stare at them with an unmeaning Vacuity of Face, and listen to their Festivity with Rapture and Admiration.

EVERY

Every Man, who aspires to the Reputation of a rational Being, should fix in his Mind such Habits of thinking, as will at all Times keep him collected in himself, hinder his Thoughts from running a-drift without Guidance or Direction, and will preserve to him the Honour of acting from his own inward Impulses, and the Suggestions of his own Opinions. There should be a laudable Pride in every Mind to preserve its own free Agency, and maintain an Independency of Understanding, self-impelled, and self-directed, awakened into thinking by the Impressions, which it receives from its own Ideas, and adopting all its Principles and Maxims from the Operations of that Faculty, which we understand by the Term Judgment. A sluggish Suppression of this mental Power is highly shameful, and from thence arises the Want of a due intellectual Elasticity, in Consequence of which Men are apt to attach themselves to the Dictates of others; who have not been so remiss in the Use of their thinking Faculties, and then it results, that upon all Topics in Conversation they are filled with Amazement, Wonder, Astonishment and Surprise, than which there are not any stronger Marks of a trifling and frivolous Understanding.

These Reflections were excited by the Manner in which I spent an Evening not long since with three Gentlemen, who had been long soliciting me with the most earnest Importunity to grant them a Meeting. I never met with any one of them, during the Space of six Weeks, but his first Question was, "Well, my Dear Sir, when shall we crack a Bottle — You know it's a Thing we long for most impatiently." At length the Place of *Rendezvous* was fixed, and the Hour of Festivity was appointed. With great Punctuality we met precisely at the Time, and for my Part, I went with lively Hopes of a pleasant convivial Party, imagining that my Friends would come together with a sprightly Flow of Spirits, and a great Fund of Pleasantry. We were not long in the Room, before the Waiter entered, and applying closely to my Ear, began his customary Speech. "I have a fine Girl now please your Honour; a charming Piece; you have seen . . . ; nothing at all to this;
" I only

"I only shew her to my choice Friends; Squire Maggot shall have her for a new Face, when they are served first." The Rest of the Company rejected this Proposal, lest it should spoil Society, and accordingly the sensual Caterer was dismissed with Orders to send up a fresh Bottle of *Allen's*.

THIS being settled, I waited for my Friends to open, but perceiving no Tendency that Way, I began with an ordinary Topic, by enquiring after the Health of *Elizabeth Canning*. "There cannot, said I, be any great Danger of her Life; she has went through so much already, that I think she has given sufficient Proof of the Strength of her Constitution." Upon this one of the Gentleman said, with a Smile, "*that's Humour,*" and then all three burst into a Peel of Laughter. For my part, I did not see the Joke; "But (continued I,) I suppose the Government is determined to make her travel in foreign Parts." My Friend pronounced this also to be Humour, and a second exclaimed, "*Your a fine young Fellow,*" all then joining in a general Laugh. I added, that whether she is guilty or not, it cannot do her any Harm to see as much as possible of the World. This also was received with the Marks of Approbation already mentioned, with this Addition, that the Person who sat next to me in the Tumult of his Mirth, after giving me a vehement Slap on my Shoulder, roared out with a jolly Emphasis "*Odzoons,*" and then proceeded to shake his Sides for near ten Minutes.

As soon as my Friends recovered themselves from the Convulsions of their Mirth, one of them began "*Come Mr. Ranger we have drank Girls enough; now let us have a Round of Sentiments — Give us your Sentiment, Sir.*" It is possible that all my Readers may not be acquainted with the fashionable Meaning of the Term Sentiment; Critics and Writers of Tragedy have always intended by the Word, a short moral Sentence, calculated to warm the Heart with a Love of Virtue and Principles of Honour. But, in the modern Acceptation, it implies an artful Allusion to the liveliest of our sensual Pleasures, on which it

it has obtained among all Ranks of People, to be extremely pleasant and witty. In Compliance with the Desire of my Company, I then gave a most fashionable Sentiment; which I no sooner delivered than my next Neighbour again exclaimed in a Burst of Rapture and Mirth "*Odzoons*;" the first Gentleman repeated "*That's Humour*;" and the other confirmed his former Declaration "*You're a fine young Fellow.*"

AFTER this I resolved to hold myself in a determined Silence, not doubting but my convivial Friends would then dart out some Flashes of Merriment. But it was in vain that I expected any Thing from them; their Looks did not threaten the least Idea; and I then found that this Party of Pleasure was only desired, that the Gentlemen might shew their Admiration of *Ranger*, without any Thought on their Side of contributing in any Shape to the Circulation of Mirth. By this Time I was heartily tired of the Meeting, though were I inclined to Self-Approbation, they omitted nothing in their Power to administer to my Vanity, but with the most loud and hearty Chuckles, they continued to the last to ring into my Ears the same Expressions of Joy and Admiration; I therefore resolved to dissolve the Meeting without farther Delay, and I parted from my Friends amidst their most vehement Ejaculations, while the Piazzas of *Covent-Garden* echoed into my Ears, "*That's Humour*—"*You're a fine young Fellow*—"*Odzoons,*" which, excepting now and then some little Directions to the the Waiter, and some other necessary Interjections, was absolutely the Sum total of all the Converse that I heard from these three notable Blanks in the Creation.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford-Coffee-House, July 7.

WE are informed here that a new Farce, entitled *Prometheus, or Human Nature displayed*, is now preparing for the Stage, and will be exhibited some Time in the ensuing Season at the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*. The Plan of this Piece is taken from the *French*, and it is imagined; that, if writing can receive additional Strength from beautiful Scenery, it will not fail to prove an agreeable Entertainment, as both the Eye and the Ear may at once receive their respective Grati-
fications.

Hornsey, July 10.

It is reported that a Treaty of Marriage is on Foot between Mr *Thomas Lutestring* and Miss *Bridget Inkle of Cheapside*; how the Affair may turn out as yet no Conjecture can be offered, thus much is certain, that it has already cost Mr. *Lutestring* above five Pounds in Bread and Butter and Tea, which we look upon to be a strong Proof of his Passion.

Renalagh, July 10.

Notwithstanding the Severity of the Justices, this Place continues to be the Resort of whatever polite Company remains in Town; the Gardens flourish in Elegance, the Canal presents a refreshing Surface to the Eye, and the Magnificence of the Rotunda fills the Fancy with grateful Ideas, even though Mufick is suppressed,

And dies when Dullness gives her Mutes the Word.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 43. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 20, 1754.

— *Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru*
Non minus ignatos Generosis — HOR.

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit, fixit leges pretio atque refixit. VIRG.



MIRGEHAN was a poor Peasant in the Desarts of *Arabia*; he frequently begged an Alms of the Travellers in the passing Caravan; he for a long Time drove the loaded Camel over Mount *Pbaran* for a Jeweller of *Cairo*, and having at length by an amazing Parsimony, and the most indefatigable Industry got together a few Sequins of Gold, he followed the Occupation of his Master. His Affairs thrived so well with him, than in the Course of a few Years *Mirgehan* began to assume to himself the Pride of Wealth, and his Countenance, which formerly was humbled by Poverty and a Dejection of Spirits, began to brighten up and dart around him those Gleams of Complacency and Self-Satisfaction, which are customary

stomary with People in Affluence. In order to extend his Interest and enlarge his Schemes for the Accumulation of Wealth, *Mirgehan*, now basking under the Sunshine of his Fortune, resolved to remove to *Bafra*, where he was soon distinguished as the most eminent Merchant of the Place. As it is the Nature of Ambition to be ever restless and unsatisfied, after having in the Course of six Years Residence amassed a very ample Fortune, he determined with himself to change his Abode once more, and settle himself with all his immense Wealth at *Bagdad*.

MIRGEHAN was no sooner fixed at *Bagdad*, than the Reputation of his Affluence spread itself abroad. In all convivial Meetings among the Rest of the Merchants, as soon as his Lips seemed to open, every Tongue was suspended with Silence, every Eye gazed at him with Admiration, and every Ear devoured the Periods of his Story with greedy Earnestness. In his serious Moments, he was dogmatically sententious; and in short, pithy, close Expressions he would establish Maxims of Prudence, and he would point out to the Company each gradual Step he took towards the Increase of his Fortune. He now drank nothing but the most delicious Wines of the East, and when the exhilarating Cup had lifted his Spirits into a tolerable Degree of Cheerfulness, each enamoured Guest hung with Rapture on all he uttered. His Voice, which naturally was as rough as the Sound occasioned by a Collision of Billows on the Ocean, now seemed as soft as the fragrant Gale which pants upon the Leaves of the *Arabian* Trees.

By this Time *Mirgehan's* Credit was become so extensive that People of all Ranks and Conditions deposited their Money with *Mirgehan*, and he had every Day, a very great Number of Servants counting over the Sequins of Gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the Midst of all these Smiles of Fortune, it happened that the Relict of a rich Merchant, lately snatched away from the Face of the Earth by the Angel of Death, attracted his Attention. Her Name was *Dardané*, born in the City of *Damas*, and now in the Possession of very great Wealth. From the Habits, which Education and Time had implanted in her, she was in her Temper of a most greedy Avarice, and a powerful Ambition to be counted richer than the Rest of her Acquaintance; urged by these Instigations, she bestowed her lovely Form upon *Mirgehan*, who, in a short Time so contrived it, that the Roses faded on her Cheek, the Lilly appeared of a yellower Hue, and by slow Degrees her Constitution received such severe Strokes from his Severity, that she totally pined away, and in a short Time lay breathless on her Bed.

MIR-

MIRGEHAN was now happy in the Completion of his Wishes; he had got Rid of a Wife, whom, notwithstanding her exquisite Beauty, his Soul ever abhorred, and he exulted in the Review of the vast Accession to his Fortune, which thro' her Means, he had obtained. His Heart now began to expand with greater Alacrity, and he resolved to spend the Remainder of his Days, in Ease, in Elegance, in Luxury, and every delicate Enjoyment. The Dainties of the East did not suffice to crown his Board; he would send to the West for *Turtle*, and every Corner of the Globe administered to his Gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad*, he purchased a most elegant and magnificent House, where he determined to fix his country Retreat. The Rooms eternally resounded with Singers and Minstrels; Amber and Aloes contributed their rich Perfumes; and his Tables were covered with Vases of Agate filled with the most delicious Liquors. Painting and Sculpture concurred to adorn his Apartments. *Mirgeban* was led into all this Profusion by an irresistible Vanity, from which he derived many exquisite Sensations of Pleasure, when he found his Wealth and his Possessions admired, and he the more readily suffered himself to be induced by this Principle in his Constitution, from a Conviction, that all his grand Appearance of Affluence, served to dilate his Reputation, and that in Consequence of his extensive Credit, he should have ample and frequent Opportunities of re-imbursing himself, by the Use he knew to make of the pecuniary Confidence, which others reposed in him.

MIRGEHAN was now happy in all the Enjoyments which Riches could procure him; his Heart danced to perpetual Tunes of Joy, and the Meanness of his Birth he thought sufficiently compensated by the Lustre and Dignity of his present Way of Life. And now to compleat his Elevation, and to raise himself to that Point of Eminence, from which he imagined, he might fashionably look down upon most of his Fellow-Creatures, Fortune, who had for a Series of Years smiled propitiously upon all the Undertakings of *Mirgeban*, at length presented an Opportunity.

It happened that the Emperor of *Bagdad*, had Occasion, on a particular Emergence in his Affairs, to call together an Assembly of the wisest and ablest Heads, in his Territories, in Order to assist his Councils, to help him in framing salutary Laws for the due Regulation of his Subjects, and to point out proper Measures for him to levy the Monies necessary towards defraying the Expences of his Soldiers, and other Contingencies in Government. The *Califf* resolved upon this Step with the Advice of his *Vizier*, and in a few Days the Mandates were dispatched to sundry different Parts commanding the Pro-

vinces

vinces and Towns to depute to the general Divan, two Persons the most renowned for Sagacity and Judgment. *Mirgeban* was at his Country-Seat, when he heard this News, and his Passions being violent as the eddying Sand during a Tempest, he instantly conceived a Desire to be enrolled among the most distinguish'd Politicians of *Bagdad*.

ACCORDINGLY he forthwith set out upon this Expedition; but he had not gone far from his own Habitation, when, travelling a solitary Road over a long extended Mountain, the Heat of the Day, together with the Fatigue he had underwent, inclined him to stop under a shady Retreat, and refresh his Senses with a gentle Slumber. From this he was soon awakened by a Strain of Musick, which thrilled so melodiously in his Ears, that he thought Gleams of Paradise were opening to his dazzled Sight. He looked around, and saw a reverend Form advance towards him; *Mirgeban* arose from the Arbour, in which he was reclined, and instantly throwing himself on his Knees, he worshipped the radiant Appearance which stood before him. This Personage was an holy Hermit, who long inhabited a small Mansion on the Side of a Rock, which terminated the Prospect on the left Side of the Mountain. Being endowed with a Magic Power, he called forth to his Sight such beautiful Scenes, as looked like a new Creation. *Mirgeban's* Heart throbb'd with holy Rapture. At length the bright Form began. " *Mirgeban*, I know thy Purpose, I am acquainted with thy Design in this thy Journey. But reflect, O Man, in the Obscurity of thy Birth, and the Meanness of thy Education. Canst thou confer Light to the Councils of the Wise? Canst thou dispel the Mist from before their Eyes, and let in powerful Irradiations of Truth upon their darkling Understandings. Desist, vain Man, from thy ill founded Pursuits." At these Words the venerable Hermit waved his Wand, and suddenly the Scene vanished like a Morning Dream from *Mirgeban's* Eyes. After having again raised his Arm, " Now, said he, let the Objects which are placed before thee instruct thy Soul; there behold how easily thou might'st have squandered away all those Possessions, which your Soul delights in for a mere empty Bubble. There see an Election for two Persons to assist in the Debates for the Ease and Happiness of the Califf, and his People, see the Blind, the Lame, the Old, the Infirm, the Sick arriving in Caravans to vote for those who pay them highest. See how they all solemnly vow by the holy Prophet, that Money has no Influence upon them, and yet behold how in private they grasp the Sequins of Gold! Does not thy Heart, which is fixed with all its Affections upon thy yellow Dirt, tremble with
" in

“ in thee, to think that in this Manner all thy Wealth might
 “ be squander'd away, and thou not be able to render the
 “ least Service to the *Califf*, thy Country or thy Family. That
 “ this is the Fate of many, who like thee, have arose from
 “ mean Beginnings, and have in their old Days proved mere
 “ Spendthrifts, thou may'st receive ocular Demonstration, by
 “ surveying those Wretches who are now despised by their
 “ Country, detested by their Relations, and despised by the
 “ *Vizier*, in whose Service they exhausted all their Treasures.”

HERE *Zemroude*, (for that was the Hermit's Name) perceiv-
 ing the Affections of *Mirgeban* perfectly changed, disperfed
 into the Air his new Creation, returned with solemn Step to
 his Cell under the Rock, and *Mirgeban* ordered his Camels
 to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he spent the Remainder
 of his Days in Ease and Content; and, at his Death, he left
 that Fortune, which he was going to squander in visionary
 Schemes, among his Relations, who now live in Affluence, and
 the Memory of *Mirgeban* is respected among them.

W.



TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, July 20.

I AM requested so earnestly to insert the following *Latin* Lines, to-
 gether with the annexed Translation by a Boy of thirteen Years old,
 that I cannot refuse them a Place in this Day's Paper. If the *English* Lines
 are really by a Boy of that Age, I think he deserves the Encouragement
 of seeing them printed.

ORBIS in extremi jaceo desertus arenis ;
 Fert ubi perpetuas obruta Terra nives.
 Non ager hic Pomum, non dulces educat Uvas,
 Non salices ripâ, robora Monte, virent.
 Neve fretum Terrâ laudes magis æquora semper.
 Ventorum rabie, solibus orba tument.
 Quocunque aspicias, campi cultore carentes,
 Vastaque, quæ nemo vindicet, arva jacent.
 Hostis adest dextrâ lævâque a parte timendus,
 Vicinoque Metu terret utrumque Latus.

FAR from my Country, in a dreary Land
 I lie deserted on the barren Sand.
 No kindly Summer cheers the Natives here,
 But on the Ground, perpetual Snows appear;
 Pomona's luscious Gifts are here unknown,
 These thirsty Sands the juicy Grapes disown.
 No Mounts appear with verdant Forest crown'd,
 No trembling Osiers deck the marshy Ground.

Chearless

Chearless and sunless pass the gloomy Days,
 While constant Storms the dashing Billows raise.
 Unclaim'd on ev'ry Part the Lands appear,
 A Soil deserted by the Tiller's Care.
 On ev'ry Side, th' insulting Foe draws near,
 And ev'ry Side has Cause alike to fear.

By Advices from *Hockley in the Hole* we learn, that there has been very deep Play carried on there in the last Week, which has contributed to render this Place much more flourishing than heretofore, *Clean Lodging for Travellers being now dearer than ever*, and the Ale, which was formerly sold for Two-pence a Yard, being now sold at Three-pence, not to mention that you cannot in any Part of this polite Place, *Shave for a Penny*, the Barbers having a great Deal of genteel Business on their Hands. Houses are already known here by the Names of *White's, George's, &c.* and it is a Matter of extreme Difficulty to be brought into any of the Clubs by Ballot, the Members being determined to make it a very select Meeting, and to admit none but the better Sort of People in this Quarter of the World.

Constantinople, June 1.

The Attention of the *British* Court begins at present to be somewhat more accessible to Objects worthy of their Care, the Affair of *Elizabeth Canning* and *Mary Squires* being brought well nigh to a Conclusion, owing in a great Measure to the Affiduity of the *Inspector General of Great-Britain*, who has spared no Pains to unravel this intricate Affair, and it is allowed by all *Europe*, that he has acquitted himself with great Honour in his high Office, which we suppose to be one of the greatest Employments under the Crown.

From the Daily-Advertiser, July 17.

On *Monday* Night between eleven and twelve o'Clock a Fire broke out at the House of Mr. *Memory*, at the Corner of *Stafford Street*, next to *Old-Bondstreet*, which in a little Time entirely consumed the same. He and his Family escaped with Difficulty, almost naked. *It is highly probable that Mr. Memory will remember this Incident.*

From the same Paper, July, 17.

A Turtle, which weighed three hundred Weight, has been presented to the Gentlemen of *White's* Chocolate-House, and on *Monday* it laid five Eggs. *We should rather have expected that a Turtle at this Place would have laid five Pounds, and therefore we are apt to think the Word Eggs an Error of the Press.*

From the same Paper.

Ladies and Gentlemen carefully taught abroad and at Home grammatically in six Months, to read, speak, and write *English* in good *French*, and *French* in good *English*, by a Person educated at *Paris*, and a Native of *France*. *It is well this Personage has told us his Country, otherwise we should be apt to think his English in French, and his French in English, to be the Growth of another neighbouring Country.*



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 44.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 27, 1754.

*Hic secura quies & nescia fallere vita,
Divres opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Spelunca, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe,
Mugitusque Boum, mollesque sub arbore Somni.*

VIRG.



THE Stile of the following Piece is quite epistolary, loose, unconnected, and desultory; but though written in this wandering Manner, it has suggested so many pleasing Pictures to my Fancy, that I have determined to make my Friend's Letter furnish the Entertainment of this Day. I consider it as a Kind of Pastoral in Prose, and, in my Opinion, it contains more natural Strokes of rural Imagery, than can be found in many of our modern Pretenders to Eclogue. It is free from forced Conceits, unnatural Turns upon unforcible Expressions, and therefore without further Preface, I here present it to my Readers.

To

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

Blackbeath, July 23, 1754.

DEAR CHARLES,

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never guess at what Hour I have now set down to write to you. It is exactly five in the Morning, and I have already spent half an Hour in an agreeable Attention to some certain domestic Cares, which take up no inconsiderable Portion of my Time. What these domestic Cares are, you cannot in the Nature of Things suggest to yourself, and you will probably smile, when I tell you, that I mean my Hens and Chickens. I am a Kind of *Pater-familias* in this rural Retreat, with all my little Brood around me; and I look upon myself to be greatly interested in their Welfare; their Wants, and their Inconveniencies it is my earnest Care to remove. Their Loves, their Jealousies, their Fears, their Attachments, their Divisions, Quarrels, and all their various Occupations are the chief Objects of my Attention. I am intirely conversant with their different Tempers, and could tell you the Master-Passions of each of them. I have already, since my leaving my Pillow, interposed in two violent Feuds; I have discovered a Bantham Coquette, and a Prude among the Females; and among the Males, I have a Swaggerer, a Bully, a Coward, and, in short, almost all the various Characters, that offer themselves in real Life.

In this Manner am I surprized, while my Friend *Ranger* is perhaps reeling home from some Tavern, and, contrary to the Observation of Lord *Townly*, lets the Sun-shine upon his Vices; or it may be, my Dear Boy *Ranger*, that like your admired *Horace*, you are stretched in restless Impatience, with watchful Eyes, waiting in vain for the Arrival of some delusive Fair, who perfidiously Means to deceive you with fruitless Hopes;

*Mendacem stultissimus usquè Puellam
Ad mediam expectas Noctem.*

If this is not the Case, you lie in enervating Repose, and slumber away the Prime of Life, in a few Hours to wake from a distempered Dream, with a troubled Spirit, a throbbing Pulse, and with Nerves enfeebled and relaxed. I cannot here refrain from saying with the Author of the *Seasons*;

*Falsly luxurious, will not Man awake,
And rising from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due and sacred Song.*

Believe

Believe me, Dear *Charles*, the most jovial three in the Morning at the *Shakespeare*, or the *Bedford-Arms*, though *Venus* and *Bacchus* both combine to inspirit the tipsy Revelry, never can afford such an homefelt Delight, such exquisite Sensations, as play upon the Heartstrings in this calm Period of the Morn. There is a Line in *Horace* which I have ever thought highly indelicate;

Vina fere dulces oluerunt manè Camænæ

THAT the tuneful Nine should have a Breath heated with the Potations of the previous Evening is to me a very coarse Description of the *Parnassian* Maids. I have searched the Records of *Parnassus*, and I do not find that they had the convenient Bottle of *Ratiffa*, or any other *Liquor*, to sip modestly alone; and as to Wine I am convinced, it was unknown to them. Though they sometimes deigned to visit the *Roman* Poet, even before he had slept away the Fumes of his *Falernum*. I persuade myself that they delight mostly in hovering round the Curtains of him, whose Mind awakens serene and chearful. Fancy then is light and airy, and every Object excites finer Feelings and more elegant Perceptions, than can be expected from the Heat-oppressed Brain, as *Shakespeare* phrases it.

PRITHEE, Honest *Ranger*, how long since you saw the Sun rise? I dare believe not since we were together at *Eaton*. But surely if this Phænomenon had not very expansive Beauties the Poets would never have been so fond of Embracing every Opportunity of describing it. Since I have mentioned the Poets, I must observe, that our great *English* Dramatic Author has in one Line excelled all the Writers from the Days of *Homer* down to the present Period. The *Saffron-tinged Morn*, the Sun-rising from *Thetis' Lap*, and *Aurora* leaving the Bed of *Tithonus* are all poor and ineffectual, when compared with the most truly picturesque Description in *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

*Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands Tiptoe on the misty Mountain's Top.*

This very image have I compared in several successive Mornings, with the real Object in Nature, and, in my Opinion, it is a Sight infinitely preferable to all the Scenes of giddy Joy and Midnight-frolic that *London* can afford.

To observe this, and to see by Degrees the gradual Expansion of the Solar Influence upon the Face of Nature, must finely prepare us for the Vocations of the Day, and it gives such a calm unruffled Flow to the Spirits, as is never experienced in a dissipated City-Life. Not to mention that Health, the most valuable

valuable of earthy Enjoyments, after the secret infelt Complacence of an easy Conscience, is by this excellent Habit better ascertained than by the Prescriptions of the whole Faculty. I have already inserted in this Epistle several Expressions from Poets, and as I write carelessly and without any affected Study (as I think all Letters should be wrote) I shall not make any Apology, if I indulge myself in expressing my Ideas by any further poetical Allusions. I must say then, that in the Morn
the Air sweetly and nimbly recommends itself unto our gentle Senses,
 and the Fields *redolent of Youth and Joy* present a Verdure which at once is a Balsam to the Eye, and invites our Steps abroad, to participate of the Blessing resulting from Exercise. You will possibly say that you had rather loiter in your Chambers, than endure the intolerable Rage of the Sun tending to his Meridian Height. In this Case *Greenwich Park* affords its umbrageous Walks, where the Noontide Ray has no Access. How sweet here to faunter about, without feeling the Inconveniencies of the Weather; or to recline under an impervious Shade, and thus in lettered Indolence converse with *Maro, Tully, Bolingbroke, Pope, Addison, and Milton*, or to put in Practice what *Waller* has expressed in the following Lines;

*O! how I long my careless Limbs to lay
 Under a Plantane Shade, and all the Day
 With am'rous Airs, my Fancy entertain, &c.*

or if you should not be inclined to beguile the Hours in Solitude and the sequestered Parts of this verdant Retreat, you may betake yourself to a point of Eminence, from whence you may command a boundless Prospect of all the Country round. There Villas, stately Buildings, Steeples, Groves, Meadows, the Woodland, fertile Pastures, Hills, and Vales offer themselves to the Sight in mixed Variety. The barren Heaths and the craggy Soil appear with all those softening to the Eye, which distance always throws upon a Landkip, and hence the whole Prospect appears with the most elegant Graces, and all Nature seems in this very Spot to have assumed milder Beauties than ever.

To crown the whole, at the Bottom of the Hill old *Thames* expands his majestic Surface. To pursue him in his several Windings flowing through verdant Meads, and fertilizing the Country round, to mark his various Turnings and his Meanders, in which he seems with a Kind of Regret and Reluctance to advance further up the Land, as if delighted with this Part of the Country, is a Pleasure almost inexpressible. Add to this, the continual Succession of new Objects, which are constantly passing before you; without this, the whole would have

too much the Appearance of Still-life, but the constant Variety of Ships, with embosomed Sails, either carrying the Riches of the World up to the Metropolis, while the Sailors Heart bounds with Joy to recognize his Native Land, or going down the River to adventure into other Climes, and to explore distant Shores, conduce to entertain the Mind with that Novelty, which is always so agreeable to it.

PRITHEE, my dear *Ranger*, why will you not shift the Scene from *Gray's Inn* to some Part of this lovely County? Here we enjoy that uninterrupted Tranquillity, of which *Virgil* speaks so pathetically; here we have Innocence, living Lakes, imbowering Shades, indolent Repose, beneath an Arbour, and the mowing of the Cows, which is perhaps the most delightful Musick in Nature. These, Dear *Charles*, are the Gratifications which we enjoy in the Country, and let me assure you, that you will find the Muses more coming Girls, when wooed in the Country, than when addressed by a Town-rake. But, I fear, I have lengthened out this Letter beyond all due Bounds; I can only tell you, after an eminent *French* Writer, that had I Time enough, I should have made it shorter; I am so enchanted with the natural Beauties which surround me, that I have run over at a strange Rate; I shall therefore conclude, after desiring you in the Words of *Horace*, to quit the Scene of Smoke, and Bustle, and Noise in which you are at present.

*Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes stripitumquæ Romæ.*

I am, dear RANGER,

Your constant Reader,

* * * *

P. S. I am now going to the Top of the House to make use of my Telescope, and shall try to have a View of *Ranger* strolling in *Gray's Inn* Gardens about ten o'Clock. Adieu.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, July 27.

MY Correspondent, who has been so obliging as to fill my Province in the former Part of this Paper, has also sent me several Articles of Intelligence from the Country, to which he desires I may give a Place in the Intelligence. I have therefore no further Share in this Day's Journal than that of being the Editor; and thus I take leave of the candid Reader till Saturday next.

Woolwich 22d July.

This Morning the Train of Artillery was reviewed in the *Warren*, and made a very brilliant and martial Figure; after which a new Man of War called the *Dunquerque*, was launched in Sight of the royal Family, and the greatest Concourse of People from all Parts that was ever known. It is supposed this Ship is called the *Dunquerque* from her being destin'd to demolish the Fortifications of that Place, whenever the *French* shall be hardy enough to attempt to repair them.

From on Board the Dunquerque, past 5 o' Clock.

All Hands well on board; we launched off rarely, and the Ship looked on her Way, as if she menaced Destruction to the *French* and *Spaniards*. We have two young Ladies on board, who boldly came among us before we were off the Stocks, and ventured to set off with us. They may fairly be said to have *lanch'd out* this Day, and we long to see the Ship and the Ladies well manned. We can't say whether the Ladies intend to stay and swing in a *Hammock* to Night, but if we can, we intend to have a Dance before they go ashore, and then, if they be so inclined, they may go upland again; though go where they will, they'll not find better Folks, as we have always honest Hearts and sound Bottoms.

Eltham July 25th.

Last Night was acted here *Romer* and *Juler* for the Benefit of Mr. *Clough* from the Theatre-royal in *Drury-Lane*. *Romer* was acted by a discreet and a sedate young Man, and *Juler* was performed with the general Admiration. Mr. *Clough* played several Parts in the Play, and all of them equally well, only he was a little too fat for the Apothecary, but in the Part of the *Fryar* he looked exactly like our Curate, rosy and jolly, only his Dress was a little outlandish; and when he took off his Wig, before the Audience, his Head was shaved in a new Manner. The Company beats no Drum, and the Barn they play in, is very well fitted up. Mr. *Clough* is shortly to appear in the Character of Sir *Charles Easy*, and there will be a Cricket Match for twenty Pounds before the Play begins; after the Play, Mr. *Clough* is to repeat for the second Time his *Epilogue* to the Cricketers, and it is thought the Barn will be very full.

N. B. Two blind Fiddlers will play between the Acts.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 45.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, August 3, 1754.

— *Res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingrédior, sanctos aqus recludere fontes,*

VIRG.



U R Club met a few Nights since at the Devil Tavern, when the Conversation principally turned upon Topics of Literature, and particularly dramatic Poetry. Many of our best modern Tragedies were examined, and I observed it was frequently said of Pieces confessedly inartificial in the Fable, unforcible in Sentiment, and destitute of Character, that they contained a very fine Vein of Poetry. Not perceiving any Propriety in the Expression, I have since formed a Plan for a few Papers on this Subject, and shall this Day present my Readers with one, which I think may serve as an Opening to the Design.

IN

IN order to decide upon the Excellence or Imperfection of any Art, it is necessary to know the original Intent and Aim of that Art, and also the several Means by which it accomplishes its Designs. The better to investigate this with regard to any Branch of Literature, it will be expedient to trace all Manner of Composition to its Source, to observe from what secret Springs it has taken its Rise, and thence to pursue the several Rivulets which have streamed from it. This has been done with great Perspicuity and Elegance by the ingenious Author of the Essays on the Characteristics, who has very justly determined the three primary Branches of Composition to be, *Poetry, Eloquence, and Argument*. Having shown the Origin of them, and having observed that a just Coalition of all three forms the consummate Beauty of all Kinds of Writing, he adds, "*it would be perhaps both a new and pleasing Speculation to point out the Writers in their several Kinds, who have been most remarkably excellent, or defective with Regard to the just Union of these three Species of Composition. At present it must suffice to have hinted such a Criticism, which the Reader may easily prosecute.*" I will add, that such a Criticism might greatly conduce to the Refinement of Taste among our modern Critics; it might distinguish the respective Graces of all Kinds of Writing, and furnish the Criteria by which to judge of the proper Beauties of each different Species. I am aware of the Disadvantage of attempting this after so able a Genius, as has given the Hint; but the loose Form of periodical Essays does not require, nor indeed admit, such high Finishing; and therefore I shall offer a few cursory Reflections on this Subject without further Apology, and in Order to proceed with the greater Perspicuity shall attempt, in a cursory Review, a short Account of the Rise of the three Species of Writing already mentioned.

MAN being a sociable Creature, it was necessary that certain Signs universally agreed upon should be used for the reciprocal Conveyance of those Ideas, which were originally impressed upon the Mind through the Avenues of the Senses, and were afterwards variously combined into different Associations by the Imagination. Sounds, which we call Words, were the quickest Vehicles of our Thoughts, and therefore grew into general Use. According as our Stock of Ideas enlarged itself, the Demand for Words became more extensive, and as Societies were framed, and the People assembled by civil Policy, Intercourse begot further Acquisitions, and thus, Language was daily enlarged. But it being impossible that every distinct

tinct Idea should be expressed by a Term appropriated to it, the Mind naturally had Recourse to the Faculty of Reason which compares, distinguishes, and separates the Ideas which the Senses and the Imagination have conveyed to its Observation. By these Means a Similitude was discovered between sundry various Images, and thence it followed that Things were expressed by borrowed Names, on Account of a Resemblance existing between them. The Term thus transferred was called a *Metaphor*, and, as it happens in the commercial Intercourse of Mankind, what was at first introduced out of Necessity, became, in Process of Time, an absolute Luxury. This the *Poets* soon perceived, and as it was their Business to lead uncultivated Multitudes from their Huts and Dens, by seizing their Imaginations with their Songs and Ballads, the Metaphor soon appeared to them to be an effectual Means of painting Things in warmer Colours to the Fancy, which is ever greatly delighted when any new and unforeseen Assemblage is offered to its View. The Epithet which denotes the Qualities inherent in all Objects, lent its auxiliary Aid, and Poetry, with these adventitious Ornaments became the Delight of Mankind.

BUT the Matter did not rest here; as Cities were multiplied, and as States enlarged themselves, artificial Passions began to operate; Ambition then began to grasp at Power and Pre-eminence, and *Envy*, *Jealousy*, *Revenge* and *Malice* sowed the Seeds of Discord, and mutual Distrust among the People. Party Divisions, when a Contention arises, will naturally be formed; this happened in the Infancy of Things, and thus while they were distracted with intestine Commotions, the adjacent States, desirous of extending their Possessions, made Inroads upon them. In these Emergencies there was not Time for the measured Writer to produce his poetic Composition; an immediate Address was requisite to influence the Passions of the Multitude, and therefore Men of Genius, came forth, and destitute of Number, addressed the People in humble Prose. But here, still the Attention was to be fixed, and therefore they could not divest themselves of all the Properties of Poetry, but continued to address themselves to the Imagination of their Auditors, and thus to influence their Passions and persuade them to their own Good. As the least Appearance of a Design upon their Understandings on these Occasions would totally defeat itself, it thence resulted that all those ambitious Ornaments, and all those gaudy Colourings, which Poetry spreads

so lavishly on every Subject, were here introduced with a more sparing Hand, and the Imagination was only addressed as it affords various Accesses to the Passions. In this Manner Eloquence deduced its Being; and was only a less luxuriant Kind of Poetry, which endeavoured to practise the Arts of Persuasion, and to win over the Passions of the People to its own End and Use.

IN Proportion as Mankind became enlightened, as Arts and Manufactures encreased, and as Science extended itself, it was not enough that Poetry charmed with its graceful Combinations, and that Eloquence awakened and agitated the Passions; Reason began then to exert its Influence, to look for Utility and Truth in every Composition. Reason then declared that the Heart and the Fancy should not be the leading Principles of Action; it began to claim its Dues from every Writer, and stripping away the Luxuriances of lavish Description it began coolly and dispassionately to consider every Thing that was offered. Hence sprung the Didactic, or the Argumentative; Demosthenes was obliged to proceed by fair Deductions, and as much as possible to conceal his Art from a People, who were so polished that they would have despised those Arts of Persuasion, which Tully practised with Success upon Minds less artful and less informed than the Greeks.

IN this Manner, it appears to me, these three primary Branches of Composition arose in the World, each being plainly deducible from the very Principles of our Constitution. For as the Imagination is the warmest Faculty of the Soul, affording the most lively Images to the Mind, Poetry, whose principal Intent it is to please, is particularly addressed to this Power of Perception. Eloquence, though more chaste and reserved in its Embellishments, strikes chiefly at the Passions and as they are then most powerfully excited, when Fancy pictures strong Appearances of Good or Evil, Eloquence is obliged to have Recourse to the Regions of Imagination, in Order to render its Colourings stronger and more glowing; and further, as Reason loves to compare its Ideas, and to form various Affirmations or Negations relative to them, the Didactic is principally confined to this Province. There are not in human Nature any other Inlets of Perception, or any other Faculties of Sensation to which the Art of a Writer could apply, and therefore the Imagination, the Passions, and Reason are justly the three Springs of Composition. But Men of Refinement and Reflection perceiving what a powerful Influence any one of these Branches of Writing has upon the Mind,
have

have thence inferred, that the joint Force of all three united, must carry the Power of Genius to still a greater Degree of Perfection, and, therefore, in whatever Way they were engaged, they have made it their Business to make Excursions into their Neighbours Territories, and borrow thence several Improvements to heighten their Productions. As for Instance, in like Manner, as *Eloquence* has learned from *Poetry* to warm and enliven the Imagination, *Poetry* has marked the Illapse of *Eloquence* to the Passions, and has endeavoured to glide to the Heart through the same Inlets; and both have also found it necessary to recommend themselves to *Reason*, and have occasionally strengthened themselves with Insertions of the *Didactic*. The reasoning Faculty has, in its Turn, perceived, that a mere Train of Deductions would be too dry, and therefore it takes Occasion to adorn itself with the Flowers of Imagination, and, in some Speculations, it even endeavours to awaken the Passions.

HENCE then it appears, that a Concurrence of the primary Arts of Writing is requisite in all Works of Genius; but as there is some Danger of running Riot, and making too frequent and unjustifiable Progresses into each others Territories, it was necessary to fix the Boundaries of each Kind, and too determine how far any one of them may indulge itself in its Approaches towards the others, in order to preserve the essential Difference in every Composition, to observe the proper Qualities, and the just Colourings of each; or as *Horace* has it,

Distinctas servare vices operumque colores.

THERE are in Nature but few original Colours, and it is from the Meltings and softenings of these into each other, that all other Appearances to the Eye derive their Origin. It is the same in Writing; the several Species of it, which are now practised, are Modes of *Poetry*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument* differently blended. How far the Union is just, shall be occasionally examined in a few detached Essays; and by these Means we shall see the peculiar Merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tragedy*, a *Comedy*, a *Satyr*, or an *Elegy*; we shall be able to determine what is the proper Stile of History, of Letter-writing, and if the Time, for which this Paper is to continue, will permit it, the Research may be, perhaps carried into several subordinate Branches of Writing.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

I Have received several Letters lately, which I have been strongly importuned to insert in this Paper, but as I did not think proper to comply with the Request of these my Correspondents. some of them have wrote to me in a Stile somewhat arroganr and angry, " *I don't perceive that your own Productions are better, are you above receiving Assistance?*" with many other Taunts of the same Nature; I therefore have resolved this Day to give them a final Answer, and their Compositions shall have, at least, the Honour of being mentioned in the *Gray's Inn Journal*.

My Correspondent who writes in Defence of *Elizabeth Canning* is desired to fast upon Bread and Water for five and twenty Days, that he may not be quite so *fat-witted*; and if he complies with this, I promise to publish his Letter with the additional Information, that it is the Work of a Writer who has not eat a Bit for five and twenty Days.

A Correspondent who signs himself *Anti-Canninite*, and who seems to be tolerably flimsy in his reasoning, is desired to apply to the *Inspector* to help him to make his Journal the best and most complete that comes out. It will also be a further Favour to the Author, who cannot spare much Time at present, as he is totally engaged in answering Lord *Bolingbroke's Infelix Puer, atque impar congressus Acbilli*.

The Author of a Criticism upon several Productions of the Prefs, who threatens me with many more, if this be approved, will do well to send his Performances to the *Monthly Review*, his Stile being perfectly in the Manner of that judicious and elegant Production.

The Verses on the *British Herring Fishery* I think will do for the *Gazetteer*.

Having thus dismissed the more importunate of my Correspondents, I am to thank the Writer of a Letter signed *Antiphau*, for the Hint he has given, which shall be punctually observed.

Court of Censorial Enquiry 1st August.

This Day Writs were issued out of this Court for the apprehending and securing all or any of the Authors of the *monthly Review*, in order to bring them to the Bar of this Court, and oblige them to shew Cause why they have arrogated to themselves the Power of deciding upon literary Performances, to tell who they are and what they are, and by what Authority they have erected themselves into Judges of literary Merit.

As soon as this Cause comes on, the Public shall be duly acquainted with the Proceedings.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 46.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, August 10, 1754.

*Aude Hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper Egenis.*

VIRG.



HAVE been ever highly delighted with the Passage, which I have this Day selected from *Virgil* for a Motto to my Paper. They are the Words of *E-vander*, when he is receiving the pious *Trojan* Prince under his humble, but hospitable Roof. “ Look down, says “ the venerable old Man upon the Splendor of Wealth and “ Affluence; assume, my noble Guest, a godlike Spirit, and cheer-

“ cheerfully admit the Reception which the Narrowness of
 “ our Circumstances will afford.” If I remember right Mr.
Dryden was an Admirer of the beautiful Simplicity of this
 Address, and, I think he has translated it with an elegant
 Propriety. Not having his Volumes at Hand, the mere *Eng-
 lish* Reader must be content at present to take the Sense of it
 from the bald Version of it, which I have given. For my
 Part I am of Opinion that these Words should be written
 in Letters of Gold, or what might answer the Purpose still
 better, they should be impressed in very lively and deep Cha-
 racters on every Man's Heart who is desirous of sharing the
 social Pleasures of Life.

CONTENT is most certainly the surest Source of an internal
 Happiness; it not only reconciles a Person to himself, but also
 to those with whom he converses. To use *Shakespeare's* Phrase,
 it is the chief Nourisher in Life's Feast, and when giddy
 Mirth and Noise have subsided, this keeps on an equal
 Tenor, and if it never rises very high, it has at least this Ad-
 vantage, that it does not ebb so low as to leave Shoals and
 Rocks discovered. Mirth may properly be called an *Aurora
 Borealis*, whereas Good Humour, like a fixed Star, sheds a
 constant Stream of Light, which, if it does not dazzle, has at
 least at all Times a cheering Influence.

If good Humour has this Advantage annexed to it, Dis-
 content must certainly be attended with many poignant In-
 conveniences; In the same Proportion that Ease endears and
 enlivens our Days, its Reverse must bring on each Morn in
 a Turbulence of Clouds; the Spirits are perpetually sinking
 and from all the Variety of Objects, which are poured out
 for the Uses of Man, cannot administer to him the least Sen-
 sation of Joy or Satisfaction. The Infection is always rankling
 in his Breast, and he lives in unceasing of Hostility with
 himself and his Neighbours. This by Degrees grows into a
 fixed Habit, and then a lowering invariable Gloom of Sulli-
 ness hangs over his Mind, and as he does not feel any Peace
 in his own inward Frame, he is not tender about the Thoughts
 of Uneasiness he may create in another's Breast. He therefore
 gives

gives an unlimited Vent to his Sullenness, and is ever finding fault with every Thing around him.

THERE is one Circumstance which has a Kind of Tendency to alleviate this Perverſity of Diſpoſition, and that is, that the Propenſity to Satyr, which this Sullenness gives the Mind, is often the Occaſion of their ſtarting new and uncommon Remarks; we ſometimes hear from theſe Kind of Humouriſts Strokes of a peeviſh Pleaſantry, which are not unentertaining, and as theſe People are fond of exhibiting a *Caricature* upon many Occaſions of their Acquaintances, we now and then receive from Sketches or Pictures in Miniature, in which the Colouring and the Drapery are frequently ſo whimſically imagined, that we really derive no ſmall Degree of Diſſerſion from their extravagant Turn. But notwithstanding this Degree of Mirth which they involuntarily excite, it does not ſufficiently compenſate for the Trouble they give for the moſt Part. A Man, who can find no Reliſh in any Thing, ſhould be baniſhed from Society; he ſhould be ſent to an Infirmary of *Valetudinarians*, and there be confined until he purges away his ill Humours, or until Reaſon diſpels the Miſt which has obſcured his Intellects.

THE beſt way of pleaſing in Company, is for a Man to be pleaſed inwardly; and he that is not ſo ſhould retire and brood over his uneaſineſs and not become troubleſome, or invade the Harmony of Society. I cannot help conſidering this fixed and permanent ill Humour as a Kind of *Black-Jaundice*, through the falſe Medium of which every Thing that paſſes takes a Tincture. I know a Perſon at preſent who has been in a *Black-Jaundice* for many Years, and he is ſuffered by his Friends to go about finding Fault, perpetually diſſatisfied, diſcontented, and grumbling. *Sullen* is his Name, and he is known by his Acquaintance to be one of the greateſt Male-Contents in the Creation.

As ſoon as Mr. *Sullen* wakes in a Morning, if he has had a good Night's Repoſe, "Damn it, he cries, what made me "overſteep myſelf."—He then rings his Bell; the Servant has not Wings, and of Courſe does not fly to him; Mr.

Sullen

Sullen is then tempted to throw something at the Scoundrel's Head. The next Thing the Servant is ordered to do, he performs with the utmost alacrity, "Sirrah! Rascal! cries "*Sullen*, are you mad?—May be you're drunk this Morning already?—Can't you do your Business with a little Dilation?—You Blockhead!"—He then seats himself to Breakfast; his Tea is intolerable, the *Indian* Company should be all shot dead, like so many Thieves, they have monopolized the Trade, and never import a Grain of real Tea—And those *Creols* too, and be damned to them! they send us nothing but Molasses for Sugar.

ONE of those Gentleman invited him the other Day to a Turtle Feast. The Turtle was of a very great Size and laid as many Eggs as that at *White's*; it was dressed by the most skilful Cook in *London*. "Pshaw! Damn it, exclaims "*Sullen*, this is no Turtle;—there never was a Bit of Turtle in *England*; and the Scoundrel of Cook, I'd shoot such a Fellow—Pshaw! the People in this Country never eat—they don't know what it is to eat—so it's called Mutton, or Beef, that's enough for them—damn this Callipash and this Callipee, and the Fat—I'd as soon eat so much green Horn—Here, you Scoundrel, hand me a Glass of Punch.—Punch do you call this! Yes Sir, *Jamaica* Rum—*Jamaica* Rum!—Pshaw! There is not a Drop in it—Gin, or may be some of that trash, that the tall *Irish* Fellow there talks of,—*Whiskey*—Pshaw!—Give me a Glass of that *Rbenish*—*Rbenish*!—Pshaw!—*Mozelle* rather—Who is that Woman there at the upper end of the Table?—She counted handsome!—Pshaw! a B——h—I'd smother such a Woman—And that tall Fellow there too. He's in the House of Commons, I think—a Senator—pshaw!—fit for a Parliament of *Hottentots*—This is counted a pretty Country Seat too!—pretty indeed!—pshaw!—I'd as soon take a Country-Lodging in *Thames-street*."

In this Manner does *Sullen* torment himself, with the Affectation of finer Faculties than his Neighbours; he perversely makes himself unhappy. Mr. *Sullen* once passed a Week at a Friend's House in the Country, where he grumbled like a Mastiff in the great Yard all the Time he continued there, and,
after

after his Departure the Servant found the following Memorandum with some Snuff in it, with which I shall close this Paper.

CAME down in a Post-Chaise with the Squire — a damn'd uneasy one — Horses only fit for a Dray, and the Squire should be a Drayman — Weather infernal! — Vile Situation! — Inconvenient House, &c.

SLEPT very ill — owing to the Badness of the Bed — Never like to be out of my own Bed — My Friend's Wife damned ugly in a Morning — A frosty Face Devil. —

MUTTON warm with Life served up to Dinner — Mutton should be always kept a Week — nothing but Brown Bread at Table — not a Drop of real Wine in the House —

TOOK a Walk out upon the Lawns — Grass all wet — Got a damned Cold — Weather cursed bleak — Don't like Miss *Tavonias's* Breath — Believe I was cheated at Cards.

CURATE of the Parish dined with us — A strange Thing of a Wife with him.

N. B. Believe the tall Fellow will lie with her.

SICK in my Stomach all the Morning — Owing to their hard Food — Memorandum to go away without taking Leave of the Family, or giving any Thing to those Scoundrel's the Servants. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, August 9.

AFTER a Soliloquy, which I have this Morning held with myself, agreeably to the Advice of Lord *Shaftsbury*, the Upshot was, that I determined to give the courteous Reader a Piece of Information, which at the same Time that my Vanity cannot prevail on me to imagine it will give him the smallest Degree of Pain, I still flatter myself will not be the Occasion of his rejoicing. Without further Preface, the Plan of the *Gray's Inn Journal* is now drawing towards a Conclusion, and in the Course of a few Papers more, *Ranger* must subside into an absolute Silence. Whether he is then to sink into Obscurity, like many other evanescent Productions, or whether a new Edition of these Papers, in small Volumes, will hinder them from sharing the Fate of the *Sybil's* Leaves; which are generally scattered away without any Trace of them left behind, Time only can determine. Thus much *Ranger* thinks proper to say on this Occasion, that he only begs, that the Gale of Indulgence, which has hitherto wafted him through a Sea of Troubles, may not now he is in Sight of his Harhour, die away, and leave him with
slackened

slackened Cordage and fluttering Sails to come in with disgraceful Labour, like the baffled Hero in *Virgil's Ship-Race*;

Derisam sine honore ratem Sergistus agebat.

To continue the Metaphor, when once safely landed he hopes to deliver his Freight in good Order and well conditioned, and, in Imitation of those skilful Traders the *Dutch*, who are said to destroy a large Quantity of their Spice, in order to enhance the Value of the remaining Part, upon a careful Review of his Stock, it is possible he may also commit some Portion of it to Fire, being determined that whatever he presents to the public, after a long Experience of their Candor, shall be as genuine and perfect in its Kind, as his Knowledge and Abilities will permit. As these are *Ranger's* Resolutions he thought it incumbent on him, to acquaint his Patrons with his Design; and whatever shall be their Decision on his Genius or Inability, he will stand convinced of their Equity, and will not suffer fond Self-love to lodge an Appeal in his own Breast; he only hopes, that if the Verdict is found against him, he may be declared GUILTY of DULLNESS, but not WILFUL and CORRUPT.

CHARLES RANGER.

We hear that both Play-houses will open early in September, and that strong Preparations are making by the Company of *Drury-Lane* to oppose Mr. *Foote*, who is certainly to perform at the Theatre in *Covent-Garden* for the ensuing Season, where it is also imagined, Mr. *Sheridan* from *Dublin* will make his Appearance some Time in the next Winter.

Bedford Coffee-house, Aug. 5.

The Critics met here this Day according to their last Adjournment, and they have further adjourned to the second Sunday in September, when they are to meet for the Dispatch of Business, and they promise themselves several Objects of Attention from both Playhouses during the Winter-Season.

Cambridge, August 6 1754.

Yesterday arrived here *David Garrick* ESQUIRE, and this Day a Convocation was assembled, when it was unanimously agreed to present the said Gentleman with an honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws; at which he expressed the greatest Satisfaction, and we can assure the public that as a Master of Arts is expected from *Dublin* to play at *Covent Garden Theatre* next Winter, his Name will be printed in the Bills for the future with the Addition of L. L. D.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



hold the ... of the ... it affords the ...
well and ... for a ... of the three ...

T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RAVGER, Esq;

NUMB. 47. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1754.

Gray's-L. August 17, 1754.

*Et prodesse volunt & delectari. Poetæ,
Et simul & jucunda & Idonea dicere Vita.*

HOR.

*Nec satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt,
Et quocumque valent, animum auditoris agunt.*

HOR.



THE Author of my Motto was one of the best Critics the World has ever seen, and he has in the above Lines comprised the three principal Qualities of Poetry. Its Aim is, says he, to afford at once Utility and Delight, to offer what may be agreeable to the Fancy, and also what may conduce to the Advantages of human Life.

He further adds, it is not enough for a Poem to abound in Pretinences, it must also have a sweet Access to the Heart, and should be able to agitate the Soul with what Passions it pleases.

This Description involves all the leading Requisites of Poetry; and, I believe, that Performance will be found the most excellent in its Kind, which is the most highly finished with Regard to these three Essentials.

EPIC Poetry has always had the Pre-eminence, and, I suppose, the Reason of this Determination, is, because it affords the freest and most ample Room for a Display of the three primary and original Species of Writing, established and explained in a former Paper. It is by observing how these friendly Colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to deduce a Judgment upon the different Authors who have proved any Way eminent in the literary World. *Bossu* and other Critics have informed us, that the epic Fable must involve one intire Action, that this Action must have a Beginning, a Middle and an End: They have told us, that the Poet must not take up the Thread of his Narrative too near the Fountain Head, but that he must hasten into the midst of Things, and gradually give a Retrospect to such Things as are necessary to be known. They have treated largely of the Machinery, of the Time the Fable should include, with many other Particulars, which though proper to be explained, do not any Way conduce to the Refinement of Taste or the Improvement of true Genius. It is most certainly by observing from what Principles in the human Frame each Art is deducible, that any real or valuable Criticism can be formed.

It is manifest then that the Epic Writer has free Latitude of inserting all the Graces of every Kind of Composition. All Nature lies at his Command; wherever he casts his Eye, he is Lord of the Manor; he can turn a Road by poetical Act of Parliament through Lawns and Groves, and Scenes of Pasturage; the four Seasons obey his Directions, and he need never be at a Loss for agreeable Exhibitions of Nature. The whole System of Ethics is also his; he may frequently take Occasion to improve his Readers by short Sentences, and transient Reflections on human Life, and by these Means he may gain upon our Reason to approve his Performances. The whole Art of Eloquence is likewise perfectly open to the Epic Author, and from thence he may derive an irresistible Power over our Passions. In this last mentioned Requisite the *Abbe du Bos* places the consummate Perfection of fine Poetry. Certain it is, the Mind of Man never feels such intense Pleasure from any of the imitative Arts as when its Passions are awakened, and it finds itself roused from an impassive State, and unexpectedly agitated
by

by the skilful Touches of a Master-poet. The Author just quoted ascribes this ideal Appearance to the Satisfaction which the Soul enjoys at the Perception of its own Activity. Besides this, we feel a conscious Pride in finding ourselves quickly sensible to each fine Impulse, and feelingly awake to the Sensations of Humanity.

OUR moral Sense receives on the Occasion an additional Delight, to see that the social Affections are in due Harmony and Proportion, and this, in Conjunction with the Gratification, which we are apt to take in comparing the Ideas, which Reality has suggested with those excited by the Art of Imitation, conspire to render a warm and well executed Passage in Poetry so agreeable to all Mankind in general.

WERE I to declare in which of the three Powers of Genius, already mentioned, I think *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton* to be most eminently shining; I should ascribe to *Homer* the strongest and most vigorous Efforts of Imagination, and an amazing Faculty of alarming us with noble and amazing Descriptions of all the magnificent Objects in Nature. As to our own *Milton* I should be inclined to declare him a Rival of the *Greek* Poet for a comprehensive Sublimity of Conception, and *Virgil's* Excellence I should place in beautiful Touches of poetic Eloquence. His whole fourth Book I take to be a Master-piece in this Way. The various Agitations of Mind which *Dido* endures, her Love, her Jealousy, her Rage, her Tenderness, her many mixed Emotions are perhaps the finest Strokes in Poetry. In his sixth Book also there are several Scenes of the most tender Nature; and the Grief of the Mother after the Death of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, and the Lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the same Class, and, in my Opinion, afford a Pleasure not to be met in either of the other Poets, even though *Homer* has succeeded so well in *Heitor's* last Scene with *Andromache*, and though our great *Milton* has a great Deal of finely impassioned Dialogue in his justly celebrated Poem, *Virgil* more frequently applies himself to the Passions of his Readers, than the other two, and, notwithstanding some pretty strong Improbabilities, he does not so frequently shock our Reason, as the *Græcian* Poet, who certainly in most of his Battles, and in a great Part of his celestial Machinery, is extravagant to the highest Degree. *Milton* has the Advantage of having founded his Story upon Traditions, which our Religion has sanctified, otherwise I should consider his fallen Angels, and the War waged by them, together with the Invention of Canon

non, and many other Circumstances, as one of the most ludicrous Descriptions I have ever met with.

I SHALL take another Opportunity to consider how far Tragedy may dispute with the Epic for the Preference, and shall only add at present, that I have ever been of Opinion, that all the Writers of heroic Poesy have, in general, been too fond of the marvellous, not that I would be understood to censure the Use of Machinery, but I cannot be persuaded that a too licentious a Use has not been made of it.

I SHALL beg leave to conclude with an Observation, which does not grow out of the present Matter, but is, however, not foreign to the Purpose. It is remarked by Mr. *Addison*, that *Virgil* has but one Conceit throughout his Poem, and that, he says, is put into the Mouth of the young *Julus*, when with a Kind of punning Ambiguity he observes, that they are eating their Tables. I have long been of Opinion, that the *Roman* Author has used a still more frivolous Conceit, and that spoke in his own Person, when he tells us, that *Aeneas*, in running round a Tree after the flying *Turnus*, follows the Man who follows him. ————*Sequiturque sequentem.*

THIS tried by the Rule of *Bobours*, appears to have Truth for its Foundation, but it is so childish a Truth, that I am sorry to find it intermixed with the Majesty of the *Aeneid*.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, August 17.

THE Account which I gave last Saturday of my Intentions to abdicate the Office of a Public Writer, has been the occasion of my receiving several Letters from sundry Correspondents, who have addressed me in a Style responsive to their respective Feelings on the Occasion. A great many Coffeehouses express their Satisfaction at the Thought of being eased of the weekly Expence of Two-pence, which my Lucubrations cost them; a few of these hospitable Gentry declare themselves sorry for my approaching Silence, the *Grays Inn Journal* being, as they assure me, the Life of their Coffee-Room. There are many Persons of such cool and serious Understandings, that they cannot approve any Thing but what is strictly

ly and literally true; these, an ingenious Friend of mine calls, Matter of Fact Men, and by one of this Class I am told in very plain Terms, that he's glad I am going to lay down, "a Pox on your true Intelligence; there's never any thing of Consequence in it; the Grand Mogul may be dead; the Algerines may make Peace; the King of the Romans may be chosen; Dunkerque may be refitted; Theodore King of Corsica be held to Bail, and Mr. Keen may succeed in his Negotiations without any body's being the wiser for you." A Person, who informs me that he has laid upon the same Flock-bed with two Translators in Fleet-street every Night this Year past, and that he is now perfectly in the Secret of Authorship, begs of me to recommend him to my Publisher, that he may carry on the Paper in the ensuing Winter; but, in this point, I must desire to be excused, as I should not chuse to have my Plan eked out beyond its proper Bounds, and I therefore take this Opportunity to entreat that elegant Writer, who has for some time past assumed the Name of *Ranger*, not to lay any of his Foundlings at my Door, when once I shall have made my Bow to the Public. Such a Procedure would be highly illiberal, and I hope I need not say any Thing further on this Head. But to the soft, the obliging, the lovely, the courtly, the amiable *Clarissa*, what Answer shall I make?—"Madam,—I cannot attain a Delicacy in the turn of my Expression equal to the Refinement of my Feelings on this Occasion. The terms—*you agreeable Devil*"—"you pleasant Creature"—"*we're in an uproar about you*, &c. Carry with them so much Endearment, that I should be very insensible, if I did not feel some Propensities to Vanity on the Compliments, which so beautiful a Lady as I am sure you are, have been pleased to make me."—The Honour of making part every Saturday-morning of a Fair one's Tea-Equipage has certainly very powerful Intigations to persist. But the Truth of it, is, my Muse and I have been like Man and Wife for some time past, our Affections are become extremely frigid, and I have had so many Curtain-Lectures from her, that I long very earnestly to keep separate Beds, to say a civil Thing to her once in a Year, and, like a true modern Husband, to admire every Body's *Muse* better than my own, even though they be but battered Drabs; and though the World should agree, that my *Thalia* is not entirely contemptible, on this Account, I am at present suing in the Court of *Parnassus* for a Divorce, and as she has not brought me any Fortune to speak of, I shall not be troubled to allow her a separate Maintenance. I am aware that malicious Critics will give out, that I was separated *causa frigiditatis*. But, the Public is always equitable in its Decisions, and to them I implicitly submit.

CHARLES RANGER.

Covent-Garden, 15 August.

It is imagined that Mrs. *Woffington* will not return to *Dublin* for the ensuing Season, but that she will perform at this Theatre. In this Case

Cafe, the Company belonging to this House, will have received such considerable Reinforcement, that it is not doubted they will be able to keep the Field against the General of the adverse Camp, who has been disciplining his Troops during the whole Summer-Season. Mrs. *Woffington*, it is said, now makes as considerable a Figure in Tragedy, as she was always known to do in the graceful and genteel Walks of sprightly Comedy, and on this Account the Town may justly promise themselves a very amiable Addition to their Entertainments.

Drury-Lane, 16 August.

We hear that the *Rover*, the *Double Dealer*, and the *Mourning Bride* are to be revived at this House next Winter, and also some other Pieces which, it is supposed, will have a great Run. Our Intelligence adds, that the last new Comedy, called *Gil Blas*, will likewise be got up, it being the Opinion of the *true Lovers of Humour*, that the Town did not do Justice to that Piece at its first Exhibition.

We are also informed, that a very tolerable Quantity of *Epigrams*, and other short Pieces of Poetry, are got ready in order to be used as small Shot, during the Winter, against any Actor or Actress who may be rising into Fame; and it is likewise said, that the Number of *Freemen* is to be enlarged, that the Manager may thereby gain a further Acquisition of Admirers, who are to laugh and cry behind the Scenes, according as *Melpomene* or *Thalia* deigns to tread the Scene.

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

Jean Metromanie, lately arrived here from *Paris*, gives notice that he makes, in the highest Perfection, *portable Tragedy Broth*, very proper to be made use of by such Performers, as mistake Noise for Energy, and boisterous Ranting for Vehemence of Expression.

To be sold a Chest of Tea, perfectly well flavoured. It will be sold at so small a price as Seven Shillings per Pound, very proper to be bought by any one, who is inclined to treat at a reasonable Rate, the Writers about Town, in order to gain their Eucommiums in their several periodical Productions next Winter.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 48.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, August 24, 1754.

*Ille per extentum Funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

HOR.



H E R E is not a Species of Writing which has not had its particular Admirer, and various Affirmations have been sent abroad into the World concerning the Excellence of each. The famous Doctor South was of Opinion, that a complete Epigram is the Master-piece of Composition; and Mr. Addison calls a perfect Tragedy the noblest Production of human Nature. The Truth of it is, each Person has delivered his Sentiments agreeably to his own private Temper, and his own peculiar Turn of thinking. Doctor South excelled in lively and surprizing Strokes of Wit; every

new Combination, which he formed in the vivacious Sallies of his Imagination, was Epigram in itself, and we find all his Writings sown extremely thick with unexpected Assemblages : and on this Account we may suppose him inclinable to extol his own favourite Talent. In like Manner, Mr. Addison had employed many of his Hours in planning his Tragedy of *Cato*, and after it had received the most consummate Polish, which his Skill could bestow upon it, it was to be exhibited as the greatest Production of human Wit. But the Assertions of great Men, when they are unsustained by Argument, are not to be considered as Decrees from which there can be no Appeal. Certain it is, there is no Circumstance in Tragedy that can entitle it to the Pre-eminence among Literary Productions. In my Opinion, it can only claim the second Place, because it is manifest that all the Powers of Genius, *viz.* *Imagination, Eloquence and Reason* may be exerted in their full Force in the Epic Composition, whereas in Tragedy they frequently suffer great Limitation. The same Thing which on many Occasions makes Tragedy the most powerful Performance, serves also to divest it of those Advantages which give great Brilliancy to heroic Poesy, and that is, its coming immediately before the Eye. It is justly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our Notice thro' our Ears, acts with a more feeble Impulse upon the Mind than Objects, that pass through the Organs of Sight, those faithful Evidences in a mental Court of Judicature.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt Oculis subiecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator. —————*

FOR this Reason many Passages, in which the Epic Writer images and expands the Imagination of his Readers with the noblest Exhibitions of Poetic Imagery, are entirely excluded from the dramatic Scene; the Eye will not suffer itself easily to be deluded, and all the Amazement of Machinery is also for the same Reason totally superseded. A God, says the Critic, should not be introduced, unless the Occasion should peremptorily require a supernatural Agent; he had said better, if he had absolutely interdicted their Appearance. We may in reading suffer such an Incident to be imposed upon us, but the Eye would be too much shocked with such Representations, and of course the Marvellous is entirely banished. Besides Tragedy will not admit any extraordinary Display of *pure Poetry*, or Description; the Heroic Poet for the most part speaks in his own Person, and it is expected of him to pay great court to our Imagination; but the Dialogue of Person-

ages,

ages, engaged in a Sphere of Action, intended to interest the Auditors, will not allow them to take up the Scene, with florid Exhibitions of rural Imagery; such as Brooks murmuring in scanty Rills through pebbled Channels, &c. The following Lines in the Mouth of *Calista* in the *fair Penitent* may be extremely picturesque, if considered as pure Description, but if considered with regard to Character, and the Situation of that Character, they are certainly very inartificial and undramatic.

— my sad Soul

*Has form'd a Dismal melancholy Scene;
An unfrequented Vale, o'er grown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shade
Ravens and Birds ill omen'd only dwell,
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds.*

HENCE then we find, that in the Regions of Fancy, the *Drama* must yield to the *Epic*, and as this is a very considerable Part of Poesy, I think it determines the Precedence to the latter. In the Art of Eloquence and in all Applications to our Reason, Tragedy can boast full Room for the most vigorous Exertion. The *Drama* may be full as sentimental as any other Kind of Writing; nay, its Excellence frequently consists in being so, and with regard to the Passions, the Mode of Imitation, renders its Influence more forcible, and when we are deceived into a Notion that the Personages are actually suffering Distress before our Eyes, the Performance assumes a Kind of Reality, and more keen and intenser Sensations agitate our Breasts, than in Pieces where the Description is left to operate upon us without any other Aid than that of lively and impassioned Expressions. *Virgil*, I apprehend was as skilful a Master of the Passions as any Writer, ancient or modern, and though the Passions of his *Dido* are drawn with as strong and glowing Colourings, as Language can bestow; though their various struggling are all finely and closely marked, though all their Vicissitudes, Veerings and Doublings, if I may so call them, are finely touched, yet, I believe, *Shakespeare's Lear* and *Othello* have made much more lively and deep Impressions upon an Audience, than ever the former has done upon his Admirers in the Closet.

These advantages, however, are derived to the Tragic Queen from supernumerary Embellishments, and from the Labours of another Art, I mean that of Acting, which is in itself a Mode of Imitation, and serves to render the Touches of the Writer more striking and more feelingly impressive. This Superiority the *Drama* certainly has over the *Epic*, and in consequence of all its additional Aids, it can boast a more powerful Command over the human Heart. It imitates the very Voice of Nature, and speaks the same simple and affecting Language. All that Profusion of Figures, which mere Poetry admits, is discarded from
the

the Stage. When I mention Figures, I must observe that Men of Critical Knowledge have justly distinguished between Figures of Speech and Figures of the Sentiment; the former including Metaphor and all Translations of Phrases, and the latter consisting of such Breaks and Transitions in Discourse as the Mind is known to make when under the Compunction of warring Passions. As for Instance, when the Poet says of *Dido* that she is devoured by an inward Flame.

Et cæro carpitur igna

He then expresses Love by a figurative Expression; but when he says.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes,

The Repetition expresses the natural workings of the Mind, when other Ideas are awakened, and serve to excite a new Conflict of Passions. The use of these kind of Figures in Tragedy should be as free and bold as possible, and with Regard to Expression, no other Regard is to be paid to it, than to chuse such Words as may be most significantly Pictureque, in order to have the more lively Effect on the Imagination, the Passions being then in a stronger Form when lively Images are presented to the Fancy.

I BELIEVE our *Shakespear* is almost the only Poet who has excelled in a masterly Power of striking the *Imagination*, the *Heart*, and our *Reason* all at once; but in him Poetry, Sentiment, and Passion are combined in the most agreeable Assemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth* there are several surprizing Strokes of this *Nature*. Amidst a great Variety of Instances, the following Lines are introduced with a Solemnity suitable to the Occasion, and they carry with them a pleasing Kind of gloomy Imagery.

——— *E'er the Bat hath flown*

His cloister'd Flight, e'er to black Hecate's Summons

The Shard-born Beetle with his drouzy Hums,

Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there shall be done

A Deed of dreadful Note. —————

The Soliloquy in the Tent-Scene of *Richard the Third* is also a further Instance of the same Beauty, though by the Way it may not be improper to observe, notwithstanding we must allow that Mr. *Cibber* was in the right to transplant *Shakespear's* own Words, that they are not perfectly suitable to the Character of *Richard*, and I believe had our great Poet thought of shewing his Hero in this Situation, he would have shewed *Richard's* Feelings quite otherwise on such an Occasion.

To conclude: *Aristotle* was certainly mistaken when he called the Fable the Life and Soul of Tragedy; the Art of constructing the dramatic Story should always be subservient to the Exhibition of Character, and therefore that Poet will always succeed best, who finds the most artful Manner of striking his Auditors with Sentiment and Passion at the same Time.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, August 24.

NOW that I am upon the Point of declining this Paper, I find my Correspondents pour in their Contributions faster than has been the Case for some time past. I am entreated by several of them to persevere, and they promise to send as many Hints both for Essays and News, as their Leisure will permit. The Ladies are particularly civil, and I must take this Opportunity to make my Compliments to Miss *Penelope Paleface*, Miss *Charlotte Ramble*, to the Ladies who direct to me from the Chit-chat Club, to Miss *Lucy Slycap*, and Miss *Betty Tongue-pad*. I have from time to time received short Letters signed with those Names, and were it any way possible to comply with the Request of these Ladies, by still continuing my Paper, their Commands would certainly prove irresistible: but the Plan of the *Gray's Inn Journal* extends to a certain Number, and then must finally cease. In short, I have of late imagined myself of infinitely greater Consequence, than I ever appeared to my own Imagination even in my warmest Moments of Self-congratulation. I must own, indeed, that some of those who had formerly taken Exceptions (I will not say how justly or unjustly they were founded) to some unguarded or oblique Strokes in my Writings, have upon this Occasion, sent me a few Sarcasms, Epigrams, and other Pieces of small Wit, which have a little disconcerted my Felicity, and in some Degree have dashed the Pleasure I enjoyed at the Perception of that Regard which many of my Readers have been kind enough to pay me. As I am perhaps too conscious that I have in the Warmth and Precipitance of my Fancy, now and then given vent to Animadversions, which had been much better suppressed. I will now inform those who have been discontented with my Proceedings, that *Ranger* was this Day served with a *Subpœna* from the *Censorial Court*, requiring his Attendance at the Bar of the House, upon a Charge of some Misdemeanors exhibited against him. A Copy of the Articles of Impeachment is to be sent to him in a few Days; the Reader shall have an Opportunity of seeing it in this Paper, and his Defence shall be printed at large. As this Trial is full as material as that of *Elizabeth Canning*, I expect it will make full as much Noise; and I shall be greatly surpris'd, if there is not a Subscription opened on both Sides to defray the necessary Charges of so weighty a Suit. Having received a Letter containing Matters, that deserve public Notice, I have thought proper to make an Extract from it in this Day's Paper.

Extract of a Letter, dated Crown Coffee-House, Bedford-Row, Aug. 16.

— The Gentlemen here are greatly concern'd at the Thoughts of losing you, both on Account of the Pleasure they will be deprived of by the Discontinuance of your Paper, and of the perpetual Impertinence they will be subject to from Mr. *Shortcough*, who, since you first gave him a Touch

Touch of your Pen, has been restrained, by his Fears of another Lashing, within some Sort of Bounds; but since you have declared your Intentions of relinquishing your Paper, he has transgressed all Decency, and is every Instant committing Outrages against Good-breeding and Manners. Since you first mentioned him, he has never troubled us at making a Bet when the Odds are in his Favour, with saying, "Come, I've a Guinea in my Pocket, which my Wife knows nothing of."—But he is now returned to his Vomit: *Pride* and *Meanness* are surprisingly blended in him, and these two opposite Qualities disclose themselves daily by a vain Ambition of being thought rich, and a Poverty of Spirit in doing the lowest Actions. Though a Pack of Cards will not at any Ale-house fetch more than a Groat, Mr. *Shortcough* will slyly slip one into his Pocket. He incessantly offers Bets, but never makes any unless he meets with a *Pigeon*, that gives him the Advantage of Four-pence in the Shilling. It is common, by way of shewing him off, to give him a Shilling to lay Half a Guinea, and chuse his Side; and when he has *five Love*, he has made an even Bet with a Gentleman, who offered it to him in Derision. But they are all mistaken in him; he is not to be shamed out of any Thing. In his Conversation he is elegant beyond Description, and his Phrases are greatly above any Passage in *Swift's* polite Conversation. "You Son of a B—b;—you Dog;—you Rascal;—you hubble-bubble-pated Puppy;—hang yourself, and drown your Bastards;—Oh! my God (quoth Nanny Sayer) what a Whore am I.—Fatal FOUR, all the World o'ER;—you, Mr. Quibus, you may kiss my—Nominative; Quibus, Quibus, Quodbus; and so forth." With this Sort of Literature does he infect the Company the whole Evening, and it is ushered in with a stentorial Voice enough to crack the Ceiling.—His Age protects him from the Correction of the Arm, but surely cannot exempt him from the coercive Power of a Satyrist. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, pick such a Rod out of this Bundle as may hereafter be hung up here in *terrorem*, and you'll oblige, &c.

The Writer of the above Letter has, in my Opinion, drawn so pleasant a Sketch of this extraordinary Humourist, that no Colouring of mine can improve the Piece. In order to hinder him from running Riot any longer, though I shall not be at any Pains myself about him, I will first hint that I may, in my last Paper, recommend to a certain Brother-Writer, to give a Look in there from time to time, by which the Peace and Harmony of Society may be preserved from the Invasions of all *Visigoths* whatever.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 49. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, August 31, 1754.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comedia tanto
Plus oneris quanto est veniæ minus.*

HOR.



RISTOTLE informs us that Homer wrote a Comic-Epic Poem entitled *Margites*, which to the no small Detriment of succeeding Ages, is unfortunately lost. To this Species of Poesy, we may suppose, Comedy has the same Reference, that the Tragic bears to the Heroic. For my Part, I cannot conceive why a good Comedy has never been filed by those, who are fond of deciding literary Precedence, the greatest Production of human Nature. Certainly its consisting of known and familiar Ideas, should not derogate

derogate from its Merit, because on Account of that very Circumstance, it meets with less Indulgence, the Business of it coming more near to every Man's Breast, and, of course, the very Vulgar being in some Measure Judges of the Justness of the Imitation; whereas, in Tragedy, frigid Declamation lulls, florid Epithets amuse, lofty Metaphors amaze, and sonorous Expressions elevate and surprize.

As Tragedy aims more particularly at an Excitement of the Passions, so the chief Merit of *Comedy* consists in producing an equal Effect on the human Mind. But the Passions which they both aim at are not the same, the former principally awakening Sensations of Terror and Pity, and the latter giving Emotions of a gay Contempt, as it is elegantly [called, or in plainer English, making us despise and laugh at an Object at the same Time. To succeed in this last mentioned Mode of Writing, it requires as fine and as lively an Imagination as any of the other imitative Arts; for as it is manifest, that the Tragic Poet then excites in us the most intense Sensations, when his Expressions convey the liveliest Images to the Fancy, so the Comic Poet, when he seizes the Imagination with a bright Assemblage of ludicrous Ideas, is sure of agitating those Passions, to which his Art directs him, with an irresistible Power. And therefore this Animadversion is sufficient to put an End to that idle Dispute, which we learn from *Horace*, engaged the Learned, *viz.* Whether Comedy might be called Poetry or not.

——— *quidam Comædia necne Poema*
Esset quæsiere ——

It is manifest that it is an imitative Art, and different Passions being the Objects of its Address, it only makes use of Means different from more elevated Species of Writing; but surely it is full as hard a Task to paint ordinary Things, as Objects of more Importance; and, in my Opinion, *Virgil's* Line which describes an old Woman running across *Dido's* Apartment with officious Zeal.

Ille

Illa gradum studio celerabat anili,

is as picturesque as the Description of the ambrosial Locks of *Venus*.

*Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem,
Spiravere. ———*

THE Comic Writer, as well as the Tragedian, must derive his Force from the true primary Sources of Composition; that is to say, he must learn to seize our *Imaginations*, with striking Pictures of common Life; he must instruct our Reason by inserting sensible Observations on human Contingencies, and he must also frequently apply himself to those Passions which it is the Merit of his Art to awaken. In this last mentioned Particular consists the real Merit of a well wrought Comedy; in like manner as the serious Drama must fill us with Ideas proper to excite Terror and Pity. To obtain either Effect, the Poet is to select such Circumstances in every Object, in every Passion, and in every Action, as will be most conducive to his peculiar End, and he is constantly to avail himself of such Expressions as will serve to convey the liveliest Images to the Fancy. When this is rightly performed, whether in the solemn or humourous Scene, it is true Poetry, and in either case it is by the Means of a Mode of Eloquence, that the Art produces its desired effect. For Ridicule, by which Comedy works is as much a Mode of Eloquence, as the several Arts of Persuasion, and the several Figures, which Rhetoric has reduced into a System for the Excitement of the more serious Passions.

THE Dispute that subsisted among the learned for a considerable Time and is perhaps not yet determined, *viz.* Whether Ridicule is a Test of Truth, is, in my humble Opinion, extremely idle and frivolous; the Faculty of Reason, which compares our Ideas, and sustains or rejects the various Affirmations concerning them, being the sole Judge of Truth, however complicated the Means may be by which it gains its End. I have often wondered, that neither *Aristotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a just and adequate Definition of Ridicule. To say that it consist in raising our Laughter, at some Turpitude, is a very
insufficient

insufficient Account of the Matter: Mr. *Fielding*, in his Preface to his *Joseph Andrews*, has thrown some Light upon the Matter, but as he places the Source of it in Affectation, he appears to me not to have taken a comprehensive Survey of his Subject. I apprehend the Ridiculous may be formed, where there is no Affectation at the Bottom, and his Parson *Adams* I take to be an Instance of this Assertion.

THE best and most accurate Definition I have ever met with of the Ridiculous is in a note of Doctor *Akenside's* to his excellent Poem on the Pleasures of Imagination. "That, says he, which makes Objects ridiculous is some Ground of Admiration or Esteem connected with other more general Circumstances, comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some Circumstances of Turpitude or Deformity connected with what is in General excellent or beautiful; the inconsistent Properties existing either in the Objects themselves, or in the Apprehension of the Person to whom they relate, implying Sentiment or Design, and exciting no acute or vehement Emotion of the Heart." The Effect which the Circumstances thus specified have upon us he thus defines, "the Sensation of Ridicule is not a bare Perception of the Agreement or Disagreement of Ideas, but a Passion or Emotion of the Mind consequential to that Perception."

THE Emotions here intended are Laughter and Contempt, and these it is the Business of Comedy to excite, by making striking Exhibitions of inconsistent Circumstances, blended together in such a thwarting Assemblage, that a gay Contempt irresistibly shall take Possession of us. To perform this in all Objects which come before the Comic Muse, in Men and Manners, in all Actions and Passions, requires a very delicate Hand, and it frequently is necessary to have an almost microscopic Eye to perceive the latent Inconsistency in Circumstances seemingly fair and praise-worthy. *Prior* has expressed this with his usual Delicacy,

And tho' the Error may be such
As Knaggs and Burges's cannot hit,
It yet may feel the nicer Touch,
Of Wycherly or Congreve's Wit.

IN producing Portraits of Mankind it is not enough to display Foibles and Oddities ; a fine Vein of Ridicule must run through the whole, to urge the Mind to frequent Emotions of Laughter ; otherwise there will be Danger of exhibiting disagreeable Characters without affording the proper Entertainment. I think *Ben Johnson* extremely apt to err in this Point ; His *Morose*, is a furly, ill-natured, absurd Humourist, whom we can hardly laugh at, and he soon becomes very bad Company. Many of *Johnson's* Characters are of the same Cast, while in *Shakespeare's Falstaff*, the ridiculous Ideas are placed in such an artful Point of View, that our Merriment can never be restrained, whenever *Sir John* appears. *Congreve* in my Opinion had a great Deal of the same Talent, and what I have somewhere seen objected to him, that many of his Characters are obvious in human Life, is with me a strong Proof of his superior Genius. An Old *Batchelor*, for Instance, is very common, but he must pass thro' such an Imagination as *Congreve's* to support several Scenes in the Drama with the most exquisite Pleasantry. Though the Character was not new, yet his Management of it has all the Graces of Novelty, and the Situations in which we see him are all exquisitely ridiculous. Personages of this Class, unless artfully conducted, may very soon tire an Audience, but in this excellent Poet's Hands nothing suffers a Diminution. The same, I think, appears in his *Sir Paul Plyant*, in which Character there is perhaps as much Comic Force as in any one Piece on the Stage. *Sir John Vanbrugh* was also a perfect Master of his Art in this Respect, and of this his *Sir John Brute* is a remarkable Proof. The Knight is constantly diverting us with an odd whimsical Way of Thinking, which at once serves to display his own Foibles, and entertains his Audience with a Pleasantry of which he seems all along totally unconscious himself.

It is therefore by placing the Humours and Foibles of human Nature in a ridiculous Light, that the true comic Force is created. The ingenious Author, whom I have already quoted, has judiciously explained each Part of the Definition cited above, and he has finely traced the several Sources from which true Ridicule springs. The Account of it is, in my Opinion, perfectly just, and involves all the several Species. Whoever chuses to consider the Matter will find Affectation to be but one spring, however diffusive the Streams of it may be. To
the

the Poem itself, I beg leave to refer my Readers, and I shall dismiss this Paper, with observing, that the whole Beauty of the comic Diction consists in the Words and Phrases being so chosen as to give to the Mind the most lively impression of known and familiar Images, and at the same Time the strongest Marks of Character and each Person's peculiar Temper. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, August 31.

I LOOK upon myself in my present State to be something like one returning home from a Voyage round the World; in the course of these my Saturday Compositions I certainly have travelled through many Perils, many uneasy Moments, and many Hours of Solitude and Anxiety. The Fear of giving Offence, the Fear of being dull, the Apprehensions of being eclipsed by Brother-writers, the many Indignities which our Papers receive in Coffee-houses, at the Pastry-cooks, &c. are Matters of very high Importance; but I am now approaching to an easy Harbour, and shall have the Pleasure in Number fifty-two, which is to be the last of these Papers, to take Leave of all my Readers. I therefore must once for all declare, that it is in vain I am solicited to continue; I shall willingly make Room for more Adventurers in this Way, and I shall always have a grateful Sense of the Indulgence with which the present Writer has been received; and I now take Pride to myself, that, notwithstanding many Attempts to hurt and depreciate poor *Ranger*, his Sale never fell in Number, and to this Instant keeps up as well as most Papers that have been published in this way. I therefore flatter myself, that I shall lay down with some Degree of Credit, and till next Saturday, I remain,

The candid Reader's most obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

By Advices from *Ranelagh* we learn, that the Sons of *Comus* are determined to meet there, and, like choice Spirits, to regale themselves with a well prepared Past of Wit, Humour, and Harmony. It is said, that they have an humorous Parody upon *Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, set to Music in the true Spirit of Burlesque, and that a Band of Geniuses intend there to divert themselves with a Performance for their own private Entertainment. If this Intelligence should prove true, the Lovers of Mirth cannot be too expeditious in entering themselves among the lively Spirits of this Concert, which will open at *Ranelagh House* some Day next Week.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E
GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 50. To be continued Weekly. Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1754.

Augustis hunc addere rebus honorem, VIRG.
Ampullas & Sesquipedalia verba. HOR.



HAVING in my last offered some cursory Remarks upon RIDICULE, I shall in this Day's Paper take Notice of a Species of Writing, which on Account of some Affinity between them, is often supposed to be the same with the Ridiculous; and yet, upon an attentive View of the Matter, it appears to be a Mode of Composition introduced by Men of Genius in order to fall in with that Propensity to Laughter, which prevails with all Mankind in general. What I here intend is *Burlesque*; and, in my humble Opinion, to mark its Boundaries, its Procedure and Extent, will be no improper Subject among those Essays, which only pretend now and then to glance so much Light upon Matters of this Nature, as may serve to illustrate them to the unlearned.

It must be remembered, that as the *ridiculous* consists in a Coalition of Circumstances repugnant to each other in their own Natures, but yet whimsically blended together in any Object, any human Action or Passion, to call forth this Inconsistency to public View, and to shew the heterogeneous Assemblage, in such

such a Manner as to provoke the Mind to laugh at it with Contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent talent of *Ridicule*, and as this is attended when well executed, with fine consequential Effects, the Lovers of *Burlesque* will not wait to discover a real Incongruity, but by the Force of their own Imaginations they create it for themselves, and by obtruding Circumstances which perhaps do not belong to the Object, they are frequently very successful in rendering Things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive Eye may not wear the motly Livery, however it may serve the Purposes of Mirth to invest it with it. In order to explain more fully, what is here insisted on, it may not be improper to lay before the Reader an Instance or two of the *Ridiculous*, and also of *Burlesque*, which may in some Measure serve to render this Matter still more intelligible and clear.

WHEN *Fielding's* Parson *Adams* being in Distress at an Inn, retires very gravely with a *London* Bookseller to raise Money upon some Manuscript Sermons, I believe the dissonant Circumstances in this Case strike very forcibly, and our Laughter is still urged with greater Impetuosity, when, after having travelled a great many Miles from his own place of Abode towards *London*, with no other Business upon Earth, but to dispose of these Sermons, we hear the Parson not being able to find them, very gravely say, "I protest I believe I left them behind me." When the same Personage assures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not say it by way of exciting or complying with worldly vanity, but to shew that he can live well on the Road, and, to confirm this, produces half a Guinea, the Difference between his Opinion and the small value of the Piece, and this too from a Clergyman, a Scholar, and in many Things a Man of excellent Understanding, produces an Emotion of Laughter attended in this Instance with a Contempt for *Adam's* want of Knowledge of the World. In like manner, when *Don Quixote* very gravely says, that he has seen the Sea, and that it is much larger than the River at *Lamancha*, we cannot help laughing at a Man who has formed his Ideas of Things by what he has seen at his own native Place, and to find an insignificant River compared to the Sea, presents such a repugnant Conjunction of Images, as must necessarily operate upon our risible Faculties.

THESE Instances, which have first, among a Thousand, offered themselves to my Memory, are true Instances of the *Ridiculous*, nothing here being obtruded upon our Imaginations, but in *Burlesque* there are many adventitious Ideas called, in order to form a motly Concurrence of thwarting Images, and so produce

produce the same Effect with the really Ridiculous. As for Instance, if any Object which comes before the *Burlesque* Writer, be low in its own Nature, he immediately bethinks himself of conferring on it a mock Dignity, in which it begins to look big, like the Champion at a Coronation, who boldly challenges all Mankind when he knows no body will fight him. I have ever been highly pleased with a Touch of this Kind in a Note to Mr. *Fielding's Tom Thumb*, where mentioning something of the Soul of Man, he gravely tells us, "*Plato is of this Opinion, and so is — Mr. Banks.*" The Stroke in the *Beggars Opera* is of the same Nature, — "*There is nothing so merry as a great Man in Distress.*" In this Case the great Disproportion between the two Objects strikes our Imagination, and our Laughter bursts out at that which is, without Foundation, set in Competition. In the following Passage of the Poet, it seems to me, there is a ridiculous Appearance intended by giving a mock Majesty to an Object in the general Opinion not so highly exalted.

*Oh! could I view thro' London as I pass
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian Brags!
High on a Pedestal, ye Freemen place
His magisterial Paunch and griping Face.
Letter'd and gilt let him adorn Cheap-side,
And grant thr Tradefman, what a King's deny'd.*

Thus the ludicrous Assemblage is formed by an Association of Ideas, so distant from each other, that we are diverted to see them joined. The other Method of *Burlesque* is, if an Object has any Thing respectable about, to join it with Images, not only inferior, but in themselves contemptible. Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this Kind of Satyr throughout his *Dunciad*, and *Boileau* is, I think, admirable in both Species of *Burlesque*, in his *Lutrin*. Our own *Garth* also has many beautiful Passages in his *Dispensary*, where a Ridicule is thrown upon his Heroes by associating with them Images of Things, to which some Kind of Turpitude is adherent; thus a set of *Physicians* quarrelling among themselves are finely placed in a ludicrous Light by the following humourous Simile.

*Thus often at the Temple Stairs we've seen
Two Tritons of a rough athletic Mien,
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd with Blood;
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.*

ANOTHER very common Method of *Burlesque* is by making frequent Application of grand and sublime Passages in our best Poets, to Things unworthy and mean. *Boileau*, is in my Opinion, the happiest of all modern Poets in this Particular. As Passages of this Nature are frequently mistaken for an In-

tent

tent to *burlesque* the Author, from the Images borrowed, it may not be improper in this place to observe, Parody does not always carry with it any Sneer at the Author parodied. The quaint Things in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other Objects, without his being burlesqued, and there we find that *Vida* in his elegant and beautiful Poem on the Game of Chés, has almost in every Line surprized us with Expressions and Lines from the *Aeneid*, by which means he gives Spirit and Life to his Poem, animates his imaginary Warriours with human Passions, and fills the Fancy with entertaining Ideas, without swelling too much into the Mock-heroic, which would have been downright *Burlesque*. The Description and the Havock done at a Game of Chés is perfectly elegant.

*Sternitur omne solum buxo atque miserrima cædes
Exoritur; confusa inter sese agmina cædunt,
Implicitæque ruunt, albæ, nigræque Pbalanges;
Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.*

The Description of the Queen is also highly beautiful.

*At medias inter acies crudescit Amazon,
Candida, plena animis, mediisque in millibus ardet.*

It is plain, that Mr. *Pope* in his Account of a Game at Cards in the *Rape of the Lock*, has imitated this excellent Poet in his Manner of exalting inanimate Things, which can never carry with it any Air of *Burlesque*, because nothing can be ridiculous, but when a free Agency is implied.

BUT in *Burlesque*, as in every other Kind of Writing, Truth should be the Foundation, otherwise the Superstructure must fall, like *Aristophanes's* Ridicule of *Socrates*, which is now held in Contempt. It must be also remembered, that every Parody of a Poet is not a *Burlesque* of that Poet; the Object thus attacked must be always exceptionable, otherwise it can never be essentially hurt by a false Combination of adventitious Ideas. As there is a strong Propensity in the Generality of People to this Kind of Humour, Tragic Poets, in particular, should be cautious how by any Passage or Expression, they excite ludicrous Images. If once in the most serious Scene a wrong Association of Ideas be formed, the Mind is apt to attach itself to the Object of its Mirth, and thus a well imagined Piece may be obstructed. A very elegant Critic observes, that the following line of *Dryden*.

A Star-light Morning, and an Ev'ning fair.

has in it nothing improper, and yet if any one recollects that a *Star-light Morning* is the Language of a Watchman it may occasion some sprightly Raillery. On this account, in all the different species of Composition the Writer must carefully remember to keep within his proper Boundaries, because the least Excursion too far may be highly prejudicial.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 6.

AS this is the last Opportunity I shall have of giving any more Articles of True Intelligence, I have determined to give the Precedence in this Day's Paper, to a succinct Account of the Proceedings at a Court of censorial Enquiry against the Author of this Paper. I flatter myself that by these Means the Exceptions which may have been taken to these little Compositions, will be stated in a fair Light, and the Writer's Conduct throughout his Undertaking, put beyond the Reach of Calumny or Detraction.

Court of censorial Enquiry, 6. Sep

This Day CHARLES RANGER, Esq; appeared at the Bar of this Court, upon an Indictment found against him, for that he wantonly and indiscreetly from Time to Time in his *Gray's Inn Journal* made too free with Characters which had not offended him, to the great Uneasiness of the Furious so attacked, and against the Statute recorded by *Horace, Sublato jure nocendi, &c.*

Ranger objected to several who were summoned to be on the Jury, offering various Reasons as occasion offered, such as *Dulness, Ignorance, Prejudice, &c.* At length this Point being adjusted, the Cause was opened by Counsellor *Fester*, who spared neither Elocution nor Eloquence to inflame the Mind of the Court, and the Gentlemen impanelled against the Prisoner at the Bar. Many Times he insisted, could be pointed out of personal Repentment, and Malice propense, &c. After which several Passages of *Ranger's* Writings were read in Court, and several Witnesses appeared to enforce the Charge exhibited against him.—Among these were *Quibus Flestrin*, from the Bedford Coffee-house; *Bob Nankeen, Nat Pigtail, Harry Lappel, Jack Oakstick, Jemmy Scratch*, from the City; *Mr. Mac Gregor, Mr. Broadbrim, Mr. Shallow, &c.* from the Robinhood Society; *Monf. Villeneuve, Monf. Languedoc, Monf. Bernard, Monf. La Varele, Monf. Soup-meagre, &c.* from *Tom's* in Cornhill and *Slaughter's* in *St. Martin's Lane*; *Moses Aminadab, Selim Levi, Rubens Shylock, &c.* from *Duke's Place*; and some others from various Parts of the Town, all these deposed that the Prisoner had indulged himself in frequent Strokes of Pleasantry upon them, and they therefore hoped the Jury would bring in a Verdict accordingly.

Prisoner's Defence.

May it please this honourable Court, and you Gentlemen of the Jury.

I shall not endeavour to evade any part of the Charge brought against me, except the Imputation of wantonly making free with Characters that had not given any personal Offence; this Point I must speak a few Words to, because I think it a very fallacious Argument, and if it be supposed to carry

carry any weight, it may be sufficient to tye up the Hands of every Satyrift, and then Vice and Folly may laud it uncontrouled. It is not necessary, that a ridiculous Character should tread upon an Author's Toe, or offend him in some other Manner, without that, he is free Game for every Sportsman of the Quill; and that this is Mr. POPE's Opinion appears from the following Lines;

And must no Egg in *Japhet's* Face be thrown,
Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own.

And with Regard to the Charge of personal Repentment, I must here declare before this honorable Court, that I never saw one of these Gentlemen, who have appeared against me, in my Life.—Their Faces, their Persons, their Characters, are to me perfectly unknown: and therefore I presume, it may be fairly inferred, that I never meant to give the least Annoyance to any one in particular—They were all Personages of my own Creation, and something like them I imagined might exist in Nature, and therefore I fancied I had a Right to lash or banter any Vice or Folly under imaginary Names, without intending a personal Application in any one Instance. Since these Gentlemen have all thought proper to take Things to themselves, I refer it to the Jury, whether this may not be said to libel themselves. Having said thus much; I think it unnecessary to explain a Case to take up the Time of the Court, and I am therefore willing to submit to its equitable Decisions.

After this the *Inspector* appeared in Court, and desired to be heard. It was imagined he also came with a further Aggravation of the Indictment, but instead of inflaming Matters, he said, that though he had Reason to think there were now and then in *Ranger's* Writings unprovoked Strokes of personal Satyr, yet for his Part he charged all Instances of that Nature on the Ill-nature and Depravity of Taste of his Readers, rather than any Propensity in the Author's Mind. Hereupon the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict NOT GUILTY. to the great Satisfaction of *Ranger* and his Friends, and the Disappointment of the Group of Witnesses mentioned above. The High Steward of the Court then took his Staff, declared the Commission to be annulled, and the censorial Court was finally dismissed.

We hear that a Comedy, written by his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*, and called the *Chances*, is getting ready to be played, with proper Alterations, at the Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*, some time in the approaching Season. It is further said, that Mr. *Foot* will bring on two new Entertainments before the Winter expires, so that the Critics will have full Employment there for some time.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 51.

To be continued Weekly.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1754.

————— *Extremo sub fine laborum*
Vela legam, & terris festinem advertere proram. VIRG.

Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
HOR.



SPIRIT of Enterprize administers to the Heart, in which its Pulsations are felt, the strongest and most glowing Pleasures our Constitutions can admit; Doubts and Fears may arise, but they are soon quenched by sanguine Hope; Success hovers over the young Schemist's Head; Fame stands in a Corner of the Picture, which fond Fancy has framed, blowing her immortal Trumpet, and Happiness and gay Serenity dart in sprightly Vibrations through his Soul. Happy, were the golden Dream never to evaporate! But Clouds arise that blot the intellectual Radiance, and as soon as the Beams of Imagination are diminished, the Passions, like Flowers at the Setting Sun, immediately are contracted, the Spirits, that expanded every Nerve, sink in their Channels, subside into Languor, and Satiety takes Possession of the Mind. I remember, to have met with a Story of a prime Minister to *Pyrrhus*, who seems to

to have had a shrewd Turn of Humour. When the King happened, in the full Rapture of Expedition, and his Imagination dilated with Ideas of future Conquest, to expatiate at large upon the various Incidents of his growing Enterprize, "Pray Sir, (says he) what does all this tend to? Why, cries the Monarch, I shall add the neighbouring Nations to my Dominion:— Well! and what then pray? Why then I shall declare War against the adjacent States. — And what then Sir? I shall proceed in my Conquests, and the next Province shall receive my Yoke—And what then Sir? Why, their Neighbours shall also pay Tribute — This is very well, my Liege, and what next? — Thus I shall gradually extend my Victories till I become Master of the Globe—And what then?— Then — why, — then I'll sit down and crack a Bottle with my Friends — And, pray Sir, why not do so now?" This Passage has always appeared to me to carry with it a very fine Stroke of Satyr, and I am inclinable to think that if the greatest Hero of Antiquity, were to make up the Account of his Happiness, he would find it not one Jot more than is here implied.

BUT among all the various Adventurers, who must feel this Truth, there is no Set of *Quixotes* who experience it more powerfully than the Race of Authors. What Happiness does not the periodical Writer enjoy in the first dawning of a new Plan? — in Proportion as one Idea awakens a new Train of pleasing Images, and the Design opens to his View, what Sensations unfelt before? What Cheerfulness, what Fancy, what luxuriant Wit? And when a Sheet, yet wet, is sent him from the Press for his Inspection, how his Heart bounds to see himself in print? — the Fineness of the Paper! — How it pleases him? The Elegance of the Type! — How its Symmetry strikes the Eye! — The Correctness of the Compositor! — How just and how exact? — Flushed with these Ideas the Imagination expands itself, and, in the Fulness of Self-Admiration, he addresses himself in the Words of *Hamlet* — "What a Piece of Work is Man? How noble in Reason! How infinite in Faculties." — And yet pass but a few Hours, and how changed is every Trace of Reflection? The Critics gather round him, and, like the Harpies in the third *Æneid* they break in upon his Meal, and like them too, they denounce Penury and Famine. The Learned meet his Work by Chance; they speak of it, but not with sufficient Warmth, because Men of Sense never admire and only approve. He then runs up and down among the Pamphlet Shops; in many they have not heard of it; he calls for it in Coffee-Houses, "Sir, we don't take it in" — In Places where it is used he sees it twisted into a thousand different Shapes; the Paper and print neglected, and the Style unregarded; the
Waiters

Waiters throw it among the common Lumber, and Gentlemen keep Snuff in it. These and many other Indignities arise to mortify an Author's Pride; and besides all this, the Novelty of the Performance will wear off with him, as well as his Readers, and even Fame, supposing the good-natured World allow him his full Portion, will thrill with feebler Impulse to his Heart-Strings, and in the Conclusion, I believe, he will find that, Hero-like, he cannot drink his Bottle with greater Pleasure, than when he first set out.

BUT the Misfortune of the Tribe that write, is, they never know when to leave off; "*nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere*", says *Seneca* of *Ovid*, and the same Observation may be applied to every inferior Writer, as we learn by Experience, they never know when to give over. Merchants frequently retire to *Newington*, to *Hackney*, to *Edmonton*, or some Country-House on the *London Road*, in order to enjoy their Acquisitions, and trouble themselves no more with the List at *Lloyd's*; Pleaders at the Bar often become Chamber-Counsellors; *Cibber* and *Quin* retired from the Stage with Honour; *Broughton* will fight no more, and yet the scribbling Tribe are never tired. *Nequid nimis*, is a Precept as useful in Writing as in Ethics, and, for my Part, I do not think there is, in Nature, a more contemptible Sight, than a Man writing himself down; it is, in my Opinion, full as ridiculous an Object, as an impotent Lover, whose Defires have survived his Abilities, and whose Vices adhere to him to the last.

THERE is a Poem, perhaps not known as universally as its real Merit deserves, but for a fine Originality of Thought and Expression, inferior to few in the *English* Language, which contains a Passage perfectly coincident with my present Scope. The Poem I mean is entitled the *SPLEEN*, by *Mr. Green* of the *Custom-House*, and I find my own Ideas, on this Occasion, so beautifully expressed in the following Lines, that I shall here transcribe them, without fearing the Censure of a long Quotation.

*When I behold a Poet sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit,
Who, tho' short-winded, still will aim
To sound the Trump of Epic Fame;
Who still on Phœbus' Smiles will doat,
Nor learn Conviction from his Coat;
I bless my Stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close-pursu'd, undo,
And have from old Experience been
Both Parent and the Child of Spleen;*

The

*The Subjects of Apollo's State
 Who from false Fire derive their Fate,
 With airy Purchases undone
 Of Lands, which none lend Money on,
 Born dull, had follow'd thriving Ways,
 Nor lost one Hour to gather Bays.
 Their Fancies first delirious grew,
 And Scenes ideal took for true.
 Fine to the Sight Parnassius lies,
 And with false Prospects cheats their Eyes;
 The fabled Gods the Poets sing,
 A Season of perpetual Spring,
 Brooks, flowery Meads and Groves of Trees,
 Affording Sweets and Similies;
 Gay Dreams inspir'd in Myrtle Bowers,
 And Wreaths of undecaying Flow'rs;
 Apollo's Harp with Airs divine,
 The sacred Musick of the Nine,
 Views of the Temple rais'd to Fame,
 And for a vacant Nitch proud aim,
 Ravish their Souls, and plainly shew
 What Fancy's sketching Pow'r can do;
 They will attempt the Mountain steep
 Where on the Top, like Dreams in Sleep,
 The Muses Revelations shew,
 That find Men crack'd, or make them so.*

I HAVE been led into this Tract of Thought by a Review of my own Sensations, ever since I undertook the anxious Character of a public Writer, which I have now sustained for the Space of two Years, and having swelled the Number of these Essays to a sufficient Number, I purpose next *Saturday* finally to take Leave of my Readers. In doing this, I must own, that I perform a kind of Self-denial, as I shall then break off an habitual Intercourse with the Public, from which I have occasionally deduced a very sensible Pleasure, as I have experienced that these Papers, such as they are, have, from Time to Time, conduced to the Entertainment of the Town. On this Account, I shall abdicate with Reluctance; but the Line, which I have quoted in my Motto from *Horace*, has for a long Time stared me in the Face. "The Shame does not lie," says he, "in playing the Fool, but in not discontinuing it," in the Justice of which Sentiment I acquiesce, and, as becomes me, conform to the Precept.

I DON'T

I DO NOT flatter myself on this Occasion, that the present Writer will be missed by the Public; on the contrary, I believe it probable that the Vacancy may be filled by some more able and rising Genius, and while the *Connoisseur* deals out his ingenious Productions, I am too sensible that *Ranger* may not be regretted. Be that as it may, as the Name of Mr. *Town* has been often mentioned in the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, I must take this Opportunity to declare, that, however, Applications may have been made of that Character, I only meant general Satire. With Regard to Mr. *Town*, who now entertains the Public, he certainly has no Relation to that ideal Personage, and after perusing his Writings, I have often applied *Swift's* Lines to myself;

*When he can in one Essay fix
More Sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous Fit,
I cry pox take him and his Wit.*

As I now no longer dread him for a Rival, I cannot have the *Sense* of his Merit without shewing the *Love* at the same Time, and if an elegant Stile, a delicate Vein of Humour, and on many Subjects beautiful Strokes of Wit in the Opposition of Ideas, can any Way recommend an Author, I am persuaded Mr. *Town* will bid fair for the public Favour.

HAVING mentioned thus much, I must add, that I do not here take upon me to prescribe to my Readers; the Public invariably judges well for themselves, and from their Decision there is no Appeal.

X.

The Effects of CHARLES RANGER, Esq; to be sold by Auction at Mr. Langford's in the great Piazza Covent-Garden, being a compleat List of all such Household Furniture, Books, and valuable Pieces as the said RANGER thinks proper to leave behind him; the Whole very proper for any Adventurer who has a Mind to set up for himself.

Household Furniture, in the Bed-Chamber,

- A Very good Flock-bed, with tape-tied Curtains.
- A Poker, with the Head left.
- A Grate with three Legs.
- A Bellows, somewhat arithmatic.

In the Study.

- A Tea-cup with Ink in it.
- A Common-Place Book.
- A *Gradus ad Parnassum*, for Motto's.

One

306 THE GRAY'S INN JOURNAL. No. 51.

One Volume of the *Spectator*.
Two Leaves of an Elegy written in a Country-Church-yard.
All the *Gray's Inn Journals*.
And, the TRAGEDY of OTHELLO, cut and thumb'd.

In the Dining-Room.

A Bureau, with nothing in it.
A Peck of Sea-coal, in the Bottom of the Cupboard.
Six Chairs, two of them with four Legs.
One Table, the Flap broke.

Collection of valuable Pieces.

Honour and Honesty, *an Antique*.
Mr. Garrick in all his Characters, highly coloured, by Mr. Ranger.
Mr. Barry in several Parts, caricatured by ditto.
A Scene at White's, a *Night Piece*.
The national Debt discharged, by a *Flemish Master*.
Ditto, by *Jacob Hemiques*.
A Coquette in Crayons, *somewhat faded*.
Exchange-Alley, by a *Dutchman*.
A Deist in a Fever, with a Clergyman at his Elbow, *warranted original*.
Ditto, *dying by Moon-light*.
A Miser's Feast, in *Water Colours*.
A celebrated Beauty, *enamelled*.
The Day of Judgment, a *claro obscuro*.
A Manager and an Author, *taken from the Life*.
The Green-Room, a *Caricature*.
The True Patriot, *very scarce*.
The Creation of the World, in *Mosaic Work*.
The accomplished British Nobleman, *from an Original in the Possession of the Right hon. P——p E——l of C———d*.
An Hypocrite in Profile, a *la Bruyere*.
A Beau in a Bagnio, a *Kit-cat*.
Vice and Virtue, *in black and white*.
A General Election, *from an Original now in the Possession of an eminent Statesman*.
Elizabeth Canning, *from an Original done by Subscription*.
Eternity, a *Perspective*.
Friendship, *an allegorical Piece*.
Selim's Vision, a *Chinese Piece*.
A Party at Hazard, *in black and white from the Life*.

With many other Curiosities, too numerous to insert. The Whole to be viewed until the Day of Sale, and Catalogues given gratis.

ERRATA in our last, Page 297. l. 11. for *merry*, read *moving*; Page 298. l. 4. for *quaint* read *greatest*.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noster-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.



T H E

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By CHARLES RANGER, Esq;

NUMB. 52.

PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Sept. 21st 1754

*Lufisti fatis, edifti fatis, atque bibifti ;
Tempus abire tibi est*—————

HOR.

*Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum ;
Conticuit, factoque hic tandem fine quievit.*

VIRG.



OCTOR *Swift* somewhere tells a Story of a *French* Ambassador going to a Congress, who dispatched Couriers to the Place of his Destination every half Hour in the four and twenty, to signify to the Inhabitants, *Monsieur viens, Monsieur viens, His Excellence is coming.* Something like this I have done, for some Time past, by declaring repeatedly, *Monsieur s'en va, Ranger's going, a going.* At length, without intending any more last Words after this Day, I am set down to write the conclusive
Essay

Essay of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, and I must own, I now feel myself extremely at a Loss how to proceed. I remember the introductory Paper to this Undertaking embarrassed my Imagination, more than any successive Composition; as coming into Company is frequently attended with uneasy Flutterings, which are afterwards effaced by Habit. As I am also desirous of going off with as good a Grace as possible, I cannot but be a little solicitous about the Manner of my Exit. In the social Intercourse of Life, I know as little Ceremony should be used, as the Nature of Things will admit; but the periodical Writer, cannot withdraw, without making his Bow to the Public.

Two different Forms of writing have offered themselves to me upon this Occasion. The first has been practised by several Gentlemen of the Quill, and consists in a declamatory Style against that Degeneracy of Taste, which has too fatally prevailed in the present Declension of Literature. In Addition to this, I might indulge myself in a Vein of Invective against the general Disposition to Gaming, and many other unavailing Amusements, which have called off the Attention of the better Sort of People from all literary Productions. I might further expatiate in a Strain of Raillery on the Fair, and might urge that Woman is very justly defined by the *Greek* Philosopher, "*An Animal delighting in Finery*," and that it is not in the Power of the best Writers of the Age, to attract the Attention of that wandering Sex, who are ever more entertained with the Chit-chat, which issues from their own pretty red Lips, than with a Perusal of the finest Piece of Writing, calculated to retrench their Follies, to regulate their Fancy, to improve their Intellectuals, and to encourage them in the Acquisition of those mental Beauties, such as Sweetness of Temper, Affability, and good Sense, which will be always sure to confer upon them the most permanent Embellishments, and will prove the best Wash for the Complexion, and an infallible Preservative against the Encroachments made upon the Tincture of the Skin, by Envy, Malice, Tea, Scandal, and painful Watchings at a Gaming-Table. After this I might pompously declare, that I now decline taking any further Trouble with those incorrigible Angels, that I consign them entirely to their Hair-Cutters, their Dancing-Masters, and, what is still worse, to their own ungoverned fantastick Appetites. But this Form of Composition is
inconsistent

inconsistent with my present Purpose, as I had rather lay down the Pen in the good Graces of all my Readers, than with the Air of a fullen, morose Philosopher.

THE second Method of Address which occurred to me, is that used by the excellent and humorous Author of the *Tale of a Tub*. After his Example I have been tempted to return Thanks, in the most solemn Manner, to his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council, to the Lords spiritual and temporal, to the honourable the House of Commons, to the Gentlemen of the Royal Society, to the Worshipful the Board of Aldermen, to the Club at *White's*, to the Critics at the *Bedford*, to the Connoisseurs at *Sam's*, to the Society of *Grub-street*, and, in short, to all Degrees and Ranks of People, for the just and favourable Reception they have been pleased to afford to the most delectable, humourous and instructive Lucubrations, that we have published in this our *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, which has been the Delight of the choice Spirits of the Age, the Terror of all Offenders against Decency and Good Manners, and which has ascertained to the Author an immortal Reputation;

*Jamquè opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

But having considered this Matter with sufficient Deliberation, I have judged it eligible to decline both the Species of Writing above exhibited. The Truth of it is, as on the one Hand I am not so self-sufficient as to arrogate to myself any extraordinary Pride from the Degree of Success, I have met with, so on the other, I do not think I can reasonably find any Fault with the Disposition of the Public to the present Writer. I have all along steered between the two Extremes of partial popular Applause, and a general Neglect; and I have therefore no colourable Pretence to express the least Degree of Discontent at Parting, nor vain-gloriously to exult at the Applause, which has been occasionally allowed to me.

I AM too sensible that a small Portion of Fame can be attributed to the Productions of a young Author, hurried down the Stream of Dissipation, interrupted by Avocations of a thousand Sorts, seldom enabled to write at Leisure, frequently obliged to dismiss the uncorrected Sheet to the Press, rarely happy enough to have writ up even to his own Taste, and often checked in his Career by the Timidity of an Adventurer, who was always diffident of his own Abilities, and was sensible how far so young a Writer must be from those strong
Powers

Powers of Mind, which, when matured by Age and Application, animate and embolden Genius, give Authority to Criticism, add Strength to Compositions of a graver Cast, produce instructive Strains of Morality, and inspire an Author with a due Degree of Confidence in his Decisions, upon all Occurrences in human Life, as likewise upon all Topics of Taste and Erudition.

THOUGH unattended with these Advantages, it is, however, some kind of Satisfaction, that I have been able to procure myself an Audience once a Week, for two Years together, from perhaps several Thousands in *Great-Britain*; and, on this Occasion, I cannot help taking to myself a secret Pleasure from the Reflection, that I have given a kind of weekly Memorial of my Existence, and some Sort of Proof, that my Time has not been thrown away in a Manner totally unavailing. *Salust* has a very fine Sentiment, which has made a very deep Impression on my Imagination. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere, & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit.* "He may be said to live, says that excellent Writer, and to enjoy the Functions of his Soul, who, engaged in a laudable Occupation, endeavours to distinguish himself by some splendid Action, or by the Acquisition of Fame in some liberal Art." That I have in the last Way made myself conspicuous, I cannot persuade myself in my most sanguine Moments; but I shall always enjoy the Pleasure of a well-meant Endeavour, and, when I look back to the Commencement of this Undertaking, and review the Means, by which I have kept my Paper alive, I will not be so prudish as to conceal a Degree of Self-Approbation.

THE Plan, on which I have wrote, however feeble the Execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of Merit; I will venture to go a Step further, and shall not hesitate to say, that it is, perhaps, the best Scheme of this Kind, that has, as yet appeared, because it includes the Design of both the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. In the Essay there was room for all kinds of fine Writing, and the News admitted a constant Variety of Objects to entertain the Fancy, or to inform the Judgment. That this Scheme has not been better cultivated in all its Parts, must be imputed to my having wrote singly and alone; and this Consideration will, I hope, render all Inaccuracies more excusable.

WHEN I say that I have wrote alone, I do not mean that I never received any Assistance. On the contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge that a particular Friend, who must

must be nameless, has furnished me occasionally with several humorous Paragraphs of News, written with a Delicacy of Humour peculiar to himself, and, I will add, that I never withdrew from his Conversation, without some Hint for the Entertainment of my Readers. To this Gentleman I am indebted for an *Essay on the modern Fashion of visiting*; a Dissertation on the Parties of this Metropolis, viz. The *Garrickeans* and *Barryists*; for a Scene at *Jonathan's Coffee-House*, and a Sequel to the same. That I have not received more from him, I have often thought it both a Loss to the *Gray's-Inn Journal* and the Public, and, as he possesses an elegant Facility on every Subject, I sincerely wish that I had been able to prevail upon him,] against his natural Indolence, to afford me a great deal more of his Assistance.

A PAPER upon what may be called Imitation in Writing, and an Essay towards fixing the Standard of modern Criticism, together with some occasional Strokes of Humour in the true Intelligence, were the Contributions of another ingenious Gentleman, whose Friendship, I am convinced, would have inclined him to do something towards raising the Estimation of this Paper much higher, had not Avocations of more Consequence to himself and the Public, demanded the Exertion of his excellent Abilities in another Way.

I MUST take this Opportunity to thank the Author of a Letter, occasioned by my Criticism on *King Lear*, which was sent in the Warmth of Affection, and, in my Opinion, was written also in the Warmth of Genius. An Essay on Physiognomy was also a Present, and, now and then, in the News there are either Articles sent by unknown Hands, or Paragraphs raised upon their Hints. But of these the Number is extremely small; for every Thing else *Ranger* himself must stand accountable.

I HAVE now, I think, faithfully mentioned all the Assistance I received in the Course of this Paper, and upon this Appearance of Matters, I believe, it will be found very short of the Advantages enjoyed by some of my Brother Writers. I have not had the Happiness of being pufft in any of our common News-Papers, nor have I stood well enough with the Conductors of our Magazines, to be admitted to the Honour of furnishing them with an Essay once a Month, in order to display some select Lucubrations to the great Multitude, who purchase those monthly Miscellanies. I have never been able to entertain the Town with the Writings of People of Fashion,
nor

nor to lay before them an *Essay written by a Person of Honour*; I could never boast the Friendship of the Nobility, nor has any Lord sent me a Paper, and upon Publication bought up a thousand Copies, to shew me how well his own Performances sell. I must, however, own that I have always exerted my utmost Abilities, and have put every Thing out of hand with as much Care as the Nature of periodical Productions, the Author's Spirits and other Circumstances would permit. I have ever had as great a Respect for the Public, as *Tully* professes for a *Roman Assembly*, and I agree with him when he says, *nihil hac nisi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum industriâ afferri oportere*. At the same Time, I hope, it will be considered, that *Mr. Pope* observes with great Propriety, that the Public should not expect that an Author's whole Time should be spent in polishing and retouching for their Pleasure.

BESIDES, why may not a Person rather chuse an Air of bold Negligence, than the obscure Diligence of Pedants, and Writers of affected Phraseology? For my Part, I have always thought an easy Style more eligible than a pompous Diction, lifted up by Metaphor, amplified by Epithet, and dignified by too frequent Insertions of the *Latin Idiom*. I am therefore inclined to flatter myself that my Expression has been natural and unambitious; and that my Arrangement has been grammatically just, unperplexed and clear, and that upon all Occasions I have written with some Degree of Purity.

UPON the whole, if I cannot boast of having produced edifying Strains of Morality, Dissertations of sound indefeazable Criticism, and Papers of exquisite Mirth and Humour, I hope, at least the whole Plan has been conducted with a strict Regard to Decency, and without any Offence against Virtue or good Manners. To this Circumstance, I believe it in a great Measure owing, that I have been so favourably received by the Town; but be the Cause, what it may, I shall always retain a grateful Sense of their Indulgence, and in whatever Way, hereafter I may endeavour to entertain them, I shall think they have a Demand upon me for the most vigorous Exertion of my Powers, and, let my Success be as it will, I at least hope I shall have Judgment enough not entirely to mistake my Talents.

HAVING avowed these Sentiments I shall conclude, without any studied Flourish of Period, and I remain with great Respect to all my Readers in particular, and to the Public in General,

Their most Obliged, and most Obedient Servant.

CHARLES RANGER.



