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*Ant: Weekes*

# The Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of GREAT BRITAIN.  
(Otherwife HENRY FIELDING, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23d. 1752.

NUMB. I.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Cedite Scriptores* —

Anglice,

By your Leave, Gentlemen.



THE World, it is certain, never more abounded with Authors, than at present; nor is there any Species more numerous than of those Writers who deal forth their Lucubrations in small Parcels to the Public, consisting partly of historical, and partly, to use their own Word, of *literary* Matter. So great, indeed, is their Multitude, that Homer's Simile of the Bees gives us scarce too vast an Idea of them. Some of these visit the Light daily, so that we may apply strictly to them the

*Αἰὶνὸν ἐρχομένων.*

Some of them again fly abroad only every other Day; some send forth their Works once a Week; others once a Fortnight; and others more sparingly indulge us only at the End of every Month with their Labours.

When I survey all these wondrous Works in my Mind, I am struck with no less Astonishment, than was the Foreigner when he saw Leadenhall Market; nor can I more conceive what becomes of all this Quantity

of Paper, than he could find Consumers for so much Meat. The same Solution will, indeed, serve us both; for there are certainly as many B---ms in the World as there are Mouths.

Here, perhaps, I may seem to have advanced an Argument against my own Appearance. and it will possibly be said, since we have so many, (perhaps, too many,) of these Writers already, what Need have we of adding a new one to the Number?

To this I shall first give the same Answer which is often made by those who force themselves into crowded Assemblies, when they are told the Place is too full already, "Pray, Gentlemen, make Room for me; " — "I am but one. Certainly you may make Room for one more."

Secondly, I believe it is usual in all such Crowds, to find some few Persons, at least, who have sufficient Decency to quit their Places and give Way to their Betters. I do not, therefore, in the least question, but that some of my cotemporary Authors will immediately, on my Appearance, have the Modesty to retire, and leave me sufficient Elbow Room in the World. Or, if they should not, the Public will, I make no Doubt, so well understand themselves, as to give me proper Marks of their Distinction, and will make Room for me by turning others out.

But,

But, in Fact, had the great Numbers of cotemporary Writers been any Argument against assuming the Pen, the World would never have enjoyed the Works of that excellent Poet Juvenal, who tells us, that they swarmed in a most prodigious Manner in his Time; but, so far from declining the Poetical Function on that Account, he assigns this as the very Reason of taking it upon him.

— *Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
Vatibus occurras, periturae parcere Chartae.*

These Reasons, and this Authority, will, I believe, be sufficient Apologies to my Readers; but it may be, perhaps, more difficult to satisfy my Brother Authors themselves, to whom, I would, if possible, avoid giving any Kind of Umbrage. These Gentlemen, I say it with great Concern, are sometimes guilty of adopting Motives unworthy of the Followers of the Muses; and, instead of consulting the true Interest of the Republic of Letters in general, are too apt poorly and meanly to consider their own; and, like mere Mechanics, to be envious and jealous of a Rival in their Trade.

To silence, therefore, effectually, all such Jealousies, and Fears, I do here declare, that it is not my Intention to encroach on the Business now carried on by my Cotemporaries, nor to deal in any of those Wares which they at present vend to the Public.

First then I disclaim any Dealing in Politics. By Politics, here, I cannot be understood to mean any Disquisitions into those Matters which respect the true Interest of this Kingdom abroad, or which relate to its domestic Oeconomy and Government; with none of which these Writers have ever yet concerned themselves. By Politics, therefore, I mean that great political Cause between WOODALL OUT, and TAKEALL IN, Esqs; which hath been so learnedly handled in Papers, Pamphlets, and Magazines, for above thirty Years last past; and in which the Nation in general are as greatly inte-

rested, as they were in the late Contest between Thamas Kouli Kan, and the Sophy of Persia.

Secondly, I renounce all Pretensions to deal in personal Slander and Scurrility, a very extensive Article, and of which many of my Brethren have been so long in Possession, that it would be in vain for me to dispute their Title with them.

Thirdly, I do promise, as far as in me lies, to avoid with the utmost Care all kind of Encroachment on that spacious Field, in which my said Cotemporaries have such large and undoubted Possessions; and which, from Time immemorial, hath been called the Land of DULLNESS. A late ingenious Predecessor of mine, in the Wantonness of his Heart, declared, if at any Time he appeared dull, there was a Design in it; on the contrary, I solemnly protest, that if I ever commit a Trespass of this Kind, it will be because I cannot help it. But here I must offer two Precautions. First, that I shall always object to the Evidence of any of the known Proprietors of this Field, as being too much interested in the Cause to be legal Witnesses. And, secondly, if my Pen should, now and then, accidentally be found straying in the said Field, it will not thereby become a Trespasser; as we Wits have, by Prescription, a Right of Common there *per Cause de Vicinage*, as the Law calls it. This Right we have enjoyed from the Days of Homer, who was sometimes found taking a sound Nap therein.

Thus, I think, I shall leave these Gentlemen in full Possession of all that they at present deal in. But there is another very good Argument to quiet their Apprehensions; the Price of my Paper being by half, or at least, a third Part, higher than any other\*. To affect, therefore, any Fear of losing their Customers by my Means, is as absurd, as it would be in the Owners of Stalls, or  
Wheel-

\* This Journal is sold for three Pence in London.

Wheel-barrows, to affect any Jealousy in Trade of THE GREAT Mr. DEARD.

This is a Point, indeed, infinitely below my Consideration; however, at the Desire of my Bookseller, I shall give the Publick his Reasons for fixing the Price of Three-pence on this Paper, and which, he hopes, will be abundantly satisfactory.

First, he insists pretty much on the extraordinary Beauty of his Paper and Print, which alone he thinks to be worth the additional Money.

Secondly, he urges the Quantity of the Matter which this Paper will contain; being, he says, more than double the Quantity of any other, and almost twenty Times as much as is generally contained in the Daily Advertiser. So that, says he,

	l.	s.	d.
If Ditto Contents, in Ditto Advertiser, be worth	}	0	0 12
Then Ditto Contents, in Ditto Journal, is worth	}	0	2 6
Balance in Favour of the Journal,	0	2	4½

Lastly, he lays some Weight on the superior Goodness of the Matter. On this, indeed, he lays very little Stress; however, he thinks it may be reckoned at something. Modesty forces me to suppress much of what he advances on this Head. One Particular, however, I cannot forbear inserting, as there is something new and whimsical in the Thought; I shall give it in his own Words; 'As you 'are a Man of Learning, Sir,' 'says he 'and well travelled in the Greek 'and Roman Authors, I shall most probably, in this Paper, import many curious 'Treasures of Antiquity both from Greece, 'and Rome. Now, as Gentlemen daily 'give hundreds of Pounds for antient Busts, 'and Statues, they will not surely scruple 'to give Three-half-pence for an antient Greek 'or Roman Sentiment.'

This is the Reasoning of my Bookseller; to imagine, indeed, that it is any Concern of mine, would be an Absurdity so great, that I shall not suspect any of my Readers to be capable of it. In an Age when all Men are so ready to serve their Country for nothing, I hope I shall not be thought an Exception. For my own Part, I cannot be supposed, by an intelligent Person, to have any other View, than to correct and reform the Publick; and should have taken some Pains to have prevailed with my Bookseller to distribute these Papers gratis, had he not assured me, that such an Example would be of great Detriment to Trade. A

## INTRODUCTION

T O A

JOURNAL of the present PAPER WAR between the Forces under Sir ALBXANDER DRACANSIR, and the Army of GRUB-STREET.

BEFORE I had fully resolved to draw my Pen, and to take the Field in the Warfare of Writing, I duly considered not only my own Strength, but the Force of the Enemy. I am therefore well apprized of the Difficulties I have to encounter: I well know the present dreadful Condition of the great Empire of Letters; the State of Anarchy that prevails among Writers; and the great Revolution which hath lately happened in the Kingdom of Criticism; that the Constitutions of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Bossu, under which the State of Criticism so long flourished, have been entirely neglected, and the Government usurped by a Set of Fellows, entirely ignorant of all those Laws. The Consequence of which hath been the Dissolution of that antient Friendship and Amity which subsisted between



tween the Author and the Critic, so much to the mutual Advantage of both People, and that the latter hath long declared War against the former. I know how cruelly this War hath been carried on, and the great Devastation which hath been made in the literary World, chiefly by means of a large Body of Irregulars, composed of Beaux, Rakes, Templars, Cits, Lawyers, Mechanics, School-boys, and fine Ladies, who have been admitted to the *Jus Civitatis*, by the Usurpers in the Realms of Criticism, without knowing one Word of the antient Laws, and original Constitution of that Body, of which they have professed themselves to be Members. I am, farther, sensible of the Revolt which hath been of the Authors to the Critics; many of the meanest among the former, having become very considerable and principal *leaders* among the latter.

All these Circumstances put together do most certainly afford a most gloomy Prospect, and are sufficient to dismay a very enterprising Genius; but I have often reflected with Approbation on the Advice given to Caius Piso, in Tacitus, *to appear in open Arms in Defence of a just and glorious Cause, rather than to await the Event of a tame and abject Submission*. How much more noble is it in a great Author to fall with his Pen in his Hand, than quietly to sit down, and see the Press in the Possession of an Army of Scriblers, who, at present, seem to threaten the Republic of Letters with no less Devastation than that which their Ancestors the Goths, Huns, Vandals, &c. formerly poured in on the Roman Empire! A

(To be continued in our next.)

\* \* \* For the future all Matters that are inserted in the Common News Papers, and are the least worthy any Person's Notice, either of the Political, the Moral,

or the Entertaining Nature, shall be animadverted on in this Paper.

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# THE Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY JANUARY 30th 1752.

NUMB. 2.

To be continued WEEKLY.

—*Redeunt Saturnia Regna.* Virg.

In English,

*Old Sat---n himself is come to Town.*



I hath been, I believe, a common Practice with Men, in all Ages, to complain of the Badness of their own Times, and as readily to commend the Goodness and Virtue of their Fore-fathers. So that it is easy to fix on several *Æras* in History, which have been the Subject of equal Satire and Panegyric. Succeeding Ages have sung forth the Praises of certain Periods of Time, and have recommended them as Examples to Posterity; which yet, if we believe the Historians, as well as Satyrists, who lived in those very Periods, abounded with all Kinds of Vice and Iniquity.

The present Age, notwithstanding its Improvement as well in Virtue, as in Art and Science, doth not escape from this censorious Disposition; with all the Reason which we have to set a Value on ourselves, in Preference to so many other Ages and Countries, there are still some few at this very Time, and in this very Nation, who would persuade us, that Virtue, Taste, Learning, indeed every Thing worthy of Commendation, were never at a lower Ebb than they are at present among us.

As I am of a different Opinion from these Gentlemen, and as I am naturally inclined to catch at every Opportunity of Panegyric, I shall here endeavour to shew that we are far from deserving any such Character; and that we may be compared with many other Ages and Countries very much to our Advantage.

To say the Truth, Men often lament the Badness of their own Times, as they do the Badness of their own Circumstances, by too injudicious a Comparison. As in the latter Case, they are always lifting their Eyes to those who shine forth in the greatest Riches and Splendor; so, in the former, they have always in their Eye, two or three of those Commonwealths which have made the greatest Figure in History; whereas, if they would act in the contrary Manner, and endeavour in both Cases to make the most advantageous Comparisons, what comfortable Instances would their own Experience afford them in the one, and History in the other?

To pursue therefore this Method on the present Occasion: the first Instance I shall give is that of Sodom and Gomorah. Now though the Sins of these two Cities are not very expressly set forth in Scripture, yet, from the Consequence, I think it very reasonable to conclude, that they were, at least, *somewhat worse* than we are at present.

The Moabites, according to Moses, and the *Ægyptians*, if we believe some Historians, may likewise afford an Advantageous Comparison.

The

The Corinthians likewise, must surely be allowed to have been worse than us, if we believe the Account given by Strabo of the rich Temple of Venus, in this City, at which above a Thousand W— officiated as Priestesses. We read likewise in other Authors, that they worshipped a Dæmon, under the Appellation of Cottys, who was the tutelar D—y of all Lewdness and Debauchery. Hence, the most profligate and abandoned in such Vices, were said to *Corinthize*, or to be as bad as a Corinthian; which cannot, I think, be applied to us: for it is much better to have no Religion at all, as is at present our Case, than to profess such Religions as these.

To avoid Prolixity, I will mention only one more People, and these are the Romans themselves, during the Reign of Nero, of whom take the following short Account which Tacitus gives us as a Summary of the prodigious Licentiousness of those Times. “ Nero, says my Author, ‘ built a Vessel in Agrippa’s Lake; in this Vessel, which was towed by others, he furnished out a Banquet. The Barges were adorned with Gold and Ivory; and the Rowers were all Pathics, placed above each other, according to their Age, or superior Skill in the Science of Debauchery. Nero had ransacked various Countries for every Kind of Flesh and Fowl, and the Ocean itself for Sea Fish: Upon one Bank of the Lake were erected Brothels, which were filled with L—s of the first Rank; on the other Bank were exposed to View, a Number of H—s, entirely naked. All Kinds of Lewdness were now acted over; and, as the Night came on, the neighbouring Grove, and all the Buildings near it, were illuminated, and resounded with Music. As for Nero, he defiled himself with every Kind of Lust; nor did he then seem to have left any Manner of Debauchery unpractised; and yet, a few Days afterwards, he contrived to out-do all, by being publickly married, with the utmost Solemnity, to one of his infamous Crew, a Fellow whose Name was Pythagoras. On this Occasion, the Veil in which Women are married was thrown over the Roman Emperor, and all the nuptial Ceremonies, even to the Payment of the Bride’s Portion, were observed. Nor did he stop here; but all, which in a lawful Union between the Sexes, is committed to Darkness, and the Night, was now acted over in the Face of the World.”

I have drawn this Picture at Length, as it is the most curious which, I think, History affords; and those of my Readers, at least, to whom it is new, will, I doubt not, be pleased with seeing it.

Many other Pictures of the same Kind might be drawn from the latter Ages of the Roman Empire: but I chose this from Nero’s Reign, as it was a very few Years removed from the latter Days of Tiberius, in which the glorious Romans seem so entirely to have resembled our noble Selves.

From what hath been said may appear the Injustice of these general and outrageous Expressions against the Wickedness of the present Age, which we often hear from the Mouths of illiterate and inconsiderate People, and with the Repetition of which I do not care to affront my polite Reader.

And now surely it must be acknowledged, that we do not live in the worst of Times; but I will not be contented with this Concession. I will now attempt to prove, that we live in the best, in other Words, that this is one of the most virtuous Ages that hath ever appeared in the World.

And first, if Liberty be granted, as it surely must, to be the greatest of all Blessings to any People, nothing can be more manifest, than that we enjoy this in the purest Degree. Doth not every Man in this Kingdom, speak; and write, and even do, whatever best pleaseth him? It is true, indeed, there are some few Exceptions, (enough only to prove a Rule) in which this natural Liberty hath been a little infringed, and I must own there are certain dead Letters, (as they are very properly stiled) called Laws, by which this pure State of Liberty is somewhat abridged; but, *De non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est Ratio.*

Again, the greatest Virtue in the World, (according to the Tenets of a Religion some Time ago professed in this Country, and which, if my Memory fails me not, was called Christian) is Charity; the universal Extensiveness of this, I shall prove by a very strong Argument, which is by that immense Number of Beggars who frequent our Streets, and are to be found almost at every Door. This is so great a Proof of our Charity, that it would be an Affront to the Reader



to endeavor to explain it. A Beggar waiting at a Man's Door doth, indeed, as effectually prove his Charity, as a Dun, or Bailiff would assure his Neighbours that he was in Debt.

(To be continued in our next.)

*The JOURNAL of the present WAR, continued.*

*Nulla venenato est Litera mista Joco.*

WHEN I had taken a firm Resolution of opposing this Swarm of Vandals, I concerted my Measures in the best Manner I was able.

In the first Place I reviewed my VETERANS which were all drawn up in their Ranks before me. The Greeks led by Homer, Aristotle, Thucydides, Demosthenee, Lucian, and Longinus. The Romans under the Command of Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Tacitus, Terence and Quintilian. A most formidable Body, all in gilt Armour, and on whom I can rely with great Assurance, as I am convinced the Enemy hold not the least Correspondence with them; a Circumstance which gives me some little Suspicion of my French Forces, of which I have a considerable Body, with Moliere and Bossu at their Head; but though some of the Enemy have been taken dabbling with these, I am well assured they are not likely to come to a perfect good Understanding with them.

Besides these, I have a large Body of English VETERANS, under Bacon and Locke, sent me in by Major-General A. Millar,\* who is a faithful Ally of the Republick of Letters, and who hath himself raised this Body, all staunch Friends to the Cause.

In the next Place, I have taken sufficient Care to strengthen myself by Alliances with all the Moderns of any considerable Force; but as this hath been carried on by secret Treaties, I cannot, as yet, publish the Names of my Allies.

Having taken all Precautions, and given all the necessary Orders, on the 4th Instant, at break of Day, we marched into Covent-Garden, and fixed our Head Quarters at the Universal Register Office opposite unto Cecil-Street in the Strand.

A little before our March, however, we sent a large Body of Forces, under the Command of General A. Millar, to take Possession of the most eminent Printing-Houses. The greater Part of these were garrisoned by Detachments from the Regiment of Grub-Street, who all retired at the Approach of our Forces. A small Body, indeed, under the Command of one Peeragrin Puckle, made a slight Show of Resistance; but his Hopes were soon found to be in *Vain*; and, at the first Report of the Approach of a younger Brother of General Thomas Jones, his whole Body immediately disappeared, and totally overthrew some of their own Friends, who were marching to their Assistance, under the Command of one Roderick Random. This Roderick, in a former Skirmish with the People called Critics, had owed some slight Success more to the Weakness of the Critics, than to any Merit of his own.

At the same Time, the better to secure our Retreat, in

\* *Publisher of Mr. Fielding's Works, in London.*

Case we should meet with any Blow at the Court End of the Town, as Success, even in the best concerted Enterprize, is always doubtful, we thought it adviseable to cause two several Bodies of our Forces to move towards the Garrisons of Tom's in Cornhill, and Dick's at Temple Bar; but, to our great Pleasure, we are assured that both those Garrisons opened their Gates to our Troops at the very first Summons, and the whole Body of Criticks in both unanimously declared for us; so that the secret Friends of Grub-Street have not since dared to open their Mouths.

All Things being disposed in this Manner, we marched, as I have before said, into Covent-Garden, and presently ordered a Part of our Army to file off to the Right, and to set down before the Bedford Coffee-House. We doubt not but we have many good Friends in the Garrison, and who are very desirous to admit our Forces, but, as yet, they dare not declare themselves, being kept in Awe by a strange mixed Monster, not much unlike the famous Chimera of old: for, while some of our Reconnoiterers tell us that this Monster hath the Appearance of a Lion, others assure us, that his Ears are much longer than those of that generous Beast. Be this as it will, as we are not yet prepared for an Attack, Yesterday, about Six in the Evening, we *blockheaded* up the said Coffee-House.

On the 6th Instant, at Night, we received Intelligence at the Head Quarters, that a large and formidable Body of Critics were assembled at a certain Place in St. James's Street, upon which a reconnoitring Party was presently dispatched that Way, upon whose Return we presently perceived the whole to be a false Alarm; for that the suspected Critics were very innocently engaged at certain unlawful Games, and we were well assured, that not a Man of them had looked in a Book for a Month last past. Nay, one of our Spies declared, that the current Bet of the House was Ten to One on our Side; nay, that Five hundred to Three was offered, that the Bedford Coffee House would surrender within a Week; and no Person present would take it up.

(To be continued in our next.)

MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

Yesterday Mr. Halford, who serv'd Mr. David Trinder, an eminent Cooper and Hoopbender at Shadwell, was married to Miss Elizabeth Trinder, eldest Daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Trinder; an agreeable young Lady with a handsome Fortune. D. A.—*If instead of young Lady we read young Woman, the young Lady will appear to have made a more agreeable Choice.*

We hear that a Party of Soldiers in Suffex last Week made a Seizure of a great Quantity of Tea and Brandy, and also secured some of the Persons running the same. G. E.—*These Persons, it seems, could not out run the Soldiers.*

Last Sunday died, at his House in Cowley-Street, Westminster, Mr. Solomon Despayres, an eminent Jew Merchant, of considerable Fortune, which he acquired with a good Character. G. A.—*Some Historians leave out the latter Part of this Paragraph, as thinking it, I suppose, immaterial.*

Yesterday died at his House in Tothill-Street, Westminster, Mr. Bargrave, an eminent Attorney at Law, possessed

of a good Fortune, acquired with a fair Character. G. E.  
— A Loss greatly to be regretted.

Last Tuesday Afternoon a Gentleman was attacked upon Hounslow Heath, by two Highwaymen exceedingly well mounted, who robbed him of five Guineas in Gold, and five Shillings and Six-pence in Silver; after which they returned him Two-pence, which they told him was to pay for the two Turnpikes, and wished him well home. L. D. A.—  
By the Care which these Gentlemen took not to rob the Turnpikes, it appears that one Rogue seldom cares to rob another.

Last Thursday was married, Mr. Richard Barber, of Bucklersbury, to Miss Cooke of Ludgate Hill, an agreeable young Lady, with all Accomplishments to render the Marriage State truly happy. L. D. A.—  
Q. What are the Accomplishments necessary to render this State truly happy?

Yesterday three loose and disorderly Women, were committed to Bridewell to hard Labour, by Benjamin Cox, Esq; not being able to give a good Account of themselves. Id.  
— How is it possible that loose and disorderly Women should give a good Account of themselves?

Last Saturday Mr. Robert Gillingham, an eminent Malt Distiller in Barbican, was married to Miss Wells, a Corn-factor in the Borough; an agreeable young Lady, with a Fortune of 3000l. L. D. A.

And at the same Time was married Mr. Wells, Junior, to Miss Gillingham, Sister of Mr. Robert Gillingham; a young Lady of fine Accomplishments, with a Fortune of 2000l. Id.—  
Nothing can be more natural than this double Alliance between Meal and Malt.

Wednesday Morning James Pease, Esq; set out for his Seat near Doncaster in Yorkshire, in order to celebrate his Nuptials with a young Lady in that Neighbourhood endowed with all the necessary Accomplishments to make the married State happy, and a Fortune of 12000l. Id.—  
This is the first Time that these amiable and valuable Qualities have been bestowed on a Lady unknown; but no Man can be too careful to conceal so inestimable a Jewel.

Yesterday was married by the Rev. Mr. Cookson of Ealing, Mr. Ramsay, an eminent Builder in Wychstreet, to Miss Killha, Daughter of Mr. Killha of Somerfet Houfe Coffee-Hofe; a young Lady adorned with an engaging Sweetness of Temper, and every Qualification requisite to make the Marriage State happy.

Also was married by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Ventris, an eminent Soapboiler in Holborn, to Miss Morgan, of Clarges-street; a young Gentlewoman of great Beauty and Merit, with a Fortune of 2000l. G. A.—  
It is observable that Gentlemen content themselves with moderate Qualifications in their Wives; while all the Ladies of great Beauty and Merit, engaging Sweetness of Temper, and every Qualification requisite to make the Marriage State happy, fall to the Share of eminent Builders, Soapboilers, Shoemakers, Butchers, &c.

On Thursday Night the Wife of Richard Broughton went to see her Husband, who is now chain'd down in the Cells in Newgate for robbing Capt. Gould of a Gold Watch and several Guineas, a few Weeks since, when, after staying some Time, she took her Leave of him and went out and robb'd one Mr. John Busher of his Silver Watch, for which, she was Yesterday committed to Newgate; when it is to be hoped they will both go out together next Time, and receive

a proper Punishment due to their Crimes. Id.—  
It is indeed Pity to part so soon a Couple, who seem to possess that Congruity of Inclinations, so necessary to make the marriage State happy.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 6th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Essay of Number 2, finished.*



UT there is still a higher Degree of this Virtue than what expands itself towards such Objects; and this is shewn by encouraging Merit in Arts and Sciences: This includes in it the Honour of Taste likewise; and as it very highly adorns the present Age, so doth it in a more particular Manner distinguish what we call our great Men. Former Ages have, indeed, singled out one or two of the most eminent in every Art and Science, and have conferred Favours upon them as a Kind of Mark of their extraordinary Merit; but I cannot help observing there is some Cruelty in this, and that it is rather a Favour shewn to the Man than to the Art or Science itself. The nobler Method is, that which we now practise, either indiscriminately to reward all alike at the expence of a few Sixpences from our Pockets; or, if we make any Distinction at all, it should be, as it is, in favour of the lowest and meanest professors, who ought to be preferred to their Betters, as the Charity of the old English Custom preferred the younger Son to the Elder, because as my Lord Coke observes, these were least able to provide for themselves.

Another Instance of the great Virtue of this Age, is, that great Readiness which every Man shews to serve his Country; and to be employ'd in its most laborious Duties.

This is a Virtue beyond the reach of Plato's Commonwealth; as appears from the following Passage which that Philosopher puts into the Mouth of Socrates; "It seems," says he, "that if there was a City composed of good Men, the Contention among them would be, *who should not govern*, not as it is now, *who should*. Whence it is manifest, that he who is, in very Fact, a true Magistrate, is not so constituted that he may consult his-own Good, but that he may provide for the Good of the Subject. Every Man therefore, being conscious of this, would rather chuse that others should labour for his Advantage, than that he should enjoy the Benefit of his own Pains." In this glorious Nation, on the contrary, there is scarce a Man who scruples to plunge through thick and thin, with a View only of putting himself in the Way of serving the Public.

Again, when possess'd of Power, with how noble and disinterested a Choice do our Great Men confer their Favours on others. That they may avoid the least Suspicion of Partiality, they commonly fill up all Vacancies with such Persons, that it would be in the highest Degree absurd to imagine they were the Objects of any Man's particular Liking or Favour; nay, such is the Generosity of these Great Men, that it is not unusual to bestow very considerable Places on their Footmen: How much more magnificent is this than that bare Manumission, which was thought so great a Reward by an old Roman. This is not, I must own, the Invention of these Times,

but

but hath been so long the Practice, that it seems likely to continue *as long as we shall be a People.*

Such are, in short, the Virtues of this Age; that, to use the Words of Cicero, *Si vellem omnia percurrere Dies deficeret.*—I shall therefore omit the rest; being well assured, that no Instances, equal to what I have mentioned, can be found in the Annals of any other Country upon the Face of the whole Earth. A

(In our next will be publish'd a Glossary of Terms now in Use.)

#### COVENT-GARDEN, Jan. 6.

There never was a more perfect Calm in the political World than at present. You hear it, indeed, repeated twenty Times a Day, in all Companies, *that there is no News.* How wonderful therefore, must be the Ingenuity of our modern Historians, vulgarly called News Writers, who furnish us daily with the same Quantity of Intelligence. As I am sensible of my Want of this original Genius. I have endeavoured, like that laborious Race of Men, the Commentators on the Classics, to raise my Reputation by pointing out the Merits of others, and, as it were, to mount into the Temple of Fame on their Shoulders. But I find, by sorrowful Experience, that however nobly these Historians may soar themselves, they are not able to bear another; and I seem to myself much more likely to sink into the Abyss of the Profound, than to reach the aforesaid Temple by such Means.

But besides the utter Impossibility which I find of giving any Satisfaction to my Reader by these Comments, there is a pernicious Consequence which attends reading over these several diurnal Histories, and which, I am convinced, my Readers themselves must have often experienced; this is a certain Languor, or Stupor, or, to express myself in more plain English, a total Dulness, that seizes me whenever I have travelled through two or three of these Authors. If indeed, I can preserve myself from Sleep so long (which is a difficult Matter,) I am always thrown, by such Reading, into a State so perfectly lethargic, that I am scarce able to utter a Word of common Sense for several Hours afterwards. Should I, in short, continue these Studies a little longer, I must, I fear, be obliged to lay down my Paper, or, at least, oblige my Readers to lay it down.

For the future, therefore, I shall date from Covent-Garden, all such historical Matters, as are in the least worthy any Person's Notice, either of the political, the moral, or the entertaining Nature. And the better to enable me to do this, I do very humbly address myself to all Ministers of State, and do entreat them to send me in an Account of all their secret Transactions, and Negotiations; and likewise, I beg Leave to desire all Gentlemen who are, or intend to be, in Opposition, to transmit me all their private Schemes, and Plans of Operation; and do promise, that I will handle both the one, and the other, with the utmost Discretion, and will display them to the best Advantage.

To the learned World I shall likewise be obliged for their constant Communications, as I shall to all Gentlemen and Ladies, who will be so kind, to send me from time to time, an exact Narrative of whatever passes at Assemblies, Routs, Riots, and Drums; and I doubt not, but that I shall soon

convince them, by my publishing no more than is proper, that I am a very prudent Person, and proper to be entrusted with Secrets.

I have already secured the Play-houses, and other Places of Resort in this Parish of Covent-Garden, as I have Mr. Justice Fielding's Clerk, who hath Promised me the most material Examinations before his Master.

As I hope, therefore, by this Means to be enabled to give the Public a much better Journal of Occurrences than hath been ever yet printed, I shall henceforth turn over the other modern Historians to a Man of so wakeful a Capacity, that he defies the Juice of Poppy itself to set him asleep. This Gentleman hath Orders to extract the best Intelligence he can find, and to endeavour as seldom as possible at a Joke, which is, I find, a very offensive Thing to tender Years.

Mr. Fielding's Clerk hath just transmitted the following.

On Wednesday last, a very remarkable Affair happened before Justice Fielding. One John Smith, a young Fellow, was charged with a Rape on an old Woman of Seventy. Smith alledged, that she was his lawful Wife: The Woman replied, that she knew not of any Marriage with him, and if there was any, that it was done without her Consent, or even Knowledge, when she was by some Liquor, the Strength of which was unknown to her, intoxicated and deprived of her Senses. In Consequence of which Marriage, she said Smith, the next Day, broke open her House, came to Bed to her, and asserted the Right of a Husband, and against her Consent, with the Assistance of two Women, ravished her; after which he carried off all she was worth, to the Value of several Hundred Pounds. This was done several Months ago. and tho' she hath long had a Warrant against her pretended Husband and the Women, she never could meet with any of them till Yesterday.

Smith then in a very oratorical Manner, delivered himself literally as follows.

' May it please your Worship; this fair Lady being old, had no great Occasion to carry her Interest to the Grave. On the 14th of January, in the Year 1751, I was married to this fair Lady, with Expectation of Fortune, and not for Beauty, as you see;—And this, Dr. Keith's Annals will tell you. We lived together off and on until this Time; but I had Business to go into the Country: She then brought several Blood-hounds to hoot me out of the House, and because I can't live in my own House, she brings Warrants. I am the Husband of that Wife, and she brings Assassins against me. Mr. Keith's Substitute is ready to make Oath of the Licence upon a Five Shilling Stamp: Upon my Honour, I did as much as I could do as a Husband, did I not, Madam?—Here is Mr. Smith, the Constable, who saw us live in the Respect of Man and Wife.—Mr. Justice Fielding, as you are the God-father of Goodness, I will live with this Woman as a Wife. She was recommended to me, a ten Thousand Pounder; but I found not one Thousand Pound with her; however, I will take the Blank, and be quiet. She is an exorbitant Usurer, and will lend your Worship eighteen Shillings, upon a Note for twenty.—But, pray let your kind Gospel be my Friend, and if I live, or die, I will remember never to marry her any more."

All this, and much more, the Justice had the Patience to hear, upon a private Information, that he was suspected of



of another capital Offence, and that the Witnesses against him were coming. At last arrived Dr. Hill, and his Man; the latter of whom charged the Prisoner with robbing his Master on the 26th of December last, on the Highway, and swore not only to his Face, but to his Voice. The Prisoner desired to send for a Witness to prove an *alibi*. This was one Jane Tate, who appeared; but, by a fatal error, on a separate Examination, though they agreed in every other Circumstance, they disagreed as to the Day, which they had forgot previously to settle between themselves.

Another unfortunate Circumstance was, that this Jane Tate was one of the Women charged in the Accusation of the Rape; so that, in the Conclusion, Mr. Smith, and his Witness, shared the same Fate, and were committed to several Prisons.

This Smith is a genteel young Fellow, and appeared in a handsome laced Wastecoa, with a fashionable Wig, and good Linen; but behaved himself, during the whole Time of his Examination, which lasted near four Hours, in a most ridiculous and absurd Manner.

*The JOURNAL of the present WAR, continued.*

Yesterday Morning arrived at our Head Quarters David Garrick, and James Lacy, Esqs; and, after only an Hour and half's Waiting, in the Anti-chamber, they had both the Honour to be admitted into the General's Presence, and very humbly presented him with the Keys of their Theatre. The General presently returned them again into the Hands of Mr. Garrick, and was pleased to say they had never been deposited in so proper a Manner.

The General said many kind Things to Mr. Garrick, whom he declared to be an excellent Actor. His Excellency then enquired after several other Performers in Mr. Garrick's Theatre, and spoke very highly in their Commendation. He was pleased likewise to speak much in Favour of Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard; but dwelt principally on the Praises of Miss Bellamy, who was, he said, not only one of the best Actresses, but one of the finest Women of her Age. 'I think,' said he, smiling, 'if I had the same Trial of my Virtue which Scipio once had, and Miss Bellamy was the Object, I should act in the same Manner; but I fear I should do it with more Reluctance.'

Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy were then dismissed, both appearing to be highly satisfied with the obliging Reception which they had found; and they seemed to hug themselves greatly with the Re-possession of their Keys, without so much as the Exaction of any Tribute from them.

The General then expressed some Wonder, that Mr. Rich had not yet made his Appearance; but was informed, that he was unluckily shut up in the Bedford Coffee-House. Upon this, the General said with a Smile, 'I have known the Time when he could have leaped out at any Window of the House; *sed FUIT ILLUM.*' His Excellency then said many kind Things of Mr. Rich, and of his surprizing Genius in the Pantomime Art; and declared, that, if he would exert his Genius that Way, he would be ready to take him under his Protection; but, added he, 'though Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber have both vast Merit, I fear, in Plays, that House will never be able to contend with the other.'

The following was inserted in a Pamphlet, entitled, the Drury-Lane Journal, published at London in Opposition to this, by Dr. HILL, Author of the Inspector, a Daily Paper.

"Some Time ago, we had Advice, that a notorious Free-Booter was preparing to invade the hitherto undisturb'd Territories of DULLNESS. As her Most Serene Majesty had usurp'd the Throne which GOOD SENSE had long ago abdicated, the true Friends to the Republick of Letters resolved to espouse his Quarrel, and to rise up with him in Vindication of the much abused Liberty of the Press. SATIRE offer'd to lend him her sharpest Darts against the Leaden Shields of the Adversary; WIT agreed to furnish him with Ammunition; HUMOUR to raise Recruits, and LEARNING to discipline his Army. GOOD-NATURE came heartily into his Cause, and the formidable Legions of CRITICISM promis'd at least to stand neuter.

"At length this doughty Hero appears: but instead of waiting to be joined by these necessary Allies, he rashly push'd on, relying on his own doating Head to contrive, and feeble Hand to execute. They were all arm'd with Paper Scull-Caps; some were furnish'd with Blunderbusses, that flash'd in the Pan, with much Smoak, but no Fire; others with Wind-Guns, that made a deadly Report in going off, but did no Execution. The General himself wore a Brass Beaver; and the Major-General MILLARIO, who had expended great sums in the service, was honoured with the office of bearing the Standard, which displayed the following device, — ALL THIS I DARE DO, BECAUSE I DARE. — PERTNESS and PERTULANCY were his chief Aid-de-Camps; IMPUDENCE led the Van, and IGNORANCE brought up the Rear; BUFFOONRY beat to Arms, and SCURRILITY directed the Artillery. His Magazines were stor'd with a horrible Quantity of Pun-Crackers, Repartee Wild-Fires, Quibble Grenades, Misspellings, Obsolete Law-Terms, and a new invented Kind of Ammunition, call'd Foolingifms. We were told, that a clofe-bodied Phalanx of the Antients would support his Attacks, and the light-arm'd Cavalry of the Moderns assist him in his Pursuits; but we find, that he had little Understanding with the former, and the latter too well knew his Weakness to embark in his Enterprises.

"With these Preparations our Champion took the Field: but instead of marching directly against DULLNESS, and attacking her in her strongest holds, his dissolute Army betook themselves to plunder, and in searching for Forage maroded equally on Friend or Foe. At the first Onset he fell in with the Scouts and Suters of the Enemy, (the News-Mongers) and discharging his GREAT GUNS upon them caus'd some Confusion; but they rallied again, animated by Monsieur LE FOU.

"Then, meeting with one PICKLE at the Head of a Troop of Novellists, (with whom he had before an Encounter, in which he was slightly wounded by a *Rag-don* shot,) he left him to dispute the Field with his noseless Amazon AMELIA.

"After this, having carried a few outworks which the Enemy had abandon'd, he made a Breach in the Bedford Castle; when, finding it impossible to remove a HILL, which (as he himself tells us) oppos'd his Entrance, he attempted to BLOKHEAD it up: But as the Roman Capitol was once sav'd by the cackling of Geese, so was this Fortrefs now alarm'd by the roaring of a Lion,

"kept

" kept there for its Defense. The Garrison made a Sally with the Commandant at their Head, who is a Swift, and has serv'd in almost every Service, but particularly signaliz'd himself in several late Skirmishes with the GIMCRACKS. The Lion himself Majestically march'd out, and on Sight of Sir ALEXANDER's rascally raga. muffins set up such a horrid Din, as reach'd the Head-Quarters at Bow-Street, and forc'd him to raise the Siege with Precipitation.

It being reported to the General that a HILL must be levelled, before the Bedford Coffee-House could be taken, Orders were given accordingly; but this was afterwards found to be a Mistake, a second Express assuring us, that this HILL was only a little poultry DUNGHILL, and had long before been levelled with the Dirt. The General was then informed of a Report which had been spread by his Lowness the Prince of Billingsgate, in the Grub-Street Army, that his Excellency had proposed by a secret Treaty with that Prince, to carry on the War only in Appearance, against him, and so to betray the common Cause; upon which his Excellency said with a Smile, *If the Betrayer of a private Treaty could ever deserve the least Credit, yet his Lowness here must proclaim himself either a Liar, or a Fool. None can doubt but that he is the former, if he hath feign'd this Treaty, and I think few would scruple to call him the latter, if he had rejected it.* The General then declared that the Fact stood thus: His Lowness, said he, came to my Tent on an Affair of his own. I treated him, though a Commander in the Enemy's Camp, with Civility, and even Kindness. I told him, with the utmost good Humour, I should attack his Lion; and that he might, if he pleas'd, in the same Manner, defend him: from which, said I, no great Loss can happen to either Side. This, the General declared, was all that pass'd, and added, with a little more Bitterness than is usual to him, that his Lowness was not only among the meanest of those who ever drew a Pen, but was absolutely the vilest Fellow that ever wore a Head. A

(To be concluded in our next.)

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

Yesterday Morning, about Seven o'Clock, Mr. Lebas, an eminent and wealthy Malster of Mansfield, was married at St. George's Bloomsbury, to Miss Louisa Manshall, of the same Place; an agreeable Lady, with a Fortune of 5000l. L. G. — For LADY, must be read GENTLEWOMAN, for Mr. Censor suffers no Ladies to marry Malsters, though ever so eminent and wealthy. C. C.

A Grant has pass'd the Great Seal for a new invented Oil that gives almost present Ease in Fits of the Gravel and Stone. G. A. — This is a very good Article of News, if the latter Part of it be true. INCERTI.

They write from Newcastle, that George Bowes, Esq; Member for the County of Durham, has given 200 l. to be distributed in several Parishes in New-castle, amongst the Poor that are sick. Id. — This is an Example which no Man, I am sure, need be ashamed to follow. I.

Tuesday Evening some Rogues found means to get into the Kitchen Window of a House belonging to Mrs. Stevens in Crane-Court, Fleet-Street, and stole from thence Kitchen-Furniture, to the Amount of Five Pounds, notwithstanding a Watchman is placed at the Bottom of the Court. Id. — This is a hard Reflection upon a Watchman, who was, perhaps, asleep, or warming himself at a Night-House; in either of which Cases he could not possibly have prevented the Robbery. G.

On Monday Night last, a most sorry Fellow, a Hackney Coachman, overturn'd Mr. Kent, a Common-council-man and his Wife, wilfully in his Coach upon Clerkenwell Green; but providentially they received no great Damage, only spoiling their Cloaths; but a Prosecution is carrying on against the Fellow, to make an Example of him. G. A. — The Prosecution will possibly make him a more sorry Fellow than he is; but he is already an Example to all his Brother Coachmen. PUNICUS.

Yesterday the large spread Brilliant Diamond, was sold at Chadwell's Coffee-House, to Mr. How, a Banker in Lombard-Street, for 312 Pounds. D. A. — This was either no very large Brilliant, or no very large Price. G.

We hear that the learned English Dog, so much talked of, and mentioned in the Papers, that, in an inimitable Manner, performs vast Variety of surprising Actions, far beyond what the late Chien savant, or any other Creature of that Kind, was ever capable of, is now learning the Greek Alphabet, and will shortly be exhibited to the Speculation of the Curious, somewhere about Charing-Cross. D. A. — This is not at all surprizing: for the Greek Language hath been long since gone to the Dogs. C.

Yesterday Stroud, who has defrauded several Tradesmen to a very great Value, received the first Part of his Sentence, by being severely whipt by the common Hangman, in Gerard-Street. Mr. Carne, the High Constable of Westminster, rode in the Cart to see the Executioner do his Duty, and two Constables walked at the Horses Heads, to prevent the Driver going too fast. L. D. A. — Whatever the Driver did, it is hoped the Hangman whipt on. PU.

The Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess V. ne hath lately eloped again from the noble Lord her Husband. This being Elopement the Thirteenth.

Just imported from London,

And to be sold by JAMES HOEY in Skinner-Row.

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Of different DIAMETERS,

AND

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A L S O,

POCKET GLOBES,

The CELESTIAL being the Case to contain them.

N. B. His Globes may be known from any others, by having Bayer's Letters of Reference inserted on the Celestial, and the Rhumb-Lines beautifully delineated on the Terrestrial.

DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.



## Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 13th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

—*Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus :  
Æthiopem Cygnum : parvam exhortamque puellam  
Europen. Canibus pigris Scabieque vetusta  
Lævibus, et sicca lambentibus Ora lucernæ  
Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est  
Quod fremat in Terris violentius.* —

Juv. Sat. 8.



NE may observe,' says Mr. Locke, in  
'all Languages, certain Words, that,  
'if they be examined, will be found,  
'in their first Original, and their ap-  
'propriated Use, not to stand for any  
'clear and distinct Ideas.' Mr. Locke  
gives us the Instances 'of Wisdom,  
'Glory, Grace. Words which are fre-  
'quent enough (says he) in every Man's  
'Mouth; but if a great many of those who use them,  
'should be ask'd what they mean by them, they would  
'be at a Stand, and not know what to answer: A plain  
'Proof, that tho' they have learned those Sounds, and  
'have them ready at their Tongue's End; yet there are  
'no determin'd Ideas laid up in their Minds, which are  
'to be expressed to others by them.'

Besides the several Causes by him assigned of the Abuse  
of Words, there is one, which, tho' the great Philosopher  
hath omitted it, seems to have contributed not a little to  
the Introduction of this enormous Evil. This is That  
Privilege which Divines and moral Writers have assumed  
to themselves, of doing Violence to certain Words, in Fa-  
vour of their own Hypotheses, and of using them in a  
Sense often directly contrary to that which Custom (the  
absolute Lord and Master, according to Horace, of all the  
Modes of Speech) hath allotted them.

Perhaps, indeed, this Fault may be seen in somewhat  
a milder Light, (and I would always see the Blemishes of  
such Writers in the mildest.) It may not, perhaps, be  
so justly owing to any designed Opposition to Custom, as  
a total Ignorance of it. An Ignorance which is almost  
inseparably annexed to a collegiate Life, and which any  
Man, indeed, may venture to own without blushing.

But whatever may be the Cause of this Abuse of Words,  
the Consequence is certainly very bad: For whilst the  
Author and the World receive different Ideas from the  
same Words, it will be pretty difficult for them to com-  
prehend each other's Meaning; and hence, perhaps, it is  
that so many Gentlemen and Ladies have contracted a  
general Odium to all Works of Religion or Morality; and  
that many others have been Readers, in this Way, all  
their Lives without understanding what they read, conse-  
quently without drawing from it any practical Use.

It would, perhaps, be an Office very worthy the Labour  
of a good Commentator to explain certain hard Words  
which frequently occur in the Works of Barrow, Tillot-  
son, Clark, and others of this Kind. Such are Heaven,  
Hell, Judgment, Righteousness, Sin, &c. All which, it is  
reasonable to believe, are at present very little understood.

Instead, however, of undertaking this Task myself, at  
least, at present, I shall apply the Residue of this Paper  
to the Use of such Writers only. I shall here give a  
short Glossary of such Terms as are at present greatly in  
Use, and shall endeavour to fix to each those exact Ideas  
which are annexed to every of them in the World; for  
while the Learned in Colleges do, as I apprehend, con-  
sider them all in a very different Light, their Labours are  
not likely to do much Service to the polite Part of Man-  
kind.

### A modern Glossary.

**ANGEL.** The Name of a Woman, commonly of a  
very bad one.

**AUTHOR.** A laughing Stock. It means likewise a poor  
Fellow, and in general an Object of Contempt.

**BEAR.** A Country Gentleman; or, indeed, any Animal  
upon two Legs that doth not make a handsome Bow.

**BEAUTY.** The Qualification with which Women gene-  
rally go into Keeping.

**BEAU.** With the Article A before it, means a great Fa-  
vourite of all Women.

**BRUTE.**

**BRUTE.** A Word implying Plain-dealing and Sincerity; but more especially applied to a Philosopher.

**CAPTAIN.** } Any Stick of Wood with a Head to it, and  
**COLONEL.** } a Piece of black Ribband upon that Head.

**CREATURE.** A Quality Expression of low Contempt, properly confined only to the Mouths of Ladies who are Right Honourable.

**CRITIC.** Like *Homo*, a Name common to all human Race.

**COXCOMB.** A Word of Reproach, and yet, at the same Time, signifying all that is most commendable.

**DAMNATION.** A Term appropriated to the Theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all Works of Invention.

**DEATH.** The final End of Man; as well of the *thinking Part of the Body*, as of all the other Parts.

**DRESS.** The principal Accomplishment of Men and Women.

**DULNESS.** A Word applied by all Writers to the Wit and Humour of others.

**EATING.** A Science.

**FINE.** An Adjective of a very peculiar Kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the Force of the Substantive to which it is joined: As *fine Gentleman, fine Lady, fine House, fine Cloaths, fine Taste*;—in all which, *fine* is to be understood in a Sense somewhat synonymous with *useless*.

**FOOL.** A complex Idea, compounded of Poverty, Honesty, Piety, and Simplicity.

**GALLANTRY.** Fornication and Adultery.

**GREAT.** Applied to a Thing, signifies Bigness; when to a Man, often Littleness, or Meanness.

**GOOD.** A Word of as many different Senses as the Greek Word *Εχως*, or as the Latin *Agō*: for which Reason it is but little used by the Polite.

**HAPPINESS.** Grandeur.

**HONOUR.** Duelling.

**HUMOUR.** Scandalous Lies, Tumbling and Dancing on the Rope.

**JUDGE.** }  
**JUSTICE.** } An old Woman.

**KNAVE.** The Name of four Cards in every Pack.

**KNOWLEDGE.** In general, means Knowledge of the Town; as this is, indeed, the only Kind of Knowledge ever spoken of in the polite World.

**LEARNING.** Pedantry.

**LOVE.** A Word properly applied to our Delight in particular Kinds of Food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite Objects of all our *Appetites*.

**MARRIAGE.** A Kind of Traffick carried on between the two Sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly Losers in the End.

**MISCHIEF.** Fun, Sport, or Pastime.

**MODESTY.** Awkwardness, Rusticity.

**NO BODY.** All the People in Great Britain, except about 1200.

**NONSENSE.** Philosophy, especially the Philosophical Writings of the Antients, and more especially of Aristotle.

**OPPORTUNITY.** The Season of Cuckoldom.

**PATRIOT.** A Candidate for a Place at Court.

**POLITICS.** The Art of getting such a Place.

**PROMISE.** Nothing.

**RELIGION.** A Word of no Meaning; but which serves as a Bugbear to frighten Children with.

**RICHEs.** The only Thing upon Earth that is really valuable, or desirable.

**ROGUE.** }  
**RASCAL.** } A Man of a different Party from yourself.

**SERMON.** A Sleeping-Dose.

**SUNDAY.** The best Time for playing at Cards.

**SHOCKING.** An Epithet which fine Ladies apply to almost every Thing. It is indeed, an Interjection (if I may so call it) of Delicacy.

**TEMPERANCE.** Want of Spirit.

**TASTE.** The present Whim of the Town whatever it be.

**TEASING.** Advice; chiefly that of a Husband.

**VIRTUE.** }  
**VICE.** } Subjects of Discourse,

**WIT.** Prophaness, Indecency, Immorality, Scurrility, Mimickry, Buffoonry. Abuse of all good Men, and especially of the Clergy.

**WORTH.** Power. Rank. Wealth.

**WISDOM.** The Art of acquiring all Three.

**WORLD.** Your own Acquaintance. A

COVENT GARDEN, Jan. 31.

Of several Letters we have received, for which we kindly thank our Correspondents, we hope the Reader will not impute to Vanity, that we have published the two following.

To the Author of the Covent-Garden Journal.

S I R,  
**W**ALKING lately to Illington, I saw the following Lines written under a Sign of the Moon with a Parcel of Curs barking under it.

Ye little silly Dogs, why bark ye so;  
 When I'm so high, and ye so very low?

This, Sir, I believe every Reader of Taste in the Kingdom, will agree to be the Case between yourself, and \*—, and his Brethren.

I am, &c.

A. B.

To the Censor of Great-Britain.

**W**HEN once a Genius soars above  
 The Vulgar, as if born t' improve  
 Mankind, and writes with Flame;  
 Whole Crowds of nibbling Critics rise,  
 All Grub-Street takes th' Alarm, and tries  
 To damp his growing Fame.

So, in the hottest Summer Days,  
 When Sol with irresistible Blaze  
 Shines out in all his Pow'r,  
 What Swarms of Insects cloud the Sky,  
 Buzz, flutter for a while, then die,  
 And plague the World no more!

\* Here was inserted a Name, with which we scorn to stain our Paper.

JOURNAL

*The JOURNAL of the WAR, concluded.*

**T**HIS Morning, early, when every Man's Expectations were at the highest, of an immediate Battle between the two Armies, on a sudden we were surprized with the News of a Peace, of which the following Articles were soon after made public.

*Art. 1.* That there shall henceforth be a firm Peace, Amity, and Concord, between Sir Alexander Drawcanfir, Knt. Lord of &c. and their Lownesses the Republic of Grub-Street.

*Art. 2.* That all Things shall remain in the Condition they were before the Commencement of the War; and that all Parties thereto shall sit down contented with their own Losses.

*Art. 3.* That Billingsgate shall be acknowledged for ever, to be a Fief of the low and unmighty Republic; and that Sir Alexander, and all the High Allies do renounce any Right, Title, or Claim, to that Fief for ever.

*Art. 4.* Contains the Boundaries of Grub Street, and those of Sir Alexander's Dominions, and is too long to be inserted here. The curious may consult the Treaty at large.

*Art. 5.* That all the Subjects of the contracting Powers shall have free Liberty to reside, and settle, if they please, in the Dominions of any of the said Powers, and shall have free Ingress, Egress, and Regress, without any Molestation, or Examination whatsoever.

*Art. 6.* That it shall be lawful for all the Subjects of the Low and Unmighty Republic to carry on a free and open Trade in the Dominions of Sir Alexander: Provided, however, that all Blasphemy, Profaneness, and Indecency, shall be accounted contraband Goods, and as such, be liable at all Times to be seized, and burnt; but that it shall be lawful for the Subjects of the said Republic to import their Dulness as usual; and that all the Bookfellers of the said Republic, settled in the Dominions of Sir Alexander, shall have free Liberty, as usual, to vend the said Dulness, as if it was the lawful Property, and in the Name of the Subjects of the said Alexander.

*Art. 7.* That his Lownesses the Prince of Billingsgate, and all his Liege People, shall have free Liberty to import every Kind of Scurrility, as heretofore, into the Dominions of Sir Alexander; but that the aforesaid Bookfellers shall not vend the said Wares under the Name of Sir Alexander himself, or any of his Subjects. And to prevent this most effectually, as well as to secure to the said Low and Unmighty Republic the sole Property of all the Productions of its said Fief, it is hereby declared, agreed, and ratified, that all Kinds of Scurrility, personal Abuse, and other the known Wares of Billingsgate, shall henceforth be acknowledged to belong to, and to be the sole and undoubted Property of the Low Republic of Grub-Street aforesaid.

*Art. 8.* That it shall not be lawful for the said Sir Alexander, or any of his Subjects, or Allies, to publish and vend from henceforth, any more than one Paper of Entertainment and News, to be called and known by the Name of the *Covent-Garden Journal*. And that all other Papers, commonly called News-Papers, shall be, and remain, to the said Low Republic, as the sole and entire Property of the said Low Republic, for ever.

*Art. 9.* That the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, shall be, and remain to the said Sir Alexander for so long Time only as David Garrick and James Lacy, Esqs; the well-beloved

Subjects of the said Sir Alexander, shall continue to superintend the said Theatre; and at the Expiration of the said Superintendency and acting of the said David, the right of the said Theatre shall again revert unto the Low Republic, to whom it had, of many Years belonged, when the said David and James first came to the Superintendency thereof. That as to the Theatre in Covent-Garden, it shall still remain in the same neutral State in which it hath continued from Time immemorial.

*Art. 10.* That the acting Subjects of the Low Republic shall be admitted to subaltern Parts on the Stage in Drury-Lane, and to capital Parts on the other Stage, and that the writing Subjects of the said Low Republic, shall be at all Times at Liberty to puff up, and commend, their acting Brethren.

*Art. 11.* That Sir Alexander Drawcanfir may, when he pleases, erect one Court of Criticism, and preside in the same, as he and his Predecessors, Censors of this Realm, have of Right always done. And that all the Wares of the Low Republic, except the News Papers, may be tried and examined in the said Court; but that the Persons of all the Subjects of the said Republic, together with their moral, or rather immoral Characters, shall be exempted from the Jurisdiction of the said Court.

These are the most material Articles, there are some others of less Moment, with which we may possibly acquaint our Readers hereafter.

*On Thursday next in this Paper will be held a Court of Censorial Enquiry, of which all Persons concerned are required to take Notice.*

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

**T**HEY tell us from Cuddersstone in Yorkshire, that on the 25th ult. one Mark Newby eat at one Meal, and in less than half an Hour's Time, twenty Pounds of Pudding, eleven of Mutton, four Gallons of Broth, three of churn'd Milk, and an entire Giblet Pye. G. E.—*This fellow may be said to have had a good Swallow; and the Historian seems to think his Readers have had no bad one.* C

We hear from Bedford, that on the twenty-second of last Month, the Rev. Mr. Smith, Minister of St. Paul's in that Town, was married to Miss Hawes, a very agreeable young Lady, with a handsome Fortune.—W. E. *An Accomplishment requisite, &c.*

Yesterday was married at St. Giles Church, Mr. Whittle the younger, an eminent Carver and Gilder, to Miss Phipps of Old-street, Niece to the late Mr. Gabriel Johnston of New-Inn, a young Lady possessed of many amiable Qualities, and a Fortune of 3000l.—*This young Lady hath carved eminently well for herself.* PUNICUS.

A young Tradesman in a small Market-Town in the Fens of Lincolnshire, desirous of getting a large Fortune with all Expedition, resolved on Smuggling, as the most convenient Method; accordingly he agreed with a Smugler for a Hundred Weight of Tea, at eleven Guineas, and to pay him upon the Delivery of the Goods, which was punctually performed; but, upon opening the Bag, to his great Disappointment, found all his Tea, (except a very small Quantity)



ity) metamorphosed into Black Oats.—A just Reward of such fraudulent Practices. W. E.—As the Smuggler had plainly made an Ass of this Tradesman, I suppose he thought Oats were more agreeable to his Palate than Tea. M.

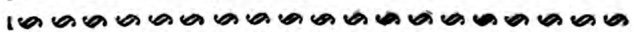
Last Week died, at Seafield, near Whitehaven, in the County of Cumberland, Mr. Henry Townson and Bridget his Wife, aged 100 Years each; who after living in conjugal Affection nigh 70 Years, and enjoying a perfect State of Health till almost the last, expired within a few Minutes of each other. D. A.—Both these seem to have enjoyed every Qualification necessary to make the married State happy. M.

Yesterday there was the highest Tide that has been known for some Time; the Houses, Kitchens, and Cellars about Scotland-yard, Whitehall, &c. were all filled with Water; as was also Westminster-Hall, and all the Houses about New Palace-Yard and Vine-street, and the Horse-ferry, Westminster. G. A.—This Rising of the Tide the first Day of Term, portends possibly some good Omen to the Law, which hath lately been at a very low Ebb. M.

On Friday last a Gentleman received Eight Guineas wrapped up in Paper, and the following short Letter, "Sir, the Inclosed is your's honestly your's, ask no Questions, and you shall never know from whom this come. D. G.—This is a new Kind of Sharper, but his Gang is probably not very numerous.

Saturday last died, aged 84 Years, an eminent and wealthy Hardwareman at Mile-End. His Fortune, which is very considerable, he has bequeathed to his two Nephews, with this remarkable Clause in his Will, that they never presume to smoke any Tobacco, on the Forfeiture of losing the Interest of 1000 l. and to devolve to their Sisters. D. G.—The Name of this anonymous eminent Person, (if he had any) will possibly, by means of this Clause, be well known in Westminster-Hall. M.

Yesterday Mr. Henderson, Author of the Edinburgh History of the Rebellion, was admitted Keeper of Westminster Hall; a Place of great Trust and considerable Profits. S. J. E.—It seems more easy to account for the great Profits, than for the great Trust. INCERTI.



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And to be sold by JAMES HOEY in Skinner-Row.

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(This Day is Publish'd by the Printer hereof.)

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 20th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Nostrisque ductum seditionibus  
Bellum resedit*—

HOR.

PARAPHRASED.

*The War, I thank Fortune, is now at an End,  
Since I scarce could distinguish my Foe from my Friend.*



HERE never was a Peace so wholesome and advantageous to any Country, but that some Persons who have found or proposed to themselves certain Emoluments from the Continuance of the War, have openly dared to censure and malign it.

I do not wonder, therefore, to find that the Peace, which I have lately concluded with the Low Republic, is not received by all my Readers with universal Approbation. One of my Correspondents, in a Rage, asserts that it was base and Cowardly; a second declares, that he would have made no Peace while a single Drop of his Ink had remained; and a third, with a very grave and political Air, assures me that the Enemy was brought to such a State of Distress, and so torn with intestine Broils, there being scarce two Members of the Republic who do not heartily hate each other, that had the War continued but one Campaign, I might have obtained what Concessions I would have asked, or might have extirpated the whole Race of Grub-Street for ever.

But, notwithstanding these Opinions, all which I am well persuaded have many Supporters, I do assert, that this Peace was made by me, from very solid and substantial Reasons; and I doubt not but that after-Ages, when Party and Prejudice shall subside; when the Reason of Things, and not private Views, shall lead Mens Judgments, this Peace will be reckoned as wise a Measure as was ever concerted in the Cabinet; indeed a Master-piece (or as the Enemy \* calls, a *Coup de Maitre*) in Politics.

\* By the 14th Article of the treaty of Covent-Garden, the Importation of French Words and Phrases in English Writings is declared to be the sole Right of Grub-Street.

Nor is the Interest, which many good People proposed to themselves in the Continuance of the War, so great a Secret to me, as some may imagine. Sorry am I to say, that their Diversion, and not the general good of the allied Cause, is at the bottom of their Hearts. So powerful is the Love of Laughter in depraved Minds, that they care not what or whom they sacrifice to its Gratification. The too general Prevalency of this Disposition hath been, in all Times, of infinite Service to Grub-Street. Had Mankind, indeed, restrained this Inclination within proper Rules, and had refused to indulge it at the Expence of common Sense and common Humanity, the Name of Grub-Street, would have long since been obliterated out of the Memory of Man.

To such Gentlemen as these I shall offer no Arguments; but to all my sober and sensible Readers, to all, in short, who know how to be *merry and wise* I am convinced I shall appear to have acted very prudently in putting an End to the late War almost on any Terms.

First, it was a War in which nothing but dry Blows could be obtained on my Side; whilst the Enemy had much to hope, and as little to fear. In such a Case, notwithstanding any Superiority of Force, the wisest Measures must tend towards a Pacification.

Secondly, The unfair-Methods made use of by the Enemy, are a second Reason for concluding a Peace. This may be illustrated by a familiar Instance; Mr. Sherlock is, I believe, justly allowed to be superior to all Europe in the Skill of the Broad Sword; but what would this Skill avail him against a number of Blunderbusses? might he not, without any Blemish to his Courage or his Skill, retreat from such an Enemy; when these Blunderbusses were more-over loaded with ragged Bullets; and when like the poisoned Arrows of the wild Indians, they were discharged at him from lurking Holes and Places of Security?

Again, who but a Mad-man would engage with an Enemy that is invulnerable! And this, however strange it appears, was, in Reality, the Case: For several of the Enemy, as we are well assured, did in certain Skirmishes with our Forces, receive such Blows on their Heads with the sharpest Weapons, as must have proved fatal to any common Man; but

but to our great Surprize we found that they were not in the least hurt by these Blows, that many did not feel them, and some did even declare they were never hit. In real Truth, *as Grass escapes the Scythe by being low*, a Man may escape the sharpest Satire by the same Means. For Ridicule may bring any Person into Contempt; but what is already the Object of our Contempt, can never be raised to be the proper Object of Ridicule.

And beside these Discouragements, I had some little Reason to suspect whether I should have fair Play in the Contest. It is the Advice of Machiavel, *that when two Parties are at variance in a City, you should side with the weakest, in order to foment and continue the War.* This is a Rule in Politics, which Men are naturally enough inclined to follow; when a Superior and Inferior engage, the World, as well as the Mob, are apt to side with the latter; and therefore, when the comic Writer says, 'There is nothing *so moving* as a great *Man in Distress*;' I suppose he means, *there is nothing so apt to move Laughter.*

I might, however, be contented to indulge this risible Inclination in my Readers, at the expence of having all the abusive Words in the *English* Language discharged at me, had I no other Objection; but this would too much interrupt the Design of my Paper; which, if the Public will grant me but a little of their Patience, will, I hope, appear to be much nobler than that of diverting them, by sacrificing two or three poor Writers to their Mirth. However vain or romantic the Attempt may seem, I am sanguine enough to aim at serving the noble Interests of Religion, Virtue, and good Sense, by these my Lucubrations.

To effect so glorious a Purpose, I know no readier a Way than by an Endeavour to restore that true and manly Taste, which hath, within these few Years, degenerated in these Kingdoms. A Degeneracy which hath been greatly owing to those base and scandalous Writings, which the Press hath lately poured in such a Torrent upon us, that the Name of an Author is, in the Ears of all good Men, become almost an infamous Appellation. Religion, Virtue, Modesty, Decency, and the Characters of some of the best of Men, have been all violated by these Writings; insomuch, that when we consider the Impressions which young Minds are apt to conceive from Books, the very learning to read seems a dangerous Part of a Child's Education.

Against Works of this Kind was the jocular War declared, and against such Works, Ridicule was surely no hard nor immoderate Weapon. It was not my Intention to attack the Character of any Person; and if I have been once provoked to so disagreeable an Excess, no Provocation shall again hurry me so far. Vice and Folly, and not particular Men, will be the Objects of Satire in this Paper; and if any Man blushes when he reads it, he shall have the Pleasure of imputing it to his own Grace, and not to the Malignity of the Writer.

There is no Precept in the whole Christian Religion which is less a Stumbling-Block in my Way, than that which forbids us to take Vengeance on our Enemies; and I can, with great Truth, declare, that I do not at this Instant, wish Ill to any Man living. Indeed, if a Sentiment which I heard drop from the late Mr. Pope be true, *That Nature never produced a more venomous Anim. than a BAD AUTHOR*, I am sure that I want, at least, one Ingredient in that Character.

And as nothing is less agreeable to my own Disposition than Private Abuse, so nothing is more foreign to the Plan of this Paper. When Hercules undertook to cleanse the Stables of Augeas, (a Work not much unlike my present Undertaking)

should any little Clod of Dirt, more filthy perhaps, than all the rest, have chanced to bedawb him, how unworthy his Spirit would it have been, to have polluted his Hands, by seizing the dirty Clod, and crumbling it to Pieces. He should have known that such Accidents are incident to such an Undertaking: which, though both a useful and heroic Office, was yet none of the cleanliest; since no Man, I believe, ever removed great Quantities of Dirt from any Place, without finding some of it sticking to his Skirts. A

COVENT-GARDEN, Feb. 7.

Tuesday Night last, one Richard Beckett was brought before H. Fielding, Esq; and charged by James Brown, with having robbed him in the Street of 18 d. on the 31st of December last.

Brown. I am positive that this is the Man who robbed me.

Q. How do you know him?

B. By his Nose.

Q. Had he the same Clothes on as now?

B. I can't tell.

Q. Had he the same Wig on?

B. I can't tell that neither, but I swear to his Nose.

(Now this happened to be no wise remarkable, but his Clothes and Wig were extremely so.)

Q. Was it Light or Dark when the Robbery was committed?

B. So Dark I could not see my Hand.

Q. How then could you see the Prisoner, so as to distinguish him?

B. I swear to his Nose. I swear positively to him. He is the Man, and he had this very Nose on when he robbed me.

The Justice being unwilling to commit a Man on such extraordinary Evidence, and as it was very late at Night, adjourned the further Examination 'till the next Day; when the several Particulars appeared in Favour of Beckett, Brown still persisted in his Charge, 'till it was reduced to writing and he was required to sign it. This he was incapable of doing immediately by the violent trembling of his Hand, which being observed, he threw the Pen down, declared he was convinced of his Mistake, and very heartily asked the Prisoner's Pardon,

At a Court of Censorial Enquiry now held this 8th of Feb. 1752, before the truly respectable Sir Alexander Drawcanfir Kut. Censor of Great-Britain.

THE Court was opened by the Censor, with a very learned and elegant Speech; setting forth the great Antiquity, and Usefulness of this Court, and the many Inconveniences which had attended the Society by the long Discontinuance; but as he hath been pleased to give the Public much of the Substance of this Speech in his Essay of To-day, we will not here transcribe it at large.

The Court then came to several Resolutions.

First, It was resolved, That it of Right belongs to this Court to hear, and determine, all manner of Causes, which in any wise relate to the Republic of Letters. To examine, try, recommend, or condemn, all Books and Pamphlets, of whatever Size, or on whatever Subject.

Secondly,



*Secondly*, That it is at the Discretion of this Court to pass any of the following Sentences on such Book, or Pamphlet, as shall, after a full and fair Hearing, be judged worthy of Condemnation; that is to say, 1. To be imprisoned on the Shelf, or in the Warehouse of the Bookseller. 2. To be immediately converted into waste Paper. 3. To be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman, or by those of some common Publisher of Scandal, which are, perhaps, much the more infamous.

*Thirdly*, That, after any such Judgment passed by this Court, it shall not be lawful for any Person whatever, to purchase, or read, the said Book, or Pamphlet, under the Penalty of being considered as in Contempt.

*Fourthly*, For the more easy carrying on our Design of examining all Books which shall, from Time to Time, be made public, it is ordered, that all Booksellers do, previous to their publishing, or vending, any Book, or Pamphlet, present unto our Clerk in Court, for our Use, one fair Copy of all such Books, and Pamphlets; and that (in Case it be a Book) the same be well bound and gilt, and do contain, in gilt Letters on the Back, the Name, or Title, of the said Book.

*Fifthly*, Resolved, That both the Theatres, and all other Places of Diversion and Resort, are under our Protection; and every thing which passes at any of these, is subject to our Cognizance and Jurisdiction. For which Reason, we do most earnestly and seriously recommend to all our trusty and well beloved People to send us immediate Notice of any Misconduct or Misbehaviour that shall happen in any of the Managers of these Places of Diversion, or in any of the Performers or Spectators.

*Sixthly*, Resolved, That all Places of general Rendezvous, tho' at a private House, shall be deemed public Places, and the Masters and Mistresses of all such Houses shall be considered in the same Light as the Managers of our public Theatres; and shall be equally subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court.

*Seventhly*, Whereas, by the Statute of Good-Breeding, the wearing a Hat in the Boxes, at the Play-House, before or behind the Ladies, is a very great Offence; that swearing or talking loud, is, likewise, under very severe Penalties forbidden by the said Statute; all our Officers in the Pit are strictly charged to see the said Law carried into vigorous Execution.

*Eighthly*, In the Statute of Gallantry, are these Words, 'Provided that for the future, a fierce Cock of the Hat be not considered as any Mark of Valour in any Person whatever, save only in Attorney's Clerks, Apprentices, Gamblers, and Bullies:' Resolved, therefore, that it shall be lawful for any honest and sober Man, at all Times to remove all such Hats from the Blocks on which they are displayed, with absolute Impunity, saving to the said Clerks, their ancient Right.

*Ninthly*, Resolv'd, That laughing, grinning, whispering, and staring Modestly out of Countenance, are to be reputed Wit in any Ale House, and at Sadler's Wells; but at no other Place whatsoever.

*Tenthly*, Resolv'd, That to give an Affront or Offence at any public Place, to sober and grave Persons, to the Ladies, or to the Clergy, is a very high Crime and Misdemeanor, strictly forbidden by the Laws of Decency; and whoever is convicted thereof, will be struck out of the Order of Gentlemen, at the next Inquisition to be taken of that Order.

After issuing forth Procefs to bring several Books into Court, among which was a Romance, called **AMELIA,**

Adjourned to Thursday next.

## To the PUBLIC.

**A**LL Gentlemen Poets, and others, who are willing to serve and please their Country, by publishing their Elegies, Songs, Epigrams, and other short Pieces, under the Inspection of Sir ALEXANDER DRACANSIR, Kat. are desired to send in their said Pieces to the Universal Register Office, opposite Cecil-Street, in the Strand, where they shall receive all fitting Encouragement.

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

SATURDAY, Feb. 1.

**W**E hear from Esther in Surry, that a young Gentleman of an academical Education, on Saturday last met with two Gypsey Women, who undertook to tell him his Fortune, but said they could not do it without the Help of Gold, and that they must make use of four Guineas, which they would seal up in a Handkerchief, and give him again, but that he was not to open it till next Day: (when by the Help of their Art) he would be directed to an hundred Pounds and a Gold Watch, concealed in a certain Place; accordingly he gave them four Guineas, which the Fortunetellers pretended to seal up in the Handkerchief, and then took their Leave. On the Expiration of the Time, he opened the Charm, and found that the four Guineas were metamorphosed into four Halfpence, which fully satisfied his Expectations as to the Money and Watch he was promised to be directed to. S. J. E.—*If this silly Story be true, the young Gentleman must have had his Academical Education in the University of Goatam.* M.

A Gentlewoman, and her Daughters, who live in Covent-Garden, coming from Greenwich on Thursday Night, were attacked by two Highwaymen, one of whom stopt the Coach, and the other came to the Door, to demand their Money; upon which the Gentlewoman, presenting a Pistol, told him she was prepared for him, and ordered the Coachman to drive on, which he did accordingly, and the Highwaymen put Spurs to their Horses and rode off full Speed towards London, without their Booty. G. E.—*The Part of a Man was acted on this Occasion, but not by the Highwaymen, who rode away from the Lady, when she said she was prepared for him.*

Thursday being the Anniversary of the Martyrdom of King Charles, according to annual Custom, forty poor Taylors walked in Procession to Black-Friars Church, agreeable to the Will of Mr. Cato, a Master Taylor, and heard a Sermon preach'd by the Rev. Mr. Grainger, Rector of that Parish: 'Tis worth observing, that the Donor's Will is always read by the Minister in the Church, who has 1 l. 15 s. for preaching a Sermon suitable to the Occasion, and the poor Men each 20 s. S. J. E.—*It is hard that the Minister should be no better paid for preaching his Sermon, when the Taylors are so well paid for hearing it.* M.

On Wednesday died advanced in Years, at his Lodgings at Hampton, Mr. Wade, formerly an eminent Apothecary in the Strand, but having acquired a handsome Fortune, had retired from Business. G. A. And,

On Wednesday died Mr. Harding, an eminent Apothecary, in Partnership with Mr. Monk in Crutched-fryars. Id.—*It may, perhaps, be thought extraordinary that an Apothecary and an Half should die on the same Day.* M.

On

On Tuesday morning, between One and Two o'Clock, three House-breakers attempted to get in at the two Pair of Stairs Window backwards, of the House of Mr. Savage, the Red-Lion, at Stoke-Newington, but were over-heard by the Maid-Servant, who alarmed her Master, and a Soldier who was quartered there, on which they made off, leaving behind them a Ladder and a Pair of Shoes. L. G. — These Fellows will scarce make off at last without their Shoes, or without a Ladder. M.

On Tuesday last the Waiting Maid of a Lady in Burlington-Street, went into a Linnen-Draper's Shop and cheapened some Goods, and found an Opportunity of stealing some Lawn, &c. but the People of the Shop perceiving it, followed her Home, and found their Goods upon her, upon which she was immediately discharged her Service. Id. — It is hoped this Waiting Maid was not so soon discharged as she appears to have been in this Paragraph. C.

On Friday Night last, some Rogues found Means to take the Leaden Spouts off the Top of a Gentleman's House in Albemarle-Street, but as they were letting them down by Ropes into the Street, they missed their Hold, and the Spouts fell into the Area, which made a great Noise, and alarmed the Family, and the Watchmen coming, they saw two Fellows upon the House Top, whom they went in search of but to no Purpose, for they got clear off. L. G. — Q. Where the Watchmen went to search? M.

The following Epigram was made by a Gentleman of Distinction on his third Marriage.

Terna mihi ducta est variis Aetatibus Uxor,  
Hæc Juveni, illa Viro, tertia nupta Seni est.  
Prima est propter Opus, teneris mihi nupta sub Annis  
Altera propter Opes, tertia propter Opem. L. D. A.

Three Times I took for better and for worse,  
A Bed-Fellow, a Fortune, and a Nurse:  
How blest the State, which such good Things produce!  
How dear that Sex which serves such various Use! C.

The Domestic Letter which the Printer hereof received from a Gentleman, as an Appendix to the Essay of Number 2, shall be inserted at a convenient Opportunity.

JAMES HOEY.

~~~~~

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 27th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Quam multi tineas pascunt, blataeque disertae!  
Et redimant soli carmina docta coci!  
Nescio quid plus est quod donat secula chartis,  
Victurus genium debet habere liber.*

Mart. lib. 6.

*How many fear the Moth's and Bookworm's Rage,  
And Pastry-Cooks, sole Buyers in this Age?  
What can these Murtherers of Wit controul?  
To be immortal, Books must have a Soul.*



HERE are no human Productions to which Time seems so bitter and malicious an Enemy, as to the Works of the learned: for though all the Pride and Boast of Art must sooner, or later, yield to this great Destroyer; though all the Labours of the Architect, the Statuary, and the Painter, must share the same Mortality with their Authors; yet, with

these, Time acts in a gentler and milder Manner, allows them generally a reasonable Period of Existence, and brings them to an End by a gradual and imperceptible Decay: so that they may seem rather cut off by the fatal Laws of Necessity, than to be destroyed by any such Act of Violence, as this cruel Tyrant daily executes on us Writers.

It is true, indeed, there are some Exceptions to this Rule; some few Works of Learning have not only equalled, but far exceeded, all other human Labours in their Duration; but alas! how very few are these, compared to that vast Number which have been swallowed up by this great Destroyer. Many of them cut off in their very Prime; others in their early Youth; and others, again, at their very Birth; so that they can scarce be said ever to have been.

And, as to the few that remain to us, is not their long Existence to be attributed to their own unconquerable Spirit, and rather to the Weakness, than to the Mercy of Time? Have not many of their Authors foreseen, and foretold, the Endeavours which would be exerted to destroy them, and have boldly asserted their just Claim to Immortality, in Defence of all the Malice, all the Cunning, and all the Power of Time?

Indeed, when we consider the many various Engines which have been employed for this destructive Purpose, it will be Matter of Wonder, that any of the Writings of Antiquity have been able to make their Escape. This might almost lead us into a Belief, that the Writers were really possessed of that Divinity, to which some of them pretended, especially as those which seem to have had the best Pretensions to this Divinity, have been almost the only ones which have escaped into our Hands.

And here, not to mention those great Engines of Destruction which Ovid so boldly defies, such as Swords, and Fire, and the devouring Mouths of Antiquity, how many cunning Methods hath the Malice of Time invented, of later Days, to extirpate the Works of the learned, and to convert the Invention of Paper, and even of Printing, to the total Abolition of those very Works which they were so ingeniously calculated to perpetuate.

The first of these, Decency will permit me barely to hint to the Reader. It is the Application of it to a Use for which Parchment and Vellum, the antient Repositories of Learning, would have been utterly unfit. To this cunning Invention of Time, therefore, Printing and Paper have chiefly betrayed the Learned; nor can I see, without Indignation, the Bookfellers, those great Enemies of Authors, endeavouring by all their sinister Arts to propagate so destructive a Method: for what is commoner than to see Books advertised to be printed on a *superfine, delicate, soft Paper*, and again, *very proper to be had in all Families*, a plain Insinuation to what Use they are adapted, according to these Lines.

*Lintott's for gen'ral Use are fit,  
For some Folks read, but all Folks—*

By this abominable Method, the whole Works of several modern Authors have been so obliterated, that the most curious Searcher into Antiquity, hereafter, will never be able to wipe off the Injuries of Time.

And, yet, so truly do the Bookfellers verify that old Observation, *dulcis odor lucri ex equalibet*, that they are daily publishing several Works, manifestly calculated for this Use only; nay, I am told, that one of them is, by Means of a  
proper



proper Translator, preparing the whole Works of Plato for the B—.

Next to the Bookfellers are the Trunkmakers, a Set of Men who have of late Years made the most intolerable Depredations on modern Learning. The ingenious Hogarth hath very finely satyriz'd this, by representing several of the most valuable Productions of these Times on the Way to the Trunk-maker. If these Persons would line a Trunk with a whole Pamphlet, they might possibly do more Good than Harm; for then, perhaps, the Works of last Year might be found in our Trunks, when they were possibly to be found no where else; but so far from this, they seem to take a Delight in dismembring Authors; and in placing their several Limbs together in the most absurd Manner. Thus while the Bottom of a Trunk contains a Piece of Poetry, the Top presents us with a Sheet of Romance, and the Sides and Ends are adorned with mangled Libels of various Kinds.

The third Species of these Depredators, are the Pastry Cooks. What Indignation must it raise in a Lover of the Moderns, to see some of their best Performances stain'd with the Juice of Gooseberries, Currants, and Damascenes! But what Concern must the Author himself feel on such an Occasion; when he beholds those Writings, which were calculated to support the glorious Cause of Disaffection or Infidelity, humbled to the ignoble Purpose of supporting a Tart or a Custard! So, according to the Poet,

*Great Alexander dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
May stop a Hole to keep the Wind away.*

But, besides the Injuries done to Learning by this Method, there is another Mischief which these Pastry Cooks may thus propagate in the Society: For many of these wondrous Performances are calculated only for the Use and Inspection of the few, and are by no means proper Food for the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings. For Instance, that the Christian Religion is a mere Cheat and Imposition on the Public, nay, that the very Being of a God is a Matter of great Doubt and Uncertainty, are Discoveries of too deep a Nature to perplex the Minds of Children with; and it is better, perhaps, till they come to a certain Age, that they should believe quite the opposite Doctrines. Again, as Children are taught to obey and honour their Superiors, and to keep their Tongues from Evil-speaking, Lying, and Slandering, to what good Purposes can it tend to shew them that the very contrary is daily practis'd and suffered and supported in the World? Is not this to confound their Understandings, and almost sufficient to make them neglect their Learning? Lastly, there are certain Arcana Naturæ, in disclosing which the Moderns have made great Progress; now whatever Merit there may be in such Denudations of Nature, if I may so express myself, and however exquisite a Relish they may afford to very adult Persons of both Sexes in their Closets, they are surely too speculative and mysterious for the Contemplation of the Young and Tender, into whose Hands Tarts and Pies are most likely to fall.

Now as these three Subjects, namely, Infidelity, Scurrility, and Indecency, have principally exercised the Pens of the Moderns, I hope for the future, Pastry Cooks will be more cautious than they have lately been. In short, if they have no Regard to Learning, they will have some, I hope, to Morality.

The same Caution may be given to Grocers and Chandlers; both of whom are too apt to sell their Figs, Raisins, and Su-

gar to Children, without enough considering the poisonous Vehicle in which they are conveyed. At the waste Paper Market, the Cheapness of the Commodity is only considered; and is easy to see with what Goods that Market is likely to abound; since tho' the Prefs hath lately swarmed with Libels against our Religion and Government, there is not a single Writer of any Reputation in this Kingdom, who hath attempted to draw his Pen against either.

But to return to that Subject from which I seem to have a little digressed. How melancholy a Consideration must it be to a modern Author, that the Labours, I might call them the Offspring of his Brain, are liable to so many various Kinds of Destruction, that what Tibullus says of the numerous Avenues to Death may be here applied

*—Leti mille repente viæ.  
To Death there are a thousand sudden Ways.*

For my own Part, I never walk into Mrs. Dodd's Shop, and survey all that vast and formidable Host of Papers and Pamphlets arranged on her Shelves, but the noble Lamentation of Xerxes occurs to my Mind; who, when he reviewed his Army, on the Banks of the Hellespont, is said to have grieved for that not one of all those Hundreds of Thousands would be living an Hundred Years from that Time. In the same Manner, have I said to myself, 'How dreadful a Thought is 'it, that of all these numerous and learned Works, none will 'survive to the next Year?' But, within that Time,

*—All will become,  
Martyrs to Pyes, and Relicks of the B—.*

I was led into these Reflections by an Accident which happened to me the other Day, and which all Lovers of Antiquity will esteem a very fortunate one. Having had the Curiosity to examine a written Paper, in which my Baker inclosed me two hot Rolls, I have rescued from Oblivion one of the most valuable Fragments, that I believe is now to be found in the World. I have ordered it to be fairly transcribed, and shall very soon present it to my Readers, with my best Endeavours, by a short Comment, to illustrate a Piece which appears to have remained to us from the most distant and obscure Ages. A

*We have received Letters from Tim. Buck, Dorothy Single, Sappho, P. W. and from the Scavenger of Covent-Garden, all which will be inserted in our next.*

*Proceedings at the Court of Cenforial Enquiry, &c.*

*(Amelia was set to the Bar.)*

COUNSELLOR TOWN. May it Please you, Mr. Cenfor, I am of Council in this Case, on the side of the Prosecution. The Book at the Bar is indicted upon the Statute of Dulness, a very antient Law, and too well known to need much expatiating upon. But it may be necessary to observe, that that that is Dulness in one Age, is not so in another, and what says that antient Sage, and Lawgiver, Horace;

*Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.  
Every Writer is to observe the Manners of the Age.  
I know*

I know the Word *etatis* is, in this Place, by some Lawyers, understood in another Sen; but what I contend for, is, that it may very well be understood in that Sense that I have here given to it: and, accordingly, the same Horace lays it down as a Rule,

*Et prodesse volunt, et delectare, poetæ.*  
Poets desire to get Money, and to please their Readers.

For so I read the Law, and so I render it. A very good Law it is, and very wholesome to the Writers themselves.

Now the Humour, or Manners, of this Age are to laugh at every Thing, and the only Way to please them is to make them laugh; nor hath the Prisoner any Excuse, since it was so very easy to have done this in the present Case; what, indeed, more was necessary, than to have turned the Ridicule the other Way, and, in the Character of Dr. Harrison, and Amelia herself, to have made a Jest of Religion, and the Clergy, of Virtue, and Innocence!

Here the Council was hastily stopt by the Cenfor, and desired to proceed to his Proofs.

TOWN. We shall prove then, to you, Sir, that the Book now at the Bar, is *very sad Stuff*; that Amelia herself is a *low Character, a Fool, and a Milk-sop*: that she is very apt to faint, and apt to *drink Water*, to prevent it. That she once *taps a Bottle of Wine, and drinks two Glasses*. That she *shews too much Kindness for her Children*, and is too apt to *forgive the Faults of her Husband*. That she exerts *no Manner of Spirit*, unless, perhaps, in supporting Afflictions. That *her concealing the Knowledge of her Husband's Amour*, when she knew he had discontinued it, was *low and poor*. That *her not abusing him*, for having lost his Money at Play, when she saw his Heart was already almost broke by it, was *contemptible Meanness*. That she *dresses her Husband's Supper; dresses her Children*; and *submits to the Thoughts of every servile Office*. That she once mentions *THE DEVIL*, and as often swears *BY HER SOUL*. Lastly, That she is a Beauty *WITHOUT A NOSE*. All this we shall prove by many Witnesses.

We shall likewise prove that Dr. Harrison is a *very low, dull, unnatural, Character*, and that his arresting Booth, *only because he had all imaginable Reason to think he was a Villain*, is unpardonable.

That Colonel Bath is a *foolish Character, very low, and ill-drawn*.

That the Scene of the Goal is *low and unmeaning*, and brought in by Head and Shoulders, without any Reason, or Design.

That the Abbé is supposed to *wear a Sword*; in short, not to descend to too many Particulars, which you will hear from the Mouths of the Witnesses, that the whole Book is a *Heap of sad Stuff, Dulness, and Nonsense*; that it contains *no Wit, Humour, Knowledge of human Nature, or of the World*; indeed, that the Fable, moral Characters, Manners, Sentiments, and Diction, are all alike bad and contemptible.

All these Matters, Sir, we doubt not to prove to your Satisfaction, and then we doubt not but that you will do exemplary Justice to such intolerable sad Stuff, and, will pass such a Sentence as may be a dreadful Example to all future Books, how they dare stand up in Opposition to the Humour of the Age.

A great Noise was now heard in the Court, and much female Vociferation; when the Cenfor was informed, that it was a married Lady, one of the Witnesses against Amelia,

who was scolding at her Husband for not making her Way through the Crowd.

Mr. TOWN then moved, that, as there were several Persons of great Fashion, who were to be Witnesses in this Cause, Room might be made for them by the Officers, which was ordered accordingly.

C. TOWN. Call Lady Dilly Dally.—(She appeared) Mr. Cenfor, we call this young Lady to the Character of Amelia, and she will give you an Account of all the low Behaviour I have opened.—Lady Dilly, your Ladyship knows the Prisoner at the Bar?

L. DILLY. I cannot say I ever saw the Creature before. (At which there was a great Laugh.)

C. TOWN. I thought your Ladyship had said that Amelia was sad Stuff from Beginning to End.

L. DILLY. I believe I might say so.—Eh! I don't always remember what I say; but if I did say so, I was told it.—Oh! yes, now I remember very well, I did say so, and Dr. Dofewell, my Physician, told me so.—The Doctor said, in a great deal of Company, that the Book, I forget the Name of it, was a sad stupid Book, and that the Author had not a Bit of Wit, or Learning, or Sense, or any Thing else.

COURT. Mr. Town, you know this is only Hearsay, and not Evidence.—

C. TOWN. I do not contend for it. We shall call the Doctor himself by and by.—We will give your Ladyship no further Trouble.

L. DILLY.—I am heartily glad of it.—Mr. Cenfor, if you are the Judge, I beg, as you have brought me into this odious Place, you will see me safe out again.

Orders were then given to clear away the Crowd, which was very great, and Lady Dilly got safe to her Chair.

*The Residue of this Trial will be in our next.*

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## MODERN HISTORY.

TUESDAY, Feb. 18.

Tuesday died Mrs. Matthews, Wife of Mr. Matthews, a *eminent Glover*, opposite Bow Church in Cheapside. S. J. E.

The same Day died Mr. Price, an *eminent Timber Merchant* at Black Friars. Id.

Thursday died in the Cells of Newgate, William Baylis, who was capitally convicted the last Sessions for a Burglary. Id.—He was an *eminent Rogue*. M.

An

An Order is issued out to the High Constable of Westminster to apprehend all Persons, who shall be found gaming in the Court of Requests, and Places adjacent, during the Sitting of Parliament. D. A.—*This Order we apprehend, doth not extend through the whole Liberty of Westminster.* C.

Last Week was married at Hatfield in Yorkshire, Mr William Calvert, an eminent *wholesale Cheesemonger* in Thames-street, to Miss Okes, of Stockton. D. A.

Last Week Mr. Thomas James, an *eminent Gardiner* at Lambeth, was married to Mrs. Ann James, an agreeable Widow Lady, with a Fortune of 600 l. per Ann. L. D. A.

*We hear that there is a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between Mr. George Brown, an eminent Double Japanner, and Mrs. Thumper, Relict of Mr. Edward Thumper, late an eminent Drummer in the Third Regiment of Guards. An agreeable Widow Lady of great Merit, Beauty and Fortune; and every, &c.*

Yesterday died at his Lodgings in Red Lion Street. aged 86, Mr. Peter Doubiac, an eminent Jeweller; a Man famous for his extensive Knowledge in old Coins. G. E.—*But more famous for his extensive Life.*

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By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

—*Multa Dies, variisque Labor.* VIRG.  
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*Revised by W. RICHARDS, Accountant.*

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY MARCH 5th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Quis non invenit turbā quod amaret in illā.*

Ovid de Art. Amand.

*Who is there so stupid as not to find a favourite Letter in the following Collection?*

To Sir ALEXANDER HUMBUG, Censurer of Grate Britan.



Y O U, Sir Sawny. I must not Kritichize, must I—D—n me but I will tho in Spit of you and all your hadhearents, Who the Devil are you, Mun, that you ant to be Kritichized upon. But I can til you I have Kritichized upon you, and so have feferal of my Frinds; and we d—ned all your Papers tother Day in a Coffi Houfe, and curfed Stuff they are, there, my boy, theres a Stuff your puzzling Pat never thot off. I wish wee had you upon the Stege, my Deer, weed sho you a Trik wurth two othat, I warrant you; but Garrak knows better than to acte such Stuff as you can write. You put me into Grubstreet.—You kifs—Da—n me I have 2000l. a Year, that is, I shall have when I com from my Travels two Years hence, and shall bee of Age, but perhaps I shant travl at all but stay at home and d—n such Felows as you.

TIM. BUCK.

To the CENSOR.

SIR,  
IN your Remarks on the many Encomiums made on Brides in the public News-Papers, I suppose you intend to ridicule the Vanity of our Sex in publishing their own Qualifications to the World; but you will excuse me, if I have a better Opinion of the Female Part of the Species than to imagine they are ever privy to such pompous Exhibitions of themselves, and am well convinced that all these Compliments are inserted by the Bridegroom only; and they are, sometimes, I fear, the last Compliments, which he pays his Mistress.

This Matter, I own, appears to me in a very different Light from that in which it is seen by others. It raises my Indignation, to read Beauty, Sense, Merit, and all Qualifica-

tions necessary to render the married State happy, at the End of every married Woman's Name, while a profound Silence is always preserved with regard to the Merits of the Husband. Good Mr. Cenfor, are we to understand by this that all Men are possessed of those Qualifications which can render the married State happy, or that there are really no Qualifications necessary on the Part of the Man; or lastly, that his Happiness alone, and not that of the Woman, is to be considered?

None of these I apprehend to be true; I submit, therefore, to your Judgment, whether it would not be decent for the future, either to pass over the great Endowments of the Woman, or to insert likewise those of the Man. For Instance, Yesterday A B, Esq; a Gentleman of Sense, Honour, and Goodnature, of a comely Person, and a suitable Age, was married to Miss C D, a Lady of great Beauty, &c. as usual: For every one of these Articles on the Man's Side are absolutely necessary to the Happiness of the Woman.

This, Sir, would be fair on both Sides; but as the matter now stands, may we not justly apprehend that many a Lady possessed of every Virtue and good Quality is thrown away either upon a Rake or a Fool, a Sot or a Clown, a Coxcomb or a R—scal; or, perhaps, on a Husband who possesses all these amiable Qualities together.

To conclude with a plain Truth, I sincerely believe the Qualifications necessary to married Happiness are much more common in Women than in Men, and may, therefore, better be understood, in general, to belong to our Sex than to yours. I am,

SIR,

Grø, venor-  
Street.  
Saturday.

Your humble Servant,

DROTHY SINGLE.

To the CENSOR.

SIR,

LOOKING lately into that Volume of the Spectators, in which is inserted the humble Petition of WHO and WHICH, I could not help reflecting on many other discarded Words

Words which might claim an equal Right of being restored to Use, or rather of being suffered, sometimes at least, to enter into the human Mind.

The Words, I at present mean are WHY and WHEREFORE; which, if permitted to present themselves before Mankind, how many vain Pursuits would they stop in the very Beginning; and how many Scenes of Ruin and Destruction would a due Attention to them be able to prevent.

Give me Leave, therefore, to suppose these two Words, setting forth their unhappy Fate, and begging for better Quarter, in the following Complaint, addressed to you, Sir, as Censor of Great Britain. I am,

SIR,  
Your humble Servant,  
SOPHIA.

*The humble Complaint of WHY and WHEREFORE.*

*Sheweth,*

That your Petitioners knowing of what great Use and Service we might be to all Societies, as well as to every Individual; and having a benevolent Intention of doing all the Good in our Power, are heartily grieved we so very seldom can find a Hearing.

If we present ourselves before a Fox-hunter in his Chace, he swiftly rides over us.

If we attempt to engage one Moment's Attention from the Hero marching at the Head of his Army to destroy his Fellow-Creatures, instead of listening to us, he immediately orders his Drums, and Trumpets, to strike up; in the Noise of which 'tis impossible our Voice should be distinguished.

In our Address to the Miser, the Chinking of of his Gold founts as loudly in his Ears, and as effectually prevents our being heard, as the more noisy Instruments of War made use of by the Soldier.

When the ambitious Man is sitting alone, and revolving in his Mind all his various Schemes for raising himself to the highest Pinnacle of Greatness, we know that he is too much wrapped up in his own Thoughts to give Attention to any outward Sound. We therefore secretly endeavour to creep into his Breast; and though we, by this Means, gain Admittance, yet is it generally our Fate to be there smothered in a confused Croud of Images, such as Honours, Titles,—Command,—Adoration,—Fame, &c. &c. &c. But if, by Accident, this great Man falls from all his Glory, and comes into Disgrace, the large Company which before hid, and almost stifled us, instantly vanish, and he then wonders he had not before seen us, and hearkened to our Voice.

The Lover, whenever we apply to him, puffs us away with his Sighs; the Sot drowns our Voice with a merry Catch; nor could we ever obtain a satisfactory Answer from any Author, unless it was from some poor Wretch who was writing for a Dinner.

If we durst, Great Sir, we should put a Question to your Worship, on your attacking a Set of Wretches so much beneath your Notice as the present Race of Scriblers; but we do not expect you should do us so great an Honour, as ever to answer,  
Your very good Friends.

WHY and WHEREFORE.

SIR, *George's Coffee-House, Feb. 16. 1752.*

BY a short Conversation which I had the other Day with an ingenious Friend of your's, at his Office in the Strand, he told me he could supply me with every Kind of useful Per-

son, and give me Information in every Sort of Business.\* A Proposal which I own, had greatly the Air of Extravagance; but Experience soon taught me it was true: And though, as Censor, you may be highly serviceable to Society, I think your Friend is no less usefully employed than yourself, being engaged in a Design, which the more I examine the more I approve.

For your Part, Sir Alexander, I look upon your Office, as Censor, as a *Universal Register Office* too, but of a different Kind; for while your Friend is placing every Man in the Sphere for which his Capacity and Education qualify him, you instruct the Wife, and furnish Entertainment for those of true Taste. In your Office are registered just Sentiments on every Occasion: you regulate the Minds of one Part of the World, whilst he employs the Bodies of the other. You give Information in Points of Knowledge; whilst he deals out Intelligence to Men of Business. To your Register Office, Mr. Censor, I now apply for the Meaning of a Word much used in the present Age, which, I own, conveys no distinct Idea to my Mind, nor do I believe it does to the Minds of those who make use of it. In your *GLOSSARY of Terms now in Use*, Numb. 4, in which you so ingeniously handled the Abuse of Words, you have to my great Disappointment, omitted the Word *Town*. of which I should be glad to know the Meaning. For being in an eminent Coffee-House, some few Days ago, a grave Gentleman, with much Dignity of Wig and Person, who seemed to be the Mouth and Oracle of the Assembly, made frequent Use of the Word *Town*, in his Harangues, which were not a little oratorical; and, speaking of some theatrical Performances he said, the *Town* would not bear it; the *Town* did not like it; the *Town* was offended; the *Town* damn'd it; the *Town* was the best Judge; the *Town* was out of Humour. In a Word, the *Town* did every Thing; the *Town* knew every Thing; and, to succeed in any Thing, a Man must please the *Town*.

Now, Sir, what I want to know of you is, who, or what, is meant by this Word *Town*; What Sort of Animal it is. And what one is to understand by it. Your Information, in this Particular, shall be gratefully acknowledged, by

Your humble Servant, and Admirer,

P. W.

P. S. *Quære*. Whether the *Town* does not signify the idle, silly, and illiterate Part of Society?

*Feb. 19. 12 o'Clock.*

Worshipful SIR,

SINCE the Publication of your Paper, such an immense Quantity of Filth and Nastiness has been brought from Grub-Street and Billingsgate, and emptied in Covent-Garden, that unless your Worship, out of your great Wisdom, will contrive some Method of raising a new Tax for the Payment of the Scavenger, it will be impossible for me, had I treble the Number of Carts I have, to keep that Place tolerably decent.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

W. T. Master Scavenger.

P. S. Pray let Grub-Street alone, for the more you stir the more it will stink. M.

COVENT-

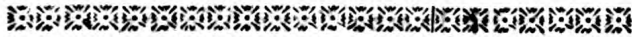
\* *Universal Register Office*, kept by JOHN FIELDING.

COVENT GARDEN, Feb. 21.

Wednesday a stolen Ass was recovered by a search Warrant, and produced before the Justice; when Joseph Wood, a very old Man and the Master of the Ass swore as follows.

Sir, this is my Ass, I should know him among all the Asses in the World, and he would know me, wouldst not thou, poor Duke? Sir, we have lived together these many Years, ay that we have, as a Man and Wife, as a Man may say; for Sir, I love my Ass as my Wife; the best twenty Horses in the World, no nor a King's Ransom to boot, should not buy my poor Ass. Poor Duke! Thou hast had many an empty Meal since I saw thee, and so has thy Master too for Want of thee. For Sir, I do not love him without Reason. Poor Thing he has got me many a good Meal's Meat, and many a good one he will get me I hope. Poor Duke! We shall never part more, I hope, whilst I live.

Then followed a Scene of Tenderness between the Man and the Ass, in which it was difficult to say, whether the Beast or its Master gave Tokens of the higher Affection.



*Proceedings at the Court of Cenforial Enquiry, &c.*

A Great Number of Beaus, Rakes, fine Ladies, and several formal Persons with bushy Wigs, and Canes at their Noses, pushed forward, and offered themselves as Witnesses against poor Amelia, when a grave Man stood up and begged to be heard; which the Court granted, and he spoke as follows.

' If you, Mr. Cenfor, are yourself a Parent, you will view me with Compassion when I declare I am the Father of this poor Girl the Prisoner at the Bar; nay, when I go farther, and avow, that of all my Offspring she is my favourite Child. I can truly say that I bestowed a more than ordinary Pains in her Education; in which I will venture to affirm, I followed the Rules of all those who are acknowledged to have writ best on the Subject; and if her Conduct be fairly examined, she will be found to deviate very little from the strictest Observation of all those Rules; neither Homer nor Virgil pursued them with greater Care than myself, and the candid and learned Reader will see that the latter was the noble Model, which I made use of on this Occasion.

' I do not think my Child is entirely free from Faults. I know nothing human that is so; but surely she doth not deserve the Rancour with which she hath been treated by the Public. However, it is not my Intention, at present, to make any Defence; but shall submit to a Compromise, which hath been always allowed in this Court in all Prosecutions for Dulness. I do, therefore, solemnly declare to you, Mr. Cenfor, that I will trouble the World no more with any Children of mine by the same Muse.

This Declaration was received with a loud Huzza, by the greater Part of the Spectators; and being allowed by the Court, was presently entered of Record. Then Amelia was delivered to her Parent, and a Scene of great Tenderness passed between them, which gave much Satisfaction to many present; some of whom, however, blamed the old Gentleman for putting an End to the Cause, and several very grave and well looking Men, who knew the whole Merits, asserted, that the Lady ought to have been honourably acquitted.

COUNSELLOR TOWN moved for an Information, in the Nature of a *Quo Warranto*, to be exhibited against Mr. Moflop, the Player, to shew Cause by what Authority he takes upon himself the Stile, Title, and Dignity of Macbeth, Mr. Garrick, the only true and lawful Macbeth, being at the same Time in full Life and Health.

Ordered, That the said Moflop do shew Cause in this Paper on Thursday next.

The Court was then moved by a *Yorkshire Gent.* on Behalf of a vast Number of *Practitioners* of the Law, who do not at present practise the Law at all, that they might be admitted to plead before the Censor.

And it was ordered accordingly.

The Trial of Betsy Thoughtless, on the Statute of Dulness, was then brought on, when the said Betsy Thoughtless pleaded to the Jurisdiction of the Court; and set forth, that, being a lawful Subject of Grub-Street, she was not liable to be tried in this Court for any such Crime as Dulness. To this Plea there was a Demurrer, and a Day was given for the Argument of the same.

This is a Cause of great Importance, and the Expectations of all Men are very much raised concerning the Event.

[ *Adjourned to Thursday next.* ]

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

SATURDAY, Feb. 22.

WE hear from *Dublin*, that a new kind of Projector has been at Work there, for two or three Years past, in taking away the Earth of almost an Acre of a beautiful piece of Level Ground, in Oxmantown-Green, which was covered with a fine Sod, where many thousand persons used to Walk for Good Air, and to Divert themselves, being contiguous to a great part of that large and populous City. This ingenious Improver hath already Dug many feet deep in the Space of Ground abovementioned.—*I should rather be inclined to doubt of my Correspondent's Veracity, than imagine there can at this Time be any one capable of so Gothic a Depredation; and shall therefore suspend my Animadversions until further Information.*

On Thursday Morning a Bye-Coach from Bath, in which were three Ladies of Pleasure, was attacked near Hamersmith, by two Highwaymen, who robbed them of eighteen Shillings and a Metal Watch. G. E.—*They will possibly return the Ladies their own with Interest.* C.

On Wednesday Night died Mr. Mawtals, Brush Maker, on Fishstreet-hill. L. D. A.

The same Night died, aged seventy-eight, at his Lodgings at Islington, Mr. Waller, *Hartshorn-Rasper* in the old-Change. Id.—*We hear after lying in State, they will be both interred in the Vaults of their Ancestors.*

Last Night, between Six and Seven o'Clock, four young Gentlemen were attacked and robbed by two Footpads with Pistols, in the Field between Marybone and Cavendish Square, of about six Guineas. They were both young Ladies, and pretty well dressed, and one of them had on a Bag-Wig. The young Gentlemen were much frightened, and went to a Publick-House, from whence some Company pursued them, but to no Purpose, for they were got clear off. G. A.—*it is not very clear from this Historian, whether the five young*



young Gentlemen, or the two young Gentlemen, were the frightened Persons.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY MARCH 12th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Majores nusquam Rhonchi; Juvenesque, Senesque,  
Et Pueri Nasum Rhinocerotis habent.*

Martial.

In English,

*No Town can such a Gang of Critics shew,  
E'en Boys turn up that Nose they cannot blow.*



Y a Record in the Cenfor's Office, and now in my Custody, it appears, that at a cenforial Inquisition, take *Tricesimo qto. Eliz.* by one of my illustrious Predecelfors, no more than 19 Critics were enrolled in the Cities of London and Westminster, whereas at the last Inquisition taken by myself, *25<sup>o</sup>. Geo. 2<sup>di</sup>.* the Number of Persons claiming a Right to that Order, appears to amount to 276302.

This immense Encrease is, I believe, to be no otherwise accounted for, than from the very blameable Negligence of the late Cenfors, who have, indeed, converted their Office into a mere Sinicure, no Inquisition, as I can find, having been taken since the Cenforship of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq; in the latter End of the Reign of Queen Anne.

To the same Neglect are owing many Encroachments on all the other Orders of the Society. That of *Gentlemen* in particular, I observe to have greatly increased, and that of *Sharppers* to have decreased in the same Proportion within these few Years.

All these Irregularities it is my firm Purpose to endeavour at reforming, and to restore the high Office with which I am invested to its ancient Use and Dignity. This, however, must be attempted with Prudence and by slow Degrees: For habitual and inveterate Evils are to be cured by slow Alt'ratives, and not by violent Remedies. Of this the good Emperor *Pertinax* will be a lasting Example. 'This worthy Man' says *Dion Cassius*, 'perished by endeavouring too hastily to reform all the Evils which infested his Country. He knew not, it seems, tho' otherwise a Man of very great Knowledge, that it is not safe, nor indeed possible, to effect a Reformation in too many Matters at once. A Rule which, if

it holds true in private Life, is much more so when it is applied to those Evils that affect the Public.'

I thought it, therefore, not prudent, in the Hurry of my above Inquisition to make any Exceptions, but admitted all who offered to be enrolled. This is a Method which I shall not pursue hereafter, being fully resolved to enquire into the Qualifications of every Pretender.

And that all Persons may come prepared to prove their Right to the Order of Critics, I shall here set down those several Qualifications which will be insisted on before any will be admitted to that high Honour. In doing this, however, I shall strictly pursue the excellent Rule I have cited, and shall act with most perfect Moderation; for I am willing to throw open the Door as wide as I can, so that as few as possible may be rejected.

It is, I think, the Sentiment of *Quintilian*, that no Man is capable of becoming a good Critic on a great Poet, but he who is himself a great Poet. This would, indeed, confine the Critics on Poetry, at least, to a very small Number; and would, indeed, strike all the Antients, except only *Horace* and *Longinus* off the Roll; of the latter of whom, tho' he was no Poet, Mr. Pope finely says,

*Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,  
And bless their Critic with a Poet's Fire.*

But with Respect to so great a Name as that of *Quintilian*, this Rule appears to me much too rigid. It seems, indeed, to be little less severe than an Injunction that no Man should criticize on Cookery but he who was himself a Cook.

To require what is generally called Learning in a Critic, is as absurd as to require Genius. Why should a Man in this Case any more than in all others, be bound by any Opinion but his own? Or why should he read by Rule any more than eat by it? If I delight in a Slice of *Bullock's Liver* or of *Oldmixon*, why shall I be confined to *Turtle* or to *Swift*?

The only Learning, therefore, that I insist upon, is, That my Critic BE ABLE TO READ; and this is surely very reasonable: For I do not see how he can otherwise be called a Reader; and if I include every Reader in the Name of Critic, it is surely very just to confine every Critic within the Number of Readers.

Nor

Nor do I only require the Capacity of Reading, but the actual Exercise of that Capacity; I do here strictly forbid any Person whatever to pass a definitive Sentence on a Book BEFORE THEY HAVE READ AT LEAST TEN PAGES IN IT, under the Penalty of being for ever rendered incapable of Admission to the Order of Critics.

Thirdly, all Critics who from and after the First Day of April next, shall condemn any Book, shall be ready to give some Reason for their Judgment: Nor shall it be sufficient for such Critic to drivel out, *I don't know not I, but all that I know is, I don't like it.* Provided, nevertheless, that any Reason how foolish or frivolous soever, shall be allowed a good and full Justification; except only the Words POOR STUFF, WRETCHED STUFF, BAD STUFF, SAD STUFF, L.S.W. STUFF, PAULTRY STUFF. All which STUFFS I do for ever banish from the Mouths of all Critics.

Provided also, that the last-mentioned Clause do extend only to such Critics as openly proclaim their Censures; for it is our Intention, that all Persons shall be at Liberty to dislike privately, whatever Book they please, *without understanding, or reading one Word of it,* any Thing therein or herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as it is reasonable to extend this Power of judging for themselves, no farther in this Case of Criticism, than it is allowed to Men in some others, I do here declare, that I shall not, for the future, admit any Males to the Office of Criticism till they be of the full Age of 18, that being the Age when the Laws allow them to have a Capacity of disposing personal Chattles: for, before that Time, they have only the Power of disposing of themselves in the trifling Article of Marriage. Females, perhaps, I shall admit somewhat earlier, provided they be either witty or handsome, or have a Fortune of 5000*l.* and upwards.

Together with Childhood, I exclude all other civil Incapacities; and here I mean not only legal but real Lunatics, and Ideots. In this Number I include all Persons who, from the whole Tenour of their Conduct, appear to be incapable of discerning Good from Bad, Right from Wrong, or Wisdom from Folly, in any Instance whatever.

There are again some Persons whom I shall admit only to a partial Exercise of this Office; as, for Instance, Rakes, Beaux, Sharpers, and fine Ladies, are strictly forbidden, under Penalty of perpetual Exclusion, to presume to criticise on any Works of Religion, or Morality. All Lawyers, Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, are strictly forbidden to pass any Judgment on those Authors who attempt any Reformation in Law, or Physic. Officers of State, and wou'd-be Attendants, and Dependants, their Placemen, and wou'd-be Placemen, Pimps, Spies, Parasites, Informers, and Agents, are forbidden, under the Penalty aforesaid, to give their Opinions of any Work in which the Good of the Kingdom, in general, is designed to be advanced; but as for all Pamphlets which any wise concern the great Cause of WOODALL-OUT, and TAKE ALL IN, Esqs; full Liberty is left to both Parties, and the one may universally cry up, and commend, and the other may universally censure and condemn, as usual. All Critics offending against this Clause, are to be deemed infamous, and their several Criticisms are hereby declared to be entirely void, and of none Effect.

No Author is to be admitted into the Order of Critics, until he hath read over, and understood, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original Language; nor then without

a Testimonial that he hath spoken well of some living Author besides himself,

Lastly, all Persons are forbid, under the Penalty of our highest Displeasure, to presume to criticise upon any of those Works with which WE OURSELVES shall think proper to oblige the Public; \* and any Person who shall presume to offend in this Particular, will not only be expunged from the Roll of Critics, but will be degraded from any other Order to which he shall belong; and his Name will be forthwith entered in the Records of Grub-Street

A  
ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

COVENT-GARDEN, Feb. 28.

It is currently reported that a famous Surgeon, who absolutely cured one Mrs. Amelia Booth, of a violent Hurt in her Nose, inasmuch, that she had scarce a Scar left on it, intends to bring Actions against several ill-meaning and slanderous People, who have reported that the said Lady had no Nose, merely because the Author of her History, in a Hurry, forgot to inform his Readers of that Particular, and which, if those Readers had had any Nose themselves, except that which is mentioned in the Motto of this Paper, they would have smelt out.

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.

MR. Mossop appeared, according to Order, and shewed Cause by his Council,

That Mr. Mossop is a young Actor of great Abilities, and very desirous of meriting the Favour of the Public.

That, in all his Attempts hitherto, he hath met with very kind Treatment, and much Encouragement from the Audience, which he presumes to derive from the extraordinary Pains that he hath taken, and from his visible Endeavours to deserve their Applause.

That he doth not presume in the Character of Macbeth to emulate the Perfections of Mr. Garrick; but that he humbly hopes he may be allowed equal to any other Actor in that Part; a Praise which, if he obtains, it will be far from raising his Vanity to any immoderate Pitch.

That Mr. Garrick hath not given up the Part of Macbeth to Mr. Mossop, nor will the former appear the more seldom in that Character, because the latter is upon the Stage.

That Mr. Garrick is not immortal, whatever his Fame may be; and that, if no Regard be had to the Succession of Actors, nor any Care taken to bring those forward into the principal Parts who shall discover the greatest theatrical Talents, the Stage will fall with himself; as was the Case when that famous Triumvirate, Booth, Wilks, and Cibber were in the Management; who, by discountenancing, and keeping back any Actor of apparent Genius, left such a Set of wretched Strollers behind them, at their Departure, that our dramatick Entertainments became contemptible; and had not a Genius of a surprizing Kind emerged all at once, one who was born both in a Sock, and a Buskin, the Theatre Royal was in Danger of sinking to Bartholomew-Fair.

For these Reasons the Council concluded, that he hoped the Rule should be discharged.

Mr.

\* Vide TIM. BUCK'S Letter, Numb. 7.



Mr. TOWN, who was on the other Side, said he had never any Intention to press this Matter far against Mr. Mossop; that his Clients considered him as a promising young Man, and very likely to make in Time a great Actor; and that he had already shewn uncommon Powers in the Character of Zanga; and as Mr. Garrick had declared that he did not intend to give up his great Parts, but that he had last Night appeared in that of Richard the Third, he had Instructions to give his Consent to the Discharge of the Rule. And the Rule was discharged accordingly.

[ Adjourned to Thursday next. ]

MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

SATURDAY, Feb. 29.

Yesterday Mr. Thompson and Mr. Spiers, two Farmers of Ealing, ran each a Cart Load of Hay, drawn by two Horses, from Ealing to the White-Horse in Rupert-street, near the Haymarket, for a Wager of 3 Guineas; which was won by the former. G. A.—*If this extraordinary Race had been run down St. James's-Street, very considerable Betts might possibly have been laid upon it. But since this sportive Humour is descended among the Farmers, some Races between Dung-Pots are shortly expected, of which it is hoped, timely Notice will be given.* C.

We hear that the Quarrel between the Proprietors of a Pamphlet, lately published, intitled Andro, a new Game at Cards, is amicably adjusted, and that this Day is published the Second Edition of the said Pamphlet, and is to be had of M. Cooper at the Globe in Pater-noster Row, and E. Rowlands, at Pope's Head in Exeter Exchange, and all the Book and Pamphlet Shops in Town and Country. L. D. A.—*This Quarrel seems to have ended in a Puff.* M.



DUBLIN, March 12. 1752.

THE following is the Letter, which, (in Numb. 5.) was mentioned to have been received from a Gentleman of this City, as an Appendix to the Essay of Numb. 2, and which we promised to insert at a convenient Opportunity.

— FACILLIMI MORES! Cicero.

SIR Alexander Dracansir by comparing the present State of the English with Times past, in a former Paper undertook to justify the Morals of his Fellow-Countrymen, from the idle and disregarded Exclamations of weekly Defamers—So I shall make it manifest, by opposing ours to the Manners and Customs of a Cotemporary People, that we are not in any Respect to be esteemed the most profligate, wicked and abandoned of Human Creatures: The Nation I mean to contrast, is that of the renowned HOTTENTOTS.

Among these Wretches, Murder, Robbery, nay even Adultery is always capital, and punished with Death. Horrid African Barbarity! Happy for us indeed these are but trivial Offences here! What would become of all the Men of Honour, Gamesters and Beaux, had they Reason to dread like Punish-

ment for the slight Offences, or rather QUALIFICATIONS of a GENTLEMAN?

True it is, in the Gothic Days of our Forefathers, some impolite Laws were enacted, ay and enforced too, against the Perpetrators of the first and second Crimes; but those were in Days of Ignorance indeed; when only the low, the mean, and ignoble could be accused! 'Tis our peculiar Happiness to live in better Times. These antiquated Laws are now less known, and as little used as the unfashioned Habits of their unpolished Makers. Murder is the Fountain of Honour; Robbery the Support of Gaming and Gentility, practised or patronised by all polite Company.

Yet however severely our Progenitors might have punished Murder and Robbery, in Justice to their Civility, I must acknowledge they had some faint Idea of Good-Manners: Adultery was always a Favourite at Court, and Gallantry may claim a Sanction from Time immemorial.

Among the Hottentots, Honours are confer'd on him who singly kills a Tyger, the destruction of their folds, or, performs some such Manly service for his Country. But with us, Titles and Privileges, are bestowed for far other Qualifications.

Marriages here, as in Ireland, are determined by the agreement of Parents; but if it should happen, that the Lady has conceived a rooted aversion for her Lover, it is but fight and be invincible all Night, and she is at liberty in the Morning. How monstrous is this when compared to the Prudence of an Irish Virgin, who can calmly sink into the Arms of a contemptible and detested Husband, provided, Pin-money and Settlement have been sufficiently attended to in the Indenture. An Immodest Hottentot, tho' secretly in the Arms of her Admirer, thinks her-self at liberty to defend her Virginitie, because she has no Reputation to forfeit; but our young Ladies once between a pair of S—ts, are satisfied that squalling is not their Interest.

To lie with a first or second Cousin is a capital Crime in Caffrana: Silly Sots! We Europeans have erased INCEST from the Catalogue of Offences, since by strict Observation we find, Brothers and Sisters act by each other, if not as Enemies, at least, as if they were nothing related.

Lord help the Widows! were our Hearts as hardened as these Savages; one Joint of a Finger must be the Purchase of each succeeding Wedding: But we are not Hottentots, else many an honest Gentlewoman, that I know, would be clipt by the Elbows.

A Caffar Lady is an utter Stranger to Decency; for she never heard of such a Thing in her Life, as a separate Bed.

Let Snarlers rail.—Like conscious Virtue, that Softness of Soul, manifest in my Countrymen, approve them to myself, and I am satisfied with their Behaviour.—Can any Thing be more humane, more tender, than that Expedient, whereby we have saved ourselves the Horror of exposing a helpless little Wretch to merciless Famine, or the greedy Jaws of a devouring Monster? We can BEGET Diseases with our Progeny, to consume them in the Bud, and rot them in their Embrio; making their Mothers Womb, the little Infants Grave.

Nay so senseless are these Idiots, as to profess a Belief of one sole governing Intelligence. Step but into

House, and you will soon be convinced this is a Weakness we are by no Means to be reproached with: The Actions of the Place prove the Freedom of those daring Spirits, the Inhabitants, who scorn to account with any Being for their Behaviour, or acknowledge a Superior to themselves.

I must

I must therefore conclude, we have arrived at a more exquisite knowledge of Good and Evil, than those people I have HONOURED with a comparison; and that our Manners, and Morals, are to be esteemed more perfect than theirs.

That we may continue, thus to improve in these Virtues, untill we arrive at our Apex, but a very little way off, is a Prayer, to which every honest Tongue will say, *Amen.* X

ADVERTISEMENT.

Translating, from the original Greek, and speedily will be published, a SERMON preached before the Grand Basha of Beglerbeg and his Mutes, on the 29th of September, by Ali Eben Sicophanti, a Grecian Monk.

TEXT. Be ye subject one to another.

This Day are publish'd by the Printer hereof.

[To be continued Weekly, Price 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.]

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY MARCH 19th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Ambubairum Collegia, Pharmacopole,  
Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones; hoc genus omne.*

HOR.

*Amotley Mixture! in long Wigs, in Bags,  
In Sitks, in Crapes, in Garters and in Rags.*

Dunciad.



THE following is a literal Copy of the Fragment mentioned in my Sixth Paper. In what Language it was originally writ, is impossible to determine. To determine this would be, indeed, to ascertain who these Robinhoodians were; \* a Point, as we shall shew in our Comment, of the utmost Difficulty. From the apparent Difference in the Style, and Spelling of the Translation, it seems to have been *done into English* by several Hands, and probably in distant Ages. I have placed my Conjectures concerning some doubtful Words, at the Bottom of the Page, without venturing to disturb the Text.

† *Impertinent Questions cunfarning Relidgin and Gubernint, handyled by the Robinhoodians.*

March 8. 1 51.

THIS Evenin the Questin at the Robinhood was, whether Relidgin was of any youse to a Sofyaty; baken || bifor mee To'mmas Whytebred, Baker.

\* *A disputing Society, that meet every Monday Evening at the Sign of the Robinhood, a Beer-House in Butcher-Row, London; from whence they call themselves the Robinhoodians: Each person (being admitted for Six-pence, to his share of the Drink and Discourse) is allowed to Speak, to the Question Proposed, for 10 Minutes (by a Watch layed before the President for that purpose, and no longer on any account) the expiration of which time is notified by the President's striking on the Table with a Hammer.*

† Perhaps impertinent

|| *I think this should be read taken, and the Baker's being iugent on his Trade, occasioned the Corruption.*

JAMES SKOTCHUM, Barber, spak as floweth: Sir, I ham of Upinion, that Relidgin can be of no youse to any mortal Sole; bycaufe as why, Relidgin is no youse to Trayd, how ist it yousefool to Sofyaty. Now no Body can deny but that a Man maye kary on his Trayd very wel without Relidgin; nay, and beter two, for then he maye wurk won Day in a Wik mor than at present; whereof no Body can faye but that seven is mor than six; Besides, if we haf no Relidgin we shall haf no *pairfuns*, § and that will be a grate Savin to the Sofyaty; and it is a *Maxum* † in Trayd, That a Peny sav'd is a Peny got. Whereof ——— The End of this Speech seems to be wanting, as doth the Beginning of the next.

—— Different Opinion from the learned Gentleman who spoke first to the Question: First I deny that Trade can be carred on without Religion; for how often is the Sanction of an Oath necessary in Contracts, and how can we have Oaths without Religion? As to the gaining one Day in seven, which the Gentleman seems to lay much Strefs upon, I do admit it to be an Argument of great Force; but I question, as the People have been long used to Idleness on that Day, whether it would be easy to make them work upon it; and, consequently, if they had no Churches to go to, whether they would not resort to some worse Place? As to the Expence of Parsons, I cannot think it is prejudicial to the Society in general; for the Parsons are Members of this Society; and whether they who do but little, or others who do nothing at all for their Livelihood, possess their Revenues, is a Matter of no manner of Concern to the Public. Indeed what the Gentleman says concerning the Dutch, I shall own is highly to the Honour of those industrious People: And I question not but if Religion was to interfere with any Branch of our Trade, there is still so much good Sense left in this Nation, that we should presently sacrifice the Shadow to the Substance. But tho' some Instances should occur, in which Religion may be prejudicial, it cannot be fairly argued from thence, that Religion is therefore of no use to the Society; and

§ Read Parsons.

† Read Maxim.

and 'till that can be proved, I shall not give my Vote for its Abolition. But at present — *Hammer down.*

MR. MAC FLOURISH, Student, I shall with grate Rec-jines undertake the Tok upon my Seel. — Sir, the Queef-tion, as I tak it, is, whether Relegion be of any ufe to Soci-ety? And Sir, this is a Queefion of that Degnety, that grete emportance, that when I confeder the Matter of weech I am to fpeke, the Degnety of the Odience before whom I am to fpeke, when I refleect on the Smallnefs of my own Abeelities, weel may I be struck with the greeteft Awe and Reverence: For Sir, neither Demofthenes nor Efchines, nor Cecero, nor Hortenfuis, ever handled a more emportant Queefion: And Sir, fould any thing mefbecoming drop from me on this grate Occafion, tho' your Candour, your Benevolence, might en-cline you to extend an unmeerited Attention, yet, Sir, thefe Walls, thefe Stenes, thefe Boards, thefe very Bracks, with-ute Ears, withute a Tongue, would tacitly exprefs their En-deegnation. Sir, it is a Queefion, that whoever hath rede Hiftory, or deeved at all into the oxcellent Myftery of Poli-tics, muft confees, that all the grete Pheelofophers, Poets, Oraters, Hiftorians — *Hammer down.*

MR. O CURRY, Solicitor. Upon my Shoul, I am very forry now that the Rules of this grate Society forced the laft very learned Gentleman to fit down before he told us his Op-inion; but, whatever it be, I am after being of the faame. It is very true upon my Shoul, what he faid, that it is a very great Queefion, and I do not well know fether I understand it as yet, or no: but this I think, that if Religion be a great Hurt to the Nation, I cannot for my Shoul fee where the Good of it is. This I know very well, that there is a very good Religion in Ireland, and they do call it the Roman Catholic Religion, and I am of it myfelf, though I dont very well know what it is. There is Something about Beads and Maf-fes, and Patty Nofters, and Ivy Marys, and I will fight for it as long as I am alive, and longer.—And upon my Shoul I will tell you a good Thing, if you are afraid of your own Re-ligion, you may fend for ours, for I know it will come; for Father Patrick Ocain d'id tell me, he would bring it along with him. Nay, he tould me, that he had brought it hi-ther before he did come himfelf. (*at which there was a Laugh.*)

MR. GILES SHUTTLE, Weaver.—I hope no Gentleman will treat this Thing as a Jelt, whereof I thinks it to be a very great Matter of Earneft. Whereof I dont much under-stand your Speech-making Sort of Work, but this I thinks, that I am as a good Judge o' thefe Sort of Matters, for I am worth a hundred Pounds, and owes no Man a Farthing. Whereof I thinks, I am as good a Man as another: for why fould not any other Man have as much Senfe as a Gentle-man? I thinks I knows Something of Trade, that to be fure, is the main Article in every trading Nation, whereby—Here the firft Paper was broke off. The Second is as follows:

*Queefion.* Whether infinite Power could make the World out of Nothing?

The Speakers to this Queefion were Mr. Thomas Tinde-box, the Chandler; Mr. George White, Boatfwain's Mate; Mr. Edward Peacock, Victualler; Mr. Budge, the Shoemaker; Mr. Goofe, the Taylor; Mr. Halt, the Maker of Pattins; and one great Scholar, whofe Name I do not know.

It was urged on the Behalf of infinite Power, That we have no very adequate Idea of it. That there are many Things which we fee are, and yet we cannot, with any great Certainty, tell how they came to be. That fo far from our

Reafon being able to comprehend every Thing, fome wife Men have doubted, whether we do with Certainty, com-prehend any Thing. That whatever we may think we know, we do not know how we think. That either every Thing was made by Something, out of Nothing, or elfe Nothing made every Thing, either out of Something or Nothing. And, laftly; that infinite Power might more reafonably be fupposed to create every Thing out of Nothing, than no Power at all could be fupposed to make every Thing out of any Thing.

On the contrary, it was well argued, that Nothing can be made out of Nothing, for, *ex nihil O Nothing is fit.* That every Day's Experience muft convince us of this: That, by infinite Power, we only meant a very great Degree of Power; but that, if the Thing to be done be not the Subject of Power, the fmalleft Degree will be equal to the greeteft. And it was urged with great Force of Wit and Eloquence, by Mr. Goole, that the beft Taylor, and the worft, were alike unable to make a Coat without Materials. That, in this Cafe, a Taylor with fome Power, would be in the fame Condition with a Taylor who had no Power at all. And if fo fmall a Thing as a Coat could not be made out of Nothing, how could a very large Thing be cut out of the fame no Materials. — The Scholar gave a very good Answer to what had been of-fered concerning our Ignorance of infinite Power, and faid, if we had no adequate Idea of it, it was a good Caufe of dif-believing it; for, as Reafon was to be Judge of all Things, what was not the Object of Reafon, ought to be rejected by it. He admitted, that there were fome Things which did exift, and that we did not as yet know, the Manner in which they came to exift; but it did not follow that fuch Caufes were above the Reach of human Reafon, becaufe fhe had not yet difcovered them, for, he made no Doubt, but that this Soci-ety, by Means of their free Enquiry after Truth, would, in the End, discover the Whole. He concluded with faying, that fome very wife and learned Men, who lived near 3000 Years ago, had afferted that the World had exifted from all Eternity, which Opinion feemed to folve all Difficulties, and was, as it appeared, highly agreeable to the Sentiments of the whole Society.

*Queefion.* Whether, in the Opinion of this Society, the Government did Right in —

Here ends this valuable Fragment, on which I fhall give my Comment in my next Paper. A

To Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, &c.

SIR,

THERE are certain little Registers of Wit, Humour, and Gallantry, on all the public Roads of this Kingdom, which, as they might be conducive to the Entertainment, as well as inviting to the Genius, of his Majesty's Subjects, I hope you will not think below your Notice, but favour them with your Protection. What I mean, Sir, are the Windows of the Inns, which, inftead of being prophaned with Bawdry and Immorality, are certainly meant to be the Receiptacles of Epigrams, Sonnets, and other diverting Pieces. Why fould not the fighting Lover, as he is travelling from the dear Ob-ject of his Wilhes, vent his Complaints, and commit them to the Animadverfion of others, by the Help of a Diamond-Pencil, without having the Mortification upon his Return to

find his Passion laughed at? As thus, Sir, travelling lately upon that Road of this great Kingdom, which leads northward, a pretty *Sonnetist* had wrote upon a Pane of Glafs, at one of the most principal Inns, as follows :

*Give me sweet Nectar in a Kiss,  
That I may be replete with Blifs.*

How pretty is this! How elegant! How it adorned the lucid Pane! 'Till there comes a Brute and writes under it

*Give me sweet Nectar in a Glafs,  
And as for kissing, —kiss my —.*

I give you this Specimen, Sir, of the wrong Use Diamond and Glafs is put to; and beseech you, Sir, that at your next Cenforial Court, you will be pleased to order, that the first two Lines should be stuck up as a Standard of true Window-Writing; and that the last two Lines, and all that are of the same Stamp, may be committed to the Bog-House.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

PETER GRIEVOUS.

*Proceedings at the Court of Cenforial Enquiry, &c.*

**T**HE Court was moved against the following Advertisement published on Wednesday last.

*(Taken from the Life by an ingenious Artist)*

A Whole Length P R I N T of

Miss M O L L Y B L A N D Y.

Who, with her own and her Sweetheart's Contrivance, is charged with barbarously and inhumanly poisoning her own Father; which cruel and horrid Act WAS perpetrated for his Estate.

To which are annexed,

*Lines properly adapted to HER wicked Crime.*

Published as a Memento to Youth of either Sex.

And the Court was of Opinion, that the said Advertisement was base and infamous. That such scandalous Methods tended to prepossess the Minds of Men; and might take away that Indifference with which Jurymen ought to come to the Trial of a Prisoner. That their own Passions were too apt to bias and prejudice Men in the Trial of very flagitious Offences; for the Mind being thoroughly heated with Detestation of an inhuman Crime, is prepared to receive every slight Impression against those who are accused of it, and the Weight of the Evidence is commonly enhanced by every Circumstance which enhances the Weight of the Crime: When to this Detestation we add Prejudice against the Accused, and Prepossession of their Guilt, all Hope is removed from a Defendant, nothing indeed being more difficult than to acquit those whom we have once convicted in our own Hearts. That by the Law of England all Persons were presumed innocent, 'till found guilty by their Country; but that here a Woman was adjudged guilty of the most enormous of all Crimes before Conviction. That she was here stigmatized, and hung up as an Example of the blackest Iniquity to others, at a

Time when her Trial is near approaching. This, the Court said, was to hang first and try afterwards; and whereas the Council had urged, that here was no Malice, but only a Desire of getting a Penny, it was answered no more was there Malice generally in Highwaymen, Burglars, and other Rogues, who were nevertheless deservedly hanged; and that to get Money by picking Pockets was less atrocious, and by robbing on the Highway more honourable than to do it by such bad Methods as these.

The Court then passed Sentence of Infamy not only against the ingenious Artist, but against all those who indulge a vain Curiosity, by encouraging such wicked and abominable Practices.

The Argument in the Great Cause of the Cenfor, against Betsy Thoughtless, is appointed for Thursday se'ennight.

On Thursday next the Court will sit on the Recommendatory Side, when all Bookfellers are at Liberty to enter their Claims, and present their Books.

*(Adjourned.)*

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

**T**HE Crowd was so great on Thursday at the new Entertainment of Harlequin Sorcerer, that a Lady lost one of her Shoes going into the Theatre, and sat with a Gentleman's Glove on her Foot; and the Gentleman lost his Hat and Wig, and sat during the Performance with a Handkerchief over his Head. G. E.—*This Gentleman and Lady, if not Hand and Glove, were at least Foot and Glove.* M.

The Death of the Rev. Mr. Page, Rector of Beccles in Suffolk, and Justice of the Quorum for the County, being lately mentioned in the News Papers, this is inserted to contradict that mistaken Paragraph, that Gentleman being in perfect Health, and above twenty Years younger than therein mentioned, to the no small Disappointment and Mortification of the malicious Authors of that Piece of fictitious Intelligence. L. D. A.—*As malicious as this Paragraph is, we are assured it comes from one who doth not so much desire the Rector's Death as his LIVING.* M.

The Paragraph in one of last Saturday's Papers, of the Marriage of Mr. Overton, Printfeller, without Newgate, with a young Lady in that Neighbourhood, is not true. D. A.

The Paragraph in one of the Daily Papers on Saturday, and in one of the Evenings of the same Day, mentioning the Marriage of Mr. Henry Overton, Printfeller, without Newgate, to Miss Dawson, was premature. L. G.—*The Public may be assured that as soon as this Match becomes either true or mature, they shall have timely Notice.* M.

*The Following choice Medicines, all imported from the Original Ware-Houses in London, are, by Order of the Proprietors to be Sold at the Sign of MERCURY in Skinner-Row, Dublin.*

I. **D**R. DAFFY's Genuine Elixir, being an agreeable and pleasant Cordial, and a Sovereign Remedy for the Cholick, &c. or any windy Disorders. Price of the large Bottle 2s. 2d. and of the small 1s. 1d, with large printed Directions.

II. Dr. STOUGHTON's Genuine Elixir for the Stomach, Price 1s. 1d. the Bottle, with Directions. III. Sir



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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY MARCH 26th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Dic quibus in terris et eris milii magnus Apollo,* VIRG.

*Tell in what Clime these People did appear,  
And you shall be the Laureat of next Year.*



It will be a very difficult Matter to fix with any Certainty, at what Place, and amongst what People, the Robin-hood Society was held, as we have not the least Light to guess from what Language the Fragment which now remains to us, was originally translated. Two Things may be averred, that this Society was held in some Country where the People were extremely free; and, secondly, that it was in a Country, where that Part of the Community which the French called *la Canaille* was at the Head of Public Affairs.

From the latter of these Circumstances, it appears that these Robinhoodians cannot be placed among the Egyptians; for Diodorus Siculus, speaking of these People, tell us, that, *Whereas in all Democracies great Injury is done to the State by the Populace interfering in the public Councils, the Egyptians very severely punished these Artificers who presumed to meddle with Matters of Government*.\*

Nor can I ever believe, that the Question, *Whether Religion was of any Use to the Society*, would ever have been supported amongst a People so highly devoted to Superstition, that Religion was indeed the Foundation of their civil Society.

The same Objection will recur against placing this Society in Athens: For tho' Pericles, in his Speech to the Athenians, recorded in Thucydides, compliments his Countrymen with being all Politicians, *Among us, says he, even the Mechanics are not inferior to their fellow Citizens in Political Knowledge* †. Yet in a Country where Socrates was put to Death, for attempting an Innovation in religious Matters, it is hard

\* Diod. Sic. Fol. 68. Edit. Rhod. Hannov. Πλεγοι δ' i ταϊς δημοκρατεμίαις πόδισιν. κ τ λ.

† Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 40. Καὶ ἰτέροις πρὸς ἕργα τιτυμ- μάνει; κ τ λ.

to believe that the Dregs of the-*People* would have been permitted to have questioned the very first Principles of all Religion with Impunity.

And this Objection will, I apprehend, hold likewise against all other States, not only those which we call civilized, but even the Tartars, Goths, Vandals, and Picts, &c. from the Time they are recorded in History. None of these having been found without their Deities, and without a very strong Persuasion of the Truth of some Religion or other. And so far were they all from doubting whether Religion was of any Use, or as the Fragment hath it, *youse* to the Society, that they carried the Images of their Gods with them to War, and relied upon their Favours and Assistance for Success in all Affairs.

To say the Truth, the only People now upon Earth, among whose Ancestors I can suppose such an Assembly to have been held, are the Inhabitants of a certain Tract of Land in Africa, bordering on the Cape of Good Hope, commonly known unto us by the Name of the HOTTENTOTS.

I am, however, well aware that there are many Objections to this Opinion. First, that these Hottentots are supposed not to have any Knowledge of Religion at all, nor ever to have heard the Name of the Divinity, whereas it appears manifestly that the Robinhoodians had some kind of Religion even established in their Country, and that the Name of G— was at least known among them.

It is unnecessary to observe, likewise, that the Members of this Society had more of the Use of Letters; and were better skilled in the Rules of Oratory than the Hottentots can be conceived to have been: For as to the Speech of Mr. Mac Flourish, as well for *the Matter* as for the Eloquence of it, it might be spoken with great Applause in many of our polite Assemblies.

Upon the whole, therefore, I must confess myself intirely at a Loss in forming any probable Conjecture as to what Part of the Earth these Robinhoodians inhabited; not being able to trace the least Footsteps of them in any History I have ever seen.

As to the Time in which they flourished, the Fragment itself will lend us some little Assistance. It is dated 151; which Figures,



Figures, I make no Doubt, should be all joined together, and then the only Doubt will be from what Æra this Reckoning begun.

And here, I think, there can be no Doubt, but that the Æra intended was that of the general Flood in the Time of Noah, and that the *Robinhoodians* were some Party of those People, who are said, after the Dispersion at Babel to have been scattered over the Face of the Earth.

Those imperfect Notions of Religion which they appear to have entertained, admirably well agree with this Opinion: For it is very reasonable to suppose that such immediate Interpositions of Providence, or to speak more adequately such Denunciations of divine Vengeance, as were exemplified in the Deluge, and the Dispersion at Babel, could scarce be so immediately eradicated as not to leave some little Impression, some small Sparks of religious Veneration in the Grand-Children and Great-Grand-Children of those who had been Spectators of such dreadful Scenes; as, on the other Hand, both sacred and profane History assures us, that these Sparks were very faint, and not sufficient to kindle any true Devotion among them.

Again, as the Fragment very plainly appears to have been translated by several Hands, so may we very reasonably infer that it was translated out of as many various Languages. Another Reason to fix the Date of this Assembly soon after the abovementioned Dispersion.

Lastly, the Name of Robinhood puts the Matter beyond all Doubt or Question; this Word being, as a learned Etymologist observed to me, clearly derived from the *Tower of Babel*: for first *Robin* and *Bobin* are allowed to be the same Word; the first Syllable then is Bob, change o into a, which is only a Metathesis of one Vowel for another, and you have Bab, then supply the Termination el instead of ing (for both are only Terminations) and you have clearly the Word Babel.

As for the H in Hood, it is known to be no Letter at all, and therefore an Etymologist may there place what Letter he pleases, and why not a T as well as any other. Then change the final d into an r, and you have Toor, which hath a better Pretence, than the known Word Tor to signify Tower.— Thus by a few inconsiderable Changes, the Robin Hood and Babel-Tower, appear to be one and the same Word.

Two Objections have been made to the great Antiquity of this Fragment; the first is, that Ireland is mentioned in it, which as *Camden* and others would make us believe, was not peopled till many Ages after the Æra I have above mentioned.

The other Objection is, that the Dutch are likewise mentioned in the Fragment, a People, as they are generally supposed, of a much later Rise in the World than the Period of Time which I have endeavoured to assign to this Society.

To this I answer, that tho' that Body of People, who threw off the Spanish Yoke in the Time of the Duke of Alva, are extremely modern, yet are the Dutch themselves of very great Antiquity, as hath been well proved by the learned GOROPHUS BECANUS from the History of Herodotus.

That Historian tells us, that one of the Assyrian Kings being desirous to discover who were the most ancient People, confined two Children, a Boy and a Girl, till they were at the Age of Maturity, without suffering either of them to hear one articulate Sound; having determined, I know not for what Reason, that whatever Language could claim their first Word, the People speaking that Language should be deemed the most ancient.

The Word which was first pronounced by one of them was BEKER, which in the Phœnician Tongue signifies Bread:

the Phœnicians were therefore concluded to have been the first Planters of Mankind.

Under this Mistake the World continued many Ages, till at last the learned Goropius discovered that the Word BEKER, which in the Phœnician Tongue signifies *Bread*, did in the Dutch Language signify A BAKER; and that before Bread was, a Baker was. *Ergo, &c.*

And here I cannot help observing, that this Quotation, as it proves the Antiquity of the Dutch, so it proves the great Antiquity of *Bakers*, to whose Honour we may likewise read in Diodorus, that Isis the Wife of Osyris was immortalized among the Ægyptians, for having taught them the Art of Baking.

Succeeding Ages being unwilling to ascribe so great an Honour to a Woman, transferred it from her to her Husband, and called him BACCHUS, or as it is more commonly by modern Authors writ, BAKKUS, and BAKUS, which being literally *done into English* by the Change of the Latin Termination, is BAKER.

Indeed it is very reasonable to imagine that before the Invention of Cookery, the Bakers were held in the highest Honours, as the People derived from their Art the greatest Dainty of which their simple Taste gave them any Idea. And the great Esteem, in which Cookery is held now, may very well account for the Preference given to Bakers in those early Ages, when these were the only Cooks.

But if none of these Reasons should be thought satisfactory, to fix, with any absolute Certainty, the exact Æra of this Assembly, the following Conclusions must be, I think, allowed by every Reader.

First, That some Religion had a kind of Establishment amongst these People.

Secondly, That this Religion, whatever it was, could not have the least Sway over their Morals or Practice.

Thirdly, That this Society, in which the first Principles of Religion and Government were debated, was the chief Assembly, in this Country, and Mr. Whitebread, the Baker, the greatest Man in it.

And lastly, I think it can create no Manner of Surprize in any one, that such a Nation as this hath been long since swept away from the Face of the Earth, and the very Name of such a People expunged out of the Memory of Man. A

*Mr. Censor,*

FROM what I have read of yours, and from what I have heard of yourself, from some Persons who know you, I have concluded that you possess in an eminent Degree, that Quality, which of all others I most esteem, I mean Good-nature. I have therefore ventured to send you the Character of one, whom tho' you may imagine an odd, you will perhaps think a Good-natured, Man.

Without further Preface I am now in the sixty-fifth Year of my Age, and a Batchelor. I have an Income of five hundred a Year, and have no near Relation in the World, nor indeed any Relation with whom I am acquainted. When I tell you I am a Batchelor at these Years, I would not have you conclude that I am an Enemy to the tender Sex. In Truth I have loved one of them much too well for my Quiet. I lost her within a few Days of our intended Marriage, and still do, and ever shall, cherish her dear Memory.

From the Day of that grievous Loss to this, I have never enjoyed but one Pleasure beyond trifling Amusements, and the



the common Satisfactions of our ordinary Appetites, and that is ——— will you believe me, Mr. Cenfor, the Pleasure I receive from seeing and hearing the Happiness of other People.

It is natural for the Mind of Man to hunt after those Objects in which it takes Delight, and to shun those which give it Pain; for which Reason I am a constant Frequenter of Scenes of innocent Mirth, Jollity, and Happiness, and run from the Reverse as I would from a Plague. I do not mean by this that I always shun the Unfortunate; on the contrary, whenever I can by my Company, by my Advice, or by my Purse, relieve the Solitary, the Simple, or the Distressed, I never fail of doing it; and when my Endeavours are crowned with Success, I enjoy a most exquisite Pleasure. But when I should only see and feel those Miseries which I cannot redress or alleviate, I run hastily from the Scene.

I keep my Ears shut to all tragical and scandalous Stories. The Hawkers are in fee with me, never to cry any Murders, last dying Speeches, or any Kind of Scurrility, in the Court where I live; but a merry Ballad is greatly my Delight, and the Singers of them receive from me many a good Penny. In a Word, I cannot bear those Pictures which represent human Nature in a wretched, or in an odious Light; but cherish every Thing which fills my Mind with Ideas of the Wisdom, the Goodness, the Mirth, and the Happiness of Mankind.

In Seasons of public Calamity I am the most wretched of Men; for I have at such Seasons, the Weight of a whole Nation on my Shoulders; but I am fully repaid in Times of Joy and Prosperity; for then I may be said (tho' not in the usual Sense of the Phrase) to ride upon the Backs of all the People.

I often express great Gratitude to the Almighty, that I was born in a Country where I can reflect with constant Pleasure on the Freedom, the Wealth, and indeed every political Happiness of the People. I again exult that I live in that very Age when they enjoy all these Blessings in the purest Manner. I look up with unfeigned Gratitude to the Authors, under Heaven, of these Blessings to us. With these Views I frequent the Court, and a certain Levee in Arlington-Street, with more Devotion than any of the Candidates for Preference.

Of all my Life, I think, I never enjoyed so happy a Winter as this last, in which there hath been such perfect Unanimity among all Parties, and the sole Attention of all our great Men seems to have been the Good of the Public.

Within this last Fortnight too, I have been extremely delighted. The Happiness which within that Time hath accrued to a private Family, hath almost intoxicated me with Joy. That noble, generous, Duke! How worthy of the highest Blessings of Life! In my Opinion how sure of them!

I have, I must confess, had lately some little Allays to my Pleasures. I was on Tuesday last at the new Play, it being the second Night (for I never go on the first). I was not so well entertained as I expected; I do not mean with the Play (for that was very pretty) but with the Audience. Surely, Mr. Cenfor, this is unfair and illegal; for by the Law of England a Man cannot be tried twice for the same Crime.

I have likewise heard lately some obscure Hints of a Woman, somewhere or other, suspected of poisoning her Father; but I always shut my Ears, as I have told you, on such Occasions. I hope it is a great Way off; and what is better, I hope she is innocent.

How can your neighbouring Justice bear the Sight of all those Wretches who are brought before him; but perhaps he hath sometimes Opportunities of doing Good, which make

him amends. I greatly enjoyed your Story of the Man and his Ass. It brought to my Mind the famous Story of the Lion and the Man in the Roman Historian. I wish I had ever seen such an Instance as either.

I am, My worthy and good Sir,  
Your honest, sincere Friend,  
And most hearty Wellwisher,

C. A X Y L U S.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Proceedings at the Court of Cenforial Enquiry, &c.*

THIS Day the Court sat on the Recommendatory Side, and several Bookfellers appeared, and very humbly presented their Books? which were severally ordered to be read over and examined by the Commentator General.

Complaint was made to the Court against several Print-Sellers, for exposing in the Windows of their Shops, several lewd and indecent Prints, &c. And the following Letter was ordered to be read.

*To the Cenfor of Great Britain.*

' S I R,  
' THE Cenfore you have very justly passed on the Author of the Print of Miss BLANDY, is very much approved of, and 'tis hoped may have the Effect intended, to restrain such scandalous Liberties, so much of late taken. But it is hoped you will extend your Authority yet farther, and bring to Shame the Authors and Venders of those infamous Prints, exhibited in almost every Print-Shop in London, representing Lewdness in every Shape in its proper Colours. This Offence, for such I must term it, calls aloud for Redress; whether it be cognizable by the Civil Magistrate, I know not; but I am sure it properly is by you as Cenfor-General, and therefore have no Doubt but at your next Court you will take this Matter into Consideration, and pass such Judgment on the Offenders, as shall make them ashamed of getting a Livelihood by these scandalous Methods. There are two Prints of this Sort lately come out, which exceed all the rest, and are to be seen in Fleet-street, very finely coloured. This evidently shews the Necessity there is of stopping their Progress, else we may soon expect to see the most obscene Practices of Brothels exposed to public View, for the Edification of all young Men and Maids.

' Your Well-wisher and humble Servant,

' M O D E S T Y.'

Ordered, that, as this is an Offence, contra bonos mores, the Suppression of the same be recommended to the Magistrates of London, Middlesex and Westminster.

[ *Adjourned to Thursday next.* ]

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MODERN HISTORY.

*March 6, 7, 9, 10.*

Yesterday in the Evening the Earl of Coventry was married to Miss Maria Gunning, eldest Daughter to John Gunning, Esq; Barrister at Law, Sister to the Dutchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and Grand-daughter to the late Lord Viscount Mayo, of the Kingdom of Ireland. D. A. — *A Lady*

*Lady possessed of that exquisite Beauty, and of those Accomplishments which will add Grace and Dignity to the highest Station.*

(7) We hear from Limerick, that a few Nights ago a very extraordinary Robbery was committed in that Town. A Lady had invited about twenty Female Friends to spend the Evening, all of whom accordingly came, and left their Capuchins, Shades, &c. in the Window of the Room; but, notwithstanding the Company were present all the while, when they were going home they found that some Thief had slipped in and carried all off, not leaving a single Shade for the Ladies. G. A.—*This Method of dividing the Shade from the Substance, is a new Discovery in Philosophy, and hath greatly puzzled the Learned; but an English Wit observes, tho' the Company were all present, they were possibly in another Room.* M.

On Friday in the Afternoon, between Three and Four o'Clock, the Bath Stage-Coach was robbed by a single Highwayman about two Miles this Side of Maidenhead, who took from the Passengers between four and five Pounds, behaved very genteely, and made off, L. G.—*It is but lately that robbing on the Highway has been called behaving genteely.* C.

Last Wednesday Night the Wife of an eminent Attorney in Clement's-Inn was interred in St. Clement's Church-Yard. She desired before her Death, which happened Yesterday Evening, to be buried in a Lawn Hood and Cap, with white Ribbands, and the Curls which she had used to wear, in a Holland Shift tied also with white Ribbands, in white Stockings, and to have at the Bottom of her Coffin a Mattress; to be then wrapped up in a Winding-Sheet, and to be covered with a white Calicoe Covering; all which Circumstances were punctually observed. The Service was performed in the Church. S. J. E.—

*So Ovid says of Lucretia.*

—*Ne non procumbat honeste,  
Respicit; hæc etiam Cura Cadentis era.*

—*Dress was her latest Care;  
And her last fault'ring Breath cry'd—curl my Hair.*  
M.

(9) Last Saturday one Harris, Servant to Mr. Clarke, of Bury-Street, St. James's, having set his Basket down with fourteen Quartern-Loaves in it, besides Flour, at the Earl of Clarendon's House in Berkeley-Square, it was carried away, while he went down into the Kitchen, by a Fellow dressed like a Baker. Several other Bakers have lately been served in the same Manner in that Part of the Town. D. A.—*These Robberies are plainly committed by Wretches who are in Want of Bread.* M.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY APRIL 2d. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

*Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

TERENCE.

*I am a Man myself; and have an Interest in the Concerns of all other Men.*



**A**N eminent Frenchman now alive, in his Letters on the English Nation, hath cast a Reflexion on us, which we by no Means deserve. *The present English*, says he, *no more resemble their Ancestors in the Days of Oliver Cromwell, than the modern Italians resemble the antient Romans.*

The Satire here, as the Context plainly shews, is levelled at the Bravery of our present Countrymen; the Injustice of which all those French who were present at the late Battles in Germany and Flanders have very freely and loudly acknowledged. Had one of our Allies indeed been no more deficient in Bravery or Integrity at the great Act on at Fontenoy, France had possibly felt the Force of English Valour on that fatal Day, with as bitter Lamentations as the Fields of Cressly or Agincourt, of Blenheim or Ramelie had ever occasioned; and our glorious General as he deserved no less, so would he have gathered no less Laurels, than the most successful of his Predecessors had been ever crowned with.

In real Truth, we are by no Means degenerated in Valour from our Ancestors. The British Lion is still as formidable as ever. I am afraid I cannot say the same of every other Virtue. In that particularly which hath been said so peculiarly to belong to us, that the Word which implies it, cannot be adequately tendered into any other Language, I fear we have very sensibly begun to decline. The Virtue, and the Word which I mean, is Good-Nature; a Quality, in which, tho' there is little of glaring Pomp and Ostentation, there is much of solid and intrinsic Worth; if it be not admirable, it is in the highest Degree amiable; if it doth not constitute the heroic, it adorns the human, and is essential to the Christian Character.

This Virtue, I am sorry to say, seems of late Years to have decreased among us; and the Reason of this Decrease is but too apparent.

In the worthiest human Minds, there are some small innate Seeds of Malignity, which it is greatly in our Power either to suffocate and suppress, or to forward and improve their Growth, 'till they blossom and bear their poisonous Fruit; for which execrable Purpose, there is no Manure so effectual as those of Scandal, Scurrility and Abuse.

That our Conversation, our Stage, and our Press have lately abounded with all these, will, I believe, be readily admitted; nor is it difficult to trace these horrid Evils to their Source. Party is indeed the Fountain whence all have flowed. This it was which first set all our malignant Humours afloat, and taught us to shun, to hate, to malign and to vilify each other.

Very mischievous is this Spirit of Party of itself, and very bad were the Consequences which it produced; but they ended not here. Bad Passions being once kindled in the Mind are not so easily extinguished. There is, indeed, so much Pleasure in their Gratification, that instead of desiring to extinguish, we are apt to apply ourselves only to procure them the Fuel, in which they delight. This is a Matter too well known, and Numbers are consequently ready to get their Livelihood by administering this Fuel to us. Thus whilst our great Men are at Peace among themselves, and the Press and other Engines of Party are no longer used to spread Political Dissention, the lowest of the People lay hold on those very Engines to deal forth Food to Malignity; and all those noxious Passions which Party had raised, and are fed with every kind of Scandal and Scurrility.

Instead of pursuing this disagreeable Subject any further, I will refer my Reader to the Letter signed AXYLUS in my last Paper, which presents him with a Picture of a very different Temper of Mind; and then leave it with him to oppose the amiable Character, which is there drawn at full Length, to that Sketch which I have given him above: I will only add, that it is greatly within his Power to resemble which of the two he pleases, in other Words to imitate the most benevolent and virtuous, or the most wicked and base of all Beings. And,

The good Reader will not, I believe, be displeas'd at seeing a second Letter from the said AXYLUS. I shall give it with only this Preface, that the Subject here treated is of the utmost Concern to the Public.



*Desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus:  
Neve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce.  
Sed sine, quam tribuit sortem Fortuna, tueris  
Nec spoliū nostrī turpe pudoris habe.*

OVID.

*Cease with your Prayers, my tender Breast to move,  
Nor injure her whom you profess to love:  
What Fate allots me, suffer me to share,  
And the base Spoils of Chastity forbear.*

Mr. CENSOR,

**I**N my former Letter I mentioned an imperfect Account which I had received of a late cruel Parricide, which I then hoped had been committed afar off, or rather indeed, that it had not been committed at all.

This Morning, however, a Paper was sent me enclosed, called the genuine Trial of Mary Blandy, Spinster, at Oxford, for poisoning her late Father Francis Blandy, Gent. &c. To whom I am indebted for this Favour, I know not; but when I had once read the Title of the Pamphlet, I was insensibly led on to read the whole: For indeed, when I was well acquainted with the Reality of the Fact, I had gone too far to recede; nor was Curiosity my only Motive for perusing the Trial; tho' this is a Passion for the Gratification of which we often suffer great Pains, as we see young People listen attentively to the Stories of Apparitions, notwithstanding all the Terrors which such Relations are seen to raise in their Minds. In Fact, I had another View. I read on in Hopes of meeting with some Circumstances that might a little alleviate the dreadful Guilt imputed to the Accused, and in some Degree lessen those Horrors which I had conceived at the first Idea of a Child's poisoning her Father.

In this Endeavour I have had some Success. I know not in what Light this miserable Wretch may appear to others; but to me there is a Circumstance of some Compassion in her Case; and tho' no Man living can more abhor her Crime, yet I am not altogether without Pity for the most wretched at this Day of all human Race.

Miss Blandy (for I am now acquainted with her whole History) had the Education of a Gentlewoman. She was received as such in the Country where she lived; and her Behaviour and Conversation was so agreeable, that Ladies of great Rank and Fashion were fond and desirous of her Acquaintance. She was amiable, spritely, and extremely good humoured; and was esteemed as one of the principal Ornaments of the polite Assembly at Reading.

Such was her Demeanour in general. To her Father, she was an affectionate, dutiful, respectful Child. This many Witnesses swore at her Trial. This the Witnesses against her confessed,

*'Till at the last, a cruel Spoiler came.*

'Till that damned Villain-Cranston, as the poor Father so justly called him, returned the kindest Offices of Hospitality by the Ruin of a poor Love-sick Girl; by bringing the Father to the Grave, and the Daughter to the Gallows.

Here then is the Cause of all that Tragedy, which hath happened in this little innocent Family; of indeed the total Destruction of a kind and tender Father; of an affectionate and dutiful Daughter. The Villain crept into the unguarded Heart of this thoughtless Girl. There he first infused those

poisonous Sentiments, which were afterwards to convey Arsenic into the Veins of the best and tenderest of Fathers.

For this Fact we will leave the condemned Criminal to the Execution of that Sentence, which she hath so justly received from an earthly Judge, and to that Mercy, which, I hope, a sincere Penitence will obtain for her from that most awful, most tremendous Tribunal where she must so shortly appear.

Let us for a Moment only cast our Eyes on the Wretch, who hath caused all this, who hath hitherto escaped the Hands of Justice; perhaps to be more exquisitely punished in the State of a profligate abandoned Fugitive; sent like the first Murderer, to wander over the Earth; till he shall cry with Cain, *My Punishment is greater than I can bear.*

But I will leave this Wretch likewise to the Horrors of his own Conscience, to Wandering, to Beggary, to Shame, to Contempt. This Letter is designed for the Use of the loveliest, and, I sincerely think, the best Part of the Creation, who seldom stray but when they are misled by Men; by whom they are deceived, corrupted, betrayed, and often brought to Destruction, both of Body and Soul. In the Sequel therefore, I will treat in general of these Corrupters of the Innocence of Women; and of the extreme Baseness as well as Cruelty of this Practice, how favourably soever the World may please to receive it.

This base and barbarous Man was, they say, an Officer in the Army; a Sort of People who, I know not for what Reason, live in an eternal State of real Hostility with the female Sex; and seem to think that by destroying our Enemies in War, they contract a Right to destroy our Wives and Daughters in Time of Peace.

I would not be here understood to insinuate that there are many Cranstons to be found in the English Army; on the contrary, I sincerely believe it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to pick out such another; yet certain it is, that thro' the Prevalence of Custom, the Ruin of a Woman is far from being regarded amongst our military Gentlemen, or indeed amongst others, with that Abhorrence and Detestation which it deserves. It is often made the Subject of Mirth: nay, I am deceived if, instead of being considered on the Man's Side as a Mark of Disgrace, it is not sometimes treated as a Point of Honour, viewed in the Light of a Victory, and thought to add new Laurels to those which have been acquired in the Field.

The Reason of this, in a great Measure, is the Levity with which this Matter hath been handled by some of our fashionable Authors; who, instead of exposing so execrable a Vice in its proper odious Colours, have given it the soft Term of Gallantry; have at most endeavoured to make it the Subject of Ridicule; I am afraid have even represented it in an amiable Light to their Readers.

I will endeavour therefore to strip the Monster of all its borrowed Ornaments, and to display it in its native and true Deformity; such as, I think, cannot fail of attracting all that Abhorrence and Contempt which is its Due.

I shall at present pass by all those dissuasive Arguments which Religion affords against this Practice. These are already well known: and if they are not sufficient to deter Men, the Reason is but too obvious as well as deplorable.

But tho' many of my gay Readers may be ready enough to own that they have no Faith, there are few I believe who will own they have no Honour. If they have a Vanity in desiring to be thought no Christians, they will at least be ashamed of being no Gentlemen.

First then, can any thing be more dishonourable than to engage in a Combat with one who is greatly inferior in Strength; and this is surely the Case in all our Attacks on the Virtue of Women: For, without any Disparagement to the Understanding of my fair Countrywomen, their Hearts are at least weaker than ours, and it is the Heart of the Woman which is aimed at in all these Engagements.

And in what Manner are these Attacks carried on? Is not the basest Fraud and Treachery constantly used on this Occasion? Doth any Man when he first aims at this Conquest, fairly and openly assert his evil Intentions? Doth he declare War against that Chastity and Honour which he means to violate? On the contrary, doth he not approach with Smiles and Cringes, with Soothing and Flattery, with Protestations, Vows, and Oaths of the tenderest Love and the sincerest Friendship? By these Means, the innocent Heart of a poor thoughtless Girl is in a manner bribed to betray its Owner into the Arms of her Seducer.

If we consider the Matter therefore in this warlike Light, the Assailant, instead of entitling himself to any Honour by such a Conquest, deserves truly an Appellation which few military Men will affect, namely that of a treacherous Coward.

And what shall we say of this Vice, when thrown under another Allegory, and that too a very familiar one to our fine Gentlemen! What do we say of the Gamester who throws a Levant? who draws another in to play for a large Stake, while he himself deposes nothing real on the other Side? Would not all Men allow such a Person to be a Cheat and a Pickpocket? And what is he who engages a Woman, where her Innocence, Honour, Interest, indeed every thing valuable of which she is possessed, are at Stake; while he himself plays at the Risque *only of his Damnation*, which all fine Gentlemen will allow to be nothing; or, as some Gamesters call it, *MOONSHINE*?

In the last Place, let me apply to the Humanity of these Gallants; and this the rather as the Latins often use the Word *Humanitas* for the chief Qualifications of a Gentleman. Now what Man of Humanity (take the Sense of the Word from which Language you please) can bear the Reflection of having by all the Means of Baleness, Falsehood and Treachery, purchased the Affections of a young, innocent, unguarded Creature; of having made this Creature from her Affections to him, the Object of his Pleasure and Delight, and of having repaid those Affections and this Pleasure, by the utter Ruin of such a Creature! Can he bear to see her stript of her Innocence, of her Reputation, of every Thing lovely, every Thing which might have made her happy in herself, or recommended her to others; deserted and abandoned by the whole World, and exposed to Shame, Beggary, Disease, in a Word, to final Misery and Ruin! Can he see all this, and know himself to be the Cause of all this, without hanging himself? If he can, I heartily wish he was, as he well deserves to be, hanged by the Laws.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your sincere Well-wisher,*

A X Y L U S.

*Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.*

**T**HE Court of Censorial Enquiry met and adjourned to Thursday next, when the great Cause so much talked of, will be certainly argued.

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

**W**E hear from Dublin, that, lately died in the Barony of Iveraagh, and County of Kerry, Daniel Buee M'Carthy, Esq. of a very antient Family, in the 112th Year of his Age. He buried four Wives; his fifth Wife, now a Widow, he married when he was Eighty-four, and she but Fourteen, by whom he had about twenty Children, she bearing a Child every Year. He was always a very healthy Man; no Cold did ever affect him; he could not bear the Warmth of a Shirt at Night, but put it under his Pillow, for these seventy Years past. When in Company he drank plentifully of Rum and Brandy, which he called the Naked Truth; and if, in Compliance with other Gentlemen, he drank Claret or Punch, he always drank an equal Glass of Rum or Brandy to qualify those Liquors: This he called a Wedge. No Man remembers to have seen him spit. His Custom was to walk eight or ten Miles in a Winter's Morning, over Mountains, with Greyhounds and Finders, and seldom failed to bring home a Brace of Hares. He was an honest Gentleman, and inherited the social Virtues of the antient Milesians. D. A.—*This is a very extraordinary Character; but we recommend only the last Part to the Imitation of those, who are desirous of living so long.* M.

The following Inscription was lately put over the Grave of the worthy Mr. Castle, Dean of Hereford and Master of Bennet College in Cambridge, in the Parish Church of Barley in Hertfordshire; which, as well for its Elegance as for the Truth of its Character is justly admired.

EDMUNDUS CASTLE S. T. B. hujus Ecclesiæ Rector,  
[Herefordienſes,

C. C. C. apud Cantabrigienſes Custos, Decanus  
Obiit Jun. 6, 1750. Ætat. 52.

Quisquis es,

Qui nuperam Virtutem fastidioſe premit,  
Morum antiquorum & prisçi Temporis Laudator;  
Scias

Neque Literis instructiorem,  
Neque Moribus simpliciorem,  
Vetustatem, exhibuisse.

Fidem, Justitiam, Pietatem,  
Si quis unquam, vere excoluit;

Summa Charitate SUOS complexus est;  
SUOS autem duxit HUMANUM GENUS. Id.

The Epitaph in English.

*Whoever thou art  
That lookest with Disdain on  
The Virtue of modern Times,  
While thou commendest the  
Manners of the Antients  
Know*

*That a Man more adorned with Learning  
And with Simplicity of Manners,  
Antiquity never produced.  
Sincerity, Justice, Piety,  
If ever they belonged to Man,  
Belonged to Him.*

*He exerted the utmost Charity  
To HIS OWN,*

*BUT HIS OWN WERE ALL MANKIND: M.*

The Following choice Medicines, all imported from the Original Ware-Houses in London, are, by Order of the Proprietors to be Sold at the Sign of MERCURY in Skinner-Row, Dublin.

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—Multa Dies, variusque Labor.

VIRG.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, APRIL 9th. 1752.

To be continued WEEKLY.

— *populum late Regem, belloq; superbum.*

VIRG.

*A Nation of Kings and Warriors.*



It seems very wonderful and surprizing, that when so many learned Writers in all Ages, have discoursed on Government and its various Forms, there should still remain one Form of it unhandled, and indeed unmentioned by any of them. Plato, Aristotle, Cicero are entirely silent on the Subject; Harrington, Locke, Lord Bolingbroke, take no Notice of it; and even the ingenious Writer of *L'Esprit des Loix*, who seems to have listd and considered the several Kinds of Government with such critical Exactness, hath either thro' Negligence or Design, made not the least mention of that most extraordinary System of Politics, which I am now going to describe, with a Gravity becoming so important a Question.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in Suspence, the Government I mean is that of the Stage; a Government founded on a Set of Politics peculiar to itself, and practised by no other Nation in the known Parts of the World.

No State, of which we have any Record in History, hath ever suffered a greater Variety of Revolutions, been engaged in more continual Wars, or torn to Pieces with more intestine Divisions: Yet hath it subsisted thro' an infinite Number of Ages, outlasted all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and still remains in a very prosperous and flourishing Condition. Now as the Length of its Continuance must be thought an incontestible Proof of the Excellence of its Constitution, it seems to me both an useful and amusing Speculation, to examine by what particular Maxims of Policy this extraordinary People regulate their Lives. The following slight Remarks may serve to introduce the Subject, and excite some abler Penman to discuss it more at large.

The Theatrical State can neither be called a Monarchy, an Aristocracy, or a Democracy, but seems rather a Mixture and Compound of them all. It is indeed for ever in a fluctuating Condition inclining more or less to each of these

Sorts of Government at different Times: Yet, what is very remarkable, the Revolutions happen without disordering the Constitution, and Affairs go on as usual, with very little Interruption.

Thus the Theatrical State of Drury, from which we shall chiefly derive our Example, was about an Age ago under the Jurisdiction of a Triumvirate, who called themselves Cibber, Booth and Wilks, and had each of them their distinct Provinces of Government. Booth presided over the Affairs of Tragedy, Wilks over those of Comedy, and Cibber reserved himself in a neutral State, ready to add Weight to the Scale of either of his Collegues, as the other should seem to preponderate. Not long afterwards the Government changed itself into a Monarchy, and is at present under the joint Power of two Consuls, both of whom are esteemed by all to be the ablest Governors, that ever ruled over that People, and the State accordingly triumphs in their Hands.

These *Archons* or chief Magistrates, are usually stiled *Managers*, or, as that learned and ingenious Historian Colley Cibber spells it, *Managers of the House*, and their Business is to appoint the Members of the Commonwealth their several Stations, to instruct them in the Parts they have to act, to regulate their Salaries, to manage the public Revenues, and do many other Things too tedious here to mention. They are likewise the final Judges of all Causes and Controversies that happen within their Dominions.

The Dignity and Magnificence of these Managers may be collected from hence, that they have many Kings among the Number of their Subjects, in which they seem to resemble the Majesty of the antient Romans. Yet, like the old Romans, their Modesty is very observable, in taking upon them no higher Title than that of Managers, at the same Time that many of their Subjects arrogate to themselves the splendid Appellations of Bassas, Doges, Princes, Emperors and the like.

Another Instance of the Modesty of these Archons or Managers is, that tho' their Power seems to be absolute and unlimited, they never take any Step of Consequence without consulting their Council upon it. The Council assembles every Morning in a Chamber of State, which they call the Green-room,

Green-room, where the vacant Places of the Government are filled up, and all Affairs relating to the Commonwealth debated.

There is a very singular Custom among these People, practised by no other Nation, of admitting Women to a Seat in the Council, and a Share in the Management of public Affairs. This is often the Cause of great Inconveniencies; for as the Ladies of this Country are extremely vain and fond of Pre-eminence, grievous Quarrels often arise among them, to the great Disturbance and Interruption of public Business. A remarkable Fray of this Kind is said to have happened two or three Years ago, which set the whole Green-room in an Uproar, and 'tis confidently reported, that one of these Ladies went so far as to call her Antagonist a *Brandy-fac'd B—ch*, even while the Council was sitting, and in the very Presence of the Managers.

This is the only State perhaps in which the Talents of Men are considered, and applied to what they are most fit for, and seem directed to by Nature. In other Nations it is not at all unfrequent to see a Man placed at the Head of an Army, who is entirely void of Courage and military Conduct; another created Judge, without having the least Knowledge of the Laws; a third installed Bishop or Cardinal, who is perhaps a Heathen and an Atheist: But here, in the best regulated theatrical States, if we make some few Exceptions, we shall find Men disposed and placed in such particular Offices as their Talents enable them to discharge. This especially is the Case in that famous Nation now governed by Mr. Garrick and his Coadjutor, whose Plan of Policy I would recommend as a Pattern to all his cotemporary Princes.

The theatrical State is certainly the only State under the Sun, in which Rewards are bestowed generally and universally on *Well-doers*. A certain able Politician remarks, "That altho' Rewards and Punishments are usually called the two great Hinges on which all Government turns, yet he never could observe this Maxim to be put in Practice by any Nation except that of *Lilliput*." 'Tis evident from hence, that this great Statesman had either never travelled among the People I have been describing, or that he had them not in his Thoughts when he wrote the foregoing Paragraph. For it is absolutely certain, that Rewards are here generally bestowed on all who discharge any Part well in the Society; and even the meanest of the People have *Benefits* assigned them in Proportion to their Merit. On the contrary, Punishment, the other Hinge of Government, is very little in Use among them; and even when there is a Necessity of employing it, their most rigorous Sentences never rise higher than suspending the Salary of an Offender, or at worst, if his Crime be very atrocious, banishing him from the Community.

A great Poet, Cotemporary with the Statesman last quoted, observes in one of his Satires, that

*The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.*

But this also is false with Respect to the People now under Consideration, among whom it is very common to see Crowns on the Head of the *Canaille* or Multitude. Indeed the Title of King seems to be in no great Repute among them, for except King Richard, King Lear, and one or two more, I have generally observed the regal Office to be filled by some of the meanest of the People. One of these crowned Heads, namely KING MILLS, died about two Years ago, and was succeeded in Rank and Dignity by King —, the next most venerable Personage on the Stage.

I could never learn with Certainty what Religion is practised in this Country. Many are of Opinion that, like the Robinhoodians, they have none at all; but I think one may assert with greater Probability, that they have among them all the Religions which the World has ever produced: For I myself have seen the most opposite Rites and Ceremonies performed by them on the same Spot of Ground, and sometimes on one and the same Evening. Besides they pretend to be a Nation peculiarly favoured of Heaven, and boast that at certain Seasons the Gods descend among them; nor is this Pretence without Foundation, for I have with my own Eyes been Witness of many of these supernatural Descents. Their Patron-Deity seems to be Mercury, who is more frequent in his Visits than all the other Gods.

They are a People that delight greatly in War, and carry their Passion for military Glory to the most romantic Pitch of Heroism and Extravagance. And as Heroes are ever the most susceptible of the gentle Passion of Love, so these People are of all Nations under the Sun, the most amorous, the most addicted to Love and Gallantry. *Intrigue* is of the very Essence of their Constitution, and nothing is esteemed more honourable than to contrive and carry on a Love-Plot with Success. 'Tis said moreover, that they encourage promiscuous Copulation, and that all their Wives and Daughters are in common among them; but this I take to be a groundless Calumny, maliciously invented by their Enemies, without any Appearance or the least Probability of Truth.

These are some few of the Observations, which I have made in my Travels among this extraordinary People, so famous in all civilized Parts of the World. The Subject deserves to be treated more at large, and I am now preparing a Book for the Press, in which these several Matters will be more copiously explained, with many more Particulars not touched upon in this short Dissertation. In the mean Time let me recommend their Laws and Customs to the Consideration of all Statesmen, and I shall conclude with heartily wishing that all the Monarchs of Europe governed as well as Mr. Garrick.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.*

THE Censor gave his Opinion in the Cause of Betsy Thoughtless, against whom there was an Information on the Statute of Dulness,

That this Court hath no Jurisdiction over any of the Subjects of Grubstreet, unless in Cases of Blasphemy, Sedition, Scurrility and Indecency.

That the Corporation of Grubstreet had existed from Time, whereof the Memory of Man was not to the contrary, and for all that Time had enjoyed and used the Privilege of being dull.

That tho' by the Carelessness of the Clerks, all the Records of Grubstreet were lost, so that it was scarce possible to find any of a single Year's standing, yet it well appeared by incontestable Authorities, that there had been a Grubstreet even in Greece itself, where as appears from Longinus, there were Dealers in the Turgid, the Puerile, the Vapid and other the known Wares of Grubstreet.

That Grubstreet was in a flourishing State in Rome, hath been proved by many Citations from Juvenal and Horace; and even from a Line of Virgil himself, who advises the Admirers of



of one Grubstreet Writer, to be likewise the Admirers of another.

Mr. Cenfor added, that all these Proofs were taken from the Writings of Men who were avowed Enemies to the Grubstreet Cause, and were consequently the most unquestionable Evidence.

Mr. Cenfor said, he was sorry to confess that Grubstreet had very fully made out its Title to a much greater Antiquity, than the Kingdoms of Wit and Learning. That the two last had arisen from the first, and not that from these.

That before the first Beginners of the Reformation, all was Grubstreet; and Darkneſs had overspread the Face of the whole Kingdom.

That tho' the Dominions of Grubstreet had been lessened since the Rise of the Kingdom of Wit and Learning, still had the low Republic continued a great and mighty Power.

That the Subjects of this Republic had never paid any, not even the least Acknowledgments to the Kingdom of Wit; but that on the contrary, the Subjects of the latter had always paid certain Tributes to Grubstreet. That Shakespear himself was obliged to this Composition; for that all his Admirers had ever accounted for certain Passages in his Works, from his having been forced to comply with the absurd Taste of his Audience, in other Words, to pay a Tribute to Grubstreet.

That Ben Johnson was compelled to pay the same Acknowledgments, and very plainly writ some of his Plays, with no other View than that of offering a Tribute to the Republic; and Beaumont and Fletcher often contented themselves with two Scenes of Wit, and filled the rest with Dulness from the same Motive.

That Dryden is another Instance of the same Tribute exacted and complied with; witness several of his Plays; in writing which he could apparently have no other Design, than what is here alledged.

I need not, said the Cenfor, run through all the Proofs. Even Swift himself as the late noble Writer of his Life seems to allow, suffered some Pieces to be inserted in his Works, as a Tribute to the same Republic. This is an Instance equal to all the rest, if we consider either the Temper of the Man, or his known Antipathy to the Cause of Grubstreet.

The last Example I shall produce, is that of Pope, who begins the last Book of his Dunciad with an Address to Dulness.

*Yet, yet a Moment, one dim Ray of Light,  
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night,  
Of Darkness visible so much be lent,  
As Half to shew, half veil the deep Intent!  
Ye Pow'rs, whose Mysteries tellor'd I sing,  
To whom Time bears me on his rapid Wing;  
Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,  
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.*

Here the Poet confesses the great Power of Grubstreet, and seems to allow explicitly that the greatest Wits write only through the Indulgence of that Republic.

Upon the whole as Mr. Gibber, that great and profound Lawyer, long since discovered that we had no Right to any Liberty before the Revolution, so it appears to me that no Wits were at Liberty to write without paying a Tax to Grubstreet, 'till this was stipulated for them by the late Treaty of Covent-Garden.

On the contrary, no single Instance hath been shewn where any Author of Grubstreet hath paid any Tribute to the Kingdom of Wit, but have in all Ages claimed, had, and used the

full Privilege of being as dull as they please, and this Privilege is secured to them by the above Treaty.

For all which Reasons Judgment was ordered to be entered for the Defendant.

( *Adjourned.* )

## MODERN HISTORY.

March 28.

AT the Execution at Tyburn, which was on Monday last, the Croud was more numerous than hath been usually seen on such an Occasion. The Criminals themselves behaved with the wonted Affectation of Mock-Heroism; and instead of endeavouring to give any Marks of true Contrition and Repentance, seemed to vie with each other in displaying a Contempt of their shameful Death, and a total Indifference as to what might befall them after it. The Fool-hardiness of these miserable Wretches received perhaps no little Support from their Friends and Successors in Shame, who are destined to be the Heroes of a future Holiday. These Fellows seemed to have exerted their utmost Skill, by all Manner of Sports and Pastime, to keep up the Spirits of the present Sufferers. For this Purpose great Numbers of Cats and Dogs were sacrificed, and converted into missile Weapons, with which together with Dirt, Brickbats, and such like Ammunition, a sham Fight was maintained, the whole Way from Newgate to Tyburn: I could, I think, paint this Scene in a more ludicrous Light if I chose it; but I do not. It is not my Intention to raise my good Reader's Mirth, but his Indignation, and by that Means to prevail with those in whose Power it is, to prevent for the future the exhibiting of these horrid Farces, which do really reflect so great a Scandal to the Nation, and so much Disgrace to Humanity. If any one can invent a better Scheme than was advanced last Winter\* for the Remedy of this Evil, I wish he would give it the Public: or if that Scheme wants only a greater Authority, I wish some greater Man would alter a few Words in it, and make it his own. The real Fact at present is, that instead of making the Gallows an Object of Terror, our Executions contribute to make it an Object of Contempt in the Eye of a Malesfactor; and we sacrifice the Lives of Men, not for the Reformation, but for the Diversion of the Populace.

I cannot help adding, as an Instance of the greater Efficacy of such Executions as are recommended in the Book I have hinted at, what I myself observed on Saturday last, when a Report prevailed, that three of the Felons were executed in Newgate. The Horror which this Report spread among the lower People is astonishing. Of this I myself saw many Instances, and many more have been well attested to me.

\* See Fielding on the Encrease of Robberies, &c.

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bestowed without a Sneer, and which are annexed to Characters that we despise. The Truth I am afraid is, that I would willingly be this very Man. That I have sometimes such a Fear, I confess to you, as I think it impossible you should ever guess from whence the Confession comes; for I would not for ten thousand Pound, that any Man should know, I had ever such a Wish; nay I would not for an equal Sum know myself that I had it.

And from this Fear, this Suspicion (for I once more assure you, and myself, that it is no more than a Suspicion) I heartily detest this Axylus. For this Reason, I have hitherto pursued him with the most inveterate Hatred; have industriously taken every Occasion to plague him, and have let slip no Opportunity of ruining his Reputation.

I am aware I may have let drop something which may lead you into an Opinion, that I really esteem this Character, which I would endeavour to persuade you I despise; but, before I finish this Letter, I flatter myself I shall place this Fellow in so contemptible a Light, that I shall have no Reason to apprehend your drawing any such Conclusion.

First, notwithstanding all the secret Comforts which Axylus pretends to receive from the *Energies of Benevolence*, as he calls them, I cannot persuade myself, that there is really any Pleasure in a good Action. I must own to you, I do not speak this absolutely on my own Knowledge, for I do not remember to have done one truly good, benevolent Action in my whole Life. Indeed I should heartily despise myself if I had any such Recollection.

And if there be no Pleasure in Goodness, I am sure there is no Profit in it. This, Axylus himself will, I doubt not, be ready to confess. No Man hath ever made or improved, tho' many have injured, and some have destroyed their Fortunes this Way.

In the last Place, as to the Motives which arise from our Vanity, and which, as that very wise Writer Dr. Mandevil observes, are much the strongest Supports of what is generally called Benevolence, I think to make the Folly of doing good from such Motives very plainly appear. I am far from being an Enemy to Praise, or from expressing that Contempt for a good Character which some have affected. But surely it becomes a Man to purchase every Thing as cheap as he can; now why should he be at the Pains and Expence of being good in Reality, when he may so certainly obtain all the Applause he aims at, merely by pretending to be so.

An Instance of this I give you in myself, who, without having ever done a single good Action, have universally a good Character; and this I have acquired by *only* taking upon me the Trouble of supporting one constant Series of Hypocrisy all my Days.

Axylus, on the contrary, for want of undergoing this Trouble, hath miss'd the Praises he deserves. While he carelessly doth a hundred good Actions, without being at the Pains of displaying them, they are all overlooked by the World; nay often, by my Means (for I am always watchful on such Occasions) his most disinterested Benevolence is seen in a disadvantageous Light; and his Goodness, instead of being commended, turns to his Dishonour.

An Example of this I saw the other Day when you published his last Letter, where all that is said of an unhappy Woman, drawn in to be guilty of the highest Degree of Wickedness, by the most wicked and profligate of Men, I am convinced flowed immediately from that Compassion which is the constant Energy of these good Hearts. Now, Sir, even this I turned against him. I represented it as a barba-

rous Attempt to revile the Character of a Man before he had undergone his Trial; and, can you believe it? Such is the Nature of Man. I found some Persons who could not, or would not, see the Difference between concluding a Person guilty who is in Custody, and who is to undergo a legal Disquisition into his Crimes, and concluding one to be guilty of a Fact for which he hath fled from Justice, and who, even by the Evidence given on Oath in the solemn Trial of another, appears to all the World to be guilty.

But perhaps it may be said, tho' the World in general do not commend your Actions, still you are repaid for them sufficiently, by having the Esteem, the Love, the Gratitude, of those to whom they are done. To this Purpose, I will tell you a short Story. The Fact is true, and happened to Mr. Axylus himself.

That silly, good Man had done many great Services to a private Family. Indeed the very Bread they eat was for a long Time owing to his foolish Generosity, and at length by his Advice and Assistance, this Family was brought from a State of Poverty and Distress to what might be called Affluence in their Condition. I was acquainted with the whole Scene and often present at it, and indeed it was one of the pleasanter I ever saw: For while the good Man was rejoicing in his own Goodness, and feeding his foolish Vanity with fond Conceits of the grateful Returns which were made to him in the Bosoms of the Obligated, they on the other Side were continually laughing at his Folly amongst themselves, and flattering their own Ingenuity with their constant Impositions on his good Nature, and ascribing every Thing which they obtained of him, to their own superior Cunning and Power of over-reaching him.

When I had enjoyed this Scene 'till I was weary of it, I was resolv'd to work myself another Satisfaction out of it, by tormenting the Man I hate. I accordingly communicated the Secret to Axylus, and gave him almost Demonstration of the Truth of what I told him. He answer'd with a Smile, he hop'd I was mistaken; but if not, he was answerable for the Means only, and not for the End; and the very same Day did a new Favour to one of the Family.

I will conclude by telling you, that it was I who sent him the Trial of Miss Blandy to vex him, and I hope you will print this Letter that he may have the Plague of guessing at me, for I am sure he will guess wrong; and perhaps may fix on one of his best Friends; which will be doing him a very great Injury, and will consequently give great Pleasure to,

S I R, yours,

I A G O.

I cannot dismiss this Letter without observing, that if there be really such a Person as this Writer describes himself, the Possession of his own bad Mind is a worse Curse to him, than he himself will ever be able to inflict on the happy Axylus.

A.

\*\*\*\*\*

N. B. At the Request of several Gentlemen, Numb. 14 will be published on Monday next, the 20th of this Inst. and to be continued every Monday and Thursday during Term.

B A D

## B A D V E R S E S.

Wrote on the Back of some VERY BAD Verses, which a Gentleman made upon BELINDA's speaking some Lines from the FAIR PENITENT.

BELINDA's Perfections strike all with Surprise,  
Who hear, and who see the dear Maid;  
The Wit, and the Fool, and the Dull and the Wise,  
Alike by her Charms are betray'd.

So ORPHEUS of old, as the Poets recite,  
With his Music such Transport inspir'd,  
His Strains were so moving and gave such Delight,  
That Men and BRUTES also admir'd.

But you, fair BELINDA, old ORPHEUS excel,  
(Your Praise each that sees you rehearse)  
Since the Charms of your speaking alone can compel,  
Evn DUNCES themselves to write Verses,

Y. Y.



Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.

The following Letter was ordered to be read and printed.

To the Right worthy the Censor, &c.

S I R,

AS Censor of Great Britain, Misbehaviour in public Places seems to come within your Notice, and the Authors of it ought to suffer your Rebuke; tho' I must confess I am heartily sorry, that verbal Chastisement is the only Punishment you can inflict on him, whose Behaviour the other Night at Mr. Rich's House has thus rais'd my Indignation. For was I to see him marching at the Tail of a Cart, from Charing-Cross to Temple-Bar, with a proper Officer at his left Hand, I cannot say it wou'd give me any Pain. But not to keep you any longer in Suspence, you must know that very lately I carried my Wife to see the new Entertainment at Covent-Garden, which by four o'Clock one may truly say was cram'd from Top to Bottom. During the Entertainment two Gentlemen, after having hunted in vain for Admittance, came to the Door of the Two Shilling Gallery, where several Ladies were contented to stand. One of these Gentlemen, being a Man of great Wit and Humour, and resolv'd to indulge his Curiosity at any Expence, turned to his Companion, and said by G— I will soon make Room, I'll clear the House in an Instant, damn me. Then, with a broad Grin upon his Face, he thrust his empty Head into the Gallery Door, and cried out Fire; which on his repeating, a Lady at the Door rebuked him in such a Manner as made him, ignorant as he was, sensible of his Folly. He locked up in her Face, damn'd her for a grave Bitch, turned upon his Heel, and went down Stairs laughing, only to conceal his Confusion. Happy was it for hundreds, that their Attention was too much fix'd on their Entertainment, to suffer them to be susceptible of this false Alarm. When I consider that there might possibly be in the House that Evening several Ladies with Child, and raise in my Mind the Idea of the Confusion and the Consequence that would have attended it, had this rash,

this inconsiderate, this wicked Stratagem taken Place, I am shocked at the very Thought; and had not my Wife prevented me, this Coxcomb should not have gone off unpunished. I am sorry I don't know his Name, and am still more concerned to say, that his Dress bespoke him an Officer, a disbanded one I hope. In your last Paper there are great Encomiums on the good Order and Government among the Nation of Actors in Drury-Lane; I could heartily wish that there was the same Decency observed in the Behaviour of those who call themselves the Audience. Having now vented my Indignation, I leave the Criminal to your Reproof, and am with all due Respects,

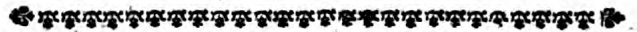
S I R,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

Z. Z.

The Censor, after giving Orders to have the Adventures of A R A B E L L A or the Female Quixote brought into Court,

Adjourn'd to MONDAY next.



## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

WHEREAS many Persons may imagine, that the new Chien Savant, or learned English Dog, is not continued to be shewn, because the Boards that gave the Publick a Direction are taken down: This is therefore to acquaint such, that it was done entirely unknown to the Proprietor; and that he continues still to be exhibited as usual. D. A.

Whereas it hath been falsely asserted in several News Papers, only to impose on the Publick, that I perished by Shipwreck in my Passage to France: This is therefore to convince my Friends of the Untruth, and to assure them that I intend to return to London, in Pursuance of my Promise, as soon as my Birds shall have acquired sufficient Skill to amuse the Ingenious, when I shall also exhibit my Chien Savant, or learned French Dog: And I hope, in the mean Time, this will prevent any Imposition on the Curious, who honoured me with their Company when I was in England, and stop their giving Credit to any Braggadocio whatever. P. le Moine. Id. — We hear that at the Return of Mons. le Moine, these two learned Dogs are to argue a Question at the Robinhood, for the Entertainment of all Critics in Dog-Learning. The Question will be on the Nature of the human Soul; and one of the Actors at Covent-Garden Theatre is to be the Moderator.

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—Multa Dies, variisque Labor.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

MONDAY, APRIL 20th. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

*At nostri Proavi Plautinos et numeros, et  
Laudare Sales, nimium patienter utrumque,  
Ne dicam Stultè, mirati,*

HOR.

Modernized.

*In former Times this tasteless, silly Town  
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.*



THE present Age seems pretty well agreed in an Opinion, that the utmost Scope and End of Reading is Amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable Books, that a Reader can propose no more than mere Entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this in his Studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable Purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere Jack-Puddings, whose Business it is only to excite Laughter: This, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed, and served up, with graver Matters, in order to titilate the Palate, and to recommend wholesome Food to the Mind; and, for this Purpose, it hath been used by many excellent Authors: *for why* (as Horace says) *should not any one promulgate Truth with a Smile on his Countenance? Ridicule, indeed, as he again intimates is commonly a stronger and better Method of attacking Vice, than the severer kind of Satire.*

When Wit and Humour are introduced for such good Purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the Writer said to have succeeded in every Point. *Pleasantry*, (as the ingenious Author of *Clarissa* says of a Story) *should be made only the Vehicle of Instruction*; and thus Romances themselves, as well as Epic Poems, may become worthy the Perusal of the greatest of Men. But when no Moral, no Lesson, no Instruction is conveyed to the Reader, where the whole Design of the Composition is no more than to make us laugh, the Writer comes very near to the Character of a Buffoon; and his Admirers, if an old Latin Proverb be true, deserve no great Compliments to be paid to their Wisdom.

After what I have here advanced, I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an Enemy to Laughter, or to all those Kinds of Writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few Men, I believe, do more admire the Works of those great Masters who have sent their Satire (if I may use the Expression) laughing into the World. Such are that great Triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These Authors I shall ever hold in the highest Degree of Esteem; not indeed for that Wit and Humour alone which they all so eminently possess, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost Force of their Wit and Humour, to expose and extirpate those Follies and Vices which chiefly prevailed in their several Countries.

I would not be thought to confine Wit and Humour to these Writers. Shakespear, Moliere, and some other Authors, have been blessed with the same Talents, and have employed them to the same Purposes. There are some, however, who tho' not void of these Talents have made so wretched a Use of them, that had the Consecration of their Labours been committed to the Hands of the Hangman, no good Man would have regretted their Loss: Nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself in this Number. For if I may speak my Opinion freely of these two last Writers, and of their Works, their Design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all Sobriety, Modesty, Decency, Virtue and Religion, out of the World. Now whoever reads over the five great Writers first mentioned in this Paragraph, must either have a very bad Head, or a very bad Heart, if he doth not become both a wiser and a better Man.

In the Exercise of the Mind, as well as in the Exercise of the Body, Diversion is a secondary Consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable, which is at the same Time useful, to such noble Purposes as Health and Wisdom. But what should we say to a Man who mounted his Chamber Hobby, or fought with his own Shadow for his Amusement only? How much more absurd and weak would he appear, who swallowed Poison because it was sweet.

How differently did Horace think of Study from our modern Readers.

*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:  
Condo et composito, quæ mox depromere possim.*

*Truth and Decency are my whole Care and Enquiry. In this Study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing, that I can at any Time draw forth my Stores for my immediate Use.* The whole Epistle indeed, from which I have paraphrased this Passage, is a Comment upon it, and affords many useful Lessons of Philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good Author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after Treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the Mind, will be of use to us on sundry Occasions in our Lives. If a Man, for Instance, should be overloaded with Prosperity or Adversity, (both of which Cases are liable to happen to us) who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a Master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great Matter of Comfort and Utility from their Doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the Works of the latter, are not, I think, yet compleatly made English; and, consequently, are less within the Reach of most of my Countrymen.

But, perhaps it may be asked, Will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a Fool, my worthy Friend, which I can hardly with Civility suspect, they will both, (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own Part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more Delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing, that such Scriblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the Wits of our Age should find Readers, whilst the Writing of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an Author as Plutarch remain in the World, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The Truth I am afraid is, that real Taste is a Quality with which Human Nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two Authors have agreed in their Notions of it: and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others, seem to have succeeded only in shewing us that they knew it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own Sentiments, I should derive it from a nice Harmony between the Imagination and the Judgment; and hence perhaps it is, that so few have ever possessed this Talent in any eminent Degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see Men of very bright Imaginations, and of very accurate Learning (which can hardly be acquired without Judgment) who are entirely devoid of Taste; and Longinus, who of all Men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his Reader very much if he should attempt to decide, whether Imagination or Judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable Critic.

But as for the Bulk of Mankind, they are clearly void of any Degree of Taste. It is a Quality in which they advance very little beyond a State of Infancy. The first Thing a Child is fond of in a Book, is a Picture; the second is a Story, and the third a Jest. Here then is the true *Fons Amnorum*, which very few Readers ever get over.

From what I have said, it may perhaps be thought to appear, that true Taste is the real Gift of Nature only; and if so, some may ask, To what Purpose have I endeavoured to show Men that they are without a Blessing, which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, tho' it is certain that to the highest Consummation of Taste as well as of every other Excellence, Nature must

lend much Assistance; yet great is the Power of Art almost of itself, or at best with only slender Aids from Nature; and to say the Truth, there are very few who have not in their Minds some small Seeds of Taste. *All Men* (says Cicero) *have a sort of tacit Sense of what is right or wrong in Arts and Sciences, even without the help of Arts.* This surely it is in the Power of Art very greatly to improve. That most Men therefore proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper Education.

I shall, probably, therefore, in a future Paper, endeavour to lay down some Rules by which all Men may acquire, at least, some Degree of Taste. In the mean while, I shall, (according to the Method observed in Inoculation) recommend to my Readers, as a Preparative for their receiving my Instructions, a total Abstinence from all bad Books; I do therefore most earnestly intreat all my young Readers, that they would cautiously avoid the Perusal of any modern Book till it hath first had the Sanction of some wise and learned Man; and the same Caution I propose to all Fathers, Mothers, and Guardians.

*Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*, is a Quotation of St. Paul from Menander. **EVIL BOOKS CORRUPT AT ONCE BOTH OUR MANNERS AND OUR TASTE.** C.

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.*

*The Censor was pleased to deliver himself as follows.*

I Have perused a Book called, **THE FEMALE QUIXOTE,** OR **THE ADVENTURES OF ARABELLA**, and I shall give my Opinion of it with no less Sincerity than Candour. This is an Imitation of the famous Romance of Cervantes called *The Life and Actions of that ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of the Mancha*, &c. A Work originally written in Spanish, and which hath been translated into most of the Languages, and admired in most of the Countries in Europe.

I will here very frankly declare my Opinion in what Particulars the Imitation falls short; in what it equals, and in what it excels its illustrious Original.

In the first Place, Cervantes hath the Advantage of being the Original; and consequently is intitled to that Honour of Invention, which can never be attributed to any Copy however excellent. An Advantage which Homer will always claim, and which is perhaps the only one that he can claim, over Virgil and Milton.

In the next Place Cervantes is to be considered as an Author who intended not only the Diversion, but the Instruction and Reformation of his Countrymen: With this Intention he levelled his Ridicule at a vicious Folly, which in his Time universally prevailed in Spain, and had almost converted a civilized People into a Nation of Cut-throats.

In this Design he imitated the three glorious Poets I have mentioned. The first of whom placed the particular Good of Greece, the second the Honour of Rome, and the third the great Cause of Christianity before their Eyes, when they planned their several Poems. And the Success of none of them was perhaps equal to that of Cervantes.

Here again the Spanish Romance hath the Advantage of the English.

\* Thirdly,



‘ Thirdly, the Character of Don Quixote himself, as well as that of Sancho Pancha, are superior to those of Arabella and her Maid.

‘ Fourthly, some of the Incidents in the Original are more exquisitely ridiculous, than any which we find in the Copy. And these I think, are all the Particulars in which an impartial Critic can give the Preference to the Spaniard. And as to the two last, I cannot help observing, they may possibly be rather owing to that Advantage, which the Actions of Men give to the Writer beyond those of Women, than to any Superiority of Genius. Don Quixote is ridiculous in performing Feats of Absurdity himself; Arabella can only become so, in provoking and admiring the Absurdities of others. In the former Case, the Ridicule hath all the Force of a Representation; it is in a Manner subjected to the Eyes; in the latter it is conveyed, as it were, through our Ears, and partakes of the Coldness of History or Narration.

‘ I come now to speak of those Parts in which the Authors appear to me upon an Equality. So they seem to be in that Care which both have taken to preserve the Affection of their Readers for their principal Characters, in the midst of all the Follies of which they are guilty. Both Characters are accordingly represented as Persons of good Sense, and of great natural Parts, and in all Cases, except one, of a very sound Judgment, and what is much more endearing, as Persons of great Innocence, Integrity and Honour, and of the highest Benevolence. Again the Fidelity and Simplicity of Sancho Pancha, are well matched by these Qualities in Arabella’s Handmaid. Tho’ as I have before observed, I do not think the Character of Sancho is here equalled. It is perhaps a Masterpiece in Humour of which we never have, nor ever shall see the like.

‘ There are probably more Instances under this Head, which I shall leave to the discerning Reader. I will proceed in the last Place to those Particulars, in which, I think, our Countrywoman hath excelled the Spanish Writer.

‘ And this I am not afraid to declare, she hath done in my Opinion, in all the following Particulars.

‘ First, as we are to grant in both Performances, that the Head of a very sensible Person is entirely subverted by reading Romances, this Concession seems to me more easy to be granted in the Case of a young Lady than of an old Gentleman. Nor can I help observing with what perfect Judgment and Art this Subversion of Brain in Arabella is accounted for by her peculiar Circumstances, and Education. To say Truth, I make no Doubt but that most young Women of the same Vivacity, and of the same innocent good Disposition, in the same Situation, and with the same Studies, would be able to make a large Progress in the same Follies.

‘ Secondly, the Character of Arabella is more endearing than that of Quixote. This will undoubtedly be the Case between a beautiful young Lady and an old Fellow, where equal Virtues in both become Candidates for our Favour.

‘ Thirdly, the Situation of Arabella is more interesting. Our Hearts are engaged very early in good Wishes for the Success of Mr. Glanville; a Character entirely well drawn, as are indeed many others; for in this Particular, the English Author hath doublets the Preference.

‘ Fourthly, here is a regular Story, which, tho’ possibly it is not pursued with that Epic Regularity which would give it the Name of an Action, comes much nearer to that Perfection than the loose unconnected Adventures in Don Quixote; of which you may transverse the Order as you please, without any Injury to the whole.

‘ Fifthly, the Incidents, or, if you please, the Adventures, are much less extravagant and incredible in the English than in the Spanish Performance. The latter, in many Instances, approaches very near to the Romances which he ridicules. Such are the Stories of Cardenio and Dorothea, Ferdinand and Lucinda, &c. In the former, there is nothing except the Absurdities of the Heroine herself, which is carried beyond Common-Life; nor is there any Thing even in her Character, which the Brain a little distempered may not account for. She conceives indeed somewhat preposterously of the Ranks and Conditions of Men; that is to say, mistakes one Man for another; but never advances towards the Absurdity of imagining Windmills and Wine-Bags to be human Creatures, or Flocks of Sheep to be Armies.

‘ I might add more on this Subject, but I will pursue it no further; having already, I apprehend, given a larger Dose to Malice, Envy, and Ignorance, than they will care to swallow; but I cannot omit observing, that tho’ the Humour of Romance, which is principally ridiculed in this Work, be not at present greatly in Fashion in this Kingdom; our Author hath taken such Care throughout her Work, to expose all those Vices and Follies in her Sex which are chiefly predominant in our Days, that it will afford very useful Lessons to all those young Ladies who will peruse it with proper Attention.

‘ Upon the whole, I do very earnestly recommend it, as a most extraordinary and most excellent Performance. It is indeed a Work of true Humour, and cannot fail of giving a rational, as well as a very pleasing, Amusement to a sensible Reader, who will at once be instructed and very highly diverted. Some Faults perhaps there may be, but I shall leave the unpleasing Task of pointing them out to those who will have more pleasure in the Office. This Caution, however, I think proper to premise, that no Persons presume to find many: For if they do, I promise them, the Critic and not the Author will be to blame.

[ Adjourned to Thursday next. ]

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

WE are credibly informed that Mr. Powell, the surprizing Fire-Eater, that has had the Honour of exhibiting his surprizing Performance before most of the Nobility and Gentry of London and Westminster, which gives universal Pleasure to all Spectators, and is allowed to be the only Man that can exhibit the like Performance in Europe, is to exhibit the same, by particular Desire of several Gentlemen, in a commodious Room, this Evening at Six o’Clock, at Mr. Compton’s, at the Bull-Head, Bread-street, Cheapside. G. A. Yesterday Afternoon, about Four o’Clock, a Fire broke out in Thames-street, which by timely Assistance of several Engines, and a great Plenty of Water, was prevented from spreading to any other House. Id. — *Quærs, Whether the abovementioned Mr. Powell might not be of Service on such Occasions.*

*This Day is published by the Printer hereof.*

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE, of Knowledge and Pleasure, for the Months of January and February 1752, being the first Numbers of the 10th Volume.

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[To be continued Weekly, Price 6½d.]

NUMBERS 42, 43, 44, 45 of a NEW and UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY of ARTS and SCIENCES: Containing, not only an Explanation of the various Terms made use of in the several Arts and Sciences; but also, whatever else is requisite to render those Branches of Literature easy and familiar to the meanest Capacities. With an introductory Preface, tracing the Progress of Literature from the earliest Ages, and enumerating the various Improvements made therein, at different Periods of Time. The whole being a complete Body of Arts and Sciences, as they are at present cultivated. Extracted from the best Authors, Transactions, Memoirs, &c. in several Languages; and illustrated with a great Number of Copper-Plates, engraven by the best Hands.

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By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

—Multa Dies, variusque Labor.

VIRG.

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N. B. None of the above Particulars were ever published before in this Kingdom. Price three British Sixpences.

Revised by W. RICHARDS, Accountant.

DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, APRIL 23d. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis  
Candidus impertis,* HOR.

Anglicè.

*If you know a better Way of providing for the Poor,  
Be pleas'd to tell it us.*



IN a former Paper I offered a Conjecture, that the Robinhoodians must have been either the Hottentots themselves, or some such Sort of People, for which I there advanced several very plausible Reasons; the most forcible of which seems to be, *That their Religion could not have the least Sway over their Morals or Practice.* I will here add, in Support of my Opinion, that such a Religion befitted only a People who were not possessed of any Manner of Property.

On the contrary, if we look into the Doctrines and Tenets of that Institution which was accounted divine by our Ancestors, and sincerely believed at least, in this Country, we shall find it admirably calculated for the Preservation of Property; and most notably to correspond with the original Design of all Government, as we find this laid down by Thrasymachus in Plato's Dialogues de Republica. "Do you think," says Thrasymachus to Socrates, (just after he had told him that he wanted a Nurse to blow his Nose) "that those Governors of Cities, who really understand their Art, consider the People in any other Light, than as their Cattle? Do they labour Night and Day with any other View than to make their Subjects profitable to themselves?"

Now what can more effectually establish this excellent and useful Doctrine, than that positive Assertion in the 6th Chap. of one St. Luke, 20th Verse, *Blessed are the Poor, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN\**. If the Poor, or the People, (for in this Country the *οι πολλοι*, and the *οι πτωχοι*, are synonymous) could be once firmly persuaded that they had a Right to the other World, they might surely be well contented to resign all Pretensions to this. Nay, the Rich might in that Case very fairly withhold every thing in this World from them: For it would be manifestly unjust that the Poor should enjoy both. Thus the two Worlds were equally divided; and as the Rich could never be accused of making any, the least, Attempt on that which was allotted to the Poor, they had surely a very good Plea to keep their own to themselves, and not to suffer the Poor to make any Encroachments on them.

And on this Principle alone that Position in our Law, that even Necessity itself is no Justification of Theft, can be vindicated: For in this Instance the Roman or Civil Law, as we find in Grotius and Puffendorf, differs from us. Both these Writers do indeed hold, that the Rich have much the better Title to all the good Things of this World, an Opinion which I suppose they found on the Right of Possession; but they agree, however, that a poor Wretch, absolutely to prevent Starving, may innocently take a Loaf from his opulent Neighbour, which he hath neither the Heart to give, nor the Stomach to eat.

But however wise, according to the Opinion before cited from Plato, our Law may here be, I much

\* This is the Reading in Mills, and this is certainly the best.



I much question whether it will not want the above Sanction of Religion to support it. Could any Thing therefore be so weak in our late Governors, as to have suffered a Sett of poor Fellows, who were just able to read and write, to inform their Brethren, that the Place which the Rich had allotted them was a mere Utopia, and an Estate, according to the usual Sense of the Phrase, in Nubibus only! Could the Poor become once unanimously persuaded of this, what should hinder them from an Attempt in which the Superiority of their Numbers might give them some Hopes of Success; and when they have nothing real to risque in either World in the Trial?

This is a Matter of very serious Consideration, and, as it seems of late to have employed most of our Projectors, I hope I shall be at Liberty to propose a Scheme, which I think would very effectually remove the Danger apprehended.

I have not here Time to examine all the Plans of others; one however I cannot entirely pass over in Silence, as it somewhat resembles my own, and as I know so many good People who are pleased with it; and this is the Scheme of the late Dean Swift, to force our Poor to eat their own Children, as what would not only afford Provision for our present Poor, but prevent their Encrease.

But with Submission, however proper and humane this Proposal might be in Ireland, I must observe it would be extremely cruel and severe here. For there the Children of the Poor being sustained for the most Part with Milk and Potatoes, must be very delicious Food; but here, as the Children of our Poor are little better than a Composition of Gin, to force their Parents to eat them, would in Reality be to force them to poison themselves. The Cruelty of which appears so monstrous at first Sight, that it need not be exaggerated,

In Truth Religion here, as in many other Instances, will best do the Business of the Politician.

As to the Restoration of the Christian Religion, tho' I must own the Expediency of it, could it be accomplished, I think it is a Matter of too much Difficulty. But perhaps another Religion may be found, which will equally answer the above great Purpose of Government, and for which the People have not been lately inspired with any Contempt or Abhorrence, and which would have the Pleasure of Novelty to some, and of Antiquity to others to recommend it.

Without further Preface then I shall propose the Restoration of the antient Heathen Religion;

that Form of Worship I mean which was formerly practised among many Nations, nay even in this very Country, and that consisted in the Immolation of human Sacrifices.

The great Usefulness of these Sacrifices to the Purpose here contended for may partly be presumed, if we consider their true Original, of which the Learned have been hitherto so much puzzled to give an Account.

The ingenious Abbé de Boissi imagines that the Heathen World derived this Practice from some incertain traditional Account of the intended Sacrifice of Isaac by his Father; a Conjecture which, while the Christian Religion flourished, might seem to have had some Weight; but at present it is unnecessary to advance any Argument to prove that a Custom could not have been derived from a Fact which is not believed to have had any Existence.

In Truth, these Sacrifices were no other than an Invention of Politicians to secure the good Things of this World to themselves, and at the same Time to make a *Legal Provision for the Poor*.

And this will more plainly appear, if we observe who were the Poor in the first Ages of the World. Now in those simple Times when Riches consisted only in Flocks and Herds, and when Kings themselves were little better than Shepherds, as the richest Men abounded only in the Necessaries of Life, so there were few or none who were left entirely destitute of them: For before the Introduction of Money, Men could not, as they do now, lock up thousands of Sheep and Oxen, and the Produce of a vast Number of Acres in a small Coffer; and consequently, every Country was found sufficient for the Maintenance of its own Inhabitants.

The Poor therefore among these People were of two Sorts only; namely adventitious Strangers, and Prisoners of War; and both these, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus, that great Penetrator into the Fogs of Antiquity, were by many Nations sacrificed to their Gods.

Thus these Sacrifices were no other than an Invention of Politicians to *provide for*, or rather to remove those redundant Members in every Society, for which the better (that is the richer) Sort had no Manner of Use, and who were consequently in the Language of the Law *become chargeable*. Now that the same laudable Means would produce the same desirable End is too plain to require any Proof.



I am however aware of one Objection, which may be made to this Scheme by some few Persons, who will not be at the Pains to give it a thorough Examination; and who, as Madam Dacier said of one of the Critics on Homer, find it more easy to cavil at an Author than to understand him.

The Objection I would obviate is this; that my Scheme is rather too barbarous and inhuman.

To this it might be sufficient to answer that it is for the Good of the Nation *in general*; that is to say, for the richer part.

But in Truth it is for the Advantage of the Poor themselves; we may say indeed to these, as the Roman Soldier said to Nero, in the midst of his Distress. *Usque adeone mori miserum est?* Is there such a Coward in the World, as to think Death the most miserable of all Evils? Do we not daily see Instances of Men in distressed Circumstances, that is to say, who cannot keep a Coach and Six, who fly to Death as to a Refuge? What must we think then of Wretches in a State of Hunger and Nakedness; without Bread to eat, without Clothes to cover them, without a Hut or Hovel to receive them.

When Serenus was condemned to Death by the Senate of Rome, Gallus Asinus moved to mitigate the Sentence into Banishment; and proposed to send the Convict either to the Island of *Gyaros* or *Domusa*; but Serenus despised the Alternative, as both Islands were destitute of Water; saying, as Tacitus hath it, "*Dandos vitæ usus cui vita conce-deretur.*" *If you grant me my Life, give me also the Necessaries of it.* Without these indeed Serenus well knew that the Favour pretended to be granted to him, was a mere Insult, and in Reality an Aggravation instead of a Mitigation of his former Sentence.

In this Light, therefore, I shall be understood by my sensible Reader; and instead of that Censure of Cruelty which hath been bestowed on Dr. Swift by some very ingenious and learned Critics for his abovementioned Proposal; it will be attributed to my Humane Disposition, that I have proposed to lessen the Severity of that Death which is suffered by so many Persons, who in the most miserable lingering Manner do daily perish for Want in this Metropolis. A.

\*\*\* At the request of several Gentlemen, N<sup>o</sup> 14 was Published on Monday last, and to be continued every Monday and Thursday during Term. On Monday next will be published N<sup>o</sup> 16, containing a *Lamorchs Essay on antient and modern TRIFLES, &c.*

*Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.*

THE Court of Censorial Enquiry met according to Adjournment, and appointed *Monday* next for the Dispatch of Business.



MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

WE hear from *Dublin*, that though a great Part of the beautiful level and pleasant Walk in Oxmantown-Green hath been dug up and carried away, and the horrid Gulph still lying open, *There has not been a Mine of Copper, Lead, or any Thing but Sand or Gravel yet discovered.*

*Just imported from London,*

And to be sold by JAMES HOEY in *Skinner-Row.*

S E N E X ' S

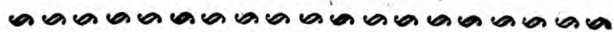
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[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for *January* and *February* 1752, being Numbers 65 and 66, which begin Vol. X.

*January*, Number LXV. (Being the first Number of Vol. X.) Contains, a fine engraved Title and Frontispiece. Reflections on the Value of Human Reason improv'd by Science. The surprising Distance of the Heavenly Bodies. A fine Head of Sir *Francis Bacon*, with his Character. God's Goodness display'd in the Creation and Preservation of Man. A Description of a curious Water-Mill, illustrated with a Copper-Plate.

*February*, Number LXVI. A Curious Head of Dr. *Boerhaave*, with his Life. Description and Use of the Solar Microscope, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. The Nature of the Senses explained on Mechanical Principles. The Nature of the Touch explained, with some surprising Instances. The Irish Beauties, a Country Dance. *Gervess's* Engine to raise Water, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. A particular Account of the new Entertainment call'd *Harlequin Sorcerer*.

N. B. At said Place may be had complete Sets from *June* 1747, in Nine Volumes, neatly bound and gilt, with above Two Hundred COPPER-PLATES finely engraved; being more, by a great Number, than any other Magazine in *England* or *Ireland* contains, for the same Number of Months.

\*† Any Number may be had from the Beginning, to complete Sets, at a *British* Six-pence each.

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—Multa Dies, varisque Labor.

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

MONDAY, APRIL 27th. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

*Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,  
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum.*

HOR.

*Trifling Pursuits true Wisdom casts away;  
And leaves to Children all their childish Play.*



THE Mind of Man is compared by Montaigne to a fertile Field, which tho' it be left entirely uncultivated, still retains all its genial Powers; but instead of producing any Thing lovely or profitable, sends forth only Weeds and wild Herbs of various Kinds, which serve to no Use or Emolument whatsoever.

The human Mind is indeed of too active a Nature to content itself with a State of perfect Rest or Sloth. There are few Men such arrant Stocks or Stones as to be always satisfied with Idleness, or to come up to that Description in Lucretius:

*Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivo, atq; videnti  
Qui somno partem majorem conterit Ævi  
Et vigilans stertit.*

St. Paul describes these Men better when, writing to the Thessalonians, he says some of them are *μηδὲν ἰσχυόμενοι ἀλλὰ περιεργαζόμενοι*. *Doing no Work, but busying themselves in Impertinence*. Or as the Latin Author expresses the same Sentiment; *Gratis anhelans multa agendo nihil agens*. *Puffing and sweating to no Purpose; employed about many Things, and doing nothing*.

The Original of Diversions is certainly owing to this active Temper: For to what Purpose were they calculated, but, as the very Word in our Language implies, to cast off Idleness! than which, to the Generality of Mankind, there is not I believe a much heavier Burthen.

But if we look a little deeper into this Matter, we shall find that there is implanted in our Nature a great Love of Business, and an equal Abhorrence of Idleness. This discovers itself very early in Children; most of whom, as I have observed, are never better pleased than when they are employed by their Elders.

The same Disposition we may perceive in Men; in those particularly to whom Fortune hath made Business unnecessary, and whom Nature very plainly appears never to have designed for any. And yet how common is it to see these Men playing at Business, if I may use the Expression, and pleasing themselves all their Lives with the Imagination that they are not idle!

From this busy Temper may be derived almost all the Works with which great Men have obliged the World. Hence it was that the great Artificer Nero arrived at so great Skill, as he himself tells us he did, in Music; to which he applied with such unwearied Industry on the Stage, that several Persons counterfeited Death, in order to be carried out of the Theatre from hearing him.

If Domitian had not been of a busy as well as a cruel Temper, he would never have employed so many Hours in the ingenious Employment of Fly-spitting, which he is supposed to have brought to the highest Degree of Perfection of which that Art is capable. Hence it is so many industrious Critics have spent their Lives *in all such Reading as was never read*, as Mr. Pope hath it; witness the laborious, and all-read Dr. Zachary Grey, who to compile those wonderful Notes to his Hudibras, must have ransacked not only all the Stalls, but all the Trunks and Bboxes in the World.

Didymus the Grammarian was another Labourer of this Kind. Seneca tells us, 'that he writ 4000 Books; in some of which he enquires into the Country of Homer; in others, who was the true Mother of Æneas; whether Anacreon loved wenching or drinking most; whether Sappho was a common Prostitute;' with other such Learning, with which, if you had already stuffed your Head, your Study ought to be how to get it out again.

Tiberius, wise as he was in Policy, had a great Inclination to this Kind of Knowledge. He pursued it, says Suetonius, 'usq; ad ineptias & derisum, &c. to a Degree of Folly and Ridicule: For he used to ask the Grammarians, of whose Company he was very fond, such Kind of Questions as these. Who was the Mother of Hecuba? By what Name Achilles past among the Daughters of Lycomedes? What Songs the Syrens used to sing? &c.'

Cardinal



Cardinal Chigi, who was afterwards Pope Alexander the Seventh, was a Genius of this Kind. He proclaimed a public Prize for that learned Man who could find a Latin Word for the Word *Chaize*. He likewise spent seven or eight Days in searching whether *Musca*, a *Fly*, came from *Mosco*, or *Mosco* from *Musca*. De Retz, from whose Memoirs I have taken this Story, says that he had formerly discovered that the Cardinal was *Homme de Minutiis*; for that the said Cardinal, in a Discourse on the Studies of his Youth, had told De Retz that he had writ two Years with the same Pen.

I cannot omit the excellent Remark of my Author, tho' not to my present Purpose. It is true, says he, this is but a Trifle; but I have often observed, that little Things afford us truer Symptoms of the Dispositions of Men, than great ones.

What but the utmost Impatience of Idleness, could prompt Men to employ great Pains and Trouble, and Expence too, in making large Collections of Butterflies, Pebbles, and such other wonderful Productions; while others from the same Impatience have been no less busy in hunting after Monsters of every Kind, as if they were at Enmity with Nature, and desirous of exposing all her Errors.

'Alexander the Great' (says M. Gautier in his Life of Pyrrhus King of *Epire*) 'had a Taste for Arts, and they soon flourished under his Reign, because they found in him an able Judge, and at the same Time a liberal Rewarder, who knew how to discern and recompense Merit of every Kind. He despised certain frivolous Dexterities, which are of no Use. One Day there was presented to him a Man who darted little Pease through the Eye of a Needle, placed at some Distance from him; he made this Man a Present worthy of his Occupation, which was a Bushel of Pease.

The Greeks have a Word for this Industry. They call it *Κρυοσπυδία*; and oftner *Πολυπραγμασύνη*. Neither of which Words I can translate without a Periphrasis. By both is meant a vain Curiosity and Diligence in Trifles.

I make no Doubt but that the same Industry would often make a Man of a moderate Capacity a very competent Master of some notable Science, which hath made him a Proficient in some contemptible Art or rather Knack. The dextrous Juggler might have made a complete Mechanic, The same Labour, and perhaps the same Genius, which brings a Man to a Perfection at the Game of Chefs, would make a great Proficiency in the Mathematics. Many a Beau might have been a Scholar, if he had consulted Books with the same Attention, with which he hath consulted a Looking-Glass; and many a Foxhunter might to his great Honour have pursued the Enemies of his Country with less labour and with less Danger than he hath encountered in the Pursuit of Foxes.

I am almost inclined to think, that if a complete History could be compiled of the eminent Works of the *Κρυοσπυδίοι*, the *Triflers*, it would manifestly appear, that more Labour and Pains, more Time (I had almost said more Genius) have been employed in the Service of Folly, than have been employed by the greatest Men in inventing and perfecting the most exquisite and consummate Works of Art or Wisdom.

I will conclude with a Passage from the excellent and truly learned Dr. Barrow.

'*Aliud agere*, to be impertinently busy, doing that which conduceth to no good Purposes, is in some respect worse than to do nothing, or to forbear all Action: For it is a positive Abuse of our Faculties, and trifling with God's Gifts; 'tis a throwing away Labour and Care, things valuable in themselves, 'tis often a running out of the Way,

'which is worse than standing still: 'tis a debasing our Reason, and declining from our Manhood: nothing being more foolish or childish, than to be sollicitous and serious about Trifles: For who are more busy and active than Children? Who are fuller of Thoughts and Designs, or more eager in Prosecution of them than they? But all is about ridiculous Toys, the Shadows of Business, suggested to them by apish Curiosity and Imitation Of such Industry we may understand that of the Preacher, *The Labour of the Foolish wearieth every one of them*; for that a Man soon will be weary of that Labour which yieldeth no Profit or beneficial Return.' C.

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Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.

MR. CENSOR was pleased to recommend the Benefit of Mr. Havard which is to be on Saturday next at Drury-Lane, in the following Manner.

'Mr. Havard (an Irishman) is the Successor of the first Mr. Mills in most of his Parts on the Stage, and he no less resembles the Character of Mr. Mills in his Life, being a sober, worthy, honest Man.

'The good Judgment of the Managers shews itself therefore in their Disposition of those Parts to Mr. Havard's Share; where all the amiable Qualities of Human Nature are to be displayed; since he who exerts these Qualities in private Life, is the most likely to represent them well on the Stage; such are Horatio, the Friar in *Romeo* and Juliet, &c. Mr. Havard, says Mr. Garrick, *always acts the Part of my Friend*; and whether on the Stage, or off, I never desire a better.

'Characters of this Kind (as well the real as the personated) seldom strike us in a very glaring Light, or carry off any loud Applause either on the Theatre or in the World; but in both Cases, they never fail to please the good and truly judicious; and in both Cases, there must be great Merit to preserve such a Character, and to support it well throughout. I have heard it farther said of Mr. Havard, *that no Man feels an Obligation with more Warmth, while none can be less susceptible of any little Injury done to his Theatrical Abilities*. Here another Parallel may be drawn between this amiable Kind of Character in Life, and on the Stage. In both, it is often oppressed by the Forward, the Insolent, and the Worthless. I am afraid Mr. Havard hath experienced some such Treatment, in having his Benefit

Benefit

‘nefit so long postponed, since, except Messrs. Garrick, Mossop, and Dexter, I do not know that he hath any Superior in Tragedy at that House.

‘However my Readers may agree with me in this, there are few, I am convinced, who will not think it a great Addition to their Entertainment on Saturday next, to reflect, that they are contributing to the Ease and to the Happiness, of a sensible, modest, and Good-natured Man; and of that Family of which he is the worthy Master.

(Adjourned.)



MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

Monday, April 13, 1752.

ON Monday Night last, at the Desire of the Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Justice Fielding, and another Justice, attended by several Constables, and assisted by a Party of the Guards attacked the Play-House in May-Fair. The Guards were appointed to march through the Park to Buckingham-Gate, where they were met by the Civil-Power, and the following Disposition was made. Mr. Welch with the Constables and a Corporal and six Men led the Van. These were supported by a Serjeant and twelve Men; and these again by the two Justices, with the Officer at the Head of the remaining Part of his Command. Mr. Welch with his Party immediately entered the Playhouse, rushed upon the Stage, and seized the Players; whilst the rest of the-Guards drew up before the House to prevent any Disturbance from the Audience, which was very numerous, and, except a few Persons, all of the Mobile Order, seemed well enough inclined to have resisted, had it appeared in any Manner practicable. The Play was the Tragedy of Phædra and Hypolitus, (or as some of the Spectators called it *Pheder and Polipus.*) These us and Ismena found Means to escape; the rest were all taken and conducted into Bow-street, when they were examined before Justice Fielding.

They appeared to be a Set of Apprentices, who acted only for their Diversion (the Money being taken for the Benefit of others.) The Justice therefore discharged them all, but not without many severe Rebukes, and Exhortations to abstain for the future from Diversions so very improper for Persons of their Condition, and which could not fail of bringing on them Habits of Idleness that must necessarily end in their Ruin.

Some Measures are concerted, and will be brought into Parliament next Sessions, for preventing all Beggars from being seen in the Streets, by which it is thought a great number of Robberies will be prevented, as Thieves often follow People disguised like Beggars, and when they are in a convenient Place, throw off the Mask, and more easily commit a Robbery. D. G. — *Whoever finds a Way to put an End to Beggars, will incidentally, I believe, put an End to Thieves.*

This Day Mr. Fielding began to distribute Gratis, his little Book, just published, which contains a great Number of Instances of the Interposition of Providence, in the Detection and Punishment of Murder. An Example, which, it is hoped, will be followed by all who wish well to their Country, or who have indeed any Sentiments of Humanity. — No Family ought to be without this Book, and it is most particularly calculated for the Use of those Schools, in which Children are taught to read: For there is nothing of which

Children are more greedy, than Stories of the Tragical Kind; nor can their tender Minds receive more wholesome Food, than that which unites the Idea of Horror with the worst of Crimes, at an Age when all their Impressions become in great Measure, a Part of their Nature: For those Ideas which they then join together, as Mr. Locke judiciously observes, they are never after capable of separating.

Tomorrow will be published by J. Hoey in Skinner-row

(Price a British Six-pence)

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INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE,

IN THE

Detection and Punishment

OF

M U R D E R.

CONTAINING,

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WITH AN

INTRODUCTION and CONCLUSION,

Both Written by

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

And dedicated to the Right Reverend Father in God, ISAAC, Lord Bishop of Worcester.

*This Book (the Publication of which is occasioned by the many horrid Murders committed within this last Year) is calculated to raise just Sentiments of Horror at this most heinous Sin. It is very proper to be given to all the inferior kind of People, and particularly to the Youth of both Sexes, whose natural Love of Stories will lead them to read with Attention, what cannot fail of infusing into their tender Minds an early Dread and Abhorrence of staining their Hands with the Blood of their Fellow-Creatures.*



This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for January and February 1752, being Numbers 65 and 66, which begin Vol. X.

January, Number LXV. (Being the first Number of Vol. X.) Contains, a fine engraved Title and Frontispiece. Reflections on the Value of Human Reason improv'd by Science. The surprising Distance of the Heavenly Bodies. A fine Head of Sir Francis Bacon, with his Character. God's Goodness display'd in the Creation and Preservation of Man. A Description of a curious Water-Mill, illustrated with a Copper-Plate.

February, Number LXVI. A Curious Head of Dr. Boerhaave, with his Life. Description and Use of the Solar Microscope, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. The Nature of the Senses explained on Mechanical Principles. The Nature



Nature of the Touch explained, with some surprising Instances. The Irish Beauties, a Country Dance. *Gervess's* Engine to raise Water, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. A particular Account of the new Entertainment call'd Harlequin Sorcerer.

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By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, APRIL 30th. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

— Πένθος  
Δὲ πίνει Βαρὺ  
Κρησσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν.  
Ζῶσι μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίοις,

PIND. OLYMP.

*No more let Grief bewail the Doom of Fate;  
In Heav'n be lives! How glorious the Exchange!*



THE following Elegy on the late Prince of *Wales*, should have been published the middle of last Month, had it not been unfortunately mislaid. This we hope will be a sufficient Apology to the ingenious Author; our Readers, we doubt not, will thank us for giving it them at any Time.

AT Frederick's Shrine, near Thame's imperial Strand,  
Their Vigils all the sacred Choir shall keep;  
Mute o'er his Urn a mournful Train shall stand,  
And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Virtue weep  
To dress the Spot where rests his princely Shade,  
Fresh Garlands from the Plains each Swain shall bring;  
From deep'ning Vale, and Woodland high, each Maid  
Shall strip the flow'ry Bosom of the Spring.  
There too the graver Patriot, good and old,  
Shall come, and stoop to Earth his streaming Check;  
And, and as he kneels to kiss, the hallow'd Mold  
Shall mourn, in "Words that weep, and Tears that speak"  
Mean Time the Clouds shall drop their wat'ry Head,  
The South and Western Breeze shall jointly blow;  
And wide, upon their spicy Pinions spread  
The Sweets that issue from his Tomb below.  
Ah me! the Swans that fail'd in stately Pride,  
And whilom stopt by Kew's lov'd Vale to sing;  
How slow and sad they row along the Tide!  
How droop their Necks beneath their faded Wing!

For now, since Fate the cruel Arrow sped,  
Sad Change befalls the Scenes that charm'd before;  
The parting Genius of the Plains is fled,  
The Fauns, and Dryad Train are seen no more:  
The Nereids sigh beneath their coral Cave,  
Their Sea-green Wreathes in rude Disorder torn;  
The Bird of Calm forsakes the troub'd Wave,  
The Groves and Springs, and all their Echoe's mourn.  
From this sad Hour to many a future Day,  
As led by Love to drop a pious Tear;  
The Stranger takes his solitary Way,  
Thro' these blest Haunts to old Remembrance dear:  
The village Hind that wont to tread the Place,  
Long Tales of his departed Love shall tell;  
With sorrowing Steps his custom'd Walks shall trace,  
And point the Bow'r where most he lov'd to dwell.  
"Beneath this Beech, beside that hallow'd Stream,  
"Oft with his Lyre he hail'd the op'ning Year;  
"And still th' harmonious Strains, and pleasing Theme,  
"Hang musical on ev'ry Shepherd's Ear.  
"Oft fir'd to nobler Views, with godlike Mind,  
"He fought yon poplar Shade in pensive Mood;  
"For Britain's Weal some patriot Plan design'd,  
"Best, firmest, Architect of public Good."  
O! how we hail'd him in his mid Career!  
How dawn'd his Morn! Meridian blaz'd how bright!  
Till envious Death deform'd the rising Year,  
In Winter's Solstice like the sudden Night!  
So thron'd in Amber Car the radiant Sun,  
All glorious mounts the purple Road of Day;  
Before his Steeds, *Life, Warmth, and Vigour run,*  
As round he pours in Tides his golden Ray:  
But see!—as down he slopes his hasty Flight,  
Dark, sudden Clouds obscure his Ev'ning-Eye;  
In dewy Mists he shrouds his shorten'd Light,  
And sets in Tears beneath the western Sky,  
But you, ye Guardians of the sacred Spheres  
That wheel the adamantine Spindle round;  
Long, long extend Imperial Caesar's Years,  
And spare the Thread with which his Life is wound.

Place

Place to the Sire's Account the just Arrear,  
 Due to his Annals whose fresh Lofs we mourn;  
 Late may we shed for George a second Tear,  
 Late may his Ashes fill their fated Urn.  
 So Peace shall spread her graceful olive Shade,  
 Pale Faction hang her Head and shun the Light;  
 Fair Freedom bid her tow'ring Spires invade  
 The Clouds, and rival Heav'n's unmeasur'd Height.  
 Mean Time rich Commerce wide from Pole to Pole,  
 Shall stretch her Sails, remotest Climes explore;  
 And, wafted back by prosp'rous Breezes, roll  
 The Wealth of either World to Albion's Shore.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.



Βοτρυδοὶ δὲ Πέτρολαι.

HOMER.

*They fly in Clusters.*

I shall make no other Apology for now publishing the following Letters, than to some of the Writers for not publishing them sooner. For the future, however, I recommend it to my Correspondents, not too hastily to conclude that I have suppressed their Writings, because they do not immediately see them in this Paper.

*Most noble Knight,*

From my Toilette,  
 Wednes. 2 o'Clock.

THE seventh Article of your Censorial Court runs thus, — *Whereas by the Statute of good Breeding, the wearing a Hat in the Boxes at the Playhouse, before or behind the Ladies, is a very great Offence; that swearing or talking loud, is likewise under very severe Penalties forbidden by the said Statute, &c.*

You must know, Sir, that I am a Woman of some Rank, but unfashionable enough when I go to the Theatres to attend to the Play, and be entertained with it. I was last Week at Drury-Lane to see a Tragedy of Shakespear, and was well disposed to be greatly pleased with the Performance; but most unluckily for me I was seated opposite to three Persons (Gentlemen I suppose they call themselves) whose Behaviour was so conspicuous and particular, that my Eyes were unwillingly drawn from better Objects upon them. — The Moment the Curtain was taken up, they were endeavouring to turn every Thing into Ridicule; there was not a Word or Gesture but was repeated by one of 'em, to the great Diversion of the other two; — and while every Heart but theirs in the Audience seemed to be most sensibly touched with the acting and Circumstances of the Play, they were all the while like my Lord Froth, upon the broad Grin. — Now, Sir, tho' you have not particularly mentioned this Kind of Behaviour in the said Resolutions of your Court, I beg to know if it is not to be understood in the general Words *Misconduct* and *Misbehaviour* in your fifth Article; and whether a good Sett of Teeth, or a white Hand, may be pleaded in Excuse for grinning and gesticulating during the Representation of any well written and well acted Tragedy. — Let me likewise intreat you to tell these very fine People, that tho' Fortune has most good naturedly enabled 'em to sit in the Boxes, they have no Right to interrupt the Entertainment of sober rational Minds, or to

bring their Noise, Affectation, and Ribaldry, from the Tavern to the Theatre.

*I am,*  
*Dear Knight-Errant, Yours,*  
 CORDELIA.

P. S. If these Remarks are thought worthy of your Attention, — I shall be upon the Watch for you, and send you more.

*To the Worshipful Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. and Censor of Great Britain, the Humble Petition of Deborah Prateapace, Widow, of the Parish of St. George's Hanover-Square, and others.*  
*Humbly Sheweth,*

THAT in a Paper wrote by your Honour, intituled the COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, (Numb. 8.) and published some Weeks since, your Censorship in your great Wisdom, was pleased to set forth a Prohibition, that after the 1st Day of April then next ensuing, no Females should in their Criticisms make Use of the Words *sad Stuff, low Stuff, mean Stuff, vile Stuff, dirty Stuff,* and so forth: Now it does appear to a Committee of Relicts lawfully assembled, of which I am the Chairwoman; that this Prohibition of your Worship's is Arbitrary, Illegal, and contrary to the Liberty of the Subject; for it is an antient Maxim, that the Tongue of a Female is her only Weapon of Defence, or Offence, as some Millions of his Majesty's good People can testify; pray consider our Condition: Many of us from natural Weakness of Mind, many more from an illiberal Education, have very confused Ideas, and but few Words to express them: therefore it is Tyranny to forbid us the Use of those Epithets which we have acquired and perhaps with some Difficulty. Sure you cannot be so unreasonable, or indeed so foolish to attempt to condemn us to Silence! No, Sir ALEXANDER, that can never be carried into Execution, in this Land of Liberty; and as a Friend I advise you, drop that Project if you have formed it: Give us a plenary Indulgence, to talk as much silly Stuff, as we are inclined to, and all whose Names are underwritten, will as in Duty bound ever pray for your Prosperity.

*Deborah Prateapace,*  
*Margery Tattle,*  
*Phyllis Findfault,*

*Sarah Scandal,*  
*Winifred Whisper,*  
*Theodosia Telltruth.*

P. S. If you treat us with that Humanity you have upon several Occasions expressed, you will certainly hear further from our Society; in a grateful Manner. — I do not mean a Bribe.

*Mr. Censor,*

Bookfellers never appeared to me in the Light of Jokers, 'till the other Day calling in at a noted Shop in the Strand, I found the Authors had given one Kind of Title to their Books, and the Bookfeller by an Abridgement had given another: For Instance, Mr. Chubb had intituled his Book *The True Gospel*, &c. But the Bookfeller on the gilded Back, called it *Chubb's Gospel*: Meaning (which indeed was the Case) that 'twas not the *Gospel* according to *Matthew, Mark, &c.* but according to *Thomas Chubb*. — But pray, Mr. Censor, let the Bookfellers be put in Mind that Authors are not to be joked with by their Bookfellers,

*I am Sir, Yours, &c.*

AN AUTHOR.

*Tremendous.*

*Tremendous Sir,*  
**T**HOU' you have not mentioned the Word **EPITAPHS** in your Proclamation to the Poets in Number 5, of your Paper, I have ventured to send you one made Extempore upon *a very passionate Man and a great Snorer.* — Do what you please with it.

**E P I T A P H.**  
*The Choleric BRIN this Grave has fill'd,  
 And rests in sweet Repose;  
 Each ruff'd Passion now is still'd,  
 And eke his tuneful Nose.  
 To our Relief Death kindly slept,  
 And took him for our Sake;  
 For while in Life this Mortal slept,  
 He kept Mankind awake.*

*To the Censor.*

**S I R,**  
**I**T was very kind of you to mention two B——y Prints in your Paper; (Numb. 10.) in which I doubt not, you had that same good Intention, that your Paper hath answered; a very large Demand having been since made for those Prints.

I shall shortly exhibit to the Public a Representation of Mars and Venus caught in Vulcan's Net, as they are described in Mr. Pope's Poem upon the *Odyssey*. The two Figures will be in *puris*, and finished in a high Taste.

I am but a young Beginner, and therefore hope for the Encouragement of the Censor. If you will be so very kind to write a few Lines against my Print, and to represent it as very indecent, which I promise you it shall be, I shall esteem it always as a great Obligation, and will beg your Acceptance of one for your own Use, I am, &c.

P. S. I intend to take the Face and Neck of Venus from your Favourite, with all that Loveliness, Modesty and Innocence in which she last Night graced the Character of Sigismunda This Boldness, I hope, she will excuse, since as Prior says,

*'Tis Chloe's Air, and Face, and Neck and Breast,  
 Friend Howard's Genius fancied all the rest.*

*Mr. Censor, Pall-Mall.*

**B**EING detained in this Town a few Weeks, like an unwilling Captive on Business, the many fine Strokes of Humour with which you delineate the Vices of this Age in your new *COVENI-GARDEN JOURNAL*, soon engaged my Attention, and made me ambitious of sending you one Essay on a Subject now grown ripe for your Observation.

It is the fashionable Vice of *ROUTS* which has so bewitched the Hearts of many of my fair Countrywomen, (for as for the Men I leave them to themselves) that my Indignation is rais'd at an Evil, which, if not soon discountenanced, will extinguish the few glimmering Sparks of Ancient Virtue, even yet twinkling amongst us. But this is not all, Routs are so polite and sacred an Entertainment that no Time is judged proper for them, but the tedious Evenings of every Sabbath, at which our pious Fair observe a stricter Course of Vigils, than the best Christians I tear at their Devotions. Indeed they plead with some Shew of Modesty, that some of them are constant Attenders of divine Service on Sunday Mornings, and therefore think the Evening may be very innocently devoted to Pleasure; but doth this comport with that divine Precept, which tells us, that both the Outgoings of the Evening as well as Morning should praise our great Creator. I hope it will not be an improper Parallel to compare these Devotees to Gallantry to the Religious among the old

Perfians, who acknowledged two Principles or Deities, as Objects of their Adoration, viz. one the Author of all Good, the other of all Evil: But one unhappy Difference appears in our Case, viz. that the evil Principle has got a vast Ascendant over the Good in our Hearts and Manners.

Left I grow tirefom on a Subject, whose dark Shades are expos'd to every common Eye, I will conclude with a short Contrast, which may set this Speculation in a clearer Light than a longer Dissertation; and here if you'll reflect on the languid Spirits and emaciated Features of those, whom the Morning Sun blushes on, as they rise from broken Dreams of guilty Scenes; and on the contrary, if you view the beautiful Bloom of Innocence, and Spring of Health and Joy, that glows in the Bosoms of unspotted and virtuous Minds; in the former you will find all the Foot-steps of the Loss of Paradise and Fall of our first Ancestors, in the latter, you will see all the Display of Providence in the Dignity of Human Nature, and all the Beauty of Religion;

*I am, with great Esteem,*  
 In No. 18, on Monday next, will } *Sir, yours,*  
 be a humorous Historical Essay. } **EUGENIO.**

\*\*\*\*\*

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—*Multa Dies, variusque Labor.*

VIRG.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)


MONDAY, MAY 4th. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

—*utcumque ferent ea facta Minores.*

VIRG.

Why should we heed what after Times  
Think of our Follies or our Crimes?

“  OST of those Things (says the ingenious Doctor *South*) that have the mightiest and most controuling Influence upon the Affairs and Course of the World, are downright Lies. What is common Fame, which sounds from all Quarters of the World, and rebounds back to them again, but generally a loud, rattling, impudent, overbearing Lye? What are most of the Histories of the World but Lies? Lies immortalized, and consigned over as a perpetual Abuse and Flam upon Posterity!”

There is, I am afraid, too much Justice in the Charge on History in general, Juvenal hath left this Stamp of Falseness on the Greek Histories then extant,

—*Quicquid Græcia mendax  
Audet in Historia.*

And the same Character Pliny gives to the historical Writers in his own Language, “*Minus profecto mirentur Græciæ Mendacia, &c. qui cogitent nostros nuper paulo minus monstrifica quædam de iisdem tradidisse.*” We shall be less amazed at the monstrous Lies of the Greeks, (concerning the Gardens of the *Hesperides*, &c.) when we consider how little less monstrous are the Accounts of those Matters which we find in our own Tongue.

Herodian, who sets out with lamenting the little Attention to Truth, which is commonly found in these Recorders of Time, hath an Observation too True to be omitted. “The Writer, says he, is more careful to embellish his Work with Propriety of Phrase, and Harmony of Style, than with Truth: For he considers that remote Posterity will be more likely to admire the two former Excellencies, than to detect his Want of the last.”

I do not however conclude that the Historian whenever (in the Language of the Hounhms) he relates the Thing

which is not, intends himself to impose a Falseness on his Reader. We frequently meet with Lies in History, when the Writer, I am convinced, did not deserve the opprobrious Name of a Liar.

Some Writers (I confess) are hardly entitled to this candid Interpretation; such are those Historians who relate Falsenesses as of their own Knowledge, and are not only the Recorders of a Lie, but the Witnesses of it; and those again whose Works contain scarce any Thing besides Lies, such as Master Geoffry of Monmouth, and some others who may be fairly said to immortalize Lies, and to consign them over as a perpetual Abuse and Flam upon Posterity.

But if no Latitude should be given to Historians, I am afraid not only Matthew Paris, the best of our antient Annalists, but the valuable Remains of Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, and, indeed almost every History, must be condemned to the Flames. The last of these whom I have mentioned tells us, I remember, a most notable Fact, (it may indeed be called a Hummer.) It is the Story of an Apparition in the Shape of Alexander the Great; who with four hundred attendant Spirits traversed great Part of Thrace to Byzantium, and then crossed the Water to Chalcedon, where after some Time they all vanished. This Story he relates as a Fact which happened in his own Time, and which was (he says) attested by many thousand of Eye-Witnesses.

In Reality, there are other Apologies for the Historian, besides the Allowances which we are to make for Superstition and Credulity. Nothing is so short lived as Truth, occasioned I suppose by her extreme Indolence and Sluggishness, which are so remarkable, that she never cares to wag out of her own House, not even to visit her next Door Neighbour. Physicians may on the contrary well account for the long Life of Falseness, by the constant Exercise which she uses: for according to Virgil,

*Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ul'ans  
Mobilitate viget, Viresq; acquirit eundo.*

Where *Fama* may very well be translated a Lie.

If we candidly consider therefore the Materials which the Historian is obliged to make use of, and the great Difficulty with

with which he can come at Truth, as a Lie is always ready to present itself to his Pen, we shall not always conclude that the Writer intended to impose a Falsehood on us, when we reject his Narrative as incredible. For my own Part, though I have not quite so much Faith at present, as I once had in the Casualties related by Sir Richard Baker, in that wonderful Chronicle which was the great Favourite of my Youth; I do yet nevertheless acquit the Writer of any Design to impose on Posterity. And tho' my Faith is now somewhat staggered in attempting to believe *that the Devil carried away half a Church*, with many other such Miracles recorded by that great Writer. I am however well persuaded that they were firmly believed by the Writer himself.

Without pursuing this Lucubration any farther, I will endeavour to illustrate what I have already said, by presenting my Reader with the Specimen of a History of the present Age, which may probably be written many hundreds of Years hence, by some future Sir Richard Baker under his favourite Title of Casualties in the Reign of George the Second.

### CASUALTIES happening in this Reign.

Towards the Beginning of this Reign there flourished in some Part of Wales, a very extraordinary Woman who brought forth at one Birth nineteen Couple of Rabbits, one of which having been eaten by the Royal Society, and by them declared to have a most delicious Relish, the Breed was afterwards propagated all over the Kingdom of England, were called Welsh Rabbits, and were a long Time in great Request.

About the same Time a Set of infernal Spirits appeared in London, and held a nocturnal Meeting under the Name of THE HELL-FIRE CLUB. One Prank of this Club is confirmed by so many Writers, that it would be ridiculous Infidelity to deny our Assent to it. This was the taking up the Theatre which then stood in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and carrying it on their Shoulders, together with all the Audience, into Covent-Garden, where are still some Remains of that Theatre now to be seen. Here we are well assured that many Devils used frequently to appear during the Time of acting, and dance to divert the Company, 'till at last a most immense Dragon descended from above, and carried them all up to Heav'n.\*

Several other very extraordinary Matters are reported in good Authors of this Club. Some of the Members, it is said, commenced Writers, and openly propagated Atheism, Deism, Immorality, Indecency, and all Kinds of Scurrility against the best and worthiest Men of those Times. It hath been greatly lamented by the Learned, that not the least Remains of these Works have come down to us, as this would have sufficiently silenced those Objections of some Critics; who would persuade us, in Opposition to the whole Current of Historical Evidence, that all which is related of this Club is a mere Fable, and the Invention of a certain Legend Writer in the twenty-third Century.

The chief Argument which these Critics rest upon is this, that it is impossible to suppose a Nation arrived at such an enormous Degree of Corruption and Prostitution, to have existed even a few Years upon the Face of the Earth. And this, I confess, would have some Weight, was it not over-

thrown by that Account of the thorough Reformation, which, according to the best Chronologists, happened in the Year 1753, brought about by one General DRAWGANDSIR, who at the Head of a vast Army, set up his Standard in the Common Gardens, and with a certain Weapon called a Ridicule, or Ridicle, or as one conjectures a Wry-Sickle, brought the People by main Force to better Manners.

But the most extraordinary Miracle of all that happened about this Time, and which indeed we should not have mentioned, had it not been so well attested by a great Number of Spectators, was this which follows. A certain Juggler placed a common Quart-Bottle on a Table, on the Stage of a public Theatre, and in the Sight of several Hundreds of People, conveyed himself into the Bottle, where he remained a decent Time; after which he again returned out of his Place of Confinement, in the same Manner as he had gone into it.

And what makes this *the more remarkable*, is that this Juggler was not of the smallest Size of Men, which would indeed have added *great Credibility* to the Story; but was a well proportioned and middle-sized Man.

But strange as this Story may appear, it is extremely well attested; for it hath the Authority of a Fragment of undoubted Antiquity, in which the Author writes *That he was himself one of the F—ts § who were assemb— to see the Performance.*

About this Time likewise we are assured, that a Set of Attorneys Clerks, Apprentices, Players, Fidlers, Taylors, Shoemakers, and other Mechanics, assembled themselves together to examine into the Truth of Religion. They met in a Place called ROBIN'S WOOD, (see Numb. 9, 10.) and were, after several Skirmishes, all dispersed by General DRAWGANDSIR.

In the Middle of the same Reign, or somewhat sooner, two blazing Stars appeared, and shone all over London for the Space of a Year or more: They were esteemed the most beautiful Stars that ever enlightened the Sky, were called *The Irish Beauties*, or, *The Sisters*, and were universally admired. They at last set in two great Houses, where they long shone as bright as they had shined in the Sky before: And the Owners of those Houses were envied by all Mankind.

Now in all these Instances there appears a Mixture of Truth and Falsehood, such as was probably the Case with those Accounts of the first Ages that appear in profane History, in which none of the Fables were perhaps solely the Invention of the Writer, but were originally founded on some Matter of Fact; which is however so obscured and metamorphosed in the Tradition, that the real Truth no more appears in the Fable, than the Seed is to be discovered in the Plant that is produced from it.

I will conclude this Essay with a Story which was communicated to me by a noble Duke lately dead, and which from his Mouth I can attest to be a Fact.

A certain Nobleman taking the Air one Day, on the Downs near Salisbury, saw among the *Baras* † there, one of a larger Size than the rest; This, said a Gentleman present, is I suppose the Dormitory of some Giant. The Nobleman, who was a great Lover of a Jest, took the Hint; and, when they returned home, immediately dispatched a Paragraph to be inserted in a particular News-Paper, which he knew was constantly

\* See the Account of the new Entertainment called *Harlequin-Sorcerer* (now performing at Covent Garden Theatre) in the Universal Magazine, published by the Printer hereof.

§ The Original will be here imperfect.

† The Graves of those who were slain in the Wars of our Ancestors are so called in Saxon.



stantly taken in by a certain Virtuoso in that Country; in which Paragraph it was affirmed, ' That the Bones of a certain Giant, supposed to have been, when alive, near ten Foot high, were lately found in a Bara near Salisbury, and were then in the Possession of a certain Clergyman, who was mentioned by Name.' The Joke had its Effect with the Virtuoso, who immediately dispatched a Man and Horse for the Bones to the Clergyman, whose Patron he was; nor did it cease there, but the same silly Story was literally translated into French; and on the Authority of the News-Paper transmitted to Posterity as a real Fact, in a very voluminous Work in Folio soon after published in France. A

Mr. Genfor,

NOTHING is more apt to mortify human Vanity, than to find ourselves deceived in any Particular on which we have built an Opinion of possessing the Esteem of others. I have lately undergone a sensible Mortification of this Kind; for to deserve Confidence, surely argues Merit; and to hold the Secrets of another, is a Post of Honour: How greatly then was I deceived by the following Accident! A Gentleman of whom the World speaks well, came to me the other Day, and, with a most important Face, told me that an ugly Affair had happened between him and a certain Lord, whose Name he could not mention; that he was in the highest Distress, nor did he know how to act. He then informed me, that the high Opinion he had as well of my Understanding as of my Honour, had induced him to make his Case known to me, in order to have my Advice: telling me at the same Time, that as he must be obliged to conceal nothing from me, he begg'd for God's Sake that I would not mention it to any human Creature, for that I was the only Person to whom he had or intended to make this Affair known. He then having received proper Assurances of Secrecy, whispered his important Business in my Ear; on which I frankly gave him my Opinion: He received it with Joy, returned me his hearty Thanks, and left me, tho' not without reminding me of Secrecy in the strongest Terms. A few Hours afterwards I was visited by an Acquaintance, who had not sat long before he told me not only my Friend's Secret, but the very Opinion I gave him upon it; expressing at the same Time his Surprize at the Boldness of my Sentiments: He said he was enjoined Secrecy; but, as he knew I was Acquainted with the Affair, he thought it no Breach of Trust to mention it. I made him little or no Answer; for I own my Vanity was hurt to find, that, after his Commendations on my Honour, he should think as well of another Man, and make him his Confidant. But in the Evening a Friend of mine clear'd up the whole Matter. I ventured to tell him the Story; but had no sooner mentioned the Gentleman's Name who had thus honoured me with his Confidence, than he burst into a Horse-Laugh, and told me that my Secret was not only a Lye, but as old as Paul's; and that he dar'd to say, that this Gentleman had told it to hundreds; for, says he, he is a downright Secret-Monger, a Fellow everlastingly inventing Lyes, and telling them to others as important Secrets; and to show you that he is in the Confidence of the Great, he never fails to mix a Lord or Lady in his Story. By this Means he has made himself a Man of Importance with many, has gain'd several Points by this Stratagem, and is a Man who is thoroughly known as yet by few; for my own Part, I should imagine that this Character is quite extravagant: But you who have div'd into the inmost Recesses of human Nature, will best know whether it be natural; I am sure it is highly

ridiculous, and an Object worthy your Pen; I have related to you the Plain Fact, which when dress'd by a little of your Cookery, will make a palatable Dish. I am

Your oblig'd, humble Servant, Z. Z.

I thank my worthy Correspondent for the above Letter, and shall in a future Paper treat this Matter more at large.

M.

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## MODERN HISTORY.

BY Letters from *Dublin*, we are informed that in a late Debate there, amongst some eminent Citizens, it was strenuously urged by one in Company, that the filling up the enormous Pit, dug some Time ago in Oxmantown-Green, would cost more than the Gravel and Sand found there and taken away, was worth.—Upon which a famous Orator who had served in a military Capacity, said, that as there was from Time immemorial a Succession of dangerous Fellows, who had in that identical Spot, played Foot-Ball, Hurl'd, Leaped, Wrestled and perhaps Fought, as is usual in Moor Fields and Hyde Park near London: He the said Orator thought it highly prudent to *sap* the Foundation of such Enormities: For said he, *Take away the Cause, and the Effect will cease.* Therefore if every Piece of Ground where Mobs resort were *underrmined*, or rather taken away, (as in the above Case) it would, continued he, be a great Means to put a Stop to Riots.

*This Day is published by J. HOEX in Skinner-row.*

(Price a British Six-pence)

## E X A M P L E S

OF THE

INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE,

IN THE

*Detection and Punishment*

OF

## M U R D E R.

CONTAINING,

Above thirty Cases, in which this dreadful Crime hath been brought to Light, in the most extraordinary and miraculous Manner; collected from various Authors, antient and modern.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION and CONCLUSION,

Both Written by

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

And dedicated to the Right Reverend Father in God,  
ISAAC, Lord Bishop of Worcester.

*This Book (the Publication of which is occasioned by the many horrid Murders committed within this last Year) is calculated to raise just Sentiments of Horror at this most heinous Sin. It is very proper to be given to all the inferior kind of People, and particularly to the Youth of both Sexes, whose natural Love of Stories will lead them to read with Attention, what cannot fail of infusing into their tender Minds an early Dread and Abhorrence of staining their Hands with the Blood of their Fellow-Creatures.*

This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

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[To be continued Weekly, Price 6½d.]

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\*\* A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the *Encyclopédie*, by *Mr. Diderot*, now suppress'd at *Paris*, will be insert'd in this New Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

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Revised by *W. RICHARDS*, Accountant.

DUBLIN: Printed by *JAMES HOEY*, at the Sign of *Mercury*, in *Skinner-Row*. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of Great-Britain.  
(Otherwise HENRY FIELDING, Esq;)

THURSDAY, MAY 7th. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

*Credite, Posteri.* HOR.

*Let Posterity take my Word for it.*



It is a common Expression with Historians, *That such and such Facts will hardly be believed by Posterity*; and yet these Facts are delivered by them as undoubted Truths, and very often affirmed upon their own Knowledge.

But, what is much more astonishing, many of those very Instances, which are represented as difficult Articles of Truth by future Ages, did most probably pass as common Occurrences at the time when they happened, and might seem scarce worthy any Notice to the Generality of People who were Eye-witnesses to the Transactions.

The Cardinal de Retz, after relating the most incredible Distress of the then Queen of England, who was likewise the Daughter of France, and had not Credit at Paris for a Faggot to warm herself in the Month of January, proceeds thus. ‘*Nous avons horreur, en lisant les Histoires, de Lachez moins monstreuses que celle-la, & le peu de Sentiment que je trouvais dans la plupart des Esprit sur ce fait m’a obligé de faire, je crois, plus de mille fois cette reflexion: que les Exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les Hommes que ceux de leurs Siecles. Nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voyons; & je vous ai dit quelquefois, que je ne fais si le consulat du cheval de Caligula nous auroit autant surprit que nous nous l’imaginons.*’ *We are shocked in reading History, at many less scandalous Instances than this; and the little Impression which I observed this made in the Generality of Mens Minds at*

*that Time, hath caused this Reflection to recur to me a thousand Times. That the Examples of former Ages do beyond all Comparison more sensibly affect us, than those of our own Times. Custom blinds us with a Kind of Glare to those Objects before our Eyes, and I have often doubted whether we should have been as much surpris’d at Caligula, when he made his Horse a Consul, as we are apt to imagine we should have been.*

I can with Truth declare, that I have a thousand Times reflected on the judicious Discernment of this uncommon Observation; the Justice and Excellence of which I will endeavour to illustrate to my Reader, by taking once more a Survey of that Opinion, which Posterity may be reasonably supposed to entertain of the present Times; and as I have already shewn, in my Paper of last Monday, (N<sup>o</sup>. 18.) that they will probably in some Instances believe much more than ourselves, so in others, it is altogether as probable, that they will believe less.

Without further Preface then, let us suppose some great and profound Critic, in the fortieth Century, undertaking to comment on those Historical Materials relating to this Kingdom, with which that Age may possibly furnish him, and in what Manner may we conceive him more likely to write than in the following.

*Abstract from Humphrey Newmixon’s Observations on the History of Great Britain.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Desunt multa.*

THO’ it is impossible to deliver any Thing with great Certainty of those fabulous Ages, which a little preceded the Time, when universal



pagne, and approved of by all Persons of Taste. The Words *curious, eminent, learned, the sixth or seventh Edition. Done i to English from the original French Vessels, &c.* written upon the Label, are all of them certain Marks of Perry.

Nor is much more Regard to be had to the positive Assertion of the Merchant himself; for nothing is more usual in this Trade as well as with the Wine-Merchant, than to sell one Thing for another. Both of these make use indeed of the same Imposition, and as every Dealer in French Vinegar, hath the Names of the most excellent Wines always at his Tongue's End, and ready to be applied to the worst Goods in his Warehouse, so hath our Perry-Merchant constantly in his Mouth the Names of the most celebrated Authors; under one of which without any Scruple, he vends the genuine anonymous Productions of Grubstreet; the Names of Swift, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Prior, &c. have been used by the one Kind of Merchant, as of Lafeat, Latour, Bennet, &c. have been by the other.

Having premised these Cautions, I come now to those Marks which may distinguish the true Champagne from Perry, even to those who are not vested with sufficient Taste to know the one from the other by their several Flavours.

The first Quality which is remarkable in Perry, is its extreme Frothiness, in which indeed it will sometimes almost wholly evaporate.

2dly, It is very apt to bounce and fly with much Noise, as it is truly little more than a Composition of Wind, and proceeded originally, according to the Observations of Butler, from the Author's Incapacity of standing his Wind downwards.

An extraordinary Degree of Thinness is another manifest Sign of Perry. Let the Quantity be never so large, you can immediately see through it; nor is there ever any thing to be found at the Bottom.

There are perhaps some other Differences which do not at present occur to me; but indeed the surest Way of judging is by the opposite Consequences, which never fail to attend these two Liquors.

First, as Champagne is sure to raise the Spirits, and to fill almost every Man with Mirth and Gayety; so this is as certain to depress, and render those who swallow any Quantity more heavy and dull.

If, after a large Draught, you find yourself inclined to Irreligion and Blasphemy, never touch a Drop more, for this is a sure Sign of the very worst of all Perry.

Again, if after sitting to it (as is the Language of Drinking) an Hour or two, you find in yourself a Propensity to talking indecently, indeed to any Discourse which modest Ears should not hear; this is another manifest Indication. Nothing indeed being so very apt to corrupt the Minds of Youth, to make them unfit for civil Company, and to send them to the Brothels, than this Kind of Perry. In this Instance, indeed, the metaphorical Perry, which I have been here treating of, and that genuine Liquor which comes to us from Worcester-shire, seem to bear a strict Analogy to each other. And for this Reason, I suppose, it is so sacred to the Brothel, that when a Bottle of Champagne is then called for, a Bottle of Perry is sure to be brought to the Customer; that being the only Champagne which is ever admitted into these Houses, from the Tendency no doubt which it hath to propagate that Kind of Filth in which they deal.

The last odious Quality of this Kind of Perry, and which most clearly distinguishes it from that which we here call true Champagne, is that it never fails to propagate gross

Abuse and Scandal; so far indeed as to inspire Men to call Names, and to deal in all the Language of Billingsgate. So very rancorous is the Nature of Perry, that many eminent Dabblers in it have escaped the Cudgel or the Whipping Post from this Circumstance only, that they have been so absolutely intoxicated as to be unable to pronounce certain Syllables in an articulate Manner. Instead of Minister, Lord, Bishop, &c. they have only uttered such Sounds as may be imitated by pronouncing M—nst—r, L—d, B—sh—p, and so forth. Thus by stripping a Name or a Title of its Vowels, they secretly strip the Owner of all his Virtues and good Qualities.

Now Champagne, on the contrary, is known to inspire Men not only with the most sparkling Wit, but with the highest good Humour; and so far is it from filling the Head or Heart with Mischief and Rancour, that in France the Character which is given to the best Champagne, and that of a certain Age, is that it is *Ami d'homme*; A FRIEND TO MANKIND. An Appellation which, as it is perhaps the most glorious of all, so hath it most justly belonged to those great Men in all Ages, whom Heaven hath been pleased to distinguish with those superior Talents which are properly said to constitute a true Genius. A.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dublin, May 14th.

THE 22d Number of this Journal, on Account of the Holidays and Vacation, will not be published until Thursday next, the 21st Inst.

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*Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.*

*At a Court of Censorial Enquiry, the following was read and ordered to be printed, with the Censor's Approbation.*

THE Translation of a Work in high and just Esteem into our own Language, is an Acquisition of a very peculiar Kind; for tho' it be taken from, it is not at the Expence of our Neighbours. We are enriched, but they are not impoverished; and perhaps it may be said with Truth, that in this Case only, those who take without Ceremony, are so far from being held guilty of Rudeness, that they are thought to confer a Kind of Obligation. The History of Don Emanuel of Portugal, so well known to the learned World, in the elegant Latin of the most learned Prelate that Kingdom produced, has been lately rendered into English, and perhaps it may be no unuseful, at least I am sure it is a well intended Talk, to recommend this illustrious Stranger, by saying something of the Author, and of the Means by which he acquired so extensive a Reputation, of the Nature of that Character he established in the Republic of Letters, and more especially of the Worth of this Book, which having long ago appeared in most of the other Languages of Europe, is now at length come abroad, and merits a kind Reception in our own.

Jerom Osorio was the Son of Juan Osorio de Fonseca, and of Francisca Gil de Govea, both of noble Families in the Kingdom of Portugal, where he was born, in the capital City of Lisbon, in the Year 1506. He was distinguished even in his Infancy by his Affection for Learning, to which he ap-  
licd

plied himself with such Diligence and Success, that at the Age of thirteen he was sent to the University of Salamanca, where, having acquired a perfect Knowledge in the Latin and Greek Tongues, he applied himself for some Time to the Study of the Laws. When he was about nineteen he was sent to Paris, that he might make himself Master of the Philosophy of Aristotle, the only one then in Esteem. Some Years after he went to Bologna in Italy, where, to the Science he had already acquired, he joined the assiduous Study of the Holy Scriptures, and of the Hebrew. Upon his Return to Portugal he grew into great Favour with King John the Third, whose Brother Cardinal Henry, Archbishop of Evora, honoured him with his Friendship, and made him Archdeacon. He did not, however, arrive at the Episcopal Dignity by his Favour, but by that of the Queen Dowager Catherine, who governed the Kingdom during the Minority of the famous but unfortunate Don Sebastian.

That Prince's bestow'd upon him the Bishoprick of Silves, in the Province or Kingdom of Algarve. A Place seated near the Sea-Coast, and, tho' far from being either well built or populous, is certainly one of the pleasantest little Cities in Europe. It stands in the midst of a fruitful Plain, laid out on every Side into Gardens or Groves of Fruit-Trees, and, from the Similitude of its Situation, has obtained the Title of Paraiso or Paradise. There he pass'd his Days in a Kind of learned Retirement, till the King Don Sebastian formed the Project of invading Africa, when, foreseeing the fatal Consequences that would attend it, our Prelate, under various Pretences, found means to make a Tour to Rome, where he was extremely well received by Pope Gregory the thirteenth. But he had scarce continued there a Year before he was recalled by the King his Master, and within a short Space after his Return to Silves, he had the afflicting News of that Monarch's Defeat and Death. It was then those Troubles began, which he had so much apprehended. He laboured, however, to preserve the Tranquility of his Diocese, but with little Effect. The People conceived a Prejudice against him on the Score of his being attached to the Spanish Interest, and he took the ill Treatment he received on this Account so heavily, that it threw him into a lingering Disease, of which he died August the 20th, 1580, at the Age of seventy four. Ten Years after his Demise the Episcopal Chair was removed from Silves to Faro, as it had formerly been from Ossonoba to Silves.

He was a Man of a sweet Temper and a generous Disposition, thoroughly versed in the whole Extent of polite Learning, and the constant Patron and Friend of Men of Letters. He had commonly several of these in his Episcopal Palace, who were the Companions of his leisure Hours and at Table. While they were at Dinner one of his Pages read commonly some Passage or other out of the Works of St. Bernard, and after the Meal was ended they disputed amicably upon any weighty Point that Passage contained. Our Prelate was a great Writer, and upon a vast Variety of Subjects, such as Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures, Treatises on Civil and Christian Nobility, of the Duty and Office of a King, and many others; which, tho' very nice Subjects, he held with so much Judgment, and with so good Temper, that he not only avoided giving any Offence, but secured to himself a sincere and general Applause.

The distinguishing Excellency of his Writing was an easy flowing Eloquence, and so happy an Imitation of the great Roman Orator, that he left most of those who affected the same Manner, and they were not a few, at a very great Distance. The only Reproach he sustained in his Life-time,

had serv'd not a little to exalt his Memory. He wrote in five Books a Treatise *de Gloria*, in which his Sentiments were so elevated, his Remarks so natural and yet so judicious, and above all his Style so easy and so truly classical, that it was given out and believed he had found among the Dust and Cobwebs of some Italian Library, that Treatise of Cicero upon the same Topic, the Loss of which has been so much regretted, and digested it into or published it as his own. This Notion, which was altogether groundless, and the pure Effects of Envy, serves to shew how masterly a Writer he was in the Latin Tongue; for certainly a stronger Proof cannot be desired, than the Assertion that he had blended the Thoughts and Words of Tully with his own, in such a Manner as put it out of the Power of the Critics to determine where he was an Author and where a Plagiary.

His Memoirs of the Life of Emanuel King of Portugal, were first published in Folio at Lisbon, in 1751, and have been very often reprinted since. They are in all Respects highly valuable, and are at least as perfect in their Kind, as any, that have fallen from the Pen of a Modern. This History has every Thing that can recommend it in Point of Dignity, Instruction, or Entertainment. Don Emanuel, is allowed both by Portuguese Writers, and Strangers, to have been the greatest Monarch, ever sat on that Throne, and was very near being the most potent Monarch in Europe, in Right of his first Queen, the Infanta Isabella, who was acknowledged to be the sole Heiress of Castile and Arragon, and the Son he had by her would have been first sole Monarch of Spain, if he had not died in his Cradle. It was owing to the Wisdom and Fortitude of Emanuel, that the East-Indies were discovered by Vasquez de Gama: In short, the Glories of his Reign, were so numerous and great, and his Reputation rose to such a Pitch, that our Henry the Eighth, who was nearly allied to him, or rather to his Queen, in Blood, sent him the Order of the Garter, which Circumstance considered, we may justly wonder, that this valuable Performance, so much esteemed, and so justly commended, by many of our best Writers, should not have been translated till now.

Amongst other Advantages, it has been remarked, that this History is admirably well disposed, so that the Division of it into twelve Books, breaks it naturally into proper Periods, which at the same Time, shew the Writers Skill, and very much assists the Reader's Memory. There is a wonderful Propriety in the Style, never rising too high, or sinking too low, perfectly natural and clear, without any of those perplexing Parentheses, which often disfigure Works of this Nature. But above all, it is remarkable for its Sincerity; the Author, tho' he represents Emanuel, as a great King, acknowledged that he had Faults, and shews us, what they were. He is just to his Virtues, without dissembling his Foibles. In a Word, it is an admirable Model, for any who shall undertake to give us a full and free Account of a single Reign. It has hitherto been considered in this Light, by the greatest Critics in all Countries, and will probably maintain its Character, at least till that great Work shall appear which has been so long expected from the illustrious Patron of this Translation.

*Just published, (Price a British Sixpence each.)*  
Numbers I, II, and III, of a new Work, intitled,

**D**ISSERTATIONS on the ancient History of IRELAND: Wherein an Account is given of the Origin, Government, Letters, Sciences, Religion, Manners and Customs of the



the antient Inhabitants. *Parce pio generi et propriis res aspice nostras.*

“The History of the old Inhabitants of this Country is so important, and at the same Time so edifying, to a free People, that few Subjects merit more their Attention, and hardly any can afford more political Instruction.” — “The History of Ireland may be denominated either, that of Liberty itself; or of, (what ought, perhaps, to be as edifying to our Readers) the Abuse of it.” — Introduction.

What has been published of this Work, hath given great Satisfaction to several Gentlemen of Taste and Learning.

Sold by G. Risk, G. and A. Ewing, W. Smith, and R. James, in Dame-Street; G. Faulkner in Essex-Street; I. Kelly in Mary's-Lane; J. Efdall on Cork-Hill; and by the Printer hereof.

*N. B.* This Work will make about ten Numbers, one of which shall be published every Week, (if encouraged) until the Whole is finished, and delivered for a British Sixpence.

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Revised by W. RICHARDS, Accountant.

DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752.



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, MAY 21<sup>st</sup>. 1752.

To be continued every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

*Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt Lyre.*

HOR.

*Such Matters are beyond a Jest.*



If any Person should have the Assurance to exhibit a Set of Bristol Stones to the Public as real Diamonds; or if another should call himself a China-Man, and deliver to his Customers some of the vilest Earthen-Ware, as the real Production of China or Dresden, the Consequence in both Cases is certain. The Imposition would be too gross to deceive a single Individual, and the Undertakers would immediately become the Objects of universal Ridicule and Contempt.

Again, should any Man, pretending to be a Connoisseur, go about the Town and abuse the finest Jewels in Mr. Lacan's Possession as mere Counterfeits, would not such a Person presently gain the Reputation of a Madman, and be soon ashamed of shewing his ridiculous Face in public?

This, as I endeavoured to shew in my last Paper, is not the Case with the Dealers in Letters. The truest Brilliants often lie overlooked and neglected on the Booksellers Shelves, while the most impudent Counterfeits are received, admired, and encouraged. Milton himself (I am ashamed of my Country when I say it) very narrowly escaped from the Jaws of Oblivion; and, instead of shining for ever with those great Lights of Antiquity in whose Constellation he is now admitted, was like to have been bundled up with those *Ephemereau* insect Authors, of whom every Day almost sees both the Birth and the Funeral.

Now may we not hence conclude, that in the Distinction of Diamonds, China, and such like, from their Counterfeits, there are some certain well-known Criterions to form and direct our Judgment; and that in Matters of Invention and Learning, either there are no Rules to guide our Opinion, or that such Rules are but weakly established, and that we are in general very ignorant of them.

Hence must arise those different Notions which we so often find among Men, of the same Author and the same Work; and which Horace allegorically points at, when he says,

*Tres mihi Conviva prope dissentire videntur, &c.*

Thus in one Company it is very common to hear the same Book extolled to the Skies, with the Epithets of fine, excellent, inimitable, and so forth; which in another is vilified and run down, as the lowest, dullest, and saddest Stuff that ever was writ.

Of all Kinds of Writing there is none on which this Variety of Opinions is so common as in those of Humour, as perhaps there is no Word in our Language of which Men have in general so vague and indeterminate an Idea. To speak very plainly, I am apt to question whether the greater Part of Mankind have any Idea at all in their Heads, when this Word drops (perhaps accidentally) from their Tongue.

I remember a Gentleman who used to have this Word very frequently in his Mouth, and bestowed it with great Liberality on most of his Acquaintance. I was sometimes inclined to wonder at his Taste, 'till I happened to be on board a Ship with him, when he rapt out a great Oath, and swore that the Ship had a great deal of Humour in it. I was now satisfied that with my Friend this Word had no Meaning at all.

What can we sometimes conceive of an Audience at a Play-House, where I have heard the dullest Chit-chat between Gentlemen and Ladies called Humour, and applauded as such! On the other Side, Albumazar was but coldly received, and the little French Lawyer of Fletcher was hissed off the Stage.

And here I cannot omit a pleasant Fact to which I was myself a Witness. A certain comic Author produced a Piece on Drury-Lane Stage, called *The Highland Fair*, in which he intended to display the comical Humours of the Highlanders; the Audience, who had for three Nights together sat staring at each other, scarce knowing what to make of their Entertainment, on the fourth joined in a unanimous exploding Laugh. This they had continued through an Act, when the Author, who unhappily mistook the Peals of Laughter, which he heard, for Applause, went up to Mr. Wilks, and, with an Air of Triumph, said—*Deal o' my Sal, Sare, they begin to tauk the Humour at last.*

Whether the Audience or the Poet erred most on this Occasion, I shall not determine. Certain it is that it is no unusual Thing in the former, to make very gross Mistakes in this Matter, as great indeed as the late learned Bernard Lintott the Bookfeller, who, having purchased the Copy of a

Tragedy

Tragedy call! Phædra and Hypolitus, lamented that the Author had not put a little more Humour in it; for that, he said, was the only Thing it wanted.

In truth, there is nothing so unsettled and uncertain, as our Notion of Humour in general. The most common Opinion is, that whatever diverts or makes you laugh, is Humour; and in Proportion as Men are more or less risible in their Nature, they are more or less liberal in this Appellation. A merry Fellow, or a pleasant Companion as he is called (and, by the by, I have known many a dull Dog called so) never fails to obtain the Character of a Man of Humour, among his Acquaintance and Admirers. The Qualifications of these Gentlemen, are a facetious Countenance, a sagacious Leer, and somewhat of Drollery in the Voice; and their Performances are usually a merry (i. e. b——y) Catch, or a long Story, with a Sting of the same Kind in the Tail.

I forbear to mention here the vast Variety of handy or practical Jest, as I have seen them touched elsewhere, all which are reputed to be Humour by the Vulgar. Such are Tweaks by the Nose, Kicks on the Backside, pulling away your Chair, snatching off your Wig, with many others.

But there is another Kind of Humour, on which I do not remember to have seen any Remarks. This is that tragical Humour which was perhaps intended by the learned Bookseller abovementioned; and which, tho' it may tend to raise Laughter in some, may however be said to have its Foundation in Tears.

As the Species of practical Humour, just before spoken of, are produced by doing little jocose Mischiefs to others, this tragical Humour consists in afflicting Men with the greatest and most serious Evils; in a Word, in ruining, destroying, and tormenting Mankind.

Histories abound with Examples of Men who have very eminently possessed this Kind of Humour. There hath scarce existed indeed a single Tyrant or Conqueror upon Earth, who, tho' otherwise perhaps extremely dull, was not a great Master this Way. Alexander the Great was much gifted with this Quality, of which we have many Instances in the Accounts of his Asiatic Expedition. His burning the City of Persepolis in particular, was a Performance of most exquisite Humour.

What were the Reigns of Caligula and Claudius, of Nero and Domitian, of Commodus, Caracalla Heliogabalus, and all those Imperial Bucks or Bloods of Rome, but great tragical Farces, in which one Half of Mankind was with much Humour put to Death and Tortures, for the Diversion of the other Half.

But of all the Performances of this Kind I have ever met with, I am most pleased with the common Story of Phalaris and Perillus. The latter of these being desirous of recommending himself to the Favour of the former, who was a great Tyrant, and consequently a great Lover of the tragical Humour, acquainted his Master Phalaris that he had, with much Invention and hard Labour, contrived an Entertainment for him which would produce the highest Sport and Pastime. It was thus to be performed; the Artist had made the brazen Image of a Bull, into the Belly of which a human Creature was to be conveyed. The Bull was then to be heated 'till it was red hot, by means of which the Person inclosed within, suffering the most intolerable Torments, would bellow in such a Manner that the Sound would very near imitate, or, to speak in the present fashionable Taste, would admirably MIMIC, the Roaring of a Bull.

Phalaris highly approved the Project; but being himself a

Man of great Humour, he was willing to add somewhat of his own to the Joke. He therefore chose Perillus, the Inventor, for the Person on whom the Experiment was first to be tried, and accordingly shut him up and roasted him in his own Bull.

From this, I suppose, that pleasant Humour called ROASTING was derived; for so not only the Term, but the Thing seems to intimate; this diverting Entertainment consisted in giving all the Torments possible to the Object, and may indeed be called Roasting him alive.

Hence likewise the pleasant Pastime of roasting Men's Characters may possibly take it's Original. Hence all that Torrent of Humour which flow so plentifully in Libels of all Kinds, in which, Names, that we ought to tremble to think of, and others which highly deserve our Reverence and Honour, are pointed out as the Marks of Ridicule and Contempt; and, to use the common Expression, ROASTED for the Entertainment of the Public.

To conclude, as Tully long ago said, that there was no Absurdity which some of the Sophists had not maintained to be true Philosophy; so is there no Nonsense whatever, provided it be dashed with Abuse and Scurrility; which will not pass with many for TRUE HUMOUR. C.

Τὸ ἰὸ πάσχειν τὸ εὖ ποιεῖν ἢ μόνον κάλλιον, ἀλλὰ καὶ HAION.  
EPICURI APUD PLUT.

To do Good to others is not only more laudable, but more DELIGHTFUL than to receive it from them.

To the CENSOR.

My Dear Friend,

I Was extremely pleased with the Recommendation of Mr. Havard's Benefit in your sixteenth Number; and I am the more pleased with you, as I am informed you have no other Acquaintance with the Person espoused than with his Character, of which I am convinced, you have given a very just Account to the Public.

This is that Conduct, my Friend, which our favourite Dr. Barrow hath pointed out to us, in one of his excellent Sermons. 'A good Man, says he, stints not his Benevolence to his own Family or Relations, to his Neighbours or Benefactors; to those of his own Sect or Opinion, or of his Humour and Disposition: to such as serve him, or oblige him, or please him, &c.—but extends it to mere Strangers, to towards such who never did him any good, or can never be able to do him any.'

So preached that worthy Divine, who truly taught the Doctrines of him, whose Follower he professed himself, and who truly liv'd the Life he taught. Let us set then before us both his Precept and Example; let us, in the Language of the Poet,

—Leave all meaner Things  
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings;

and with that first of human Kind, the glorious Patron of Amelia, make Benevolence at once the Business and the Pleasure of our Lives.

Whatever our Talents are, let us convert them to the good of Mankind. Charity is not confined to giving Alms. If so, perhaps



perhaps it would be but little within your Reach or mine. But the divine Founder of our Religion never intended to restrain a Virtue so essentially necessary to a Christian, to the Rich alone. As one Man's Talent lies in his Purse, another's may lie in his Pen; a third may employ his Tongue, and a fourth his Hands for the Service of others, nay the most Impotent may perhaps fully exercise this Virtue even with their Wishes, most certainly they may with their Prayers.

With what generous Pity must a Mind of this Temper look down on a Wretch who is bursting with Pride, Malice and Envy: whose Understanding is tinctured with his Gall, who hates every Man that is better or wiser, or happier than himself; whose whole Study it is to undermine the Fame and the Fortune of his Neighbour, a secret Enemy to others, but a more secret, and perhaps more bitter Enemy to himself?

There is scarce one, even among those few (for Few, I hope, they are) that resemble this Picture, who would not view it with Scorn. We will rise therefore one Step from the odious to the insipid Character, from those who delight in doing Mischief, to those who have little or no Delight either in the Good or Harm which happeneth to others. Men of this Stamp are so taken up, in contemplating themselves, that the Virtues or Vices, the Happiness or Misery of the rest of Mankind scarce ever employ their Thoughts. This is a Character, however truly contemptible it may be, which hath not wanted its Admirers among the Antients. These Men have been called Philosophers, and in the heathen Systems they might deserve that Name; but in the Sublimer Schools of the Christian Dispensation, they are so far from being entitled to any Honours, that they will be called to a severe Account (those especially who have received very considerable Talents of any Kind) for converting solely to their own Use, what was entrusted only to their Care for the general Good.

I proceed now, by another Gradation, to a third Species of Men, who will boldly tell us that they act upon Christian Principles; nay, and will find their Admirers among many who profess themselves very sincere Believers in the Christian Religion.

The Men I here mean, are, of all others, the greatest Usurers. Being possessed, either by their own Roguery or by that of their Ancestors, of a thousand times more than their Share of the good things of this World, they expect by parting with the ten thousandth Part of these Things to purchase Heaven a lumping Pennyworth. Every little Act of Kindness which they do, every trifling Alms which they bestow is sure to be brought into the Account, nay to be doubly posted: For first they expect, by some paultry Obligation, to bind the Person to whom it is done, in Bonds of perpetual Slavery; nor are they thus satisfied, but Heaven is made Debtor into the Bargain. This, as the Beggars tell them, and they seem to believe, is to restore them a hundred fold whatever they give on Earth.

But surely such mercenary Goodness as this, done as it were by way of Penance, can have but little Merit. Such Dabs of Alms, squeez'd out of a hard-bound Generosity, can produce no very sweet smelling Savour, in the Sense of a truly wise and benevolent Being; much less of a Being who possesses, in an infinite Degree, those Qualities.

Let us, my Friend, soar a Pitch higher. Let us leave the Merit of good Actions to others, let us enjoy the Pleasure of them. *In the Energy itself of Virtue* (says Aristotle) *there is great Pleasure*; and this was the Meaning of him who first said, *That Virtue was its own Reward*. A Sentiment

most truly just, however it hath been ridiculed by those who understood it not. If we examine the Matter abstractedly, and with due Attention, we may extend the Observation of Aristotle to every human Passion: For in what, but in the Energies themselves, can the Pleasures of Ambition, Avarice, Pride, Hatred, and Revenge, be conceived to lie? What Rewards do these severe Task-masters bestow on their Slaves for all their Labours, but that common Reward of all Slaves, the Labour itself? Why is not Benevolence therefore as capable at least of repaying us with herself as any other Passion? Why must this most lovely [of all Mistresses be pursued, not for her native Charms, but for the Fortune which she is to bring us?

'As Nature (to quote once more my beloved Author Dr. Barrow) to the Acts requisite toward Preservation of our Life, hath annexed a sensible Pleasure, forcibly enticing us to the Performance of them: So hath she made the Communication of Benefits to others, to be accompanied with a very delicious Relish upon the Mind of him that practises it; nothing indeed carrying with it a more pure and savory Delight than Beneficence. A Man may be VIRTUOUSLY VOLUPTUOUS, AND A LAUDABLE EPICURE BY DOING MUCH GOOD. For to receive Good, even in the Judgment of Epicurus himself (the great Patron of Pleasure) is no wise so pleasant as to do it.'

Let us cultivate therefore, my Friend, that excellent Temper of Mind, that Passion which is the Perfection of human Nature, of which the Delight is in doing Good. How mean then will appear to us the Motives of those who hope for private Acknowledgments, and public Applause, for every little Benefit which they confer on Mankind. Like base Prostitutes they must be pleased and paid too, or rather indeed must be paid because they are insensible of Pleasure. The truly good Man laments not every Disappointment of private or public Gratitude. He goeth on doing Good, and enjoys it while he doth it; an Enjoyment which neither the Envy or Malice, the Folly or Malignity of Mankind, can deprive him of. And as to that glorious Reward, the only one indeed which is worthy of a wise Man's Consideration, which will attend the good Man hereafter, nothing is more certain than that he who deserves it is sure of attaining it; and the more real Delight we take in doing Good, the more we seem to acquire of such Merit.

Morose and austere Men may, if they please, preach up Mortification and Self-Denial, may insinuate that a Man cannot be good and happy at the same Time, and may deny all Merit to all Actions which are not done in Contradiction to Nature: but I say, with Dr. Barrow, *Let us improve and advance our Nature to the utmost Perfection of which it is capable*, I mean by doing all the Good we can; and surely that Nature which seems to partake of the divine Goodness in this World, is the most likely to partake of the divine Happiness in the next. To speak a solemn Truth, such Natures alone are capable of such Beatitude.

I am, my dear Friend, affectionately yours

AXYLUS.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dublin, May 21, 1752.

ON Thursday next will be published in this Paper, some New Observations on a renowned Piece of Work intitled, *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. SWIFT*.  
(To be continued.)



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**THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE** of Knowledge and Pleasure, for *January, February* and *March* 1752, being Numbers 65, 66 and 67, which begin Vol. X.

*January*, Number LXV. (Being the first Number of Vol. X.) Contains, a fine engraved Title and Frontispiece. Reflections on the Value of Human Reason improv'd by Science. The surprising Distance of the Heavenly Bodies. A fine Head of *Sir Francis Bacon*, with his Character. God's Goodness display'd in the Creation and Preservation of Man. A Description of a curious Water-Mill, illustrated with a Copper-Plate.

*February*, Number LXVI. A Curious Head of *Dr. Boerhaave*, with his Life. Description and Use of the Solar Microscope, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. The Nature of the Senses explained on Mechanical Principles. The Nature of the Touch explained; with some surprising Instances. The Irish Beauties, a Country Dance. *Gervess's* Engine to raise Water, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. A particular Account of the new Entertainment call'd *Harlequin Sorcerer*.

*March*, Number LXVII: Contains, the Life of *Dr. Boerhaave* finished: His Character: Catalogue of his Works, and Remarks on his Capital Performances. A Letter on the Hopes of future Happiness. Description and Use of the Diving Bell, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. Trial of *Miss Blandy*, with her Letters and Speech, &c. Answers to *Rebusses*. New *Rebusses*. Trial of *Swan* and *Miss Jeffries*. New Mathematical Questions. The Comparison a New Song set to Musick. Plans and Elevations of Farm Houses, with a Copper-Plate. Origin of Architecture, &c.

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—*Multa Dies, variusque Labor.*

VIRG.

By **JAMES EYRE WEEKS.**

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

MONDAY, JUNE 1<sup>st</sup>. 1752.

*Qua tamen exarsit forma? Qua capta jura est  
Hippia? Quid vidit propter quod ludia dici  
Sustinuit?*

JUVENAL.

*It is not Virtue, Wisdom, Valour, Wit,  
Strength, Comeliness of Shape, or amplest Merit,  
That Woman's Love can win or long inherit,  
But what it is, hard is to say —*

MILTON.



THE following Story, related by Ariosto in his *Orlando Furioso*, is so injurious to that beautiful Part of the Creation called the fair Sex, that one is at a Loss to guess what could move the ingenious Author to give it a Place in his Works. The Manners of Womankind could never, I hope, be so degenerate, as to give any just Ground for such a Satire; or if they were so in the Days when Ariosto wrote, how may we congratulate our own Times on their Improvement in Virtue? For now, when all Women, Ladies of Quality especially, are so remarkably chaste and virtuous, so distinguished for Fidelity to their Husbands, and Constancy to the Marriage-bed, the following Tale will I doubt not be treated as an unnatural Fiction, unlikely ever to have happened, and beyond all Bounds of Probability. I thought it right therefore to quote my Authority, and shall leave it to the Reader's Consideration.

There reigned once in Lombardy a King named Astolpho, famous for his Beauty, and no less so for the high Conceit which he entertained of it. His Courtiers, sensible of their Master's Weakness, flattered themselves into Favour by extolling the Charms of his Person. 'Twas the current Language to call him the handsomest of Men, the Jewel of Italy, another Adonis, and many

other such extravagant Appellations, to which Astolpho lent a very willing Ear.

A Rumour came at length to Court, of a young Gentleman named Jucundo, who lived at some Distance in the Country, and was said to rival the King in Beauty. Astolpho immediately had a Desire to see him, and being impatient to satisfy his Curiosity, he dispatched one of his Favourites into the Country, to invite Jucundo to Court, making him many Overtures of his Friendship and Promises of Promotion, if he complied with his Desires.

Jucundo was at this Time enjoying the most consummate Happiness, that Love and Innocence in a rural Retreat could afford him. Blest beyond Description in the Arms of a beautiful Woman, of whom he was passionately fond, and who returned his Affection with equal Rapture, he found all his Wishes complete and satisfied, and had resolved to pass his Days in Tranquility and Retirement. When therefore the Messenger came from Court, and informed him of Astolpho's Desires, he excused himself as long as he could from complying with them. He humbly thanked his Prince for his gracious Offers, but begged Leave to represent to him, that his Views were entirely void of Ambition, that his Felicity was already perfect in the Fruition of his lovely Spouse, with whom he lived in the greatest conjugal Endearment, and that his Wishes reached no farther. To all this the Courtier remonstrated, that the Commands of Kings were not to be dispensed with, that it would be in the highest Degree unpollite to frustrate a Monarch's Desires, and that a very short Residence at Court would soon cure him of those romantic, old-fashioned Notions, about matrimonial Happiness and the Joys of Solitude, which Men who understood the *grand Monde*



' thods which he had taken in his own Gardens  
 ' with Success. First he had observed, he said,  
 ' that the destroying a single Bird now and then,  
 ' was only throwing away Powder and Shot, and  
 ' produced no Manner of Terror among the rest.  
 ' He therefore had ordered the Magistrates of his  
 ' Garden (so he called his Gardeners, for he is a  
 ' comical Man) to be very diligent and attentive  
 ' for a Month together, so as not to let a single  
 ' Thief escape. This he said produced the de-  
 ' sired Effect, and the Thieves in a great Mea-  
 ' sure forsook the Place. Again, said he, as I  
 ' had observed, that the Clacker which I had ex-  
 ' posed publicly, availed but little, I contrived a  
 ' Piece of Mechanism which should operate by  
 ' Means of Clockwork. This I conveyed into  
 ' the Middle of a thick Ivy Bush, where being  
 ' wound up at certain Times, it discharged a  
 ' dreadful Report, which was heard all over the  
 ' Garden; and spread a Terror among all the  
 ' feathered Felons beyond Conception, which I  
 ' am convinced was much encreased by its not  
 ' being seen. This Hint the Gentleman said, he  
 ' had first taken from observing the very slight  
 ' Impression which was made on the Minds of  
 ' Men by the public Execution of Felons, and  
 ' from imagining to himself the much greater  
 ' Horrors which would be inspired by the Report  
 ' of their being put to Death in the Presence only  
 ' of the Officers of Justice.'

So far, Mr Censor, my Friend related from  
 this unknown Gentleman, and added, that he  
 had acquainted his Gardeners with this Advice,  
 who seemed to give very little Attention to it.  
 That one of them answered with a Kind of Indig-  
 nation, ' What, Master, do you think we are to  
 ' be taught our Trade by every Fool! I have been  
 ' a Gardener these forty Years, and my Father  
 ' was of the same Business forty Years before;  
 ' and I never saw, nor ever heard of any such  
 ' Thing to be done. Besides the Gentleman is a  
 ' jesting Kind of a Gentleman, and to be sure  
 ' knows nothing of the Matter. A likely Busi-  
 ' ness truly, that if the Birds are not frightened  
 ' by seeing the Clacker before their Eyes, they  
 ' would be frightened by only hearing it. But  
 ' the Gentleman is only in Jest, as appears by  
 ' what he says about hanging Men in a public  
 ' Manner. Why are Men hanged, but in order  
 ' to frighten other Folks? And how can that be,  
 ' if Folks can't see them hanged. It is true this  
 ' will not do always; for I remember Mr.  
 ' Johnson that used to work with me, was a dear

' Lover of going to see a Hanging-Bout; and he  
 ' was hanged himself last Year for the Highway;  
 ' but that argues nothing, for so he might have  
 ' been, if he had never seen the Gallows before.  
 ' And then as for killing all the singing Birds —  
 ' to be sure it would be Matter of great Cruelty,  
 ' and I would not do it for all the Fruit in the  
 ' World. Six or seven now and then, there is  
 ' no great Matter in killing; but I would not  
 ' quite destroy the Breed neither.

' Such, cries my Friend, were the Arguments  
 ' of my Gardener, which were perhaps as little  
 ' satisfactory to me, as they will be to you. But  
 ' what is to be done? To be done, answered I!  
 ' Why, will you not try the Experiment, since  
 ' it appears so very reasonable? will you suffer  
 ' your Garden to be spoiled, and all the Fruit  
 ' carried away by these Vermin, which you  
 ' plainly see, your present Methods will never  
 ' extirpate or terrify? I am afraid that must be  
 ' the Case, answered my Friend, nor will there  
 ' be any Thing very extraordinary in it, if it  
 ' should. How common is it in Life to suffer  
 ' great Inconveniencies, as well in public as in  
 ' private Affairs, by adhering with the Obsti-  
 ' nacy of those Gardeners to Habits which have  
 ' no other Sanction but that of Custom? How  
 ' often do we continue to do certain Things for  
 ' no other Reason but that ourselves and our An-  
 ' cestors have been used so to do, when by pur-  
 ' suing a contrary Method, it is very visible we  
 ' should avoid some experienced Evil, or attain  
 ' some very apparent Good. But, indeed, my  
 ' good Friend, said he, they know but little of  
 ' the World who conclude that Men will or can  
 ' always embrace what they perceive to be good,  
 ' tho' it should be ever so much within their  
 ' Reach, and should cost them nothing to come  
 ' at it. We do great Injury to the Masters of Fa-  
 ' milies or of Kingdoms, if we conceive that they  
 ' do not often approve and affect right Measures,  
 ' when they are obliged to pursue the contrary.  
 ' The various Humours, Tempers, and Interests  
 ' which both are obliged to consult, if they will  
 ' not be Tyrants, often divert their wisest Pur-  
 ' poses. I will tell you a short Story which may  
 ' illustrate my Meaning better than the largest  
 ' Dissertation. I once knew a Gentleman, whose  
 ' House consisted of two Rooms below Stairs.  
 ' The one was very large and commodious, the  
 ' other small and inconvenient. He was a very  
 ' hospitable Person, an excellent Companion,

and

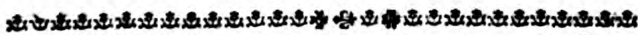


and had frequently several Friends to dine at his House, whom he constantly entertained in his lesser Apartment, by which they were often put to much inconvenience. His Humour surprized many of his Acquaintances, and myself among the rest, as it appeared so very singular and unreasonable. One Day upon a Hint received from me, in a very intimate Conversation, he assigned the Cause of his Conduct. I wonder not said he, that you express your surprize on this Occasion; for certainly it must seem very strange, that any Man will suffer Uneasiness himself, or give it to his Friends when the redress is so very easy. You are to know then, that the Furniture of my large Room is very rich and valuable; and you know likewise, that I have a favourite Wife, who hath two favourite Lap-Dogs that are never from her, and that, without Ceremony, perform all the Offices of Nature in her Sight. They are both extremely old, and she hath promised they shall have no Successors 'till their Deaths; therefore I am contented to lose the Benefit of the best Part of my House, rather than disoblige my Wife, or spoil my Furniture. Here you see a whole Family suffering a Grievance for the sake of two worthless Puppies, from which I desire to draw no other Conclusion than that I am not the only silly Fellow in the World.'

From what he said, as well as from his Manner of speaking, and from the Confusion which he betrayed in his Countenance, I saw he was ashamed of his Conduct in suffering the Obstinacy of his Gardener to destroy his Fruit, and therefore immediately changed the Subject to something else. When I reflected on this Scene, I thought a Moral might be drawn from it, not unworthy the Notice of the Censor. It is therefore at your Service, and do with it as you please.

\*\* In the sixth Line of the Verses on Mrs. Woffington in our last Journal, for Shine read Join.

I am,  
S I R, &c. C.



Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.

THE Court of Censorial Enquiry stands adjourned to Thursday next.



D U B L I N.

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THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for January, February and March 1752, being Numbers 65, 66 and 67, which begin Vol. X.

January, Number LXV. (Being the first Number of Vol. X.) Contains, a fine engraved Title and Frontispiece. Reflections on the Value of Human Reason improv'd by Science. The surprising Distance of the Heavenly Bodies. A fine Head of Sir Francis Bacon, with his Character. God's Goodness display'd in the Creation and Preservation of Man. A Description of a curious Water-Mill, illustrated with a Copper-Plate.

February, Number LXVI. A Curious Head of Dr. Boerhaave, with his Life. Description and Use of the Solar Microscope, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. The Nature of the Senses explained on Mechanical Principles. The Nature of the Touch explained, with some surprising Instances. The Irish Beauties, a Country Dance. Gervasi's Engine to raise Water, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. A particular Account of the new Entertainment call'd Harlequin Sorcerer.

March, Number LXVII. Contains, the Life of Dr. Boerhaave finished: His Character: Catalogue of his Works, and Remarks on his Capital Performances. A Letter on the Hopes of future Happiness. Description and Use of the Diving Bell, illustrated with a Copper-Plate. Trial of Miss Blandy, with her Letters and Speech, &c. Answers to Rebuffs. New Rebuffs. Trial of Swan and Miss Jeffries. New Mathematical Questions. The Comparison a New Song set to Musick. Plans and Elevations of Farm Houses, with a Copper-Plate. Origin of Architecture, &c.

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VIRG.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JUNE 18th. 1752.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus  
Vidi decentem (credite, posteri)  
Nymphasque discentes, et aures  
Capripedam Satyrorum acutas.*

HOR.

See the Translation at the End.



HOEVER can contemplate any one of our capital dramatic Pieces, and attend to the several Excellencies which adorn it; the serious, the facetious, the pathetic, the terrible, and (what is above all) the sententious, the moral, and the rational. —Whoever (I say) can contemplate all these Beauties, and mark how wonderfully they conspire in some single Performance, will not be surprized that not above ONE SHAKESPEAR should arise in a Century, and that when he comes he comes like a Prodigy of the better Sort, where Nature (according to the Phrase of a great Philosopher) may be said to have *out-done her usual Outdoings*.

Should my Readers ask me to what Purpose this Observation? I must answer, 'tis to prove what they would have owned perhaps without the Help of proving, viz. that *to write capital dramatic Pieces, is not a Gift vouchsafed by Providence to the Multitude*.

I may descend even lower. 'Tis no common Gift, no mean Accomplishment, to be able to ACT *them* with an Accuracy suitable to their intrinsic Merit. So rare is it to find a Man endowed with the natural Eminencies of Mind and Body (for both must concur) to form a perfect Actor, that I suppose it will hardly be denied that where one is born fit to rival a *Barry* or a *Quin*, many hundreds are qualified for passable Justices, for grave Doctors in any one of the Faculties; not

to say thousands for Captains, Foxhunters, Stage-Coachmen, &c.

As far then as this, I take for granted, I go on Hand in Hand with my Readers. They will readily agree with me, that with Respect to dramatic Pieces, few are formed for *Actors*, and fewer still for *Writers*; I mean for such Actors, and such Writers, as may be truly said to approach the Standard of Perfection,

But from henceforward I fear we shall dissent. Tho' few think themselves qualified for *Writers* or *Actors*, yet all think themselves qualified to be adequate *HEARERS*: This is a Matter in which they have seldom any Scruples.

Now for my own Part, if I might venture to oppose so formidable a Body as the Multitude, and that in a Case which immediately affects them; I think there are so very few capable of being those Hearers which they fancy themselves, that take a thousand of human Race that have none of them lost their Ears, and 'tis well if there be ten among them *who have really Ears to hear*. That they have the outward and visible Organs, I freely admit; so too have other Animals. — Nay, some of them possess these natural Insignia in a much more noble and enlarged Form, than the mightiest and most august among Men can pretend to. Yet 'tis plain, this is not enough. Were we to recite Hamlet or Othello to these venerable Quadrupeds, I fear we should be sentenced to lose our Labour. In short, what I would assert is this, that Ears alone are no more sufficient to make a Hearer, than a Fiddle alone is sufficient to make a Fiddler.

What then (says one) is sufficient? — The Answer to this Question will more easily explain itself, in other Words, we shall be better able to shew who are truly and properly Hearers, if we consider



consider *who in every Audience have no Pretensions to this Character.*

When Mr. Handel first exhibited his *Allegro and Penferoso*, there were two ingenious Gentlemen who had bought a Book of the Words, and thought to divert themselves by reading it before the Performance began. *Zounds* (cried one of them) *what damn'd Stuff this is!—Damn'd Stuff indeed*, replied his Friend. *God so!* (replied the other, who then first cast his Eyes on the Title-Page) *the Words are Milton's.*

It happened some Years since, that a low Farce was to be acted for the first Time after *Ben Johnson's Alchymist*. Two Heroes in the Boxes, had come there with an Intent to amuse themselves in damning the Farce. As their Attention to the Play had been taken off by their own more sublime Conversation, together with that of the Ladies who dispense Oranges, they unluckily took the End of the Play for the Beginning of the Farce, and set to hissing with the Voice not of Serpents but of Geese. The House was amazed; nor were they less amazed themselves, not to hear their Musick kindly returned by their Brother-Heroes in the Pit. In short, the Riddle was not solved, 'till one who sat near them, informed them that the Play was not yet over, and of course the Farce not yet begun. This a little discomposed them, but they soon comforted themselves by observing, *'twas but a musty Piece of old Johnson's, and so it did not much signify.*

There are many more such Stories to be collected. I shall, however, not dwell on a few Individuals, but pass to a common Practice of whole Crouds together. Whoever hath attended our Theatres, and seen our best Plays acted, must have heard many an exquisite Speech of the sedater Kind, delivered most exactly by an accomplished Actor, pass off unregarded in a Kind of cold Silence; while the empty Vociferation of some wretched Performer, hath been soon after rewarded with a thundering Clap of Approbation. One would imagine in such Case, that the Audience looked on the Actor as a Kind of Rival to themselves, and that they were desirous to shew him they could be louder than he was; or rather, (to give the Thing a more benevolent Explanation) that they were ambitious to pay him in his own Way, and generously to reward him with what he seemed so to delight in.

The Conclusion is, that none of these have Ears to hear; that to be a *real Hearer*, there must be **SENSE, JUDGMENT, WISDOM, DISCERNMENT,**

call it as you please; and that not only in *Writing*, and in *Acting*, but that in **HEARING** too,

— **SAPERE est principium et fons.**

Another Circumstance which disqualifies Persons for *Hearers*, is *the Want of Attention*, or at least *the Want of proper Attention*. This Defect has no small Connection with our first Defect, *the Want of Judgment and Wisdom*, tho' sufficiently distinct to merit a separate Consideration.

I remember I was once present at a theatrical Entertainment of the graver Kind, which was very excellent. The Audience were giving it much the same Attention as is given to the reading of Depositions and Affidavits, when lo! an unfortunate Cat made her Appearance and ran across the Stage. Pit, Box, and Gallery, in an Instant sympathized; their Attention became fixed to the same admirable Point; a louder Laugh never arose among Homer's Gods; nor did I ever remember the best Scenes in the Rehearsal to produce half so much Delight. That there are Facts of like Kind which happen every Week at the Theatres, I appeal to the Experience of those who frequent them.

When any fine Set of Company make their Appearance in the Boxes, a Scene commonly passes away before they have taken their Places. Another Scene goes off while the Bows and Curtseys are exchanging. Then begin the Comments upon Persons and Dresses, which commonly last 'till the Play is at an End, and would last were it to begin and be acted over again, the Voice of the Actors having the same Effect upon these Talkers, as the Sound of human Voices hath upon Canary-Birds and Parrots.

There is one Species of Inattention which is something peculiar, and that is Inattention arising from the Performance itself; when a Person takes Occasion from some trivial Incident (a Phrase, a Gesture, an Accent, or the like) to enter into a heavy and prolix Dissertation; to the no small Grievance of his rational Neighbour, whom he compels by addressing him to feed upon Husks, while a Banquet is before him of the most exquisite Kind. A dull Digresser of this Sort is not unlike an old Woman at Church, turning to her Book for the Text as soon as the Preacher hath named it; where, if the Chapter happen to be mistaken, the Spectacles to be clouded, or the Leaf to be torn out, 'tis a Chance the Sermon is half over before she hath heard a single Syllable.

The

The Conclusion is like the former; that those who cannot attend, or at least cannot attend properly, have not Ears to hear; and that of course to be A REAL HEARER, there must not only be UNDERSTANDING, but just and adequate ATTENTION.

The last and by far the most blameable Obstacle to becoming a real Hearer, is the Want of Candour and Humanity; when the Sneer, the Grin, the Hoot, and the Horse Laugh, are kept in Readiness, like Troops, to appear at a Moment's Warning, and raise ungenerous Triumphs on the most iniquitous Occasions.

There are a Race of Mortals in this Country, who go by the Name of Bucks. On what Pretence they usurp the Name of that noble Animal, 'tis hard to say, there being both Beasts and Birds of very different Species, by whose Names they would be much more aptly characterized. Be this however as it will, Bucks they are called. There are also two Species of Laughter; one derived from a free and social Spirit, which thro' every Part of it is harmless and inoffensive; the other, founded on Insolence and Pride, and which is Gall and Bitterness from Beginning to End. 'Tis to this last Species of Laughter, that the Bucks are commonly prone. I have beheld a Herd of these, at the most serious Scenes of a fine Tragedy, laugh with such an insolent Loudness, that the Audience who were all Attention, have not been able to hear a Word.

And what hath been the Occasion? -- A stupid Witicism of their own upon the Performance; such a Witicism, as a Merry-Andrew of Reputation would have been ashamed of. These same Bucks have I seen stand the high Humour of Falstaff, with as much Insensibility, as if they had not been Bucks, but Pigs of Lead. Indeed, so great is their Dulness, so incorrigible their Insolence; so ready is their malevolent Grin to display itself on every Occasion; such Enemies are they to all that is decent, to all that is orderly, to all that is even elegant and truly polite; that if ever Knight-Errants were to arise again, I could wish they would arise, to extirpate this Race; to drive them from the Face of the Earth; to force them, after the Greek Phrase, *εις κόρακας*, after the English, *to the Dogs*. That such as these are no Hearers, is past Dispute. They have not only no Ears to hear; but they have neither Heads to hear, nor Hearts to hear. Humanity and Candour are Strangers to their Breasts.

Let us mark the Audience, described by Horace, in the Motto to this Paper. *I saw* (says he) *Bac-*

*chus in the remote Rocks teaching Verses; I saw the Nymphs learning, and the Ears of the goat-footed Satyrs erect.* How different as to its Behaviour is this antique Audience from a modern one? For tho' the British Fair may be well said to equal the fairest Nymphs of Antiquity, and tho' our Beaus with their grotesque Visages most exactly resemble the Satyrs; yet 'tis to be feared our Ladies seldom attend (like the Nymphs) *so as to learn*; and that our Beaus seldom prick up their Ears, to listen (like the Satyrs) to any Thing, worth Attention.

The Conclusion of the whole is, *that to make a perfect Hearer there must be three Things concur; that is to say, JUDGMENT, ATTENTION, and HUMANITY.* S.



*Proceedings at the Court of Cenforial Enquiry, &c.*

THE Court of Cenforial Enquiry met, and arraigned a Book intitled *Hermes*; which Book was ordered to appear in this Court on *Thursday* next..

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th. 1752.

To be continued every THURSDAY.

*Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*

HORAT.

*Say, with what Ties of Reasoning shall I bind.  
The Proteus Nature of the female Mind?*

A DIALOGUE at TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, between a  
Philosopher and a Fine Lady. After the Manner of  
PLATO.



*Miss.*

H! dear Mr. *Downright*, I have the  
strangest Piece of News to tell you, what  
do you think it is?

*Mr.* I cannot guess?

*Miss.* Then I'll tell you. Mr. *Cain-  
love* follows *Miss Bird*.

*Mr.* If he follows her, he may e'en  
catch her, and eat her into the Bargain.  
What's that to me?

*Miss.* Incurious Creature! Nay but *Miss Bird* is no Gen-  
tlewoman: And to be sure a Gentleman should marry a Gen-  
tlewoman.

*Mr.* No Gentlewoman, *Miss*?

*Miss.* No. I heard Lady *Brazen*, and Mrs. *Danglecourt*  
both say so.

*Mr.* How should they know Gentlewomen? But perhaps  
they heard others say so.

*Miss.* You are the strangest Man! Well then, I will tell  
you; I know she is no Gentlewoman; for her Father —

*Mr.* Her Father, *Miss*! Why we are talking of the young  
Lady, who appears to be *genteel* in her Person, and *gentle*  
in her Manners: That she is a *Woman*, at present, we will  
take for granted. Now, *Miss*, according to my Notion of  
Things, if her Person and Manners are as I have described, I  
think *Miss Bird* may be a Gentlewoman, Lady *Brazen* and  
Mrs. *Danglecourt* may be two Furies, with Minds more hi-  
deous and distorted than their Bodies and Persons.

*Miss.* Lord! Sir, you talk always to me in a quite new  
Language. But I won't believe one Word you say.

*Mr.* That I know better than you can tell me; for Fa-  
shion will always get the better of Sense.

*Miss.* Well! I suppose you in your wife Way have some-  
thing to say about Fashion too.

*Mr.* 'Tis the Creed of Fools, and Conveniency of wife  
Men.

*Miss.* But I shall believe in it, Mr. *Wiseman*, for all that  
you can say to the contrary.

*Mr.* And follow it too?

*Miss.* Certainly.

*Mr.* But the Fashion is always changing.

*Miss.* 'Tis so.

*Mr.* You then likewise must be always changing: And  
you will be aptly called the fluttering, the changing, the in-  
constant —

*Miss.* A Truce, pray, with your Compliments.

*Mr.* No Compliments, I'll assure you, but plain Truth.

— Well then, will you answer me one Question?

*Miss.* What's that?

*Mr.* You have learnt to cast up an Account?

*Miss.* I have.

*Mr.* And you can play on the Spinnet?

*Miss.* True.

*Mr.* When you learnt to cast up an Account, you was  
taught that two added to two, made four; and three times  
three, made nine. And I am certain you would believe it the  
greatest Imposition on your Understanding, should any one  
undertake to prove that two added to two, made twenty.

*Miss.* I can't see what all this tends to.

*Mr.* Have a little Patience, *Miss*; you will find it of  
great Service in Life. — And when you learn to play on  
the Spinnet, you found the Art, as far as you ever knew it,  
to consist of certain unvariable Principles.

*Miss.* To be sure I was not to strike what Key I pleased,  
but what Key was proper.

*Mr.* Have Courage, *Miss*, and you will become a Phi-  
losopher. — Then what was *proper* and *true* and *right*,  
you was always taught to follow in all the Arts and Sciences,  
which hitherto you have learnt?

*Miss.* I was.

*Mr.* And in all the other Arts and Sciences of human  
Life, don't you imagine we may reason after the same Man-  
ner?

ner?

ner? 'Tis not as we please, but what is proper: And we should take care to be rightly pleased.

*Mifs.* It may be so, for aught I know.

*Mr.* It must be so. What then, *Mifs.*, becomes of Fashion? How comes this the chief Motive of Action? For you have acknowledged that what was proper and right should direct Fashion; and if the contrary were allowed, the Nature of Things must be subverted.

*Mifs.* Then you would not have me be in the Fashion; And one had as good be out of the World, as out of the Fashion.

*Mr.* I never said so.

*Mifs.* What did you say then?

*Mr.* Why, I never could make Fashion a Rule for acting; but I would have higher and steadier Principles. Surely, *Mifs.*, it requires no great Depth of Logic, to make some Distinction between what may be convenient, and is necessary.

*Mifs.* Well! I could wish you did but hear Lady Brazen talk of the Fashion.

*Mr.* I had rather hear old *Socrates*, were he alive. For my Part I have no Curiosity to be acquainted with Lady Brazen. Tho' I know several of her Family; there is hardly a County in *England*, where her Ladyship's Relations don't flourish. — But pray answer me, *Mifs.*

*Mifs.* Well, your Question.

*Mr.* When you want to buy a new Gown, what Shop do you go to?

*Mifs.* Where there is the best Goods, and the most Variety, and the fairest Tradesman.

*Mr.* And if you wanted to get Sense and Knowledge, to whose Shop would you repair?

*Mifs.* Your Servant, Sir! I see now what you would drive at. — But really I can't stay one Moment longer; 'tis three a Clock, and I must dress myself, for I am going to dine with Lady Brazen, Mrs. Danglecourt, Capt. Flutter, and two or three Persons of Quality. — And so your Servant, good Mr. Philosopher. J

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.*

*A Book called Hermes was read, and most highly approved by the Censor, and the following Recommendation of it ordered to be published.*

**I**F the Reader has any Curiosity to know why this *Treatise* is intituled HERMES, it might not be improper to inform him that *Aristotle* gave a Name, derived from *Hermes*, to a Book concerning the Combination of simple Terms, or Words, into Propositions: And that *Demetrius* likewise gave the same Appellation to what he wrote concerning the Method of rhetorically combining Words, according to all the several Species or Characters of Style. From the same Idea of *Hermes*, being the God of Eloquence, the Genius of Elocution, our Author perhaps gave this Name to his Book, which treats of those Principles which are essential to Speech or Language; and which if they were taken away, or denied us, there could be no longer either Logic, or Rhetoric, or even common Discourse, but the Life of Man would be like the Life of Beasts.

Having said so much concerning the Title, I come now to consider the Book itself, which opens with the Dignity of

the Subject; and our Author having premised that Speech is not only the peculiar Distinction of Man, but that 'tis likewise the joint Energy of our best Faculties, viz. of our Reason and our social Affections; he then considers Speech as divided into its constituent Parts, or as resolved into its Matter and Form: And this different analyzing or Resolution constitutes *Universal Grammar*.

Hence with great Perspicuity and Order he treats concerning the analyzing of Speech into its smallest Parts; and reduces their seeming indefinite Natures to certain definite Classes; and lays down this Proposition, that every Sentence will be either a Sentence of Assertion or a Sentence of Volition. Sentences are the longest Extension of Speech, with which Grammar has to do; having therefore defined what a Sentence is, that the Knowledge of Words must needs contribute to the Knowledge of Speech? and with great Precision and Accuracy, from the ancient Philosophers and Grammarians, gives each of these Species a separate Consideration; and very elegantly introduces many Illustrations of his Doctrine from some of the politest Authors of Antiquity or of later Years.

Having finished those principal Parts of Speech, the Substantive, and the Attributive which are significant, when alone he proceeds to those auxiliary Parts which are only significant when associated: — Those significant by themselves denote either *Substances* or *Attributes*, and are called for that Reason *Substantives* and *Attributives*: The *Substances* are either *Nouns* or *Pronouns*: The *Attributives* are either primary or secondary *Adverbs*. — Again, the Parts of Speech, only significant when associated are either *Definitives* or *Connectives*; the *Definitives* are either *articulor* or *pronominal*; the *Connectives* are either *Propositions* or *Conjunctions*.

He recapitulates the whole of his two Books, by observing that all Words are either significant by themselves, or only significant when associated: — Those significant by themselves denote either *Substances* or *Attributes*, and are called for that Reason *Substantives* and *Attributives*: The *Substances* are either *Nouns* or *Pronouns*: The *Attributives* are either primary or secondary *Adverbs*. — Again, the Parts of Speech, only significant when associated are either *Definitives* or *Connectives*; the *Definitives* are either *articulor* or *pronominal*; the *Connectives* are either *Propositions* or *Conjunctions*.

And thus our Author has resolved Language, as a whole, into its constituent Parts, which was the Thing proposed in the Course of his Inquiry.

In the third Book, after taking Notice in general of the Act of the Mind in mental Separations, he considers the elementary Principles of Language in particular, with a View to its Matter and Form: Its Matter is recognized when 'tis considered as a Voice; its Form, as 'tis significant of our several Ideas; so that upon the whole Language may be defined, *A System of articulate Voices, the Symbols of our Ideas, but of those which principally are general or universal.*

The two last Chapters are a Kind of Corrollaries, and very requisite to obviate some Objections that modern Philosophers might be induced to make against the *Aristotelian* Doctrine, newly received and explained by our Author. The fourth Chapter is highly metaphysical and treats of general Ideas. The last Chapter has the following Contents, *Subordination of Intelligence — Difference of Ideas in particular Men and in whole Nations — different Genius of different Languages — Character of the English, Oriental, Latin and Greek Languages — Superlative Excellence of the last Conclusion.*

Notwithstanding the Subject Matter of this *Treatise* is of such a Nature, and indeed written after so methodic and order-

ly a Manner as hardly to admit, what now a-days is called Embellishments; yet if the Reader will examine the easy Flow of the Periods and Sentences, and with what Precision the whole is written—even this alone will appear no small Beauty. Let me add likewise, which is mentioned in the Preface, that the Author does not merely confine himself to what the Title of the Book promises, but expatiates freely into whatever is collateral; aiming on every Occasion to rise in his Enquiries, and to pass from small Matters to the greatest. Of such Nature we may reckon his most elegant and acute Reply [from p. 293. to p. 303.] to such Objectors as ask the *Qui bono?* of such Inquiries. To this may be added what he writes concerning *Time, Truth, Being, Mind, God, &c.*—His Philosophical Enquiry [from p. 308, to p. 313.] into *Matter and Form.*—His metaphysical Chapter [p. 350.] concerning *general or universal Ideas*: In which if there are any oblique Glances at modern Philosophers, those Philosophers, perhaps, are to be blamed for first departing from *Plato and Aristotle.*

There are likewise interspersed several Criticisms of the *lesser Kind*, and more adapted to what is generally called by that Name! such for Instance is that Observation [p. 269.] of Philosophers either new-coining of Words, or of transferring Words by Metaphor from common to special Meanings.—And that [p. 58, 59, 63.] where is shewn how elegantly *Milton* uses *His* instead of *Its*.—And [p. 123, 134, 135.] where 'tis instanced from *Virgil*, how frequently he joins in the same Sentence, the compleat and perfect present with the extended and passing present.—And likewise the Etymologies [p. 368.] of *Επιστήμη, Scientia*, understanding Again, [p. 259, 260.] his Reflections on the *Attic* Writers abounding in Particles of all Kinds, and our modern Way of writing without, hardly, any Connectives at all.—Nor let me forget the concluding Chapter of his Book mentioned just above.

In a Word our Author is so much *Aristotle* both as to the *Matter and Form* of his Treatise, that he perpetually keeps him in his Eye, and thus after the old *Stagerite's* Manner concludes his Book.

*And so much at present as to general Ideas, how we acquire them, whence they are derived, what is their Nature, and what their Connection with Language, and universal Grammar.*

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By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JULY 2d. 1752.

*Qui Barvium non odit, amet tua Carmina, Mævi.*  
VIRGIL.

*He who doth not hate one bad Commentator, let him  
love a worse.*

S I R,



YOU are sensible, I believe, that there is nothing in this Age more fashionable, than to criticise on Shakespeare; I am indeed told, that there are not less than 200 Editions of that Author, with Commentaries, Notes, Observations &c. now preparing for the Press; as nothing therefore is more natural than to direct one's Studies by the Humour of the Times, I have myself employed some leisure Hours on that great Poet. I here send you a short Specimen of my Labours, being some Emendations of that most celebrated Soliloquy in Hamlet, which, as I have no Intention to publish Shakespeare myself, are very much at the Service of any of the 200 Critics above-mentioned.

*I am, &c.*

Hamlet, Act III. Scene 2.

To be, or not to be; that is the Question.

This is certainly very intelligible; but if a slight Alteration were made in the former Part of the Line, and an easy Change was admitted in the last Word, the Sense would be greatly improved. I would propose then to read thus;

To be, or not. To be! that is the BASTION.  
That is the strong Hold. The Fortrefs. So Addison in Cato.

Here will I hold -----

The military Terms which follow, abundantly point out this Reading.

Whether 'tis nobler in the *Mind* to suffer  
The *Slings* and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,  
Or to take *Arms* against a Sea of Troubles,  
And by opposing end them.

*Suffering* is, I allow, a Christian Virtue; but I question whether it hath ever been ranked among the heroic Qualities. Shakespeare certainly wrote *BUFFET*; and this leads us to supply Man for Mind; Mind being alike applicable to both Sexes, whereas Hamlet is here displaying the most masculine Fortitude. *Slings* and *Arrows* in the succeeding Line, is an Impropriety which could not have come from our Author; the former being the Engine which discharges, and the latter the Weapon discharged. To the Sling, he would have opposed the Bow; or to Arrows, Stones. Read therefore *WINGED ARROWS*; that is, feathered Arrows; a Figure very usual among Poets: So in the classical Ballad of Chevy Chase;

The Grey-Goose Wing that was thereon  
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

The next Line is undoubtedly corrupt---to take Arms against a Sea, can give no Man, I think, an Idea; whereas by a slight Alteration and Transposition all will be set right, and the undoubted Meaning of Shakespeare restored.

Or tack against an *Arm 'otb'* Sea of Troubles,  
And by composing end them.

By composing himself to Sleep, as he presently explains himself. What shall I do? says Hamlet.  
Shall

Shall I *buffet* the Storm, or shall I tack about and go to Rest?

-----*To die*, to sleep;

No more; and by a Sleep to say we end  
The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural  
Shocks

The Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a *Consummation*  
Devoutly to be wished. *To die*, to sleep;  
To sleep, perchance to dream;-----

What to die first, and to go to sleep afterwards; and not only so, but to dream too?---But tho' his Commentators were dreaming of Nonsense when they read this Passage, Shakespeare was awake when he writ it. Correct it thus;

-----To lie to sleep.

*i. e.* To go to sleep, a common Expression; Hamlet himself expressly says he means *no more*; which he would hardly have said, if he had talked of Death, a Matter of the greatest and highest Nature: And is not the Context a Description of the Power of Sleep, which every one knows puts an End to the Heart-ach, the Tooth-ach, Head-ach, and indeed every Ach? So our Author in his Macbeth, speaking of this very Sleep, calls it.

Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's *second Course*.

Where, by the bye, instead of *second Course*, I read SICKEN'D DOSE; this being, indeed, the Dose which Nature chuses to apply to all her Shocks, and may be therefore well said *devoutly to be wished for*; which surely cannot be so generally said of Death.---But how can Sleep be called a *Consummation*?---The true Reading is certainly *Consultation*; the Cause for the Effect, a common Metonymy, *i. e.* When we are in any violent Pain, and a Set of Physicians are met in a *Consultation*, it is to be hoped the Consequence will be a sleeping Dose. Death, I own, is very devoutly to be apprehended, but seldom wished, I believe, at least by the Patient himself, at all such Seasons.

For natural *Shocks*, I would read *Shakes*; indeed I know only one Argument which can be brought in Justification of the old Reading; and this is, that *Shock* hath the same Signification, and is rather the better Word. In such Cases, the Reader must be left to his Choice.

For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,

When we have *scuffled* off this mortal Coil,  
Must give a Pause-----

Read and print thus:

For in that Sleep, of Death what Dreams may come?

When we have *scuffled* off, this mortal Call,  
Must give us Pause-----

*i. e.* Must make us stop. *Scuffle* is a poultry Metaphor, taken from playing at Cards; whereas *Scuffle* is a noble and military Word.

The Whips and Scorns of Time.

Undoubtedly *Whips* and *Spurs*.

When he himself might his *Quietus* make  
With a bare *Bodkin*.

With a bare *Pipkin*. The Reader will be pleased to observe, that Hamlet, as we have above proved, is here debating whether it were better to go to sleep, or to keep awake; as an Argument for the affirmative, he urges that no Man in his Senses would bear *the Whips and Scorns of Time, the Oppressor's Wrongs, &c.* when he himself, without being at the Expence of an Apothecary, might make his *Quietus, or sleeping Dose*, with a bare PIPKIN, the cheapest of all Vessels, and consequently within every Man's Reach.

-----Who would Fardles bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?

Who indeed would bear any thing for such a Reward? The true Reading is

-----Who would for th' Ales bear  
To groan, &c.

Who would bear the Miseries of Life, for the Sake of the Ales. In the Days of Shakespeare, when Diversions were not arrived at that Degree of Elegance to which they have been since brought, the Assemblies of the People for Mirth were called by the Name of an ALE. This was the Drum or Rout of that Age, and was the Entertainment of the better Sort, as it is at this Day of the Vulgar. Such are the *Easter-Ales* and the *Whisfun-Ales*, at present celebrated all over the West of England. The Sentiment therefore of the Poet, is this; *Who would bear the Miseries of Life, to enjoy the Pleasures of it*; which latter Word is by no forced Metaphor called THE ALES OF LIFE.

And



And makes us rather bear the Ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

This, I own, is Sense as it stands; but the Spirit  
of the Passage will be improved, if we read

Than try *some others*, &c.

—Thus the native Hue of Resolution,  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought.

Read,

—Thus the native Blue of Resolution,  
Is pickled o'er in a stale Cask of Salt.

This restores a most elegant Sentiment; I shall  
leave the Relish of it therefore with the Reader,  
and conclude by wishing that its Taste may never  
be obliterated by any future Alteration of this  
glorious Poet. A.

*An extempore EPIGRAM, made in the South Walk  
of Stephen's Green*

Hail pious Bishop whose enlightned Mind  
Nor One in Three, nor Three in GOD can find  
A neighb'ring, fitter Theme may raise you, Merit;  
ESSAY ON — *Woffington's Desert: She's SPIRIT.*

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JULY 9th. 1752.

---*Discordia semina Rerum.*

OVID.

*Hints upon different Subjects.*

The two first Letters which I shall give the Public this Day, the Reader will perceive have lain by me some Time, as they relate to Matters handled in my first Papers. We hope they will not on that Account prove the less acceptable. The third Letter relates to a Grievance which hath been attacked by all my Predecessors; but I think not in the Light in which it is here shewn.

To ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Esq;  
*Censor of Great Britain.*

SIR,



Am a Subscriber to your Paper, and therefore take the Liberty to tell you, that there is the damn'dest Letter in Number 7, I ever read; and I am so enraged at it that I can hardly keep my Temper.

I did not think, Sir, that any one Person in the World could have had the Assurance to justify, countenance, or support in Print, those two abominable Words WHY and WHEREFORE. They ought, by Act of Parliament, to be entirely prohibited; they are the Bane of every Thing that's joyous. O d--mn 'em, how many Pounds have they cost me? was it not for that cursed Word WHY, a Man might debauch Country Girls, almost for as little Money as one could buy a Turkey. Then, besides the Expence of Money, what an Expence of Lies and Oaths does this infamous Word WHY put us to? For if you attack a Far-

mer's handsome Maid or Daughter, she presently cries, "Why would you desire to ruin a poor innocent Girl?" And there is no getting the better of this confounded WHY, till you have given her Money enough to satisfy her for what she calls her Ruin. Then if you make your Attempt higher, amongst the Parsons or Officers Daughters, which are generally our Mark, you are presently question'd with "Why would you ruin me? Why won't you marry me? &c." Z--nds, Sir, is it not abominable, that a Man of Spirit and Fortune must be so plagued and stopp'd with this impertinent Word? For what is to be done? You must either give over the Pursuit, and lose perhaps the finest Girl in the World, or satisfy these WHYS, by Lying, Swearing, and a positive Promise of future Marriage. And is it not very hard, Sir, I say, that Gentlemen must be driven to these mean Arts, as they are call'd, (and indeed I should in any other Case call them so myself) to get a fine Girl, only by that infamous Word WHY! A Word which all your d--mn'd modest Women have ever at their Fingers Ends? whilst a good honest Whore never says WHY, but *what* will you give me? and your noble generous Women of Intrigue scorn such paltry Interrogations; and only ask you When? Where? How? D--mn me, Sir, these are the Words that fill a Man with Joy and Rapture; and yet one cannot help running after those modest Toads, altho' they cost so much Pains before one gets them, and all owing to their confounded WHYS and WHEREFORES: and after all our Pains, 'tis ten to one but we have Reason, in a very few Weeks, to grow tired of them. Many Instances I could give of the Disappointments these Words WHY and WHEREFORE have cost me in the Way of Gallantry;

But



But I must tell you, Sir, the Mischief they do in all jolly Companies; for did not those Fellows, who are called sensible Men, sometimes come among us Bloods, and confound us with their WHYS and WHEREFORES, we should be the cleverest Fellows in England; and as they are generally Parsons, or old rum Dogs who have a Privilege from Years or Profession, we cannot have the Satisfaction of giving the only proper Answer to such a Question; which is knocking them down, or sending them a Challenge; and therefore know not how to deal with them. I have told a Story myself in Company, that has set every one laughing ready to kill themselves, except one of those queer Fellows, who had no Wit nor Humour, and could not find out the Joke: And by G--d, Sir, this Fellow only by asking me two or three damned WHYS, turned my Story in such a manner, and set all my heroic Exploits in such a trifling View, that the Company no longer laughed at the Story, but at the Person that told it. These Things I have seen often happen to others as well as myself, to the Bane of all Wit, Humour, Fun, and Jollity: And many a charming Scheme that has been proposed for breaking Windows, or storming a Bawdy-House, have I seen spoilt and laid aside, by a queer Fellow's happening to be of the Company, and bringing up some damn'd WHY and WHEREFORE.

There was poor Tom Gallop (who broke his Neck last Year, riding a Match he had made with Ned Raquett of five hundred Guineas, on his sweet Mare Cherry Lips) about three Years ago, as I and three or four more were going to Dinner at the \_\_\_\_\_ at Newberry, came riding in full Speed, and, our Dinner being just ready, honest Tom made one of the Company. Down he sat in his Chair; and "D--mn me (says he) how long do you think I have been coming, on that Horse you saw me ride, from Hyde-Park-Corner." I think 'tis upwards of sixty Miles; one said seven Hours, another six, and another five: At last Tom swore, and shew'd his Watch, that it was under four Hours. But unluckily one of these WHY-ERS was in Company, who says to Tom, "I presume, Sir, you are come on some important Business; by the Speed you have made." "Not I (says Tom) D--mn me. I leave Business to those stupid Dogs who cannot enjoy Pleasure." "Then pray Sir, replied the other, why did you ride so hard, to tire both yourself and Horse, when there was no Necess-

"sity for it?" Tom looked like a Fool, we all laughed, and a total Stop was put to all Tom's Wit and Humour, and he sat the whole Evening in the Dumps, nor dared to open his Lips about that or any Exploits of the same Kind, with which he intended to have entertained the Company for that Night. Thus, Sir, was the Mouth stopped of one of the jollyest Fellows in the Universe; and indeed, for fear of this d--mn'd WHY, very little Wit or Humour passed all that Evening.

Now after these Stories, and a hundred more I could tell you of my own Knowledge, will you, Sir, or any Man breathing, countenance the Petition or Complaint of WHY and WHEREFORE? Z--nds, Sir, it makes me in a Passion, and I am in a Passion, and if any Man breathing was to come into the Room, and ask me why I was in a Passion, d--mn me if I would not knock him down.

If you take proper Notice of this Letter, and forbid the Use of these Words in all polite and jolly Companies, you shall be always esteemed as a very honest Fellow, by

Your constant Reader, &c.  
JACK BLOOD.

P. S. As to the Writer of the Letter signed Sophia, if 'tis a Man I am not the only one of the Bloods that would give him his Deserts, could we but find him: And if 'tis a Woman, you may let her know that if she is young and handsome, all her WHYS and WHEREFORES shall not hinder me from doing as I please with her, d--mn me.

~~~~~

To ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Esq;

S I R,

T WAS with infinite Pleasure I read your Glossary, and only wish'd it greatly enlarged, in which I cannot think myself capable of giving you any Assistance; but beg, for the Sake of the Public, that you would continue to explain, according to the modern Meaning, all those Words that may daily occur to your Observation, and probably you will find still a very large Number that are at present doubtful in their Signification, or quite unintelligible.

Your giving to EATING the Title of a Science, is most humourously just in this Age, and I wish you had given us the Names of all the others, in the room of those old discarded Gentry, which are now scarce ever heard of, at least out of our two Universities.

In other Languages, that is, in the Greek and Latin, most Words are either of the masculine or feminine Gender - whereas in English, few but animated Things bear any Gender;

der, except the Neuter: And I think these old-fashioned Things called the Sciences were all of the feminine Gender, which have led some People into a silly Argument, that Women had at least an equal Claim to them with the Men; and others again have from thence infer'd, that they were designed as Helpmates to the Men. But to prevent any such Disputes about the modern Sciences, suppose you was to divide them as below. (i. e.)

The two first to be call'd Masculine, as being only for the Study and Practice of Men.—The two next to be call'd Feminine, as chiefly studied by the Women.—The two following to be call'd of the Common of two, as being studied and practised by both.—And to make up the Number seven, the last to be called Neuter, as being studied and practised by Neither.

|               |             |
|---------------|-------------|
| Masculine     | { Fencing.  |
|               | { Lying.    |
| Feminine      | { Dressing. |
|               | { Fainting. |
| Common of two | { Eating.   |
|               | { Gaming.   |
| Neuter        | Morality.   |

To Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt.

S I R,

I Am a young Fellow of twenty-five, and the only Son of a Squire, who hath an Estate of six hundred per Ann. in the West of England. Tho' I am what you call country bred, yet I have been at Grammar-School, and have learned to dance, and will dance a Hornpipe with any Man for 20l. *I say done first.*

Now, Sir, you must know that my Father, who keeps his own Estate in his Hand, sends Oxen twice a Year to Smithfield Market, and I got 'un this Bout, for the vurst Time, to let me come up along wi um. And to be sure it is natural for a Newcomer, to go and zee all the Zights that he can. Accordingly, Sir, I went a few Days ago to Ranilay, to the what-dye-call-it, the Jubberly Ball, which, thof it cost me above a Guinea, I did not begrutch my Money, vor it was the vinest Zight I ever zeed in my Life.

But here comes the Mischief; while I was walking about there, I spied a young Woman with.—Oh! Sir, it is impossible to tell you.—I never zeed such a Zight in all my born Days.—They were as round as a Bowl Dish, and as white as Snow itself.—Y cot? I zeed every bit o'urn, and to be zure it was a Zight enuff to make any young Man run mad.

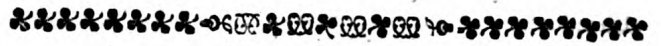
Upon this, Sir, I went to several Volk, and asked 'um who the Lady was that was Owner of zuch Goods; but nobody could or would tell me. Till at last I took Courage, and, having watched my Opportunity, I opened my Mind to her, told her who I was, and asked her to ha' me; to which she answered that she was engaged. This drove me quite mad, especially as I had taken two or three Mugs that Afternoon; and I could not refrain, if I had been to be hanged, from kissing what I thought she could not shew for any other Purpose, but to dispose of.

Upon this the Lady seemed angry, and told me these Goods were already bespoke. Now, Sir, as I am told you are the only Person to be applied to for such Matters, I would

be glad to know therefore whether it is a Custom here in London, for Volk to expose their Goods in the Market after they are sold or bespoke, especially such Goods as must make every Man's Mouth to water that looks at them.

I am, Sir,

Your Servant to command,  
HUMPHRY GURBIN.



### MODERN HISTORY.

ON Wednesday last the Monmouth Carrier was robbed of a Guinea and half, by one Highwayman, who, when he rid off, damned him, and bid him sue the Hundred.—*This Gentleman it is thought, might formerly belong to the Law, by taking his Fee, before he gave his Advice.*

DUBLIN, July 9th.

A Most polite and numerous Audience will be at *Marlborough-Green* this Evening, to hear the celebrated Miss *BAB. BURN* execute her peculiar Graces in the favourite Song, *DANIEL COOPER*, which with the other Entertainments of the Night, must be sufficient to draw all Lovers of *native Merit* to countenance and encourage the ready obliging Talents of Mr. *SULLIVAN*, whose Benefit they are to be exhibited for.

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Number LXIX. Contains the Life of Dr. *Saunderson*, with a fine Head. Proceedings of the Parliament continued. Description of the Camera Obscura, with its Uses in Drawing, &c. illustrated with a Copper-Plate. A Curious Blue, almost equal to Ultramarine. *Obidah* and the *Hermit*, an Eastern Tale. The British Muse. The Fidler's Choice, a new Country Dance. *Judith's Speech* to the Elders of *Israel*. A curious Method of dying Saxon Blue and Green. Construction and Use of several Mathematical Instruments, with a Copper-Plate. Riddles and RebusSES, &c.

N. B. This Number is illustrated with a fine Head of Dr. *Saunderson*, a perspective View of the City of *Lincoln*, the Camera Obscura, a Plate of Mathematical Instruments, with a Song and Country Dance set to Musick.

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\* \* A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the Encyclopedie, by Mr. *Diderot*, now suppressed at *Paris*, will be inserted in this New Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

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**DUBLIN**: Printed by **JAMES HOEY**, at the Sign of *Mercury*, in *Skinner-Row*. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every *Thursday*.)



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JULY 16th. 1752.

*Odi profanum Vulgus*

HOR.

*I hate profane Rascals.*

S I R,



N this very learned and enlightened Age, in which Authors are almost as numerous as Book-sellers, I doubt not but your Correspondents furnish you with a sufficient Quantity of waste Paper. I perhaps may add to the Heap; for as Men do not always know the Motive of their own Actions, I may possibly be induced by the same Sort of Vanity as other puny Authors have been, to desire to be in Print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my Judge, and if you should not think proper to take any Notice of the Hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude that I am an impertinent Correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial Critic. In my own Defence, however, I must say that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary Abilities employed in the Support of his Honour and Religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. 'Tis for this Reason that I wish you would take some Notice of the Character, or rather Story here sent you. In my Travels westward last Summer, I lay at an Inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant Situation, and the obliging Behaviour of the Landlord, who, tho' a downright Rustic, had an awkward Sort of Politeness, arising from his good Nature, that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the Expression, was a Sort of good Breeding undrest. As I intended to make a pretty long Journey the next Day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious Luminary the Sun set out on his Course,

which by the bye is one of the finest Sights the Eye can behold; and as it is a thing seldom seen by People of Fashion, unless it be at the Theatre at Covent-Garden, I could not help laying some Strefs upon it here. The Kitchen in this Inn was a very pleasant Room; I therefore called for some Tea, sat me in the Window that I might enjoy the Prospect which the Country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the Power of Imagination to frame. This House was situated on the Top of a Hill, and for two Miles below it Meadows, enlivened with Variety of Cattle, and adorned with a greater Variety of Flowers, first caught my Sight. At the Bottom of this Vale ran a River, which seemed to promise Coolness and Refreshment to the thirsty Cattle. The Eye was next presented with Fields of Corn that made a Kind of an Ascent, which was terminated by a Wood, at the Top of which appeared a verdant Hill, situate as it were in the Clouds, where the Sun was just arrived, and peeping o'er the Summit, which was at this Time covered with Dew, gilded it over with his Rays, and terminated my View in the most agreeable Manner in the World. In a Word, the elegant Simplicity of every Object round me, filled my Heart with such Gratitude, and furnished my Mind with such pleasing Meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this State of joyous Tranquility was not of long Duration: I had scarce began my Breakfast, when my Ears were saluted with a genteel Whistle, and the Noise of a Pair of Slippers descending the Stair-Case; and soon after I beheld a Contrast to my former Prospect, being a very beautiful Gentleman, with a huge laced Hat on as big as Pistol's in the Play; a Wig somewhat disheveled, and a Face which at once gave you

you a perfect Idea of Emptiness, Assurance, and Intemperance. His Eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixt on me with a Stare which testified Surprise, and his Coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand Gold laced Waistcoat. In one Hand he had a Pair of Saddle-bags, and in the other a Hanger of mighty Size, both of which, with a graceful G-- d--mn you, he placed upon a Chair. Then advancing towards the Landlord, who was standing by me, he said by G-- Landlord your Wine is damnable strong. I don't know, replied the Landlord; it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London. Pray who is your Wine-Merchant? says the Man of Importance. A very great Man, says the Landlord, in his Way; perhaps you may know him, Sir, his Name is Kirby. *Ah, what honest Tom; he and I have crack'd many a Bottle of Claret together; he is one of the most considerable Merchants in the City; the Dog is bellish poor, damnable poor, for I don't suppose he is worth a Farthing more than a hundred thousand Pound; only a Plumb, that's all; he is to be our Lord-Mayor next Year.* I ask Pardon Sir, that is not the Man, for our Mr. Kirby's Name is not Thomas, but Richard. *Ay, says the Gentleman, that's his Brother; they are Partners together.* I believe, says the Landlord, you are out Sir, for that Gentleman has no Brother. *D--mn your Nonsense, with you and your Outs, says the Beau, as if I should not know better than you country Puts; I who have lived in London all my Life-time.* I ask a thousand Pardons, says the Landlord; I hope no Offence, Sir. *No, no, cries the other, We Gentlemen know how to make Allowance for your Country-breeding.* Then stepping to the Kitchen-door, with an audible Voice he called the Ostler, and in a very graceful Accent said, *D--mn your Blood, you cock-ey'd Son of a Bitch, bring me my Boots; Did not you bear me call?* Then turning to the Landlord, said, *Faith that Mr. What-de-callum, the Ex-siseman, is a d--mn'd jolly Fellow.* Yes, Sir, says the Landlord, he is a merryish Sort of a Man. But, says the Gentleman, *As for that Schoolmaster, he is the queerest Bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say Bob to a Goose.* I don't know, Sir, says the Landlord, he is reckoned to be a desperate good Scollard about us, and the Gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the Measurement of Land and Timber, knows how to make Dials, and such Things; and for Cyphering few can out-do'en. *Ay, says the Gentleman, he does look*

*like a Cypher indeed, for he did not speak three Words all last Night,* The Ostler now produced the Boots, which the Gentleman taking in his Hand, and having placed himself in a Chair, address'd in the following Speech. *My good Friends, Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly that if you plague me so damnable as you did Yesterday Morning, by G-- I'll commit you to the Flames; flap my Vitals, as my Lord Huntington says in the Play:* He then looked full in my Face, and asked the Landlord if he had ever been at Drury-Lane Play House; which he answered in the Negative. *What, says he, did you never bear talk of Mr. Garrick and King Richard?* No Sir, says the Landlord. By G--, says the Gent. he is the cleverest Fellow in England; he then spouted a Speech out of *King Richard*, which begins, with give me an Horse, &c. There, says he, that is just like Mr. Garrick. Having pleas'd himself vastly with this Performance, he shook the Landlord by the Hand with great good Humour, and said, *by G - you seem to be an honest Fellow and good Blood, if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your Skin full of Wine, and treat you with a Play and a Whore every Night you stay, I'll shew you how it is to live, my Boy. But here, bring me some Paper my Girl; come lets have one of your Love-Letters to air my Boots.* Upon which the Landlord presented him with a Piece of an old News-Paper, *D--n you, says the Gent. this is not half enough, have you never a Bible or Common-Prayer Book in the House? Half a Dozen Chapters of Genesis, with a few Prayers, make an excellent Fire in a Pair of Boots.* Oh! Lord forgive you, says the Landlord, sure you would not burn such Books as those. *No! cries the Spark, Where was you born; go into a Shop in London, and buy some Butter or a Quartern of Tea, and then you'll see what Use is made of these Books.* *Ay, says the Landlord, we have a Saying here in our Country, that 'tis as sure as the Devil is in London, and if he was not there, they could not be so wicked as they be. Here a Country-Fellow who had been standing up in one Corner of the Kitchen, eating of cold Bacon and Beans, and who I observed trembled at every Oath this Spark swore, took his Dish and Pot, and marched out of the Kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learnt, that the House would fall down about his Ears, for he was sure, he said, that Man in the Gold Laced Hat was the Devil.* The young Spark, having now display'd all his Wit and Humour, and exerted his Talents to the utmost,



utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my Favour, and convinced me he was a Gentleman. He therefore with an Air address'd himself to me, and asked me, *which Way I was travelling?* To which I gave him no Answer. He then exalted his Voice; but at my continuing silent, he asked the Landlord if I was deaf? Upon which, the Landlord told him he did not believe the Gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The Man of Wit whisper'd in the Landlord's Ear, and said, I suppose he is either a Parson or a Fool. He then drank a Dram, observing that a Man should not cool too fast; paid Six-pence more than his Reckoning, called for his Horse, gave the Ostler a Shilling, and galloped out of the Inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever Fellow, and a Man of great Importance. The Landlord smiling, took up his Money, and said he was a comical Gentleman, but that it was a thousand Pities he swore so much; if it was not for that he was a very good Customer, and as generous as a Prince, for that the Night before, he had treated every Body in the House. I then asked him, if he knew that comical Gentleman as he called him; No really Sir, said the Landlord, tho' a Gentleman was saying last Night, that he was a Sort of Rider, or Rideout, to a Linnen-Draper at London. This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for having Occasion to buy some Cloth, I went last Week into a Linnen-Draper's Shop, in which I found a young Fellow whose decent Behaviour, and plain Dress, shew'd he was a Tradesman. Upon looking full in his Face, I thought I had seen it before, nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same Beau I had met with in Somersets-hire. The Difference in the same Man in London, where he was known, and in the Country where he was a Stranger, was beyond Expression; and was it not impertinent to make Observations to you, I could enlarge upon this Sort of Behaviour; for I am firmly of Opinion, that there is neither Spirit or good Sense in Oaths, or any Wit or Humour in Blasphemy. But as vulgar Errors require an abler Pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that Talk to you, and am Sir,

Your Humble Servant, R. S.  
M.

D U B L I N.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,  
THE Amendments, in your 29th Number, upon the celebrated Soliloquy of Hamlet, viz. *To be or not to be*—are excellent and will doubtless merit the Attention of some of the 200 Editors of *Shakespeare*. Whatever Liberties the Writers of the present Age take in correcting the Diction and Fancies of that surpassing Genius, that in this they but follow his own Example, who was known to have made frequent Alteration in his most favour'd Plays, as appears by the several Editions of single Plays published in his Life-Time; in which it is evident, that the oldest fall infinitely short of the Perfection of the latest Editions. Some of them that at first came out in a single Act as it were, were afterwards by himself divided into regular Acts and Scenes; even two Plays made out of one, as was the Case with his King John. Nay, he was so fond of new fashioning, that he is suspected of having alter'd his own Name, which might originally have been SHOCKSPEARE. The Reasons urg'd for this Opinion, is an Epitaph in the Cathed-

ral-Church of *Roshester*, said by some to be made by him in his earlier Days: The Epitaph is in the Memory of Sir *Samuel Cod*, Bart. who dyed Anno. 1584, when the Author was Twenty-one Years old, and is as follows.

*All's Fish that comes to Death his Net,  
An Angler sure is he;  
He struck his Hook, and up he took  
A good Cod verily.  
As good a Cod as e'er was wet,  
A better ne'er on Table set,  
He made his Guests full merry:  
He fed the poor, the lame, the blind,  
Nor was he backwards or behind  
To furnish Drink, ay Sack and Sherry.  
Go Copy him in social Guise  
And let not Neighbours fast,  
But niggard Husbandry despise  
And stand not here agast.*

At the Bottom of the Stone is carved in British Characters, the Word SHOCKSPEARE. Some will have it, that this is the Name of the Stone-Cutter; but as there is not to be found the same Name on any other Stone in that Church, and likewise as the Verses seem to have the true Spirit of *Shake* or *Shockspeare*, I think we cannot hesitate to pronounce them his, and read his Name SHOCKSPEARE. To clear up this I have searched the College of Arms in London, and find only the Arms of the *Shakespeare*s which were taken out by his Posterity: I have also done the same here, but successless; for Mr. *Hawkins* has neither Name in his Books. Upon the whole I would have the Reading.

*The Heart Ach and a Thousand natural Shocks  
The Flesh is Heir to.*—

to continue and not substitute Shakes for Shocks, for the Reasons given by your Correspondent in the 29th Journal.

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(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JULY 23d. 1752.

*Natio Comæda est.*

*We are a Nation of Players.*

JUVENAL.



IT is the Advice of Solomon, to train up a Child in the Way he shall go; and this in the Opinion of Quintilian can never be undertaken too early. He indeed begins his Institution even with the very Nurse.

The wise Man here, very plainly supposes a previous Determination in the Parent, in what Way he intends his Child shall go: For without having fixed this with Certainty, it will be impossible for any Man to fulfil the Precept.

Now all the Ways of Life, in which, in this Country, Men walk themselves, and in which they so manifestly intend to train their Children, seem to me, to be reducible to two; viz. the Way of spending an Estate and the Way of getting one. These may indeed, in this Sense, be called the two great high Roads in this Kingdom.

As to the former, it is much the less beaten and frequented Track, as it requires a certain Viaticum obvious to the Reader, which is not in the Possession of every one; in this Way therefore the eldest Sons of great Families, and Heirs of great Estates, can only be trained. The Methods of training here, are no more than twofold, both very easy and apposite; it is therefore no Wonder that they are both pursued with very little Deviation by almost every Parent. The one which is universally practised in the Country, contains very few Rules, and these extremely simple; such as Drinking, Racing, Cockfighting, Hunting, with other rural Exercises. The other, which is proper to the Town, and indeed to the higher

People, is somewhat more complex. This includes Dancing, Fencing, Whoring, Gaming, Travelling, Dressing, French Connoisseurship, and perhaps two or three other less material Articles.

But the great and difficult Point is that of training Youth in the other great Road, namely, in the Way to get an Estate. Here, as in our Journey over vast and wide Plains, the many different Tracks are apt to beget Incertainty and Confusion, and we are often extremely puzzled which of these to chuse for ourselves, and which to recommend to our Children.

The most beaten Tracks in this Road are those of the Professions, such as the Church, the Law, the Army, &c. In some one of these, the younger Children of the Nobility and Gentry have usually been trained, often with very ill Success; arising sometimes from a partial Opinion of the Talents of the Child, and more often from flattering ourselves with Hopes of more Interest with the Great, than we have really had.

To all these Professions many Things may be objected, as we shall presently see, when we compare them with a Path in Life, which I am about to recommend to my Reader, and which we shall find clear from most of the Objections that may be raised against any other.

Without further Preface, the Way of Life which I mean to recommend, is that of the Stage, in which, I shall hope for the future, to see several of our young Nobility and Gentry trained up, and particularly those of the most promising Parts.

In the first Place then, the Stage at present promises a much better Provision than any of the Professions: For tho' perhaps it is true that there are in the Church, the Law, the State, the Army,

my, &c. some few Posts which yield the Possessors greater Profit than is to be acquired on the Stage; yet these bear no Proportion to the infinite Numbers who are trained in the several Professions, and who almost literally starve. The Income of an Actor of any Rank, is from six to twelve hundred a Year; whereas that of two-thirds of the Gentlemen of the Army is considerably under one hundred; the Income of nine-tenths of the Clergy is less than 50*l.* a Year; and the Profits in the Law, to ninety-nine in a hundred, amount not to a single Shilling.

And as for those few Posts of great Emolument, upon which we all cast our Eyes, as the Adventurers in a Lottery do on the few great Prizes, if we impartially examine our own Abilities, how few of us shall dare to aspire so high; whereas on the Stage, scarce any Abilities are required, and we see Men whom no body allows to deserve the Name of Actors, enjoying Salaries of three, four, and five hundred a Year.

Again, if we consider the great Pains and Time, the Head-achs and the Heart-achs, which lead up to the Top of either the Army or the Law,

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit, fecitq; puer.*

This Consideration will sufficiently discourage our Attempts, especially when on the other Hand we may on the Stage leap all at once into Eminence; and if we expect no more than four or five hundred Pound for the first Year of our acting, our Demands will be thought modest.

And farther in any of the Professions, all our Abilities will be thrown away, and all our Time and Labour lost, unless we have other Ingredients to recommend us. Unless we have some powerful Friend or Relation, or some beautiful Wife or Sister, we shall never procure an Opportunity of shewing the World what we are; whereas to the Stage no Interest is necessary to introduce you. The publishing the Name of a Gentleman who never acted before in the Play-bills, will fill the House as surely as if he proposed to get into a Bottle, and no Manager is ashamed of putting you at first into any of his principal Parts.

And if we view this in the Light of Ambition, the Stage will have no less Advantage over the Professions. To personate a great Character, three Hours in the twenty-four, is a Matter of more Consequence than it is generally esteemed. The World itself is commonly called a Stage;

and, in the Eye of the greatest Philosophers the Actions in both appear to be equally real, and of equal Consequence. Where then is the mighty Difference between personating a Great Man on the great Theatre, or on the less? In both Cases we often assume that Character when it doth not really belong to us, and a very indifferent Player acts it sometimes better than his Right Honourable Brother, and with ten thousand times the Applause.

It was not therefore without Reason that our worthy Laureat, in the excellent Apology for his Life, gave Thanks to Providence that he did not in his Youth betake himself either to the Gown or the Sword. Wise indeed as well as happy was his Choice, as many of his Cotemporaries, whose ill Stars led them to the Way of those Professions, had the Question been put to them on their Death-Bed, must have acknowledged. How many of these his Cotemporaries, who have professed the Laws or Religion of their Country; how many others who have fought its Battles, after an obscure and wretched Life of Want and Misery, have bequeathed their Families to the Stalls and the Streets?

That the Reverse hath been the Fate of this Gentleman I need not mention, and am pleased to think, And yet in the Days of his acting, nothing like to the present Encouragement was given on the Stage. Mrs. Oldfield herself (as I have been informed) had not half the Theatrical-Income of our present principal Actresses. To what greater Height it may rise I know not; but from the present flourishing Condition of the Stage, and from the proportionable Decline of the learned Professions, I think it may be prophesied, that it will be as common hereafter to say, that such a particular Estate was got by the Stage, as it was formerly to see great Houses rise by the Law.

~~~~~

NEMO adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit. HOR.

Nobody is such a Rascal, that I have no Hopes of reclaiming him.

Every Body to the Genfor of Great-Britain, Greeting.

S I R,

THO' I have not altogether the Pleasure of any personal Acquaintance with you, I have heard of your Fame, and am, for the most Part at least, your Admirer.



I do not however preface thus, in order to induce you to do me Justice in your Censorial Capacity: this I am convinced you would do me, tho' I was a mere Stranger, nay even tho' I was your Enemy.

To you then, Sir, as Censor of Great-Britain, I make my Complaint. My Name is EVERY BODY, and the Person against whom I complain is NO-BODY. I do not love to use harsh Appellations, but I might be almost justified, if Passion should hurry me so far, since the Injuries done me by Nobody, are such as almost defy all human Patience.

You are to know, Sir, that among other Things, I am one of great Business. Indeed every thing which belongs to the Public, is properly my Care; tho' at the same Time I have the Honour to say, that I receive no Salary from the Government. Now Sir, this officious Fellow, No-body, asserts, that whatever is my Business, is his. This Falshood, however monstrous it may appear, he hath actually persuaded the Generality of People to believe, so that if ever I meddle in public Affairs, I am sure to be laughed at for my Pains; and as this is a great Discouragement, it cannot be wondered at, that I have long declined doing any Service to my Country, the Consequence of which is, that No-body takes upon him to regulate and reform all Manner of public Grievances and Nuisances, and when Nothing of this Kind is done as it should be, I am sure to bear the Blame.

It is incredible what a Party this Wretch hath got on his Side. Above a Year ago a certain Gentleman published a little Book, in which, he endeavoured to set forth the national Misconduct in their Manner of *providing for the Poor*. I immediately fell to Work and within a few Months produced a vast Number of Schemes for redressing this Evil, when my old Antagonist began to put in his Claim and all his Party cried out, that No-body was equal to the Task, nay it was confidently asserted, that I myself acknowledged it, tho' I solemnly assure you, I never said any such Thing.

Numberless indeed are the Instances of this horrid Kind of Injustice done me by this Monster and his wicked Crew. Nothing being commoner, than to put Words into my Mouth, and to make me the Inventor and Reporter of the most horrid Slanders, even such as I never heard of. And what is most astonishing, when the Falshood of some of these Stories have been detected, and the Friends of the injured Parties have endeavoured to bear them to the Fountain-Head, No-body hath had the Assurance openly to confess himself to be the Author.

Again, Sir, when I have attempted to do Justice to some great and good Character, and if I may be allowed the Expression, to blow the Trumpet of his Fame, there have not been wanting among the Creatures of this No-body, some who have transferred the Honour of applauding Merit from me to him, and have boldly asserted, that No-body ever gave the Person a good Word, when in Reality it was I that commended, and No-body ever spoke against him.

If I was to enumerate all the Injuries done me by this Fellow and his Family, it would tire your Patience to read the Half of them. Nothing is more common than for some young Lady of the Family to report that I was present at a silly Drum or Rout, where I should be ashamed to shew my Face; and at last it hath come out that the young Lady meant some insignificant Beau or Coxcomb who had the Impudence to personate me, tho' he was in Reality a Branch of the No-bodies.

In the same Manner I am often abused for saying Things which I never said, and doing what I never did. I am indeed brought as an Example to justify all the Folly of the

Age. I am far however from laying this on No-body, but I can with great Truth accuse his Family, the Female Nobodies in particular. If one of these makes herself ridiculous by an Oddity in her Dress, and it is mentioned to her by her Friend, she immediately cries, 'Why do you blame me? *Every Body wears it.*' So if you speak or act absurdly, poor Every-Body speaks and acts in the same Manner.

Infinite Mischiefs hath been produced in the learned World by this Method; for, whether I deserve it or no, my Taste and Judgment will be always regarded; and many a Book hath been esteemed by the Public, for no other Reason but because it hath been confidently reported that I have read it. On the contrary, tho' I am well assured that Nobody will deny it, I do assert that many a Work hath been consigned to Oblivion, merely from an Opinion that Nobody hath read it.

To shew you my Candour, however, I do not commend this Way of thinking; nay I am ready to acknowledge that I have sometimes read over the silliest Performances, and again have no doubt but that Books of much intrinsic Worth have been read by Nobody. But indeed, Sir, wonderful are the Misrepresentations of this Kind, by malicious People; I have been often reported to have slighted what I have greatly admired, merely because some few of my Relations who are Scandals to my Family, have turned up their Nose at what they have not understood; and the Commendations which I have bestowed on such Occasions, have been falsely reported to have come from Nobody's Mouth.

Upon the whole, Mr. Censor, I hope you will take this Matter into your serious Consideration, and do me that Justice against Nobody which your Censorial Capacity gives you such full Power to execute, and not only against him but against all his Adherents. I make no Question but that you are well apprized of my real Consequence in the Society, and that all Government was instituted for my Sake, and for my Sake only. This may seem a bold Word, but it is nevertheless true, notwithstanding what some of the most worthless and impudent of the Family of the Nobodies have presumed to insinuate. Nor will you, I hope, think me vain, when I aver, that unless I set about it, and that heartily, that Reformation which can alone (I say it) prevent the speedy Ruin of this Kingdom, can never be brought about. It is by my Encouragement of Religion, Virtue, Science, and Art, that they can again be brought to hold up their drooping Heads. It is I must begin, by setting the Example in every thing that is laudable, without expecting it from others. I am he that must first shake off Prostitution and Corruption, and every Kind of Infamy. I alone who must resolve to give Praise and Honour to the truly Deserving, and treat Vice and Meanness with their just Contempt, however distinguished and elevated by Fortune, Title, or Station.

All this however, no nor any Part of this, will I perform, while you suffer that cursed Maxim to prevail, That Every-body's Business is Nobody's.

I am, Sir,

Your real Admirer,

Well-Wither,

And Friend,

EVERY-BODY.

*This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,*

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

**T**HE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for *April* and *May* 1752, being Numbers 68, and 69.

*April*, Number LXVIII. Contains a new and accurate Map of Lincolnshire. An Account of the Fens, and the Methods made use of to drain them. Proceedings in the British Parliament. History of England continued. Observations on philosophical Chemistry, with a fine Copper-Plate. Occasional Letters. Essay on the Senses continued. A Description of Greenland, with a Curious View of the whale Fishery in a fine Plate; and an Account of the Distress of Eight Englishmen. The Naked Truth, a Country Dance, &c. Description of the new Athanor. Note, this Number is illustrated with a Map of Lincolnshire, a Plate of Chemistry, a prospective View of the Whale Fishery, and other Cuts.

*May*, Number LXIX. Contains the Life of Dr. *Saunderson*, with a fine Head. Proceedings of the Parliament continued. Description of the Camera Obscura, with its Use in Drawing, &c. illustrated with a Copper-Plate. A Curious Blue, almost equal to Ultramarine. *Obidah* and the *Hermis*, an Eastern Tale. The British Muse. The Fidler's Choice, a new Country Dance. *Judith's* Speech to the Elders of *Israel*. A curious Method of dying Saxon Blue and Green. Construction and Use of several Mathematical Instruments, with a Copper-Plate. Riddles and Rebuses, &c.

*N. B.* This Number is illustrated with a fine Head of Dr. *Saunderson*, a perspective View of the City of *Lincoln*, the Camera Obscura, a Plate of Mathematical Instruments, with a Song and Country Dance set to Musick.

\* Any Number may be had from the Beginning, to complete Sets, at a *British* Six-pence each.

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\* A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the Encyclopedie, by Mr. *Diderot*, now suppressed at *Paris*, will be inserted in this New Dictionary of *Arts* and *Sciences*.

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*Memento Dies, varicque Labor.*

VIRG.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

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*N. B.* None of the above Particulars were ever published before in this Kingdom. Price three *British* Sixpences.  
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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JULY 30th. 1752.

Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτός  
Ο τὸν ἀργυροῦ φιλήσας ;  
Διὰ τῦτον ἢ ἀδελφός,  
Διὰ τῦτον ἢ τοκῆς,  
Πόλεμοι φόνος δι' αὐτόν.

ANACREON.

See the Translation afterwards.

To Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

S I R,

Bedlam, Apr. 1,  
1752.



Make no Question but before you have read half through my Letter, you will be surprized at its being dated as above; and may perhaps agree with the Conclusion which I have made long ago, that this place is set apart by the English for the Confinement of all those who have more Sense than the rest of their Countrymen.

However that be, I shall begin by telling you very bluntly, that if you really intend to bring about any Reformation in this Kingdom, you will certainly miss your End; and for this simple Reason, because you are absolutely mistaken in the Means.

Physicians affirm, that before any vicious Habits can be repaired in the natural Constitution, it is necessary to know and to remove their Cause. The same holds true in the political. Without this in both Instances we may possibly patch up and palliate, but never can effectually cure.

Now, Sir, give me Leave to say, you do not appear to me to have in the least guess'd at the true Source of all our political Evils, neither do you seem to be in any Likelihood of ever ac-

quiring even a Glimpse of any such Knowledge. It is no Wonder therefore, that instead of pursuing the true Method of Cure, you should more than once, in the Course of your Lucubrations, have thrown out Hints which would actually tend to heighten the Disease.

Know then, Sir, that it is I alone who have penetrated to the very Bottom of all the Evil. With infinite Pains and Study I have discovered the certain Cause of all that national Corruption, Luxury, and Immorality, which have polluted our Morals; and of consequence it is I alone who am capable of prescribing the Cure.

But when I lay this sole Claim to such Discovery, I would be understood to have Respect only to the Moderns. To the Philosophers among the Antients, and to some of their Poets, I am well apprized that this invaluable Secret was well known, as I could prove by numberless Quotations. It occurs indeed so very often in their Works, that I am not a little surprized how it came to escape the Observation of a Gentleman who seems to have been so conversant with those illustrious Lamps of real Knowledge and Learning.

Without further Preface then, what is the true Fountain of that Complication of political Diseases which infests this Nation, but Money? Money! which, as the Greek Poet says in my Motto, *may be perisb that first invented; for this it is which destroys the Relation of Brother and of Parent, and which introduces Wars and every Kind of Bloodshed into the World.*

If this be granted, as it surely must, where is the Remedy? Is it not to remove the fatal Cause, by extirpating this poisonous Metal, this Pandora's Box out of the Nation.

But



But tho' the Advantages arising from this Abolition, are, in my Opinion, extremely self-evident; yet as they may possibly not strike with equal Force upon the Minds of others, since no Man hath in my Memory given the least obscure Hint of such a Project; I shall mention some few of the greatest; and, to avoid a common Place of those Authors I have above mentioned, I shall confine myself to such Instances as particularly affect this Country.

First then, it would effectually put an End to all that Corruption which every Man almost complains of, and of which every Man almost partakes; for by this Means those Contentions which have begun and continued this Corruption, and which always will continue it, will immediately subside. The Struggle will be then, not who shall serve their Country in great and difficult Posts and Employments; but who shall be excused from serving it: And the People being left to themselves, will always fix upon the most capable, who by the Fundamental Laws of our Constitution will be compelled to enter into their Service. Thus a certain Method called Election, which is of very singular Use in a Nation of Freedom, will be again revived; otherwise it may possibly sink only to a Name.

For tho' I admit it possible, that bare Ambition may incite some Persons to attempt Employments for which they are utterly unfit, yet the very Powers of Bribery would be thus taken away, or would be rendered so public, that it would *then* be easily within the Power of Law to suppress it: For no Man could distribute a Herd of Cattle, or a Flock of Sheep in private.

Secondly this Method would effectually put a Stop to Luxury, or would reduce it to that which was the Luxury of our Ancestors, and which may more properly be called Hospitality.

Thirdly, it would be of the highest Advantage to Trade, for it would prevent our dealing any longer with those Bloodsucking Nations, who take not our own Commodities in Barter for theirs. This Kind of Traffic, I might perhaps be expected to speak more favourably of, as it so plainly tends to remove the Evil of which I complain, and in Process of Time would possibly effect that excellent Purpose. But I must observe, that however advantageous the End may be, the Means are not so adviseable; nay if we suffer any Money to remain among us, I think there may be good Reasons shewed, why we should retain as much as we can. It is often indeed mischievous to do

that by halves, which it would be highly useful to do effectually: For this must certainly be allowed, that while Money is permitted to be the Representative of all Things; as it is at present, none but a Nation of Ideots would constantly put it into the Hands of their Enemies.

Fourthly, it would restore certain excellent Things, such as Piety, Virtue, Honour, Goodness, Learning, &c. all which are totally abolished by Money, or so counterfeited by it, that no one can tell the true from the false; the Word Rich indeed is at present considered, to signify them all; but of this enough may be found in the old Philosophers and Poets, whom I have before mentioned.

Again how desirous would the Lawyers be to put a speedy End to a Suit, or the physical People to a Disease; if once my Scheme should take Place. It may be said indeed, that they would then carry away Men's Goods and Chattles, as they do now from those who have no Money; but I answer, that this is done in Order to convert them into Money; for otherwise, they would hardly admit the ragged and lousy Bed of a poor Wretch into their Houses.

For the same Reason my Scheme would effectually put an End to all Robberies; a Matter which seems so much to puzzle the Legislature: For tho' our Goods are sometimes stolen as well as our Money, yet the former are only taken in Order to convert them into the latter. It is not the Use, but the Value of a Watch, Snuff-Box or Ring, that is considered by the Robber, who always thinks with Hudibras,

*What is the Worth of any Thing,  
But so much Money as 'twill bring?*

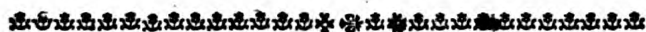
I shall add but one Particular more; which is, that my Scheme would most certainly provide for the Poor, and that by an infallible (perhaps the only infallible) Method, by removing the Rich. Where there are no Rich, there will of Consequence be found no Poor: For Providence hath in a wonderful Manner provided in every Country, a plentiful Subsistence for all its Inhabitants; and where none abound, none can want.

Having long meditated on this excellent Scheme, so long that if you will believe some People, I have cracked my Brain, I was resolved to acquit myself, and to shew by way of Example, how fully I was convinced of the Truth of  
my

my Principles. I therefore converted an Estate of three hundred Pounds a Year into Money; of this, I put a competent Sum in my Pocket, and took my next Heir with me upon the Thames, where I began to unload my Pockets into the Water. But I had scarce discharged three Handfuls, before my Heir seized me, and with the Assistance of the Waterman, conveyed me back to Shore. I was for a Day secured in an Apartment of my own House; and thence the next Morning, by a Conspiracy among my Relations, brought hither, where I am like to remain, till the rest of Mankind return to their Senses.

I am, S I R,  
Your most obedient Servant,

A. MISARGURUS.



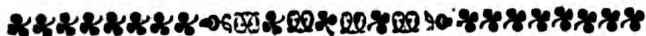
The following Epigram (tho' wrote some time ago) on Miss ——— a celebrated Beauty in Dublin, by the E--- of C----d, is now inserted at the Request of a Correspondent, with an Answer.

In Flavia's Eyes is every Grace,  
She's handsome as she cou'd be;  
With Jacob's Beauty in her Face,  
And Esau's where it shou'd be.

The ANSWER.

FLAVIA's a Name a deal to free  
With Holy Writ to blend her;  
Henceforth let ——— Susana be,  
And C----d the Elder.

NO-BODY's Answer to EVERY-BODY's Letter, is come to Hand, and will be inserted in our next.



### MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

LAST Monday a Woman was found dead in a Coach-house, among old Lumber, the back side of Church-Lane, St. Giles's. D. A. — There is certainly an Omission of the Copyist in this Place; for we ought to read among other old Lumber. B.

On Thursday Night a Country-Man was knocked down in Water Lane by three Street-Robbers, who took from him thirty Guineas that were sowed up in the Waste Part in his Breeches. Id. — We are sorry that the Man should have any Waste Part in his Breeches; and fear our Author has a Waste Part in his Hat. M.

A new Company, for managing Funerals, is erecting in this City, composed of various kinds of Trademen. G. E. P. — I suppose this is found necessary, on account of the late great Increase of Physicians. B.

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IN THE  
*Detection and Punishment*  
OF  
M U R D E R.  
CONTAINING,

Above thirty Cases, in which this dreadful Crime hath been brought to Light, in the most extraordinary and miraculous Manner; collected from various Authors, ancient and modern.

WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION and CONCLUSION,  
Both Written by  
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13th. 1752.

*Scilicet in Vulgus manent Exempla Regentum.*

CLAUDIAN.

THE CREATURES will endeavour to ape their Betters.



HERE are many Phrases that Custom renders familiar to our Ears, which, when looked into, and closely examined, will appear extremely strange, and of which it must greatly puzzle a very learned Etymologist to account for the Original.

Of this Sort is the Term, PEOPLE OF FASHION. An Expression of such very common Use, and so universally understood, that it is entirely needless to set down here what is meant by it: But how it first acquired its present Meaning, and became a Title of Honour and Distinction, is a Point, I apprehend, of no small Difficulty to determine,

I have on this Occasion consulted several of my Friends, who are well skilled in Etymology. One of these traces the Word Fashion through the French Language up to the Latin. He brings it from the Verb FACIO, which, among other Things, signifies TO DO. Hence he supposes *People of Fashion*, according to the old Derivation of *Lucas a non lucendo*, to be spoken of those who do Nothing. But this is too general, and would include all the Beggars in the Nation.

Another carries the Original no farther than the French Word FACON, which is often used to signify *Affiliation*. This likewise will extend too far, and will comprehend Attorney's Clerks, Apprentices, Milliners, Mantuamakers, and an infinite Number of the lower People.

A third will bring Fashion from *Φασις*. This in the genitive Plural makes *Φασιον*, which in English is the very Word. According to him, by People of Fashion are meant People whose Essence consisteth in Appearances, and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.

But tho' I am well apprized that much may be said to support this Derivation, there is a fourth Opinion, which, to speak in the proper Language, hath yet a *more smiling* Aspect. This supposes the Word Fashion to be a Corruption from Fascination, and that these People were formerly believed by the Vulgar to be a Kind of Conjurers, and to possess a Species of the Black Art.

In Support of this Opinion, my Friend urges the Use which these People have always made of the Word Circle, and the Pretence to be enclosed in a certain Circle, like so many Conjurers, and by such means to keep the Vulgar at a Distance from them.

To this Purpose likewise he quotes the Phrases, a polite Circle, the Circle of one's Acquaintance, People that live within a certain Circle, and many others. From all which he infers, that in those dark and ignorant Ages, when Conjurers were held in more Estimation than they are at present, the credulous Vulgar believed these People to be of the Number, and consequently called them *People of Fascination*, which hath been since corrupted into *People of Fashion*.

However whimsical this Opinion may seem, or however far fetched the Derivation may sound to those who have not much considered the barbarous Corruption of Language, I must observe in it's Favour how difficult it is by any other Method, to account not only for that odd Phrase, People of Fashion; but likewise for that Circle within

within which those People have always affected to live.

Even now, when Conjurers have been long laughed out of the World, the Pretence to the Circle is nevertheless maintained, and within this Circle the People of Fascination do actually insist upon living at this Day.

It is moreover extremely pleasant to observe what wonderful Care these People take to preserve their Circle safe and inviolate, and with how jealous an Eye they guard against any Intrusion of those whom they are pleased to call the Vulgar; who are on the other Hand as vigilant to watch, and as active to improve every Opportunity of invading this Circle, and breaking into it.

Within the Memory of many now living, the Circle of the People of Fascination included the whole Parish of Covent Garden, and great Part of St. Giles's in the Fields; but here the Enemy broke in, and the Circle was presently contracted to Leiceſter Fields, and Golden-Square. Hence the People of Fashion again retreated before the Foe to Hanover-Square; whence they were once more driven to Grosvenor-Square, and even beyond it, and that with such Precipitation, that had they not been stopped by the Walls of Hyde-Park, it is more than probable they would by this Time have arrived at Kenſington.

In many other Instances we may remark the ſame Flight of these People, and the ſame Purſuit of their Enemies. They firſt contrived a certain Vehicle called a Hackney Coach to avoid the Approach of the Foe in the open Streets. Hence they were ſoon routed, and obliged to take Shelter in Coaches of their own. Nor did this protect them long. The Enemy likewise in great Numbers mounted into the ſame *armed* Vehicles\*. The People of Fascination then betook themselves to Chairs; in which their exempt Privileges being again invaded, I am informed that ſeveral Ladies of Quality have beſpoke a Kind of Couch ſomewhat like the *Leſtica* of the Romans; in which they are next Winter to be carried through the Streets upon Mens Shoulders.

The Reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that beſide the local Circle which I have deſcribed above, there is an imaginary or figurative one, which is invaded by every Imitation of the Vulgar.

Thus thoſe People of Fascination, or if they like it better, of Fashion, who found it convenient to remain ſtill in Coaches, obſerving that

ſeveral of the Enemy had lately exhibited Arms on their Vehicles, by which Means, thoſe Ornaments became vulgar and common, immediately ordered their own Arms to be blotted out, and a Cypher ſubſtituted in their Room; perhaps cunningly contrived to repreſent themſelves inſtead of their Anceſtors.

Numberleſs are the Devices made uſe of by the People of Fashion of both Sexes, to avoid the Purſuit of the Vulgar, and to preſerve the Purity of the Circle. Sometimes the Perriwig covers the whole Beau, and he peeps forth from the miſt like an Owl in an Ivy-Buſh; at other Times his Ears ſtand up behind half a dozen Hairs, and give you the Idea of a different Animal. Sometimes a large black Bag, with Wings ſpread as broad as a Raven's adorns his Back, at other Times, a little lank Silk appears like a dead Black-bird in his Neck. To Day he borrows the Tail of a Rat, and Tomorrow that of a Monkey; for he will transform himſelf into the Likeneſs of the vileſt Animal, to avoid the Reſemblance of his own Species.

Nor are the Ladies leſs watchful of the Enemy's Motions, or leſs anxious to avoid them. What Hoods and Hats and Caps and Coifs have fallen a Sacrifice in this Purſuit! Within my Memory the Ladies of the Circle covered their lovely Necks with a Cloak; this being routed by the Enemy, was exchanged for the Manteel; this again was ſucceeded by the Pelorine, the Pelorine by the Neckatee, the Neckatee by the Capuchine; which hath now ſtood its Ground a long Time, but not without various Changes of Colour, Shape, Ornaments, &c.

And here I muſt not paſs by the many admirable Arts made uſe of by theſe Ladies, to deceive and dodge their Imitators; when they are hunted out in any favourite Mode, the Method is to lay it by for a Time, and then to reſume it again all at once, when the Enemy leaſt expects it. Thus Patches appear and diſappear ſeveral Times in a Seaſon. I have myſelf ſeen the Enemy in the Pit, with Faces all over spotted like the Leopard, when the Circle in the Boxes have with a conſcious Triumph diſplayed their native Alabaſter, without a ſimple Blemiſh, tho' they had a few Evenings before worn a thouſand: Within a Month afterwards the Leopards have appeared in the Boxes to the great Mortification of the Fair Faces in the Pit.

\* Rather Coat of armed.



In the same Manner the Ruff, after a long Discontinuance, some Time since began to revive in the Circle, and advanced downwards, till it almost met the Tucker. But no sooner did the Enemy pursue, than it vanished all at once, and the Boxes became a Collection of little Hills of Snow, extremely delightful to the Eyes of every Beholder.

Of all the Articles of Distinction the Hoop hath stood the longest, and with the most obstinate Resistance. Instead of giving Way, this the more it hath been pushed, hath encreased the more; till the Enemy hath been compelled to give over the Pursuit from mere Necessity; it being found impossible to convey seven Yards of Hoop into a Hackney Coach, or to slide with it behind a Counter.

But as I have mentioned some of the Arts of the Circle, it would not be fair to be silent as to those of the Enemy, among whom a certain Citizen's Wife distinguished herself very remarkably, and appeared long in the very Top of the Mode. It was at last however discovered that she used a very unfair Practice, and kept a private Correspondence with one of those Milliners who were intrusted with all the Secrets of the Circle.

A.

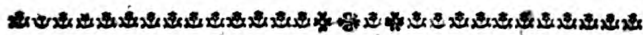


MODERN HISTORY.

Sunday last, Mr. Marcy an eminent Pawn-Broker in Holborn, happening in his Way from divine Service to tread upon a Bone that a Dog was gnawing, received such a Bite on the Leg as obliged him to call a Chair, and return home. D. G. — *This was a sad Dog that furnished the Gentleman with such a lame Excuse for neglecting his Duty, and a couple of profligate Chairmen with so virtuous a Load.* W.

On Monday died of a Fever Beau Vanderlex: He was the Person that sold the famous Horse, Spruce, to Duke William, for 1000l. L. D. A — *A short but glorious Character, which may make a Beau almost as famous as a Horse.* G.

Last Tuesday the Jury sat on the Body of the Man killed in Hyde Park in a Boxing-Match, and brought in their Verdict, accidental Death. Id. — *This is, I suppose, according to the usual Phrase, accidentally on purpose.* C.



DUBLIN. August 13th, 1752.

AS Complaints have been made by a great Number of Gentlemen, &c, that the Hawkers sometimes neglect to call at their Houses with this Paper, on the Days of Publication; it is therefore thought absolutely necessary to assure the Publick, that they may depend on its being published every Thursday at the Sign of MERCURY in Skinner Row, where may be had any of the former Numbers, to complete Sets.

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 Description of Greenland, with a Curious View of the whale  
 Fishery in a fine Plate; and an Account of the Distress of  
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 trated with a Map of Lincolnshire, a Plate of Chemistry, a  
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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20th. 1752.

To be continued every THURSDAY.

*Liberalitate nihil est Naturæ hominis accommodatius.*

CICERO de Offic.



**N**OTHING, says the great Cicero, in my Motto, is more agreeable to the Nature of Man than Liberality. A Sentiment which seems to flow from that noble Philosophy which taught every Man to suppress, as much as possible, all narrow and selfish Principles, and to consider himself only as a Part of a Whole; a Member of that political Body to which

he belongs. In this Sense, to confer Benefits on each other, and to do mutual Good, will appear to be as agreeable to Nature, as for the right Hand to assist the left, or for any one Member of the human Body to administer to the Use and Good of another; indeed to the Emolument of the Man himself. In this Sense the Roman Philosopher speaks in another Part of his Works, where he says, *that for Man to do an Injury to Man for his own private Advantage, is to act in direct Opposition to his Nature.*

If this Doctrine be admitted, the Person who is void of all Liberality, is not worthy of the Name of a Man; but is to be considered as an unnatural Monster, below the Dignity of Humanity.

Again, if we view this Matter in the Light in which it is placed by the Writers on the Law of Nature, the Man who refuses to relieve the Wants of another with his own Superfluities, is guilty of great Injustice: For according to them, no Man hath any Right or Title to withhold from his Neighbour that Bread which he himself doth not want, and which his Neighbour absolutely doth want.

Mr. Lock, treating of the first Methods of acquiring Property, raises the following Objection. It will perhaps be objected, says he, that if gathering the *Acorns*, or other Fruits of the Earth, &c. makes a Right to them, then any one may ingross as much as he will. "To which (says he) I answer not so. The same Law of Nature that does by this Means give us Property, does also bound that Property too. *God has given us all Things richly*, is the Voice of Reason confirmed by Inspiration. But how far has he given it us? To enjoy. As much as any one can make use of to any Advantage of Life before it spoils, so much he may by his Labour fix a Property in; whatever is beyond this is

“ more than his Share, and it belongs to others.’ And again, ‘ Nature has well set the Measure of Property, by the Extent of Mens Labour and the Conveniencies of Life: No Mans Labour could subdue or appropriate all, nor could his Enjoyment consume more than a small Part; so that it was impossible for any Man, this Way, to intrench upon the Right of another, or to acquire to himself a Property to the Prejudice of his Neighbour, who would still have Room for as good and large a Possession after the other had taken out his) as before it was appropriated.’

Bishop Cumberland having shewn that the Law of Nature commands an Endeavour to promote the common Good, proceeds thus: ‘ It is manifest that this greatest and noblest End, cannot be obtained by a bare abstaining from Evil: but it is necessary that every one contribute his Share, by a true, certain, and constant Application, as well of Things external, as of his Powers towards the gaining this Point.’ Upon this Account it is (says he) a natural Precept, ‘ That if at any Time, the Nature of the chief End so requiring it, we should transfer to another some Right of ours, either by Gift at present, or by Promise or Compact afterwards to be performed; we make that Promise validly and faithfully, and not with an Intention to deceive; for it is only such a firm transferring of any Thing, or of our Services to the Use of another, as I have mentioned, which can at all conduce to the End commanded us.’

Grotius, to the same Purpose, reasons thus.—I will translate him literally. “ Let us moreover consider, whether any Right to Mankind in common, may attach in us those Things which are already become the Property of others. Some may perhaps wonder this should be made a Question, as Property may seem to have absorbed all that Right which arose from the Community of Things. But this is not so: For we must examine into the Intention of those Persons who first introduced private Property (*Dominia Singularia*) which is to be interpreted so as to depart as little as possible from natural Enquiry: For if written Laws are as far as possible to receive this Interpretation, much more are those unwritten Principles or Manners, which are not bound down by the Chains of Language.’

Hence it follows. First, that in the last and greatest Necessity, ‘ that old Law of using all Things in common, revives again, as if they had always so remained; because in all human



human Laws, and so in the Laws of Property, this last Necessity seems to have been excepted.'

Puffendorf after having thrown some Difficulties which attend this Exposition, as it may give too great a Latitude to Force or Fraud, and which are the Reasons given by Lord Hale, why this Plea of Necessity in Case of Theft is not admitted in our Law proceeds thus. 'We think therefore that this Point of Dispute will be more clearly determined by the Principles and the Method which we have laid down; that is, by saying in short, that the wealthy Person is bound to relieve him, who innocently wants, by an imperfect Obligation; to the performing of which, though regularly no Man ought to be compelled by Violence, yet the Force of extreme Necessity is so great, as to make these Things recoverable by the same Means as those which are truly and rightfully due. That is by making Complaint to the Magistrate, or when the Urgency of the Distress cannot allow Time for such an Expedient, then by seizing what is ready at hand either in a secret or an open Manner.

Berbeyrac in his Notes on this Passage seems to blame his Author for calling it an imperfect Obligation. 'This (APPLICATION to the Magistrate) says he, is their only Refuge who believe that the greatest Necessity cannot authorize any Man of himself to take the Goods of another, but as Thomasius observes, they tacitly acknowledge, that such a Necessity gives a Man a perfect Right to require what he wants; for only those Things which are due by Virtue of a perfect Obligation, can be subject to the Decision of the Magistrate.

Upon the whole, it seems to be agreed by all these great Men, that those who want, have by the Laws of Nature A RIGHT to a Relief from the Superfluities of those who abound; by those Laws therefore it is not left to the Option of the Rich, whether they will relieve the Poor and Distressed; but those who refuse to do it, become unjust Men, and in reality deserve to be considered as ROGUES AND ROBBERS OF THE PUBLIC.

But if Liberality or Charity be so certain a Duty by the Law of Nature, how much more clearly and expressly is it enjoined by the divine Dispensation, as well the Jewish, as the Christian!—Thus in Deuteronomy; *Thou shalt not harden thy Heart, nor shut thine Hand from thy poor Brother. And again, Thou shalt open thy Hand wide unto thy Brother, unto thy Poor, and to thy Needy in the Land.* So the Prophet, *Relieve the Oppressed, judge the Fatherless, plead for the Widow.*—And again, *Is not this the Fast which I have chosen!—Is it not to deal thy Bread to the Hungry, and that thou bring the Poor that are cast out to thy House; when thou seest the Naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own Flesh?*

The New Testament is so full of Precepts and Exhortations to this Duty of Charity, that it would be endless to transcribe them; nor can it be in the least necessary to a Christian Reader. *Give to every Man that asketh thee,* is the Command of our Saviour; who in another Place affirms, that in the Performance of this Duty consists PERFECTION. *If thou wilt be perfect sell all thou hast and give to the Poor.* These Words, says Dr. Barrow, do indeed sound high; nor can they signify or design less than that we should be always in Affection and Disposition of Mind, ready to part with any Thing we have for the Succour of our poor Brethren, that to the utmost of our Ability, (according to moral Estimation prudently rated) upon all Occasions we should really express that Disposition in our Practice; that we are ex-

ceedingly obliged to the continual Exercise of these Duties in a very eminent Degree. Duties which were enforced by the constant Example of Jesus himself; and by the Preaching and Practice of all his Disciples.'

Upon the whole, I hope, it appears, that a Person void of Charity, is unworthy the Appellation of a Christian; that he hath no Pretence to either Goodness or Justice, or even to the Character of Humanity; that he is in honest Truth, an Infidel, a Rogue, and a Monster, and ought to be expelled not only from the Society of Christians, but of Men. C.

Some time ago a Fire broke out about one o'Clock in the Morning at the House of one Mr. Pierce, a Baker in Hynde-Street Bloomsbury, by Means unknown to the unhappy Sufferers, which in less than an Hour destroyed it; Mr. Pierce, his Wife, and an Infant, happily escaped; he with only a Fustian Frock, his Wife and Child without any other Covering than their Linnen, which was all that they saved. This unfortunate young Couple, who might truly be said to be happy, both in their Industry and mutual Affection for each other, and who had the pleasing Prospect of a comfortable Subsistence from their united Endeavours, are now totally stripped of every Conveniency of Life by this sudden and unavoidable Calamity. To describe the Distress of this unhappy young Family is impossible; it drew Tears from many who were Spectators of this dreadful Scene, and will be felt by every good Mind to whose Knowledge it shall come.

We are desired to add, that a Subscription for the Benefit of this unhappy Family, so truly the Objects of Charity, was opened last Monday at Justice Fielding's in Bow-Street, where contributions will continue to be received, and an Account thereof published in this Paper.

The following is an Instance of Honesty which would have done Honour to any Age or Country. Mr. Pierce, for whom the Collection abovementioned is designed, in searching into the Rubbish of his late House, found several Pieces of Gold and Silver Coin, a Watch, and some half-melted Plate; all which he delivered into the Hands of Mr. Welch, (High Constable of Holbourn Division) saying that he himself had no claim to them, but that they had, he supposed, belonged to an unhappy Gentleman, a Lodger of his, who perished in the Flames; for whose representative they are all preserved by the said Mr. Welch.

Whoever can without Emotion read such an Instance of Honesty, so nobly superior to the Temptation of the highest Distress, must have a Heart Proof against every Impression of Humanity, and which nothing but Fire itself is capable of melting.

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*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?* HOR.

*What will this Gascoon be able to perform after this PUFF?*

TO the CENSOR of GREAT-BRITAIN.

S I R,  
**Y**OUR Predecessors in the Censorship were used to celebrate the several extraordinary Personages who appeared in their Time; as I doubt not to find in yourself the same good Disposition, I here send you an Advertisement printed in the Daily Advertiser



of Monday last; the Author of which must, I think, be esteemed the most extraordinary Person whom any Age hath produced.

UN François, Homme de Lettres, est arrivé de Paris à Londres, pour y enseigner le François, la Fable, la Poésie, la Blason, la Philosophie Française, le Latin, sans exiger aucune étude de son Disciple; l'étude étant un obstacle à sa Méthode. S'il y a des Temperamens trop foibles pour les contraindre, des Caractères trop vifs pour les fixer, des Personnes trop âgées pour s'appliquer à l'étude, & qu'ils veulent apprendre quelque-une de ces Sciences sur une Méthode si simple, plus courte, & plus solide que tout ce qui a précédé; they are desired to enquire at Mr. Bezancon's Snuff Shop in Little-Earl-Street, the Black Boy, by the Seven Dials.'

As it is possible that some of your Readers may not have yet conversed with this surprizing Master, I shall, for his and their Sakes, endeavour to render it in English.

Thus then it runs.

'A French Man, a Man of Learning, is arrived at London from Paris, in order to teach the French Language, Fables, Poetry, Heraldry, FRENCH PHILOSOPHY, and the Latin Tongue; *without exalting any Study from his Scholars, ALL STUDY BEING AN OBSTACLE TO HIS METHOD.* If there be any Constitutions too weak to bear Contradiction, any Characters too lively to be capable of Attention, any Persons too far advanced in Life to apply themselves to Study, and who are willing to learn any of the above Sciences, by a simple Method, and one shorter as well as more solid than any which had been hitherto practised, they are desired to enquire,' &c. as above.

I must confess myself so ignorant, that till I read this wonderful Performance. I did not know there was a Philosophy which was peculiar to France, and that went under the Name of French Philosophy! Perhaps this is what is meant by the French Marqué in St. Evremont, when he says, *Premièrement, J'aime la Guerre, après la Guerre Madame de—, après de Madame de— la Religion, après la Religion LA PHILOSOPHIE.—Voilà ce que J'aime, Morbleu!* 'My first Passion is THE WAR, my second is MADAME de—, my third is RELIGION, and my fourth Passion is PHILOSOPHY.—Now I have told you what my Passions are, d—n me!' In which Passage it seems pretty plain, that *la Philosophie* is no other than what the French likewise call *la Danse*; and then it will be plain that the Artist above-mentioned is no other than a Dancing-Master, to whose *Method* of teaching I do readily agree that *Study is often a very deplorable Obstacle.*

But this will by no Means solve all the Difficulties: For tho' Dancing will possibly make a Man a great Adept in the French Philosophy, how he will be able to dance into any English Science, or into the Latin Tongue, is somewhat hard to conceive. Perhaps, by French Philosophy, the Author means what is also called *l'industrie, ou l'art de voler bien les Poches*, which I must beg to be excused from translating into our coarser Language; in barbarous French it may be called the Art of peeka de poka. But if this be his Meaning, I fancy he will be greatly deceived in his Views, since I believe it is impossible to find more able Mas-

ters than some of his Countrymen have already shewn themselves here in that Art. Nor do I believe, that Study or intense Application can be an Enemy to this Art, since I know several of the English who have plodded on all their Lives on this very Science, and have at last, by mere Diligence of Study, become very great Proficients in it.

To say the Truth, I am inclined to think, that by *la Philosophie Française*, is meant no other than *la bonne assurance*; that Assurance, which the French alone call good, and which it is very probable, they alone may call Philosophy.

And this I the rather conclude to be the Undertaker's Meaning, as it is certain, that to the making any considerable Progress in this French Philosophy, Study is of all Things the greatest Obstacle. I have indeed observed in a late Paper, that no Man of Learning was ever a Proficient in this Art. I must further observe, that the Disciples which our Master seems to have principally chosen, such, I mean, as can bear no Contradiction, such as are incapable of any Attention, and such Aged Persons who are willing, all at once, without any Labour, to leap, as it were, into Science, are all excellently adapted to receive the strongest and most immediate Impressions of this Philosophy.

Nor can I help observing, which is a further Confirmation of my Opinion, how nobly our Artist hath contrived to convince the World of his Fitness for the Task he hath undertaken. I defy the Ingenuity of Man to invent a better Method of conveying to the Public in so few Lines, an Idea of a Capacity for any Undertaking whatever, than this astonishing Frenchman hath made Use of to shew this Nation how well qualified he is to teach them the French Philosophy, or the Good Assurance. I will not venture to prophesy what Success may attend so new and so extraordinary a Proposal. This, however, I cannot avoid remarking, that it seems to indicate what Opinion of the Understandings of the good People of this Island at present prevails among the French Philosophers abroad. I am well convinced, it would be extremely difficult to persuade the greatest Adept in the Good Assurance which this Kingdom ever produced, to expect any such Success from such a Proposal even among the Hottentots, if he could make himself enough understood to publish his Scheme among them.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

ANTIGALLICUS.

ON Tuesday next, the 25th Inst. August 1752, at the Marlborough Green will be performed a Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, consisting of two Acts, between which will be exhibited, a SWADLER'S ORATION, by George Alexander Stevens. The whole to conclude with Grand Fire-Works.

Tickets Price a British Shilling, to be had at the Printer's hereof.

A Person bred in the University, would willingly be employed as a private Tutor, or Usher to a School, on reasonable Terms, and may be heard of at the Printer's hereof, well recommended.

BOOKS, for the INSTRUCTION of YOUTH, lately publish'd by the Printer hereof, viz.

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N. B. He hath all Kinds of Bills, Bonds, and Leaves for Lands or Houses, on fine large Paper.

(To be continued every Thursday.)

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)


THURSDAY, AUGUST 27th. 1752.

—Professus grandia turget.

See the Translation afterwards.

HOR.

TO THE  
CENSOR of *Grert-Britain*.

S I R,  
 AMONGST the various, and almost innumerable Objects of your censorial Jurisdiction, Authorship, or the Manner of writing Books, is not the least considerable and important Article. Now tho' passing your Judgment on such as are actually published, and claim the Cenfor's Consideration, be the principal Duty in that Part of your Office, yet, I presume, you will not disdain to lend your Attention for a few Minutes, even to the Embrio of a Treatise, if it is remarkable and interesting.

My old Friend Jack Penflow, is, I believe, of all Men the most deeply smitten with that Disease commonly called scribendi Cacoethes, or in English the Itch of Writing; I say Writing, for I think Scribbling, as it is sometimes termed, is rather too dishonourable an Appellation for my Friend's Productions. He writes in a common Way one Third Part of his whole Time. He hath by him many Reams of Manuscripts of his own Composition and Hand-Writing; and has been more than once obliged to change his Lodgings, in order to be accommodated with a light Closet, large enough to contain himself, his Bureau, and his Papers. He is withal extremely close and shy with respect to his Productions. He never vaunts of having written on this or that

Subject; and can seldom or never be prevailed upon, even by his most intimate Friends, to let them have a Reading of any of his Papers. However, as he is a very great Humorist, I one Day by a Stratagem procured the Perusal of a pretty large Bundle of Sheets, which I found to contain uncommon and curious Matter; and, as I was not tied down to Secrecy, I think myself at Freedom to give some Account thereof to your censorial Worship, as far as I can at present. The Performance is rather a Sketch or the Adversaria of a Treatise, than a regular and finished one; as I believe all his Compositions are. But the Title is written out as fair and pompous, and as nicely distinguished with different Sizes of Characters, and Lengths of Lines, as if it were prepared for the Press. It stands thus,

*Peri Tharsus,*  
A

T R E A T I S E

O N T H E

CONFIDENT and PERT,

A modern Improvement in Writing;

O R,

The Art of Swaggering in Print.

A Work useful to all Kinds and Classes of Authors at this Day, but more particularly to Polemic Divines, Paradoxical Historians, Self-taught Commentators, Hypothetical and Heretical Physicians, Daily-Essay Writers, Quack-Bill Writers, and Advertisers.



I imagine my Friend, by the Floridness of this Frontispiece, designs to exhibit a Sample of his Subject,

*And be himself the great Pert Thing he draws.*

In his introductory Discourse, he observes that a Work of this Kind is a Desideratum in Literature, and wonders it hath hitherto been unattempted: 'We have, says he, a Treatise *Peri Hypsis*, or of the Sublime, by an illustrious Ancient; and another *Peri Bathos*, or of the Profound, by a no less illustrious Modern. We have likewise Discourses on the Logomachies of the Learned; on the Meteors of Stile; and one which comes the nearest to our present Purpose, on the Charlataneria, or Mountebankishness of Authors. But we still want a precise and full Account of the Confident or Pert, its Nature, and Usefulness in Writing; the Rules by which it may be acquired, and according to which it may be applied, and put in Practice to the best Advantage.'

He next endeavours to shew, that the Doctrine and Practice of the Pert is in a great Measure a modern Invention, or at least a modern Improvement, there being very little of that Kind to be found in the Writings of the Ancients, if we except Works of Drollery, as Comedies, where a pert Character is introduced, some few controversial Tracts, and Pleadings at the Bar. He assigns Reasons why the Ancients were such poor Proficients in this Qualification; and highly extols the Ingenuity of the Moderns, to whom the Glory was reserved of rescuing it from the narrow Confinement, within which the Ancients had pent it up, and allowing it the Liberty of ranging and expatiating in Works of every Kind, without Controul or Distinction. But his own Words will best express his Meaning. 'The Ancients, saith he, were so weak as to idolize an everlasting Fame, and seemed to have expected some real Benefit, in the Grave or beyond the Grave, from the Praises bestowed on their Works by latest Posterity; to ensure which, besides the great Care they took to make their Works correct, both as to Matter and Stile; they were solicitous to the last Degree to shun any Thing, that might disgust their most delicate Readers in their Manner of addressing them, and so bring upon themselves the Imputation of being conceited Prigs and Coxcombs. They looked

' upon the Public taken collectively, as superior to any single Writer whatever, were he a General, a Statesman, or even a crowned Head. Hence proceeded that bashful Modesty, or rather sheepish Diffidence, so happily expressed in French, by the Appellation of *Mauvais Honte*, with which they accost the Reader in their prefatory Discourses. The Moderns, on the other Hand, proceed on more demonstrative Principles. Amongst which, the chief fundamental Maxim is this undeniable one, that as Posterity neither will, nor can, do any Thing for our Advantage, it is no Business of ours to attempt any Thing for the Advantage of Posterity. They wisely regard Fame, even that bestowed by Co-temporaries, as little better than Wind, and that by Posterity, as not so good; but a mere *Ens rationis*, a Non-entity, according to the School Axiom, *De non existentibus, & non apparentibus idem esto judicium*. They have therefore unanimously, excepting a very few old-fashion obstinate Dissentients, exploded the fruitless Labour of compiling lasting Works, therein imitating the prudent Tenant, who, in building upon another Man's Ground, proportions his Expences to the Duration of his Lease. Moreover, by a maturer Knowledge of the World than thier Ancestors, who lived near the infant State thereof, could be possessed of, they have observed, that in mixt Companies and Conversation, the confident and pert Praters are constantly applauded by the Majority, who look upon such as pretty, clever, mettled Fellows, and interpret their Self-Sufficiency, as real Ability. Hence they conclude, that a Book calculated not to last Ages, but to produce an immediate Effect ought to approach nearly to the Air and Manner of common Discourse, and catch the many, as it were by Surprise, before the Judgment of the few can interpose. To compass which desirable End, nothing conduces so much as an artful Dash of the Pert; and that not a sparing one.'

I had just wrote down the last Word from the Manuscript, when I was disagreeably surpris'd by my Friend's starting up at my Elbow. I imagine he suspected what I was about; for he stole in, my Parlour-Door being a-jar, before I was aware. He carried off his Papers in a great Passion, and vow'd he never would communicate any more of them. But perhaps I may hereafter find Ways and

and Means to pacify him, and make him better than his Word. If I succeed, you shall hear more from me on the same Subject.

I am SIR, yours, &c.  
MISOTHARSUS.



You Mr. Genfor,

Do you Sir, do you think to bully us into Charity with your Grocer, and the Fellow whose Name begins with Puff? Very pretty faith! I am obliged to give my Money, whether I will or no! However as I think the Case, a compassionate Case, I have sent you a Guinea for the Baker; but I would not have you think I do it because you have persuaded me that it is my Duty. No, Sir, I do it because it pleases me, and I do not know a Way to please myself better with the Sum I send you. As for your Arguments,—

White's, Saturday,  
Four o'Clock.

Yours,

TOM. THOUGHTLESS.

Worthy Mr. Genfor,

I have read your excellent Paper on Charity, with very high Satisfaction. You have indeed, with great Learning, demonstrated how indispensably we are bound to that great Duty, as Men, as just Men, and as Christians. I much applaud the Goodness of your Undertaking, and I make no Doubt but it will be attended with the Success it deserves: For which Success (as well in this Case as in all your other laudable Endeavours for the Good of the Public) I shall offer up my hearty Prayers; a Matter of much more Consequence than any trifling Mite which I could add to your Subscription.

Lombard-Street,  
May 16, 1752.

I am,  
Worthy Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,  
PETER UPRIGHT.

On Monday next will be published, at the Mercury in Skinner-Row, Dublin, a Week's Adventures, or an Epistle from England, by George Alexander Stevens. Price a Penny.

## MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

It is reported, that several Projects of great Importance will be infallibly brought upon the Carpet next Sessions of Parliament, when some that have been already carried into Execution, but with very indifferent Success, will be also retouched, and that some Pieces of good News will be likewise made publick about the same Time. G. A.—*What these Projects are which have been lately carried into Execution with such indifferent Success, I no more know than I do the good News here prophesied of; but both, it is probable, will end in RETOUCHING.* C.

Last Friday the Grenadiers of St. Giles's Cripplegate, and those of St. Clement Danes performed an Exercise of Arms in Tothill Fields: The former, personating the Army of a foreign Power, defended the Alms-Houses there, which represented a Fortrefs; but the latter, personating the English,

attacked the Place in so brisk a manner with their Fire-Arms, that the former were put to an inglorious Flight, and the others returned in Triumph to their respective Habitations. G. E. P.—*I suppose the Inhabitants of the Alms-Houses were not permitted to fight; otherwise their Fortrefs had not been stormed.* G.

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The Hibernian Penman, or a new and easy Introduction to the Art of Writing, with a Copper-Plate of all Hands.  
Select Familiar Letters on several Occasions.  
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An Account of the Commodities of all Countries.  
N. B. None of the above Particulars were ever published before in this Kingdom. Price three British Sixpences.  
Revised by W. RICHARDS, Accountant.

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[To be continued Weekly, Price 6½d]

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\*\* A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the Encyclopedie, by Mr. Diderot, now suppressed at Paris, will be inserted in this New Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.



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—*Multa Dies, variusque Labor.* VIRG.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th. N. S. 1752.

— *Me literulas stulti docuere parentes.*

MART.

*My Father was a Fool,  
When he sent me to School.*

MR. CENSOR,



It hath been a common Observation, *That great Scholars know nothing of this World.* The Reason of this is not, as generally it is imagined, that the Greek and Latin Languages have a natural Tendency to vitiate the human Understanding; but in solemn Truth, Gentlemen who obtain an early Acquaintance with the Manners and Customs of the Antients, are too apt to form their Ideas of their own Times, on the Patterns of Ages which bear not the least Resemblance to them. Hence they have fallen into the greatest Errors and Absurdities; and hence, I suppose, was derived the Observation above-mentioned.

Numberless are the Instances which may be produced of these Errors of the Literati; so many indeed that I have often thought there is no less Difference between those Notions of the World which are drawn from Letters, and those which are drawn from Men, than there is between the Ideas of the human Complexion, which are conceived by one in perfect Health, and one in the Jaundice.

Let us suppose a Man, possessed of this Jaundice of Literature, conveyed into the Levees of the Great. What Notion will he be likely to entertain of the several Persons who compose that

illustrious Assembly, from their Behaviour? How will he be puzzled when he is told that he hath before his Eyes a Number of Free-Men? How much more will he be amazed when he hears that all the Servility he there beholds, arises only from an eager Desire of being permitted to serve the Public.

Again, convey the same Gentleman to a Hunting-Match, a Horse Race, or any other Meeting of Patriots. Will he not immediately conclude from all the Roaring and Ranting, the Hallowing and Huzzaing, the Gaming and Drinking, which he will there observe, that he is actually present at the Orgia of Bacchus, or the Celebration of some such Festival? How then will he be astonished to find that he is in the Company of a Set of honest Fellows, who are the Guardians of Liberty, and are actually getting drunk in the Service of their Country.

Introduce him next to a Drum or a Rout, and if the Blaze of Beauty doth not blind him to any other Contemplation, how greatly superior will he think the British Ladies to all those of Greece and Rome—at their Needles? When he views all the exquisite Decorations of Art which set off the Persons of his fair Countrywomen, how will he despise all the Compliments paid heretofore to the Personages of the Greek and Roman Ladies of Quality, who claimed a Preference over each other from their superior Skill in handling their Needles? But what must be his Amazement, when he is assured that not one of these Ladies ever handled any such Instrument; that all the Ornaments of the best drest Woman there are owing to the Handywork of others, and that the whole Business of the Lives of all present, is only

to tofs about from the one to the other certain Pieces of painted Paper, being a Paftime common to grown Perfons and Children; with this Difference only, that the former play for the higher Wagers!

What Idea can we fuppofe fuch a Perfon could conceive of the Word Beau; and if he could have no adequate Notion of the Word, much lefs would he be able to obtain any fuch Notion of *the Thing!* Should he behold a little dapper effeminate Spark, carried through the Sunshine in a foft Machine by two Labourers; his Body drest in all the Tinfel which ferves to trick up a Harlot, and his Hair appearing to have been decked by the fame Tire-woman with hers. Would fuch a Sight as this recall to the Mind of our learned Friend, any Image of a Greek or Roman Soldier; or could he be eafily perfuaded, that the Infeft before his Eyes was a military Commander; in Rank a Centurion or perhaps a Tribune?

In one Particular, and in one alone, it is poffible he might form a true Judgment. The many Eulogiums on the Chafity of the antient Spartan and Roman Dames, and on the extraordinary Modesty of their young Females of Rank, muft give him a perfect Idea of our prefent Ladies of Fashion.

With this fingle Exception, I think I may aver, that a Scholar when he firft comes to this Town from the Univerfity, comes among a Set of People, as entirely unknown to him, and of whom he hath no more heard or read, than if he was to be at once tranflated into one of the Planets; *the World* in the Town and that *in the Moon* being equally ftrange to him, and equally unintelligible.

How wife therefore is the Conduct of the prefent Age, in laying afide that foolifh Custom of our Anceftors, who ufed to throw away many of the moft precious Years of their Sons Lives by confining them to Schools and Univerfities; where what they learnt, was fo far from being of any Ufe to them upon their *coming into the World*, as it is called, that it ferved only to puzzle and miflead them. They were indeed obliged to unlearn all that had been taught them, before they could acquire that ufeful Knowledge mentioned in the Beginning of my Paper.

Whereas by the prefent Method of bringing Youth to Town, about the Age of fifteen or fixteen, and entering them immediately in thofe feveral Schools, where the Knowledge of the World is taught; fuch as the Play-houfes, Gaming-houfes

and Bawdy-houfes; a young Gentleman of any tolerable Docility, becomes at the Age of Eighteen, a perfect Mafter of all the Knowledge of the World at home; and it is then a proper Time for him to fet out on his Travels into foreign Parts, and to make himfelf acquainted with the World abroad.—This completes his Education; and he returns at One-and-Twenty, a moft accomplished fine Gentleman; having vifited all the principal Courts of Europe, and verfed in all their Fafhions, at a Season of Life when our dull Forefathers knew nothing of thofe foreign People but from History, nor even of their Countries but from Geography.

It was my Misfortune however to have a Father of the antique Way of thinking; by which Means, I loft the beft Part of my Youth in turning over thofe Books, in which I have faid there is little ufeful to be learnt. I remember a Passage out of Horace, who is the beft of them, and who feems to be very particularly a Favourite of yours. His Words are thefe,

*Vita fuma brevis,  
Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*

which may be thus rendered after your paraphrafical Manner. *The Shortnefs of Life affords no Time for a tedious Education,* How many indeed of my own Acquaintance, have I known to die of old Age at twenty-five! fo that by the antient Method of educating our Sons at Schools and Univerfities, a great Part of them will be in Danger of going out of the World before they know any Thing of it.

*Life (fays Mr. Pope) can little more fupply,  
Than juft to look about us and to die.*

Is it not therefore the Duty of a Father to give his Son an Opportunity of looking about him as foön as he can?

*I am,*

*S I R,*

*Your moft humble Servant,*

TOM. TELLTRUTH.  
A.

*Non*

*Non quia, Mæcenas. Lydorum quicquid Etruscos  
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;  
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atq; paternus,  
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent;  
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco  
Ignotos. ut me libertino patre natum.  
Cum referre negas, quali sit quisque parente  
Natus, dum ingenuus.—*

HOR.

## MODERNIZED.

*Tho' there is no Man of a better Family in Europe than your  
Lordship, no Man hath less in his Mouth that scornful  
Phrase. PEOPLE WHOM NO BODY KNOWS. You apply  
it not even to me, whose Father was a Mechanic. On  
the contrary, I have heard you say; ' It matters not what  
' any Man's Parents were, provided that he behaves  
' himself like a Gentleman.*

The following Letter had a Coronet on its Seal.

T O

Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt.

S I R,

**I** Read over your Paper on the Circle with great Pleasure. You have there, with great Force of Eloquence, set forth the terrible Difficulties which we of the better Sort go through to keep the *Creatures*, as you very properly call them in your *Motter*, at a Distance

But, dear Knight, why would you suffer that beastly Clerk to an *odious* Justice of Peace, to contaminate the dear Names of Drum and Rout, by putting the Word Mob close before them: For in your Account of High-Cunstabes, and such Animals, in your Paper of the 2d of May, you tell us of a *Drum or Rout*, where several hundred Mob assemble together.

You cannot imagine the Mischief you have done by this silly Paragraph. My Woman tells me that since the publishing it, some City-Creature hath declared that she intends to keep Drums and Routs next Winter. Upon this News we had a Council at Lady Sadlife's in the Afternoon, where all the Ladies at once declared, that it would be *odious* to use those Names any longer.

At the breaking up of the Assembly I was deputed to write to you, to desire you would invent us some new Terms for our Assemblies against the Winter. What think you of a **RATTLE** for one; but this is submitted to you, by

S I R, Your humble Servant,

ZARA GRANDEMONDE.

The Lady cannot expect a hasty Answer in a Matter which she herself thinks of such Consequence. However, as I am resolved to observe the most perfect Impartiality on all Occasions, I shall here subjoin a Letter from a Gentleman, who sees my Paper of the 13 of Aug. in a Light very different from that in which it hath appeared to her Ladyship.

Mr. Censor,

**I** Greatly honour you for that just Ridicule with which you have lately exposed the Follies of a Set of People, who affect a Desire of distinguishing themselves; not as Persons who are by Fortune, and sometimes by the Blindness of Fortune, placed above their Fellow Creatures and Fellow Coun-

trymen, but as if they were really of a different Species, and by Nature constituted Beings of a higher Order than the rest of Human-kind.

Such Distinctions, I apprehend, Mr. Censor, are totally inconsistent with the Religion professed in this Country, with the Liberty which we claim, and with that Spirit of Trade which all Men agree it is our Interest to encourage.

But farther, Sir, they are maintained in open Defiance of Truth, and even of common Sense. We are by Nature all equal. We bring with us the same Perfections and Imperfections (I speak generally) both of Body and Mind, into the World. And again, as we were equal in the Womb, so we are equal in the Grave.

Politicians, I own, have in different Nations set up different Distinctions. In some Virtue, in others Genius, in others military Atchievements have been the Marks which have raised one Man above another in the public Estimation. In some Countries perhaps these Marks have been mere chimerical; but among every trading People, as I take it, Money is that which stamps a Value on the Possessor, and places a Man at the Head of his Countrymen.

It was my Happiness (for so I think it) to be bred to Trade, and it hath been my Fortune to succeed so well in it, that I am worth what is called half a Plumb; indeed I believe if my Accounts were ballanced, I should find the Amount in Money and Stock, to be pretty near sixty thousand Pounds. All this, will one Day or other be the Property of an only Child, a Girl, who in the Opinion of all my Acquaintance hath great personal Merit, and I have omitted no Care, nor spared any Expence in her Education.

This Girl, Mr. Censor, is now in the twentieth Year of her Age; and to speak an impartial Truth, I can discover but one Fault in her. In short, she is run mad with the Love of Quality. Within these two last Years, during which, I have given her, I am afraid, a little too much Liberty, she hath spent above half her Time at the other End of the Town. She goes often to Court; and is almost every Night of her Life (in the Winter Season) at some Drum or Rout, (as she calls them) with a Lady of Quality, who hath taken a great Liking to her; for which you will perhaps be able to account, when I tell you, my Girl hath lost about a thousand Pounds at Play, and her Ladyship is got above two thousand Pounds more into my Books.

This however, I do not much value: For I would please my Child at almost any Expence; but what I most regret is, the *apparent Loss of her Good-Breeding*, since she hath kept this Quality Company. She was formerly the civilest of all young Women; but of late she hath learnt to toss up her Nose at all her Neighbours and Equals; nay indeed at her Betters, I mean, at the Wives and Daughters of Citizens, who are by some thousands, *better* Men than myself. It was but the other Day, that she absolutely refused to go to the Play-House with my Neighbour Curd the Cheefemonger's Daughters, tho' they had a Pit-Ticket to spare, which they offered her. I insisted strongly on her going, and what do you think was her Answer? ' Indeed, Papa, said she, I would not sit in the Pit on any Account; nor would I be seen with such People for the World!'

In real Truth, Mr. Censor, I am sometimes afraid that she hath a Contempt for her own Father, tho' I cannot tax her with any disrespectful Behaviour to my Person, nor with any other Instance of Undutifulness, than in spending her Time in a Manner which she must know is disagreeable to my Inclinations, as I foresee no good Consequence can attend it.

The



The only Offer of Marriage which she hath hitherto had, was from a Man of Quality, (as they call him) but who could make no Settlement adequate to her Fortune. When I absolutely refused my Consent on any other Terms, (will you believe it, Sir;) this modest Gentleman had the Assurance to declare, that he might have expected some Concessions on the Account of Birth, from a Man who was never born.

Be so good, Sir, as to tell me, what is the Meaning of this Word Birth, and of what Valuation it is; having never yet seen it brought to Account in any Journal or Ledger. Is not, think you, 30000l. rather too high a Price? Be pleased likewise to give me your Opinion, whether a Man whose Parents were honest and substantial Persons, may not only be said to be born, but to be well-born, even as well as any honourable Son of a — in the World.

Thames-street,  
May 20.

I am, Sir,  
Your Humble Servant,

PAUL TRAFFICK.

A.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21<sup>st</sup>. N. S. 1752.

---O bone, ne te  
*Frustrere, infanis et tu.* ---

HOR.

*My good Friend, do not deceive thyself; for with  
all thy Charity, thou also art a silly Fellow.*



Have in a former Paper endeavoured to shew, that a rich Man without Charity is a Rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult Matter to prove, that he is also a Fool. If a Man, who doth not know his true Interest, may be thought to deserve that Appellation; in what Light shall we behold a Christian, who neglects the Cultivation of a Virtue which is in Scripture said *to wash away his Sins*, and without which all his other good Deeds cannot render him acceptable in the Sight of his Creator and Redeemer.

Even in this World, it is surely much too narrow to confine a Man's Interest merely to that which loads his Coffers. To pursue that which is most capable of giving him Happiness, is indeed the Interest of every Man; and there are many who find great Pleasure in emptying their Purses with this View, to one who hath no other Satisfaction than in filling it. Now what can give greater Happiness to a good Mind, than the Reflexion on having relieved the Misery, or contributed to the well-being, of his Fellow Creature. It was a noble Sentiment of the worthy Mr. Thomas Firmin, 'That to relieve the Poor, and to provide Work and Subsistence for them, gave to him the same Pleasure as magnificent Buildings, pleasant Walks, well cultivated Orchards and Gardens, the Jollity of Music and Wine,

' or the Charms of Love and Study gave to others.' This is recorded in the Life of a plain Citizen of London, and it as well deserves to be quoted, as any one Apophthegm that is to be found in all the Works of Plutarch.

A Christian therefore, or a good Man tho' no Christian, who is void of Charity, is ignorant of his own Interest, and may with great Propriety be called a silly Fellow. Nay, if we will believe all the great Writers whom I cited in my former Paper, to which I might add Plato and many more, a mere human Being who places all his Happiness in selfish Considerations, without any relative Virtues, any Regard to the Good of others, is in plain Truth a downright Fool.

I have been encouraged to treat the Want of Charity with the more Freedom, as I am certain of giving little Offence to any of my Readers by so doing. Charity is in fact the very Characteristic of this Nation at this Time.--I believe we may challenge the whole World to parallel the Examples which we have of late given of this sensible, this noble, this Christian Virtue.

We cannot therefore surely be arraigned of Folly, from the Want of Charity; but is our Wisdom altogether as apparent in the Manner of exerting it? I am afraid the true Answer here would not be so much to our Advantage. Are our private Donations generally directed by our Judgment, to those who are the properest Objects? Do not Vanity, Whim, and Weakness, too often draw our Purse-Strings? Do we not sometimes give because it is the Fashion, and sometimes because we cannot long resist Importunity? May not our Charity be often termed Extravagance or Folly; nay is it not often vicious, and apparently

tending

tending to the Encrease and Encouragement of idle and dissolute Persons.

It would be almost endless to attempt to be particular on this Head. I shall mention therefore only one Instance, namely the giving our Money to common Beggars. This Kind of Bounty is a Crime against the Public. It is assisting in the Continuance and Promotion of a Nuisance. Our wise Ancestors prohibited it by a Law, which would probably have remained in Force and Use to this Day, had not the Legislature conceived, that after the severe Penalties which have been since inflicted on Beggars, none would have the Boldness to become such; and that after the sufficient legal Provision which hath been made for the Poor, no Persons would have so little Regard, either to common Sense or to the Public, as to relieve them.

But instead of staying to argue with such People, I shall hasten to the other Branch of Charity, which is of a public Nature; of which there are many Species in this Kingdom.

The Origin of this Kind of Charity, was no better than Priestcraft and Superstition. When Men began to perceive the near Approach of that great Enemy of human Nature, who was to deprive them of all their ill gotten Possessions, and not only so, but might as they apprehended, deliver them into the Hands of an Almighty Justice, to punish them for all those Knavish Arts, by which these Possessions were acquired; the Priest stepped in, took Advantage of the Terrors of their Consciences, and persuaded them, that by consigning over a great Part, (sometimes the whole) of their Acquisitions to the Use of the Church, a Pardon for all Kind of Villany was sure to be obtained.

In this Attempt, the Priest found but little Difficulty when he had to do with a Mind tainted with Superstition, and weakened with Disease; especially when he could back all his other Arguments with one Truth at least, namely,—GIVE US THAT WHICH YOU CAN BY NO POSSIBLE MEANS KEEP ANY LONGER.

Thus the *unwilling Will*, as Dr. Barrow pleasantly calls it, was at last signed. The Fruits of Fraud and Rapine were applied to the Use of the Church, and the greatest of Rascals died very good Saints, and their Memories were consecrated to Honour and good Example,

How notably these Attempts succeeded, is well known to all who are versed either in our Law or

our History. So common was it for Men to expiate their Crimes in this Manner; and to finish all their other Robberies, by robbing their Heirs; that had not the Legislature often and stoutly interfered in crushing these superstitious (or as they were called charitable) Uses, they seemed to bid fair for swallowing up the whole Property of the Nation.

In Process of Time however, the Lawyer came to the Assistance of the Priest; (for like the Devil he is always ready at Hand when called for) and formed a Distinction between the superstitious and charitable Use. Henceforward, instead of robbing their Relations for the Use of the Church, a Method was devised of robbing them for the Use of the Poor. Hence Poor-Houses, Alms-Houses, Colleges and Hospitals began to present themselves to the View of all Travellers, being always situated in the most public Places, and bearing the Name and Title of the generous Founder in vast capital Letters; a kind of ETHMA ES AIEI, a Monument of his Glory to all Generations.

Thus we see the Foundation of this Kind of Charity, and a very strong one it is, being indeed no other than Fear and Vanity, the two strongest Passions which are to be found in human Nature.

It may be thought perhaps, that I have omitted a third, which some may imagine to be the strongest, and greatest of all, and this is Benevolence, or the Love of doing Good; but that these charitable Legacies have no such Motive, appears to me from the following Considerations.

First if a Man was possessed of real Benevolence, and had, (as he must then have) a Delight in doing Good, he would no more defer the Enjoyment of this Satisfaction to his Death-bed, than the Ambitious, the Luxurious, or the Vain, would wait till that Period, for the Gratification of their several Passions.

2dly, If the Legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable Donation of any Consequence, I can never allow it possible to arise from Benevolence: For he who hath no Compassion for the Distresses of his Neighbours, *whom he hath seen*, how should he have any Pity for the Wants of Posterity which he will never see?

3dly, If the Legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the Injury of his Family, or to the Disappointment of his own Friends in Want, this is a certain Proof, that his Motive is not Benevolence:



lence: For he who loves not his own Friends and Relations, most certainly loves no other Person,

Lastly, if a Man hath lived any Time in the World, he must have observed such horrid and notorious Abuses of all public Charities, that he must be convinced (with a very few Exceptions) that he will do no manner of Good by contributing to them. Some indeed, are so very wretchedly contrived in their Institution, that they seem not to have had the public Utility in their View; but to have been mere Jobs ab initio. Such are all Hospitals whatever, where it is a Matter of Favour to get a Patient admitted, and where the Forms of Admission are so troublesome and tedious, that the properest Objects, (those I mean, who are most wretched and friendless) may as well aspire at a Place at Court, as at a Place in the Hospital.

From what I have here advanced, I know I have rendered myself liable to be represented by Malice and Ignorance as an Enemy to all public Charity; I hope to obviate this Opinion effectually in a future Paper, in which I shall endeavour to point out who are really the Objects of our Benevolence, as well as to propose some Expedients by which the Obstructions which attend some of our best calculated Charities, of the public Kind, may be removed. I cannot however, conclude this, without paying a Compliment to the present Age for two glorious Benefactions, I mean that to the Use of Foundling Infants, and that for the Accommodation of poor Women in their Lying-in.

C.

\*\*\*\*\*

DUBLIN. September 21st, N. S. 1752.

## An ODE

Upon the General Loss of that Eminent and Loyal Commander Admiral WARREN, Assertor and Defender of the Liberties of his Country.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS, formerly of Trinity-College.

I.

UPON the Sea-beat, ever-vexed Shore  
Of her own Isle Dejected BRITAIN fate:  
Weeping she cry'd, my WARREN is no more  
Who added ten-fold Honours to my State.  
My Hero is no more, the weeping cry'd,  
And Plaintive Echoes to her Tears reply'd.

II.

But lately *Balchen*, ravish'd from my State,  
In \* monumental Billows lies intomb'd,  
*Another* Son must now submit to Fate,  
How have thy Terrors, Ruthless Death, presum'd  
To touch this Son of Glory?—but how vain  
Lies my Appeal from thy Despotic Reign!

III.

Couldst Thou not see the fresh-pluck'd Laurel Wreath  
Green on his Brows?—nor could his Triumphs plead  
Against the Venom of thy rabid Teeth?  
Is Merit thy Incentive to invade  
The *Great Distinguish'd*?—yes, thy envious Rule  
Permits Longævity to ev'ry Fool.

IV.

The new-reap'd Honour but *attracts* thy Rage,  
To high Desert, like *Envy*, still a Foe,  
To thee obnoxious are the *Chief*, and *Sage*,  
While *Reptiles* 'scape thy Scythe, by being *low*,  
So Lightning rends the *Cedar*, and the *Oak*,  
While *Shrubs* and *Underwood* escape the Stroke.

V.

The God of Ocean heard her to his Deep,  
Quick He emerges at the dread Alarm,  
The Peace-warp'd Trident now no longer sleeps,  
It strikes the Surge divided by his Arm,  
The obsequious Surface parted to receive  
The Lord of Ocean from his Native Wave?

VI.

Guard, guard my wide Domains, confus'd he cries,  
But who shall guard them?—Let my Thunders roll;  
But who shall wield them? From his Breast deep Sighs,  
Tears from his Eyes rush forth, without Controll,  
Alas! Who now shall bid my Terrors roar?  
WARREN is gone—Grief cou'd not utter more!

VII.

A Tempest heav'd in ev'ry rising Sigh,  
Upon his Brows collected Sorrow stood,  
Salt Seas of Tears were roll'd from either Eye,  
Each Throb a Tempest, and each Tear a Flood,  
Then having groan'd unutterable Woe,  
*Jove*, I resign, he cry'd—Thy Will is so—

VIII.

But why, O mighty Ruler of the Skies,  
So sudden snatch'd is he, my Ocean's Boast?  
Defence of *Britain*, and † *Hibernia's* Prize,  
Whose Arm Vindictive *Gallia* dreaded most,  
Why must he deck the Glories of thy Throne  
So quickly ravish'd, and so lately known?

IX.

Why is He summon'd with such Speed away,  
Torn from the Wreath, so recent on his Brow?  
Why not permitted longer to display  
The Flag of Conquest o'er the flying Foe?  
*Fleets* strike their *Honours* at his well-known Might,  
And cede their Treasures, to decline the Fight.

X.

To bribe the War, and Respite to obtain,  
"Who rules the *Flog*?—can crafty *Caesar* enquire,  
"Who bears the *British* Thunder o'er the Main?  
'Tis answer'd—WARREN points the naval Fire,

Corruption

\* He was lost with upwards of 1000 Men, in the Victory.  
† He was born in Ireland.

*Corruption fades, and drops the golden Fee,  
Conscious that WARREN sounds for—Victory.*  
XI.

When ill-maintain'd, the Glories of my Realm,  
Saw ev'ry Honour sunk in meer Parade,  
GEORGE said, Let WARREN quickly to the Helm,  
As quickly Commerce felt reviving Trade,  
The Merchant saw his Liberties restor'd,  
And Gallia's Treasures heap'd the shining Board.

XII.  
While proud Iberia felt an Anson's Arm,  
My WARREN struck the great decisive Blow,  
France of her naval Sources to disarm,  
He points his Vengeance at the mightier Foe;  
CAPE BRETON saw the Genius of her Fate,  
And gave new Sceptres to Britannia's State.

XIII.  
He spoke, when sudden, lo! before his Eyes  
The Admiral's own \* Ship in Light display'd!  
Around the Pendant to the God's Surprise,  
And o'er the Sails, Electric Glorys play'd;  
He smil'd Complacence, when he saw the Sign,  
And knew that WARREN WAS APPROV'D DIVINE.

XIV.  
Addressing then Britannia, " Cease thy Tears,  
" Thy Hero's Lofs no longer now regret,  
" His Ship, behold it decks the shining Spheres!  
" Where he has taken his immortal Seat,  
" Henceforth, Distress shall hail the guiding Star  
" Nor fear the Wreck or Elemental War.

XV.  
While o'er the Foes to Britain's Naval State  
It shall impend a Meteor, to deter,  
To damp their Prowess, and their Pride abate,  
To Gallia still—an ill-prefaging Star,  
Still to retain its Influence o'er the Sea,  
And rule the Ocean with controuling Stay.

\* The Ship, a Sign in the Heavens, well known to Mariners; henceforth be it sacred to WARREN's Memory.

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every Thursday.)

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of Great-Britain  
(Otherwise HENRY FIELDING, Esq;)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th. N. S. 1752.

*Gravis Ingenium, Gravis dedit Ore rotundo  
Musa loqui*———

HOR.

*Her Wit, and flowing Eloquence, the Muse  
Gave to the Greeks*———



As a Propofal is now publish'd for a Translation of the Works of Lucian into our Mother Tongue,\* it may not be improper to acquaint our English Readers with the real Value of the Work which is offered to their Acceptance.

This Author may be almost called the Father of true Humour: Mr. Dryden says, he knows not whom he imitated, unless it might be Aristophanes. This Supposition can certainly be meant only of that Attic Elegance of Diction, in which there is perhaps some Resemblance between these two Authors; and this is a Point, in which I am afraid we are at this time but little able to decide who deserves the Preference; the learned Photius gives the Palm of excelling all others in Diction, to our Author. τὸ μὲν τοῖς ὀρθοῖς ἐστὶν ἀριστόν.

But surely our ingenious Countryman could not conceive, that Lucian in the exquisite Pleasantry of his Humour, in the Neatness of his Wit, and in the Poignancy of his Satire, did condescend to be the Imitator of a Writer, whose Humour is often extravagant, his Wit coarse, and his Satire unjust and immoral. Indeed, Mr. Dryden himself, in the short Character which he presently after gives of Lucian's Writings, shews he could not have imitated the Greek Comedian. 'Any one,' says he, may see, that our Author's chief Design was to disnest Heaven of so many immoral and debauched Deities: His next, to expose the mock Philosophers; and his last, to give us Examples of a good Life in the Persons of the true.' Of the first of these we may find, I allow, many Strokes in Aristophanes, how inferior to the Spirit of Lucian, I submit to the learned Reader; but as to the second, I remember no Instance: For I hope the

base and barbarous Abuse of Socrates will not be allowed an Attempt to expose the mock Philosophers. The Truth is, that Species of Wretches, who were the Objects of Ridicule at Rome, and who gained a Livelihood by being so, being, as Suetonius tells us, the favourite Buffoons of the Emperors themselves, were unknown in the Days of Aristophanes. And as to giving an Example of a good Life in the Persons of the true Philosophers, this likewise could no more be learnt from Aristophanes, than a System of Ethics can be drawn from our modern Comedies.

And as I am thus unwilling to think that Lucian was the Imitator of any other, I shall not be much more ready to grant, that others have been the Imitators of him. The Person whom I esteem to be most worthy of this Honour is the immortal Swift. To say Truth, I can find no better Way of giving the English Reader an Idea of the Greek Author, than by telling him, that to translate Lucian well into English, is to give us another Swift in our own Language. I will add, however invidious it may appear, that when I allow to this excellent English Writer the Praise of imitating the Greek, I allow him that Praise only which the best Imitator can possibly claim, of being Second to his Original. Our Author will perhaps for ever continue to deserve the Title of inimitable, (i. e. unequalled) which the learned Mr. Moyle hath given him.

In Fact, besides the Superiority of Genius which seems to me to appear in Lucian, when he is compared with any other humorous Writer, no other seems to have had such excellent Materials to work upon. What Fund of Pleasantry hath any Age produced equal to that Theology and to that Philosophy which he hath exposed!

Notwithstanding all his Merit, (I should perhaps rather say, as a Proof of his Merit) this inimitable Author hath had his Critics, that is, as the Moderns use the Word, his Censurers. 'Of this Number,' says Dryden, 'is the wretched Author of the *Lucien en belle Humeur*, who being himself as insipid as a Dutch Poet, yet arraigns Lucian for his own Fault, &c. but the best on't is, the Jaundice is only in his own Eyes, which makes Lucian look yellow to him. All Mankind will exclaim against his preaching this Doctrine against him.' The learned indeed are unanimous in their Elogiums on him; such amongst thers are Photius, Gravius, Erasmus, D'Abancourt, Dryden, Mayn, and the learned Mr. Moyle whom I have mentioned above.

\* Proposals are published in London, for printing by Subscription a new Translation into English, of the Works of LUCIAN, from the original Greek; with Notes Historical, Critical, and Explanatory. By Henry Fielding Esq; and the Revd. Mr. William Young, alias Parson Adams.

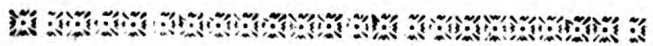


To the Honour of Lucian it should be likewise remembred, that his Virtues and Abilites recommended him to the Favour of that Glory of human Nature, Marcus Aurelius, by whom our Author was employed in a very considerable Post in the Government. That great Emperor did not, it seems, think, that a Man of Humour was below his Notice, or unfit for Business of the gravest Kind.

Nor can I omit the Honour done him by some of the first Planters of Christianity, who embraced his Arguments and applied them with good Success against the Advocates for the Heathen Deities, who could not resist his Raillery. 'For my Part,' says Dryden, 'I know not to whose Writings we owe more our Christianity, where the true God has succeeded a Multitude of false; whether to the grave Confutation of *Clemens Alexandrinus, Arnobius, Justin Martyr, St. Augustin, Lactantius, &c.* or to the facetious Wit of *Lucian*: A Wit which is thus described by Monfr. *D'Abancourt*. "Qui a par tout de la Mignardise & de l'Agreement avec un humeur gaye & enjouée, & cette *urbanité Attique* que nous appelletions en nôtre langue une raillerie fine & delicate,," &c.—In a Word, I conclude, that all who have a true Taste of Humour must read *Lucian* with the most exquisite Pleasure, and those who have not, will find no other Means so proper to acquire that Taste.

Such is the Author now proposed to be translated, I may truly say, to be first translated into our Language: For as to the two Attempts hitherto made, tho' one of them hath Mr. Dryden's Name to the Preface (for indeed he translated but little himself) they can give the Reader no more Idea of the Spirit of *Lucian*, than the vilest Imitation by a Sign-post Painter can convey the Spirit of the excellent *Hogarth*.

As to the Abilities of one of the Gentlemen who propose This Translation I shall be silent; I will only venture to say, that no Man seems so likely to translate an Author well, as he who hath formed his Stile upon that very Author. Nor shall I trespass upon the Modesty of a Gentleman greatly endow'd with that Virtue, by saying much of the other. In this, I believe, I shall have the universal Concurrence of those learned Men of this Age to whom he is known, that no Man now alive is better versed in that Language in which the Wit of *Lucian* lies as yet concealed. I shall add, that I doubt not but the Public will find a Pleasure in shewing some Regard to two Gentlemen, who have hitherto in their several Capacities endeavoured to be serviceable to them, without deriving any great Emolument to themselves from their Labours. C.



*Nec pudor obflabit.*

*Let not your Modesty hurt you.*

JUV.

To the CENSOR of GREAT-BRITAIN.

Mr. Censor,



As you was pleased to publish my last Letter, I have sent you the further Productions of my Friend on the same Subject. Without further Preface then, my Friend after having vindicated the Honour of the Moderns, as being, tho' not the Inventors of the Pert, yet the undoubted Improvers and Enlargers thereof, and its Introducers into almost every Species of Writing,

proceeds, like a true systematick Writer, to enquire what Geniusses are the fittest to receive, imbibe, and digest, the Doctrine of the Pert; and to shine most in the practical Application and Exercise thereof. In this Disquisition, which is pretty prolix, he displays an extensive Knowledge of the human Heart, as well as of the human Understanding; and at last concludes, that those are the most susceptible of the Efficacy of his Precepts, who have the best Opinion of themselves; and, on the other hand, that those will profit least by his Instructions, who are most deeply tinctured with that aukward shame-faced Thing called Modesty. What he adds is somewhat extraordinary. 'If a young Writer, saith he, entertains a mean Opinion of his own Abilities, and is at the same Time, what is commonly called a Man of Sense, I despair of him, and I pronounce him incorrigible, and utterly incapable of relishing and profiting by my Instructions and Advices. He will jog on like a Mule at his own Pace, regardless of extrinsic Direction. But if he hath a tolerable Share of Folly, I have some Hopes of him, let him be ever so modest. Tho' he has a poor Opinion of his own Parts at present, yet, ten to one, he will change his Mind, in Time, and come to think himself a pretty mettled Fellow.' And a little farther on, that Man, continues he, who after having hastily run through King Arthur, fancies himself qualified to compose a better Epic Poem than the *Æneid*; or who because he was in the Battle of ———, (no Matter whether he stood or fled) undertakes to write a System of the military Art; or who, by dipping in a Tindal and Bollingbroke, feels himself animated by a strong Impulse to subvert the Religion of his Country; that Man I admire, so promising a Genius I revere, and hail with a

*Mate, nova virtute, puer.*

'That Writer, if he attends to, and diligently follows my Instructions, will in Time make a wonderful Figure; he will climb up to the Pinnacle of the true Pert.'

Having shewn that a good Opinion of ones own Parts is an indispensable Requisite in such as aspire to the Height of the *Tharsus*, and to be all-accomplished in the Art of Swaggering in Print, he earnestly recommends and inculcates an unwearied Zeal and restless Efforts, to entertain, cherish and increase that hopeful and profitable Disposition; towards which, he says, nothing conduces more than the diving into, dwelling on, and exaggerating the Faults and Defects of Writers, especially those that are reputed the most excellent of their Kind, whether Ancient or Modern. And that the Pupil may see and perceive these the more fully and distinctly, he advises him to keep their Beauties and Excellencies out of his View as much as possible. His reasoning on this Head is curious, and, for ought I know, original. 'As the natural Eye, saith he, when accommodated to view minute Objects, is rendered unfit to take in large Prospects; so the Understanding when strained to find out and canvass Faults, becomes disqualified for comprehending Excellencies. And as those Artists, who daily pore upon Miniatures, become near-sighted, their Eyes being by Force of Habit rendered unable to descry Hills, Woods or Palaces, at a Distance; so the true Critic, whose Business it is to spy out every little Flaw or Blemish in a great Work, of course becomes incapable of perceiving the Beauties of its Disposition, and its principal Parts, they lying far beyond the Reach of his Discernment. But this Contract-

edness

‘ edness of Comprehension is so far from being a Loss to our  
 ‘ Disciple of the Pert, that it is of double Advantage to him.  
 ‘ For while it enables him to see the Faults of Writers dis-  
 ‘ tinctly and fully, as through a magnifying Glass, it re-  
 ‘ moves their Excellencies from his View, and gives him  
 ‘ the solid Pleasure of exulting and triumphing in his own  
 ‘ Talents, while he reflects upon the Faults of others, from  
 ‘ which he imagines himself free; without being mortified  
 ‘ by the Images of unattainable Perfections, of which he  
 ‘ can have no Idea.’

My Friend next passes to the Consideration of such Helps,  
 as our young Adventurer may use with Success for his Im-  
 provement in this fundamental Attack; to wit, the spying  
 out and magnifying the Faults of Writers. ‘ For altho’, says  
 ‘ he, Nothing will do here without a suitable Genius, yet  
 ‘ the Horatian Precept *Doctrina vim promovet insitam*, is of  
 ‘ eternal and unlimited Truth.’ And therefore he recom-  
 mends the reading of such Authors, as have been most dili-  
 gent, and most perspicacious in detecting and exposing the  
 Imperfections of celebrated Authors. Upon this Occasion he  
 pathetically laments the Loss all true Critics have sustained  
 by the Shipwreck of the Works of the immortal Zoilus. ‘ Of  
 ‘ what amazing Penetration, as well as Freedom of Thought,  
 ‘ says he, must that Man have been, who in a learned and  
 ‘ and enlightened Age, and in the Neighbourhood of the  
 ‘ wittiest People that ever flourished, could spy out what no  
 ‘ Body else so much as suspected; to wit, Spots and Blem-  
 ‘ ishes in that Son of Poetry the idolized Homer? How  
 ‘ invincible was his Fortitude, who durst publish his Disco-  
 ‘ veries at a Time, when, by so doing, he ran the Risk of  
 ‘ being pelted, or knocked down by every Body he met  
 ‘ with in the Streets, from the Prince to the Porter or Ap-  
 ‘ plewoman? And do we hesitate to proclaim him the Fa-  
 ‘ ther of Criticism: the Parent of the Pert? But, adds he  
 ‘ a little farther on, this Loss, great as it is, is not a little  
 ‘ alleviated by the celebrated Abbé Terraçon’s Dissertations  
 ‘ on the Iliad, which I can never sufficiently praise and re-  
 ‘ commend to my hopeful Pupil; this invaluable Work I  
 ‘ would have him

*Nocturna versare manu, versare diurna.*

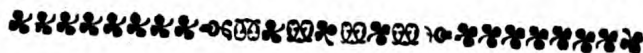
He afterwards mentions many other Authors of the same  
 Stamp, amongst which Dennis, of acutely austere Memo-  
 ry, shines with a distinguished Lustre; but he laments the  
 Scarcity of their Works, and ardently wishes they were re-  
 published. But that, he says, is *optandum potius quam spe-*  
*randum-*

‘ But, continues he, tho’ the Pupil may draw unspeak-  
 ‘ able Advantage from the Dead, he may no less profit by  
 ‘ the Living. The rising Generation of both Sexes fur-  
 ‘ nishes a numerous Army of Critics, who swarm in all  
 ‘ Places of Rendezvous; amongst whom he will always find  
 ‘ a dead Majority on his Side, the Dissentients being so ve-  
 ‘ ry few that they scarce dare open their Mouths in promif-  
 ‘ cuous Companies; but are reduced either to ruminate  
 ‘ alone in their Garrets upon their own antiquated Notions,  
 ‘ or, when they can afford to make Holiday, to give them  
 ‘ Vent over a Mug of Beer with their Fellows. But let my  
 ‘ hopeful Disciple herd with the modish Majority; let him,  
 ‘ with erected Ears, greedily drink in; let him retain, me-  
 ‘ ditate upon, and digest their free, easy, and airy Effusi-  
 ‘ ons; Effusions not smelling of the Lamp, but perfumed  
 ‘ with a natural, unlaboured Essence; quickened with a

‘ light volatile Spirit, and gratefully acidulated with the  
 ‘ poignant Juice of Cavil.’

*Yours, &c.*

MISOTHARSUS.



D U B L I N.

MODERN HISTORY *Cum notis variorum.*

ON Saturday last the 23d, died Mrs. Katharine Connolly,  
 Relict of the Right Honourable William Connolly, Esq;  
 formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the  
 Lords Justices of Ireland, at whose decease, many hundreds  
 of reduced Families may be said to expire. — Her uncom-  
 mon Virtues and exalted Sentiments, are too Numerous and  
 Extensive for a Paper, much more a Paragraph; as perhaps  
 even the bare List of her Charities, would fill a Volume,  
 therefore we must decline any panegyric, her Life being a  
 Theme sufficiently Copious for the finest Writers.

On Saturday last, the Wife of Thomas Murry, Weaver,  
 in Dalphin’s-Barn, was safely delivered of two Children,  
 and on the Day following, she was happily delivered of two  
 more. — *I suppose the two Children died the next Day.* W.

We are assured that the Mortality among the HORNED  
 Cattle still rages in some Parts of England. G. A. — *But*  
*that this is an English Paragraph we should suspect the In-*  
*telligence to be a Hum, and that they intended to intimate*  
*that ALDERMEN died fast in London.* J.

A Wag in this City on the Suppression of the Lottery,  
 observed, that it was like Miss W——ff——n’s Face, or,  
 a certain Beau’s Sword, — not to be Drawn. J.

Yesterday arrived at the Downs, Commodore Pye, with  
 the Squadron under his Command, having gone thro’ the  
 late great Storm, in which, his upper DECKS were greatly  
 shatter’d. D. A. — *Perhaps it should be read, his upper*  
 CRUSTS, J.

To Mr. THOMAS ROSINGRAVE, Master and  
 Composer.

Spirit of Harmony, and Soul of Sound,  
 Of Taste the Life, of Elegance the Ground:  
 Grace of sweet Concord, how shall ev’n the Muse,  
 Appreciate to thy Ear, soft Touches chuse;  
 Tho’ delicate her Sense, by what fine Chord,  
 Of soft Adagio shall she hail her Lord;  
 Oh say what happy Measures shall she frame,  
 Fit to attend the Music of thy Name!  
 The Doctrine then of Transmigration’s true,  
 We find it’s Principles confirm’d in You:  
 Since now reviv’d, Pythagoras we hear,  
 And Tubal Cain re captivates our Ear;  
 Since ev’ry Spirit Grace and Power combine,  
 To prove in thee reviv’d, the Music of the Nine.

*(Just publish’d by the Printer bereof.)*

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—*Multa Dies, variusque Labor.* VIRG.

By **JAMES EYRE WEEKS.**

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19th. N. S. 1752.

—*Non tua sunt duro præcordia ferro,  
Vineta, nec in tenero stat tibi corde flex.*

TIBULL.

*Some Men, I'm sure have Hearts of Stone,  
I hope Sir, that you have not one.*



Could not help taking Notice the other Evening, as I went through Spring-Gardens in my way from the Park, of two Petitioners for Charity, (of an opposite Sex) who took Possession of this straight, and in a different Key addressed themselves to the Passions of the tender-hearted Passer by. The Woman contented herself with repeating, in a lamentable kind of Song, the usual Impetration of *Pray remember the poor Blind*, while the Male Orator in a more sonorous Voice expatiated on the Calamity of being Stone-blind, and endeavoured to move your Pity, by wishing that the same Misfortune might never befall the good Christian, who should deal out his Copper to him. The Soldier upon Guard at that Instant drove them from their Station, and made use of some Expressions, which gave me room to imagine (perhaps not unjustly) that they were both of them errant Impostors. They joined one another very cordially, and went off in a kind of Triumph mixed with Repentment, and uttering hearty Imprecations against the Lobster (as they called the Red-coat Centinel) for having disoblged them in the doing of his Duty.

I cannot take upon me to say, that these Objects were not really what perhaps they might only pretend to be: But there are so many odious Sights, even shocking to human Nature, to be met with in every public Thorough-fare, that a

Person, who suspects them upon having no other Evidence than merely their own Report, may fairly be acquitted of uncharitableness: For if we were to harken to the plausible Tale of every importunate Beggar, we should be soon tired of our good-natured Credulity.

If it be considered, that by the Laws of our Country every Body has a legal Settlement, and consequently is entitled to Relief, when it is really wanted, in that Settlement; we are in Truth injuring the Community, while we throw away those Pence upon absolute Strangers to us, which we might bestow on worthy Objects within the Sphere of our own Knowledge: For whatever Situation we are in, 'tis very easy to find out poor Creatures, who we are certain would feel the Benefit of whatever our Fortunes would allow, or our Hearts incline us to give them. By an inconsiderate indiscriminate Bounty to those, who casually offer themselves in our Way, we at best only promote Idleness, and very probably encourage Imposture. May we not suppose indeed, that the far greatest Part of these Vagabonds, who infest every Street with their Clamours, are rather unwilling than incapable of earning an honest Livelihood? And, if a Provision (as it appears) is made for the Helpless, why should we hazard the Chance of contributing to the Subsistence of the Lazy, not to say (as it often proves) the Wicked, while we rob the industrious Poor of a more comfortable Relief?

I have seen so many Instances of the Artifice practised by these profligate Itinerants, that I have long ago shut my Pockets as well as my Heart against them: I have found one a Cripple at St. James's to day, and Stone blind upon Tower-Hill to-morrow: In short, the most designing  
of

of them will so often vary their Garb and the Tone of their Voice, and so dextrously withal, that the incurious and unobserving can never detect them. I once made it my Business to Study their Practices, and employed a whole Week purely to trace them through their several Labyrinths: The Result of my Observations at length plainly proved to me, that none are so thoroughly versed as they are in the various Topics of Rhetoric, or know how to ply the Tongue to so much Advantage.

They have always a different mode of Address according to the Situation, Capacity, or Fortune of the Person whom they attack; and they are very acute in discovering even the inward Temper of a Man from his outward Appearance. If they meet one whose Elegance of Dress denotes him of some Consequence, they ply him with the soothing sound of Flattery, and nothing is then heard but your Honour: A plain-suited Person is addressed with---worthy Sir---good Sir; and a sober grave Matron is sure to be implored with---for Heaven's Sake, good Madam, dear worthy Christian, your Charity.

As they place themselves in different Stations, so do they observe a different Conduct, and adapt their Words and Actions accordingly. At the Court End of the Town, as they have but a poor Market, (all there being but a higher Sort of Beggars) they boldly advance their Suits, and by meer Impudence and Importunity extort a Gift. Whenever they see a Beau who is dizzened out with the most exquisite Niceness and Delicacy, they always intercept him in his Passage to the Chariot or Chair, and oblige him to flirt a Six-Pence at them to get rid of their dirty Proximity. But as 'tis very seldom they can get at these great Ones, they pick up pretty tolerably by paying their most profound Respects to Valets, whom they tickle with the same obsequious Language which at another Time they use to their Masters.

In the City you will see them, with a sober Air and long drawn out Phrases, calmly entreating one Farthing or an Half-penny, 'till they have wrung the solitary Piece from the prudent plodding Trader. 'Tis a very weighty Argument about the 'Change, to pray that they may never feel what it is to want: And I have known an obstinate Beggar, vainly exercising all his Powers to pierce the deaf Ear and soften the callous Breast of a Stock-Jobber, when he has at

last succeeded by assuring him, that the Lord would reward him ten-fold.

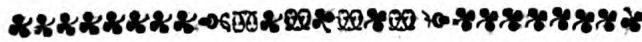
Towards Wapping and that Way there is always a Flock of your Land-Sailors in Jackets and Trowsers, attending the Captors of Prizes and successful Venturers whom they cajole with a piteous Account of their Sufferings in Storms, and Shipwrecks, and on desolate Islands: But this is a most dangerous Province, and requires a very masterly Management, as sometimes the honest Tars by too nicely enquiring into Circumstances have detected the Fallacy, and from pretended ones made them Cripples good Earnest.---A Thread-bare red Coat, and a rusty Peruke with half a Tail behind it, has served many an idle Dog, who has been whipt out of the Regiment perhaps for robbing an Hen-Roost, with the honourable Plea of being an old Soldier; or if by good Luck he has happen'd to fracture a Leg by attempting to break into an House, or a like Prank, he cannot fail meeting with many an eleemosynary Largefs on the Parade, or in the Precincts of Chelsea Hospital.

The Female Part of human Kind are more easily worked upon by their own Sex; and therefore the Tears of a poor disconsolate Widow with seven small Children, or the Sight of two fatherless Orphans hanging at the Breast, have unstrung the Purse of many a good Lady at a Church-Door. The moanful whinings of a little Urchin, scarce able to crawl after you, and crying,---Pray---Pray---with its shrill Pipe of Hunger, never fails to attract the Notice of a compassionate Wife, who pities the sad Distresses of the Motherless and Fatherless; while in the mean Time the real Mother, not far off, with a fictitious big Belly, is perhaps frightening some squeamish old Maid into a Compliance with her Request.---Nor are these Women less expert at their Business than the Men Beggars, or less skilled in the proper Exercise of their Eloquence: Hence the Mistress is implored for an Half-penny to pay for their Night's Lodging; but the Servant Maid is assured that they have not tasted Bread these two Days.

I could enumerate many other Contrivances in the Employment of Beggary; but these are sufficient to warn the Humane and Tender-Hearted, not to throw away their Money on any Objects they meet that appear miserable; because,



as they are liable to frequent Impositions, what is meant Charity, and intended to be well placed, becomes the worst Sort of Profuseness, when it is thus misapplied in Support of the Indolent, the Impudent, and the Abandoned. D.



MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

*Extract of a private Letter from Rome, September 20.*

Several Complaints having been made to the Conclave, that the Chevalier de St. George's Coach-Men always drive furiously, and sometimes overturn other Coaches in the Streets, without respect of Persons; the sacred College desired him, in the handsomest Manner, to order his Coach-Men to take more Care for the future; whereupon he sent a Gentleman to assure them, that he will turn them out of his Service as soon as he comes to Town. D. G.—*Father Westley, I am informed, says, this is not to be understood literally: it being highly improbable, that the Chevalier has several Coachmen; and if he had, that they should overturn Coaches in the Streets. That it is therefore only a prophetic and parabolical Narrative, by way of warning us, what his Coach-Men (i. e. Clergy-Men) will do here, if ever they have an Opportunity: They will always drive furiously, and overturn other Coaches (i. e. Churches) without Respect of Persons; This allegorical Interpretation of our learned Father may, in some Sense be called literal: it being very remarkable, as he justly observes, that the Words Coach-Men, Clergy-Men, Coaches and Churches, begin all with the same Letter. G.*

We hear from Dublin, that during a Shower of Rain, which fell the 6th Inst. a Man in Appearance a Porter, went to the House of Mr. Joshua Sands, Glazier in Cook-Street; with four Packs of Cards, which he said were sent home by Mr. Sands for the Drum that Night; and that he waited at Mr. Fullerton's, Card-Maker on College-Green, for his Cloak to come home in: The Token being good, the Cloak was sent by the mock Porter, who ran away with it. L. D. A.—*I am much more willing to excuse this Fellow who made Cards a CLOAK for his Industry, than I am the greater Number of those, perhaps equally indigent, who make them a CLOAK for their Idleness. W.*



D U B L I N.

To the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES BURTON, Lord Mayor of this City.

My LORD,

IT is with great Pleasure that the Citizens already perceive the Activity and Vigilance of your Lordship's Administration, in detecting and bringing Villains to condign Punishment, particularly that notorious Rogue who sold Coals by a false Measure to Mr. O'Hara, Beadle of St. Mary's Parish; by which wicked Practice People are generally more imposed upon than they are even by the Price in the greatest Scarcity, as by such Fraud we can never be certain how much

we pay for our Coals; and as this is almost the critical Time that many of the Inhabitants of this Metropolis lay in their Stocks of Coals for the Winter Season, the strict Enquiries which your Lordship is now making into that Grievance are absolutely necessary. And it is hoped, that the just Penalties inflicted by your Lordship on the Villain abovementioned, will deter others from committing the like Crime for the future.

I am, my LORD,  
Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,  
1752, N. S. NOVANNUS.

*This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,*

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for June, Supplement to Ditto, July and August 1752, being Numbers 70, 71, 72, and 73; the two last of which begin Vol. XI.

June, Number LXX. Contains, the Account of Lincoln finished, with a curious View of the Cathedral of Lincoln. Proceedings in the British Parliament continued. An occasional Letter on the Necessity of being virtuous in our Youth. Description of the Acmeffa. Description of an Automaton or Image playing on the German Flute, of another playing on the Pipe and Tabor, and of an artificial Duck that Eats, Drinks, macerates the Food, &c. illustrated with a Copper-Plate. History of England continued. Life of Thomas Sutton Esq; founder of the Charter-House, with a fine Copper-Plate Head. The Life of William Henry Cranston, Esq; The Nature and Use of Ventilators, with a large Copper-Plate. Also Riddles, Rebuffes, Songs, News, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Plates, likewise a new Song and Country Dance set to Music.

Supplement, Number LXXI. Contains, the Life of Mr. John Dryden with a fine Head. A Letter on Retirement. History of England continued, with a curious Copper-Plate of the Coins in the Reign of James I. and a Representation of the Discovery of the Gun-Powder Plot. Description of two new invented Mills, with a Copper-Plate. Proceedings in the British Parliament continued. The Nature of Volcanos and Earthquakes, &c. continued. Method of making Paper, with a large Copper-Plate. Thoughts on the Passage of Birds. New Theory of Blights. A Night-Piece from Homer. New Mathematical Questions, Songs, Rebus's, Riddles, &c. &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, also a Song and Country-Dance set to Musick. With an alphabetical Index to Vol. X.

July, Number LXXII. (Being the first of Vol. XI.) Contains, a curious Frontispiece and engraved Title to the eleventh Volume. On the Dignity and Usefulness of natural History, with the Method of studying it to Advantage. An account of Middlesex, with a fine Map of the same. A Summary of the chief Contents and Remarkables in the City of London. History of England continued, with a fine Head of Charles I. Description of a new Engine for raising a great Quantity of Water, with a large Copper-Plate. Ruffon and Mirza a Tale. Method of curing Dates. Observations on the Number of Inhabitants on the Globe. Account of the Indian Poison, and Method of Cure. On the Advantage of Society. News, Births, Marriages, &c. with Riddles, Rebus's,



bus's, Songs, &c. &c. *N. B.* This Number is illustrated with five Copper-Plates, and a new Song and Country Dance set to Music.

*August*, Number LXXIII. Contains, a curious Prospect of the City of Westminster, on a large Copper-Plate. Description of Westminster-Abbey. A new Theory of Dying. The beginning of a System of natural History, with the ANANAS, or Pine Apple, on a Copper-Plate finely painted in its NATURAL COLOURS. Gardening. History of England continued, with a fine Head of Henrietta Maria, Queen to Charles I. Military Affairs, with various sorts of Mines on a large Copper-Plate. A new Method of finding the Longitude at Sea. News, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. with Riddles, Rebus's, Songs, &c. &c. *N. B.* This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, also a new Song and Country Dance set to Music.

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The SECOND EDITION, of

**A** Week's Adventures in *England*, an Epistle from *George Alexander Stevens* to his Friend in *Dublin*.

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26th. N. S. 1752.

*Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non femina litem  
Moverit.*——— JUVENAL.

*I never knew a Plot or Mischief in which a Woman  
or a Priest were not Principles.*

*Who lost Mark Anthony the World? a Woman.*

Mr. CENSOR,



URSUANT to an Advertifement in the public Papers, a very numerous Society of *Ladies* met together last Monday Night at the Silent Woman in Broad St. Giles's, to constitute a Disputant Society for the Female Sex. The celebrated Mrs. MIDNIGHT and Lady PENTWEAZLE, among others, honoured us with their Presence. We made a most beautiful Appearance, consisting indeed of the greatest Choice and Variety, of long Sacks, short Sacks, long Cloaks, short Cloaks, Hats, Bonnets, Capuchins, Manteels, Manteeletts, large Hoops, little Hoops, Caps and no Caps. Tho' the Room that we had chose for our meeting was very large, (having knocked down the Partitions that divided the Apartments along the whole extent of the House) there was yet a vast Throng of Female Orators at the Door, who exerted all their Powers of Eloquence in shrieking, screaming, squeaking, squaling, hollaing and bawling for Admittance.

At length when the Hubbub had a little subsided, I took Occasion to desire that a general Silence might be observ'd. 'Tis impossible to conceive what an Uproar succeeded, while every shrill Pipe in the Room was calling out-----hear her-----, and contributing to the Noise which they wanted to prevent. At last, their Lungs failing

them, they were quite Hoarse with bawling, and gave me Opportunity to speak. I briefly set forth to them the Importance and Utility of this meeting, enjoin'd them to preserve Regularity and Decorum, and propos'd as the first Step to Business, the Election of a Chair-woman.----This Office was unanimously conferr'd upon me; Mrs. MIDNIGHT and her Neighbour of *Blowbladder-street*, having modestly declin'd it, because it might possibly interfere with their Oratory.

I accordingly took the Chair: And having express'd my Gratitude for the Honour they had done me, and lamented my Inability for filling this high Station with proper Dignity, I proceeded to the settling some preliminary Statutes of our Society. As there was no Objection made to the Place, I recommended to their Consideration the Time of our meeting.----Every Tongue was immediately Set agoing, and 'twas with the utmost Difficulty I could reduce them to Order; for tho' we had agreed for the Present, to allow every Body in her Turn to Harangue but one Minute on each Article, I could hardly restrain them from interrupting one another, and speaking out of their Course. I was obliged continually to call out, Pray Gentlewomen be silent, ----Pray Gentlewomen, don't talk to one another, ----Pray be silent, Gentlewomen.-----

*Servata semper lege, et ratione loquendi.* Juv.

*'Tis hard to stop the Mill-Clac of their Tongues.*

The whole Company were almost unanimous, that we should meet every Night in the Week, Sundays not excepted. A considerable Majority were for making our Society perpetual, by protracting it every Day, and all Day long.

Some

Some were for one Day and one Hour, some another; and in short, there was such a contrariety of Opinions, as if they had resolv'd, no one two should agree together.—But when I had told them that it was impossible for me to attend them more than once in the Week, they paid me that Deference, as immediately to agree to my Opinion, that we should meet at the same Day and the Hour, as their Husbands, Relations, and those of the opposite Gender had appointed for their learned Disquisitions at the Robin-Hood.

Then a very grave Lady made a Motion, which put us all together by the Ears again. She humbly propos'd, as the odious Men-Creatures might possibly come among us in Disguise, that a Jury of Matrons be impanell'd, of which she herself would submit to be Fore-woman, to search every Body before their Admittance. This was oppos'd vehemently by Mrs. MIDNIGHT, who observ'd, that indeed it was wrong, and it was not right, to allow, and to permit, and to suffer Men to be here; but as long as they had Petticoats on, she could see no great harm in't; that she was sure a great many of our Sex had been to the *other* Society in Breeches; and that she had herself spoken there more than once. This setting some flighty young Girls a tittering, she concluded with declaring, tho' some might perhaps think the contrary, she was *ipso facto* and *bonâ fide* an OLD WOMAN; and would have proceeded to give ocular Proofs of it before the whole Company, had I not interven'd and prevented it.—This Motion after a very warm Debate, was at length carry'd in the Negative without dividing.

When we came to settle how much Time should be allow'd every Speaker in our future Disputations, some were against setting any Bounds at all: But when others had proved the absolute Necessity of agreeing to a few Minutes only, most of us were eager for protracting them to as long a Space as possible. A little prattling, rattling, chattering, gossiping, prate-apace demi-rep, run on with the utmost Rapidity, “That a Body might have a good deal to say upon a Subject, and what signified a Body speaking at all, if a Body couldn't have one's talk out and say all a Body had to say, and all that.” But a sage antient Prude with a slow deliberate Importance of Delivery observ'd, “That it behov'd every prudent Person to Methodize their Thoughts in some methodical Method, and to digest their Sentiments in some set Manner;

“but that it was totally impracticable to distinguish in Forms rationally consequential and conclusive, if the brief Moments for their Elocution be not prolonged.” Lady PENTWEAZLE finish'd the Debate by proposing four Minutes only to be allow'd, because (said her Ladyship figuratively, as she always speaks) otherwise there would be no End of our Disputes, while the Pendulums of some Clocks vibrate so slowly, as to Tick with the most tedious Distinctions, and the Alarms of others, as soon as they are wound up, keep rattling on and running down with a rapid Precipitation. At last, with the greatest Reluctance, we were oblig'd, for our own mutual Good, to allow but five Minutes only to each Speaker.

It was now very near ten o'Clock, and as we were under some Apprehensions of an unseasonable Visit from the Constable of the Night, I begg'd their Attention to a few Articles, which I (imagining necessary for our Society) had drawn up. This was readily agreed to by the Company, and the following were ordered to be read, which I did from the Chair.

#### R U L E S to be observed by the new DISPUTANT SOCIETY for the FEMALE SEX.

- I. That this Society meet every Monday Night at the Silent Woman in Broad St. Giles's.
- II. That all Women whatsoever have free Admittance, paying only Four-pence at the Door. Males to be excluded.
- III. That Three-pence out of each Person's Entrance-Money be expended in Huckle-my-Buff, Hot-pot, and Gin for the Company: The residue of each Night's Collection to be equally divided between the Foundling and Lying-in Hospitals, as the Members of this Society may some of them, probably one Time or other, reap the Benefit of their charitable Contributions.
- IV. That each Member may write down one Question, sign'd with her own Name, on any Theological, Physical, Metaphysical, Political, Oeconomical, or literary Subject; to be enter'd in a Book provided for that Purpose, and debated on in its Order.
- V. That each Member in her Turn be allow'd to speak only five Minutes on each Question: But be at full Liberty to talk away as fast as she can, and as little to the Purpose as she pleases.
- VI. That no personal Abuse, or such Altercations as are commonly called scolding or ballaragging, be allow'd.
- VII. That whoever tears another Woman's Cap, Handkerchief, Apron, Cloak, Gown, Petticoat, or the like; and whoever spits in another Woman's Face, or scratches, pinches, bites, or uses any manual Violence whatever, be immediately expell'd this Society, and her Name, if known, printed at length in the COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.
- LASTLY, that the Debates begin at Seven precisely, and conclude about Nine.



The Company, having ordered these Articles to be printed and hung over the Chair for the Use of the Society, broke up their meeting with great Decorum, and adjourn'd to Monday next.

*I am, with great Respect,*

D. *Sir Alexander,*

*Your most obedient Servant,*  
 Wednesday Morn. XANTIPPE.  
 11 o'Clock.

\*\*\*\*\*

MODERN HISTORY.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

A Gardener at Chelsea having two Sons, one about nine Years old, and the other two; the eldest, on Monday, in the Absence of his Mother, hang'd his Brother; but before he was quite dead she returned and CUT HIM DOWN, and after proper Means made use of he recoverd. The Reason that induced him to commit this unnatural Action was owing to the Mother being too fond of the youngest. D. A.—  
*It is well that the Mother was not something more than too fond of the youngest, or else probably having CUT ONE DOWN, she might have CUT THE OTHER UP.* W

A few Days since, Mr. Holman, a Weaver in Shoreditch, was knocked down in Grace-Church-Street, by a Street Robber, who made off immediately; two Gentlemen seemingly coming to his Assistance: But when he came to himself, they departed and he found he had lost his Purse with fourteen Guineas. L. G.—*This way of robbing seems to have been learned in Westminster-Hall; where it is common for the Person who did the Injury, to get off unhurt; and for him who received it, to receive double from those who pretend to give him assistance.* G.

\*\*\*\*\*

D U B L I N.

On MARELLA's Performance.

*A*s Echo heard Marella play,  
 She strove to hit the graceful Lay;  
 The Docile Nymph, attent to hear,  
 Gave Proofs of her judicious Ear,  
 Took the Vibrations from his String  
 And made the Neighb'ring Grottos ring:  
 She shook the Note, and swell'd the Strain,  
 And gave the Concorde back again.  
 The Sylvan Deitys, around  
 Admire the Nymph's unwonted Sound;  
 "And prithee Echo tell us where,  
 "You've so improv'd your Grace and Air;  
 "Have you been on the vocal Hill,  
 "Where Phœbus lately shew'd his Skill;  
 "Or where the Muses, mourning, play'd  
 "The Dirge to WARREN's honour'd Shade;  
 "Entreated, tell us, where you've found  
 "This Taste and Elegance of Sound?  
 To whom the Nymph, with answer Gay,  
 I just now heard Marella play.

WEEKS.

Just publish'd by the Printer hereof,

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\* \* \* This Book being calculated purely for the Instruction and Amusement of Children; the Style is natural and easy, and properly adapted to their Capacities, with entertaining Morals to every Story. The whole concluding with some select Fables and a Letter from an indulgent Mother to her Daughter at the Boarding-School, with the Daughter's Answer. Being intended as a Model for such Letters.

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DUBLIN: Printed by *JAMES HOEY*, at the Sign of *Mercury*, in *Skinner-Row*. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every *Thursday*.)

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[To be continued Weekly, Price 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d]

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The SECOND EDITION, of *Week's Adventures in England*, an Epistle from *George Alexander Stevens* to his Friend in *Dublin*.

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2d. N. S. 1752.

*Hic mecum licet, hic Juvence, quidquid  
In buccam tibi, loquaris.* MARTIAL.

*Under the Rose be it spoken.*



SINCE the Institution of the Female Society in opposition to that held at the *Robin Hood* appropriated to Men only, a new fangl'd mix'd Sort of Medley Assembly has been set up in Imitation of both, and compos'd of either Sex promiscuously jumbled together: Which therefore I shall call the Hermaphrodite Society.

The Place where this heterogeneous Contrast of both Genders meet together, is elegantly filed the TEMPLE of TASTE, in which certain very modest Gentlemen officiate as High-Priests, to regulate the Ceremonies, and establish the Form of Worship. But let not their very near Vicinity to those other Temples erected in the Place of my Habitation (*Covent-Garden*) prejudice People in an Opinion, that both Sexes are called together to this Temple also for the same Purpose.---Decency here snuffs the Candles, and Modesty is the Door-keeper; every thing is conducted with the most innocent Decorum, and nothing is intended but a little harmless unmeaning mental Recreation.

The Public may be curious perhaps to know who these superlative Men of Taste are, that attempt to inform the Understanding, to correct the Judgment, and determine the Distinction between a false and a true Taste. Surely they are conversant in Books as well as Men: They must have frequented the Solitudes of Philosophy, and have trod the high Road of polite Life.

But if, on the contrary, it should appear, that these extensive Geniuses have been cramped by a meaner mechanical Education, and confin'd in the narrow Sphere of mercantile Occupations, let it not be thought presumptuous in them to aim at instructing us in every Branch of Literature. Disputation is their peculiar Province; and Eloquence, though an Art, is not to be attain'd; it is born with a Man: Nothing is wanting but a Tongue to enable us to talk on any Subject: Reason, Understanding and Judgment come of course.

'Tis a Justice I owe to these Restorers of Taste, to acquaint the Public, that they are the self-same Set of facetious choice Spirits, who by Order of the Town propos'd to exhibit, but by Order of the City were prevented from exhibiting, what they wittily call'd FUN. This Fun (which turn'd out to be a very serious Matter, to them at least) is now metamorphos'd and new modell'd into TASTE: But, alas! should this happen not to relish so exquisitely as they vainly may imagine, they must open their Cook's Shop again, and cram us with their Hodge-podge at their Poetical Ordinary.---This, I fear, will be unintelligible to my Readers, as I don't doubt but the KAPELION has been long since forgot.

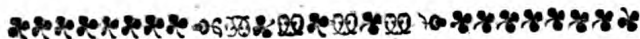
I was present last *Wednesday* at their flimzy Exhibitions, where the Love of Novelty had drawn together a few Idlers, whose Moments hang heavy upon their Hands. The chief Entertainment of the Evening consist'd of elaborate Disputes on two very interesting Questions, and particularly edifying to the Ladies. The Faces of the principal Speakers (I was told) are well known at the *Robin Hood*; and indeed if Assurance



ance be a distinguishing Characteristic of these Orators, the TEMPLE OF TASTE was not at all deficient in that Point.

Nothing would be so effectual a Restraint on the present indiscriminate Liberty of Speech so much in fashion among the lowest Order of People, as to lay an heavy Tax upon Talking. — The *Robin Hood* Society, as well as that newly instituted for the Female Sex, doubtless owes its Success to the easy Rate of Admittance. But this Attempt forsooth (as the Advertisement avers) to introduce a new rational Entertainment, is to be set at a much higher Value: We must here pay Thirty, instead of the low Price of Six or Four-pence, for the inestimable Privilege of chattering whatever Nonsense comes into our Heads for the Space of a few Minutes:—Nor is it the additional Scrapings of half a dozen Fiddles, or the tedious Harangues of a self-sufficient Declaimer, together with a few barren Rhymes uttered with a most barbarous Elocution, that can make us Amends for the Loss of Time as well as of our Money. In short, I shall make no Scruple to affirm, that this TEMPLE OF TASTE is absolutely no other than the TEMPLE OF DULNESS.

D.



T O

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, *Knt.*

S I R,



NOTHING is more common, than to hear People, who pretend to more Sense than their Neighbours, exclaim against the Stupidity, the Ignorance, the Dulness, and what not of the Age. They complain, there is a great Dearth of Wit; that all Arts and Sciences are discouraged; that

Learning is entirely out of Doors, and the Traces of Wisdom quite lost among us. For my own Part, I can see no such mighty Reason for their Clamours; on the contrary, I shall endeavour to prove, that we are not only the Wisest, but the most Learned, the most excellent in all Excellencies, of all that ever was or ever will be.

First, To speak of Literature in general. I am sure, if we count the Number of Words, it will appear that we write more in a Week, than our Ancestors could do in a Twelvemonth. And as for the Matter, what a Variety of Treatises do we find written on all Subjects, and some of them never handled before; as in Blasphemy, Bawdry, Profaneness, Indecency, Immorality, and Irreligion.

It were endless to enumerate all the particular Branches of the Belles Lettres, in which we excel. 'Tis a sufficient Mark of our extensive Erudition, that we give Encourage-

ment to such a Flood of Magazines, as pour in upon us monthly.—The Gentleman's, the *London*, the *Westminster*, the *Universal*, the *New Universal*, the *Traveller's*, the *Lady's*, the *Old Woman's*, the *Magazine of Magazines*, the *Grand Magazine of Magazines*, the *Quarterly Bee*, with a thousand other periodical Works, as the *Female Spectator*, the *Parrot*, the *Student*, the *Kapellion*, &c. &c. &c. which have all had their Day, together with the vast Concourse of Journalists and Lucubrators, as the *Universal Spectator*, the *Craftsman*, the *Westminster*, the *Old England*, *Read's*, and now the *Drury-lane* and your *Journal*, as also the *Fool*, the *Inspector*, the *Rambler*, and I know not how many common News-Papers;—all these, I say, manifestly evince how greedily we gape after Literature, and what a profound Age of Reading we live in.

Again,—The Arts and Sciences must certainly be cultivated very much among us; else how can we account for those voluminous Dictionaries, which are every Day selling by Retail; the *Lexicon Technicum*, *Lexicon Polygraphicum*, *Lex Mercatoria rediviva*, *Dictionary of Trade*, *Medicinal Dictionary*, *Cyclopædia*, *New Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, and that well tim'd Translation of the *French Encyclopædia*, by a F. R. S. who professes to follow the Original in its Alphabetical Disposition, tho' perhaps a Word beginning in *French* with O, in *English* begins with G, (as in *Or, Gold*) and not a quarter Part of the Original is yet published. However, if the Reader will have the Patience to stay four Years for the whole Work, he may at length have it quite complete, except a few Omissions, which by the Translator's Proposals cannot be avoided.—Or if he chooses to wait longer, the *New Universal Magazine* will furnish him with the same complete Dictionary, in about thirteen Year's Time, by a moderate Computation.

In Oratory, I fancy, we far exceed every thing that any other Times could boast of. What was *Cicero*, *Tully*, or *Demosthenes*, to the great Orator of *Clare-Market*? What was the ancient Mother of the *Gracchi*, or the modern *Mrs. Drummond*, when compared to the celebrated *Mrs. Midnight*? Let any attend the *Monday-night* Meeting of the *Robin Hood* Society, and there he will find Shoemakers, Engravers, Bakers, and the meanest Mechanics interpreting the grand Movements of State, debating on the Forms of Religion, and settling the Rule of Right or moral Fitness of Things.

The Profession of Playing never was carried, I am sure, to so high a Pitch, or so universally studied; for besides the licens'd Theatres, what a Number of others does *Sadler's-Wells*, *Goodman's-Fields*, and other Places afford us. The City Prentices have improved themselves greatly in this Art, and we frequently see their Bills stuck up about Town, to give us Notice of a Play to be acted by Gentlemen for their own Diversion.

To conclude,—Our common Advertisements give us Marks of a national Propensity to Learning. We are told in Rhymes to search the *Strand* for a Writing-Master; Mr. *Adams* invites us (in the *Daily Advertiser*) with a *Good Gentleman all, that love to regale*.—On Home-brew'd Beer that's mild or stale; &c. Almanacks are made by Chronomononbybicus; Oysters sold by Oystericus; and these founding Appellations, the *Microcosm* and the *Panopticon*, do not frighten, but induce the Passer-by in, to see what fine Things they must be with such fine Names.

Our

Our Universities, to confess the Truth, have not kept Pace in their Pursuits of Learning with the rest of the Nation. Among their other Neglects the *Greek Language* is now become not unintelligible only, but illegible, and *Græcum est, non potest legi* is now as common an Excuse among them, as it was in the Days of Monkish Ignorance. However a Remedy has been proposed for this Defect, by printing a Set of the best *Greek Classics* in the Roman Characters, which at least may familiarize the Ears of Students to the Sound of this Language, if their Eyes cannot bear the Deformity of its crooked Letters. The *Latin*, I am told, they can tolerably make out, with the Help of those useful Manglers of Common Sense, the literary Translators.

I am, worthy Mr. Censor,  
Your humble Servant,

D.

CURLUS.



## D U B L I N.

## MODERN HISTORY cum Notis Variorum.

THE Revd. Mr. Mac Mullin in Stafford-street has formed his School into a complete ACADEMY, for the Reception of young Gentlemen, where they will be qualified for the University, and also instructed in the useful and polite Sciences, by the Attendance of the most eminent Masters in this Kingdom, viz. in the Mathematicks, Book-keeping, Geography, the Use of the Globes and Maps, the French Tongue, Writing, Accompts, Musick; Dancing, Fencing, and Drawing, with other Accomplishments necessary to form the Gentleman and the Scholar. As this Scheme has been much wanted, and long wished for, (tho' never put in Execution till now) it is hoped that it will meet with due Encouragement, as it will prevent Loss of Time, and other Inconveniences that might attend young Gentlemen in passing from one School to another; and as it is calculated not in Opposition to any Precedent of the like Nature in this Kingdom, it can intend the Injury of none, but the Good and the Advantage of many. October 28, 1752. N. B. Mr. Mac Mullin continues to take Boarders and Day Scholars at the usual Prices.—*We must allow this to be much wanted, and long wished for; and perhaps to the Want of such an Improvement is owing the Plea of several young Gentlemen of Fortune for going abroad for Education: Every Gentleman of Taste and Learning must wish it Success, since an ACADEMY, tho' a high and sounding Name, is only the extending and improving the Uses of a School.* J.

Last Tuesday William Waters a Master Coal-Porter was tried at the Tholfel before the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor, Recorder, &c. for filling Coals by false Measures, of which atrocious Crime he was found guilty, and was sentenc'd to stand in the Pillory on Monday next at the Bachelor's Walk near Liffy street, and on the Monday following at Aston's Key near Porter's Row, and afterwards to be imprison'd three Months.

A few Days ago a most cruel Act was committed by a Keeper of one of the Parks near London, where a young Lady, with a pretty little Lap-Dog by her Side, being feeding the Deer, one of them stamp'd with his Foot at the Dog,

who thereupon beginning to bark, the Deer turned and ran off, and the Dog followed about 20 Yards; which the Brute of a Keeper observing, he set four large Hounds upon the poor little Dog, and encouraged them to tear him all to Pieces, notwithstanding the continual Cries and Intreaties of the young Lady, and others.—*Certainly this Barbarian deserves the Fate of Acteon, to be torn in pieces by his own Hounds.* J.

About the same Time another horrid Act of Barbarity was committed by a Corman at the Waterside, where the Fellow having a young Horse of Spirit that would not go on, he tied a Rope round his Tongue, and fastened it to a Post, and beginning to whip the Horse most furiously the poor Creature flounced so hard all at once, that it tore its Tongue quite out of its Mouth.—*If the wretched Beast was not Tongue-tied, it would have retorted the Charge of Brutality on the Human Brute, and said, "The Rope about my Tongue would better suit thy Neck, thus to repay my daily Drudgery, ungrateful Monster!" One would imagine some English are endeavouring to vie with all other Nations to acquire the reputable Opprobrium of Cruelty and Barbarism, and is it not surprizing that our Irish Gentry and Nobility flock to this unpolish'd Land; quit their own Country, for Ages famed for its Hospitality and Benevolence, to enjoy such Society whose very Tragedies and public Diversions give Proof of their Delight in Acts of Violence.* J.

A few Days ago a Favourite Lap-Dog of a Lady of Fortune in Essex died, and the Lady ordered a Leaden Coffin to be made for it, in which it was folder'd up, and placed under her Bed, there to remain till the Death of the old Lady, and then to be deposited in the same Vault with her.—

*Happy, Happy, Happy Pair!*

*None but the Dog deserves the Fair.*

*Would she thus have extended her Tenderness to her Husband?*

*Forbid it Fortune, and forbid it Love.—Husband and Lap-*

*Dog!—Words of quite different Import!*

*These English, these English, how singular in their Opinions, how whimsically mad in their Tenderness!*

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By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th. N. S. 1752.

Ω μεγίστη τῶν Θεῶν  
Νῦν ἕσ' ἀναίδεια.

MENANDER.

*O thou greatest of all the Deities,  
Modern Impudence.*



HERE is a certain Quality, which, tho' universal Consent hath not enrolled it among the Cardinal Virtues, is often found sufficient of itself, not only to carry its Possessor through the World, but even to carry him to the Top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my Reader, that the Quality I mean, is Impudence; so dear is this to one Female at least, that it effectually recommends a Man to Fortune without the Assistance of any other Qualifications. She seems indeed to think, with the Poet, that,

*--- He who hath but Impudence,  
To all Things hath a fair Pretence.*

and accordingly provides that those who want Modesty, shall want nothing else.

What are the particular Ingredients of which this Quality is composed, or what Temper of Mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to ascertain; so far I think Experience may convince us, that, like some Vegetables it will flourish best in the most barren Soil. To say Truth, I am almost inclined to an Opinion, that it never arrives at any great Degree of Perfection unless in a Mind totally unincumbered with any Virtue, or with any great or good Quality what-

ever. It would indeed seem that Nature had agreed with Fortune, in setting a high Value on Impudence, and had accordingly decreed that those of her Children who had received this rich Gift at her Hands were amply provided for without any further Portion.

And surely it is not without Reason, that I call this the Gift of Nature; indeed Genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a Phrase which the French use on an Occasion not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm, *That it is not in the Power of every Man to be impudent who would be so.* A Man born without any Genius may as reasonably hope to become such a Poet as Homer, or such a Critic as Longinus; as one born without Impudence can pretend without any Merit to aspire to these Characters.

Tho' Nature however must give the Seeds, Art may cultivate them. To improve or to depress their Growth is greatly within the Power of Education. To lay down the proper Precept for this Purpose, would require a large Treatise, and such I may possibly publish hereafter. In the mean Time it shall suffice to mention only two Rules which may be partly collected from what I have above asserted, and which are of universal Use. This is with the utmost Care to suppress and eradicate every Seed or Principle of what is any wise praise-worthy out of the Mind; and secondly to preserve this in the purest State of Ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the highest Perfection and Consummation of Impudence; the more a Man knows, the more inclined is he to be modest, it is indeed within the Province only of the highest human Knowledge to survey its own narrow Compass.

It

It may, I think, be predicated in Favour of Impudence, that it is the Quality, which of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest Height, so far indeed, that did not the strongest Force of Evidence convince us of the Truth of some Examples, we should be apt to doubt the Possibility of their Existence. What but the concurrent Testimony of Historians, and the indubitable Veracity of Records could impel us to believe, that there have been Men in the World of such astonishing Impudence, as in Opposition to the certain Knowledge of many Thousands to take upon themselves to personate Kings and Princes as well in their Life-time, as after their Death? And yet our own, as well as foreign Annals afford us such Instances.

But the greatest Hero in Impudence whom perhaps the World ever produced, appeared in France at the End of the last Century. His Name was Peter Mege, and he was a common Soldier in the Marines. This Fellow had the Assistance only of one who had been a Footman to a certain Man of Quality called Scipion le Brun de Castelane, Seigneur de Caille & de Rougon, a Nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland, to avoid a religious Persecution. With this Confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing Impudence to personate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that Time dead; and this in the Life-time of the Father, in Defiance of all his noble Relations then in Possession of his forfeited Estate, upon the Spot where the young Gentleman had lived to the Age of Twenty-one; and all this without the least Resemblance of Features, Shape, or Stature; without being acquainted with any Part of the History of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least Account of any of his Family; indeed without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the Reader be surprized to hear, that this most impudent of all Attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a Sentence in the Parliament of Provence in favour of the Soldier? And this Success would have been final, had not the Canton of Berne interposed, and obtained an Appeal to the Parliament of Paris, where at last the Impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to allvage his Reader's Astonishment, the ingenious Author of the Trial, when he informs us, that this Impostor was confronted with Twenty Witnesses, who

swore to the Identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had been Fellow-Students with the young Nobleman, and who on their Oaths declared that this Peter was not the Person, goes on thus: 'But what was most strange was the steady Countenance of the Soldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave the least Symptom of any Doubt of his Success. It is in vain to form a Project of usurping the Name of another, to lay your Plan ever so regularly and systematically, if you do not provide yourself with a Stock of Impudence to support every Attack to which you may be exposed. In such an Attempt the Forehead must be furnished as well without as within; more indeed will depend on the Outside: For 'tis the Steadiness of the Front, Hardiness or downright Audacity which impose on Mankind the most, and make Amends for all Defects in the Understanding. The Soldier had made many Blunders; but his invincible Assurance repaired all, and brought over even his Enemies to his Side.' And to say Truth, I know scarce any Thing to which such a Degree of Assurance is not equal.

This Attempt indeed, of personating who you are not, seems to be attended with too great Difficulties; and to succeed in it is perhaps beyond the Power of Impudence; we are not therefore to wonder, that all the Heroes in this Way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole Attention on the undaunted Impudence of engaging in such a Design, and not to suffer the Defeat to lessen our Admiration; but to say of such a Hero, with Ovid,

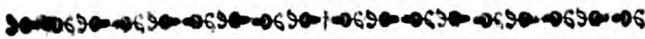
— *Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

But if in personating the who, Impudence is found unequal to the Task; in personating what we are not, it is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here I believe the Undertaker seldom fails, but thro' his own Fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My Lord Bacon advises a modest Man to shelter his Vices under those Virtues to which they are the nearest allied. The avaricious Man, he would have to affect Frugality; the extravagant, Liberality; and so of the rest. Now the Reverse of this should be the Rule of our impudent Man. — If you are a Blockhead, my Friend, be sure to commence Writer; and if entirely illiterate, be

be sure to pretend to Learning. If you are a Coward, be a Bully, and always talk of feats of Bravery; if again you are a Beggar, boast of your Riches. In short, whatever Vice or Defect you have, fet up for its opposite Virtue or Endowment. And if you are possessed of every ill Quality, you may assert your Title to every good one.

The last Species of Impudence which I shall mention, is to assert openly and boldly *what you really are*, let this be ever so bad. Own your Vices, and be proud of them; and in Time perhaps you may laugh Virtue out of Countenance, and bring your Vices into Fashion. This however is a little unsafe to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the Degree of Impudence which you possess. A modest Woman may be a W---e; but to behave with Indecency in public, indeed to throw off all that would recommend a Woman to a vicious Man of Sense and Taste, requires the highest Degree of Impudence; that Degree indeed which is inconsistent with every great or good Quality whatever. C.



## L O N D O N.

MODERN HISTORY *Cum notis variorum.*

Yesterday at the East-India Sale, about 100 lb. Weight of Aquila Wood was put up at 10 s. and sold to Mr. John Hayward, an eminent Druggist, for 120 l. It was lately brought from India, and is a kind of Gum, esteemed the richest Perfume in the World, and is found on an Island near China: in which Empire, for its delicate Scent and Scarcity, it is much prized by the Ladies, who generally have a small Piece of it tied to their Fans. G. A.—*As a Gentleman of my Acquaintance was reading the foregoing Article in a Coffee-House, a Stranger to him observed, that it was improper to call a Wood a Gum; and added that this Aquila Wood was called Agaliochum and Lignum Aloes; and that it was frequently mentioned in the sacred Writings; and was also an Ingredient in the Venice Treacle.* G.

Same Day came on a Trial at the Sessions of Peace at Westminster-Hall, upon an Indictment brought against Mr. Jones, Keeper of the Lyon and Cat Alehouse in Cary-street, by Mrs. Nyatt, a Widow, upwards of 80 Years of Age; who positively swore, that he did, in a violent and indecent manner, assault her, and that upon her refusing to yield to his wicked Desires, he beat and bruised her so intolerably, that she was obliged to keep her Bed, and be attended by a Surgeon for three Weeks: But upon a full Hearing, it appeared by three or four credible Witnesses, that there was not the least Foundation for what the Defendant was charged with, so that he was acquitted. D. A.—*An Attempt to ravish a Woman upwards of 80, is but an uncommon and unnatural Piece of Wickedness: Mrs. QUIDNUNC is so affrighted, that she has not dared to stir abroad since she reading this Article.* G.

## D U B L I N :

## The A C T R E S S.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS, formerly of this University.

*Quando ullam invenies parem*

*Shew me such another.*

**B**E elegant, and amiable the Fair,  
Of blameless Person, and commanding Air;  
Let Nature's rich Profusion, ev'ry Graec  
Lavish bestow, upon her meaning Face,  
Each Gift, creative Fancy can impart  
Be her's—to ravish or to steal my Heart;  
With pointed Feather, pluck'd from Cupid's Wing,  
To captivate the *Savage*, or the *King*:  
Born to command with universal Sway;  
Fetter'd to no *one* Character, or Way:  
Next let her Mind with native Radianc beam,  
Strong the Direction, copious be the Stream;  
In Knowledge be her Acquisitions large;  
Prompt to *retain* the Passions, or *discharge*;  
To abdicate her Person, at Command,  
And keep each Mode of *Image* at her Hand;  
To play the Graces, like her *Fan*, at Will,  
And soften, ravish, animate, or kill;  
Let Sensibility, with ev'ry Charm,  
And wonder-working Art, our Soul alarm:  
Let various Sentiment inform the Face,  
Quick to subdue with Terror or with Grace;  
Her Eye be conscious, ready to assume  
Of *Joy* the *Brilliant*, or of *Grief* the *Gloom*:  
Adapted to Expression, more than Song,  
Be bold her Voice, articulate her Tongue;  
With Art, the nice Transition to convey,  
And mark the Meaning with its proper Ray;  
The *Kit-ton'd* Voice, I laugh at, or despise,  
But let her Voice be ample as her Size;  
Soft and persuasive, in the Style of Love,  
Or high, as Juno's, when she rail'd at Jove:  
*Thunder* and *Lightning*, let my Actress ply,  
One from her *Tongue*, the other from her *Eye*:  
Bold as the Fiddle, sprightly as its Note,  
Strong in the Lungs, and tuneful in the Throat.  
While the Affections agitated roll,  
Let her possess me all, and fill my Soul,  
In Thralldom hold me, Mistress of my Heart,  
As from her Eyes, the rising Passions start,  
And sure the judging World in this agree,  
There is *None Such*, or — WOFFINGTON is she.

**T**HE Revd. Mr. Mac Mullin in Stafford-street has formed his School into a complete ACADEMY, for the Reception of young Gentlemen, where they will be qualified for the University, and also instructed in the useful and polite Sciences, by the Attendance of the most eminent Masters in this Kingdom, viz. in the Mathematicks, Book-keeping,



keeping, Geography, the Use of the Globes and Maps, the French Tongue, Writing, Accompts, Musick, Dancing, Fencing, and Drawing, with other Accomplishments necessary to form the Gentleman and the Scholar. As this Scheme has been much wanted, and long wished for, (tho' never put in Execution till now) it is hoped that it will meet with due Encouragement, as it will prevent Loss of Time, and other Inconveniences that might attend young Gentlemen in passing from one School to another; and as it is calculated not in Opposition to any Precedent of the like Nature in this Kingdom, it can intend the Injury of none, but the Good and the Advantage of many.

N. B. Mr. Mac Mullin continues to take Boarders and Day Scholars at the usual Prices. October 28, 1752.

*This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,*

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

**T**HE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for *June*, *Supplement* to Ditto, *July* and *August* 1752, being Numbers 70, 71, 72, and 73; the two last of which begin Vol. XI.

*June*, Number LXX. Contains, the Account of Lincoln finished, with a curious View of the Cathedral of Lincoln. Proceedings in the British Parliament continued. An occasional Letter on the Necessity of being virtuous in our Youth. Description of the Acemella. Description of an Automaton or Image playing on the German Flute, of another playing on the Pipe and Tabor, and of an artificial Duck that Eats, Drinks, macerates the Food, &c. illustrated with a Copper-Plate. History of England continued. Life of Thomas Sutton Esq; founder of the Charter-House, with a fine Copper-Plate Head. The Life of William Henry Craufoun, Esq; The Nature and Use of Ventilators, with a large Copper-Plate. Also Riddles, Rebus's, Songs, News, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Plates, likewise a new Song and Country Dance set to Music.

*Supplement*, Number LXXI. Contains, the Life of Mr. John Dryden with a fine Head. A Letter on Retirement. History of England continued, with a curious Copper-Plate of the Coins in the Reign of James I. and a Representation of the Discovery of the Gun-Powder Plot. Description of two new invented Mills, with a Copper-Plate. Proceedings in the British Parliament continued. The Nature of Volcanos and Earthquakes, &c. continued. Method of making Paper, with a large Copper-Plate. Thoughts on the Passage of Birds. New Theory of Blights. A Night-Piece from Homer. New Mathematical Questions, Songs, Rebus's, Riddles, &c. &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, also a Song and Country-Dance set to Musick. With an alphabetical Index to Vol. X.

*July*, Number LXXII. (Being the first of Vol. XI.) Contains, a curious Frontispiece and engraved Title to the eleventh Volume. On the Dignity and Usefulness of natural History, with the Method of studying it to Advantage. An account of Middlesex, with a fine Map of the same. A Summary of the chief Contents and Remarkables in the City of London. History of England continued, with a fine Head of Charles I. Description of a new Engine for raising a great Quantity of Water, with a large Copper-Plate. Ruffon

and Mirza a Tale. Method of curing Dates. Observations on the Number of Inhabitants on the Globe. Account of the Indian Poison, and Method of Cure. On the Advantage of Society. News, Births, Marriages, &c. with Riddles, Rebus's, Songs, &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with five Copper-Plates, and a new Song and Country Dance set to Music.

*August*, Number LXXIII. Contains, a curious Prospect of the City of Westminster, on a large Copper-Plate. Description of Westminster-Abbey. A new Theory of Dying. The beginning of a System of natural History, with the ANANAS, or Pine Apple, on a Copper-Plate finely painted in its NATURAL COLOURS. Gardening. History of England continued, with a fine Head of Henrietta Maria, Queen to Charles I. Military Affairs, with various sorts of Mines on a large Copper-Plate. A new Method of finding the Longitude at Sea. News, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. with Riddles, Rebus's, Songs, &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, also a new Song and Country Dance set to Music.

The Proprietors of this Magazine intend, among a great Variety of other curious Articles, to give a compendious System of natural History, illustrated with Copper-Plates of the most curious Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals, in their NATURAL COLOURS. *Vide Preface to Vol. XI. in Number 72.*

N. B. At said Place may be had complete Sets from *June* 1747, in ten Volumes, neatly bound and gilt, with above Two Hundred and Thirty COPPER-PLATES finely engraved; being more, by a great Number, than any other Magazine in *England* or *Ireland* contains, for the same Number of Months.

\* Any Number may be had from the Beginning, to complete Sets, at a *British* Six-pence each.

*This Day are published by the Printer hereof.*

[To be continued Weekly, Price 6<sup>s</sup>.d.]

**N**UMBERS 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, of a NEW and UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY of ARTS and SCIENCES: Containing, not only an Explanation of the various Terms made use of in the several Arts and Sciences; but also, whatever else is requisite to render those Branches of Literature easy and familiar to the meanest Capacities. With an introductory Preface, tracing the Progress of Literature from the earliest Ages, and enumerating the various Improvements made therein, at different Periods of Time. The whole being a complete Body of Arts and Sciences, as they are at present cultivated. Extracted from the best Authors, Transactions, Memoirs, &c. in several Languages; and illustrated with a great Number of Copper-Plates, engraven by the best Hands.

A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the Encyclopédie, by Mr. Diderot, now suppressed at Paris, will be inserted in this New Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

*(Just publish'd by the Printer hereof.)*

**T**HE INSTRUCTOR, or YOUNG MAN'S BEST COMPANION, Price a British Sixpence.

DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every Thursday.)

# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th. N. S. 1752.

*Odi profanum vulgus.*

*I hate the Mob.*

HOR.



IN a former Paper I have endeavoured to trace the Rise and Progress of the Power of the fourth Estate in this Constitution. I shall now examine that Share of Power which they actually enjoy at this Day, and then proceed to consider the several Means by which they have attained it.

First, tho' this Estate have not AS YET claimed that Right which was insisted on by the People or Mob in old Rome, of giving a negative Voice in the enacting Laws, they have clearly exercised this Power in controlling their Execution. Of this it is easy to give many Instances, particularly in the Case of the Gin-Act some Years ago; and in those of several Turnpikes which have been erected against the Good-will and Pleasure of the Mob, and have by them been demolished.

In opposing the Execution of such Laws, they do not always rely on Force; but have frequent Recourse to the most refined Policy: For sometimes without openly expressing their Disapprobation, they take the most effectual Means to prevent the carrying a Law into Execution; those are by discountenancing all those who endeavour to prosecute the Offences committed against it.

They well know, that the Courts of Justice cannot proceed without Informations; if they can stifle these, the Law of Course becomes dead and useless. The Informers therefore in such Cases, they declare to be infamous, and guilty of the Crime *LAESÆ MORIBITATIS*. Of this whoever is *suspected* (which is with them a synonymous Term with *convicted*) is immediately punished by

Buffeting, Kicking, Stoning, Ducking, Bemudding, &c. in short, by all those Means of putting, (sometimes quite, sometimes almost) to Death, which are called by that general Phrase of *Mobbing*.

It may perhaps be said that the Mob, do *even at this Day*, connive at the Execution of some Laws, which they can by no Means be supposed to approve.

Such are the Laws against Robbery, Burglary and Theft. This is, I confess, true; and I have often wondered that it is so. The Reason perhaps is, the great Love which the Mob have for a Holiday, and the great Pleasure they take in seeing Men hanged; so great, that while they are enjoying it, they are all apt to forget, that this is hereafter in all Probability to be their own Fate.

In all these Matters however, the Power of this Estate is rather felt than seen. It seems indeed to be like that Power of the Crown in France, which Cardinal de Retz compares to those religious Mysteries that are performed in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; and which, tho' it be often exercised, is never expressly claimed.

In other Instances the fourth Estate is much more explicit in their Pretensions, and much more constant in asserting and maintaining them; of which I shall mention some of the principal.

First, they assert an exclusive Right to the River of Thames. It is true the other Estates do sometimes venture themselves upon the River; but this is only upon Sufferance; for which they pay whatever that Branch of the fourth Estate called Watermen are pleased to exact of them. Nor are the Mob contented with all these Exactions. They grumble whenever they meet any Person in a Boat, whose Dress declares them to be of a different



ferent Order from themselves. Sometimes they carry their Resentment so far, as to endeavour to run against the Boat, and overfet it; but if they are too good natured to attempt this, they never fail to attack the Passengers with all Kind of scurrilous, abusive and indecent Language.

The second exclusive Right which they insist on, is to those Parts of the Streets, that are set apart for the Foot Passengers. In asserting this Priviledge, they are extremely rigorous; inasmuch, that none of the other Orders can walk through the Streets by Day without being insulted, nor by Night without being knocked down. And the better to secure these Footpaths to themselves, they take effectual Care to keep the said Paths always well blocked up with Chairs, Wheelbarrows, and every other Kind of Obstruction; in Order to break the Legs of all those who shall presume to encroach upon their Priviledges by walking the Streets.

Here it was hoped their Pretensions would have stopped; but it is difficult to set any Bounds to Ambition; for, having sufficiently established this Right, they now begin to assert their Right to the whole Street, and to have lately made such a Disposition with their Waggon, Carts, and Drays, that no Coach can pass along without the utmost Difficulty and Danger. With this View we every Day see them driving Side by Side, and sometimes in the broader Streets three a breast; again, leaving a Cart or Waggon in the Middle of the Street, and often set across it, while the Driver repairs to a neighbouring Alehouse, from the Window of which he diverts himself while he is drinking, with the Mischief or Inconvenience which his Vehicle occasions.

The same Pretensions which they make to the Possession of the Highways. I doubt not I shall be told they claim only an equal Right: For I know it is very usual when a Carter or Drayman is civilly desired to make a little Room, by moving out of the Middle of the Road either to the Right or Left, to hear the following Answer. *D-----n your Eyes, who are you? Is not the Road, and be d-----n'd to you, as free for me as for you?* Hence it will, I suppose, be inferred that they do not absolutely exclude the other Estates from the Use of the common Highways. But notwithstanding this generous Concession in Words I do aver this Practice is different, and that a Gentleman may go a Voyage at Sea with little more Hazard than he can travel ten Miles from the Metropolis.

I shall mention only one Claim more, and that a very new and a very extraordinary one. It is the Right of excluding all Women of Fashion out of St. James's Park on a Sunday Evening. This they have lately asserted with great Vehemence, and have inflicted the Punishment of mobbing on several Ladies, who had transgressed without Design, not having been apprized of the good Pleasure of the Mob in this Point. And this I rather publish to prevent any such Transgressions for the future, since it hath already appeared that no Degree of either Dignity or Beauty can secure the Offender.

Many Things have contributed to raise this fourth Estate to that exorbitant Degree of Power which they at present enjoy, and which seems to threaten to shake the Balance of our Constitution. I shall name only three, as these appear to me to have had much the greatest Share in bringing it about.

The first is that Act of Parliament which was made at the latter End of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, and which I cannot help considering as a Kind of Compromise between the other three Estates and this. By this Act it was stipulated, that the fourth Estate should annually receive out of the Possessions of the others, a certain large Proportion yearly, upon an implied Condition (for no such was exprest) that they should suffer the other Estates to enjoy the rest of their Property without Loss or Molestation.

This Law gave a new Turn to the Minds of the Mobility. They found themselves no longer obliged to depend on the Charity of their Neighbours, nor on their own Industry for a Maintenance. They now looked on themselves as joint Proprietors in the Land, and celebrated their Independency in Songs of Triumph; witness the old Ballad which was in all their Mouths,

*Hang Sorrow, cast away Care;  
The Parish is bound to find us, &c.*

A second Cause of their present Elevation has been the private Quarrels between particular Members of the other Estates, who on such Occasions have done all they could on both Sides to raise the Power of the Mob, in order to avail themselves of it, and to employ it against their Enemies.

The third and the last which I shall mention, is the mistaken Idea which some particular Persons have



have always entertained of the Word Liberty ; but this will open too copious a Subject, and shall be therefore treated in a future Paper.

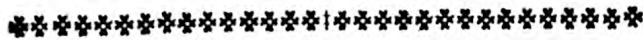
But before I dismiss this, I must observe that there are two Sorts of Persons of whom this fourth Estate do yet stand in some Awe, and whom consequently they have in great Abhorrence. These are a Justice of Peace, and a Soldier. To these two it is entirely owing that they have not long since rooted all the other Orders out of the Commonwealth. C.



An EPIGRAM,

*Occasioned by a Dispute between two modern Authors.*

WHEN HILL declares the Rambler dull,  
Who thinks that HILL deceives him?  
When JOHNSON calls th' Inspector Fool,  
What Mortal but believes him.  
Some Merit then we must admit,  
To both our Authors due ;  
For tho' devoid of Sense or Wit,  
All own their Writing TRUE. D.



L O N D O N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum Notis Variorum.*

ON Tuesday a great Cause came on in the Court of King's Bench, when a Woman, who was one of the principal Evidences, falling in Labour in Court, was carried to a Coffee-house, and instantly delivered of a Child : Which occasioned the deferring of the Cause till next Term. L. D. A. — *It is feared by one Side, that the sudden Delivery of this Woman will occasion a Miscarriage next Term. G.*

At the late Siege acted in Tothill-fields, an honest Captain, who commanded the Fusileers, having made Breach, and standing upon the Ramparts of the Fortrefs, was opposed personally by a certain Reverend Orator, repulsed and thrown down into a dry Ditch. It is apprehended the Orator had some Design in this, having attack'd him twice before in Lincoln's Inn-fields, but without Success. W. E. P. — *N. B. The Orator's Cannon are all Brass. G.*

Yesterday morning the house of Colley Gibber Esq; was striped of a considerable quantity of Lead. D. A. — *Since only Lead and no other Metal, was taken from his Upper Rooms, I hope the detriment will not be great, either to him, or the public. G.*

We hear that the Revd. Mr. Henley discontinues his Week-days Orations for this Winter, except the contrary be advertised, 'till February next, on Affairs occasioned by his Brother's Death, and that the Sundays attendance proceeds, as usual, at the Oratory. D. G. — *It was proper to end these Oratory Advertisements with Non-sence, in which strain they were at first begun, and have been continued all along— Mr. Henley discontinues his week-days Orations. — on affairs occasioned, &c. G.*

D U B L I N.

T H E  
ORIGINAL PROLOGUE

F O R T H E  
King's BIRTH-DAY, Nov. 10.  
As deliver'd to the GOVERNMENT and the  
MANAGER of the THEATRE.

Written by JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

*Mooeat Cornicula risum*

*Furtivis denudata coloribus.*

THE ever-circling Hours returning bring,  
The natal Honours of Britannia's King ;  
From fulsom Flattery, and from venal Praise  
The Verse be free — but duteous be the Lays.  
Blythe be each Aspect, placid as his Sway  
By *Choice* he reigns, and we by Choice obey,  
'Tis not the *Form* has fet the Day apart,  
Like Love he rules — his *Sceptre's* in the Heart ;  
From Reason, Duty, Gratitnde, we own  
The Subject's Love still best secures a Throne.  
No Wrong, no arbitrary Measures stain  
*The white unsully'd Annals of his reign,*  
While for his Subjects peace he shuns no Toil,  
No Wars infest, no civil Feuds embroil ;  
Our *Friends* supported and our *Rivals* aw'd,  
*Plenty at Home,* and *Credit* reigns *Abroad.*

To neighb'ring Nations, if we turn our Eyes  
Where Thralldom rules, what Scenes of Terror rise !  
From Bigottry enflam'd, and frantick Pow'r,  
Behold the exil'd seek our friendly Shore ;  
Where safe Retreat the persecuted find,  
Free from the galling Shackles of the Mind.

To GEORGE's Birth the due Libation pour  
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 —*Multa Dies, varisque Labor.* VIRG.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23d. N. S. 1752.

*Ha tibi erunt artes.* —

VIRG.

*These must be your golden Rules.*



IF all our Manufactures, there is none at present in a more flourishing Condition, or which hath received more considerable Improvements of late Years, than the Manufacture of Paper. To such Perfection is this brought at present, that it almost promises to rival the great staple Commodity of this Kingdom.

The two principal Branches of this Manufacture are carried on by Painting and Printing. To what a Degree of Excellence the Artists are arrived in the former, I need not mention. Our painted Paper is scarce distinguishable from the finest Silk; and there is scarce a modern House, which hath not one or more Rooms lined with this Furniture.

But however valuable this Branch may be, it is by no Means equal to that which is carried on by Printing. Of such Consequence indeed to the Public may this Part of the Paper Manufacture be made, that I doubt not but that with proper Care, it would be capable of finding an ample Provision for the Poor. To which Purpose it seems better adapted than any other, for a Reason which I shall presently assign.

Of Printing likewise, there are two Kinds; that of the Rolling, and that of the Letter Press, — or perhaps I shall be better understood by most of my Readers, by the Terms Prints and Books.

The Former (though of infinitely the less Consequence) hath been of late much improved; and though it doth not consume a great Quantity of Paper, doth however employ a great Number of

Hands. This was formerly an inconsiderable Business, and very few got their Bread by it; but some ingenious Persons have of late so greatly extended it, that there are at present almost as many Print-Shops, as Bakers in this Metropolis.

This Improvement hath been owing to a deep Penetration into human Nature, by which it hath been discovered, that there are two Sights which the Generality of Mankind do hunger after, with little less Avidity, than after their daily Bread. The one is to behold certain Parts which are severally common to one half of the Species exhibited to View, in the most amiable and inviting Manner; the other is to see certain Faces, which belong to Individuals, exposed in a ridiculous and contemptible Light. By feeding both which Appetites the Printmakers have very plentifully fed themselves.

I come now to the second Branch of Printing, namely to that which is performed at the Letter-press, and which consists of Books, Pamphlets, Papers, &c. The flourishing State of this Manufacture needs no Kind of Proof. It is indeed certain, that more Paper is now consumed this Way in a Week, than was formerly the Consumption of a Year.

To this notable Encrease, nothing perhaps hath more contributed, than the new Invention of writing without the Qualification of any Genius or Learning. The first Printers, possibly misled by an old Precept in one Horace, seem to have imagined, that both those Ingredients were necessary in the Writer, and accordingly we find they employed themselves on such Samples only, as were produced by Men, in whom Genius and Learning concurred; but modern Times have discovered, that the Trade is very well to be carried on without either; and this by introducing several



ral new Kind of Wares, the Manufacture of which, is extremely easy, as well as extremely lucrative. The Principal of these, are Blasphemy, Treason, Bawdry and Scandal. For in the making up of all these, the Qualifications above-mentioned, together with that Modesty, which is inseparable from them, would be rather an Inconvenience than of any real Use.

No sooner were these new fashioned Wares brought to Market, than the Paper Merchants, commonly called Booksellers, found so immense a Demand for them, that their Business was to find Hands sufficient to supply the Wants of the Public. In this however, they had no great Difficulty, as the Work was so extremely easy, that no Talents whatever (except that of being able to write) not even the Capacity of Spelling; were requisite:

The Methods however which have been used by the Paper-Merchants to make these new fashioned Wares universally known, are very ingenious and worthy our Notice.

The first of these Methods was for the Merchant himself to mount in the most public Part of the Town into a wooden Machine called the Pillory, where he stood for the Space of an Hour proclaiming his Goods to all that pass that Way. This was practised with much Success by the late Mr. Curl, Mr. Mist, and others, who never failed of selling several large Bales of Goods in this Manner.

Notwithstanding however the Profits arising from this Method of Publication, it was not without Objections; for several wanton Persons among the Mob, were used on such Occasions to divert themselves by pelting the Merchant while he stood exposed on the PUBLISHING-STOOL, with rotten Eggs and other mischievous Implements, by which Means, he often came off much bedawb'd, and sometimes not without bodily Hurt.

Some of the more cunning therefore among the Merchants, began to decline this Practice themselves, and employed their Understrappers, that is to say their Writers for such Purposes: For it was conceived a Piece of Blasphemy, Bawdry, &c. would be as well sold by exhibiting the Author, as by exhibiting the Bookseller.

Of this probably they received the first Hint from the Case of one Mr. Richard Savage; an Author whose Manufactures had long lain uncalled for in the Warehouse, till he happened very fortunately for his Bookseller to be found guilty of a capital Crime at the Old-Bailey. The Merchant

instantly took the Hint, and the very next Day advertised the Works of Mr. Savage, now under Sentence of Death for Murder. This Device succeeded, and immediately (to use their Phrase) carried off the whole Impression.

Encouraged by this Success, the Merchant not doubting the Execution of his Author, had very high for his dying Speech, which was accordingly penn'd and delivered. Savage however, was, contrary to all Expectation pardoned, and would have returned the Money; but the Merchant insisted on his Bargain, and published the dying Speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which it is probable as many were sold as there were People in Town who could read.

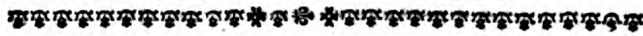
The Gallows being thus found to be a great Friend of the Press, the Merchants for the future made it their chief Care to provide themselves with such Writers, as were most likely to call in this Assistance; in other Words, who were in the fairest Way of being hanged; and tho' they have not always succeeded to their Wish, yet whoever is well read in the Productions of the last twenty Years, will be more inclined perhaps to blame the Law, than the Sagacity of the Booksellers.

The whipping Post hath been likewise of eminent Use to the same Purposes; and tho' perhaps this may raise less Curiosity than the Gallows, in one Instance at least, it hath visibly the Advantage: For an Author tho' he may deserve it often, can be hanged but once, but he may be whipped several Times, indeed six Times by one Sentence, of which we have lately seen an Instance in the Person of Stroud, who is a strong Proof of the great Profits which the Paper-Merchants derive from the whip-one of their Manufacturers.

Mr. Stroud, in Imitation of several eminent Persons, thought proper to publish an Apology for his Life. The Public, however, were less kind to him, than they had been to other great Apologists, and treated his Performance with Contempt. But no sooner was he tied to the Cart's Tail, than the Work began to sell in great Numbers; and this Sale revived with every monthly Whipping; so that if he had been whipped, as some imagined he was to have been once a Month during Life, the Merchant possibly might have sold as many Bales of his Works as have been sold of those of Swift himself.

I shall conclude with hoping, that as the Merchants seem at present to have their Eye chiefly on the Whipping-post for the Advancement of their

their Manufactures it is to be hoped Courts of Justice will do all that in them lies, to encourage a Trade of such wonderful Benefit to the Kingdom, and which seems more likely than any other to provide a Maintenance for our Poor; as no Qualification is required to the Production of these Wares, besides that of being able to write, nor any Tools or Stock to set up a Manufacturer, besides a Pen and Ink and a small Quantity of Paper; so that an Author may indeed be equipped at a cheaper Rate than a Blacker of Shoes. A.



L O N D O N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum Notis Variorum.*

WE hear, that the encreasing Subscribers of the Oratory having desired the Sundays to be for some Time on particular cholen Subjects, the burlesque Orations of the Week-days will be for the present discontinued. L. D. G. — *To represent this Matter truly, it should have been say-ed, the decreasing Audience on Wednesdays occasioned this,— As these Orations, according to the Puff, will be discontinued for the present, we may except to hear soon by another, that they will be revived for the Time past. G.*

The last constitutional Journal is thought to have a mixture of Wit, Humour, Reasoning, and Fact, that gives it a just Preference to any political Paper extant. L. D. G. — *I am well assured, that this is the Thought only of the oratorical Author, who advertising constantly in the London Daily Gazetteer, has the Liberty of puffing in it now and then for nothing. G.*

We are assured that at the Revd. Mr. Keith's Chapel in May-Fair, 2340 Couple have been (happily it is hoped) united in the *lasting Noose* within the Space of two Years. L. D. A. — *Other Copies read last Noose; which is not agreeable to truth, some of them having, to our Knowledge, been tied in another Noose since, more according to Law. It is Pity, however, that the Epithet of lasting is not taken away from this Chapel by the Legislature, it being the occasion of infinite Mischiefs to the Society. C.*

Whereas some Persons in Fleet street pretend to sell Strops for Razors; this is to inform the Public, that the true original Strops for Razors are sold only by the first Inventor, Mr. Roberts, at the Corner of Lincoln's Inn-fields near Clare-mraket, with Allowance to such as buy a Quantity. N. B. The said Shop is situated between Wayte's Snuff-shop, and Sam's Coffee-house. D. A. — *A Friend of mine, proposes the following Alteration in the Nota Bene, viz. N. B. The Shop is situated between Dust and Ashes: And is not open now on Wednesdays, as formerly, but only on Sundays, for the convenience of Journey-men, Apprentices, &c.*

*Fungar vite cotis, acutum*

*Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi. G*



D U B L I N.

THE Poem Signed G. S. came to hand, and shall be inserted in the next Number.

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—*Multa Dies, variisque Labor.* VIRG.

By **JAMES EYRE WEEKS.**

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7th, N. S. 1752.

*Hoc Fonte derivata.*

*These are the Sources.*



At the Conclusion of my last Paper, I asserted that the Summary of Good-Breeding was no other than that comprehensive and exalted Rule, which the greatest Authority hath told us is the Sum Total of all Religion and all Morality.

Here, however, my Readers will be pleased to observe that the subject Matter of Good-Breeding being only what is called Behaviour, it is this only to which we are to apply it on the present Occasion. Perhaps therefore we shall be better understood if we vary the Word, and read it thus: *Behave unto all Men, as you would they should behave unto you.*

This will most certainly oblige us to treat all Mankind with the utmost Civility and Respect, there being nothing which we desire more than to be treated so by them. This will most effectually restrain the Indulgence of all those violent and inordinate Desires, which, as we have endeavoured to shew, are the true Seeds of Humour in the Human Mind: The Growth of which Good-Breeding will be sure to obstruct; or will at least so overtop and shadow, that they shall not appear. The Ambitious, the Covetous, the Proud, the Vain, the Angry, the Debauchee, the Glutton, are all lost in the Character of the Well-Bred Man; or if Nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an Instant, and doth not shew enough of herself to become ridiculous.

Now Humour arises from the very opposite Behaviour, from throwing the Reins on the Neck of our favorite Passion, and giving it a full Scope and Indulgence. The ingenious Abbé, whom I quoted in my former Paper, paints this admirably in the Characters of Ill-Breeding, which he mentions as the very first Scene of the Ridiculous. 'Ill-Breeding (L'Impolitesse) says he is not a single Defect, it is the Result of many. It is sometimes a gross Ignorance of Decorum, or a stupid Indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish Malignity which inclines us to oppose the Inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the Consequence of a foolish Vanity, which hath no Complaisance for any other Person: *The Effect of a proud and whimsical Humour, which soars above all the Rules of Civility; or,*

HOR.

lastly, it is produced by a melancholly Turn of Mind, which pampers itself (*qui trouve du Ragout*) with a rude and disobliging Behaviour.

Having thus shewn. I think very clearly, that Good Breeding is, and must be, the very Bane of the Ridiculous, that is to say, of all humorous Characters; it will perhaps be no difficult Task to discover why this Character hath been in a singular Manner attributed to this Nation.

For this I shall assign two Reasons only, as these seem to me abundantly satisfactory, and adequate to the Purpose.

The first is that Method so general in this Kingdom of giving no Education to the Youth of both Sexes; I say general only, for it is not without some few Exceptions.

Much the greater Part of our Lads of Fashion return from School at fifteen or sixteen, very little wiser, and not at all the better for having been sent thither. Part of these return to the Place from whence they came, their Fathers Country Seats; where Racing, Cock fighting, Hunting, and other rural Sports, with Smoaking, Drinking, and Party become their Pursuit, and form the whole Business and Amusement of their future Lives. The other Part escape to Town in the Diversions, Fashion, Follies and Vices of which they are immediately initiated. In this Academy some finish their Studies, while others by their wiser Parents are sent abroad to add the Knowledge of the Diversions, Fashions, Follies, and Vices of all Europe, to that of those of their own Country.

Hence then we are to derive two great general Characters of Humour, which are the Clown and the Coxcomb, and both of these will be almost infinitely diversified according to the different Passions and natural Dispositions of each Individual; and according to their different Walks in Life. Great will be the Difference; for Instance, whether the Country Gentleman be a Whig or a Tory, whether he prefers Women, Drink, or Dogs; so will it be whether the Town Spark be allotted to serve his Country as a Politician, a Courtier, a Soldier, a Sailor, or possibly a Churchman, (for by Draughts from this Academy, all these Offices are supplied;) or lastly whether his Ambition shall be contented with no other Appellation than merely that of a Beau.

Some of our Lads however, are destined to a further Progress in Learning; these are not only confined longer to the Labours of a School, but are sent thence to the University. Here if they please, they may read on, and if they please they may (as most of them do) let it alone, and betake themselves as their Fancy leads, to the Imitation of their elder Brothers either in Town or Country.

Tuis

This is a Matter which I shall handle very tenderly, as I am clearly of an Opinion that an University Education is much the best we have; for here at least there is some Restraint laid on the Inclinations of our Youth. The Sportsman, the Gamester, and the Sot, cannot give such a Loofe to their Extravagance, as if they were at home and under no manner of Government; nor can our Spark who is disposed to the Town Pleasures, find either Gaming-houses or Play-houses, nor half the Taverns or Bawdy-houses which are ready to receive him in Covent-Garden.

So far however I hope I may say without Offence, that among all the Schools at the Universities, there is none where the Science of Good-Breeding is taught; no Lectures like the excellent Lessons on the Ridiculous, which I have quoted above, and which I do most earnestly recommend to all my young Readers. Hence the learned Professions produce such excellent Characters of Humour; and the Rudeness of Physicians, Lawyers, and Parsons, however dignified or distinguished, affords such pleasant Stories to divert private Companies, and sometimes the Public.

I come now to the beautiful Part of the Creation, who, in the Sense I here use the Word, I am assured can hardly (for the most Part) be said to have any Education.

As to the Counterpart of my Country Squire, the Country Gentlewoman, I apprehend, that except in the Article of the Dancing-Master, and perhaps in that of being barely able to read and write, there is very little Difference between the Education of many a Squire's Daughter, and that of his Dairy-Maid, who is most likely her principal Companion; nay the little Difference which there is, is, I am afraid, not in Favour of the Former; who, by being constantly flattered with her Beauty and her Wealth, is made the vainest and most self-conceited Thing alive, at the same Time that such Care is taken to instil into her the Principles of Bashfulness and Timidity, that she becomes ashamed and afraid of the knows not what.

If by any Chance this poor Creature drops afterwards, as it were, into the World, how absurd must be her Behaviour! If a Man looks at her, she is confounded, and if he speaks to her, she is frightened out of her Wits. She acts, in short, as if she thought the whole Sex was engaged in a Conspiracy to possess themselves of her Person and Fortune.

This poor Girl, it is true, however she may appear to her own Sex, especially if she is handsome, is rather an Object of Compassion, than of just Ridicule; but what shall we say when Time or Marriage have carried off all this Bashfulness and Fear, and when Ignorance, Aukwardness, and Rusticity are embellished with the same Degree, tho' perhaps not the same kind of Affection, which are to be found in a Court. Here sure is a plentiful Source of all that various Humour which we find in the Character of a Country Gentlewoman.

All this, I apprehend, will be readily allowed; but to deny Good Breeding to the Town-Lady, may be the more Dangerous Attempt. Here, besides the Professors of Reading, Writing, and Dancing, the French and Italian Masters, the Music Master, and of Modern Times, the Whist Master, all concur in forming this Character. The Manners Master alone I am afraid is omitted. And what is the Consequence? not only Bashfulness and Fear are intirely subdued, but Modesty and Discretion are taken off at the same Time. So far from running away from, she runs after Men; and instead of blushing when a modest Man looks at her, or speaks to her, she can bear, without an such Emotion to stare an impudent Fellow in the Face, and sometimes to

utter what, if he be not very impudent indeed, may put him to the Blush.—Hence all those agreeable Ingredients which form the Humour of a Rampant Woman of the Town.

I cannot quit this Part of my Subject, in which I have been obliged to deal a little more freely than I am inclined with the loveliest Part of the Creation, without preserving my own Character of Good-Breeding, by saying that this last Excess, is by much the most rare; and that every Individual among my Female Readers, either is already, or may be, when she pleases, an Example of a contrary Behaviour.

The second general Reason why Humour so much abounds in this Nation, seems to me to arise from the great Number of People, who are daily raised by Trade to the Rank of Gentry, without having had any Education at all; or, to use no improper Phrase, Without having served an Apprenticeship to this Calling. But I have dwelt so long on the other Branch, that I have no Room at present to animadvert on this; nor is it indeed necessary I should, since most Readers with the Hints I have already given them, will easily suggest to themselves, a great Number of humorous Characters with which the Public have been furnished this Way. I shall conclude by wishing, that this excellent Source of Humour may still continue to flow among us, since tho' it may make us a little laughed at, it will be sure to make us the Envy of all the Nations of Europe.

A.

Proceedings at the CENSORIAL COURT.

SIR *Alexander Drawcanfir* having lately taken it into Consideration, that 50 Numbers of his JOURNAL when Re-printed after the Manner of the Spectators, Tatlers, Guardians, &c. in twelve Pages, would make a proper Volume for binding, resolved to conclude the first Volume with this Day's Number; which Resolution of his, getting abroad into the Public, the whole Town Yesterday waited upon his Censorial Dignity; when Counsellor ENGLAND, an elder Brother of that Major ENGLAND who was formerly celebrated in a Paper called THE INSPECTOR, made a most pathetic Oration, as well in his own Name, as in that of the said whole Town, humbly beseeching his Dignity to continue still in that high and important Office of Censor of Great-Britain. Mr. ENGLAND concluded his Speech in the following Words. 'Give us Leave, therefore, Sir, to hope that you will be graciously pleased to persevere in bestowing upon us your inestimable Papers, and that you will not withdraw from the Town its only remaining Ray of Light. It is you, Sir, who have so nobly stood in the Breach, and have alone defended the Cause of Wit, against the Incurfion of an Army of Vandals, who still threaten this glorious Cause



‘ Cause with Destruction, and who, had not you  
‘ opposed them, had long since accomplished  
‘ their fatal Purpose.

‘ Persevere, therefore, great Sir, in an under-  
‘ taking which must be attended with such im-  
‘ mortal Honour to yourself, and in which you  
‘ must see daily greater Reason to hope for a fi-  
‘ nal Success. The Wise and Good have been  
‘ always your Friends; but at present, many  
‘ who have little Title to these Epithets, and  
‘ who were formerly suspected of favouring the  
‘ Enemy, seem fully convinced of their Errors,  
‘ and begin to join in your Applause. Indeed it  
‘ scarce deserves the Name of Phrophecy, to de-  
‘ clare, that before another Winter is over, there  
‘ is not a Man in this Kingdom who will not be  
‘ your Friend; or if there should, he will be but  
‘ little a Friend to himself if he owns the con-  
‘ trary.’

The Censor, after some short Deliberation,  
answered, ‘ This affectionate Address of the  
‘ whole Town is agreeable to me. I shall en-  
‘ deavour to deserve that Opinion which they are  
‘ pleased to entertain of me; and to oblige them,  
‘ and at their particular Request and Entreaty, I  
‘ will continue to carry on this Paper every Thurs-  
‘ day as usual.’

Then the whole Town had the Honour of a  
gracious Smile from his Dignity, which infused  
into every Countenance the most universal Satis-  
faction. A.

\*\*\* On Thursday next will be published Number  
51, which begins Volume II.

\*\*\*\*\*

D U B L I N.

The COQUETTE, a SONG.

I.

E R E Chloe did my Heart subdue,  
She vow'd she lov'd and to be true;  
And who, alas! could then conceive,  
She swore it only to deceive.

II.

What Youth could so much Beauty see,  
And not its Victim fall like me?  
But who suspect a Form divine,  
Of having any Fraud within?

III.

Forbear, thou poor Coquetish Maid,  
Nor Glory to have so betray'd;  
Who does a Passion but pretend,  
May find herself deceiv'd in th' End.

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[PRICE One Shilling and Seven Pence.]

A New and easy System of GEOGRAPHY for the  
Instruction of YOUTH, and those of riper YEARS.  
Whereby, may be very easily known the Use of Maps, and  
all the considerable Countries in the World, their Bounda-  
ries, Extent, Division, Islands, Rivers, Lakes, Cities,  
Government, and Religion.

To which is added, a new GEOGRAPHY of Ireland, (ad-  
dressed to the Provost and Fellows of the University of Dub-  
lin.) Containing among many other Particulars, the Di-  
vision of Ireland: A Table of the Provinces, Counties,  
Acres, &c. The Rivers: Of the corresponding Counties of  
England and Ireland: Of remarkable Curiosities in Ireland:  
Of Cataracts, Cascades, &c. Of the Giants Causeway: Of  
the Islands, Capes, Promontories, &c. with their Bearings  
and Distances: Of the principal Roads and the circuit Roads  
in Ireland: Concluding with some Particulars relating to  
the Natives.

N. B. This Edition is embellish'd with a new Map of  
the World and another of Ireland.

\*\* The GEOGRAPHY of IRELAND may be had alone,  
Price a British Six-Pence.

This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and  
Pleasure, for September and October 1752, being  
Numbers 74, and 75.

September, Number LXXIV. Contains a Description of  
Westminster Abbey, with the monumental Inscriptions, and  
Translations of those in Latin, &c. into English. An oc-  
casional Letter on the Clearness of moral Duties, and the  
Necessity of practising them: History of England continu-  
ed. The System of Natural History continued, with a De-  
scription of the Coloquintida Plant. Essay on middle Lati-  
tude sailing. Construction and Use of several mathematical  
Instruments. Reflections on Dreams with their inexplicable  
Causes. An Essay on the Nature and Properties of Sound.  
The Method of making sympathetic Ink, with its Propert-  
ies and Use. Political State of Europe, Births, Marriages,  
Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c.  
N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates,  
viz. a curious large Prospect of Westminster Abbey: A fine  
Head of the Earl of Strafford: The COLOQUINTIDA Plant  
beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a Plate of Ma-  
thematical Instruments: With a Country Dance, and a Song  
set to Music.

October, Number LXXV. Contains a Description of the  
Grotto of Antiparos, with a fine Copper-Plate. Monumen-  
tal Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, with a Translation of  
those in Latin, &c. into English, continued. The System  
of Natural History continued, containing Observations on  
the Nature and Properties of Birds, and a Description of  
the Chinese PAINTED PHEASANT, delineated with all its  
COLOURS. Life of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. History  
of England continued, with a Head of Archbishop Laud.  
An occasional Letter on Pride. Observations on Statuary.  
The Origin of the Bacchanalian Feasts. An Eastern Tale.  
Political State of Europe. Poetry, Births, Marriages,  
Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c.  
N. B. This Number is illustrated with the following Cop-  
per-Plates, viz. a curious Prospect of the Grotto of Antiparos:

The



The Chinese Painted Pheasant beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a fine Head of Archbishop Laud: With a Country-Dance and a new Song set to Music.

The Proprietors of this Magazine intend, among a great Variety of other curious Articles, to give a compendious System of natural History, illustrated with Copper-Plates of the most curious Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals, in their NATURAL COLOURS. *Vide Preface to Vol. XI. in Number 72.*

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

T H U R S D A Y, D E C E M B E R 14th, N. S. 1752.

— *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canora.*

HOR.

— *Verses of Matter void, and trifling Rhimes.*

TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt.

*Sir Alexander,*



AM one of the constant Readers of your Paper, and am greatly offended, that you seldom or ever entertain us with any Thing but Prose. 'Prithce Knight hast thou no Harmony in thy Soul? For my part, I've always had such a strange Disposition to Rhiming, that I may say with a great Poet,

*I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers-came.*

You'll tell me perhaps, that a Poet and a Rhimer are two different Things, and that the coming of the Numbers signifies Nothing, unless Genius, Fire, Fancy, &c. comes along with them. You will confess however, that we often see the filiest Things applauded only because they're tagg'd with Rhyme? And did not the finest Poem in our Language, lie for Years neglected, for no other Reason (that I know) but its wanting that Advantage? Without further Apology, I present you a Song which I have lately made on my Mistress.

Tho' Polly's and tho' Peggy's Charms,  
Each Youthful Poet's Bosom warms;  
None gives the Heart such fierce Alarms,

*As Lovely Jenny Weston.*

No Violet, Jessamin, or Rose,  
Or spicy Gale that Afric blows,  
Does half such fragrant Sweets disclose,

*As wagt round Jenny Weston.*

Let other Swains to Court repair,  
And view each glitt'ring Beauty there,  
'Tis Art alone makes them so fair,

*But Nature Jenny Weston.*

What Paint with her Complexion vies?  
What Jewels sparkle like her Eyes?  
What Hills of Snow so white, as rise

*The Breasts of Jenny Weston?*

Give others Titles, Honours, Pow'r,  
The Riches of Potofi's Shore,  
I ask not Bawbles; I implore

*The Heart of Jenny Weston.*

Posselt of this, of this alone,  
On India's Monarch I'd look down,  
A Cot my Palace, and my Throne

*The Lap of Jenny Weston.*

And now, Sir, if you will not allow me to be inspired with the Raptures of Poetry, you will at least allow me the inspiration of a Lover; and as such I doubt not the Favour to,

*Your very humble Servant,*

GEOFFRY JINGLE.

S I R,

PERHAPS your Readers will not be displeas'd with the Sight of the following Poem, when they are told it was written by that ancient and venerable Bard, *Dan Jeffry Chaucer*: How it came to my Hands is another Question: All I hope at present is, that the *sayre Maydens* will take fair Warning from this good Counsel; or in other Words, that they will first take some Pains to read, and some more to practise.-----Without further Ceremony,

*I am, &c.*

A

A  
P L E S A U N T B A L A D E,

Or, Advice to the

F A Y R E M A Y D E N S :

Written by DAN JEFFRY CHAUCER.

**L**isthith, Ladies, to youre oldè Frende :  
If yee be fayre, be fayre to sum gode Ende.  
For Gallants rath or late must loken out  
For thilk same Yoke, so ese out of Doubt,  
\* Yclepid Marriage : Yet footly Weman be,  
*Malum per accidens vel malum per se,*  
As lerned Clerkes saie ; this Latin is,  
Ladies, that yee al bene Mannis chese Blis.  
And as a Wife is Mannis helpe and Comfort,  
His Paradise, his Solace, and Disport ;  
So pardie, is Man Weman's chese Stay,  
Harknith then, Dames, to my moral Lay :  
Ne stand ye *sbill I, sball I* ; 'tis childis Play :  
Eke dangerous, sings the Saw, is all Delay.  
Now listhith to my Similitude,  
Gode is the Moral, tho' the Rime be rude.

Where Medway's Stremes meandring flowen  
wyde,  
There many a Sole, and many a † Made abyde :  
(Tho' on the Banks, God wot, few *Mades* doe  
walk,  
And fewer *Soles*, that think rite wel and talk.)  
Now thilke same *Mades*, fresh broughten to the  
§ Chepe,  
Are rated high ; but little can they kepe,  
Downs fals the Price. *Ab ! benedicite !*  
Who bies my *Mades* ? Ne one, ne tway, ne  
three ;  
So hondled they bene, by my Father's Kin,  
The *Mades* wont sell, they are not worth a Pin.

\* Called. † A Fish so named. § Market.

•••••

To the C E N S O R.

**S I R,**  
**U**PON the Approach of a new Election for Westminster, the fourth Estate begin as usual to exert themselves. A Shower of Rain drove me last Night into an Ale-house where a large Number of this Estate was assembled, and where the Election was the Subject of Debate. A Cobler began an Harangue with declaring that he did not value any Man in England, whereof, he said, he thought himself as good as any He that wore Heel to his Shoes. My Memory will not serve to repeat his Speech, nor am I able to give the Substance of it, as I cannot affirm I perfectly un-

derstood his Meaning. It consisted of frequent Repetitions of the Words Liberty and true Englishman, but to what Purpose they were introduced, I must confess myself at a Loss to determine ; so far I observed, that they conveyed to his Hearers a great Idea of the Dignity and Independency of the Speaker. He concluded by saying — *Whereof I don't know why I shan't Vote for who I please, and if I please to Vote for Stroud, who says I shan't ?*

Upon this, a sly looking Fellow, and who, if I mistake not, was what they call a dry Joker, spoke as follows :  
' Why I must own, Neighbour Jobson, if suffering in the ' Great Cause of Independent Liberty be a Recommendation, ' I cannot see that any Man can have more of that Merit, ' nor could any Man bear his Sufferings with more Courage ' and Resolution.' ' None of your Jokes, Mr Sneerwell, ' said a Taylor, We must have some good Gentleman ' that hath a Purse,'—Ay and Strings to his Purse, cried ' the Master of the House, and who is not afraid of draw- ' ing them? I will Vote for no Man that won't open my ' House, and I am sure, every honest Englishman will say ' the same.' They then repeated the Names of several very honourable Gentlemen. Every one of whom I found had both Friends and Opposers. A Chairman objected to one, that he never saw him in a Chair in his Life—A Taylor produced a long Bill against another, and a Tallow Chandler objected to a third, that his Servants burnt the Ends of Wax Candles in his Kitchen. Motives of the like Kind were assigned on the favourable side. One was an honourable Gentleman, and as good Pay as any Man in England—Another did not pay quite so well, but was as generous as a Lord, and valued not his Money of a brass Fa-thing. Nor can I help observing that Liberty was in all their Mouths, and served like Lillaburlero, as a kind of Burthen to close the End of every Speech.

Upon the whole I could not help being pleasèd with this Instance of English Freedom, in which we so exactly resemble the Antient Greeks and Romans ; and I heartily wish, Mr Censor, that we may never resemble those once great People in the Loss of this Blessing, and in the Manner of losing it : I mean by extending it to such an intolerable Degree of Licentiousness, and ungovernable Insolence, as to introduce that Anarchy which is sure to end in some Species of Tyranny or other.

I am,

Sir,

Your hearty Well-Wisher,

A true Englishman.

•••••

L O N D O N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum Notis Variorum.*

**W**E hear the Archbishop has lately spoke in these Words of Mr. Henley's Oratory, " That he never opposed his Scheme, and wishes him Success in all his Undertakings." L. D. G. — *I desire MESSIEURS WE to let us know in the next London Daily Gazetteer, who heard the Bishop say this, or to acknowledge it to be an Henleyism.* G.

We are informed, that with the Tragedy of Cato to be performed on Monday next, for the Benefit of decayed Musicians, will be revived an Opera of one Act, called The Wedding,



Wedding, wrote (after the Manner of the Beggars Opera) by Mr. Hawker, in which the hudibrastick Proceſſion of Skimmington is introduced, L. D. G. — *I deſign to carry my Wife to ſee this; and hope we ſhall both laugh very heartily; which I could never do, at ſeeing Cato acted before. I hear we are to have Julius Cæſar, with the comical Humours of Ruſſego and his Man Terrible. I fear only one ill Conſequence from this, that the Theatres at our End of the Town will quite ruin thoſe at Bartholomew Fair.* G.

On Monday Night laſt, about 11 o'Clock, the Revd. Mr. Orator Hanley was attacked by two Street Robbers, but he made ſo brave a Defence, that the Rogues thought fit to make off. L. D. G. — *At the Requeſt of Mr Comedian, I ſubjoin the two following Lines:*

*Illiterate Rogues! who thus attack'd th' Orator:  
Cantab it vacuus coram latrone viator.* G.

We hear, that a new Comedy wrote by Mr. Small, Author of Roderic Random, &c. has been rehearſed with great Applauſe, to a very ſmall Audience. G. A. — *It ſeems ſtrange, that a great Applauſe ſhould proceed from a very ſmall Audience; unleſs the Actors agreed, as ſometimes they do, to clap one another.* G.

**T**HIS Day is publiſh'd by James Hoey, at the Mercury in Skinner-Row.

The Firſt VOLUME of the  
**COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.**

Where may be had any Number from the Beginning to complete Sets.

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By JAMES EYRE WEEKS.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st, N. S. 1752.

—*Ilacbrymabiles*  
*Urgenter, ignotique longa*  
*Noſte, carent quia Vate Sacro.*

HOR.

*Without a Tear they fall, without a Name,*  
*Unless some sacred Bard records their Fame.*



HERE is a certain Affection of the Mind, for which tho' it be common enough in the People of this Country, we have not, I think, any adequate Term in our Language. The Greeks, tho' they likewise want a Name for the Abstract, called a Man so affected *υπερφρον*, a Word which I shall not attempt to translate otherwise than by a Paraphrase; I understand by it a Man so intoxicated with his own great Qualities, that he despises and overlooks all other Men. In this Sense the Participle passive of the Verb *υπερφρονειω* is used in Thucydides, *υπὸ τῶν ἐπιγαγομένων υπερφρονέμενος*. The Sentiment is in the Mouth of Alcibiades, and it is a very fine one. *As no Man, says he, will even speak to us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear in their Turn to be despised by us when we are intoxicated with our Successes.*

This disdainful Temper, notwithstanding its haughty Aspect, proceeds, if I am not much mistaken, from no higher Principle than rank Timidity. We endeavour to elevate ourselves and to depress others, lest they should be brought into some Competition with ourselves. We are not sufficiently assured of our own Footing in the Ascent to Greatness, and are afraid of suffering any to come too near us, lest they should pull us down, and advance into our Place.

Of this pitiful Temper of Mind, there are no

Persons so susceptible as the Brethren of the Quill. Not only such Authors as have been a little singular in their Opinions concerning their own Merit, and in whom it seems more excusable to bear a jealous Eye towards others; but even those who have far out-stripped their fellow Courfers in the Race of Glory, stretch their scornful Eyes behind them, to express their Disdain of the poor Wretches who are limping and crawling on at however great a Distance.

Many are the Methods by which this Passion is exerted. I shall mention only one, as it is much the most common, and perhaps the most invidious. This is a contemptuous Silence. A Treatment not much unlike to that with which the Buccaneers formerly used to treat their conquered Enemies, when they sunk, or as they phrased it, hid them in the Sea.

How many Names of great Writers may we suppose to have been Sunk by this base Disposition! Homer, as I remember, hath not perpetuated the Memory of a simple Writer, unless that of Therſites, who was, I make no Doubt, from the Character given of him in the Iliad, an Author of no small Estimation. And yet there were probably as many of the Function in those Days, as there are in this; nay Homer himself in his Odyſſey, mentions the great Honours which Poets then received in the Courts of all Princes, whence we may very reasonably conclude that they swarmed in those Courts, and yet the Names of three only of his Cotemporaries have triumphed over the Injuries of Time, and the Malice of their Brethren so as to reach our Age.

The learned Voſſius, who seems to have employed no little Pains in the Matter, hath not been able to preserve to us many more than two hundred down to the Death of Cleopatra, and yet we



we are assured, that the famous Alexandrian Library contained no less than six hundred Thousand Volumes, of which, as the Humour of those Ages ran, we may conceive a sixth Part at least to have consisted of Poetry.

Among the Latins how many great Names may we suppose to have been hid by the affected Faciturnity of Virgil, who appears to have mentioned only those Writers of Quality to whom he made his Court! Of his Friend Horace he had not the Gratitude to take any Notice; much less to repay those Praises which this latter Poet had so liberally bestowed on him.

Horace again tho' so full of Compliments to Virgil, of poor Ovid is altogether as cruelly and invidiously silent.

Ovid, who was, I am confident, one of the best natured of Human kind, was of all Men most profuse in the Praises of his Cotemporaries; and yet even he hath been guilty of Sinking. Numberless were the Poets in his Time, whose Names are no where to be found in his Works; nay he hath played the Buccaneer with two, one of whom is celebrated by Horace, and both of them by Virgil. The learned Reader well knows I mean the Illustrious Names of Bavius and Mævius; whose Merits were so prevalent with Virgil, that tho' they were both his bitter Revilers, he could not refrain from transmitting them to Posterity. I wish he had dealt as generously by all his Censurers, and I make no Doubt but we should have been furnished with some hundreds of Names, *quæ nunc premit Nox*.

Among our own Writers, too many have been guilty of this Vice. Had Dryden communicated all those who drew their Pens against him, he would have preserved as many Names from Oblivion as a Land Tax Act; but he was, I am afraid, so intoxicated with his own Merit, that he overlooked and despised all the great Satyrists who constantly abused, I had almost said libelled, his Works, unless they were some other way eminent, besides by their Writings, such as Shadwell, who was Poet Laureat, and Buckingham, who was a Duke.

Of all the chief Favourites and Prime Ministers of the Muses, the late ingenious Mr. Pope was most free from this scornful Silence. He employed a whole Work for the Purpose of recording such Writers as no one without his Pains, except he had lived at the same Time and in the same Street, would ever have heard of. He may in-

deed be said to have raked many out of the Kennels to Immortality, which, tho' in somewhat a stinking Condition, is to an ambitious Mind preferable to utter Obscurity and Oblivion; many, I presume, having, with the Wretch who burnt the Temple of Ephesus, such a Love for Fame, that they are willing even to creep into her common Shore.

In humble Imitation of this Great Man, in the only Instance of which I am capable of imitating him, I intend shortly to attempt a Work of the same kind, in Prose I mean, and to endeavour to do Justice to a great Number of my Cotemporaries, whose Names, for far the greater Part, are much less known than they deserve to be. And that I may be the better enabled to execute this generous Purpose, I have employed several proper Persons to find out these Authors. To this End I have ordered my Bookseller to send me in the Names of all those Apprentices and Journey-men of Booksellers and Printers who at present entertain and instruct the Town with their Productions. I have besides a very able and industrious Person who hath promised me a complete List of all the Hands now confined in the several Bridewells in and about this City, which carry on the Trade of Writing, in any of the Branches of Religion, Morality, and Government; in all which every Day produces us some curious Essay, Treatise, Remarks, &c. from those Quarters.

I shall conclude this Paper with some very fine Lines from the third Book of the Dunciad, which gave indeed the first Hint to my charitable Design: For what a melancholy Consideration is it, that all *these Armies* there spoken of should perish in the Jaws of utter Darkness, and that the Names of such Worthies should be as short-lived as their Works!-----The Verses are Part of the Speech of Settle to his Son Cibber.

And see, my Son! the Hour is on its Way,  
That lifts our Goddess to Imperial Sway.  
This fav'rite Isle long sever'd from her Reign,  
Dove-like she gathers to her Wings again.  
Now look thro' Fate! behold the Scene she draws!  
What Aids, what Armies to assert her Cause!  
See all her Progeny, illustrious Sight!  
Behold, and count them as they rise to Light.  
As Berecynthia, while her Offspring vye  
In Homage to the Mother of the Sky,  
Surveys around her, in the blest Abode,  
An hundred Sons, and ev'ry Son a God:

Not with less Glory mighty Dulness crown'd,  
 Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant Round;  
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,  
 Behold an hundred Sons, and each a Dunce.

A.

\*\*\*\*\*

## D U B L I N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum* *Notis Variorum.*

**T**HIS is to inform the Public, that upon a general Complaint of Dulness in private, tho' otherwise numerous Companies, on Account of the Intrusion of People unqualified to contribute to Mirth and Good-Humour, whose Consequence in Life, and Alliances of some Kind or other, do notwithstanding, engage People better cut out for Society, under an unavoidable Necessity of enviting them to their Parties: And as this is known to proceed from a Jealousy of being laugh'd at, and an Ignorance of dancing, Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Harvey, with two or three Couple more of their Acquaintance, each of whom, can give a hundred Pounds Security for their Honesty, likewise for their Quietness in neither giving nor returning an Affront, but in all Things, falling into the Humours of genteel Company and of all Ages, whether for Dancing, Card Playing, Psalm-Singing, or Cross-Purposes be propos'd; and as Partners are often wanted, particularly at Country-Dances, where sometimes five agreeable People more or less, meet with a Good-Will to the Enjoyment of Dancing, but cannot make a Set out of a Company of perhaps Twenty. The above-named Persons, will upon sending to their Lodgings in Queen-street Golden-square, require but an Hour's Warning, and give their Attendance at any Part of the Town, either singly or with any appointed Number of their Society at the small Expence of half a Crown a Head, paying only the Expence of each Hire, that they may make a clean Appearance at first, and are contented to walk Home. LONDON DAILY ADVERTISER.—*It is a Pity that Mr. and Mrs. Harvey are not in Dublin, where they could not fail of Encouragement; particularly, among those who are known to play two-handed Quaderille or Whist with two Dead Men, when no Man living but Mr. Harvey would make one of such a Party.* W.

The splendid Appearance exhibited this Season in our Theatrical Entertainments demands the public Applause; the Apparatus of Dress has been truly Rich and Noble; the Magnificence, Elegance, and Fashion, cannot be surpassed by any Theatre in Europe; the ingenious Profession of Mr. TRACY, who has made up such a Number of new Dresses this Season, shews indeed how much Art can assist Nature. J.

Whilst the whole City is Attentive about the grand Affair of the New Bridge, the famous Digger of Oxmantown-Green takes the Opportunity of pursuing his Plan of destroying that beautiful and level Piece of Ground, one of the chief Ornaments and most agreeable Walks about this City, tho' he has neither Lease of the Place or Patent for so doing: And we are informed that as soon as he has finish'd that good Work, he is resolv'd to make Proposals about improving Stephen's Green after the same Manner.—*It is earnestly wish'd that this extraordinary Person may have no Concern whatsoever in our new-intended Bridge.*

## A S U B J E C T.

**H**OW hard it is, WE, in these *distant* Times  
 From rich Invention's Spring, must *d*rain our Rhimes!  
 Our *Thirsty* Ancestors have all, well nigh,  
 Like *Xerxes* Army, drank whole Rivers dry,  
 Nor left a scanty *Brookling* for their Sons  
 To moisten dry Acrosticks, Saws, and Puns.

Thus *Lyrick* said to *Bayes*, thus *Bayes* reply'd,  
 Oh Brother Bard, the Failing's on *our* Side,  
 Invention's Springs, like *those* from *Ocean*, flow  
 From arduous Heights, down *Pindus*'s lofty Brow.

Z—— said a surly Critic that was near,  
 About a *Subject* what a Pother's here!  
 There's *W*ORFINGTON — a *Subject* for ye all!  
 But think of *Phaeton*, and dread his Fall;  
 Forbear your hard Condition to bemoan  
 Behold a Spring to ancient Times unknown!  
 What wou'd your Ancestors renown'd have giv'n  
 To paint *Elysium* from so bright a Heav'n!

W E E K S.

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every Thursday.)



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwise *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28th, N. S. 1752.

*Juxta se posita magis elucescunt.*

*When they are placed near together, they will the better illustrate each other.*

Mr. CENSOR,



WHEN you so justly recommended the two public Charities for Foundlings and Lying-in Women, I was surprized you omitted that for Lunatics, which is lately established under the Name of St. Luke's-Hospital. This, I apprehend, could arise from no other Cause than your Ignorance that there was any such existing. I have therefore enclosed you the printed Account of it, in order that you may render it as public as possible, with all due Eneomiums on so excellent and extensive a Benefaction, and am  
*Yours, &c.*

*Instructions to such Persons who apply for the Admission of Patients into St. L U K E' s Hospital for Lunatics.*

- I. THAT no Person shall knowingly be received as a Patient into this Hospital, who is not in Point of Circumstances, a proper Object of this Charity; that is, Poor and Mad.
- II. Or who hath been a Lunatic more than twelve Kalender Months.
- III. Or who hath been discharged uncured from any other Hospital for the Reception of Lunaticks.
- IV. Or who is troubled with Epileptick or Convulsive Fits.
- V. Or who is deemed an Idiot.
- VI. Or who is infected with the Venereal Disease.
- VII. Nor any Woman with Child.

And every such Person, who through Mistake or Misinformation shall be received into this Hospital, shall be discharged immediately on Discovery of any of the above Disqualifications.

Therefore if the Patient is not disqualified by any of the above Rules, upon applying to Mr. *Thomas Webster* the Secretary, at his House in *Queen-street, Cheapside*, or at the Hospital, the Forms of two printed Certificates, together with a Petition may be had; the first of which Certificates (after it is filled up) must be signed by the Minister and Churchwardens, or Overseers of the Poor of the Parish, or Place, where such Patient resides; and the other by some Physician, Surgeon, or Apothecary, who had visited such Patient;

after which the Person or Persons who saw them sign must go before one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, or some other Person authorized to take Affidavits, and make Oath (or in Case of Quakers an Affirmation) in the Manner as is printed at the Bottom of the said Certificates.

When the Certificates have been thus signed, and Oath (or Affirmation) made thereof as aforesaid, the next Step is to fill up the Petition, and annex the Certificates thereto, and then apply to a Governor to sign the same, which being done, both the Petition and Certificates must be left with the Secretary, and the Petitioner must not fail to attend at the Hospital the next Friday Morning at 10 o'Clock, when the same will be laid before the Committee, and if approved, an Order will be made for the Patient to be brought for Examination, in his Turn as soon as a Vacancy happens; four Days, at least before which there must be left in writing with the Secretary, the Names and Places of Abode of two substantial Housekeepers residing within the Bills of Mortality, who must be present precisely at 11 o'Clock in the Morning, when the Patient is to be admitted, to enter into a Bond of 100l. to take the Patient away when discharged by the Committee.

S I R,

NOTwithstanding your Endeavours to obviate the Censure of being an Enemy to public Charity, I shall conclude you so, unless you immediately publish the under-written Plan, of an Hospital for the Reception of the Widows of poor Clergymen, in the projecting which I have spent much Time and Labour; and I am persuaded, if duly carried into Execution, it will be of as general Use as many of our celebrated Hospitals are at present.

That the Persons for whose Use this Hospital is intended, are in the highest Degree the Objects of our Charity, is a Truth which needs no Proof. The only Reason why no Provision hath been hitherto made for them, is, I apprehend, that the Evil seems too great for any Remedy, and the Distressed too numerous to be relieved. This Objection I have endeavoured to remove, by such Restriction as must prevent any Danger of overburthening the Charity, or swelling the Expence of my Hospital beyond the Disbursements of a moderate Income. But let my Plan speak for itself.

It is proposed that a Building be erected capable of containing one thousand Persons; for the Support of which, a Fund is to be raised by voluntary Contributions. That the Rules or Instructions for such Persons, who apply for the Admission of Widows, shall be these following.

First, that no Person shall knowingly be received as a  
Widow

Widow into this Hospital, who is not in Point of Circumstances a proper Object of this Charity, that is to say, a Widow.

2dly, Or who hath been a Widow more than Twelve Kalender Months

3dly, Or who is under the Age of Forty-nine, or above the Age of Fifty; or who hath been married less than ten, or more than eleven Years; or, who is not intitled to the *justri-um liberorum*, i. e. who had three Children. Note, Miscarriages are not to be included.

4thly, Or who is troubled with any Kind of Distemper, particularly with such as must make her the highest Object of Compassion.

5thly, Or who is not deemed to be a Person of good Sense. This to be deemed by the Secretary.

6thly, Or who is lousy.

7thly, Or who is poor, or hath Children, or was left with Child by her late Husband.

And if any Widow shall be admitted by Mistake, contrary to all and every of these Rules, she shall upon the Discovery be immediately kicked out.

A Widow qualified within the above Restrictions, must apply herself to the Secretary of the Hospital, from whom she is to receive five Certificates to be fill'd up as follows.

1. Certificate, That she is a Woman. This to be signed by the Parson of the Parish.

2. Certificate, That she was married to a Clergyman. To be signed by twenty Persons who were at the Wedding, two of whom are to be Justices of the Peace, one quorum.

3. Certificate, That her Husband is dead; to be signed by the Physician, Surgeon, Apothecary and Nurse, who attended him in his last Illness; the Undertaker, Parson, Clerk and Sexton, who are all to make Oath, that he is *bona fide* dead.

4. Certificate, That she remains a true and chaste Widow, to be sworn to by any one credible Person.

5. Certificate, That she and her late Husband never had any Quarrel during their Cohabitation. This likewise it will be sufficient to prove on the Oath of one Person of Credit: And this Person is only required to swear to the best of his Knowledge, provided he or she was intimately acquainted with the Parties during one Kalender Month.

Besides which two Persons must give in their Names and Places of Abode to the Hospital, These are to enter into a Bond with a large Penalty, to bury the Widow when dead; and to prevent any Possibility of a Conspiracy between the Obligees, one of them must dwell in Cornwall, and the other in Northumberland.

These Certificates being properly returned to the Secretary, are to lie before him one Month, then to be laid before the Committee, who are to take Copies thereof; after which they are within two Months to be reported to the general Court, who may order as they shall think proper.

This, Sir, is a Sketch of my Design, the great Utility and Efficacy of which is so apparent, that it will, I doubt not, meet with the Approbation of the British Censor.

I am, Sir, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

COVENT-GARDEN.

LAST Friday a young Woman in the Hay-market stab'd her Mother (a Widow Woman) in the Back with a Case Knife, of which she is since dead; the Girl made her Escape immediately after having committed this shocking Murder, and has not been since heard of. The Mother be-

fore she died, told the Surgeon who attended her, that she could assign no other Cause for the Wickedness of her Daughter, than the refusing to comply with the Girl's Desire of marrying a profligate young Fellow, and making a Present to them of what little she had to subsist on. L. D. G. ——— I take this Opportunity of presenting my Readers with the following Poem, which I received from a Correspondent some Time since.

A N

ELEGY on the Power of LOVE.

IF LOVE oppose, fond Nature strives in vain —  
Is there no balm to sooth this piercing woe?  
Is there no charm in Reason's grave domain  
Can bid the tortur'd bosom cease to glow?  
Philosophy affords her gentle art;  
Fain wou'd she teach the tyrant to obey,  
But ah! too cool she plays about the heart,  
Where LOVE still revels with unbounded sway.  
Religion's self displays her solemn face;  
To whom more power and influence is given;  
She comes, array'd in each superior grace,  
And awful wears the signature of Heaven.  
'Gainst her dread Voice yet Nature dares rebel;  
Nor raging Passion owns her sober laws,  
But calls forth all th' antagonists from hell,  
To combat dreadful in the tyrant's cause.  
Yes, such the rage and infolence of LOVE?  
Reason how weak! Philosophy how vain!  
Yes, Blandy late did all your efforts prove;  
But still enslav'd, she dragg'd his cruel chain.  
In vain Religion gainst his prowess stood;  
Great was his rage—At his commanding nod  
Unhallow'd hands pour'd out a Parent's blood,  
'Gainst Nature's feeling, and the Stamp of God!  
Could not a Father's venerable age  
Forbid the hand of violence to rise!  
Could no kind thoughts suppress resentment's rage?  
No dread of vengeance from the threatening skies!  
When blood is spilt, the ministers of air,  
Who keep th' eternal archives of the sky,  
Each drop record in marks of horror there,  
While Nature heaves a sympathetic sigh.  
And ye, gay tribes, who bloom in beauty's pride,  
Attend her fate; her piteous story scan:  
O not too much in lavish praise confide;  
But dread the perjuries of faithless man.  
Shun Flattery's lure, fair Beauty's cruel bane,  
Who dares solicit Virtue's self to yield.  
What tho' she stings not with immediate pain,  
Yet are her shafts with sure destruction steel'd.  
How many a fair who honour once possess,  
Now weeps sweet innocence and virtue fled!  
A *Jessies* felt the venom in her breast,  
And sunk in pleasure's yet unlicens'd bed.  
Yes, Beauty weeps, and weeps and sighs in vain,  
Nor finds a ballam for the sovereign grief;  
For ah; contempt perpetuates the foul stain,  
Where can returning virtue find relief?  
Ye blushing virgins, view a woman's shame,  
A spoiler came; he flatter'd, he betray'd;  
With passion's gusts he shook her tender frame,  
And to a Murd'ress turn'd th' indulgent Maid.

Is there no curse to blast a villain's days?  
 No bolts of vengeance in the stores above,  
 To strike th' assassin in his darksome maze,  
 Who stain'd fair innocence with lawless love!  
 A Father bleeds! and by a daughter's hand!  
 Sharp vengeance threatens, rigid justice calls;  
 Blood shed for blood is nature's just demand,  
 A Father bleeds, a daughter guilty falls.  
 Awake, ye beauties, from the soothing dream:  
 Behold what dangers innocence must prove,  
 When once fair virtue's tofs'd in passion's stream.  
 Poor *Blandy* fell — The cruel cause was love.  
 Whene'er remembrance calls the scene to view,  
 Then drop a Tear. — 'Tis nature bids you weep  
 No more with bitterness her faults pursue,  
 But let them rest in dark oblivion's sleep.  
 'Tis done — and Justice now demands no more.  
 The debt is paid! Let persecution cease;  
 For since her shameful agonies are o'er,  
 O let her sleep in unmolested peace.

D.

D R A C O.

## D U B L I N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum Notis Variorum.*

**L**AST Tuesday a Gentleman (upon refusing his Money to a Beggarman, was follow'd thro' several Streets by him, making a continual Demand for Charity; and finding that the unwearied Application of the Supplicant proceeded only from Repentment at being refused, and a Desire of exposing him:) To quit the ROUT that this occasion'd, and prevent farther GAMES, thought proper to call a Chair, and giving the Men half a Crown, with a Promise of paying for any Damage that might be done to the Door or Windows; engaged them to put the Idler into the Chair, which being performed, conducted it himself to Bridewell, and had an Assurance from the Keeper, that he would not part with his new Lodger 'till he should send another Chair for him.

— *This is not so bad as carrying a dead Corps in a Coach, for why should we not set a Beggar in a Chair as well as set a Beggar on Horseback? Besides that a Chair is the usual Consequence of Idlers from Routs after being Beggar'd by their Game, is an Occurrence that we meet with every Night.* W.

**T**HIS Day is published by James Hoey, at the Mercury in Skinner-Row.

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By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

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**T**HE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for *September and October* 1752, being Numbers 74, and 75.

*September*, Number LXXIV. Contains a Description of Westminster Abbey, with the monumental Inscriptions, and Translations of those in Latin, &c. into English. An occasional Letter on the Clearness of moral Duties, and the Necessity of practising them. History of England continued. The System of Natural History continued, with a Description of the *Coloquintida* Plant. Essay on middle Latitude sailing. Construction and Use of several mathematical Instruments. Reflections on Dreams with their inexplicable Causes. An Essay on the Nature and Properties of Sound. The Method of making Sympathetic Ink, with its Properties and Use. Political State of Europe, Births, Marriages, Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c. *N. B.* This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, viz. a curious large Prospect of Westminster Abbey: A fine Head of the Earl of Strafford: The *COLOQUINTIDA* Plant beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a Plate of Mathematical Instruments: With a Country Dance, and a Song set to Music.

*October*, Number LXXV. Contains a Description of the Grotto of Antiparos, with a fine Copper-Plate. Monumental Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, with a Translation of those in Latin, &c. into English, continued. The System of Natural History continued, containing Observations on the Nature and Properties of Birds, and a Description of the Chinese PAINTED PHEASANT, delineated with all its COLOURS. Life of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. History of England continued, with a Head of Archbishop Laud. An occasional Letter on Pride. Observations on Statuary. The Origin of the Bacchanalian Feasts. An Eastern Tale. Political State of Europe. Poetry, Births, Marriages, Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c. *N. B.* This Number is illustrated with the following Copper-Plates, viz. a curious Prospect of the Grotto of Antiparos: The *Chinese Painted Pheasant* beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a fine Head of Archbishop Laud: With a Country Dance and a new Song set to Music.

☞ The Proprietors of this Magazine intend, among a great Variety of other curious Articles, to give a compendious System of natural History, illustrated with Copper-Plates of the most curious Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals, in their NATURAL COLOURS. *Vide Preface to Vol. XI. in Number 72.*

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By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1753.

—*His Juventus orta parentibus.*  
*Infecit Æquor sanguine Punico.*

HOR.

*Such were the Heroes of that glorious Reign  
That humbled to the Dust the Pride of Spain.*

Mr. CENSOR,



YOU have formerly entertained the Public, by representing to them the Opinions which Posterity will be supposed to conceive of the present Age; you will possibly furnish no less Amusement to your Readers, by casting your Eyes backwards into our Annals, as the Manners of their Ancestors will, I apprehend, appear no less strange to the present Age, than the History of these our Times can be thought hereafter.

After this short Introduction, I shall present you with a curious Dialogue which seems to have been written towards the End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. I have taken the Liberty to modernize the Language without doing the least Violence to the Sentiments of the Original.

*A Dialogue between Mr. ENGLISH, Madam ENGLISH, Miss Biddy ENGLISH, and Mistress PLUMTREE the Mistress of the House.*

*Mrs. Plum.* I hope your Ladyship is very well this Morning after the Fatigue of your Journey.

*Mad. Eng.* Indeed, Mistress Plumtree, I never was more fatigued in my Life. Four Days together upon a hard trotting Horse are enough to tire any one; besides my Pillion was horribly uneasy, and I rode behind the Footboy, who was hardly able to support my leaning against him; but here's Biddy not in least the worse for her Journey.

*Miss Biddy.* Upon my Word, Mamma, I never was in better Spirits in my Life. My Ride

hath given me an Appetite; I have eat half a Pound of Beef Steaks this Morning for Breakfast.

*Mrs. Eng.* I could have gone through any thing at your Age, my Dear, tho' I was never many Miles from home before I was married. The young Ladies have more Liberty in these Days, than they had formerly. Indeed it was entirely owing to your Father's Goodness that you came to London now.

*Mrs. Plum.* O Madam, I am sure your Ladyship would not have left Miss in the Country. It would have been barbarous not to have let her see the Tower, and the Abby, and Bedlam, and two or three Plays.

*Mrs. Eng.* Fie, Mrs. Plumtree! with what are you filling the Child's Head? One Play she is to see and no more. The Terms are all settled. One Play, One new Gown, and One Ruff. But now I mention these Things, Pray, Mrs. Plumtree, what is become of the Mantuamaker I employed last Parliament when I was here.

*Mrs. Plum.* Alas, poor Woman, she is dead; but I can recommend your Ladyship to another, one of the best in all London; she makes Gowns for the Lady Mayorefs herself.

*Mrs. Eng.* I shall be obliged to you, good Mrs. Plumtree, to send for her to Day, for I have three Visits to make in London, and I shall like to do it in my new Cloaths.-----O, Sir John, are you come at last, Dinner hath stayed for you 'till I suppose it is spoiled. It is almost two o'Clock.

*Mr. Eng.* The House is but just up, my Dear. We sate very late to Day. I assure you I was invited very much to dine with one of our Knights of the Shire at his Lodgings; he had a Haunch of Venison, a fat Goose, and an Apple-Pye for Dinner,-----and all this I left for your Company.

*Mrs. Eng.* Well, Sir John, I do not blame you;



you; but Parliament Hours are very dreadful Things.

*Mr. Eng.* We must suffer some Inconveniences for the Good of our Country, and we are employed upon a Scheme now that is of the utmost Consequence to the Nation. We are going to make such a Provision for the Poor that there will never be another Beggar in the Kingdom. †

*Mrs. Plum.* I am heartily glad of that; and I am sure it is high Time, for it was no longer ago than last Summer that I saw two poor Wretches in one Day, actually begging in the open Street.

*Mr. Eng.* Well Dame, and how doth my good Friend Master Plumtree hold it. We shall have another Game at Lantry Leo.

*Mrs. Plum.* Indeed Sir John, you are too hard for my Husband. You won above ten Shillings of him last Parliament.

*Mr. Eng.* Your Family is not hurt by it: for I believe you are as much in my Debt on the same Account; but I beg you will not encourage this Girl to play! for she is too much inclined to Idleness.

*Miss Biddy.* Nay, Mamma, I am sure I never desire to play but in the Christmas Holidays.

*Mrs. Plum.* O, Madam, Miss will have something else to think on. Here is a young Squire that lodges in our Neighbourhood. A fine hardy young Spark. There are but few they tell me, that can either run or wrestle with him, and Heir to a noble Estate he is.

*(At these Words Miss Biddy blushed extremely.)*

*Mr. Eng.* Well let him look to it. Bidly won't turn her Back to him. But my Dear, I have a Show for you. The Queen goes to the Parliament House to-morrow; and there will be all the fine Lords and Ladies of the Court. I have hired a Balcony and my little Biddy shall go too.

*Mrs. Eng.* You see Biddy, how good your Papa is; and now, I hope you will be satisfied, and not desire to go out any more, except to one Play and to Church, whilst you stay in London. I am sure he is so liberal, he will be forced to send up for the other Twenty Pound.

*Mr. Eng.* Never mind that, my Dear! your Prudence in the Country will soon make it up. But now I talk of Court Ladies, I have a Piece of News for you. Indeed I can hardly believe it

† By this Passage it is supposed this Dialogue happened in the 43d Year of Queen Elizabeth, when the famous Statute was made for providing for the Poor, and which is the Corner-Stone of all our excellent Poor Laws.

myself, and yet I was told it by a very great Person.

*Mrs. Eng.* What can it be, my Dear, that you introduce with all this Preface?

*Mrs. Plum.* I hope there are no more Spanish Armadas coming.

*Mr. Eng.* No, no, nothing of that Kind—— In short, it is so strange a Thing, I scarce know how to mention it.——But, can you think it? they say there is a Court Lady that hath made a Cuckold of her Husband——A Woman of very great Quality I assure you.

*Mrs. Eng.* This is strange News indeed, and impossible to be true.

*Mr. Eng.* Hardly impossible, my Dear, such Things have been in Nature.——

*Mrs. Eng.* And what is become of the Lady pray?

*Mr. Eng.* Why she is at Court still.

*Mrs. Eng.* Then it is impossible to be true; for if I could believe there was one such Woman of Quality, I am well convinced there are no other that would own her.

*Mr. Eng.* I only tell you what I hear——But come, Dame Plumtree, is not your Dinner ready——Upon my Word, I have been half starved. My Constituents shall find out some other to serve them in the next Parliament. It is a hard Duty, Mrs. Plumtree, and a very expensive one too. I never come up myself under twenty Pound, and if my Wife comes with me, the Expence is almost double.

*Mrs. Plum.* Well, Sir——but you know all Men must serve their Country.

*Mr. Eng.* Yes, Madam, and if all would, the Burthen would be less severe; but I have discovered a most wicked Corruption in the Borough, I serve for——There are three Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood who have as good Estates as I have, and yet because they entertain the Mayor and Aldermen with more Strong Drink than I do, they have never once attempted to chuse them. The Moment there is but a Discourse of an Election, to Topping they go.——So that they are sure of always escaping, and I am likely to serve my Country as long as I live.

*Mrs. Plum.* It is very hard, I must confess, Squire, but then you will consider you have all the Honour.——However, Sir, Dinner is upon the Table at present.

*Mr. Eng.* Lead on then, my Dame, and I will shew you what a Stomach I have got in the Service of my Country. A. To



To the CENSOR.

S I R,

As the Insertion of the inclosed Query recommended to you, may produce an Answer satisfactory and decisive to many; and as it is intended to detect an Error, or establish a Truth, I flatter myself you will oblige your constant Reader and occasional Correspondent.

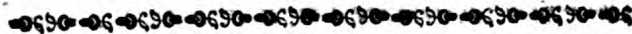
The Q U E R Y.

Observing some Animadversions in Numb. 34, [Vol. I.] of your Journal, upon a late erected Society, I would ask what Specimens have been given of its great Performances as a Body; and that *Benevolous*, or some of the Members, would be pleased to tell the World when they may expect to see any.

Has not the Royal Society already anticipated their Scheme, or are they not vainly emulating their Superiors, and going out of their proper Province?

The Publication of the Scotch Medical Essays quickly succeeded the Notice given to the Public of the Intention, and a commendable Expedition attended the Progress of that Work. An Answer to this will set the Society's Views in a more favourable or dark Light.—For 'till then must be suspended the Judgment of

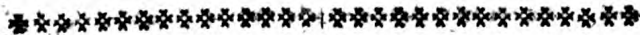
A X Y L U S.



L O N D O N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum* *Notis Variorum.*

WE have the pleasure of informing the Public, that St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics, is so forwarded by the care of the Governors, as to be intirely prepared for the reception of Female Patients. DAILY ADVERTISER.—*And we have the pleasure of informing the Governors, that we have a great Number of Female Patients intirely prepared for the said Hospital. C.*



D U B L I N.

To T----- S-----, Esq; on his BIRTH-DAY,

A P O E M.

By M----- C-----.

SAY! what's to be To-day my Cheer,  
I cannot drink your heady Beer;  
What's worse, nor even at a Meal  
Let down a Drop of *Dublin Ale*:  
Confound the Trash! your Porter stile,  
To me 'tis wretched, dull, and vile;  
I of it never take a Glass,  
But makes me stupid as an Ass:  
And all agree the base Compound  
Of Punch, is ever hurtful found:  
Champaign I'm told is full too warm,  
And Port, I fear, wou'd do me Harm:  
Your Lisbon to the Folk I leave,  
Who seek apace the gloomy Grave.  
I'm at a Loss then what to take,  
You see I'm puny, feeble, weak,

My Health, O! too too hard my Fate!  
Hath suffer'd much you know of late:  
My Constitution is impair'd,  
And cries aloud, it must be spar'd:  
You o'er my Frame can read it plain,  
How thin I'm grown! how lank! how lean!  
Yet e'er the fatal Thread is spun,  
And I my mortal Race have run;  
While Life permits, and still I may,  
I'll toast thee on thy natal Day.  
But prithee, Sir, first let me see,  
What Liquor is my Drink to be?  
To tell is no such mighty Matter,  
Why tire you then with all this chatter?  
Claret, if honest, right and good,  
For so I wou'd be understood,  
Is what I choose: The sprightly Juice  
Is fittest for thy Poet's Use.  
And hold, if I remember right,  
Methinks it was the other Night;  
Of jolly Blacks \* a Brace or two  
I laid me up in Store for you:  
In clearer Terms, or that's to say,  
To drink thee on thy festal Day.  
And that they may receive no Harm,  
In Dust they lie, safe, snug and warm:  
Our Clime is cold, our chilling Air  
The fable Strangers cou'd not bear.  
This Day by Styx what'er may hap,  
E'er Phœbus reach Dame Thetis' Lap,  
This Day, for so it is decreed,  
The Blacks, the jolly Blacks must bleed;  
I'll call me in a Friend or two,  
Be blithe and gay ——— and who but you.

\* A Word made use of to signify a Bottle of Wine.

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A New and easy System of GEOGRAPHY for the Instruction of YOUTH, and those of riper YEARS. Whereby, may be very easily known the Use of Maps, and all the considerable Countries in the World, their Boundaries, Extent, Division, Islands, Rivers, Lakes, Cities, Government, and Religion.

To which is added, a new GEOGRAPHY of *Ireland*, (addressed to the Provost and Fellows of the University of Dublin.) Containing among many other Particulars, the Division of *Ireland*: A Table of the Provinces, Counties, Acres, &c. The Rivers: Of the corresponding Counties of England and *Ireland*: Of remarkable Curiosities in *Ireland*: Of Cat rafts, Cascades, &c. Of the Giants Causeway: Of the Islands, Capes, Promontories, &c. with their Bearings and Distances: Of the principal Roads and the circuit Roads in *Ireland*: Concluding with some Particulars relating to the Natives.

N. B. This Edition is embellish'd with a new Map of the World and another of *Ireland*.

\*\* The GEOGRAPHY of IRELAND may be had alone, Price a *British Six-Pence*.

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[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

**T**HE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for September and October 1752, being Numbers 74, and 75.

September, Number LXXIV. Contains a Description of Westminster Abbey, with the monumental Inscriptions, and Translations of those in Latin, &c. into English. An occasional Letter on the Clearness of moral Duties, and the Necessity of practising them. History of England continued. The System of Natural History continued, with a Description of the Colocintida Plant. Essay on middle Latitude sailing. Construction and Use of several mathematical Instruments. Reflections on Dreams with their inexplicable Causes. An Essay on the Nature and Propertie of Sound. The Method of making sympathetic Ink, with its Properties and Use. Political State of Europe, Births, Marriages, Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, viz. a curious large Prospect of Westminster Abbey: A fine Head of the Earl of Strafford: The COLOQUINTIDA Plant beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a Plate of Mathematical Instruments: With a Country Dance, and a Song set to Music.

October, Number LXXV. Contains a Description of the Grotto of Antiparos, with a fine Copper-Plate. Monumental Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, with a Translation of those in Latin, &c. into English, continued. The System of Natural History continued, containing Observations on the Nature and Properties of Birds, and a Description of the Chinese PAINTED PHEASANT, delineated with all its COLOURS. Life of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. History of England continued, with a Head of Archbishop Laud. An occasional Letter on Pride. Observations on Statuary. The Origin of the Bacchanalian Feasts. An Eastern Tale. Political State of Europe. Poetry, Births, Marriages, Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with the following Copper-Plates, viz. a curious Prospect of the Grotto of Antiparos: The Chinese Painted Pheasant beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a fine Head of Archbishop Laud: With a Country Dance and a new Song set to Music.

The Proprietors of this Magazine intend, among a great Variety of other curious Articles, to give a compendious System of natural History, illustrated with Copper-Plates of the most curious Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals, in their NATURAL COLOURS. *Vide Preface to Vol. XI. in Number 72.*

N. B. At said Place may be had compleat Sets from June 1747, in ten Volumes, neatly bound and gilt, with above Two Hundred and Thirty COPPER-PLATES finely engraved; being more, by a great Number, than any other Magazine in England or Ireland contains, for the same Number of Months.

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every Thursday.)

*This Day are published by the Printer hereof.*

[To be continued Weekly, Price 6½d]

**N**UMBERS 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, and 79, of a NEW and UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY of ARTS and SCIENCES: Containing, not only an Explanation of the various Terms made use of in the several Arts and Sciences; but also, whatever else is requisite to render those Branches of Literature easy and familiar to the meanest Capacities. With an introductory Preface, tracing the Progress of Literature from the earliest Ages, and enumerating the various Improvements made therein, at different Periods of Time. The whole being a complete Body of Arts and Sciences, as they are at present cultivated. Extracted from the best Authors, Transactions, Memoirs, &c. in several Languages; and illustrated with a great Number of Copper-Plates, engraven by the best Hands.

\* \* A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the Encyclopédie, by Mr. Diderot, now suppressed at Paris, will be inserted in this New Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

*This Day are published by JAMES HOEY, in Skinner-Row, Numbers 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30, Of*

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of Great-Britain.  
(Otherwise HENRY FIELDING, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1753.

*Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio.*

—What shall I do at Rome, who can't lie?

JUVENAL.

Mr. CENSOR,



It is the Observation of somebody, that the greatest Evils in Society are those which are out of the reach of the Law. This is in nothing so true as in that free and inconsiderate Manner in which Persons are apt to speak of the Absent. It is but very lately that I travelled with an old Lady in a Stage Coach from the West, who entertained me a whole Day by giving me the Characters of my Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, and of many Dorsetshire Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, not one of whom, I was convinced, before we parted, she had ever seen, from the very unfair Picture she gave of them. The Women she spoke of, were all Ugly, Proud, or Ill-tempered, and the Men, either Brutes or silly Fellows. When I came to Town, I stepped into a Coffee-House to refresh myself before I went Home, where I met with an exact Contrast to my Stage Coach Acquaintance; for here I found a Gentleman entertaining a whole Box with the finest Characters in the World; many of which were given of Men, most of whom, to my certain Knowledge, are the vilest Fellows in the present Age. I was so surprized at these two extraordinary Occurrences, that I could not help considering in my own Mind, what could be the Motives of such uncommon Behaviour; the former abusing every Body without the least shadow of Excuse, the latter, as indiscriminately praising. In this Search, the following Characters presented themselves to my View; the Inconsiderate, the Vain, and the Malevolent. The former is really a harmless Animal, who speaks of Persons by Hearsay, takes Characters upon Trust, intends no Ill to any one, tho' they are often the Occasion of much Mischieif. The vain Man speaks well of all indiscriminately, intending good to no one, but hopes that this kind of Candour will procure him the Character of a good-natured well-bred Man. But when he talks of his Grace, My Lord, or Sir John, it is only to shew you that he keeps the best Company. The last and most injurious Monster, is the malevolent Man, who, conscious of his own Unworthyness, cuts, pares, hacks, hews, and mangles every Character, till he has reduced it below his own Standard. There are doubtless several other Reasons why Men speak unjustly, well or ill of others. These I shall leave for your Discovery and Discussion. I remember a comical old Gentleman of my Acquaintance,

who always went the last out of every Company; for which he gave the following Reason, namely, that he was resolved never to give them an Opportunity to abuse him, which he said they would be sure to do, if he left any body behind him. And indeed I scarce ever have seen a Person leave Company but his Character has been immediately entered upon by those who remained. Perhaps the Inconveniencies arising from these sorts of Misrepresentations between Equals, are not of so much Consequence as they appear to be. But I am sure, and that from Experience, that the Characters given by Superiors of their Inferiors, are dreadful to the last degree: what I mean is the Characters given of Servants; an Order of People, who are moved out of one Station into another, and are admitted into Places of Trust according to their Recommendations. For my own Part, from the Deceits I have lately met with, I began to think that Truth had taken her Departure from this Earth, with her Sister Justice. My Wife having Occasion for a Nursery Maid, had one recommended to her in the strongest Manner imaginable, as a sober, honest, careful, Creature, who got drunk the very first Night she came into my Service, and had like to have burnt my Child, and set fire to my House. Inraged at this Treatment I posted to her Recommender, who had no better Excuse to make, but that she was unwilling to take the Creature's Bread away, and gave her a Character out of pure good Nature. On telling this Story to a Friend, he assured me that he lately hired a Man Servant, of whom he had the vilest Character in the World, and was in reality the best Servant he ever had in his House, but that there was apparently so much Spleen, and undeserved Resentment mix'd in the Account he had of him, that he was determin'd to try him at all Events. Now really, Mr. Censor, is not this shocking? And what can be the Motive of such unwarrantable Proceedings? It is very plain that false good Nature will recommend the Undeserving, and improper Resentment traduce the Worthy. But by the Stories I have heard from my Friends since my own Accident, one would imagine that half the Masters and Mistresses of this Kingdom, by the Characters they give their Servants, live in fear of, and are dependent upon them. I declare for the future, that whoever acts in my Family in the Capacity of a Servant, shall, when he or she leaves it, have that Character from me which their Behaviour intitles them to. be it good, bad or indifferent, and I wish from my Soul you would set forth the Consequences of the contrary in such a Light, as may deter every Gentleman and Lady from saying more or less of any Servant than they deserve; as this will prevent the greatest Irregularities in decent Families, hinder the Idle and Worthless from eating the Bread of the Faithful and Industrious, and be an Encouragement to the Worthy to deserve well. I am, Sir, &c. E. R. Mr.



## Mr. CENSOR,

I have been long over Head and Ears in Love with the adorable Cleora. I have drest at her, made her Presents, wrote Sonnets on her, made a Cross Sticks on her Name; in a Word, I have performed all the Duties of a sincere Lover, but without Success; for I have a Rival, and such a one too, as I can never conquer; he is too contemptible an Animal to draw upon, and yet he has got fast hold of her Heart. How you will laugh when I tell you that my Rival is a Monkey, a Creature which I have a natural Antipathy to, my Mother having received a Fright from one when she was with Child of me! Dear Sir, what is to be done? for I cannot sit in a Room where a Monkey is, and my dear Cleora and this Beast are inseparable.

I can neither live with the one, nor without the other. In vain have I attempted to laugh her out of this ridiculous Passion. She calls him her Darling, her sweet Soul, her little Beau, her Sweetheart, fondles him, caresses him, suffers the little Rascal to sleep on her Bosom, smothers him with Kisses, nay, admits him to her Bed; and I expect every Day that she will keep a Footman to wait on him, and all she can say to justify herself is, that Monkeys are now in Fashion, that every Lady of Taste keeps one, and that she is determined not to part with her dear Pug to the best Man alive. What makes this the more shocking, is, that the lovely Cleora has every Charm that a wife Man could wish in a Lady, or a good Man deserve of a Wife. Pray Mr. Censor write a Satire upon Monkeys, extirpate these little Rascals from this Kingdom, and at the same Time say a Word or two against Lap-dogs and Kittens. For my Cleora's Pug must have a fresh Kitten every Month by way of Playfellow. What a Degeneracy is this! and how must our Sex have behaved to be thus transplanted by such Vermin!

I am Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

X. W.

*P. S. Within this two Months, I have been almost frighted to Death, for I can scarce go into any House of Fashion, but I find a Monkey.*

## TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

S I R,

I F the Society, which *Axylus*, in your last Number, somewhat invidiously calls upon, hath not yet given Proofs to the Public of its Improvements, let it be remembered by what slow Gradations every new Institution approaches to Fame.

It is a well known Fact, that the Members of the Royal Academy of Surgery at Paris, were many Years before they appeared in Print; and Persons suspended their Contributions and assistance to that Work, till the Society had established a Character by the Press, or some other Means. No Doubt the same Cause as powerfully prevails, in this our present and domestic Instance, as it must in all others of the like Kind, where Men wait only for a Specimen to be determined in their Conduct. But it must be confessed, that this is a Circumstance somewhat to be lamented; for the Friends of Science ought to consider, that were such Sentiments general, it would be impossible to form even a Beginning. The Scotch Medical Essays were indeed quickly perfected, but it is not difficult to assign a Reason for such uncommon Maturity.

It was the Accumulation of Papers, in some private Hands, that first gave Birth to their Proposals; hence, principally,

arose that learned Association; so that it may be said, the Papers of which they were previously in Possession, gave Rise to that Society, rather than the Society to the Papers. Hence, did an able Set of Gentlemen, oblige the World, with those valuable and curious Essays, so universally known, without that usual Suspence, which has hitherto attended the Productions of most other Bodies of Literature. The Insinuation that the Navy Medical Society is of modern Date can scarce affect it in the slightest Degree. The trite and antient Adage that 'it is never too late to do good' may be here applied. The oldest and best Institution has had its infant State.

It is not for me in my private Capacity, to enter into the Nature of the Committee's Business; I shall only say, that all due Care is promised; in the revising and digesting Materials for the Press, and that nothing will be published, but what has undergone a fair and impartial Scrutiny. For Candor, not invective Criticism, is one of their established Rules.

In Regard to the Royal Society; that illustrious Body entertains much higher Notions of Things, than to suppose their Province invaded. Real Science is a Stranger to all Jealousy; and its true Sons ever rejoice with Company, in the Road to Truth. They well know, that there is Matter enough undetected, to exercise any different Set of Men, to all succeeding Generations. Nature is not so easily mastered, or the Springs of her Actions so soon exposed, as not to furnish almost infinite Variety of Pursuit, even in any single Branch. The Situation of the Navy Surgeons, as has been before observed, strongly points to the Use and Advantage of such an Institution, and considering the superior Opportunities they have for many particular Disquisitions, it is somewhat a surprise, that this naval Society was not more early formed. For to take it in its whole Extent, it is the first of the Kind, that this Kingdom, or any other has produced. It is especially adapted to the Genius of a maritime Power; to the Benefit, Welfare and Preservation, of that useful Body our Sailors; the Instruments of British Glory, the Nerves and Sinews of this Land.

The Diseases to which these are peculiarly incident, and the many Obstacles to a Cure, which by their Manner of living upon that Element they must necessarily encounter with, require the greatest Skill in the Surgeon. Hence, it will appear, that this Undertaking has a manifest Tendency to advance the public Service. Upon Maxims therefore of sound Policy, or a national Concern, it is to be hoped, that Success will attend the Labours of the Society, which has already made some Progress, and is daily assiduous in pursuing the Means to beneficial and lasting Attainments.

Natural History being as it were the Path to Medicine, the Society's Claim to Enquiries, in that Branch of Knowledge, is too evident and justifiable to be disputed. Besides, their transplanting the Improvements of other Countries, and availing themselves of every useful Hint from Men of Science in foreign Climes, they likewise propose to furnish themselves with what natural and rare Materials the habitable Parts of the Globe produce. For to whom is mostly owing every Collection of Rarities, but to those, who for a while, 'occupy their Business upon the great Deep?' Every Repository of this Sort, is enriched by them; nor is it intended that any Recept, where Britons visit, shall escape their laudable Curiosity.

Every Member employed on board any of his Majesty's Ships on foreign Voyages, is desired to give the Committee a seasonable Notice of their Departure, that they may recommend to them such Memorandums and Enquiries, as they judge most interesting and necessary for the Society, the

the most conducive to the common Weal, and the accomodating Speculation to useful Practise.

So far, for the Propriety and Consistence, in their including such a fundamental Part of Medicine as natural History. Nature under a certain Limitation is their Object, for which Physic is well known to be but a synonymous Term. As to the subaltern Classes as specified in their Plan, their Title to them is too palpable to need explaining.

The successful Labours of the Royal Society are above my Animadversions; and it is no Reflection upon the Body itself, or on those great and excellent Persons which compose it, that of all the Papers exhibited there, the Majority of its Members pay the least Attention to medical Subjects. They have, besides, such ample Fields to range in, such inexhausted Considerations, in the Stores of Learning, that no Wonder they should consider the immediate Cultivation of Medicine and its Relatives, as less adapted to general Study, and more suitable to the Pursuit of particular Bodies.

BENEVOLUS.

\*\*\*\*\*

L O N D O N.

MODERN HISTORY *cum Notis Variorum.*

WE hear that Mr. — Author of *Betsy Thoughtless*, is brought so low in a Consumption, that his Physicians prescribed him as the last Remedy, Asses Milk, and the Country Air. G. E. P. — *I fear this Prescription will have little Success, it being change only of Air and not of Diet.* G.

We hear from the Royal-Exchange Coffee-House, that Mr. Orator Henley, &c. *Dec. 18.* — We hear that the Revd. Mr. Henley, &c. *Dec. 19.* — We hear that at the Oratory next Sunday *Dec. 20.* — We hear from Geo. Bickham, &c. that the Revd. Mr. Henley, &c. L. D. G. — *Upon reading these Heads of Paragraphs in this Week's London Daily Gazeteer, Mr. Conundrum declared, that for the future, instead of Mr. Orator Henley, the Author should always say Mr. Auditor Henley.* G.

THIS Day is published by James Hoey, at the Mercury in Skinner-Row.

The First VOLUME of the

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

At the same place may be had any Number from the Beginning to complete Sets.

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polite Sciences, by the Attendance of the most eminent Masters in this Kingdom, viz. in the Mathematicks, Book-keeping, Geography, the Use of the Globes and Maps, the French Tongue, Writing, Accompts, Musick, Dancing, Fencing, and Drawing, with other Accomplishments necessary to form the Gentleman and the Scholar. As this Scheme has been much wanted, and long wished for, (tho' never put in Execution till now) it is hoped that it will meet with due Encouragement, as it will prevent Loss of Time, and other Inconveniences that might attend young Gentlemen in passing from one School to another; and as it is calculated not in Opposition to any Precedent of the like Nature in this Kingdom, it can intend the Injury of none, but the Good and the Advantage of many. — N. B. Mr. MacMullin continues to take Boarders and Day-Scholars at the usual Prices.

This Day are published by JAMES HOEY, in Skinner-Row, Numbers 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30, Of

A NEW HISTORY of the HOLY BIBLE, from the Beginning of the World to the Establishment of Christianity With Answers to most of the controverted Questions, Dissertations upon the most remarkable Passages, and a Connection of Profane History all along. To which are added Notes, explaining difficult Texts, rectifying Mis Translations, and reconciling seeming Contradictions. The Whole illustrated with One Hundred and Four useful and ornamental Maps and Sculptures, engraved by the best Hands, from original Paintings. By the Rev. THOMAS STACKHOUSE: A. M. Vicar of Beenham in Berkshire: The new Set of useful and ornamental Maps and Sculptures, consisting of One Hundred and Four Copper-Plates, which cost upwards of Eight Hundred Pounds Engraving, from Original Paintings, shall be given Gratis.—N. B. This Work will be comprised in One Hundred and Eleven Numbers, each Number containing Four Sheets, and the first Hundred and Four Numbers will have a Cut given with each; and Directions for placing them properly in the Book will be given in the last Number.

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**N**UMBERS 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, and 79, of a NEW and UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY of ARTS and SCIENCES: Containing, not only an Explanation of the various Terms made use of in the several Arts and Sciences; but also, whatever else is requisite to render those Branches of Literature easy and familiar to the meanest Capacities. With an introductory Preface, tracing the Progress of Literature from the earliest Ages, and enumerating the various Improvements made therein, at different Periods of Time. The whole being a complete Body of Arts and Sciences, as they are at present cultivated. Extracted from the best Authors, Transactions, Memoirs, &c. in several Languages; and illustrated with a great Number of Copper-Plates, engraven by the best Hands.

\* \* A Translation of all the Discoveries and Improvements contained in the Encyclopédie, by Mr. Diderot, now suppressed at Paris, will be inserted in this New Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1752. (To be continued every Thursday.)

This Day is publish'd by the Printer hereof,

[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

**T**HE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE of Knowledge and Pleasure, for September and October 1752, being Numbers 74, and 75.

September, Number LXXIV. Contains a Description of Westminster Abbey, with the monumental Inscriptions, and Translations of those in Latin, &c. into English. An occasional Letter on the Clearness of moral Duties, and the Necessity of practising them. History of England continued. The System of Natural History continued, with a Description of the Coloquintida Plant. Essay on middle Latitude sailing. Construction and Use of several mathematical Instruments. Reflections on Dreams with their inexplicable Causes. An Essay on the Nature and Properties of Sound. The Method of making sympathetic Ink, with its Properties and Use. Political State of Europe, Births, Marriages, Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with four Copper-Plates, viz. a curious large Prospect of Westminster Abbey: A fine Head of the Earl of Strafford: The COLOQUINTIDA Plant beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a Plate of Mathematical Instruments: With a Country Dance, and a Song set to Music.

October, Number LXXV. Contains a Description of the Grotto of Antiparos, with a fine Copper-Plate. Monumental Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, with a Translation of those in Latin, &c. into English, continued. The System of Natural History continued, containing Observations on the Nature and Properties of Birds, and a Description of the Chinese PAINTED-PHEASANT, delineated with all its COLOURS. Life of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. History of England continued, with a Head of Archbishop Laud. An occasional Letter on Pride. Observations on Statuary. The Origin of the Bacchanalian Feasts. An Eastern Tale. Political State of Europe. Poetry, Births, Marriages, Deaths, new Books, Riddles, Songs, Rebus's, &c. &c. &c. N. B. This Number is illustrated with the following Copper-Plates, viz. a curious Prospect of the Grotto of Antiparos: The Chinese Painted Pheasant beautifully COLOURED from Nature: And a fine Head of Archbishop Laud: With a Country-Dance and a new Song set to Music.

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N. B. At said Place may be had compleat Sets from June 1747, in ten Volumes, neatly bound and gilt, with above Two Hundred and Thirty COPPER-PLATES finely engraved; being more, by a great Number, than any other Magazine in England or Ireland contains, for the same Number of Months.

\* \* Any Number may be had from the Beginning, to compleat Sets, at a British Six-pence each.

(Just publish'd by the Printer hereof.)

**T**HE INSTRUCTOR, or YOUNG MAN'S BEST COMPANION, Price a British Sixpence.



# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of *Great-Britain*.  
(Otherwife *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1753.

Ἦπιρ σεαυτῶ μὴ Φράσῃς ἑγκώμια.

*Be not the Trumpeter of your own Praise.*



French Author, a great Favorite of mine, and whom I have often quoted in my Lucubrations, observes 'that it is very common for Men to talk of themselves, of their Children and their Family, and always in the Terms of Commendation. But, says he, if those who accustom themselves to such Narratives could conceive how troublesome and tiresome they are to the rest of the World, they would possibly learn to contain themselves a little better, and to shew more Complaisance to the Patience of their Hearers. It is moreover Matter of great Astonishment to me, that Men who are perpetually praising themselves, scarce ever mention the Name of another Person but in order to abuse it. Perhaps they intend to avail themselves of the Contrast, and to recommend their own Conduct to general Approbation, by the Censure of their Neighbours.'

The Motive to the former of these Vices is clearly Vanity; which, as the ingenious Dr. Young says,  
Makes Dear Self on well-bred Tongues prevail,  
And I the little Hero of each Tale.

The Motive to the latter is Malice; and to say a plain Truth, I firmly believe there is no Bosom where Vanity is to be found in any great Degree, which is not at the same Time pretty considerably tainted with Malice. Praise is a Mistress, in the Pursuit of which every vain Man must have many Rivals, and what Temper of Mind Men preserve to a Rival, need not be here repeated.

To both these Impulses of Mind, there is no Man, I am afraid so liable as the Writer. Fame is sometimes his only Pursuit; but this is always blended with his other Views, even in the most mercenary, and for this simple Reason that it leads directly to Pudding. He must at least respect Fame, as the Cit in the Play doth his Reputation, because *the Loss of it may tend to Loss of Money*. But in Fact his Views are commonly more noble; Vanity not Avarice is the Passion he would feed, and there is scarce an Inhabitant of Parnassus, even among the Poor of that Parish, who will not be more pleased with one who commends his Works, than with one who gives him a Dinner; which being the Case, it follows of Course that they must be all Rivals for the aforesaid Mistress, and may consequently be all suspected of bearing Malice to each other.

Again there is no Writer who can so easily indulge both these Inclinations, as the Writer of Miscellaneous Essays. It required the Genius of Cicero or Bolingbroke, to introduce their own Praises into every political Oration or Pamphlet; or the Wit of Lucian, or South, to drag the Philosophers and Dissenters, into almost every Subject. But such Essayist having a full Liberty to write not only what, but on what he pleases, may fill up every Page with his own Commendations, and with the Abuse of all other Writers.

When I meditate on these Matters, I can scarce refrain from taking some Praise to myself; I am even vain enough to think the Public have some little Obligation to me, for that Silence which I have hitherto so inviolably maintained with Regard to my own Perfections; and perhaps the more candid among my Readers, would allow some Applause to this Forbearance, if they knew what a Sacrifice I make of my own Inclinations, by thus consulting their Ease and Pleasure; for surely nothing can equal the Satisfaction which a Man feels in writing Encomiums on himself, unless it be the Disgust which every other Person is as sure to conceive at reading them.

In this Mood of thinking likewise I am apt to challenge to myself some Degree of Merit, towards my cotemporary Writers, especially those who write in my own Way. As these Gentlemen are I doubt not well assured of that immoderate Envy which I must bear to their great Genius and Learning, they will certainly acknowledge that to confine all this to myself, to smother these scorching Flames within my own Breast, without suffering even a Spark to escape, seems a little to deserve their Commendation.

But to deal ingenuously on this Occasion, I must acknowledge there are some prudential as well as generous Motives to this Silence. Two Considerations may perhaps be suspected of having some little Weight, in dissuading a Man even for his own Sake, from exhibiting his own Praise. First, that he will be sure of being very little read, and in the next Place of being much less believed. The Fear of this latter Fate, may likewise have some Share in prevailing on a Man to stifle his Envy, notwithstanding all the Pleasure which is to be found in giving it Vent. However sweet it was to those great Men, whose Names are recorded in the Preface to the Dunciad, and in the Dunciad itself, to abuse the Characters of Swift, and Pope, and to assert, as they did, that the one was no Poet, and the other wanted Humour; I much doubt whether they would not have bought their Pleasure too dear, at the Price of Public Scorn, even tho' Pop: had treated them with the same silent Contempt, with which they were treated by

Swift.

Swift. For this Reason I shall carefully avoid any Satire against the Swifts and Popes of the present Age. Tho' Envy of these great Men should boil in my own Bosom, I will never suffer it to boil over so as to run abroad into the Public.

To suppress two such powerful Passions as Vanity and Envy, is by no means an easy Task. It requires indeed little less Resolution than what animated the Spartan Youth, who concealed a Fox under his Garment, and rather than he would produce him openly, suffered the Vermin to gnaw his very Bowels. To say Truth, I am afraid I should not have been able to persevere so long, had I not contrived a certain cunning Method of discharging myself in private; and which as it is a most curious Secret, I shall now communicate for the Use of others, who, if they pursue the same Method, will, I doubt not, meet with the same Success.

I will give it by Way of Receipt; and can truly say, it hath every Quality, with which Remedies are usually recommended; being extremely cheap, easy, safe and practicable.

### A RECEIPT to prevent the ill Effects of a raging VANITY in an Author.

When the Fit is at the highest, take of Pen Ink and Paper. Q. S. Make a Panegyrick on yourself; Stuff it well with all the cardinal Virtues; season to your Taste with Wit, Humour, and Learning. You may likewise add, as you see Occasion, Birth, Politeness, and Such like.

In the choice of your Ingredients, be sure to have a particular Regard to your Sore Part. If your Ears be Sore with any fresh pulling, or your Br—ch with any fresh Kicking, infuse a double Portion of Courage. If you have lately betrayed your Ignorance so grossly as to make Ovid guilty of two false Quantities in one Line, dash plentifully with Learning.

If you are publicly known to be an infamous Liar, Season very high with Honour; if you are notoriously sprung from the *Doughhill*, take of Ancestors from the English History at the last half a dozen. Et sic de cæteris.

When you have writ your Panegyrick, you may read it as often as you please; but take Care that no body hear you, and then be sure to—burn your Panegyrick.

This last Operation, I own, will cause some Pain, but when it is considered that if you do not burn it yourself, other People will; nay perhaps will treat it yet worse, and bring it to a much more dishonourable and stinking End, a wise Man will soon force himself to the Resolution of putting his Panegyrick beyond the Reach of Malice.

As to the Cure of Envy, I need not give the Receipt for it at length. It is sufficient to direct the Choice of the very contrary Ingredients; that is to say, instead of all the good, make use of all the bad Qualities both of the Head and Heart.

And here likewise you are to examine your own Sore Part; if any Man hath ridiculed you with Wit and Humour, Take of Blockhead, Dunce, and Fool; of each three Penfulls. If another hath kicked and cuffed you lustily, be sure to be coward him well, and if the Assault was in Public, before the Eyes of many Gentlemen, the Word Coward can never be too often repeated.

But with Regard to this last, great Caution must be had; first, that the Person so to be becowarded, be first under a Prosecution at Law for the Assault, and secondly, that he be shen out of the Kingdom. These Precautions are however

useless, if you apply your Satire, as you are above advised to apply your Panegyrick, I mean to the Flames; otherwise they will be abundantly necessary, to prevent your Ears from being pulled, 'till they resemble those of the Ass, lately exposed at the Bedford Coffee-House.

I shall conclude this Paper with two Quotations; the first is from the Mouth of Socrates. *Never speak of yourself: for he who commends himself is vain; and he who abuses himself is absurd.* The other is from the witty Dr. South. He advises an abusive Writer to be, of all others, most circumspect as to his own Actions, seeing he is so sure of meeting with no Quarter. A Man must, indeed, be most furiously mad, who sits up for a Satirist, when it is scarce possible for him to discharge a single Vice at any other, that will not recoil on himself. In a Word, with my Friend Horace, *melius non tangere clamo.* A Hint, which those of my contemporary Writers, who understand Latin, will for the future, I hope, observe. A.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

TO oblige the Public, I purpose to insert in this Paper, after My own Essay for the Day, every Number that is either witty or humorous of the three periodical Papers now carrying on, viz. The WORLD, The ADVENTURER, and The SCOURGE.

—All this I can do, because I dare.

DRAWCANSIR.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE WORLD.

NUMBER I.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

*Nil dulcius est; bene quam munita tenere  
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;  
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
Errare, atque viam palentis querere vita.  
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,  
Nocturnis atque dies nitenti præstante labore  
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

LUCRET. lib. 2. v. 7.



THE village of Aronche, in the province of Estremadura (says an old Spanish author) lived Gonzales de Castro, who from the age of twelve to fifty-two was deaf, dumb and blind. His chearful submission to so deplorable a misfortune, and the misfortune itself, so endeared him to the village, that to worship the holy virgin, and to love and serve Gonzales, were considered as duties of the same importance; and to neglect the latter was to offend the former.

IT happened one day, as he was sitting at his door, and offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago, that he found himself, on a sudden, restored to all the privileges he had lost. The news ran quickly through the village, and old and young, rich and poor, the busy and the idle, thronged round him with congratulations. BUT.



‘ BUT as if the blessings of this life were only given us : for afflictions, he began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments, and to repine at the possession of those faculties, which served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbours, and to teach him that the intent of speech was too often to deceive.

‘ THOUGH the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales who had formed his ideas of men and things from their natures and uses, grew offended at their manners. He saw the avarice of age, the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the poor, and the depravity of all. These, as he saw and heard, he spoke of with complaint; and endeavoured by the gentlest admonitions to warn men to goodness.’—

FROM this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph; which says, ‘ That he lived to a comfortless old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves; and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that HE WHO WOULD ENJOY MANY FRIENDS, AND HAPPY IN THE WORLD, SHOULD BE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND TO THE FOLLIES AND VICES OF IT.’

IF candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day’s experience shews me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and whose wives they have corrupted; not by way of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be reprov’d and amended by their penitential companions: when I observe too, that from an almost-blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit; I am led by a kind of impulse to this work; which is intended to be a public repository for the real frailties of these young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confessions.

THE present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, that there were few things more difficult, or that required greater skill and address than the speaking properly of one’s self. But if by speaking properly be meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gunpowder.

WHOEVER is acquainted with the writing of those eminent Practitioners in Physic, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one’s self to every body’s satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen; not doubting of the same credit and the same advantages.

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

**T**O be spoke with every thursday at Tully’s head in pall-mall, ADAM FITZ-ADAM; who after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world; after having investigated all sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions, is at last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England; where he undertakes to cure all the diseases of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice and

ambition in the men; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness and inconstancy in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant and easy method, to get husbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common sense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For farther particulars enquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa or America.

*N. B.* The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives, but when inveterate ill habits have render’d gentler methods ineffectual.

HAVING thus satisfy’d the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised its curiosity to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my doct’orial dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called *THE WORLD*.

MY design in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices and absurdities of that part of the human species which calls itself the *WORLD*, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations have enabled me to set up a one-horse chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquility and innocence, from smoke, hurry and intrigue.

THERE are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely disclaim touching upon: and these are religion and politics. The former of them seems to be so universally practis’d, and the latter so generally understood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To say truth, I have serious reasons for avoiding the first of these subjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cause. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than some I have lately seen in the public papers and magazines, the wisest way is to say nothing about it. In relation to politics, I shall only observe, that the minister is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to trust me with his secrets. The moment he throws aside his reserve, I shall throw aside mine, and make the public as wise as myself.

MY readers will, I hope, excuse me, if hereafter they should find me very sparing of motto’s to these essays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek, to those who understand no language but English, is both satisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a person of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of those who are in the secret of such motto’s, the custom is, as Shakspeare says, more honoured in the breach than the observance; a motto being generally chosen after the essay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two paragraphs together. But I have a stronger reason for declining this custom: It is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I shall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

IT may perhaps be expected, before I dismiss this paper, that I should take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical



edical labours. With all these gentlemen I desire to live in peace, friendship and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them should think proper to declare war against me unprovoked, I hope he will not insist upon my taking farther notice of him, than only to say, as the old serjeant did to his ensign who was beating him, *I beseech your honour not to hurt yourself.*

ADVERTISEMENT to the WITS.

WHEREAS it is expected that the title of this paper will occasion certain quips, cranks and conceits at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in this town: This is therefore to give notice that the words, this is a *sad world*, a *vain world*, a *dull world*, a *wretched world*, a *trifling world*, an *ignorant world*, a *damm'd world*, or that *I hate the world*, am *wearry of the world*, *sick of the world*, or phrases to the same effect, applied to this paper, shall be voted by all that hear them to be without wit, humour, or pleasantry, and be treated accordingly.

(To be continued.)

D U B L I N .

MODERN HISTORY *cum Notis Variorum.*

WE hear from Cootchill in the County of Cavan, that last Week a LABOURING Man's Wife, was delivered of three fine Boys, all which were christened, by the Names of George, Frederick, and William. What is more extraordinary the Woman is 48 Years of Age, and the Children are all likely to do well. DUB. GAZ. — There is certainly an Omission of a Word in the above Paragraph, for we ought to read a HARD LABOURING Man's Wife, &c.

THE Revd. Mr. Mac Mullin in Stafford-street, has formed his School into a complete ACADEMY, for the Reception of young Gentlemen, where they will be qualified for the University, and also instructed in the useful and polite Sciences, by the Attendance of the most eminent Masters in this Kingdom, viz. in the Mathematicks, Book-keeping, Geography, the Use of the Globes and Maps, the French Tongue, Writing, Accompts, Musick, Dancing, Fencing, and Drawing, with other Accomplishments necessary to form the Gentleman and the Scholar. As this Scheme has been much wanted, and long wished for, (tho' never put in Execution till now) it is hoped that it will meet with due Encouragement, as it will prevent Loss of Time, and other Inconveniences that might attend young Gentlemen in passing from one School to another; and as it is calculated not in Opposition to any Precedent of the like Nature in this Kingdom, it can intend the Injury of none, but the Good and the Advantage of many. — N. B. Mr. Mac Mullin continues to take Boarders and Day-Scholars at the usual Prices.

(Just publish'd by the Printer hereof.)

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DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of Mercury, in Skinner-Row. Where may be had the former Numbers. 1753. (To be continued every Thursday.)

THIS Day is published by James Hoey, at the Mercury in Skinner-Row.

The First VOLUME of the  
COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

At the same place may be had any Number from the Beginning to complete Sets.

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[Price a British Six-Pence each Number.]

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(Just published, by the Printer hereof.)

A NEW GEOGRAPHY of Ireland, containing among many other Particulars, a curious Description of the Giants Causeway; also an Account of the Capes and Headlands, their Bearings and Distances, being of great Use in Navigation. The Work embellished with a correct Map of the Kingdom, and a Map of the World. By JAMES EYRE WEEKS. Price a British Six-pence.

The Following choice Medicines, all imported from the Original Ware-Houses in London, are, by Order of the Proprietors to be Sold at the Sign of MERCURY in Skinner-Row, Dublin.

I. DR. DAFFY's Genuine Elixir, being an agreeable and pleasant Cordial, and a Sovereign Remedy for the Cholick, &c. or any windy Disorders. Price of the large Bottle 2s. 2d. and of the small 1s. 1d. with large printed Directions.

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# Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Cenfor of Great-Britain.  
(Otherwife HENRY FIELDING, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1753.

*Quæ captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis.*

HORAT.

*And to be deem'd a Wit, or Drole,  
Wou'd risque the Saving of his Soul.*



HERE are no Weapons that require so much dexterity in the handling, as those of Ridicule: every fool that can grin to the tickling of his fancy, vainly imagines he can make others Laugh with him; but there is a wide difference between enjoying the joke ourself, and making it capable of being relished by another.

Ridicule puts on various shapes: sometimes she appears in the masquerade of Irony, and sometimes boldly confronts her adversary in barefaced Sarcasm: Scandal and Scurrility she has nothing to do with; her nicest dexterity is employed in keeping the exact mean between the violence of Satire and the virulence of Reproach.—Not but that the Wounds given by Ridicule, tho' they come by a side blow, are as painful as the direct flashes from the open assaults of Satire.

The Author of FUN, as he was pleas'd to call it, thrust his head in among the combatants in the Paper-skirmish last Winter, and (as all busy medlers are rightly served) got a broken pate for his pains. He must needs take up the cudgels, tho' he had not Strength to wield them; and (to carry on the allusion) cut his fingers in foolishly playing with the Edge-tools of Controversy.

'Tis a misfortune always attendant on the censuring any pitiful performance, that my Readers can not be supposed to know any thing of the matter: nor is it worth their while to be further inform'd about it. I can therefore only say in general terms, that this FUN was a strange medley of incoherent Nonsense, where the Author in defect of Genuine Humour was forced to have recourse to silly Parody, than which barbarous misapplications of another's words I know nothing more fulsome. 'Tis a mighty easy affair to pervert the Sense of any Author, by intermixing a few substituted Terms here and there, to any meaning: in my opinion therefore this Idle kind of stuff, improperly call'd Parody, is the lowest of compositions, having neither Language or Sentiment (of its own) to commend it.

I before told the Public, [See Numb. 45.] that the foster-fathers of this abortive brat FUN had afterwards the decency to set up what they call'd the TEMPLE of TASTE, but that Temple falling, they have the modesty to revive it

now under the Pompous appellation of *The PALLADIUM*. Catchpenny Authors and Projectors, not having ingenuity enough to plan a Work of themselves, frequently build upon the foundation laid by others: 'tis no wonder therefore that *this Journal* should have propagated FUN, or that the TEMPLE of TASTE and the PALLADIUM should be set up in emulation of the *Old Woman's Oratory*. D.

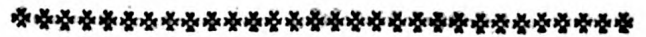


COVENT-GARDEN.

TO oblige the Public, I purpose to insert occasionally in this Journal, every Essay that is either Witty or Humorous in the three periodical Papers now carrying on, viz. The WORLD, The ADVENTURE R, and The SCOURGE: the First Number of the WORLD I gave my Readers last *Thursday*, as I do the second Number of the same this day.

*—All this I can do, because I dare.*

DRAWCANSIR



THE

## WORLD.

NUMBER II.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.



T is an observation of lord Bacon, ' That the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, had scarce lasted to this day, or at least, not so fresh, if it had not been join'd with some vanity and boasting in themselves: for boasting seems to be like varnish, that not only makes wood shine, but last.'

How greatly are the moderns oblig'd to lord Bacon for giving another reason for the success of the ancients, than superiority of merit! These gentlemen have taken care, it seems, to lay on their varnish so extremely thick, that common wood has been taken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

BUT if the ancients owe all their reputation to their skill in varnishing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful.



ful, that while the art remains, it should be so totally neglected by modern authors; especially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics in the shape of worms, have eat into their wood and crumbled it to powder.

BUT to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure; it is most certainly owing to the bashfulness of the moderns that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus chusing themselves into the said office, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgment, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself: and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts on that subject, the critics mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works, that they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method: for by what rule of reason should a man expect the good word of another, who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid therefore the censure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace,

*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,*

or with Ovid,

*Jamque opus INCEPI, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas,*

it is because I chuse to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found, that a man may be too arrogant, as well as too humble: though it must always be acknowledged that in affairs of enterprise, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of the former, as I began my first paper with a tale, I shall end this with a fable.

MODESTY, the daughter of Knowledge, and ASSURANCE, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

ASSURANCE had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. MODESTY had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a trauf of straw had been her usual bed, and roots, or the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortning the way by dividing the cares of it.

ASSURANCE, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way; while MODESTY, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion; whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admision for both.

AND now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals and amusements. The sallies of ASSURANCE were continually checked by the delicacy of MODESTY; and the blushes of MODESTY were frequently relieved by the vivacity of ASSURANCE; who though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

THUS in the company of MODESTY, ASSURANCE gained that reception and esteem, which she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while MODESTY, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. ASSURANCE, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion: for if any one asked MODESTY whose daughter she was, she blushed and made no answer; while ASSURANCE took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

IN this manner did the travellers pursue their journey: ASSURANCE taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while MODESTY went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of ASSURANCE by presenting her as a courtier.

IT happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. ASSURANCE, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. MODESTY, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by ASSURANCE, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her clothes, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to this metropolis, and shewn to the curious of both sexes with the surprising ORONUTO SAVAGE, and the wonderful PANTHEEMARE.

ASSURANCE, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone; and though not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learnt in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of MODESTY, she was received kindly at every house; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady, and rose to be first maid of honour to the queen of the country.





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