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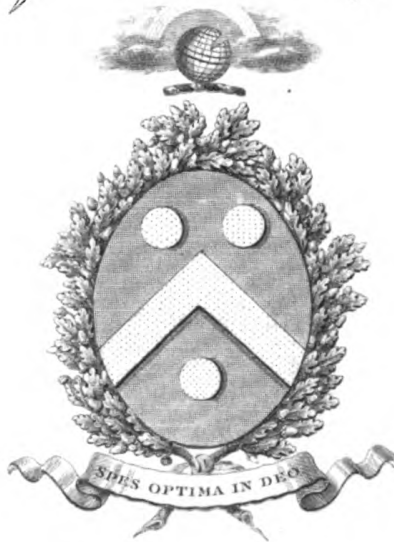
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*Hope stays 4<sup>o</sup> 40.*



*John Thomas Hope.*



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T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *January* the 5th, 1743-4.

———*aliena negotia curo.* Hor:  
———*others concerns I mind.*

**T**O assume the Character of a Censor in Manners, a Monitor in Precept, or a Guardian and Director in Conduct, as it supposes an universal Knowledge, so it requires an uncommon Prudence, an ingenuous Impartiality, and a well-established Authority. He, who pretends to advise, gives himself a Superiority in these Respects over others; and in the World; to be less Wise seems a Blemish, to be inferior in Action appears a Fault. Fruitless all Attempts have prov'd to remove this ill-grounded Pride; even in Friendship, we stile this Liberty a busy Officiousness, an unhappy turn of Mind; not the Effects of a generous Concern. Abstracted Speculations, Solitude, and Sullenness, have been thought to dictate the most refined Morals, and the most disinterested Councils of the best and ablest Philosophers. We turn from the faithful Mirror that displays our Foibles; the Scene shocks us, and we are glad to fly from an Object that raises such displeasing Ideas.

Whom then has Nature happily endowed with Abilities, or Circumstances so fortunately recommended to the World, as to equal the Task? What Spirit can we find, who, braving a publick Odium, despising a general Detestation, will devote himself to the publick Good, and attempt a barren Labour? Modesty will deterr some,

Indolence more, the greatest part Incapacity.

Amidst these Difficulties, conspicuous shines the MEDDLER, the busy Body, or, if you'll have it, the curious Impertinent; the Office will suit his Talent, gratify his Ambition, and sooth his Vanity, while it displays it. Such is his extensive Benevolence to Mankind, that he slightes and neglects his private Views, to inspect and attend the common Business of all. His Curiosity urges him to pry with minute Exactness, and his favourable Opinion of himself publishes his Knowledge in defiance to all Opposition. Such a Character, be his Principle what it will, an Abhorrence to Vice, a Contempt of Ridicule, and an universal Love of Mankind; be it a desire to amend others, or recommend himself, will attempt the Task, and face the Danger. He incurs the Displeasure or enjoys the Esteem of the World, as he is actuated by a Good or Ill-nature, a sullen Moroseness or an entertaining Humour, a Pleasure in perceiving and censuring Blemishes, or a Joy in discovering and praising Virtues. Between these two, as a third Class, you may rank the Wits, a variable Set, who incline to either Side, as there offers an Opportunity of Shining; they are a kind of selfish Creature, whose chief Aim is to please themselves, rarely others; a sort

of

of venomous Animal, and dangerous, as its uncertain, when they'll shoot their Poyson. Their Jurisdiction is so extensive, as to include every thing within their Reach, tyrannous indeed in this, that even Merit has felt their Severity.

As I design to introduce myself to the World under the Character of a **MEDDLER**, (nor indeed could I pretend to a better) I thought it necessary to distinguish their several Species. With the first I disclaim all manner of Commerce: Formality, Affectation, and Hypocrisy, are too often the Foundation of their seeming Virtue; they rail at Vice in general to conceal a favourite Passion, and, like Traytors when their Plot is broach'd, inveigh the strongest to pass unsuspected. Nor can I boast a lively Imagination, or fertile Fancy, a Vivacity and Alertness of Genius to turn to any side, as guiding Wit requires. Since Nature has not form'd me (thanks to her creating hand) for either of these Classes, I must offer myself to the Publick, such as I am, an honest **MEDDLER**, whose Merit is to mean well, whose Aim is to entertain, not offend; and whose Ambition is to be useful, while he is pleasing. I could wish my Services to the Publick might have been usher'd in, after a more promising Manner, but, I hope, my Sincerity and Intention will excuse me with the more ingenuous. And, that the World may not imagine I seek to screen my Follies under an affected Title, I beg leave to inform them how I was born, educated, and continued a **MEDDLER**.

My Father's Name was *Puzzle*, a Solicitor of unparalleled Skill and Cunning, one of those who excel in starting Game, and are still keener in devouring it. With a happy Gravity, and imposing Behaviour, his crafty Designs pass'd for diligent Honesty, and his Subtlety seem'd the Product of Integrity and Candour; no wonder then, that such sublime Parts should blaze in the World, and that my Father, (a rare Instance!) amass'd a Fortune

equal to his Merit. Mr. *Puzzle*, who had spent the vigour of Life in Business at the verge of old Age fell a Victim to Love; in vain his officious Imagination reminded him of richer Nymphs he had refus'd in his wiser Youth; in vain he fear'd for his darling Treasures; *Fancelia* prevail'd, *Fancelia* conquer'd. This *Fancelia* was an airy Lady of eighteen, one of those who give or improve Beauty, Priestess of *Venus*, who assisted in making Chains for smitten Hearts; in short, she was a Milliner; one who dress'd to mind her Business, and whose Business was to dress; who furnish'd her Brains with notions but Fashions, and had a lucky Taste in improving them. A giddy innocent Pertness join'd to a flippant, flowing Tongue, recommended her Shop as well as her Person. Her Business with Persons of Quality inform'd her of all that pass'd in the polite World, she ap'd the *Beau Monde*, and fancy'd herself one of its brightest Stars. Conquer'd with these Charms, Mr. *Puzzle* made his Addresses to the Lady, and was of too great Consequence to be refus'd; his golden Sighs prevail'd, *Fancelia* resign'd her Beauty to his Arms, and I, important I, crown'd their Joy. Thus, the cunning of the Lawyer and the giddiness of the Milliner being blended, 'tis no Surprise that a **MEDDLER** should be the Result of this Happy Conjunction! Joyful Produce! Fortunate Cause! Similar Effect! At my birth my Father saw something in my Face, that promis'd a serious Attention to Business; my Mother from a dream flatter'd herself I should be a Beau. She dream'd, that walking in a Garden, a Peacock, in all his Glory, strutting at her Side, from his Bill presented her with a Pear; she took and eat it, when drawing the stalk from her Mouth, to her great Surprise, she pull'd out an immeasurable Quantity of Ribbands of various Colours: From this her Maid interpreted, that the Child she was big with would be a gawdy Creature, a darling of Fashion and Dress. Tho' I was bred with

all the tender Care fond Parents could express to an only Child, yet, when fit for a School, I was plac'd under a Master, whose Care and Example have much improved me in the *meddling* Way. He liv'd in the Country, was a Gentleman, who had not too great a share of Learning to prevent his Capacity for the Office, and was blest'd with a formal Pedantry to support its Dignity. A noisy Severity maintain'd his Authority at home, and a silent Ignorance pass'd for Learning abroad. As most of the neighbouring Gentlemen's Children were committed to his Care, he had a free access to every Family, and by striving to be serviceable, he very often became troublesome. He found a very good Soil to work on in me, and, his Genius corresponding with mine, I could not fail to improve. Not to dwell with a tedious Narrative on Instances of my promising Parts, I shall only say, that I acted in my lower Sphere what my more experienced Preceptor did in a higher: Should any one enquire what Proficiency I made in Letters, I shall remind them that I am a **MEDDLER**: The Classics, Poetry, and the polite Languages employ'd my whole time, nor can I say, that any engag'd me particularly; I was advanc'd from School to a higher Course of Studies, but still Nature prevail'd; I never fix'd on any; I initiated myself in all the Sciences, but perfected myself in none; I grasp'd at universal Knowledge, and caught but the Shadow. Even now, tho' pass'd my sixtieth Year, I have not apply'd with constancy to any one Business; I am one of those, who are of no Profession, because of all, and may be properly call'd a diligent Idler. As to my Person, I am of middle Stature, thin Body'd, my Eyes are small and blue, my Mouth is little, and my Nose long and sharp; my Temper is my Excellence, I am never displeas'd at myself, seldom at others.

Nor would I have attempted this alone; but encourag'd by the Assistance of a Club, form'd by six Gentlemen, of whom my next

Paper shall give a full Account, I have the Vanity to flatter myself, I shall not be useless or disagreeable to the World. Party, Controversy, and Political Reflections, be ever banish'd my Papers; fly hence, Scandal, and personal Abuse, and let the love of Virtue animate the whole.

This Attempt however must be accounted laudable, and even dangerous; to aim at Reformation is to turn *Knight-errant* in the Cause of Virtue, to run into certain Danger for very uncertain Success; to ridicule Custom, is to attack a well-establish'd Tyrant; to lash at Vice, is to oppose Multitudes, and Virtue's Champion combats an *Hydra*, from whose Ruin fresh Monsters will arise.

Amidst these Difficulties and Dangers, I have singled myself out for the common Good; nor do I fear to anger where my intent is to divert; at least, I may hope to offend but few, when my aim is to please all.

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*Dick's Coffee-House, January 4.*

IT is said, that three Tartar Couriers dispatched from the Seraskier of Moolful, are just arrived at Constantinople, with the News, that the Siege of that Place is rais'd; a Counter Mine of the Garrison luckily blew up one of the Enemy's Mines, by which they lost a great Number of Men. This struck such a Panick into the rest of the Persian Army, that the besieged, supported by a Body of Troops without, having made a Sally at that Instant upon them, they were obliged to raise the Siege and retire.

From Barcelona they write, that all the Embarkations that were in that Port have been taken into the Service for Transports, and were ordered to proceed to Provence, but do not say to what Port; and it is said, that a small Convoy is expected to arrive very soon in some Part of Italy, with Troops, Cannon, &c. from Majorca.

They



They write from Naples, that the Court in consequence of the Assurances lately received from the Vicar General of Calabria, and the Governor of Reggio, that the sickness in that City and neighbouring Villages was greatly abated, and the infected People reduced to an inconsiderable Number, has ordered the Lines of the Cetraro, in the Province of Cosenga, to be abandoned, as being now become unnecessary. These Letters add, that on a Report spread by the Masters of two Merchant Vessels, who then anchored at that Port from the Levant, that they saw a Squadron of British Ships of War sailing in the Channel of Malta, notice was given thereof to the Secretary of State, who immediately summoned a Council of War; after which an extraordinary Motion was observed among the Ministers.

We have Advice from Copenhagen, that all the transport Ships which were retained there for some Time, are now paid off and dismissed. The Rations and Portions of Land Officers are likewise diminished, the Superiors being to receive from the first of January only one third; and the Inferiors half of the Field Allowance.

Letters from Florence say, that the Armies in the Romagna, continue in their former Situation. The Spaniards continue to fortify themselves at Pesaro, and design, it is said, to remove from Civita Castellana the rest of their Ammunition. They receive their Forage from Monte Marciano, &c. and at Macerata a large Quantity of Provisions is collecting for them. The Detachment which they lately placed at Sinigaglia, consists of about 500 Men. They have also sent another Detachment near to Perugia, to prevent Desertion. M. de Gages having received a false Intelligence that a considerable Number of Troops was on board his Britannick Majesty's Ships that were going into the Adriatick, in order to be landed on that Coast, sent a large

Detachment towards Sinigaglia, to prevent their joining Prince Lobkowitz.

**J**UST imported, by SAMUEL HORNER, on the Batchelor's Walk, fresh Westphalia Hams, Old Hock, Pymont Water, and Frontinack in Bottles.

Just publish'd, by WILLIAM POWELL, at the Corner of Christ-Church-Lane, opposite to the Tholsel,

**T**HE LEVEE, a FARCE, as it was offer'd to and accepted for Representation, by the Master of the Old House in Drury-Lane, but by the Inspector of Farces denied a Licence. Price 3 d.

*N. B.* At said place may be had great Variety of Books in most Faculties, English-Stamp'd-Paper, and stamp'd Parchment, Account Books, and Stationary Ware in general, at the most reasonable Rates.

Just published, by PETER WILSON, at Gay's Head in Dames-Street,

**T**HE Travels and Adventures of Althea de Richlieu, a Maiden Lady of Paris, and Arabella de Montferan, a Widow Lady of Montpellier. Now done into English by the Translator of Bretagne's Memoirs, from Mademoiselle de Richelieu's french Manuscript, never publish'd.

*N. B.* These two Ladies travell'd in Men's Cloaths, and it is hoped the Publick will be agreeably entertained with their Remarks and Adventures. In 3 Volumes. Price 8 s. 1 1/2 d.

**B**Y Particular desire at the Theatre-royal in Augier-street, This present Thursday, being the 5th of January, will be acted a Comedy call'd, The Provok'd Wife. The Part of Sir John Brute by Mr. Sparks. Coll. Bully by Mr. Lowe. In which Character will be introduc'd a Song call'd, *As Orpheus went down*, &c. Mademoiselle, by Madam. Chateaufneuf. To which will be added a Farce call'd, The Devil to Pay; or, The Wives Metamorphos'd. Sir John Loverule by Mr. Lowe, Nell, by Madam. Chateaufneuf. With several Entertainments of Dancing by Mademoiselle Chateaufneuf and others.

*D U B L I N*: Printed for PETER WILSON, at Gay's Head in Dames-Street, where SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *January* the 12th, 1743-4.

—*Unde omnes—ordine possis*  
*Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus.* Virgil.

From hence behold, as each pursues his way,  
Their Gesture view, and ev'ry Face survey.

I Shall now endeavour, according to promise, to give a Sketch of each Character in our Club, that my Reader may form the better Judgment of what he is to expect from such a Society.

Our oldest Member, Mr. *Zachariah Ballance*, a wealthy Merchant, is a Batchelor of about seventy, tho' he owns to no more than fifty-six. A Man of uncommon Prudence and Diligence in his Business, a Character which, as he thinks it includes every Virtue, is his principal Aim and Study. He has acquired such a Reputation among his brother Traders for Sagacity, that he is the Oracle of the Change. As he is fond of giving Advice, this Deference flatters his *meddling* Faculty, and makes him deliver his Opinion, with an Air of Authority and decisive Certainty. He is a good natured Man, and ready to serve his Friend on most Occasions; but an immoderate Enemy to the gay World, against which he is so prejudiced, that he never speaks but with Contempt even of their good Qualities. This was occasion'd by a Repulse which he received from a Lady in his younger Days, for the sake of a Coxcomb, with whom she afterwards parted. It has given him a very mean Opinion of the Ladies Judgments in serious Affairs,

and therefore, tho' he daily threatens to pay his Addresses to some rich Widow, he has never made a second Attempt. Yet notwithstanding the Enmity he bears to all Finery, he never openly inveighs against, but laughs at it without Pleasure, and the Passion another would express by a Frown, he vents only in a sneering Smile. This join'd to an affected plainness in his Habit, and a low Pride inherent to rich Men, who have not received a liberal Education, makes my Friend *Ballance* courted by most of his Brethren, and avoided by the polite Part of Mankind.

*Robert Worthby*, Esq; the second Member of our Society, is at present above sixty Years old, with all the Vivacity of twenty-three; of a low Stature, Limbs active and well proportion'd, sanguine Complexion, and a Countenance displaying the good Nature he is Master of. This Gentleman's Mansion-house is about fourscore miles from Town. *Bellefont* has been the Residence of his Ancestors above two hundred Years. He has often told me that the first of his Family who settled in *Ireland*, came over a Captain in the Reign of *Harry* the 7th; and that some of our Nobility are the Posterity of a Gentleman, who carried a pair of Colours in his Company. Of this, Mr. *Worthby* is not a little vain,

vain, and has a Tree of Genealogy, for above five hundred Years, hanging in his great Hall, which perhaps may be the Subject of some ensuing Paper. It is 10 Years since his Lady's Death; she left the 'Squire five Children, of whom there are two living; a Son, now nineteen Years old, and a Daughter almost seventeen: Of these also we shall speak hereafter. There is not a more active Man in publick Life, than my old Friend: He has not been absent these forty Years, from Assizes or Sessions; where if he was not Foreman of a Jury, he carried every thing with greater Sway than the Person that was. Once at an Election for Knight of the Shire, the Majority of the Freeholders offer'd him their Votes, which he would have accepted with pleasure; but consider'd that he was naturally of such a busy Disposition, that he must have opposed one Interest or another, and the Character of a Party-man is what he ever abhorred.—I know few Things could give me more concern than forfeiting the Friendship of this Gentleman, yet I was once on the Brink of this Misfortune, by accidentally omitting the Title of Esquire on the Direction of a Letter to him. He took it so heinously ill, that it was with the utmost Protestations I could convince him my Omission was the Effect of Negligence, and not any Disrespect for his Honours; which he was at last satisfied with; but fearing I should have the least Suspicion his Title was arrogated, he read me over his Commissions for Justice of the Peace and Lieutenant Colonel of the Militia; pointed out every Branch in his Tree of Genealogy, and hawl'd down a huge Folio of Heraldry, wherein he demonstrated his Right to every Quarter of his Coat of Arms.—Many are the Law-Suits he has prevented in his Country. If he hears of a Difference amongst his Neighbours, he is never easy until he has settled Matters to the Satisfaction of all Parties. No Gentleman has been oft'ner a Guardian to Minors, and few discharg'd the Office with more credit. Here you have a De-

tail of his Foibles, but in the small Compass of this Paper, it were impossible to enumerate his good Qualities.

Dr. *Bustle*, an Advocate in the Law, is the next I shall mention. This Gentleman is so well known in the World that a particular Description of his Person would be unnecessary. Though he is not of the most ignorant in the Court Proceedings, yet he is always better acquainted with the Character of his Client, than the Merit of his Cause. He can give you a full Account of the Intrigue between Lord *Venture* and Mrs. *Plyant*, than what Dr. *Bustle* imagines the former ought to pay the Husband of the latter. The prying Temper of Mrs. *Bustle*, is a great Assistance to her Knowledge: She is the very Counterpart of her Spouse, and not only furnishes him with Hints for Conversation, but improves herself with his Remarks. His Words are ever well apply'd in Court, but excellent in the Coffee-house. There is not one in his Profession has acquired so many Clients by pursuing his Studies, as *Jack Bustle*, by neglecting his. I have often heard him say, that he is never so busy, as when he has no Business of his own; and if the Care of Mankind to him, were as great as his for them, there would not be a more considerable Man in the World.

Dr. *Profody*, formerly an eminent Schoolmaster, but at present Curate of a small Parish a few Miles from this City, is as much an Original as any among us. He has Learning enough to know the Orthography of a Word, or how to scann a Verse; but not to distinguish the Beauties or Faults of a Performance. His Conversation is *Nomenclator*; and whoever hears him argue on any Subject, is generally confounded in his Opinion, but never convinc'd. This Gentleman, while he kept School, resided always in the Country; he had the Misfortune to be plac'd in the Neighbourhood of a 'Squire, who valued himself not a little on his Knowledge of Latin: However, Dr. *Profody*, who is naturally of a contradictory

tradiçtory Temper, could never agree with the 'Squire. One Day, after they had dined together, 'twas propos'd to cap Verses : A Dispute arose about the Quantity of a Syllable, which at last grew so hot, that the Doctor threw a *Littleton* at the 'Squire's Head : This was answer'd by a whole Volley of *Elzevir* Classicks, and with much difficulty, the two Combatants were parted. He was obliged to quit his School on this Occasion, and to accept of the Living he now enjoys ; where he still continues Bookish, without knowing the true Uses of Reading. However, he is a well meaning Man, nor would be half so conspicuous in Folly, if he took less Pains to be thought Wise. To dwell longer on his Character were needless : My Reader may only image to himself a Man utterly ignorant of the World, yet possess'd with a Notion that he knows more than any body : A Schoolmaster improv'd into a country Curate, a country Curate form'd out of a Schoolmaster.

The next I shall take Notice of, is Captain *Blenheim*. This Gentleman commanded a Troop of Horse in the late Wars ; where he so signaliz'd his Valour, that he received many Compliments thereupon from the General. He also discharg'd the Office of Adjutant to the Satisfaction of the whole Regiment : For this, Nature seems to have formed him with Vigour and Activity, a graceful Person, and a Voice with that Strength and Melody which would have gain'd him Approbation, at either Bar or Pulpit. When Recruits were to be raised, no Officer was thought so capable of the Duty as Captain *Blenheim* : Nor could any have discharg'd it with such Success. It may be ask'd, how this Gentleman happen'd to forsake a Life, for which he was so qualified ? And why he was not rather advanced ? It was Love threw in the Bar to his Promotion. His Colonel and he happen'd once to quarter in the same Town, where they contracted a Passion for the same Lady, to whom they both paid their

Addresses : The Captain gain'd the Lady's Affections, but the Colonel the Parents Consent. The Father oblig'd the Lady to give her Hand to the Colonel ; but the Captain had her Heart. The Husband perceiving he still had a Rival, protested he would lose no Opportunity to ruin the Man, who should prove so ; and the other thought it imprudent to continue longer in a Station, where he had so powerful an Enemy. He accordingly settled at Home ; content with a Patrimony of about a hundred a Year, and his half Pay, which he honourably earn'd by a Service of many Years. The Captain is not one of those, whom their Parents sling into the Army, because they are fit for nothing else : He had taken a Degree in the University, before he had the least Thoughts of a Military Life. Nor has the Disappointment in his old Amour given him the least Aversion to the fair Sex : Not a young Beau in Town can afford so much Life to the Tea-Table as the Captain ; without him the Ball seems dull to the Ladies, and the Concert insipid. The Fan is not genteel, nor the Tippet becoming, if the Captain discommends 'em. Notwithstanding the Esteem he meets with among the Fair, no envious Beau has strove to affront him : They know he dare fight, therefore choose not to provoke him.

The remaining Person to be mentioned, is a Gentleman who has practis'd Physick for some time. He is a very handsome Person ; of a benevolent Nature ; a Man of good Morals and so compassionate a Temper, that he is often more Friend than Physician to his Patients. His only weakness is, that he prides himself more on being thought an Adept in his Profession, than a Man of polite Learning, which he really is. This Gentleman has a very happy Genius in Poetry ; which was not a little improv'd by an ardent Passion he entertain'd in his Youth, for a young Lady, who died when they were on the Point of being made mutually happy, after a Course

of very melancholy Adventures. The Story is too long for the present Paper, but perhaps my Reader may see it in some following one. At present he lives perfectly easy, for as he is a Friend to all Mankind, so none is an Enemy to him: As he takes pleasure in doing good, so he never wants Opportunities to give himself that generous Satisfaction; and with an open Affability wins the Hearts of all that converse with him. With these Advantages, *Honorio* comes recommended to Strangers, admir'd by Acquaintances, and beloved by Friends. Nor has his *meddling* Talent ever made him appear impertinent, as it is attended with something that renders him worthy of being let into every Body's Secrets, and capable of retaining them.

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*Dick's Coffee-House, January 11th, 1743-4.*

**T**HE Prince de Conti is appointed Commander in Chief of the French Army now in Dauphine; and the Lieutenant Generals talked of to serve under him, are Messieurs de Senneterre, Dy Cayla, Lautrec, and Danvois: The Major Generals are Messieurs Dargouges, Du Chatel, Mirepoix, Villemur, Bissy, and Courteu. The Officers are ordered to be at their Posts, and to have their Equipages in Readiness to march by the 15th of next Month.

We have Advice, that the Counts Uhlefeld and Bunau have signed at Vienna a Defensive Treaty of Alliance between their respective Courts, in Consequence of the Declarations of Peace which were exchanged last Year on the Part of the Queen of Hungary and the King of Poland. The Treaty of 1733, has been the Basis, we are told, of this new Alliance.

The Mortality in the Spanish Army, for want of Nourishment, is so great since the Infant's Return to Chamberry, that it was

apprehended the Plague was got amongst them, and M. de las Minas having ordered the Beds and Cloaths of the deceased to be burnt, confirmed that Notion; but it proved only a Precaution in the General to destroy the Vermin, in which they abound. It is said, some Spanish Regiments are on their March to reinforce Don Philip, and that they have already passed through Rouffillon; but unless they bring some Money to pay the Troops, they must all starve. The Clergy of Savoy have had a new Tax, amounting to above one Third of the neat Profit of their Revenues, imposed upon them, by way of Free-gift, but it is said, they will suffer military Execution rather than comply.

We hear, that 1400 Men are to be draughted out of the several Regiments of this Establishment, to Recruit the Forces in Flanders. The Transports for this Purpose are already provided.

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To the Publick.

**L**icensed and Established Remedies for most Diseases, accidental Heats, and Disorders, Curable by Physick or Surgery are Collected, and sold by Authority, at the *Elixir-Ware-House, or Dispensary, in Silver-Court in Castle-Street*; Pursuant to the Regulation of the late Act, for Preventing Frauds and Abuses committed in the making and vending unsound, adulterated, and bad Drugs and Medicines: Catalogues of the Goods are given gratis, and Letters on particular or private Cases answer'd, and all necessary Care taken for the safe, speed, and effectual Cure of Patients, at the easiest Rates.

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**J**UST imported, by SAMUEL HORNER on the Batchelor's Walk, fresh Westphalia Hams, Old Hock, Pyrmont Water, and Frontignack in Bottles.

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D U B L I N: Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street* where SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *January* the 19th, 1743-4.

———*E celo descendit, γνάθι σιαυρόν,*  
*Figendum et memori tractandum pectore*——— Juv.

From Heav'n, to Mankind, sure that Rule was sent,  
Of KNOW THY SELF, and by some God was meant,  
To be our never-erring Pilot here,  
Through all the various Courses that we steer. *Congreve.*

**T**HE great Spring of Action in Man is an ardent desire of Happiness; this is the End to which their Studies and Labours are directed; it is this that engages their Pursuits, determines their Choice, and opens the Course of a busy Life. By Happiness in this Place, I not only mean that immutable and fixt one, which should be the common Object of all Men, but also that particular and variable Felicity, which differs and changes with Men's Constitutions and Tempers, and is call'd a Satisfaction and Complacency of Mind resulting from their Conduct. At first view this may seem to be in every Man's Power; as every one's Actions are directed by their Minds, it may be thought they should tend to the End propos'd; and yet among the numerous whose Toil and Labours contend for Happiness, how few have carry'd the glorious Prize! Is then this Blessing unattainable? Does it fly from our Embrace, the more it is courted? Is it a Creature of Fancy, that may employ our Thoughts, but never reward our Labour? a Phantom, that deludes our Grasp, and imposes on us

a Cloud for a Substance? The Fault seems to lye in us, and the Means we use; we hood-wink ourselves, and mistake the Road at our setting out, and from the first Error the inextricable Labyrinth is form'd. We know not ourselves, we are Strangers to ourselves, and therefore cannot guide a Machine, whose secret Springs are hidden from us. This Self-knowledge is what my present Paper would recommend; it is this I intend to inculcate, as the Foundation of Happiness however sought for.

Since there is a Desire of Knowledge implanted in, and interwoven with Man, where can he better begin than with himself? The Object is the nearest that can possibly be offer'd to his Consideration, and his Observations the most certain. The Soul can scarcely exert one of its Operations without a Consciousness of the whole Frame, and no Sense can act, without giving *some* Information to the whole System. If so, then by the help of Reflexion and serious Consideration, Man might be acquainted with himself; as the Object of his Inquiry would be inseparable from him, he could lose no opportunity of informing

ing himself; as nothing in the object could be conceal'd from or escape his View, his Searches might arrive to Certainty, his Knowledge to Perfection. The Mind of Man is active, as an ethereal Spark it blazes full of Vigour, but, like other celestial Fires, would be best confin'd within its own Orbit; *there* it could find Matter for the most curious Researches, *there* it would shine with a proper Lustre, and not, by running out of its Sphere, be absorb'd and lost.

Other Knowledges cannot boast this easiness and certainty, and yet, as if invited not deterr'd by the Difficulty, we neglect this one, to launch out into others; we mistake Rashness for true Courage, and imagine that attempting Impossibilities puts in a Claim for Heroism. Our other Studies are mostly grounded upon Supposition and Hypothesis, they have their Postulata to be admitted before they can infer Conclusions, the Acquisition of them is laborious and tedious, and those, who have been thought to know the most, have with the greatest ingenuity confess'd their uncertainty.

Besides, the Knowledge of Man is the noblest and most exalted of all Sciences; he, who makes him the Object of his Inquiries, has for his Subject the Master-piece of the Creation, the Image of the Deity. For whom shine the heavenly Luminaries that engage the Astronomer's Observation? For whom were made the different Subjects of the Naturalist's Speculations? Man's Benefit was consulted in the whole; and whoever knows not himself, and is therefore ignorant of others Constitutions, cannot arrive to any certainty in these Studies, as he is unacquainted with the various Ends they are design'd to answer. So that the Preparation for other Studies must be the Knowledge of Man, which we attain to by that of ourselves; otherwise, we begin at the wrong End, and the farther we go, into the deeper Difficulties we plunge ourselves. Thus when at home we have the

finest Scope for Study and Inquiry, led by a roving Temper, we chuse to range abroad; and our sick Minds refuse, as squeamish Stomachs, a present and sumptuous Food, thro' a desire of much worie at a distance.

I am now going to offer an Argument to the active Part of Mankind, to those who court Honours or Preferment, or labour in the Acquisition of Riches. The Hopes of Success can rationally be derived but from the Knowledge of ourselves; for this Knowledge may by *Analogy* acquaint us in the general with Mankind. And that this is highly necessary in the World, is beyond all dispute: How fall the Ambitious from their affected Greatness, and meet with Dejection, where they aim'd at Glory? Whence happens it that the rich Man, when seemingly secure and happy in the Possession of his glittering *Mammon*, finds his Delight perishable, and with his Treasure, vanishes his Happiness? Led on by a darling Vice, hurry'd by a violent Propensity, they listen not to themselves, and every Faculty is sacrific'd to a favourite Passion. No wonder then, that those who are Strangers to themselves, should not know how far their Actions have an influence on others; it is no Surprise, that Men, who are unacquainted with the various Springs of their own Minds, should act in Opposition to *those* in others, and thereby provoke them to conspire their Ruin.

This Knowledge of Man from Observation on ourselves may very probably meet with Objections; and it may be alledg'd, that there can be no Conclusion drawn from a Particular to an Universal; that a Judgment form'd from one Man, which shall extend to the great Variety of Mankind, will prove false and erroneous. I must remind my Reader that I am discoursing in a general Manner. In Men's Bodies there is and must be a Resemblance in their larger Features; and yet there are not two, but may be distinguished one from the

the other by some peculiar turn of Body or Face; so it is in the Mind; we all agree in our great and fundamental Faculties, and yet differ from one another in some particular Temper; and he who comes not under this Rule may as properly be call'd a *Monster in Nature*, as the unhappy Person whom his outward Deformity has branded with the Name. A further Evidence of this we may derive from the certain Knowledge we have of the Objects of the several Passions; now if there was a wide difference in Men as to the Passions, we could not determine their Objects; but we find on the contrary, that some have not only treated with accuracy of the Passions and their respective Ends, but have even trac'd them to their outmost Limits. And, that this Knowledge is best attain'd to by a Consideration of ourselves, is not to be doubted: Whoever seriously attends to what passes within himself, considers the sudden Motions of his Passions and their Calls, and observes the almost irresistible Violence and Force of Appetite, must (since they are universally the same) be the better acquainted with Mankind; and though too fatally some favourite Passion usurps the Guidance of Men, as he best knows its Nature, he will be better enabled to either gratify or divert it.

In the moral World the Necessity of this Knowledge is too well known, to require much Recommendation: In too many Instances we find the Voice of Reason quite lost and unheeded, while some tumultuous Passion claims its Place. This Tyranny we ourselves have favour'd, and have broken the Bank for the rushing Torrent to overflow, and hurry us with it. For want of this, the Misapplication of our Abilities is too frequent; Men's Genius's have been forc'd contrary to their natural Bent; some have been carry'd beyond their Strength, while others have not been improv'd to their full Size. What hinders then Man to look into himself? Is it that the Prospect of his Frailties shocks him? This were indeed an Argument of Weakness. Shall *Man*, be-

cause he is not rank'd with the *Gods*, endeavour to degenerate into a *Brute*? And, because not created in Perfection, sink into the lowest State of Corruption? Frailties are certain Appendages to Nature, they are inborn with us; unhappy Circumstances indeed of Mortality, to be reckon'd among its Infirmities but not its Faults. Nor tho' we are sent into the World with Infirmities, are we to submit to the ignoble Condition; the Mind is furnish'd with vigour to amend her Imperfections, and, when properly supported by her Faculties, can add new wings to the Soul, and make it soar to Perfection. Not to do so, is to grovel with insensibility in brutish Lowness, to acquiesce under Misery, and forget we are Men. To be conscious of an Imperfection without endeavours to correct it, is to find out the Distemper in order to neglect it, to discover the Wound, that it may gangrene, and the whole Body perish by our indolent carelessness.

If this Knowledge was the Study of Mankind, Governors could never be Tyrants, nor Subjects Rebels; the Subordination of Power would be easy and unrepin'd at; Harmony and Ease, which now only seem to exist in Fancy, might reign and bless the World.

This Knowledge is the first degree in the Scale of Happiness, 'tis this that ennobles and exalts Man; and *every one*, as the *Athenians* said to *Pompey the Great*, is so far a *God*, as he knows and acknowledges himself to be a *Man*.

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*Dick's Coffee-House, January 18th, 1743-4.*

**W**E have Advice from Constantinople, That the famous Kou'i Kan, having laid Siege to Mosul, and thrown upwards of seventy thousand Bombs into that Place, was oblig'd to retire into his own Country, with the Loss of between five and six thousand Men.

Our 1<sup>st</sup> Advices from Italy say, That Prince Iebkowitz has assembled most of his Troops in the Neighbourhood of Rhimini, where he continues to receive



receive Succours, and, 'tis said, will soon be in a Condition to act with 30,000 Men. The Spaniards continue in their Intrenchments at Pefaro and Fano.

Letters from Vienna inform us, That on the 30th of December Prince Charles was betrothed to the Archduchess Marianne, and that the Marriage would be solemnized on the 7th of this Month, if the writings could be got ready by that Time. These Letters add, That Recruits are raised there with the greatest Success, and that early in the Spring they will have an Army of at least 160,000 Men.

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Just publish'd, by PETER WILSON, at Gay's-Head in Dames-Street,

**T**HE Complaint: or, Night-Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality. By Dr. Edward Young, Author of the Universal Passion. In four Parts. First, Life, Death, and Immortality. To the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons. Second, Time, Death, and Friendship. To the Right Hon. the Earl of Wilmington. Third, Narcissa. To her Grace the Duchess of P——. Fourth, the Christian Triumph. Containing our only Cure for the Fear of Death, and proper Sentiments of Heart on that estimable Blessing. To the Hon. Mr. York. The fourth Edition. Price one Shilling.

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**J**UST imported, by SAMUEL HORNER, on the Batchelor's Walk, fresh Westphalia Hams, Old Hock, Pyrmont Water, and Frontignack in Bottles.

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Just publish'd, by WILLIAM POWELL, at Corner of Christ-Church-Lane, opposite Tholfel.

**T**H E LEVEE, a FARCE, as it was offer'd to and accepted for Representation, by Matter of the Old House in Drury-Lane, but by Inspector of Farces denied a Licence. Price 3d.

N. B. At said Place may be had great Variety of Books in most Faculties, English Stamp'd-Paper and Stamp'd Parchment, Account Books, and Stationary Ware in general, at the most reasonable Rates.

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**T**H E Travels and Adventures of Alitheia Richelieu, a Maiden Lady of Paris, and Adabella de Montferan, a Widow Lady of Montpelier. Now done into English by the Translator of Madame de Richelieu's Memoirs, from Mademoiselle de Richelieu's French Manuscripts, never publish'd.

N. B. These two Ladies travell'd in Mourning Cloaths, and it is hoped the Publick will be agreeably entertained with their Remarks and Adventures. 3 Volumes. Price 8s. 1½d.

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**C**IBBER and SHERIDAN, or the Dublin Miscellany. Containing all the Advertisements, Letters, Addresses, Replies, Apologies, &c. &c. Lately publish'd, on Account of the Theatrical Squabble. To which are added, Several Prologues and Epilogues, spoke at the Theatre in Smock-Ally, Summer, by Mr. Cibber, some of which were never before printed. Also, two Songs by Mr. Worthington, one call'd, An Act of Grace, The Poet's Release. The Other, on the routing of the French Forces at Dettingen, &c. Price 6½d.

---

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**M**MARGERY; or, A worse Plague than the Dragon: A Burlesque Opera Being Sequel to the Dragon of Wantley. As it is to be perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Aungier-Street. Altered from the Original Italian of Signor Caraccioli. Set to Musick by Mr. John-Fredrick Lampe. The fourth Edition.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *January* the 26th, 1743-4.

*In nova fert Animus*——— Ovid.

To Novelty the Genius tends———

**A**LL Mankind are more or less lovers of Novelty and Variety; and this Passion, which (if restrained within just Limits) is a commendable and useful Desire of extensive Knowledge, when indulged to Excess, becomes a vain Ambition. This ridiculous Passion is what I shall make the Subject of the present Essay; nor can I think an Attempt, to set it in its true Light, altogether useless, since the Improvement of the Mind depends on a steady adherence to proper Objects, without launching into a confused crowd of dubious Designs, which cannot but prove abortive.

These enterprizing Mortals then, who, while they labour for a Reputation of Wisdom, quit the common Rules of Prudence, come most properly under the Denomination of *Smatterers*. This Character will at first View appear inconsistent with a rational Creature, nor is the *Smatterer* guided by Reason; the Director of his Pursuits is an inconstant, fanciful Humour, which makes his Life a continued Error. He grows weary of Things, not on account of their Imperfections, but because they cease to be new to him. His Eagerness increases in Proportion as the courted Object flies his Embrace, with which, when it once begins to favour his Passion, he is cloy'd, and looks out for a new Attempt.

Thus, actuated by his Fondness of Variety, he hurries thro' a Maze of Resolutions, which are no sooner made than broken, and which, like a violent Flame, blaze the fiercer, to die the sooner. He is a most ambitious Animal; his Views are as unconfined in his way, as the most aspiring Hero's are for Power, and like his, they are seldom gratified. As what he aims at is beyond the reach of human Reason, so the Time he employs on it's Pursuit is lost. By his endeavours to converse properly on all Subjects, he renders himself incapable of it on any: And while he pursues what he never can attain to, he loses that, which is already in his Power. In short, the Means he uses to arrive at Wisdom are such, as most prevent the Accomplishment of his Desires: For a Multitude of different Designs entered on at the same Time, like a Number of Medicines given at once, impair each others Virtue; and these break the Constitution of the Mind, as those of the Body.

Tho' perhaps there is not a more harmless Creature than a *Smatterer*, the bad Consequences of his Vanity, generally affecting none but himself; there is not a set of Men more subject to Disappointment and Vexation. His Ambition is to be thought well of by all Mankind, and therefore he is never displeas'd with any, that

that are not so with him. Yet, notwithstanding all this Benevolence, he is seldom successful, and tho' he sometimes imposes on the weak and ignorant, his real Capacity is soon perceived by Persons of Judgment. His Wit is a Meteor; a Flame, that gives no heat; a Flash, quickly expiring; and a Light, which has it's Formation only in Vapours.

As strange as this Character may appear, if we look into the World, I can safely affirm from experience, we shall find at least one Man in ten, in some degree a *Smatterer*. They are even so numerous that they may be divided into many Branches: Every Profession has some peculiar to it, and each gives them particular Titles. Thus, in Learning, he is a *Pedant*; in War, a *Bully*; in Physic, a *Quack*; and so in all Faculties these Intruders are properly distinguished: But the general *Smatterer*, is the Person I have endeavoured to describe. He is the wonderful Man, whose Genius is too daring to be confined to one Point, tho' too weak to surmount the Difficulties he meets with, in attempting a Multitude.

I have been led into these Observations by the following Letter, the first I have received from my *Satyr*. The Person that writes it, manifestly appears to be a *Smatterer*, with the additional Quality of a *Plagiary*.

Mr. MEDDLER,

I Make bold to acquaint you with an unhappy Accident I have met with, and hope, your next Paper will point out some Method of recovering my lost honour. I am a young Fellow of about twenty six years of Age, the most of which, I assure you, have been spent in the search of Knowledge. I never had any restraint on my aspiring Genius while a Boy, nor have I confin'd myself since to any particular Study. Blest with a sprightly Alertness, I despised regularity, and attempted every

Science. Philosophy, Mathematicks, Painting, Musick, all had Charms to engage me for some Time, but none to fix me. The favourable Opinion I have always entertained of myself (nor really, do I think, without Reason) made me shine in Conversation, and I have been often admired for depth of Judgment on various Subjects. But Merit is not beyond the reach of adverse Fortune, nor can Worth secure from Disappointment.

I happened to be at a Gentleman's House in the Country, last Summer, where there was much Company, and among the rest a young Lady, with whom I fell in Love. I had a Rival there, a polite Man, and a pretty good Poet. Him I was resolved if possible to supplant, and nothing seem'd a more effectual Method, than to produce Compositions of my own, superiour to his. I wrote some few Things that Way, but none that the Company (in my Opinion very partial) thought equal to his. While I was in this Perplexity, one Day walking in my Chamber, I chanced to observe something like a Cupboard in one of the Pannels. My Curiosity prompted me to see what this was, and I fancy'd none of the Family knew any thing of such a Place, as they were just come to live there. I took down the Pannel, and found it contained a pretty numerous Collection of Books. Some loose Papers inform'd me, it belonged to a Gentleman, who had formerly lodg'd there, and died suddenly. These Circumstances join'd to confirm me, in an Opinion that the whole was a Secret. I turned over the Books, when, to my great Joy, I found in a very large Folio on an upper Shelf, several original Poems in Manuscript, and some very applicable to the Occasion. I immediately transcribed one I thought the best, carefully shut the Library up again, and presented the Sonnet to the Lady.

She

She read, approved, and shewed it to the  
 Company, who all admired my Poetry;  
 and I exulted over my Rival, who had  
 Candour enough to confess I excelled him.  
 A few Days after this, I resolv'd to apply  
 again to my trusty Cupboard, and compleat  
 my Triumph. The Maid of the  
 House, a careless Wench, had broken  
 the Leg of a Chair: This, by ill Fortune  
 stood, pieced together to hide her Fault,  
 directly under the important Pannel. As  
 the Shelf was high where the friendly Folio  
 was placed, I mounted the Chair, and no  
 sooner had I hold of it, but the false Leg  
 gave way, the Book hit me violently on  
 the Forehead, and down I fell breathless  
 on the Floor. I was stunned with the  
 Stroke, and the Family, alarmed with the  
 Noise I made, had time enough to come  
 up and see me in so disgraceful a Posture.  
 I need not describe my Confusion at the  
 Discovery of my Theft; next Morning  
 before Day I departed without taking  
 Leave of any, and have never seen my  
 Mistress since. Dear Mr. MEDDLER, as  
 I have ingenuously confess'd my Dishonour,  
 your Assistance and Advice, I hope, will  
 not be wanting to, Sir, your unfortunate  
 humble Servant

WILL. WAVERLY.

I am afraid my Correspondent has lost  
 his Mistress, and as for his Disgrace, that  
*favourable opinion he has always entertain'd*  
 of his accomplishments will soon make it sit  
 easy; however *Soli insunt macule sue*, The  
 Sun himself has Spots.

I have received several other Letters,  
 particularly from Ladies, which shall be  
 taken proper Notice of.

In the mean Time, I shall conclude  
 this Day's Paper with the following Lines,  
 which were communicated to me in the  
 same Manner as the above Letter.

*Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.*

**W**HILE She unmov'd, untouch'd,  
 beholds my Pain,  
 These sacred Leaves *Clarinda* reads in vain.

From hence new Grace to ev'ry Smile be  
 given,

And, as in Charms, in Mildness copy  
 Heaven.

Thus in thy Breast shall melting Pity glow,  
 And Tears, for Lover's Tears, be taught  
 to flow:

Forgiveness thus, my Ardour may receive,  
 And these aspiring Flames have leave to live:  
 Then, the divine Resemblance to compleat,  
 And give thy Smiles the pow'r to rule my  
 Fate,

At length propitious, may my Vows be  
 heard,

And constant Passion meet a just Reward.

*Dick's Coffee-House, January 25th, 1743-4.*

**L**ETTERS from Jamaica confirm the taking  
 and destroying of several Spanish Ships and  
 Vessels in those Seas. It is added, That Capt. Burnaby,  
 Commander of the Litchfield, having burnt a  
 Sloop in Aquada Bay, landed some Men, and destroy'd  
 a Battery of four Guns, burnt the Guard-Houses,  
 and brought off the Colours in the Presence of a Mul-  
 titude of Spaniards, of whom they are supposed to  
 have killed near 200, with the Loss of but one Man.

Agreeable to our last, we have Advice from Vienna,  
 That the Marriage of Prince Charles with the Arch-  
 Dutches's Marianna was celebrated there on the 7th  
 inst. at Six in the Evening. On this Occasion there  
 was a very magnificent Appearance, and Sixteen  
 Knights of the order of the Golden Fleece were creat-  
 ed. The Prince and his Consort are to set out, it is  
 said, the 24th of February for Brussels.

We have nothing new from Italy, except the  
 Duke of Modena's having left the Spanish Army on  
 Account of the Disagreements between him, M. de  
 Gages, and the Spanish Generals.

Just Publish'd,

(As it is now acting at the Theatre-Royal in  
*Aungier-Street.*)

**T**HE DRAGON of WANTLEY. A Burlesque  
 Opera. The Musick by Mr. *John-Frederick  
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Translation of *Madame de Gomes's* Novels, of which there are many extremely curious and entertaining.

**T**HE Delicacy of this Lady's Pen is too well known by several of her Performances to stand in Need of any Recommendation, and therefore the Undertakers shall only beg Leave to assure the Publick, that all possible Care will be taken to keep up the Spirit of the Original; and as there are Variety of Subjects in the hundred Novels which this Lady wrote for the Amusement of the French Court, it will happen very often that the weekly Novel to be published every Thursday at a British Six-pence will be perfectly well adapted to the **MEDDLER** of the Day, and add to the Morning's Entertainment.

Subscriptions are taken in by *Peter Wilson*, at Gay's Head in Dame-street, and *William Powell* at the Corner of Christ-Church-Lane.

N. B. As soon as 200 are subscribed for, the Work shall be put to Press, and continued regularly.

**W**HEREAS a Great-Coat was lately left at a certain House in this City: Whoever proves the Property of said Coat, and pays the Expence of this Advertisement, may have it by applying to the Publisher hereof.

Just publish'd, by **PETER WILSON**, at Gay's-Head in Dames-Street,

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**J**UST imported, by **SAMUEL HORNER**, on the Batchelor's Walk, fresh Westphalia Hams, Old Hock, Pymont Water, and Frontignack in Bottles.

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Just Publish'd,

(Price a British Six Pence)

**T**HE CHARMERS. A Poem. Humbly subscribed to the Hon. Lady GORE. Printed for **PETER WILSON**, at Gay's-Head in Dames-Street.

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**C**IBBER and **SHERIDAN**, or the Dublin Miscellany. Containing all the Advertisements, Letters, Addresses, Replies, Apologys, &c. &c. Lately publish'd, on Account of the Theatrical Squabble. To which are added, Several Prologues, Epilogues, spoke at the Theatre in Smock-Ally, Summer, by Mr. Cibber, some of which were never before printed. Also, two Songs by Mr. Worship, one call'd, An Act of Grace, The Poets Release. The Other, on the routing of the French Forces at Dettingen, &c. Price 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

**T**HIS Day is published by **CHARLES CONNELL**, at Pope's-Head at Essex-Gate, The Memoirs of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Clanrickard, Lord Deputy General of Ireland, containing several Original Papers and Letters of King Charles the First, the Queen Mother, the Duke of York, the Duke of Lorraine, the Marquis of Ormond, Archbishop Tuam, Lord Viscount Taaffe, &c. relating to the Treaty between the Duke of Lorraine and the Irish Commissioners. Publish'd from his Lordship's Original Manuscripts. To which is prefixed, a Dissertation, wherein several Passages of these Memoirs are illustrated, with a Digression, containing an Account of the Education and Studies of the antient Irish Fillim, or Poets, and of their Works; out of which Dr. Keating has chiefly compiled his historical Collections relating to Ireland. To which are added some Particulars of Dr. Keating's Life, and the occasion of his making those Collections.

**D U B L I N:** Printed for **PETER WILSON**, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street* where **SUBSCRIPTIONS** and **ADVERTISEMENTS** for this Paper are taken in.

## M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, February the 2d, 1743-4.

*Virginei volucrum vultus.* Virgil.

These Birds have Virgins Faces.

Mr. MEDDLER,

TO be sure you expected to give the Town extraordinary Entertainment by the late Account of your Club; but I believe you are by this Time convinced how much your Hopes have miscarried. Are not such Assemblies frequent? and shou'd not Novelty be your sole Endeavour? If you have a mind to please your Readers, publish an Account of the following Club whereof I am a Member. It does not consist of a set of old musty Fellows; young Ladies are the Persons who compose it; and those too differing as much from each other, as our Society can from yours.

Every Lady at her Entrance assumes the Name of some Bird, which she is to represent during her continuance in the Club. We are particularly careful in adapting each Character with propriety: None are admitted as Thrushes, Larks, Linnets, or Nightingales, but those whose Voices are suitable to the Part. The Club Room we call the Grove, where none but Females are receiv'd. Our Number is unlimited, and our Meetings daily. Every Lady is obliged to wear one or more Feathers of the Bird she represents; some have them in their Caps, others make them into

Muffs, but the greatest Part wear them in Tippers.

If the Actions of any one be inconsistent with her Character, she is obliged immediately to resign it; such lately was the Case of a Dove, who, in the heat of Passion, laid violent Hands upon the Person of a Swan.

As Amusement is the chief end of our Meeting, to be mutually agreeable is the reigning Desire among us, however some may fail in the attempt; particularly when a Linnet or Nightingale begins her Melody, she is soon disturbed by the harsh Jargon of the Crow. This Bird has also committed other Improprieties; and, like her Namesake in the Fable, has appeared in Feathers, which on some wou'd have been no more than decent, but on her seem'd tawdry.

I shall conclude my Letter by giving an Account of some of our principle Members.

The Magpie; this Species is the most numerous among us; the Ladies are fond of assuming the Character, as their Tongues are thereby unconfin'd.

The Owl; whose chief delight is nocturnal Assemblies, and sleeps away the most precious Part of her Time.

The Turkey; a Species that has an Aversion for a Scarlet Coat; of this there is but one among us.

• The Parrot, who by striving to mimick others, makes herself ridiculous.

• The Red-Breast, one whose familiarity makes her most agreeable, but never renders her Innocence suspected: Of this sort also we have but one.

• The Humming Bird; who can be heard much farther than she can be seen; we have twenty two of this sort, and expect some more.

• The Swallow; who is the hardest to be caught, and when caught is of the least use: You Gentlemen call these Coquets.

• A certain Lady came among us lately who wou'd call herself the Phoenix, but I see no right she has to the Title; and think she ought to change it for another.

• A Cormorant was applying for Entrance, which was refused her.

• It wou'd be presuming too far upon your patience to take notice of each particular Bird, as the Jay, Wren, Sparrow, Wagtail, Yellow-Hammer, &c.

• But I had almost forgot to tell you, we are assured, that a number of young Gentlemen have formed themselves into a Society in imitation of ours, which they term the Cock Club. But let them know *Sbrove-Tuesday* is approaching, when we hope those bold Imitators will meet with their deserts'.

Yours  
PHILOMELA.

I cannot answer the foregoing Epistle better than by inserting the following one, which I receiv'd at the same time.

GOOD SIR,

• I have for some time entertained a passion for one of those volatile Females, who stile themselves the Bird Club; and believing this to be an extraordinary Society, I prevailed upon a Gentleman to let me have the use of his Closet, which is adjoining the Room where they meet; there I could easily hear all they said,

• but for ocular Demonstration, I bored a hole through the Partition, from whence

• I cou'd view every thing that was done.

• I cannot tell what the intent of this Assembly can be; but wish that these Birds

• may not at last become so wild, that our Attempts to tame them may prove unsuccessful.

• I wou'd therefore think it advisable to have a few Cages prepared immediately, for the Reception of such of

• those aerial Sporters, as may seem most worthy our Care; or that I, with assistants,

• may assume the Parts of Faulcons, Merlins, or Kites, and try what Effect our

• Incurfions wou'd have upon them.

• As a Cuckoo and Snipe were last Night dancing a Minuet, the latter trip'd

• by her Petticoat, had her Nose severely bruised, to the Satisfaction of a brace of

• Pheafants, who spied her Garters as she was falling.

• A Covey of Partridge has for some time past taken such unusual Flights,

• that I believe we must have recourse to some Nets and Setters; and wish that

• even this Method may succeed.

• I heard a Letter read over in one of their late Meetings, which they intend

• sending to the MEDDLER; if you will be pleased to insert this in the Paper with

• it, the Obligation will be acknowledged, by

Your constant Reader,  
FRANCIS FEATHERTICKLE.

• P. S. The last that entered this Club assumed the Name of Wagtail; I

• cannot tell what she means by such an Appellation.

To the most profound and much-admired MEDDLER, the humble Petition of *Dick Dis-away*, sheweth,

• THAT your Petitioner, on the Twenty

• Third Day of June, in the Year

• of our Lord 1743, between the Hours of Five and Six o' Clock in the Evening,

• fell violently in Love with a young Lady whom

whom he had often seen and conversed  
with before ; but for whom until that  
moment he never had conceived the least  
Passion.

That your Petitioner's Disorder became  
every Day more violent.

That it was two Months, six Days, and  
five Hours, and a Quarter, before your  
Petitioner received a favourable Word  
from his beloved *Flavia*.'

That from hence the Heart of your  
Petitioner's Mistress became less obdurate.'

That a Poem was lately published,  
entitled, *The Charmers* ; wherein the  
Author propos'd to give an Account  
of the Beauties in this City.'

That *Flavia* perused the aforesaid Poem,  
and found that her Name was not men-  
tioned therein ; which so highly enrag'd  
her, that she threatens to abandon your  
Petitioner for ever, if your Petitioner  
does not contrive some Method to re-  
cover her Honour.'

That your Petitioner cou'd find out  
no other Means of complying with her  
Demand, than by prevailing on a Friend  
to write the following Lines.'

Your Petitioner therefore humbly begs  
you may have these Lines published in  
the next *MEDDLER*, and your Petitioner,  
as in Duty bound, will ever Pray.'

**S**HALL lovely *Flavia* not behold her  
Name,

Where Charms are sung, and Beauty is the  
Theme ?

In lively Colours should some Limner  
try,

To paint the Beauties of the radiant Sky ;  
The curious Canvas ev'ry Planet shews,

Here sparkles *Venus*, there a Meteor glows.  
Observe the Piece in beauteous Order

wrought ;

But where's the Sun ? the Artift sure forgot.

No, no, (methinks, the tuneful Bard re-  
plies,)

Too well I know the Pow'r of *Flavia's*  
Eyes ;

Where *Sol* appears, no other light can blaze ;  
Where *Flavia* shines, what other Nymph  
can please ?

My Friend *Cobshire Tom's* extraordinary  
Epistle has come to hand, and shall be in-  
serted the first Opportunity.

N. B. *The unexpected Demand for this  
Paper having occasioned the first Number to  
be out of Print ; the Publisher hereby acquaints  
such Subscribers as have not already got it,  
that they may now have it for sending for :  
And that such Persons as are inclinable to  
subscribe, may have complete Sets.*

*Dick's Coffee-House, February 1st, 1743-4.*

**O**UR Advices from abroad bring nothing material  
but an Account of the Election of Duke Theo-  
dore of Bavaria, Bishop of Ratisbon, to the Bi-  
shoprick and Principality of Liege : And a Report  
of an Accommodation being concluded between the  
Courts of Sweden and Denmark-

This Week the Draughts arrived in Town, and, we  
are told, will immediately embark for Ostend.

Tuesday last died his Grace the Lord Archbishop of  
Cashell.

Just Publish'd,

(Price a British Six Pence)

**T**HE CHARMERS. A Poem. Humbly in-  
scribed to the Hon. Lady GORE.

Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's-Head in  
Dames-Street.*

**B**Y particular Desire, by his Majesty's Company of  
Comedians, at the Theatre-Royal in Aungier-  
street, this Evening will be reviv'd a Comedy, call'd  
*Amphitryon* : or, the two *Sofias*. The Part of Jupiter  
by Mr. Wright, *Sofia* by Mr. Barrington, and *Phædra*  
by Mrs. Furnival. With several Entertainments of  
Singing and Dancing, by Mr. Lowe, Mr. Philips, Mrs.  
Arne, *Mademoiselle Chateaufneuf*, and others.

Just Publish'd, by *Philip Bowes*, opposite Bridge-street,  
in Cook-street, and by the *Publisher* hereof.

**T**HE *Dunciad*, as it is now changed by Mr. Pope.  
In four Books. Price a British Sixpence.

N. B. In this Edition, the Author, besides several  
other Alterations, has dethroned his former Hero,  
Mr. *Tibbald*, and supplid his Place with the Poet  
Laureat, Mr. *Colley Cibber*. The London Edition is  
sold for Half a Guinea.



**A**T the particular Desire of several Ladies of Quality, for the Benefit of Mrs. FURNIVAL, by his Majesty's Company of Comedians, at the Theatre-Royal in Aungier-street, on Monday next, being the 6th of February, will be reviv'd a Comedy call'd, The Merchant of Venice, as written by Shakespear. The Part of Portia to be perform'd by Mrs. Furnival, Bassanio by Mr. Ralph Elrington, Antonio by Mr. J. Elrington, Gratiano by Mr. Sparks, Lorenzo (with the Songs proper for the Character) by Mr. Lowe, Shylock the Jew by Mr. Wright; with Entertainments of Dancing by Monf. Dumont, Madam. Chateaufneuf, and Mr. Morris. To which will be added, The Virgin Unmasked, the Part of the Virgin by Madam. Chateaufneuf, being her first Appearance in that Character, Quaver by Mr. Lowe. Tickets to be had of Mrs. Furnival, at her Lodgings at Mr. Young's, Apothecary, in Fleet-street. Places for the Boxes to be taken of Mr. Neill, Boxkeeper, at the Carpenter's Arms in Abby-street.

To the Publick.

**L**icensed and Established Remedies for most Diseases, accidental Hurts, and Disorders, Curable by Physick or Surgery, are collected, and sold by Authority, at the Elixir-Ware-House, or Dispensary, in Silver-Court in Castle-Street; Pursuant to the Regulation of the late Act, for Preventing Frauds and Abuses committed in the making and vending unsound, adulterated and bad Drugs and Medicines: Catalogues of the Goods are given gratis, and Letters on particular or private Cases answer'd, and all necessary Care taken for the safe, speedy and effectual Cure of Patients, at the easiest Rates.

**T**HIS Day is published by CHARLES CONNOR, at Pope's-Head at Essex-Gate, The Memoirs of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Clanrickard, Lord Deputy General of Ireland, containing several Original Papers and Letters of King Charles the II. the Queen Mother, the Duke of York, the Duke of Lorrain, the Marquis of Ormond, Archbishop of Tuam, Lord Viscount Taaffe, &c. relating to the Treaty between the Duke of Lorrain and the Irish Commissioners. Publish'd from his Lordship's Original Manuscripts. To which is prefix'd, a Dissertation, wherein several Passages of these Memoirs are illustrated, with a Digression, containing an Account of the Education and Studies of the antient Irish Poets, or Poets, and of their Works; out of which Dr. Keating has chiefly compil'd his historical Collections relating to Ireland. To which are added, some Particulars of Dr. Keating's Life, and the Occasion of his making those Collections.

Just Publish'd,  
(As it is now acting at the Theatre-Royal in Aungier-Street.)

**T**HE DRAGON of WANTLEY. A Burlesque Opera. The Musick by Mr. John-Fredrick Lampe. Modernized from the Old Ballad after the Italian Manner, by Sig. CARINI. The Fifteenth Edition, with Additions. To which is prefix'd, the Original Ballad (*cum Notis variorum*) by Way of Argument, &c. &c. &c. Price 3 Pence.

Printed for PETER WILSON, at Gay's Head in Dames-Street.

PROPOSALS for Printing by SUBSCRIPTION,

Translation of *Madame de Gomes's* Novels, of which there are many extremely curious and entertaining

**T**HE Delicacy of this Lady's Pen is too well known by several of her Performances to stand in Need of any Recommendation, and therefore the Undertakers shall only beg Leave to assure the Publick, that all possible Care will be taken to keep up to the Spirit of the Original; and as there are Variety of Subjects in the hundred Novels which this Lady wrote for the Amusement of the French Court, it will happen very often that the weekly Novel to be published every Thursday at a British Six-pence will be perfectly well adapted to the MEDDLER of the Day, and add to the Morning's Entertainment.

Subscriptions are taken in by *Peter Wilson*, at Gay's Head in Dame street, and *William Powell* at the Corner of Christ-Church-Lane.

N. B. As soon as 200 are subscribed for, the Work shall be put to Press, and continued regularly.

**W**HEREAS a Great-Coat was lately left at a certain House in this City: Whoever proves the Property of said Coat, and pays the Expence of this Advertisement, may have it by applying to the Publisher hereof.

Just publish'd, by PETER WILSON, at Gay's-Head in Dames-Street,

**T**HE Complaint: or, Night-Thoughts of Life, Death, and Immortality. By Dr. Edward Young, Author of the Universal Passion. In four Parts. First, Life, Death, and Immortality. To the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons. Second, Time, Death and Friendship. To the Right Hon. the Earl of Wilmington. Third, Narcissus. To her Grace the Duchess of P—. Fourth, the Christian Triumph. Containing our only Cure for the Fear of Death, and proper Sentiments of Heart on that inestimable Blessing. To the Hon. Mr. York. The fourth Edition. Price one Shilling.

**U B L I N**: Printed for PETER WILSON, at Gay's Head in Dames-Street, where SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, February the 9th, 1743-4.

*Non nobis nascimur.* Cicero.

We are not born for ourselves alone.

**A**MONG the many Delusions of Men's Minds, and the various Mistakes they are subject to, I know not a greater or a more general one, than the Admiration and Love of Solitude and *Retirement*. By *Retirement* I do not in this Place mean that sought for Ease and Quiet, which Men after the *Meridian* of a busy Life endeavour to obtain, not that safe *Harbour* which is made to after a long passage in a stormy *Ocean*, but a Dislike of Company, an Abhorrence of Mankind and Society. It is enough to gain Applause with some to separate entirely from the World, and *Virtue*, like a *Diamond*, seems to shine the brightest, when she is hid and buried in the Dark. Devotion with many is never true, nor zeal warm, but when *Deserts* and *Rocks* are the only Witnesses of their Sincerity, as if Man refined by divesting himself of Humanity, and elevated his Condition and Soul by herding with Brutes. Poetical Fictions and Romantick Descriptions, have not a little contributed to inculcate this Prejudice with the less Judicious: *Woods* and *Groves*, *Smooth Streams* and *Mossy Caves*, profound *Ease* and *Serenity* please with the bare Sound, and may chance to impose on Reason; an *Hermitage* may then appear a *Garden of Eden*, and the envied *Anchorite*, like our first Parent, placed in the midst of

Happiness and uninterrupted Quiet. But should we even allow to such Men a possibility of such a Situation, as their warm Imaginations have pictur'd, as their Motive for such a Choice must be to please themselves, and therefore ungenerous, so must they fall short of that Praise, which they perhaps expect.

*Indolence*, *Pride*, *Moroseness*, and *Disappointment*, *Hypocrisy* and *Superstition* have often been the Parents and Nurses of this Desire, and tho' in some cases it may have proceeded from a laudable Cause, yet in the Course of the following Reflections it may appear, that it has too frequently taken its rise from some of those I have mentioned.

But I must first beg leave to premise the following Observations, that the Excellence and Perfection of *Virtue* consists in *Action*, that *Virtue* which lies unactive differs not from *Idleness*, that it must receive its Splendour from Use, and, as it diffuses itself in Benefits to Mankind, meet with that Honour and Respect which are its proper Attendants. How little valued is that Gold which lies concealed in a Mine? It is from its being discovered and known that it receives its Value, and is stamp'd into a Price; so that a Man endow'd with Virtues and Abilities in a Retirement is like the *Sepulchral Lamp* of the *Antients*, which confines  
it's

it's *Light* and Lustre to Gloom and *Darkness*. But very few are those, whom Virtue has inspired with a solitary Disposition, and this, as I first propos'd, I shall endeavour now to demonstrate.

There are Men, whose Spirits are too weak for Business, who dread the Bustle of the World, and who, as they are unequal to the Weight of Labour, cannot put in a Claim for it's Rewards; such retire from the World because they lie concealed when in it, and expect by leaving it what they could have no pretensions to when in its Hurry, and so far has *Indolence* contributed to advance Retirement.

Others, actuated by *Pride*, look upon this as the only Way of climbing to their affected Greatness; they cannot be Sovereigns of the World, and therefore will not live in it; they are unobserved and undistinguished in a Crowd, and attempt to make themselves conspicuous by being singular; and this seems to be the most refin'd Subtlety of *Pride*, they bid adieu to the World to be the better known to it, they renounce Grandeur to be the more remarkable, and this mask of Humility conceals the greatest Ostentation, and succeeds best, as it is most covered and secret.

We meet with others sometimes, who are Enemies to all Mankind, and not Friends even to themselves; these are *Men-baters*, who are preyed upon by Melancholy, and devoured by Spleen: Nothing in the World can give them Pleasure but the Calamities and Miseries of others, and, like *Giants in Romance*, they fatten on the Ruin and Destruction of others. Such as these quit the Company of Mankind because they cannot blast them with Plagues, or, to excite a cruel *Neronian* Pleasure, set the World in Flames; and yet Men of this Temper have often impos'd on the generality of Mankind, they have pass'd for Men of Sedateness and considering Sobriety, and their *Sullenness* has

been admired and prais'd as decent *Gravity*.

Numerous are those, whom the Chagrins of *Disappointment* have divorced from Society; when Ambition has once possess'd the Soul, it bears with Difficulty the Delays and Oppositions it meets with; there is no Medium in this Passion, it either soars a towering Height, or falls headlong crush'd and dejected. To have been frustrated of the End propos'd seems to the Multitude to be owing either to the Misconduct or want of Abilities in the Pursuer, and therefore those whose Designs have miscarried, bury their Discontent and Dishonour far from the Observation of Mankind. And, as Ambition is the Sickness of great Souls, many illustrious *Heroes* of History confirm the Reflection. We read that the great *Cato*, when he could no longer support his former Power, forsook the Republick of *Rome*, when it most wanted his Assistance, and what he had not Virtue enough to save, an unpardonable Weakness gave up. Nor are there specious Pretences wanting to gloss this Motive; the Fury of Faction, and Dangers impending on their dear Country, are too shocking Prospects to be endured, and the seeming Patriot would rather remove for ever from the World, than be a Spectator of the horrid Scene. But he shews himself a true Lover of his Country, who shrinks not from Dangers when threatening, and who stretches a relieving Hand to it when on the brink of Ruin and Desolation.

Some *Hypocrites* too have been oblig'd to have recourse to Retirement for their last Refuge, and this has been the last grand Cheat to support their Imposture. *Counterfeit* and *pretended* Virtue must in Time be distinguished from *real* and *intrinsic*; as it generally either swells beyond a natural Size, or sinks and diminishes to almost nothing, so a clear Judgment will soon be able to discover it even in its most hidden Recesses. When therefore they  
fear

fear that the Vizard will be taken off, when they apprehend that the Varnish will wear, and that they must appear in their true Colours, the only Method of Escape is to remove from the World, and thus avoid a severe Examination, and consequent Disgrace and Infamy.

*Superstition* has often seduced many; the Influence of mistaken Zeal is too well known to leave the least doubt of its Power, and this may be reckon'd among the least Evils it has introduced among Mankind, this Excess of Virtue being as fatal in its Consequences as any in the most dangerous Vice. Some imagine that the Perfection of Virtue depends on a rigid Austerity, and hide from Society to improve a solemn and self-preying Gravity. A well-grounded and established Virtue sits easy and becoming; deep large Rivers are observed to flow the smoothest, they are generally shallow Waters that move with Noise. Among the most barbarous and unpolished Nations it has been customary to sacrifice their Sons and Daughters, but hardly do we hear of any that ever sacrificed themselves.

And so far have I traced the false Motives which prevail with many in favour of Retirement; but as it may happen, that some may embrace a Solitude thro' a pure Love of Virtue, to such I make bold to offer some Arguments, which, I hope, will have Strength enough to dissuade them from it.

Weak Man is not to be trusted to himself; his Passions attack, and work the strongest on him when alone, and his Reason is seldom victorious in the Conflict: This will hold good with the general run of Men, and in those of the greatest Abilities we find that Retirement damps and weakens them. *Crates*, the Philosopher, observing a young Man walking alone, said, *he was sorry to see him in such bad Company*, intimating by this the great Danger Man is in when left to his own Thoughts; and the *Spaniards*, very sensible

of this, have a Prayer to this Purpose, *that they may be delivered from themselves*. But should any one have the least doubt on this Head, I am confident, that it must vanish, when he considers, that the *Seducer of Mankind* thought a *Willaerness* the fittest Place to make his Attempts on the *most perfect Personage* that ever adorned the World.

Good Qualities receive additional Strength and Vigour by the Example of others, and virtuous Men confirm themselves by Intercourse, and concur in a beautiful Harmony to each others Advancement. The frequent Inundation and astonishing Progress of Vice should not be sufficient to daunt Virtue, and make her quit her Ground; then is the time to make a glorious Resistance, and, like the *Sun*, shoot forth the stronger Rays the more it is opposed by Clouds and Vapours. Nor indeed does Virtue approve herself such, till she has passed some Tryal; we may be imposed upon by a fair Outside, while there is no call for its Vigour; in fair Weather every little *Boat* puts out and ventures to Sea, but lurks in Storms, and leaves the stout *Vessel* to oppose them. Should *Vice* act the Tyrant without Opposition, then her Votaries may imagine her Power lawful, but when *Virtue* raises her Standard, convinced of their Error they frequently desert the Usurper, and are glad to submit to their legitimate Mistress. So far have some carried this Point, as to assert that the Essence of Virtue consisted in the Resistance of Temptation, as there can be no *Victory* without *Battle*; but tho' they are certainly mistaken, yet it must be confessed, that a well-exercised Virtue shines the brightest, and that new Honours are acquired by standing with Fortitude against the rudest Shocks.

Was Man sent into the World entirely without any Relation to others, was he under no Obligation to assist towards the general good, then might he have some plea for refusing the Task, and removing  
from

from the World ; and tho' this would not be a breach of Duty, yet would it certainly argue a want of Generosity and Benevolence. But Man is not design'd a selfish Creature, he is not born for himself alone, his Country claims his Assistance, and all his Species in different Degrees have some right in him, and in this Sense every good Man should be, as the Philosopher said, *a Citizen of the whole World*. We are not then at Liberty to dispose of ourselves, whoever forsakes Mankind, deserts his Post, and betrays his Cowardice, and Men of Virtue should not be wanting to do all the good they can, because they cannot do all they would.

*Dick's Coffee-House, February 8th, 1743-4.*

**L** E T T E R S from *Vienna*, advise, That the Army which is to march out of that Country, will consist of upwards of 95,000 Men ; that between 30 and 40 thousand are to remain there ; and that Prince *Lobkowitz's* Army will be soon at least 30,000 strong.

From *Italy*, we hear, That *M. de Gages* is much distressed for Provisions, since the arrival of the *British* Ships in the *Adriatick*.

His Majesty having been pleased to create *Richard Wingfield*, Esq; a Baron and Viscount of this Kingdom, by the Name, Style, and Title of *Baron Wingfield*, Viscount of *Power's-Court*, his Lordship has taken his seat in the House of Lords accordingly.

It is said, That the Draughts, which are now embarked and waiting for a Convoy, will be speedily follow'd by 10 Men out of every Troop of Horse, and fourteen out of every Troop of Dragoons on this Establishment.

To-morrow His Grace the Lord Lieutenant is to go to the House of Lords, and, after giving the Royal Assent to several Bills, put an End to the Session.

The following High-Sheriffs have been appointed, by his Grace the Lord Lieutenant for the Year ensuing.

*Co. of Down*, Chichester Fortescue, Esq;  
*Antrim*, William Agnew, of Kilwaghter, Esq;  
*Armagh*, Sir Capel Molyneux, Esq;  
*Monaghan*, Richard Graham, of Colemain, Esq;  
*Fermanagh*, George Vaughan, of Crevenish, Esq;  
*Tyrone*, John Hamilton, of Mountjoy, Esq;  
*Donegal*, Charles Mc'Manus, of Breagh, Esq;

*Waterford*, Rodolphus Green, the younger, of Kinnin, Esq;  
*Tipperary*, Thomas Chidley Moore, of Abby, Esq;  
*Corke*, Samuel Hutchinson, of Bantry, Esq;  
*Limerick*, George Fosberry, of Clorane, Esq;  
*Kerry*, Theophilus Morris, of Balyngown, Esq;

Just Publish'd,

**T** H E E G O T I S T : or, *Colley upon Cibber*.  
 ing his own Picture retouch'd, to so plain a  
 nefs, that no One, now, would have the Face to  
 it, but *Himself*,

*But one stroke more, and that shall be my last*  
 D R Y

Printed for *Peter Wilson*, at *Gay's-Head* in *L*  
*Street*. Price 6 d  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

**T** H I S Day is published by *CHARLES CON*  
 at *Pope's-Head* at *Essex-Gate*, The Memoirs  
 of the Right Hon. the Marquis of *Clanricke*,  
 Lord Deputy General of Ireland, containing se  
 Original Papers and Letters of King *Charles the*  
 the *Queen Mother*, the *Duke of York*, the *Mar*  
 of *Lorraine*, the *Marquis of Ormond*, *Archbishop*  
*Tuam*, *Lord Viscount Taaffe*, &c. relating to  
 Treaty between the *Duke of Lorraine* and the  
 Commissioners. Publish'd from his Lordship's C  
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 for the Amusement of the French Court, it  
 happen very often that the weekly Novel t  
 published every Thursday at a British Six-pence  
 be perfectly well adapted to the *MEDDLER* of  
 Day, and add to the *Morning's* Entertainment.

Subscriptions are taken in by *Peter Wilson*, at *C*  
*Head* in *Dame street*, and *William Powell* at  
 Corner of *Christ-Church-Lane*.

N. B. As soon as 200 are subscribed for, the W  
 shall be put to Press, and continued regularly.

**D. U B L I N**: Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Str*  
 where **SUBSCRIPTIONS** and **ADVERTISEMENTS** for this Paper are taken in.

T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *February* the 16th, 1743-4.

— *Versus reprehendet inertes.* Horat.

He'll give you Notice of each idle Line. Roscom.

**H**AVING received a Letter from a Lady, who desired the Decision of an Affair then disputed; I thought the most prudent Course I could take, would be to communicate the Epistle to the Club, of which I have the Honour to be a Member, and take their Advice upon so weighty a Point. Accordingly at our last Meeting, I produced it; when (Mr. *Ballance* having first taken the Blank Side of the Letter to light his Pipe, and Dr. *Profody* placed his Periwig in a Critical Posture) I was desired to read it, which I did as follows.

Mr. MEDDLER,

Here happened in a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies, of which I was one, a Dispute relating to the Sense of the last Stanza in the *Nut-Brown-Maid*. I insisted that the Author spoke of the Sex in general; but others in the Company applied it to the *Nut-Brown-Maid* alone, which occasioned much Dispute, without either Party submitting to the other. — As I have a great Opinion of your Judgment in such Matters, I beg it as a particular Favour to let me have your Opinion on the Dispute, in one of your ensuing Papers, and your Compliance will greatly oblige your constant Reader and Admirer,

TERESA.

To this was subjoined a Copy of the Song itself, which the Captain had been humming over from the Time it was first mentioned. Dr. *Profody* earnestly desired, I might also read the Song; but first, says he, Gentlemen, let me explain to you the Nature of those Pieces of Poetry, which have been adapted to certain modulated Sounds, and so are sung by such as have good Voices. The Antients called them *Odes*, and of these there are several kinds: The first — Hold good Doctor (cried the *Advocate*) I shall lay before the Members of this Club an Argument, which perhaps will carry some weight in it, *viz.* if you dwell so particularly on every Circumstance in this Song, as you seem to intend to do on the Title, we shall have no time to consider the Case before us; and therefore I must beg leave to demurr against any such dilatory Proceeding. We pass the Title then, answered the Doctor, let our Friend *Puzzle* read it over, and I shall only tell you what I think of it, as briefly as the thing will admit. This was agreed to, and accordingly I began, *'Twas in the Month of May*; I have seen, said I, another Copy, which had it, *in the bloom of May*. Various Readings, various Readings, interrupted the Doctor, you must expect them; go on. I then continued to read till I came to the beginning of the Second Stanza, when

when I observed the Doctor redden, and put on all the Indignation of Countenance that is to be met with in the most supercilious Critick. However he remained silent 'till I came to the Words, *As Phœbus never saw*, when he started up of a sudden, snatched the Paper out of my Hands, and, with a Voice as loud as *Stentor's*, called for Pen, Ink and Paper. I'll write Notes on the whole (says he,) I will teach Persons that are unacquainted with Grammar and Poetry, to pretend to send such Stuff into the World. We all perceived it would be in vain to endeavour at preventing him, and he retired to a remote Table, where we could see him sometimes writing or scratching his Head, then biting his Pen or his Nails. In the mean Time I put the question to the other Members, whether we should abide by Dr. *Profody's* Judgment, to prevent Disputes, or give our several Opinions, as each of us thought proper. As for my Part, said Mr. *Worthy*, I ingenuously confess I know nothing of the Matter, but if my Daughter *Nancy* was consulted, I Question not but she could decide it very judiciously. Stay, stay, replied Mr. *Ballance*, 'till I hear it out; when I know the rest, perhaps I may let you into a Thought of mine concerning it, which I believe has not——Here he applied the Pipe to his Mouth, and gave us an Opportunity to supply, by the fertility of our Invention, what he had left imperfect.——In about half an Hour, Dr. *Profody's* Thumb-nails being diminished at least an eighth Part of their natural Longitude, he returned to our Table, and desired me to read to the Company a Paper he gave into my Hand, of which the following is a true Copy.

NOTES, on a late Madrigal, commonly entitled, the *Nut-Brown Maid*.

Whoever was the author of this absurd and ridiculous Ditty, must have had very little Consideration of his future Welfare, or he must doubtless have imagined that it would be impossible to promulgate such

Nonsense without the Censure of Persons of Learning, in which this Realm most illustriously aboundeth. But (as that most excellent and never-enough-to-be-honoured-and-admired Grammarian *William Lilly* justly observeth) *Qui non ante cavet, post dolabit*; He that bewareth not afore, shall be sorry afterward; as the Maker of these Verses, for Poet he is not, will most certainly experience on reading these my Observations. I shall endeavour to convince the World that he is either an Enemy to, or ignorant of, Grammar. In the first Stanza, gentle Reader, observe how this Murderer of Moods and Tenses confoundeth, *present, præter-imperfect, and præter-perfect*, all in the Compass of eight short Lines. 1<sup>st</sup>, 'Twas in, &c. 2<sup>d</sup>, Odours breath, &c. 3<sup>d</sup>, Nymphs were. 4<sup>th</sup>, all—abound, and so on to the End of the Strophe. *Pulchra est Concordia*, Agreement looketh fair to the Eye; but here alas! it is not to be found. A little after he says, *When happily I stray'd: Euge, divine Poëta!* Well done, most Noble Poet, go on in the Paths of Nonsense, 'till thou arrivest at the *Ne plus Ultra*, the extreme Bounds of Absurdity: If *happily* in this Place meaneth *peradventure*, that is to say *by chance*, and is so applied to *Stray'd*, it must be Nonsense, for he afterwards says *To View*, &c. as if he went designedly; if it signifieth *by good luck*, and is so again applied to *Stray'd*, this way also it must be Nonsense: briefly, Reader, it is Nonsense every Way. Yet sure I am (*O Tempora, ô mores!*) that this has received Approbation, nay Applause, from many People, but *non sic olim semper erit*, not so shall it always be: Reader, behold I stand up, as it were, a Wrestler in the behalf of Propriety of Speech, and soon shall the World see that, *Quod cito fit, cito perit*, what lacketh mature Deliberation in the Execution, will shortly perish. In the next Stanza, what a Superfluity, what a Redundancy of Words, what (if I may be allowed to use so strong a Metaphor) a Wire-

Wire-drawing of Phrase! *Qui nescit tacere, nescit loqui*, which may thus be paraphrased, He who hath not a Bridle to his Tongue, hath not likewise a Saddle to his Discourse: For he, who knoweth not how to rein his Speech, can never be steady in what he uttereth. Verse 1. *She wore upon her Head: Apage that, upon her Head*: where else would she wear it? Upon her Foot perhaps: O Ridiculous! Then in the third and fourth Verses: *such a Face did shade, As Phæbus never saw*. Reader, if thou be'st of Judgment, can't thou bear this *p'tore sereno*, with a calm Mind. She must either have never divested her Head of that illustrious Bonnet, or else the whole Sense of the Distich is Nonsense: It is as if a Man should say, I am the wisest Man in the World, except my self: But the whole is of a Piece, *Nil boni, nimium mali*: A little Good, much Bad. In a Word, it is so full of Faults that I scarce know where to fix, *inopem me Copia facit*: The Abundance taketh away Choice, and I shall waste no more Time upon so worthless a Theme, only (for the Benefit and Emolument of such as would write proper and just Language) I shall take Notice of an Expression in the third Strophe, *that warbles thro' the Vale*. I confess, tho' it is very common to use the Word *thro'* in such Cases, I think it very improper. Correct it boldly, docile Reader, *in the Vale*. I have often heard Expressions full as repugnant to Grammar as this introduced in common Discourse, without offending the Ears of many who were reckoned competent Judges. Frequently have I seen *To* substituted in the Place of *For*, and *vice versa*, for instead of *to*. Sincerely it grieveth me much to think, that such a Contempt for so noble a Science as Grammar reigneth among us; that our best Authors, nay such as are esteemed the best Critics, should but very little regard the nicety of a Word, provided what they call the Sentiment is (in their Opinion) just. But this is Foreign to what I undertook, which was a Specimen

of my Indignation for such *Smatterers* (as my learned Friend *Puzzle* rightly termed them) in Poetry, and this being performed, I shall conclude with that Advice of the before-mention'd never-enough-quoted *Lilly*.

— *veluti Scopulos barbara verba fuge,*  
In English thus,  
All barb'rous Diction shun,  
As from Rocks you would run.

We kept our Countenances pretty well at the Perusal of this wonderful Piece of Criticism: And my worthy Friend *Honorio*, who had been silent 'till now, as soon as I had done reading, observed to us, that the Doctor had been so hurry'd by his Zeal for Grammar, and the Heat of his Criticism, that he had neglected to take Notice of the most material Point, in the whole Affair: 'The Lady, said he, does not desire a Criticism on the whole Performance, but only our Opinion on a particular Sentence, and I think we should endeavour to gratify her.' 'For my Part, replied the *Merchant*, I must own to you, I think, there's more in that Ballad than you are aware of; and I am very much mistaken if the Author is not an Enemy to Liberty and our happy Constitution; for (if you observe it) throughout the whole he seems to inculcate the Doctrine of *Non Resistance* and *Passive Obedience*. Nay, I insist upon it, that there certainly is something meant by the *Nut-Brown Maid*, more than just the Character of a Shepherdess.' No body contradicted this peremptory Conclusion, and we accordingly (in Complaisance to Mr. *Ballance*) laid aside all further Enquiry, into so *Treasonable a Libel*: but the *Captain* (who has no despicable Taste in Pieces of this Nature, and is willing to have the Ladies always obliged) desired me to say in this Paper, that our Correspondent is certainly in the Right, and that we all are  
her very humble Servants,  
The Society of MEDDLERS.



*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. Feb. 15th, 1743-4.*

**W**E hear, That the French are at Work in forming a Line from Givet to Maubeuge, and that at the former Place they have lately cast 300,000 weight of Lead into Bullets; that they continue to augment their Magazines both at Givet and Valenciennes, at which last Place it is computed they have 500,000 Rations of Hay, and that several Bodies of Troops are filed off by way of Valenciennes towards Dunkirk.

Two Men of War are arrived in this Harbour, to Convey the Forces to Ostend.

Thursday last his Grace the Lord Lieutenant went to the House of Peers, and gave the Royal Assent to the following Bills, viz.

An Act for continuing and amending several Laws heretofore made relating to the Revenue.

An Act for continuing several Statutes, &c.

An Act for allowing further time to Persons in Offices, to qualify themselves, &c.

An Act to amend and make more effectual the Laws to prevent the maiming of Cattle.

An Act for the more effectual Transportation of Felons and Vagabonds.

An Act to take away the Benefit of Clergy from any Person that shall by Night or by Day-Time feloniously and privately steal any Goods out of any Shop, Ware-house, Cellar, or Out-house not joining any Dwelling House, or off of Quays.

An Act to prevent the pernicious Practice of burning Land, &c.

An Act for the Amendment of the Law, in relation to Forgery, and the Salvage of Ships and Goods stranded.

An Act to oblige Ships coming from Places infected to perform Quarantine, &c.

An Act to explain and amend an Act for repairing the High-Road from the Town of Tomivarah in the County of Tipperary, to the Town of Silver-Mines, &c.

#### Private Bills.

An Act for enabling the Right Hon. William Earl of Kerry, to make good a Jointure of Six Hundred Pounds a Year, agreed by him to be settled on Gertrude, Countess of Kerry, before his intermarriage with her.

An Act for regulating and rendering more effectual the charitable Donations of Edward Nicholson, Clerk, deceased.

His Grace the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint the following High-Sheriffs for the Year ensuing.

*Cavan*, Samuel Moore, Esq;

*Tipperary*, Richard Moore, of Barn, Esq;

*Kildare*, Laurence Steel, the younger, of Kilbride, Esq;

*Kilkenny*, Edmund Butler, of Hurlingford, Esq;

*Leitrim*, Arthur Ellis, of Ballyhaty, Esq;  
*Westmeath*, Isaac Smyth, of Raduffe, Esq;  
*Dublin*, Thomas Dance, of Ballyboughill, Esq;  
*Wexford*, Henry Loftus, Esq;  
*King's-County*, Henry Lyons, Esq;  
*Queen's-County*, George Despard, of Merrymount.

**A**T the Desire of several Ladies of Quality, For the Benefit of Mr. *Layfield*, At the Theatre-Royal in *Aungier-Street*, on *Tuesday* the 28th of this *February*, will be acted a Comedy, call'd, *The World of the WORLD*, with several Entertainment Dancing, by *Mad. Cheateaucuf*, *Mr. Dumont*, *Morris*, and *Mr. Phillips*. To which will be added *The DRAGON of WANTLEY*.

*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744*

PROPOSALS for Printing by SUBSCRIPTION

**T**HE Works of Mr. *Edmund Spencer*. In Volumes. With a New Glossary, Explaining the Old and Obscure Words. And a more exact count of his Life, by his Great Grandson, *Edmund Spencer*, who has undertaken this Work at the Desire of several Persons of Distinction who are Admirers of that celebrated Poet, and willing to shew a Mark of Favour to his Descendant. ——— **CONDITIONS**. I. This Work shall be put to the Press as soon as possible, and printed in six neat Pocket Volumes, the same Paper and Letter with the Proposal and Specimen. II. The Price to Subscribers will be one Guinea Half of which to be paid at Subscribing, and the remainder on Delivery of a compleat Sett well Bound and letter'd. III. A few will be printed on a Writing Medium Paper for the Curious, at One Pound Ten Shillings a Sett. IV. The Subscribers Names shall be printed. ——— Subscriptions are taken in the Editor, and by *George and Alexander Ewing* Booksellers in *Dame street*.

Just Publish'd,

(As it is to be perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in *Aungier-Street*)

**M**ARGERY; or, A worse Plague than *THE DRAGON*: A Burlesque Opera, Being a Sequel to the *Dragon of Wantley*. Altered from the Original Italian of *Signor Carini*. Set to Music by *Mr. John-Frederick Lampe*. The fourth Edition. Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dames Street*. Price 3 d.

Just Publish'd,

(Price a British Six Pence)

**T**HE CHARMERS. A Poem. Humbly Dedicated to the Hon. Lady *GORE*. Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dames-Street*.

**D U B L I N**: Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street* where SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, February the 23d, 1743-4.

———*Cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ*

*Vincere tangentis malè singula dente superbo.*

Hor.

Striving by Sweet Variety to please

The nauseating Palate of his Guest.

**A**T a Person's first appearing in Publick, whether as an Author, or any other Character, he is sure to use some Method in Order to prepossess the World in his Favour, and this is what we commonly call *Puffing*. Whenever a new Actor appears on the Stage, we may expect a Letter in the News-paper, either informing the Town how the Gentleman acquitted himself at a late Rehearsal, or Advice from a Friend, on his using that Way of Life. If a Printer exhibits a new Pamphlet, he first publishes a Copy of Verses, or a recommendatory Letter thereupon. Nor have I ever known these Methods meet with the desired Success; for though in the Beginning they may acquire the Actor a few more Spectators, or the Publisher a few more Purchasers; yet if the Performance has any Merit, the Pleasure is anticipated; if none, the Disappointment is the greater. This Consideration, together with my own natural Modesty, has prevented my communicating many Letters to the Town, that were filled with Compliments to myself; though the following be of a contrary Nature, and rather a Burlesque on one of my former Papers, I cannot avoid publishing it, and postponing my own Blushes to the Entertainment, which I hope my Readers will receive from it.

Mr. MEDDLER, *Prematur in Annum.*  
Glo'ster, Jan. 7. 1743 4.

**M**Y Wife on Reading, or at least attempting to Read, your former Paper on Self-Knowledge, was at a great Loss for many Words, Sentences, and Applications; and insisted on my Explanation of such Difficulties; and as my taking a Degree in *Edinburgh College* had sufficiently made me equal to such an Undertaking; I begun by parallel Instances, drawn from such Objects as we were most conversant with, and consequently most lively, though not so elevated as your Stile required. Afterwards taking my Wife into the Larder, (holding at the same Time your Discourse in my Hands) I pointed to a large Cheese-Pres, of a globular Form (as all our *Glo'stershire* Cheeses are) and demonstrated to her, how the great *Spring of Action* in the Pres was an ardent Desire of making the constituent Particles of the Cheese come to a near Acquaintance, and this is what the MEDDLER wou'd inculcate in his Observation on Man. Had not, says I, this Pres that ardent Desire, the Particles of said Cheese wou'd never keep within their proper Sphere, but by shooting out and expanding be quite lost and absorbed in the Vortex of Incomprehension. If, continued I, that same Pres by our Observation

• Preservation produces a Cheefe of a round  
 • Form, it is highly probable that it wou'd  
 • produce such another Cheefe, in the like  
 • Circumstances; and this is what the  
 • MEDDLER properly and emphatically  
 • calls Analogy. Though some indeed  
 • may reasonably object that there is no  
 • concluding from one Cheefe to a number  
 • of Cheefes, or, as the MEDDLER logi-  
 • cally expreffes it, from a *Particular* to an  
 • *Univerfal*; but I must remind you, my  
 • Dear, that I am discoursing in a general  
 • Manner. In the Bodies of Cheefes there  
 • must be a Resemblance in their larger  
 • Features, and yet there are not any but  
 • may be distinguished one from the other  
 • by some peculiar turn of Body; as for  
 • Instance, the *Glo'ster* and *Cheshire* Cheefes  
 • have the same Colour, yet in the turn of  
 • Body they are different, as the Form  
 • of the one is exactly rotund, and that of  
 • the other flat but round.

• And that Cheefe which comes not un-  
 • der this Rule, may as properly be called  
 • a Monster in Nature, as the unhappy  
 • Mafs, whose Deformity (arising no doubt  
 • from the Press) has branded with the  
 • Name.

• For want of this Self-Knowledge,  
 • which, as I observed to you, my Dear,  
 • before, is owing to the Parts of the  
 • Cheefe not being closely compressed  
 • and brought into a near View;  
 • the Genius of Cheefes have been  
 • forced contrary to their natural bent;  
 • as for Instance, a mild Cheefe re-  
 • quires only the pressure of Six Months;  
 • whereas the strong and high flavour'd re-  
 • quires the pressure of Twelve Months;  
 • otherwise the tumultuous and fiery Passi-  
 • ons wou'd claim Place in the Cheefe,  
 • it would moulder away and bear not  
 • the reproof of a Knife though ever so  
 • keen; and this is what I laid down in  
 • the Motto of this Letter.

• By this pressure being intended or re-  
 • mitted without accurate Judgment and  
 • Experience, some Cheefes have been car-

• ried beyond their Strength, while others  
 • have not been improved to their full  
 • Size. What hinders Cheefe then, my  
 • Dear, from looking into itself? Want  
 • of Eyes no doubt, replies my Wife.  
 • You're mistaken, says I, Cheefe is com-  
 • posed of living but almost imperceptible  
 • Animals; it is highly probable they all  
 • are actuated by the same Principles; and  
 • conspire to promote the Common Good;  
 • for to say that the Prospect of its frail-  
 • ty shocks it, were indeed an Argument  
 • of Weakness; shall Cheefe because it is not  
 • ranked with the perfect *Glo'ster* kind, en-  
 • deavour to degenerate into the *Irish*  
 • *Mullobane*? The frailty of Rottens is  
 • a certain Appendage to the Nature of  
 • Cheefes, and inborn with it; unhappy  
 • Circumstance indeed of Mortality, to be  
 • reckoned among its infirmities, but not  
 • faults of pressure.

• And though Cheefes are sent into the  
 • World with these Infirmities, yet they are  
 • not to submit to the ignoble Condition;  
 • the Cheefe is furnished with Vigour to  
 • amend her Imperfections, and when pro-  
 • perly supported by its ingredient Facul-  
 • ties, can add new Wings to the Taste,  
 • and make it soar to the perfection of as  
 • high a Price as *Glo'ster* or *Darby* can  
 • afford. This Knowledge is the first De-  
 • gree in the Scale of Goodness, and this  
 • it is that enobles and exalts Cheefe; and  
 • each Cheefe, as the People of *Cheshire*  
 • said to the famous *Glo'stershire* Cheefe-  
 • Monger, is so near related to Cream  
 • Cheefe, as it knows itself to be made of  
 • Plain New Milk.

Yours,  
 CHESHIRE TOM.

Upon Reading the above Letter to  
 the Club, Doctor *Profody* cried out,  
 with an *Eheu!* what Absurdity there  
 is! a Man subscribes his Name *Cheshire*  
*Tom*, and dates his Epistle from *Glo'ster*;  
 which Doctor *Bustle* soon reconciled, by  
 judiciously observing that the Place of his  
 Nativity

Nativity (from whence he presumed he took the Title) might very probably be *Cheshire*, and *Gloster* his present place of Abode. Dr. *Profody* also observed that the Word *Cheefe* was too often repeated; we therefore committed to his and Doctor *Bustle's* Care, to new model the Letter; but upon their producing their Alterations the one was so cram'd with scholastick Phrases, and the other so full of the Lawyer's Expletives, that we thought it best to insert the Epistle in its natural and genuine Dress; such as we receiv'd it.

Dear MED.

YOU cannot imagine how your fourth Paper frightned me, as it threatened to reduce my Studies to a regular Diet, and destroy the Plenty I have hitherto enjoy'd; the Variety of which I here spread before you, *viz.* I Breakfast upon Law, Logick, or Rhetorick; Dine upon Physick, Metaphysicks, Mathematicks, or Astronomy; and Sup on a Play, the Fairy Tales, or a Spanish Novel. For Heavens sake do not Starve me, by depriving me of those Dainties, as my tender Stomach cannot digest a dull rigid inconstancy; but if you are resolved to make some Retrenchments, at least, allow me the last, and you will for ever oblige

your most humble Servant,

TOM. MUTABLE.

Mr. MUTABLE,

I Believe a Retrenchment in your Diet will be necessary; and by your insisting on the last part of the Fare, I am apprehensive that your Palate is already vitiated. I wou'd in the mean time advise you to take a gentle Puke, and disgorge on a Piece of White Paper some of the Food you have mention'd; which send to me, that I may observe how such Diet agrees with your Digestion, after which you shall have my Opinion at large.

Your humble Servant,

The MEDDLER.

Mr. MEDDLER,

The inserting the following Lines in your next Paper, will very much oblige your humble Servant,

PHILANTHUS.

To MIRA, on a Piece of Embroidery made in *Winter*.

WHAT gay Delusion plays before my Eyes?

See from thy Art a new Creation Rise!  
The flow'ry Race, as from their grassy Beds,

Rear'd by thy Skill, shoot up their painted Heads,

Thy Magick Hands 'midst Wintry Horrors bring

Th'embroider'd Beauties of a genial Spring.  
My Eyes deceiv'd confess thy Matchless

Power,

For living Bloom seem'd glowing in each Flower,

And Fancy breath'd the Aromatick Gale,  
Soft as *Sabaa's* Fragrant Plains exhale;

So *Zeuxis' Grape*, still fresh in Poet's Song,  
By lively Semblance drew the feather'd

Throng,

With eager Wing they darted at the Grain,  
But thinking Nature cruel fought the Plain,

With plaintive Notes fill'd ev'ry tuneful Spray,

And sung Art's triumph in the mocking Prey;

And chance some time invited by thy Art,  
When roaming out for Sweets in ev'ry Part,

Around may pitch the Honey-working tribe,  
And think from thee their balmy Sweets

t'imbibe,

The gawdy Insects 'round thy Beauties cling,  
Hover in Play, and stretch the Silken Wing.

See, *Mira*, Nature wond'ring at thy Skill,  
Surpriz'd at Spring Fresh-blooming at

thy Will!

How from thy Hand the Snow-drop and the Rose

Receive their Colours, which such Charms disclose,

How

How gay-enamell'd Pinks, with spangled  
 Hue,  
 Shoot up in Bloom, nor pant for fust'ring  
 Dew,  
 The deep Carnation and the Violets blow,  
 And Tulip-race with streaky Beauties glow,  
 How bending Cowslips languid rise to light,  
 And snowy Lillies crown the feasted Sight;  
 Not such gay Scenes in Fairy Realms appear,  
 Where endless Spring arrays the youthful  
 Year,  
 Nor can *Elysium*, where the happy Reign,  
 Unveil such Glories on her Flow'ry Plain:  
 Had but *Arachne* such a Work display'd,  
 Secure she had defy'd the Blue-ey'd Maid,  
 The envious Goddess, leaving her the Prize,  
 Confus'd had fled, and fought her native  
 Skies.

To the Publisher.

S I R,  
 LAST Saturday I was (with half a dozen Connoisseurs) at Mr. Arne's Subscription Performance, to hear the new Oratorio of Abel. The Motive that induced me to give my Half Guinea, was, the deserved Reputation Mr. Arne has establish'd in England by his Compositions, and Mrs. Arne by her Singing, who, among the best Italian Singers, has always acquir'd at least an equal Applause. I must own, I was not a little surpriz'd, that Mr. Arne shou'd let the Footmen into the Upper Gallery to disturb any Part of so Sublime an Entertainment, their Applause to what pleases them, being Impertinent, and their Disapprobation of any Thing, an Insolence not to be forgiven. The Poem is in the Opinion of several learned Gentlemen superior to any Thing of the Kind since Milton.

I am Passionately fond of Music, and particularly of Mr. Arne's, who is remarkably Happy in his Air and Harmony, and in adapting his Music to the Words; and I have some Right to be reckon'd a Judge, if performing tolerably on the Harpsichord, with the Advantage of being Five Years in Italy, can intitle me to be thought so: And do affirm that I never heard in Italy, or England, a more noble or finish'd Composition. Mrs. Arne's Performance was exquisite, Mr. Lowe perform'd extreamly well, and is very Articulate in his Pronunciation, and Mrs. Chateaufung her Part with great Decency.

This being undeniable, can any one account for Brutality and Impudence of two or three Footmen in killing a young Man, (who is a very good Musician, and only spoke two or three Speeches of Music) because his Voice was not so happy as the rest?

The inimitable Mr. Handel is always forc'd (even in England) to dispense with one or two indifferent Performers; and even in the Operas, where they have such great Subscriptions, for the best Singers from Italy, they cannot carry them on (good Voices are so scarce) without some indifferent Singers. How great an Indulgence then ought to be shewn in this Country, where no tolerable Man-Singer is to be met, except Mr. Collogan, who is not permitted to Sing at the Theatre.

I would therefore beg Leave to recommend to the Town, that they will encourage so solemn and excellent a Performance, and go, as they do to Mr. Handel, to hear a fine Composition, and two or three good Singers, and excuse one who is less excellent, for the sake of those who give them Pleasure.

Yours, &c,

PHILOHARMONIC

February 18, 1743 4

THE undertakers for printing of the UNIVERSAL HISTORY, in sixteen volumes, octavo, having met with uncommon favour and encouragement from the publick, hereby give notice, that they will actually, according to their proposals and specifications, put the said work to press, the 26th of March on a perfectly neat and virgin type, at the printing office of Mrs. Rhames, in Caple-street; that the plates are also undertaken for engraving and printing, by capable persons; and, as the greatest care imaginable shall be taken in revising and correcting said work, they hope to make it as useful and advantageous to the Kingdom, as the excellency thereof most truly deserves. The price to Subscribers is only 4 l. 5 s. Eng. a British crown to be paid at the time of subscribing, and a British crown on the delivery of each volume, in the best half binding, leathered and number'd with gold on the back, till the whole is compleat: Subscriptions are taken in by John Caldbeck, and Simon Williams, at the secretary's office in Dublin Castle; Richard Dickson, at his house in Silver-Court, in Castle-street; Ellis Chandlee in Bride-Street; W. Neal, Christ church Yard; at Dick's coffee house in Skinner-row; Gladwell's in Meath-street, Lucas's, the Globe Rainbow, and Custom-house coffee-houses; and Mrs. Rhames in Caple-street, and the principal booksellers, merchants, and dealers in all the great towns in Ireland: Every person subscribing for six, to have the seventh set gratis.

D U B L I N: Printed for PETER WILSON, at Gay's Head in Dames-Street, where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *March* the 1st, 1743-4.

*Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo.*—Hor.

True Decency I seek, and make my Care.

I Happened a Week since to spend an Evening with my Friend Mr. *Wortby's* Family at Dr. *Bustle's*, where there is generally a Resort of Young People of both Sexes; and there I could not without some concern observe, what a strong influence Affectation had over the most of them. They all endeavoured to be agreeable, but seemed to mistake the Methods of being so; and by the fatal Error appeared to be on the brink of falling into Absurdities. Some by over-straining their Wit had sometimes got to the Borders of Non-sense, or by an ill-managed Facetiousness fell into Buffoonry; others by various Motions of the Head, and by settling their Countenances into different Forms, had (if I may be allowed the Expression,) improved the Charms Nature had been lavish of into Imperfections and Blemishes. My Friend's amiable Daughter, Miss *Nancy Wortby*, was one of the Company, and her fond Parent, apprehensive that the Infection might reach her, earnestly desired, I should take an Opportunity of warning her to guard against this Delusion. In Compliance therefore with so just a Demand, and for the general Benefit of my Readers, I have chosen Agreeableness for the Subject of this Day's Paper.

To give a perfect Definition of Agreeableness is impossible, as it consists not in

a Particular or determined Form of any Action, but is the Result of the Conduct in general; it is one of those Things, which are better felt than told, and which we conceive fuller than Expression can describe; it is to Action, what well-chosen Words are to Thought, a proper Dress, which sets them in a becoming and advantageous Light.

The Foundation of this necessary Quality I take to consist in an happy Nature, and its grand Improver to be the Example of others, and a fortunate Conversation with the better Sort of the World; without the former it is scarcely possible that it should begin to exist, without the latter, that it should continue or strengthen into any degree of Perfection. The Desire of the Affection of Mankind, which is generally a strong Passion in happy Tempers, sets them out in search of Means to obtain it; and a Commerce with those, who have successfully arrived at it, or who are acquainted with Men, will point out the proper Arts to succeed. That this is so will further appear, if we consider, that the greatest Abilities without this desire cannot produce Agreeableness; we find that some of the greatest Philosophers and Men of the most shining Genius, when they have retired from Mankind, have been buried in, and enslaved to a  
inartling

snarling Moroseness; it is then a proper Company with Mankind that will temper the rank Soil, or enrich the poor one, and thus bring forth this curious Plant to bloom. A certain Variety is also a great requisite in Agreeableness; a set Conduct either in Words or Gesture will not please long, and though it may have been admired for some time, yet it will lose its Relish and grow insipid; it is in Agreeableness as in a well-executed Landscape, in which the great Variety of Objects strikes us with Delight, or as a fine piece of Musick, where the Variety of Sounds concurs to the Harmony of the Whole. Nature, conscious of this, has varied her Operations for the Pleasure of Mankind, and this System of the Universe pleases us by its beautiful Diversity.

These general Observations being laid down, I shall take Agreeableness under a closer View, and consider it in a more particular Light, and this I shall do by dividing it into External and Internal.

By External Agreeableness I understand those Graces, which appear at first View, which strike immediately, and leave a strong Impression in Favour of the Person possessed of them; and these are what we call Agreeableness of Person and Carriage. And tho' this Agreeableness is not to be equally valued with the Internal, which consists in the beauties of the Mind and Conversation, yet they leave I know not what Prejudice and Prepossession behind, and, tho' the Internal loses nothing of its Original and real Value when unassisted by this, yet it must be confessed that it shines the brighter when properly ornamented by it; and they are compleat who can join both together and form the perfect Union. Tho' we can assign no satisfactory Reason for the great Power Beauty has in this Respect, yet we find that Wit from a beautiful Mouth and a graceful Person, carries a double Edge, and meets with greater Applause.

A Carriage proper to the Character and

Condition of the Person cannot fail of being agreeable; a Majestick Air in Princes or Men of Nobility is necessary and agreeable, which in Persons of lower Rank is looked upon as the Effect of an empty Vanity; but to make this agreeable, there must be a proper Knowledge when to fall from that Grandeur, and when to maintain it; we generally stile it Haughtiness, and Pride, when always supported, and the great Man always in Majesty, like *Jupiter* of old in his Glory, is too dazzling for the Eyes and approach of Inferiours; and as he commands an awful Respect, so he cannot excite the softer Passion Agreeableness inspires.

But in Behaviour great Caution must be used not to deviate from Nature; whatever is unnatural cannot be agreeable, and as every passion has its peculiar Air, as Grief and Joy, Pain and Pleasure, shew themselves in different Manners; so the true Follower of Agreeableness, like the exact Painter, will express them in their proper Attitudes. Some we see, who, having observed a certain Air in others meet with Applause, have with all the powers of Affectation endeavoured to adopt it; but as Nature has not been consulted, the aukward Imitator has often been the Ridicule of those, whose Admiration he courted.

A Consequence of this strict Adherence to Nature will be a Freedom and Ease, which is of no small Importance in Agreeableness: Whatever carries an appearance of Stiffness never leaves a favourable Impression behind; we suspect it to be a Disguise troublesome even to the Person that wears it, and this assumed Formality is scarcely to be endured, as it lays a restraint on those whose livelier Temper can hardly brook such a Check. Agreeableness flows smooth and easy, and thus steals and wins on the Mind; the Man that seems to move by Springs, though perhaps he contradicts no Rule of Behaviour, as he is ostentatious of his Merit, so he deserves

erves not that Applause, which modest Worth claims as its Right, and, like a Self-praising Courage, he never meets with that Esteem, a silent Bravery deserves.

This Observation of the Rules of Nature will also make us exact in our Conduct with Respect to Years and Time. Mirth and Gaiety become Youth, Gravity and Sedateness those of riper Years; the young Lady of Eighteen with a solemn Air of Thought is as intolerable as the Matron always in a Dance, and tho' we are apt to look upon this in young People as an happy sign of Sobriety, yet I can see no Reason for it; it discovers at best a gloomy Constitution, and as it is not generally natural, so it cannot be agreeable.

Dress is no small Appendage to Agreeableness, and tho' it is the most superficial and least essential of it's Requisites, yet it is not to be neglected; it is this that strikes first, and great Care is to be taken of the first Appearance. Fashion, tho' looked upon as the Goddess of Fools, should have a proper Respect paid to her; they are generally those who can make themselves remarkable no other Way, that endeavour to be so by Singularity, and as they seem to despise the World, so they cannot be agreeable to it.

These outward perfections have been more improved among the Female than the Male part of the World; Ladies have a greater Delicacy for this External Agreeableness than Men, and are chiefly fond of those, whom their Resemblance in this nice Point recommends to their Favour. More Conquests have been made by a graceful Court'sie, an agreeable Smile, a respectful Bow, and the like Accomplishments, than (I fear) by solid Virtues: And as the Force of this Department is so prevailing, Endeavours should be used to be thoroughly acquainted with all its Arts. What a Figure does *Gamilla* make without her Fan? tho' she is a Master-piece of Beauty, she loses half of her power at this Juncture, she knows not what to do with

herself, and her amiable Arms seem to be a troublesome Burthen; give her the Fan, with this returns her Loveliness, and the life of all her Charms seems to be owing to this. How victorious is *Iabella* when speaking! we gaze with Admiration, and hang upon her Words; but when she ceases, how cruelly does she torment those Lips which pleaded so strong in her Favour! and how barbarous does she appear in torturing those Beauties, which graced her before with such Lustre! As strange as it may seem that such small Imperfections should have a bad Effect, yet it is certain, that they cast a Shade on all other Beauties. Agreeableness requires Exactness in the most minute Actions, and her greatest Influence is derived from the most refined and almost imperceptible Beauties. The Ancients have always painted the Graces, Attendants of their Goddesses of Beauty, in the most delicate Manner, intimating by this, that what affects us with the greatest Pleasure consists in the most subtle and scarcely perceivable Charms.

It may not be amiss before I end this Paper to consider how this External Agreeableness, this outward Air, is so necessary. As there are many who imagine, that Nature has represented in our Features the inward Frame of the Mind, so according to this Rule they think that the outward Gesture is the true Representation of the inward Temper; and though there is no certainty in this, yet there is a tendency in Man to judge after this Manner. We must therefore be careful in our outward Air to please the World, and study those Arts the generality of Mankind use, that we may escape a (perhaps) undeserved Censure and Ridicule.

I have thus considered External Agreeableness, which I recommend as a proper Introducer to the Internal, as an auxiliary to Beauty, and very necessary, as it makes an happy Impression in Favour of Internal Agreeableness, which shall be the Subject of my next Paper.



*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. Feb. 29th, 1743-4.*

**W**E have undoubted Intelligence, since our last of the Pretender's Eldest Son being arrived in France, and that Preparations are making there to invade these Kingdoms. Upon this Advice, the Government have order'd all Officers to their respective Posts, given the necessary Orders for arraying the Militia, sent large Quantities of Arms and other Military Stores to several Parts of this Kingdom, taken up several suspected Persons, order'd Parties of Dragoons to patrol the Streets every Night, and, in short, taken such prudent Precautions, as, 'tis believed, will sufficiently frustrate so insolent and daring an Attempt. The most rational Reason that can be given for this extraordinary Step, is, that the French thereby hope to create such Emotions at home, as will effectually prevent our sending any Succours abroad. As a consequence of all this, a War with France is look'd upon as unavoidable.

The following High Sheriffs have been appointed by his Grace the Lord Lieutenant.

*Sligo*, Gilbert King, of Jamestown, Esq;  
*Roscommon*, John Lyster, of Athleague, Esq;  
*Louth*, Trevor Stannus, of Stannus-Hill, Esq;  
*Mayo*, Samuel Ormsby, of Spring-Hill, Esq;

Speedily will be publish'd,

Number I. (to be continued Weekly) of

**T**HE TRAVELS of the late CHARLES THOMPSON, Esq; containing his Observations on France, Italy, Turkey in Europe, the Holy-Land, Arabia, Egypt, and many other Parts of the World: Giving a particular and faithful Account of what is most remarkable in the Manners, Religion, Polity, Antiquities, and Natural History of those Countries: With a Curious Description of Jerusalem, as it now appears, and most other Places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. The whole forming a Compleat View of the Antient and Modern State of great Part of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Publish'd from the Author's Original Manuscript, interspers'd with the Remarks of several other Modern Travellers; and illustrated with Historical, Geographical, and Miscellaneous Notes by the Editor.

**CONDITIONS.]** I. That the Work shall be printed on a Fine Paper, and beautiful Letter, in Four neat Pocket Volumes, 12mo. II. That each Volume will be divided into Four Numbers, and one Number publish'd Weekly, 'till the whole is finish'd. III. That the Price to Subscribers will be Eight *British* Shillings; a *British* Six-pence only to be paid on the Delivery of each Number. IV. That the Work shall be carefully corrected; but if any Error of Consequence appears upon Revisal, the Page shall be cancell'd, and amended ones deliver'd Gratis. V. That the Subscribers Names shall be printed as Encouragers of the Work.

Such Persons as are willing to become Subscribers are requested to send in their Names and Places of Abode to the Undertaker, PETER WILSON, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dame-street*.

*N. B.* At the first Appearance of these Travels, in London, the whole Impression of the first Numbers were immediately bought up; and when better known, the Success was so extraordinary, that upwards of 2000 of them were sold every Week. As several Gentlemen have been grossly imposed on by purchasing Books in this Manner, some being never compar'd, and others swell'd beyond the Size at first propos'd; the Publisher hereby engages to finish this Work according to the above Proposals, or return the Money to his Subscribers.

February 18, 1743-4.

**T**HE undertakers for printing of the UNIVERSAL HISTORY, in sixteen volumes, octavo, having met with uncommon favour and encouragement from the publick, hereby give notice, that they will actually, according to their proposals and specimens, put the said work to press, the 26th of March, on a perfectly neat and virgin type, at the printing-office of Mrs. Rhames, in *Caple-street*; that the plates are also undertaken for engraving and printing, by capable persons; and, as the greatest care imaginable shall be taken in revising and correcting said work, they hope to make it as useful and advantageous to the kingdom, as the excellency thereof most truly deserves. The price to Subscribers is only 4 l. 5 s. Eng. a British crown to be paid at the time of subscribing, and a British crown on the delivery of each volume, in the best half binding, leathered and number'd with gold on the back, till the whole is complete: Subscriptions are taken in by John Caldbeck, and Simon Williamson, at the secretary's office in *Dublin Castle*; Richard Dickson, at his house in *Silver-Court*, in *Castle-street*; Ellis Chandlee in *Bride-Street*; W. Neal, in *Christ church Yard*; at Dick's coffee house in *Skinner-row*; Gladwell's in *Meath-street*, Lucas's, the *Globe*, *Dublin*, and *Custom-house* coffee-houses; by Mrs. Rhames in *Caple-street*, and the principal booksellers, merchants, and dealers in all the great towns in *Ireland*: Every person subscribing for six, to have the seventh set gratis.

*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744.*

**PROPOSALS** for Printing by SUBSCRIPTION, THE Works of Mr. Edmund Spenser. In Six Volumes. With a New Glossary, Explaining the Old and Obscure Words. And a more exact Account of his Life, by his Great Grandson, Edmund Spenser, who has undertaken this Work at the Desire of several Persons of Distinction who are Admirers of that celebrated Poet, and willing to shew a Mark of Favour to his Descendant. — **CONDITIONS.** I. This Work shall be put to the Press as soon as possible, and printed in six neat Pocket Volumes, on the same Paper and Letter with the Proposal and Specimen. II. The Price to Subscribers will be one Guinea; Half of which to be paid at Subscribing, and the Remainder on Delivery of a compleat Sett well Bound and letter'd. III. A few will be printed on a fine Writing Medium Paper for the Curious, at One Pound Ten Shillings a Sett. IV. The Subscribers Names shall be printed. — Subscriptions are taken in by the Editor, and by George and Alexander Ewing, Booksellers in *Dame street*.

**J**UST imported, by SAMUEL HORNER, on the Batchelor's Walk, fresh Westphalia Ham. Old Hock, Pyrmont Water, and Frontignack in Bottles.

**D U B L I N:** Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street*, where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *March* the 8th, 1743-4.

*Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo.*—Hor.

True Decency I seek, and make my Care.

I Have taken notice in my last Paper of the outward Forms of Behaviour, of that *External Agreeableness* which pleases at its first Appearance, and ushers in with a graceful Decency the more Solid and Considerable, the *Internal*, which results from the Mind, and shews itself in Discourse. Forms and Gesture may be a deceitful Varnish, they may impose on us by a luring Outside, and discover at the End a formal Emptiness; but what flows immediately from within must be real; this hardly admits of a Disguise, and this stamps the Value of Man, as it displays his Soul. The Excellence of *External Agreeableness* (I have observed), consists in the favourable Impression it makes at first View, and yet from this Advantage we may deduce the Superiority the *Internal* has over it, and over Beauty; as the Prejudice the former raises in its favour is sudden and quick, so does it soon languish and decay; the Charms of the latter are not so immediately perceivable, 'tis by Attention and Observation we discover the Beauties of the Mind, and therefore they make the stronger and more indelible Impression; these are the finest Gems which lie deepest, and the Mind well-improved, like a rich Mine, opens the tulle Veins the deeper we penetrate, and requires a tedious and constant Search to discover its Value. Though

Man should be improved with the most exact deductions of Experience and Observation, though he should have enriched himself with the justest and most refined Sentiments Books and Study can supply; yet as their Value is determined by the Opinion of the Generality, so a further Care is to be taken that they shew themselves in a Manner agreeable to them. The Accomplishments of the Mind require Art and Skill to be set off to Advantage, and as the curious Artist can give Additional Beauties to his Picture by placing it in a proper Light, so may Man add new Embellishments to the Soul by the Manner he displays it in.

The first and chief Principle of *Agreeableness* in the Mind must be a firm Adherence and Attachment to Virtue. This moral Beauty is productive of innumerable Charms in the World, and has the most happy Effect on those we converse with: We listen with Pleasure to one, whose Integrity is approved of, whose Sincerity is undoubted, and whose Benevolence is admired. Vicious Principles naturally create an Abhorrence, at least a Dislike of the unhappy infected Person, nor can we converse with Freedom and Ease with one, whose Actions we detest, and whose Designs we fear. The more the vicious Man is adorned with the other Parts of *Agreeableness*,

ness, the greater is our Distrust of him, and we suspect even the Appearance of an amiable Quality to be a Veil to gloss over his intended Mischief. Virtue then is the Foundation and Substance of Agreeableness; the rest is variable, but this is fixed and immutable; other Parts of Agreeableness are the Favourites of particular Countries, but this is equally admired by the whole World; some are Flowers of a Season, which Time and Caprice destroy, but this is the curious Plant which never withers, but is always in Bloom.

A Justness of Sentiment, and Delicacy of Taste, cannot fail of pleasing. Chimerical Notions and a romantick Imagination may excite Mirth, but never a serious Approbation. As mutual Improvement is the Design of Conversation, so he is truly agreeable, whose Opinions we may receive, whose Judgment we may depend on, and whose Sentiments we should imbibe. Error and Prejudice often insinuate themselves into Men by Conversation, as they have not time to canvass the Truth and Solidity of Assertions, so it steals on unperceived and secure, it sets up a false Light which we imprudently direct ourselves by, and are at length betrayed upon Shelves and Rocks. Clearness of Perception, and Delicacy of Judgment and Taste, will render the Familiarity of a Man agreeable and desired; we make his Thoughts our own, and an insensible Improvement must necessarily follow; and as Soldiers are inspired with a more chearful Courage, when satisfied of the Abilities of their General, so the Reputation of a Man in these Respects will make our Attention the closer, our Observation the stronger.

Whatever carries with it an Air of Labour and Study is very seldom thought Agreeable, and therefore abstruse Meanings and a sententious Obscurity are to be avoided. In Instruction they have more Perplexity and Doubt than real Use, nor is it possible to be entertained with a Discourse, which demands a laborious Enquiry

to arrive at its Sense. The general Name for this Obscurity of Conversation is Pedantry, a Fault frequent even in Men of Learning, but such as have read Books more than Men. And though some Advantage is to be got from such, yet in general Conversation they must be disagreeable; for there the Soul unbends itself, the Mind opens, and nothing is willingly admitted, but what carries an easy Softness, an agreeable Smoothness.

Intention of Mind is another Enemy to Agreeableness. This total Possession of the Understanding by some Object, which requires a fixed Consideration, destroys the Pleasures of conversation; a Man thus employ'd is fitter for a Solitude than a Crowd, and this argues a certain Contempt of those with whom he converses, as he takes no Pains to please them, and seems to despise the Endeavours of others to be agreeable to him. As this is incident to Men of Speculation and depth of Thought, so is it generally affected, but meets with a general Dislike. Conversation is a Club in which every one should pay his Share; in what a Light must he then appear, who can contribute largely, and yet depends on the Bounty and Generosity of others?

Wit in Discourse must be temper'd and properly restrained to engage and please. He, who endeavours to shine brighter than others, dazzles and surprizes by his too great Lustre, and a superiority in this may sometimes raise our Admiration, but seldom an Esteem of Agreeableness; for, as Mr. Pope says,

*Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,  
Atones not for the Envy which it brings.*

There are some who think that their Wit is never displayed to Advantage, but when pointed by Satyr, and embittered by Invective; and though this poignant Raillery may be designed for Entertainment, yet it is very unlikely to produce Agreeableness; it may excite an ill-natured Pleasure in  
some,

some, which cannot last as long as the Ré-sentment of the wounded Person; it may raise their Laughter, but will also awake their Fears.

Sir Francis Bacon observés, that he who has a fatyrical Vein, and makes others afraid of his Wit, must necessarily be afraid of their Memory. Such a one not only raises many Enemies, but is also exposéd to the sharp Returns others are glad to make, and which his Imperfections and Foibles may deserve. Wit when well regulated, when disarmed of its poisonous Sting, may grace Conversation, and give Life and Energy to Discourse: Like a full yet regularly flowing River, it will delight the Eye, and ornament the neighbouring Country, but if it wildly overflows, it destroys its own Beauty, and wastes the adjacent Plains.

A Dogmatical Temper must also be guarded against; this is the Humour, which thinks its Opinions Maxims, and its Determinations Laws; a Disposition which must be hateful, as it takes away the deference due to others. Modesty is the proper Attendant of Knowledge, and a Pretension to certainty in every Thing, is a sure Indication of Folly.

Among the many Defects of Conversation, I know not a greater than a Desire of finding Fault, and a censorious Inclination. This indeed shocks Humanity, and seems the Effect of a dangerous Moroseness. As there are few Actions but will admit of a double Face, a good and bad one, so these unhappy Minds are never at a loss to feed their Spleen; they will even attack the Best, and, like venomous Reptiles, extract poison out of Flowers. Envy in general is the Origin of this great Imperfection, wherever it sees Qualities it cannot attain, it immediately aims their Destruction, and denounces War. Curio, tho' happily endow'd by Nature, and improved by Study, seems to feel a Pain from the Accomplishments of his Friend, and what should give him Pleasure creates his Uneasiness; should you launch into Praises of his Merit, he'll start

an Exception, or give an Intimation which may blacken him, or at least raise a dangerous Suspicion. *Clarinda* cannot bear to hear another commended; if you admire a Lady's Face, she'll find out a Blemish in her Shape, or endeavour to let you know some Fault in her Conduct, if none will be allowed of in her Person. Good Nature will not pass a rigorous Judgment even on bad Actions, nor shew them as they are; it either covers them with Silence, or softens as much as possible their Circumstances: How detestable then must it be to proclaim others Shame, to glory in their Infirmities, and blazon their Faults in the blackest Colours? And how much more so, when those Imperfections proceed from our Spleen, and, far from being real, have their Birth and rise in a malicious Imagination?

In Conversation it is much more Difficult to manage a pleasant than a grave Subject. Pleasantry demands Art and Fancy to support it properly, where Gravity requires but an uniform Seriousness. A greater variety is to be observed in this kind of Discourse than any other, and it will surfeit and grow insipid, if not properly diversified.

To our Minds well regulated, and our Thoughts justly disposed, we must add a delicacy of Expression. The happy Art of Speech consists in an unaffected flow of Words, expressive of our Meaning, and well adapted to the Subject. Language in Internal Agreeableness is what Dress is in the External, and is as proper an Ornament to the Mind, as the other to the Body. And as in Dress so in Words, there is a Fashion to be observed, where the new and old are equally fantastical; and as our Words should be signs of Ideas, so equivocal Expressions are to be avoided, nor are any to be used, but such as the general Acceptation has stamped and made current.

And thus I have drawn the outlines of Agreeableness, and whoever attends to these general Rules may enable himself to find

find out its most delicate Features. This Quality I recommend as the Ornament of the Mind, as a very essential Band in Society; this in Superiours will raise the Admiration and Love of those beneath them, and this in Inferiours will engage the Benevolence of those above them; this in Men is a sweetener of their natural Roughness, and this in Women will either adorn or supply the place of Beauty.

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. Mar. 7th, 1743-4.*

THE Court of *France* have at length thrown off the Mask; they no longer act with that Caution they have hitherto observed, but openly and avowedly violate the most sacred Engagements. On Mr. *Thompson's* Representation to that Court, for obliging the *Prétender's* Son to depart that Kingdom; *Monf. Amelot*, by Order of his most *Christian Majesty*, has, in Effect, declared, That they look upon the Treaties subsisting between the two Crowns, as no longer binding. Besides this, they are almost in fight of *England* imbarcking a Body of Forces, which, 'tis said, will consist of 15,000 Men, to invade these Kingdoms. These Advices being laid before the Parliament, an humble Address has been presented to his Majesty, that he would be pleased to augment his Forces both by Sea and Land, and to assure him, that they will defray all the Expences he shall be at in defence of his Person and Kingdoms.

The States General have behaved in another Manner; Mr. *Trevor*, the *British* Minister, having made a Requisition of 6000 Men they are obliged to furnish us with, their High Mightinesses not only readily granted his Demand, but immediately nominated the several Regiments that are to form this Body, and assured him, in the strongest and most cordial Manner, of their unalterable Attachment to his Majesty's Person and Government. They have likewise given Orders for accelerating the Manning of such Ships of War, as are in a Condition of being soonest put to Sea.

'Tis the general Belief that there has been an Engagement between Admiral *Mattheus* and the *French* and *Spanish* Fleets, in which, 'tis said, the latter have been severely handled. This Report is not only reasonable, but seems in some Measure confirm'd, by stopping the *French* Mails, and laying an Embargo on all the Ports of that Kingdom. However, the Particulars of this Action are impatiently expected.

In *England* a Proclamation has been publish'd for putting the Laws in Execution against Papists and Non-Jurors, and for obliging the former to depart from the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and within

ten Miles of the same. The Government have likewise caused several Persons of Distinction to be arrested and committed *William Cecil*, Esq; to the Tower for High-Treason. It is said, that some other Persons have absconded. The Earl of *Stair* is appointed Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in South Britain.

BY the particular Desire of several Ladies of Quality, for the Benefit of Mr. *Watson*, By his Majesty's Company of Comedians, At the Theatre Royal in Aungier-Street, on Monday the 12th March will be perform'd a Comedy call'd, THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. To which will be added a Ballad Opera call'd DAMON and PHILIDA.

Saturday the 17th Inst. will be publish'd, Number I. (to be continued Weekly) of

THE TRAVELS of the late CHARLES THOMPSON, Esq; containing his Observations on *France, Italy, Turkey* in *Europe*, the *Holy-Land, Arabia, Egypt*, and many other Parts of the World: Giving a particular and faithful Account of what is most remarkable in the Manners, Religion, Polity, Antiquities, and Natural History of those Countries: With a Curious Description of *Jerusalem*, as it now appears, and most other Places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. The whole forming a Compleat View of the Ancient and Modern State of great Part of *Europe, Asia, and Africa*. Publish'd from the Author's Original Manuscript, interspers'd with the Remarks of several other Modern Travellers, and illustrated with Historical, Geographical, and Miscellaneous Notes by the Editor.

The Proposals and Conditions at large may be had at the Undertaker's, *Peter Wilson*, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dame-Street*.

N. B. This Number contains a particular Account of what is most remarkable in the Manners, Religion, Polity, Antiquities, and Natural History of the *French Nation*.

*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744.*

PROPOSALS for printing by SUBSCRIPTION, THE Works of Mr. *Edmund Spencer*. In Six Volumes. With a New Glossary, Explaining the Old and Obscure Words. And a more exact Account of his Life, by his Great Grandson, *Edmund Spencer*, who has undertaken this Work at the Desire of several Persons of Distinction who are Admirers of that celebrated Poet, and willing to shew a Mark of Favour to his Descendant. ——— CONDITIONS I. This Work shall be put to the Press as soon as possible, and printed in six neat Pocket Volumes, on the same Paper and Letter with the Proposal and Specimen. II. The Price to Subscribers will be one Guinea Half of which to be paid at Subscribing, and the Remainder on Delivery of a compleat Sett well Bound and letter'd. III. A few will be printed on a fine Writing Medium Paper for the Curious, at One Pound Ten Shillings a Sett. IV. The Subscribers Names shall be printed. ——— Subscriptions are taken in by the Editor, and by *George and Alexander Ewing* Bookfellers in *Dame-street*.

DUBLIN: Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street* where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *March* the 15th, 1743-4.

——— *Malum quo non aliud velocius ullam,  
Mobilitate viget, viresq; acquirit eundo.* Virgil.

——— The great Ill, from small Beginnings grows.  
Swift from the first, and ev'ry Moment brings  
New Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings! Dryden.

**A**R T has many Inventions, which in themselves are certainly not only inconsistent with, but even shocking to Nature: How then does she reconcile these to Mankind, in such a Manner, as to make them sometimes admired, and generally practised? Custom is the Agent in her Stratagems; by him she pursues her Scheme, and by his Means frequently gets the better of Nature herself. He extends his Power by imperceptible Degrees, and the steps he takes to obtain his Ends, are like the Lights and Shades in a well-finish'd Picture; we can scarce perceive where one ceases or the other begins. We are fond of obtaining new Accomplishments, and so are deceived by the false Appearance: While we imagine we are only acquiring an useful Servant, we set open the Avenues of our Minds for the entrance of a proud and imperious Master: We are lull'd by pleasing Slumbers into a Lethargy, from which 'tis hardly possible to rouse ourselves. Like other Tyrants, Custom at first soothes and softens us by feigned Blandishments, 'till he rises gradually to a summit of Power, where he no longer conceals his ambitious Views, but tyrannizes with open and confessed Violence. Every Man privately expresses a

dislike, and murmurs at his Slavery, yet how seldom do a Number join their Forces to put an End to what so much displeases them?

There is nothing can furnish a better Argument to prove the transitory State of all worldly Affairs, than Custom. We see a Fashion so well established among us, that we think 'tis impossible for any thing ever to shake its Foundations: It seems a Law of Nature, that is not to be erased; something implanted in our Minds, so as to be inseparable from them, and we (under an apparent Necessity of obeying its dictates) despair of a Change in our Circumstances, and are forced to sit down contented with our Lot, and submit to a Power we are incapable of resisting effectually. Yet a few Years, perhaps less than an Age, will throw down this lofty Pile, which all our strongest Efforts were not able to destroy: It crumbles away by the same imperceptible Degrees, that raised it to a stupendous Height: It declines from its Meridian with a Motion, equal to that by which it ascended; and gives place to another, which shall very probably arrive as soon at the same extensive Authority, and as soon lose it.

Many

Many are the Methods *Custom* makes use of to advance its Interest, and none of more Efficacy than the ridiculous Light it makes Singularity appear in. The Man, who either out of a mistaken Virtue or a sullen Pride, (for one of these is generally the Motive) sets himself out to oppose the common-received rules of Action among Men, is looked upon, as of another Species; a Creature that is not form'd for a Correspondence with his Fellows, or, at least, a voluntary Monster. He is marked as an Object of Derision; for the World is always ready to despise him, that assumes more Sense or more Merit than they pretend to. He who acts contrary to Custom, insinuates by his Contempt, that he knows better than those, who give into it, and is consequently despised, as actuated by Vanity and a morose Obstinacy, in rejecting what every body else has received. This raises a Party of a Multitude against one; and they join to support an Interest, which otherwise would decay, only in Opposition to him, who defies their Strength, and thinks meanly of their Understanding; two things, the most apt to provoke Anger and Contempt. Thus Custom raises itself even on the Malice of its Enemies; but when their Enmity ceases, it falls neglected and forgotten; like a rapid Torrent, it rages with double Force when opposed, and gathers new Strength from the Obstacles that for a while retard its Passage: For this Reason, no Man of sound and calm Sense ever yet endeavoured to oppose it by being Singular. The Method is to laugh, not to snarl, at the foibles of Mankind, if we would reform them: While we jest, we please; but when we begin to inveigh, we raise Indignation, where we hoped to obtain an Opinion of Wisdom: We occasion Obstinacy, where we expected Amendment.

The Original Copy of the following Letter was communicated to our Club, by a young Merchant, who is a Cousin of Mr. *Ballance's*, and just returned from the

*Levant*, where he has resided some Years. Whether it be founded on a genuine Correspondence between two Friends, or only a laughing Satyr on many of our reigning Customs, I doubt not, but will be acceptable to our Readers, and may serve to shew the Absurdity of some things established among us, better than the most obstinate Snarler could possibly effect.

A Letter from a *Persian* in *Ireland* to his Friend in *Sheraz*.

Forty two Moons are past since I parted from my *Helim*, since our Souls were blended together in sweet Discourse; our Dispatches are the only Mediums, by which our Thoughts are conveyed to each other. May these Emanations of the Mind be a Sparks to light up the Remembrance of thy *Aram*, and keep alive the Flame of Friendship in thy Heart. My Head is weary with making, and my Hand with writing Remarks: I hope shortly to be with thee, and present thee with the whole; however, I shall now give thee a Specimen of what thou art to expect hereafter.

When I first arrived at this Metropolis I sojourned in the House of a Person, for whom in a short Time I conceived a particular Affection. One Day that he went abroad, I saw him go out, and he appeared to me to be in his ordinary Health. I went out some time after, and as I was passing one of the principal Streets of the City, I observed several close Boxes, each carried by two Men, following one another in the utmost Haste. As I am naturally curious, and was willing to see every Thing remarkable in this Place, I stopped the foremost, and enquired of him (for I had already learned something of their Language) *What he carried in that Manner?* He pushed rudely on without making me any Answer, when, to my great Surprise, I saw thro' a Glass Window in the Box, my worthy Friend sitting in a languid Posture. I immediately concluded he must have been taken ill.

ill of a sudden abroad, and was thus conveying home for fear of catching Cold, in a Vehicle which seemed well contrived for the support of a sick Person. Struck with Grief and Compassion, I hastened home, and called as I went on a Surgeon who lived hard-by; but how gratefully was I disappointed to meet my Friend walking in good Health toward me, and when I asked him, *how he was*, to hear him answer cheerfully, *he was very well*. My dear *Helim* I have found since that it is the Custom here for young men in perfect Health, nay, even for their Captains and Men of War to be thus carried: And they sometimes (such is their Laziness!) make Visits to their Mistresses in this sloathful Manner. Would they not (think you) merit more Success, since they will not make use of the first Method Nature has taught for conveying their Bodies from one Place to another, if they should chuse our manly *Persian* Fashion, and go to make their Addresses on a fiery Courser, shewing their Vigour and Activity by managing the unbroken Steed?

Of all Nations in the habitable World, I sincerely believe these People would appear the greatest Lovers of Truth, and they are also the greatest Hypocrites. Nothing so much provoketh them to Anger as to tell them, they Lie: When it chanceth that one upbraideth another in this Manner, Bloodshed on one Side or the other generally ensues. They are so excessively fond of being thought to speak Truth, that they never inform you of the most indifferent Subject, never affirm any thing however ridiculous, without attesting what they say by the most solemn Oaths, or the dreadfulest Imprecations. I have often detected them in an Untruth, when they had thus violently asserted it, and when they knew what they had sworn to, was not. I have heard, my *Helim*, the venerable *Magas* the Priest, who is a very wise and learned Man, say, that an Oath is certainly a Religious Act; if so,

this is the most pious Nation on the Face of the Earth.

Thou mayest remember I told thee, that the \* *Caduceans* have a Custom of putting Powder in their Ears: These People have one not much unlike it; they have a dark-coloured Powder, that they are continually putting up their Nostrils, and which they carry in very sumptuous Boxes about them for this Purpose. I used a little of it in this Manner, and found that it thinned the Fluids of the Head, so as to occasion that Titillation, which throws one into those little convulsive Fits, which last for a Moment or two. I guess it may be designed as a Purge for the Head, but they do not take it with that Decency and Privacy, that we do our Physic; for I have seen them in a publick Assembly, even at their Temples, take and give it each other, without being in the least ashamed; but the Truth is, some of them use it so frequently and in such Quantities, that it soon loses that purgative Effect, which seems the only Use of it. I would dispense with the male part for continuing this Custom, if the Females would forbear it; particularly a beautiful Virgin, who lodges in the same House with me, and for whom I had some Kindness; but was cured of my Passion by a Particular, which will give thee a further Light into the Customs of these People.

I have told thee in a former Dispatch, that they wear artificial Hair, which the better Sort purchase from the Meaner, and have it molded into the strangest and most unnatural Forms, you can imagine. I have enclosed thee a Picture of one Kind of them, which thou wilt see has a small square Sack at the bottom of it. I believe thou wilt confess it is a Curiosity, if thou canst but be perswaded that any rational Creature could carry such a Thing hanging at his Head; yet I assure thee I have seen several of them, who have had the great-

\* A People of *Assyria*.



' est Part of their Bodies covered with  
 ' Gold, strutting under one of these with  
 ' greater Pomp, than thou would'st  
 ' with thy artless Curls, when thy charm-  
 ' ing *Fatima* is present. I forgot, when I  
 ' mentioned this artificial Hair before, to  
 ' to tell thee that they cover it all over with  
 ' fine Flower; and this not less profusely,  
 ' even when there is the greatest scarcity of  
 ' Provisions. But what I would particu-  
 ' larly Notice to thee at this time is, that  
 ' the Women (who, but for their encum-  
 ' bring and ridiculous Habits, are inex-  
 ' pressibly handsome) have given into this  
 ' Custom. I often praised my fair Conque-  
 ' res for her charming Hair, but how  
 ' great was my Astonishment, when rush-  
 ' ing one Morning into her Chamber,  
 ' with the bold Intrusion of an eager Lover,  
 ' I found her quite Bald, and the Locks I  
 ' had been so pleased with lying on the  
 ' Table. Imagine, my *Helim*, my Won-  
 ' der: Thou art sensible how disagreeable  
 ' an Object a Woman without Hair must  
 ' be, and how disgraceful for that Sex it is  
 ' to want the flowing Gifts of Nature. I  
 ' got out, and fled with all possible haste  
 ' from the Deceiver, and was in doubt  
 ' some time after, if I had not been mak-  
 ' ing my Addressee to a Boy; for this arti-  
 ' ficial Hair seemed to me to be confined to  
 ' the Male Sex, and to be a Distinction be-  
 ' tween their Dress and that of the other; but  
 ' I have since been told there are many of  
 ' these Cheats. In short, that dirty Physic  
 ' my Mistress too frequently took, and the  
 ' false Hair she imposed on me for her own,  
 ' has raised in me a different Passion from  
 ' Love.

' But, my *Helim*, tho' these People have  
 ' many strange and barbarous Customs,  
 ' they have nevertheless several that are  
 ' praise-worthy. It is not indeed permit-  
 ' ted by the Laws of this Country for a  
 ' Man to have more than one Wife; yet

' those of the first Rank, soon after they  
 ' are married, take a second, whom they  
 ' keep in Private; which gives me great  
 ' Reason to hope, that they may in time  
 ' become Mussulmans, and obey the pre-  
 ' cepts of our Prophet by encreasing their  
 ' Wives to the number of four, that num-  
 ' ber which Nature, and Reason, as well  
 ' as his Wisdom, have prescribed. Oh,  
 ' my *Helim*, great is Truth, her Laws are  
 ' wrote on the Heart, and will appear in  
 ' spite of the Efforts of Prejudices imbib-  
 ' ed in Youth. *Farewell.*

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. March 14th, 1744.*

**T**HE Account of Admiral *Matthews's* having ob-  
 tain'd a complete Victory, over the combined  
 Fleets of *France* and *Spain*, has been confirm'd  
 by the Government, who, on the Receipt of this im-  
 portant Advice, caused the Great Guns to be fir'd, the  
 Flags to be display'd, and such extraordinary Rejoyce-  
 ings to be made, as have not been known for some  
 time past. The Particulars of this Action are so vari-  
 ously reported, that we shall chuse not to mention them,  
 'till we have them from Authority, which, 'tis not  
 doubted, will be by the next Packet. This much, in-  
 deed, they seem to agree in, that the Engagement was  
 very warm, that it lasted three Days, and that our  
 brave Admiral gave them an entire Defeat in the End.  
 To remove a Mistake that some People have fallen into  
 in Relation to the certainty of this Affair, which they  
 imagine is no more than what is contain'd in the last  
*Gazette*; it may not be amiss to observe, that we have  
 Letters from *London* of a later date, (viz. the 8th)  
 which absolutely say, that an Express was that Day  
 arrived from Admiral *Matthews*; so that we may  
 reasonably conclude, that what the Government did was  
 on the best Authority.

Besides this agreeable News, the *French Fleet* at  
*Dunkirk* have been miserably shatter'd in the late Storm;  
 which has oblig'd them to disembark the Troops,  
 that were destin'd for invading these Kingdoms.

Now Selling by Auction,

**A**T Peter Lautall's, Bookeller, at the Corner of  
 Dirty-Lane in Dame-Street, a curious and valuable  
 Collection of Books in History, Lives, Letters, and  
 Memoirs, Travels and Voyages, Philosophy, Poetry,  
 Classics, Morality and Divinity.

The Sale begins every Day at 11 o'Clock, and con-  
 tinues 'till three in the Afternoon. Catalogues to be  
 had at the place of Sale.

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 where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *March* the 22d, 1743-4.

*The Debt immense of endless Gratitude ;  
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe ;  
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd :  
And understood not what a grateful Mind,  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted, and discharg'd : What Burden then ?* Milton.

**T**HE Love of Society has been ever known a reigning Passion of Mankind, and commendable as any of its Pursuits ; for the Support of it many Qualifications are necessary in every Man, and not one of them more absolutely so than *Gratitude*. By this Chain is Society joined ; and must immediately be dissolved, when the Links are broken. Society can no more exist without it than Trade without Credit and exactness in Payment ; and he that abandons it, cannot (I think) be termed by a more proper Name than a *Bankrupt* in Society. Injustice and Ingratitude are Qualities inseparable from each other. He that is unmindful of his Friends Favours, will never be willing to discharge his Debts ; and the one is as much opposed by the Laws of Honour and Reputation, as the other by the Dictates of the Legislature. If a Man be delighted in doing a Service to another, how great must his Pleasure be on repaying a Benefit ?

This is the plain and open Field where every one may shew what his Disposition is, and whether the Principles he has imbibed in his early Youth be of a good or malign Nature. If the forgiving Injuries be ordered us as a Duty, how necessary then must

the repaying of Benefits be ? Various are the Methods we use to gain the World's Esteem ; but to be beloved, is an Happiness which only the Good-natured Man can call his own, and none deserves so much the Character of Ill-natured, as he that has not Gratitude implanted in his Soul.

This Virtue then we must allow to be the Source of only a Noble and Generous Mind, which without it cannot have its Existence. Wherever (says Mr. *Pope*) I find a great deal of Gratitude in a Poor Man, I take it for granted there wou'd be as much Generosity if he were a rich Man. But we may also observe it practised by the narrow-spirited, and designing Part of Mankind, however disagreeable it may be to their Inclinations : It is a Part of the fair Outside they put on to conceal their dark Measures. This they are prompted to by Policy ; despairing of meeting with a Continuance of Favours, if they make not some return for what they already receiv'd.

But the real and unfeigned Gratitude is the Foundation we must build our Friendship upon ; and when that fails, the Super-structure must necessarily fall. The antient Writings abound with Precepts and

and Instructions upon this Subject. We are particularly careful, (says *Socrates*) in saving the Life of a Slave, can we then take too much Pains in the preservation of our Friend? We have a beautiful Observation from *Cicero* upon this Subject; We shou'd (says he) imitate the fruitful Lands, that still return more than they receive:

But may not the Hint be extended further? Does not almost every Work we undertake, and even Things inanimate, remind us of this Virtue? The Painter may expend much Time and Labour in perfecting his Picture; but the Reputation it acquires him, and his Satisfaction in beholding it, more than doubly recompence the Pains he bestowed upon it.

We are told that *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*, afterwards King of *Jerusalem*, a Prince of remarkable Generosity and Courage, in one of his Expeditions to the Holy-Land, happened to hear in a Forest the roaring of a Lion, as if in extream Pain; and at the same time saw a monstrous Serpent twined about one of his Legs; he immediately drew his Sword and dextrously cut the Serpent off: The noble Creature, sensible of the Benefit, fawned on his Deliverer, and followed him wherever he went; nor when he embarked for *France* did he forsake him; though the Sailors refused to take him on Shipboard, the generous Lion swam after until his Strength was quite spent, and he was drowned.

Nor do I think any Person suffers so much by Ingratitude as he that is guilty of it; being thereby deprived of one of the truest Pleasures a generous Mind can conceive. He beholds the uninterrupted Course of Society his former Acquaintances enjoy; himself despised, abandoned and exempt from those inestimable Blessings; while the same wicked Soul that prompted him to the Sin, now tortures him with Envy. If his former Friend but smiles, he suspects it to be at his Calamities; and like the

Murderer, groaning with the Sting of Conscience, judges the slightest Accident as a Vengeance ready to torment him. The very Thought of a Benefit is like the Ghost of a murdered Man that starts in the Face, upbraiding him with his Crimes. His ill-natured Mind will not allow him to do a Kindness; nor does the Thought of his past Actions to comfort him. If a Calamity should befall his Neighbours he is incapable of Pity, unworthy of any, should he himself be distressed: Almost every Object he beholds contributes to his Torment. The sight of a Good Man reminds him of his Ingratitude; and that of a wicked Man gives him an Idea of himself. What affords others Pleasure is painful to him. Good and Evil equally shock him; his becomes like a vitiated Palate, which does not digest but nauseates the Food, wholesome or not. A Hell upon Earth is a common Phrase, and sure nothing deserves the Title more than such a State where Conscience, Envy, and Discontent conspire to gloom the Scene.

Were the bad Consequences of Ingratitude and Evil confined to the Practitioners of them, they were less deplorable. But we may prevent them extended to the rest of the Community. Some Men by observing the Ingratitude of others, are deterred from imitating themselves to universally beneficent; they might perhaps otherwise do: On these occasions the distrust we too often see between Man and Man, and upon the Account one, who had proved himself a general Benefactor, was provoked to assume the Name and Character of a Man. We are by this Means often afraid to give our Bosom, while we cherish the frozen Snake, the opportunity to vent his Poison, and take away the Life of one who had restored his.

But the great and most necessary Lesson of Ingratitude, and what at this Season we ought particularly to consider, is that towards our Creator. And this we may reckon a complete

comprehend that Part of Gratitude before mentioned ; as we cannot render ourselves agreeable to him, without behaving kindly to our equals.

Notwithstanding how indispensable this Duty is, the Difficulty to arrive at a Perfection in it, is still equal to its Necessity. We may make a suitable Return for any of our Friends Favours, but to Recompence the Kindness of our Creator, is what the best of Men could never pretend to. It is an Ascent where though none can proceed as far as they ought, yet all ought as far as they can.

Nor can the Piety of our whole Lives, be a sufficient Recompence for one of his innumerable Blessings. Infinite Mercies cannot be repaid by finite Endeavours ; those who deduced the Principle of Ill Actions from Self-Love, might with great Reason have derived Ingratitude from it.

As we may account him above the Rank of Man who can return a Gratitude equal to the Blessings of his Creator, so may we reckon him below the Station of Brutes, who is incapable of any.

We have already observed, that he who can be guilty of Ingratitude to his Fellow Creatures, forms for himself a present Hell of Torments ; so he that is ungrateful to his Creator procures a future one.

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*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. March 21st, 1743.*

**I**N our last Paper it was said that the *French Fleet* at *Dunkirk* had suffer'd prodigiouly by the late Storms. It is now added, that they have lost nine or ten Transports, and, according to several Accounts, about 2000 Men, which, 'tis imagined, will put a Period to their intended Expedition. Indeed, they talk of reembarking their Troops ; but if the Signal for their Sailing be, as they say, the News of a Revolution in *England*, we dare say they will not set out suddenly.

Though we have had various Accounts of the late Engagement in the *Mediterranean*, yet we can give no Particulars of that Action with any certainty, till the Arrival of an Express from Admiral *Matthews*. It is however granted, by all Accounts, that we have had the Advantage in this Affair ; for even the Court of *France*, in the Relation which they have communicated to several Foreign Ministers, acknowledge, that

the *Spanish Squadron* has received considerable Damage, and that the combined Fleets were obliged to *Retire* (tho' perhaps not as they give out) by a cold N. E. Wind.

The following Address, which has been presented to his Majesty, and very graciously received, we flatter ourselves will not be disagreeable to our Readers.

To *GEORGE* the Second, King of Great Britain, &c.

The humble Address of his Protestant Subjects the People called Quakers.

*May it please the King,*

**W**E thy faithful and peaceable Subjects, being deeply concerned for the Safety and Preservation of thy Royal Person, Family, and Government, beg leave to approach thy Throne, to declare our Abhorrence and Detestation of all Plots and Conspiracies, for the Subversion of our Religion, Laws, and Liberties, and the introducing Popery and Arbitrary Power ; and of all Attempts whatsoever to disturb the Repose and Tranquility of these thy Kingdoms ; and assure thee, that we are determined, by the Assistance of Almighty God, in our respective Stations, stedfastly to continue thy loyal Subjects, and agreeable to our own Principles, to contribute all in our Power for the Preservation of the publick Peace.

Duty and Affection oblige us to express our grateful Acknowledgments for those inestimable Blessings our Religious and Civil Liberties, which we enjoy under thy mild and gracious Administration.

May the Almighty be pleased to direct thy Councils by his Wisdom, and make thee, O King, the happy Instrument to calm and compose the present Differences of Europe, and the glorious Means of re-establishing Peace and Tranquility : May his Divine Providence who hath preserved thee in imminent Dangers, protect thee against all thine Enemies, make thy Reign over us long and prosperous, and continue a Succession of thy Royal Off-spring, the Blessings of a free and happy People to late Posterity.

Signed in the Behalf of the said People, London, the 19th Day of the first Month called March, 1743.

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In the Press and will speedily be publish'd by *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dames-Street*,

**T**HE Complaint : or, Night-Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality. Night the Fifth. Humbly inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Litchfield*.

Where may be had the four former Nights. Price One Shilling

---

Just Publish'd,

(Price a British Six Pence)

**T**HE CHARMERS. A Poem. Humbly inscribed to the Hon. Lady *GORE*. Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dames-Street*.

Just Publish'd,

Number I. (to be continued Weekly) of

**T**HE TRAVELS of the late CHARLES THOMPSON, Esq; containing his Observations on *France, Italy, Turkey in Europe, the Holy-Land, Arabia, Egypt,* and many other Parts of the World: Giving a particular and faithful Account of what is most remarkable in the *Manners, Religion, Polity, Antiquities,* and *Natural History* of those Countries: With a Curious Description of *Jerusalem*, as it now appears, and most other Places mentioned in the *Holy Scriptures*. The whole forming a Compleat View of the Antient and Modern State of great Part of *Europe, Asia,* and *Africa*. Publish'd from the Author's Original Manuscript, interspers'd with the Remarks of several other Modern Travellers, and illustrated with *Historical, Geographical,* and *Miscellaneous Notes* by the Editor.

**CONDITIONS.]** I. That the Work shall be printed on a Fine Paper, and beautiful Letter, in Four neat Pocket Volumes, 12mo. II. That each Volume will be divided into Four Numbers, and one Number publish'd Weekly, 'till the whole is finish'd. III. That the Price to Subscribers will be Eight *British* Shillings; a *British* Six-pence only to be paid on the Delivery of each Number. IV. That the Work shall be carefully corrected; but if any Error of Consequence appears upon Revival, the Page shall be cancell'd, and amended ones deliver'd Gratis. V. That the Subscribers Names shall be printed as Encouragers of the Work.

Such Persons as are willing to become Subscribers are requested to send in their Names and Places of Abode to the Undertaker, PETER WILSON, at *Gay's-Head in Dame Street*.

*N. B.* At the first Appearance of these Travels, in *London*, the whole Impression of the first Numbers were immediately bought up; and when better known, the Success was so extraordinary, that upwards of 2000 of them were sold every Week. — As several Gentlemen have been grossly imposed on by purchasing Books in this Manner, some being never compleated, and others swell'd beyond the Size at first propos'd; the Publisher hereby engages to finish this Work according to the above Proposals, or return the Money to his Subscribers. The Second Number will be publish'd next Saturday.

**T**HIS Day is published by CHARLES CONNOR, at *Pope's-Head at Essex-Gate*, The Memoirs of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Clanrickard, Lord Deputy General of Ireland, containing several Original Papers and Letters of King Charles the II. the Queen Mother, the Duke of York, the Duke of Lorraine, the Marquis of Ormond, Archbishop of Tuam, Lord Viscount Taaffe, &c. relating to the Treaty between the Duke of Lorraine and the Irish Commissioners. Publish'd from his Lordship's Original Manuscripts. To which is prefix'd, a Dissertation, wherein several Passages of these Memoirs are illustrated, with a Digression, containing an Account of the Education and Studies of the antient Irish Fill'm, or Poets, and of their Works; out of which Dr. Keating has chiefly compiled his historical Collections relating to Ireland. To which are added, some Particulars of Dr. Keating's Life, and the Occasion of his making those Collections.

To the Publick.

**L**icensed and Established Remedies for most Diseases, accidental Hurts, and Disorders, Curable by Physick or Surgery, are collected, and sold by Authority, at the Elixir-Ware-House, or Dispensary, in Silver-Court in Castle-Street; Pursuant to the Regulation of the late Act, for Preventing Frauds and Abuses committed in the making and vending unbound, adulterated and bad Drugs and Medicines: Catalogues of the Goods are given gratis, and Letters on particular or private Cases answer'd, and all necessary Care taken for the safe, speedy and effectual Cure of Patients, at the easiest Rates.

Just Publish'd,

(As it is to be perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Aungier-Street.)

**M**ARGERY; or, A worse Plague than the DRAGON: A Burlesque Opera. Being the Sequel to the Dragon of Wantley. Altered from the Original Italian of Signor Carini. Set to Musick by Mr. John-Frederick Lampe. The fourth Edition.

Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's-Head in Dames Street*. Price 3 d.

Just Publish'd,

(As it is now acting at the Theatre-Royal in Aungier-Street.)

**T**HE DRAGON of WANTLEY. A Burlesque Opera. The Musick by Mr. John-Frederick Lampe. Modernized from the *Old Ballad* after the Italian Manner, by Sig. CARINI. The Fifteenth Edition, with Additions. To which is prefix'd, the Original Ballad (*cum Notis variorum*) by Way of Argument, &c. &c. &c. Price 3 Pence.

Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head in Dames-Street*.

Just publish'd, by PETER WILSON, at *Gay's-Head in Dames-Street*,

**C**IBBER and SHERIDAN, of the Dublin Miscellany. Containing all the Advertisements, Letters, Addresses, Replys, Apologys, &c. &c. &c. Lately publish'd, on Account of the Theatrical Squabble. To which are added, Several Prologues and Epilogues, spoke at the Theatre in Smock-Ally, last Summer, by Mr. Cibber, some of which were never before printed. Also, two Songs by Mr. Worralde, one call'd, An Act of Grace, The Poet's Release. The Other, on the routing of the French Forces at Dettingen, &c. Price 6½ d.

**J**UST imparted, by SAMUEL HORNER, on the Batchelor's Walk, fresh Wellphalia Ham. Old Hock, Pyrmont Water, and Frontignack in Bottles.

**D U B L I N:** Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head in Dames-Street*, where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

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THURSDAY, *March* the 29th, 1744.

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*Fortem posce animum.*

Juv.

Be a Brave Mind the object of thy wish.

**F**ortitude, tho' not esteemed by Moralists the leading Virtue, has nevertheless obtained the Sovereignty with the generality of the World; it shines with a Superior Lustre, and dazzles with its brightness; the other Virtues which are reckon'd superior to it, either as being more common and less considered, attract not the same Admiration; and this, like those cœlestial Fires, which appear but at certain Times, engage the Eyes of Mortals, which neglect others, though excelling in Glory and Use. It has been often observed that military qualities carry more shew than the civil, the honours of War, than those of Peace; and, as this Virtue has the larger Field to display itself in the former than the latter, it may not be an improbable Reason, why it appears generally in this advantageous Light; we are struck at the Pomp of a triumph, more than the splendour of a quiet Reign; and our concern for an unfortunate Hero, makes stronger impressions than other Calamities, which are nearer and should affect us deeper.

The general Exercise of this Virtue consists in either bearing with Prosperity or Adversity, in knowing how to be happy, or enduring to be miserable; in which of the two it appears more glorious, has been

disputed with equal Success, and Fortitude has been thought to pass thro' as dangerous a tryal, when lull'd in quiet and rest, as when facing Calamities and struggling with Misfortunes.

The general effect of Prosperity on Man is fatally too well known, few have greatness of Soul sufficient to stem the Torrent of good Fortune; we swim joyous along with it, nor know the Danger of the Stream till we find our Ruin. The Delights of Pleasure open an agreeable Prospect; we run without Reflection into the enchanting Country, which we cannot leave; the Charm works strong, and even our Will is captivated; here the Mind loses its Vigour, our Resolution grows impotent, the Soul is enervated, and the excellency of human Strength and Courage degenerates into Indolence and Weakness. This is the subtle Poison, which works surest; these are the Downy Fetters which are stronger than Iron, and the soft Showers, which penetrate deepest. Nor, when we consider how prevalent the Voice of Passion and Appetite is in Man, shall we wonder at our Mistake; every Sense urges with importunity to be satisfied, and few, when Opportunities are favourable, are deaf to their calls and their gratification. Happiness seems to consist in the completion of our Desires, every faculty is employed

ployed in the pursuit, and directed to the mistaken End; the suggestions of Reason seem to be the Voice of spleen and melancholy, and the Understanding is enslaved and tyrannized by Passion. Thus Man, imagining to answer the End of his existence, acts contrary to it; thus, thinking to move agreeably to his Nature, he debases it; and thus courting Happiness, (as it appears to him) he plunges into Misery. Agreeable to this, the antients have very aptly described Pleasure in their Fable of *Circe*, making her an Enchantress, whose poisonous Draughts turned Men into the filthiest of Beasts; nor is the Danger of her attracting Magick less to be noticed, since, according to the same Story, we find Men of Bravery, and inured to Hardships, have fallen her Victims. Thus Pleasure works insensible Destruction to human Nature, and the Sunshine of ease and quiet, like the warmer Countries, impair the Vigour and Strength of Man.

Riches and Power, constant Companions of Prosperity, are not less dangerous in their insinuations and effects than Pleasure. They have made Man forget even himself, and have engaged him to run such lengths as have destroyed his Virtue and Honour; and he has often soared, like a blinded Bird, till he has fallen a sacrifice to his own Ambition. Nor is this all, the Result of the abuse of these cannot be confined to the Rich or Powerful; others groan under the Consequences, and Tyranny and Oppression introduced by these, have produced a horrid Train of Miseries in the World.

Such are the Dangers which surround Prosperity, very fatal as little known, and more to be dreaded as less apprehended. These are the deep designing Enemies, which approach us under the Mask of Friendship, who cover the Precipice with a smooth Surface, and, like *Egyptian* Robbers, Strangle us with their embraces. And certainly there is a greatness of Soul in defying this Danger, in resisting this Temptation; by providing against the At-

tack we shew the Vigilance, by opposing it with Vigour, the Strength of our Mind.

Nor are there powerful Arguments wanting to support the other Side. To bear up against a load of Misery with Constancy and Resignation, with Resolution and Courage, argues a Soul intrepid, and above the common level of Mankind; and Virtue, like odoriferous Plants, is most fragrant, when incensed or crushed. In Adversity every noble Disposition, every generous Quality must be joined together, and Fortitude in this case is a Constellation of Virtues. The burthen of Misfortune often weighs down the Soul, it sinks under a lethargic melancholy, or feels the horrors of Despair. The Reflection of Miseries undeserved often raises a Self-preying sullenness; we imagine that we were designed a butt for Adversity, and the happier Sons of Men encrease the gloomy Disposition by exciting our Envy. What strength of Soul must he then be fortified with, who can withstand this Alliance of Evils? What Vessel however so well fitted can Weather out the Storm? Certainly here Man shews superior to his Nature, all his Passions seem to be silenced, at least under a perfect Obedience, and his Reason, impregnable to Misfortune, now displays to Advantage its light of Divine original. *Seneca* says, That Man struggling resolutely with adverse Fortune, is a Sight worthy the Admiration of the Gods; and in another Place the same Philosopher says, It is true greatness to have in one the Frailty of Man and the Security of a God; to be exposed to the Assaults of Evils incident to human Nature, and yet stand Invincible and Undaunted amidst their greatest Efforts. He who bears Prosperity well resists the Temptations of Evil, he who endures Adversity, Combats the very Evils; Caution and Vigilance may frustrate the Designs of the former, but to defeat the latter, all the Soul must exert itself, every Virtue must lend her Assistance. The good Things (says the same Author) of Prosperity are to be wish-  
ed

ed for, but those of Adversity to be admired; and Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, that Prosperity best discovers Vice, but Adversity best displays Virtue. Fortitude then, though clouded by Misfortune, will appear brighter than in the glories of Prosperity, and, like the Sun in Eclipse, will be more looked upon than when shining in a serene Sky.

Another Part of Fortitude I have as yet made no mention of, is its Vigour in repelling Danger; here is the first tryal of Courage and Intrepidity, and that Resolution which animates Man to a generous Defence against Evils when threatening, fortifies his Soul with strength to Support them when unavoidable. To shudder at Misfortune, and sit easy under Misery without Resistance, betrays a servile cowardice; at the approach of Danger the generous Soul rouses, the noble Spirit warms, and the Cloud of Evil, that lowering seem'd ready to break, dissipated by the Resolution of those it threatens, vanishes into nothing.

Such is the Warmth, such the Martial Vigour that now inspires *Briton's* Sons; not the Happiness of a long Security, not the Charms of Pleasure, or Delights of Peace can damp their Bravery, or chill their Resolution; in vain Usurpation Menaces, Tyranny frowns, and Superstition follows; the Sword of Justice in *Britain's* Hands proves invincible, and those, whose Fury designed our Country's Ruin, may tremble at their own Destruction within their Walls. Whenever appeared such a chearful readiness among the unhappy Slaves of Tyranny? Reason may be compelled to submit, but still the sprightly ardour is not to be found; a vigorous alacrity is peculiar to the fortunate Children of Liberty, to the happy Realms of Freedom; where whoever engages in his Country's Cause fights for himself; where Interest and Duty join, and where to improve his Zeal, Reason prompts, Honour calls, and Religion obliges. In vain the other shews of Happiness without Liberty, tempt the Man who enjoys the in-

estimable Blessing; 'tis this that gives a relish even to Life, the rest without it meet with contempt, and appear at best but gawdy Trappings to adorn Victims. How glow our Breasts, when we read in History of Heroes, who have generously devoted themselves for their Country? each Page, which crowns their labours with Immortality, inspires us with the same fire: How then should we burn, when we meet living Instances of equal generosity; when we see Death losing its Terrors, and Life heroically devoted for an admired KING, our Laws, and Liberties? No doubt but every one would cry out with the famous *Cato*,

One Day, one Hour of precious Liberty,  
Is worth a whole eternity of Bondage,

A Sentiment of such an exalted Spirit, of such noble generosity, as even a *Roman* Hero could not have uttered, if not inspired by a BRITISH SUBJECT.

---

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. March 28th, 1744.*

**T**IS confirmed that the *Spanish* Army in *Italy* have retired with the utmost Precipitation towards the Kingdom of *Naples*, where, if they are no better Supported than their Countrymen in the *Mediterranean*, it is thought, they will be totally ruined.

The *French* Ministry, in all Appearance, have laid aside their intended Expedition in favour of the *Pretender*; for according to the last Advices from *Paris*, the Count de *Saxe* and several other Officers are returned thither, where the People are not a little chagrined at the disconcerted Measures of their Court.

In our last Accounts from *Holland*, it is said, that their High Mightinesses the *States General* seem justly alarmed at the pernicious Designs of the Court of *France*; and by the vigorous Measures they are taking, seem determined to oppose them in the most effectual Manner.

On



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**CONDITIONS.]** I. That the Work shall be printed on a Fine Paper, and beautiful Letter, in Four neat Pocket Volumes, 12mo. II. That each Volume will be divided into Four Numbers, and one Number publish'd Weekly, 'till the whole is finish'd. III. That the Price to Subscribers will be Eight *British* Shillings; a *British* Six-pence only to be paid on the Delivery of each Number. IV. That the Work shall be carefully corrected; but if any Error of Consequence appears upon Revival, the Page shall be cancell'd, and amended ones deliver'd Gratis. V. That the Subscribers Names shall be printed as Encouragers of the Work.

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*N. B.* At the first Appearance of these Travels, in *London*, the whole Impression of the first Numbers were immediately bought up; and when better known, the Success was so extraordinary, that upwards of 2000 of them were sold every Week. — As several Gentlemen have been grossly imposed on by purchasing Books in this Manner, some being never compleated, and others swell'd beyond the Size at first propos'd; the Publisher hereby engages to finish this Work according to the above Proposals, or return the Money to his Subscribers.

**T**HIS Day is published by CHARLES CONNOR, at *Pope's-Head* at *Essex-Gate*, The Memoirs of the Right Hon. the Marquis of *Clanrickard*, Lord Deputy General of *Ireland*, containing several Original Papers and Letters of King *Charles the II.* the Queen Mother, the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Lorraine*, the Marquis of *Ormond*, Archbishop of *Tuam*, Lord Viscount *Taafe*, &c. relating to the Treaty between the Duke of *Lorraine* and the Irish Commissioners. Publish'd from his Lordship's Original Manuscripts. To which is prefixed, a Dissertation, wherein several Passages of these Memoirs are illustrated, with a Digression, containing an Account of the Education and Studies of the antient Irish Fillim, or Poets, and of their Works; out of which Dr. Keating has chiefly compiled his historical Collections relating to *Ireland*. To which are added, some Particulars of Dr. Keating's Life, and the Occasion of his making those Collections.

To the Publick.

**L**icensed and Established Remedies for most Diseases, accidental Hurts, and Disorders, Curable by Physick or Surgery, are collected, and sold by Authority, at the Elixir-Ware-House, or Dispensary, in *Silver-Court* in *Castle Street*; Pursuant to the Regulation of the late Act, for Preventing Frauds and Abuses committed in the making and vending unfound, adulterated and bad Drugs and Medicines: Catalogues of the Goods are given gratis and Letters on particular or private Cases answered, and all necessary Care taken for the safe, speedy and effectual Cure of Patients, at the easiest Rates.

**T**O be Sett for a Term of Years, or the Interest of the Lease sold by Mr. *Medlicott* Upholder, in *Dames street*, a large House, with Court before it, at the lower *Rathfarnham*, near the large Fishpond; the House is well wainscotted with Grates and Locks fix'd to every Room, with convenient Out-offices, Vaults, Coach-house, and Stable: a large Garden wall'd round, and planted with Vegetables sowed for the Season. The House will be shewn to any Person, by Mrs. *Fullard*, at the Sign of the Coach and Horses, next Door to *sa House*, and Mr. *Medlicott* will attend if sent for.

*N. B.* Said *Medlicott* makes all Sorts of Furniture at reasonable Rates, and appraises and sells all Sorts of Shop and House-Furniture by Auction.

*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744.*

**PROPOSALS** for Printing by SUBSCRIPTION THE Works of Mr. *Edmund Spenser*. In Six Volumes. With a New Glossary, Explaining the Old and Obscure Words. And a more exact Account of his Life, by his Great Grandson, *Edmund Spenser*, who has undertaken this Work at the Desire of several Persons of Distinction who are Admirers of that celebrated Poet, and willing to shew a Mark of Favour to his Descendant. — **CONDITIONS.** I. This Work shall be put to the Press as soon as possible, and printed in six neat Pocket Volumes, on the same Paper and Letter with the Proposal and Specimen. II. The Price to Subscribers will be one Guinea, Half of which to be paid at Subscribing, and the Remainder on Delivery of a compleat Sett well Bound and letter'd. III. A few will be printed on a finer Writing Medium Paper for the Curious, at One Pound Ten Shillings a Sett. IV. The Subscribers Names shall be printed. — Subscriptions are taken in by the Editor, and by *George and Alexander Ewing* Booksellers in *Dame-street*.

**DUBLIN:** Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street* where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken in

T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *April* the 5th, 1744.

*Auferimur Cultu*——Ovid.

By Dress we're taken.

**A**T a Meeting of our Club last Week, I produced (as Secretary) several Letters I had received on the Subject of Dress, all eagerly importuning us (as our Correspondents always conclude with requesting) to insert their Observations in our very next Paper after the Date of their Favours. Some of these Epistles being of a very extraordinary Kind, we agreed to insert them as they came originally to Hand, the rest I shall only take a cursory View of. The following, which comes from a Person of a very profound Judgement and great Speculation, at Mr. *Ballance's* Desire is placed at the Head of the rest, because (as he judiciously observed) the Scheme therein proposed may be of singular Service to the Legislature if rightly attended to.

From the Round Table at *Dick's Coffee-House*, *March* 31st 1744, between Six and Seven in the Evening.

Worthy Mr. MEDDLER,

**A**S I am a sincere Lover of my King and Country, and a Person who am no less useful to the Publick by my extensive Dealings in Trade, than in the Benefit it receives from my Diligence in projecting its Welfare, it was with no small Satisfaction I read your last Paper

on Fortitude, which, as I doubt not it was occasioned by the present assembling of that Brave Body of Loyal Subjects the *Militia* of this Kingdom, so I am confident it will also inspire them with that Ardour for their Rights and Liberties, which is only capable of making good Soldiers. But, Good Sir, there are still many Things I should be glad to see proposed, many Enormities, that come properly under your Inspection, I could wish were exposed in your next Paper. I shall just sketch out to you for the present a few Observations on the particular of Dress; hereafter I may perhaps let you into something still more important.

In time of War and Danger I look upon every thing that has any Relation to the Customs of our Enemies, if encouraged among us, as ominous to the publick Tranquility; and I am sorry to say it, I fear there is a great deal of Disaffection evident from many of the now reigning Fashions. As an Instance of what I here affirm, I must inform you, that about Six Months since, coming home one Night, full of Reflections on the then State of Affairs, I met my Niece, a pretty young Woman of about Eighteen, arrayed in something of so singular a Form, that (full of political Thoughts as I was)

‘ I was) I could not help enquiring the  
‘ Name of so-extraordinary a Piece of Dress.  
‘ Guess my Surprise, I may say my Horror,  
‘ on her answering it was a *Capuchin* of  
‘ the newest Taste. I confess I started at  
‘ the Sound, nor is it without the utmost  
‘ Concern, I daily see those Emblems of  
‘ Popery worn by all the Modish Ladies  
‘ about Town. Now Mr. MEDDLER, it  
‘ can certainly be nothing but a Spirit of Re-  
‘ bellion that occasions such a Fondness for  
‘ this hideous Cloak : There is no Beauty,  
‘ no Ornament in it ; nay, on the contrary,  
‘ it spoils the finest Shape, and makes the  
‘ youngest Face, look as old as a Grand-  
‘ Mother : Yet the *Capuchin* is admired !  
‘ Pray Heaven there is not some unseen  
‘ Mischief concealed under the Shadow of  
‘ these Hoods. Indeed I obliged my  
‘ Niece (tho’ with much murmuring against  
‘ my Obstinacy, as she terms it) to leave  
‘ hers off; and I am resolv’d to think every  
‘ Woman a *Jacobite* in her Heart that  
‘ wears one, and as such to treat her.

‘ In the next Place, the young Men of  
‘ this Age too manifestly express Republi-  
‘ can Principles (which, as a trusty loyal  
‘ Subject, I think equally dangerous) in  
‘ the Attire of their Heads. I have a  
‘ small Study in my House, stocked with  
‘ such Books as may be useful as well as  
‘ entertaining : I have given no Room to  
‘ Pœtry, Plays, or such trifling Perfor-  
‘ mances, but am well furnished with Di-  
‘ vinity, Law, Arithmetick, and such like  
‘ *solid* Learning ; and as most of my Vo-  
‘ lumes are embellish’d with a Copper-  
‘ Plate Frontispiece, I observe in such of  
‘ those as were written by Persons who  
‘ were active in the Divisions between the  
‘ King and Parliament in the Year Forty  
‘ one, that their Hats are of an immoderate  
‘ Size and Height, and their Hair short and  
‘ close to their Ears, from whence they re-  
‘ ceiv’d the Appellation of *Round-Hads*.  
‘ Now, Sir, as I walk the Streets I observe  
‘ the young Men are risen in the Height  
‘ of their Hats at least six Inches within

‘ this Half Year, and the close Bob Peri-  
‘ wigs joined to these monstrous Hats,  
‘ give me an Image of *Prynne* or *Brad-*  
‘ *shaw* revived in them. In short, Mr.  
‘ MEDDLER, before their Brims become  
‘ High-Crowns, and the modern Bobs de-  
‘ generate into short greasy Hair again,  
‘ it is time to nip this vile Custom in the  
‘ Bud ; the Calamities of a Civil War are  
‘ too well known (I should think) not to  
‘ persuade the Government to take it into  
‘ Cognizance, and prevent them before they  
‘ arrive at too powerful a Height.

‘ I see some of my thinking Friends at  
‘ the other Table, who I believe wait for  
‘ my Opinion on some Affair of Conse-  
‘ quence ; therefore I shall only just men-  
‘ tion a Scheme I have long had in my  
‘ Mind, which may be highly bene-  
‘ ficial to the Publick at this Juncture.  
‘ There is not so cumbersome, unbecom-  
‘ ing, or expensive a Piece of Dress in Use  
‘ with our Women as the Hoop-Petticoat.  
‘ Now if we could turn this Nuisance to  
‘ general Advantage, how worthy of  
‘ Encouragement, how laudable were such  
‘ an Attempt ? I compute that there is  
‘ at present in this Kingdom at least an  
‘ hundred thousand Hoops, one with ano-  
‘ ther five Yards and an half in Circumfe-  
‘ rence : Now as it is agreed by all the Mili-  
‘ tary Gentlemen, that one of these would  
‘ make an excellent *Bell-Tent* with very  
‘ little Alteration, let but an Act pass for  
‘ the Seizure of all these unnecessary In-  
‘ cumbrances, and the Expences sav’d in  
‘ the purchase of such Tents will soon  
‘ appear. Dear Sir, consider of this Pro-  
‘ posal, give me your Opinion of it, and  
‘ in my next I shall communicate another  
‘ full as practicable and beneficial as this ;  
‘ till when I remain your constant Reader  
‘ and Servant to command,

*Nicodemus Wisacre.*

Mr. MEDDLER,

‘ **A**S I look on you to be a Friend to the  
‘ Distressed, I make bold to complain

plain to you of the intolerable slavery I am obliged to submit to. I am a young Woman of about Eighteen years old, generally thought pretty, and have had a very genteel Education. My Father died before I was born, and unfortunately for me, I lost my Mother when I was only turned of fifteen; she left me to the Care of my Uncle, an Old Batchelor and a rich Merchant; who, as he had never an Opportunity of knowing it, is a strenuous Enemy to polite Life, and does all that lies in his Power, to prevent my enjoying and practising the little Taste I have had given me of it. To this he joins a most invincible Obstinacy in any thing he takes into his Head; and a positive contempt of Reason where it pleads against him. To such a Temper am I doomed a Slave, because he has a large Fortune, which will (if I continue to please him) very probably descend to me at his Death. Mr. MEDDLER, you may guess at his Tyranny by the few Instances I shall give you of it. When first I came to live with him, I had a pretty Collection of Books, such as were adapted to my Years and Taste; these he took from me and changed them for such a Library! such a Complication of Canting, Nonsense and unintelligible Jargon, as perhaps never appeared in one Place before. Then my poor little Lap Dog was obliged to march, because he barked at the formal Faces of his Stiff-necked Companions. If my Cloaths are made like those of the rest of the World, he tells me I shall ruin him by my Extravagance, or finds out some ridiculous political Meaning in the name of them. I never have a Farthing in my Pocket, go to no publick Places, nor dare to make any Acquaintance: In short, while I wait for what I shall not obtain 'till I am incapable of enjoying it, my Youth, the Era of Happiness to other People, is lost. Oh, Mr. MEDDLER, give us some Lessons on Singularity and Obstinacy, and expatiate on the Beauty of Condescension in Old Age to the Manners of Youth; tell him how much a Person that is pleased with the Satisfaction of others, however different from his own Method of living, is beloved: If 'tis possible to convince him of any Thing, make him sensible that all Ages have set proper Distinctions between Youth and advanced Years, which, if they are not observed, makes the best of Mankind appear highly ridiculous; that 'tis full as burlesque a Scene to see a Girl of Fifteen begloomed with Gravity of Dress and Countenance that are requisite in a Matron of

Fifty, as it would be for him to wear a Bag-Wig and laced Waistcoat at his Years. I need not pretend to instruct you in what you should say on this Subject, but only beg leave to give you these few Hints; improve them, Dear Sir, as you please, but be sure not to forget the article of Dressing out of Fashion, which I think one of the worst of my Misfortunes, as the rest I could find some Means to excuse, but this is too apparent not to be a Matter of Diversion to all the envious ugly Things in the Neighbourhood. I am, Sir, your very humble Servant and constant Admirer, HEBE.  
 P. S. I forgot to tell you that he has taken an absolute antipathy to Hoops, and has made a Resolution I shall never wear one: This must inevitably keep me for ever within Doors, as 'tis impossible for me to go without one when all the World wears them. Mr. MEDDLER, this Enemy to my Happiness never considers that I should be as ridiculous a figure among a Company of Ladies when reduced to the slink appearance of a Chamber Maid, as he would without his Square-toe'd Shoes and formal Cravat among his Club of fusty Snarlers, that put these Strange Things in his Head.

*Kitty Clumsey*, as inventor of the *Capuchin*, desires our Voices in the ensuing Election of President to the *fashionable Club*, a Set of Ladies who meet to settle the Regulation of Fashions and other important Points of the Female World: She has our Suffrages, provided she takes care to confine the *Capuchin*, to such only as have Cylindrical Shapes, and round Shoulders like herself, and not endeavour to shroud any more genteel young Ladies in it, as she insolently boasts she already has found Means to do.

My good Friend *Nehemiah Starch*, is desired to consider that tho' he could not be easily moved to Affection (as he terms it) by the vain Ornaments our young Women wear, yet there are many Persons whom they had rather subdue than him, who are fond of such allurements.

*Peter Plain* tells me, that in Order to obtain his Mistress's Heart he dress'd him in a Green Frock, Linsey-Wolsey Vest, Hunting Cap and Boots, an appearance he knew she was fond of, yet was incapable of raising a Flame in her Breast: I would advise him to frequent Cock-Matches, Races, and above all the Conversation of Grooms and Jockeys, which will give him a just Notion for Modish Diversions, and improve his Language to that free, disengaged Manner that is likely to be pleasing to a Lady of Miss *Nancy Greenlove's* Taste and Judgment.

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. April 4th, 1744.*

WE have received the following Particulars of the late Engagement in the *Mediterranean*, viz. That Admiral *Mattbew* attacked the *French* and *Spanish* Fleets near *Toulon* on the 11th of *February*; that the Action began about One o'Clock, and continued with great Vigour till Night; that the Admiral gave Chace to them the next Day, but finding all Endeavours to rejoin them ineffectual, had put into *Port Mabon*, where he propos'd to refit, and proceed to Sea with the utmost Expedition. The Damage sustained by the *English* (which is chiefly in respect to the *Spaniards*, who lost one of their 60 Gun Ships, and were so much disabled, that, 'tis thought, if Admiral *Lestock* had come up with his Squadron, they could not have escaped being totally destroyed.

A Resolution has been taken by the *States-General* not only to assist the Queen of *Hungary* with 20,000 Men, but also to hold as many more in readiness to serve upon the first Notice. In Consequence of this they have named the Generals that are to Command the first Corps, and the Regiments that are to compose the Second.

The King of *France* having declared War against *Great Britain*, 'tis thought, we shall have it declared against him in a few Days. 'Tis remarkable that this Declaration is stuffed with the grossest Falshoods and Insinuations: that perhaps have hitherto appeared in any thing of the Kind; but notwithstanding they have paid his Majesty a Compliment, in calling him a *Personal Enemy to France*, which we dare say was much greater than was intended even by that Kingdom.

*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744.*

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Just Publish'd,

(As it is to be perform'd at the Theatre Royal in *Aungier-Street*.)

MARGERY; or, A worie Plague than the DRAGON: A Burlesque Opera. Being the Sequel to the *Dragon of Wantley*. Altered from the Original Italian of *Signor Carini*. Set to Music by Mr. *John-Frederick Lampe*. The fourth Edition.

Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dames-Street*. Price 3 d.

DUBLIN: Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street* where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *April* the 12th, 1744.

— Tandem incipiunt sentire, peccatis Criminibus. Juv.

The Crimes committed, they at length perceive  
The horrid Foulness of their black Misdeeds.

ONE of our Club lately mentioning my former Paper of Gratitude, a Dispute arose whether there could be any such Thing as real Ingratitude; after several Arguments on both Sides, Captain *Blenheim* related the following Account.

In the University of *Salamanca* there were two Students whom we shall call *Gratiano* and *Fabricio*, the former an only Son of a wealthy Merchant, who then lived at *Madrid*; the Father of *Fabricio* was a Peasant in the Neighbourhood of *Salamanca*. The sprightly Genius of these young Men was what first recommended them to each other; nor was there a greater likeness in their Parts, than difference in their Circumstances; *Gratiano* being plentifully supplied by his Father, and *Fabricio*, until his Acquaintance with this Friend, having had no other Support than what the Masters of the College were pleased to allow him. But from their first Alliance *Gratiano's* Purse was ever open to his Friend; they both pursued their Studies with Credit and Satisfaction, as *Gratiano's* Allowance was sufficient for them both. In this State they continued some Years, until they thought it Time to consider what Course of Life they shou'd pursue. *Fabricio* had more natural Assurance than

his Friend, and thought the Study of the Law most suitable to him. *Gratiano* preferred continuing at *Salamanca* in the Study of Divinity, but requested his Father for a Sum of Money sufficient to support his Friend, in his new profession. The Good Old Man consented to the Request, and *Fabricio* set out for *Madrid*. *Gratiano* was a long while inconsolable at his Departure, and the only Comfort he could receive was a Correspondence with his *Fabricio*. This was continued for some Years, until in one Letter *Fabricio* informed him, that he had been raised to a considerable Employment; the Business whereof must prevent so constant a Correspondence. This Account would have been most disagreeable to him, had it not acquainted him with his Old Companion's Promotion; which was not then terminated, for soon after he was raised to a much higher Station. It is not easy to conceive with what Joy *Gratiano* received this News: But his Pleasure was soon abated by a melancholy Letter from his Father, informing him, that he had suffered such a considerable Loss by Sea, that he was obliged to break and fly to the *West-Indies*. *Gratiano* perceiving he had no Hopes remaining of a Subsistence in *Spain*, was resolved to follow his Father, and

and share his Misfortunes. He immediately wrote to *Fabricio*, informing him of what had happened, and with his Design, requesting him for the Lone of fifty Pistoles, which he was certain he could spare, and which one Day or other he hoped to discharge. *Fabricio* seeing no Prospect of being repaid, made some trifling Excuse that he was about purchasing an Estate, and could not let him have the Sum. Not the Misfortunes *Gratiano* had hitherto met with could give him a Shock any way equal to this Disappointment; he then perceived how little Dependance there was on Mankind, and whom could he trust since *Fabricio* had deceived him! But, to complete his Misery, he received Account that his Father, overcome by the Fatigues of the Sea, the Consideration of his Losses, and Infirmity of his Age, had died before he was Six Days on Board. Were it possible to describe *Gratiano's* State on Reception of this News, it would be suspending my Story to too great a Length. Let it be sufficient to inform you, that, contemplating the uncertainty of Mankind, he resolved to separate himself from it as soon as possible; and accordingly settled in a Hutt, designing to live an Hermit the remaining Part of his Days.

This, says Doctor *Profody*, puts me in Mind of two Boys that were at my School; one of them was reading *Quintus Curtius* and the other ——— I interrupted the *Doctor*, begging he would permit the *Captain* to finish his Story, and promising that afterwards we would listen to his. The *Captain* smiling, and at the same time bowing to the *Doctor*, continued;

*Fabricio*, now dazzled with the Splendor of High Life, was blind to any Misfortune that might happen to him in it, and seldom refused a Bribe, though in Cases of the most heinous Nature. Having followed this Practice many Years with Success, he was at last detected in it. His Employment was thereupon taken from him, his Goods confiscated, and he ordered to

depart the City in the space of two Days. It will be tedious to relate what were the various Designs he meditated for a Livelihood, but what he resolved was to follow his injured *Gratiano*, who (as he supposed) was gone to *America*. With this Resolution he set forward, designing first for *Salamanca*, to try if he could raise as much Money among his Relations there, as would support him in his Passage. Having travelled five Days Solitary and on Foot, and in that Time suffered many Hardships, as he was one Evening passing by the Bottom of a Steep Hill, he observed a low Cabbin with no other Covering than a few Bushes. This *Fabricio* proposed should be his Residence for that Night: He accordingly went in, where he spied one in the Habit of a Friar, sitting beside a Table that had nothing on it but a Rotary and some Pens, Ink, and Paper. This he little knew to be *Gratiano*; but the other soon perceived who *Fabricio* was, but resolved to conceal himself until he should know the reason of his travelling in that Condition. And, lest his Voice should discover him, he pretended Dumbness, making Signs to the Traveller to sit down. After some Conversation of this Sort, *Gratiano* requested him for the Story of his Life, which the other complied with, not omitting his ungrateful Usage of *Gratiano*, and his almost intolerable Contrition thereupon. *Gratiano* was of an Nature too humane not to forgive his Ingratitude, and grieved as much at his Misfortunes, as if he had not brought them on himself. He embraced his Guest, offered to share his Hutt not only the Remainder of the Night, but the Remainder of his Life, assuring him it was the most agreeable Scene of Life he had ever tried. *Fabricio* accepted the Offer, and both continued in the Cell an uninterrupted Course of Friendship.

When I was in *Spain* I saw those Hermits and had this Account from the Mount

of *Fabricio*, who thinks the least Recompence he can make *Gratiano*, is to publish his Friend's Generosity and his own Ingratitude.

The *Captain* had no sooner finished his Story than the *Doctor* was beginning his, when we received the following Verses from an unknown Hand, which we believe will be more agreeable to our Readers.

Occasioned by the *French* Declaration of War.

I.

While Night diffus'd her blackest Shade  
Around the silenc'd Land of *Gaul*;  
O'er his soft Couch was *Lewis* lay'd,  
Swell'd with the Hopes of *Britain's* fall.

II.

Ere long a deep tremendous Groan,  
Invades the trembling Monarch's Ear;  
Sudden, his joyous Thoughts are flown,  
And ev'ry Hope is chang'd to Fear.

III.

Before him stood with Aspect dire,  
Pale as he lay within the Ground,  
*Lewis*, his once imperious Sire;  
His Voice rolls forth in hollow Sound:

IV.

Beware, deluded Prince, beware,  
Nor dare *Britannia* to the Fight,  
By Arms, her Glory you'll declare,  
Burn in the Flames yourselves incite:

V.

Behold thy Engines glowing Ball,  
Retorted with a double Force,  
Bursts o'er the Head of bleeding *Gaul*:  
Can you behold nor feel Remorse?

VI.

While I the *Gallick* Scepter sway'd,  
If *Albion* triumph'd o'er the Seas;  
How shall her Conquests be display'd,  
O'er Nations plung'd in downy Ease!

VII.

Cease then, advent'rous *Gallia*, cease,  
To *Albion's* Pow'r submit your Arms;  
Sweet is the Honey of her Peace,  
Dreadful the Stings of her Alarms.

VIII.

She stands like some huge flinty Rock,  
Struck by the Steel displays her Fire;  
Opposers only feel the Shock,  
And by opposing must expire.

IX.

Curst be that dire ill-fated Hour,  
You join'd the hapless Troops of *Spain*!  
Must *France* to aid a Foreign Power,  
In Consort drag the *British* Chain!

X.

Though now in all your Splendor gay,  
But yet beware, my Son, beware,  
Else shall that Splendor soon decay,  
As I now vanish in the Air.

The PIN-CUSHION.

I.

When *Celia* plaits with cruel Care  
The jetty Ringlets of her Hair;  
Or to unnumber'd Mazes forms,  
Th' aspiring Cap that crowns her Charms;  
Proud to perform the blest Command,  
Replete with Stores of Arms I stand;  
I give new Pow'r to raise the Flame;  
And while I thus assist the Dame,  
Who would not be the Thing I am?

II.

With double, double Joy I'm blest,  
When *Celia* comes to be undrest;  
When ev'ry Grace (no more conceal'd,  
By envious Robes) is now reveal'd;  
Still constant to my Post and true,  
Her Neck, her Breast,—each Charm I view,  
Should any Youth the Fair One see,  
Say, God of Love, would he not be  
Transfix'd by thousand Darts like me?

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. April 11th, 1744.*

HIS Majesty's Ship the *Solebay*, Capt. *Bury* Commander, has taken the *Concordia*, a Spanish Register Ship, of 22 Guns and 142 Men. This Ship is reckon'd the richest Prize that has been taken since the Commencement of the War. Her Cargo consists of 180,000 Dollars; 12,000 Serons of Cochineal, 500 of Indigo, and several other rich Goods, so that the  
Whole



Whole is computed at a Million and a half of Dollars. There was another Ship in Company with her, which got into *Cadix*

The Kingdom of *Naples* is in the utmost Confusion, the Court extremely jealous of the Inhabitants, whole Families are imprisoned upon the least Suspicion, and the severest Punishments inflicted on such as are in the least found guilty. Notwithstanding this, his *Sicilian* Majesty has caused several Regiments to march towards the Confines of the Ecclesiastical State, where, 'tis said, they are to join the *Spanish* Army under *M. de Gages*, who have suffer'd greatly in their late Retreat.

They write from several Parts of *Spain*, that the Populace are so much irritated at the treacherous Behaviour of the *French*, that they have assembled in great Numbers, and insulted all the *French* they could meet with. This Resentment has been carried so far at *Cadix*; that besides the Insurrection of the Populace, the Officers of two Regiments, the one *Spanish* and the other mostly *French*, had came to a Sort of Battle, wherein several were wounded; and had they not been forbid to speak of publick Affairs on pain of Death, 'tis thought, that all the *French* residing there had been torn to Pieces.

His Majesty has been pleas'd to make the following Promotions.

In Col. John Folliot's Regiment of Foot.

Patrick Wemyss, Esq; Captain, in the Room of Abraham Ardefoif, deceased.—Samuel Webber, Esq; Captain-Lieutenant in his Room.—Charles Davis, Gent. Lieutenant.—William Mahon, Gent. and Lieutenant.—And, Owen Wynne, Gent. to be Ensign.

In Major-General Richard St. George's Dragoons.

William Berkely, Esq; Captain, in the room of Richard Harwood, Esq;—Francis Bailie, Esq; Captain, in the room of Edmund Leslie Corry, Esq;—Richard Shinton, Esq; Captain Lieutenant.—James Graham, Gent. Lieutenant.—William Smith, Cornet.—Richard St. George, Gent. Lieutenant.—Christopher Conyers, Gent. Cornet.—And, Richard St. George, Gent. Cornet.

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On Saturday next will be publish'd

Number V. (to be continued Weekly) of

**T**HE TRAVELS of the late *CHARLES THOMPSON*, Esq; containing his Observations on *France, Italy, Turkey* in *Europe*, the *Holy-Land, Arabia, Egypt*, and many other Parts of the World: Giving a particular and faithful Account of what is most remarkable in the *Manners, Religion, Polity, Antiquities*, and *Natural History* of those Countries: With a Curious Description of *Jerusalem*, as it now appears, and most other Places mentioned in the *Holy Scriptures*. The whole forming a Compleat View of the Antient and Modern State of great Part of *Europe, Asia*, and *Africa*. Publish'd from the Author's Original Manuscript, interspers'd with the Remarks of several other Modern Travellers, and illustrated with *Historical, Geographical*, and *Miscellaneous Notes* by the Editor.

CONDITIONS. I. That the Work shall be printed on a Fine Paper, and beautiful Letter, in Four neat Pocket Volumes, 12mo. II. That each Volume will be divided into Four Numbers, and one Number publish'd Weekly, 'till the whole is finish'd. III. That the Price to Subscribers will be Eight *British* Shillings; a *British* Six-pence only to be paid on the Delivery of each Number. IV. That the Work shall be carefully corrected; but if any Error of Consequence appears upon Revision, the Page shall be cancell'd, and amended ones deliver'd Gratis. V. That the Subscribers Names shall be printed as Encouragers of the Work.

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*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744.*

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*D U B L I N*: Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street*, where *LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS* and *ADVERTISEMENTS* for this Paper are taken in.

T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *April* the 19th, 1744.

———*Nec turpem senectam*  
*Degere.*———

Hor.

To pass Old Age unfully'd with Dishonour.

**A**MONG the many Complaints of Men against Nature, of which every Space of Life has some peculiar to it, there are none seemingly more grievous, none more general, than those, which the last Stage of our Course, the closing Scene of Life, gives Occasion to. *Old Age* labours under many real Infirmities, and often loads itself with imaginary ones; and where a peevish Temper informs a distemper'd Constitution, there outward Evils, as in a confus'd Kingdom, have the greater Power, the more dangerous influence. The Respect and Reverence due from tender to riper Years, is often prevented, by a harsh Moroseness in Age, as well as a culpable Levity in Youth. An imperious Severity, which frightens at first, abates their Esteem, often excites their Hatred and Abhorrence. To guard against this Unhappiness of Mind is what this Paper shall recommend. Every Portion of Life carries its Advantages with its annexed Frailties, which, if well employed and prudently managed, furnish us with sufficient Remedies against the Evils we are expos'd to: Youth's Docility and Sprightliness, Manhood's Vigour and Resolution, Age's experience and Coolness, are different Gifts of Nature to Man, as most proper for these different Periods; nor can

I see where Age can find a Plea for a murmuring Discontent, or a sour Severity. And since there is an Uniformity and Resemblance in the Operations of Nature, might we not make the Autumn of Life, as that of Years in happy Climates, though not crowned with the Verdure of Spring, or useful with the ripening Heat of Summer, yet serenely fruitful and temperate, and let the Evening of Life, as that of the Year, be as free from the Gusts and Hurricanes of Passion, as that from Winds and Storms.

That whatever is according to the settled Rules and Laws which Nature has prescribed to her Operations, and according to which she uniformly and constantly acts, should not be deemed intolerable to Man, nor repugnant to his Nature, I hope will be allowed without any Difficulty: What are then these Miseries, which are made to imbitter Old Age, and heap the load of Calamity? Whence these Murmurs against their State, and desponding injurious Revilings against the Dignity of their Condition? A Mind racked with Affliction, and impaired in its Faculties, nay, sometimes totally deprived their Use; a Body weak and disorder'd, incapable of enjoying Pleasure, happy if it can be free from Pain; the Contempt of the World; the  
Loss

Loss of Friends, and those we esteem dearest, and the approaching Terrors of Dissolution, are not these, says Old Age, real Miseries, and may not Man, beholding the shocking Prospect, shudder, in fear, and with Reason think himself wretched? What glimmerings of Joy can there appear in such a dark gloomy Situation, and why should an unruffled easy Mind be expected from a Creature devoured by Grief, and a Prey to every Evil?

That Old Age is incumbered with Infirmities is allowed, that Languor and Sickness often depress it I grant; but are these Attendants only of a long Train of Years? Are these incident to Age only? Childhood is more infirm and yet more helpless; Youth and Manhood are subject to more violent and dangerous Disorders, and oftener perish by them. Old Age then is not the Butt of Infirmity, and that, which it generally is subject to, and which imperceptibly works its Decay, should excite our Gratitude rather than Discontent. Were Man sent into the World to enjoy an immortal uninterrupted Course of Being, Old Age and its Infirmities were then Curfes, and Man might with Reason burst into Complaints against his State; the Misery of such a Situation the Antients have very elegantly described in their Fable of *Tithonus*, who justly wished for a Cessation of that Immortality which made him miserable. But as our Duration here is limited, as Pain is in every Avenue to Death, a gentle Decay, a gradual Decline is even to be wished for, and these Infirmities which steal us into the Arms of Death, should be considered on with Pleasure; by whole Means, like ripe Fruits from a Tree, we drop into the Grave without Violence and Torment.

And as the Distempers of the Body are chiefly occasioned either by its Abuse or Neglect, so is the weakness of the Mind caused by misemploying its Powers, or want of Exercise. The loss of Faculties is unjustly charged on Old Age, and is

more properly the Effect of our Indolence than of its natural Infirmity. The lively Flashes of Fancy are indeed by this Seat blown over, the sprightly Inventions of Imagination are not so ready, (though Instances even of these might be found) but in their Place succeed cool Deliberation, ripe and sedate Judgment, more to be held in the Esteem of the World, as more considerable in their Uses.

The privation of Pleasures, which Old Age laments, appears to Reflection an ill grounded Accusation. The various Seasons of Life have their different Tastes of Pleasure, and the Joys of one will not be relished in another: Youth cannot be delighted with the trifling Amusements of Infancy, nor Manhood with Youth's Diversions: Old Age, with a wearied Body and a sedate cool Mind, could not find Delight in either, but in their Room has some properly her own, such as she can enjoy, and such as other Spaces of Life are not crowned with; the Pleasures of Conversation and Recollection are the I mean. For as the want generally of bodily Strength prevents bodily Exercise so the Mind, which now is free, and without no Apprehensions of her Rival, gets more ascendant and opens. With what Delight do they look back into past Scenes of Life in which they have appeared with Honour? How does the Narration charm them? How dwell they on each Circumstance and find in Recollection a Pleasure, which they had not at the time of Action. With what Joy do they embrace an Occasion either to point out the Road they have travelled through, or deliver the Remains of their Experience? For as by this they raise an Opinion of Sagacity and Wisdom (of which Old Age is very ambitious) it fills them with Pleasure, as it flatters and feeds an innocent Vanity.

The Contempt of the World, which they apprehend, is often a Phantom, which their own Fears and sick Minds have made horrible, rather than Mankind's Guilt

this Respect ; they are jealous in this, and are prompt to aggravate what was not even designed ; for how could Mankind despise those, whose Assistance they chiefly want, and by whom the Springs of Action are made to move ? The Direction of Affairs is generally in their Hands, tho' not the Execution ; they enter not into the hurry of Business, but they project it ; they fight not Battles, but they scheme them ; and their Abilities in Council excell those of Strength in the Field. Accordingly Cicero observes, that *Agamemnon* wished not for ten *Achilles's* or *Ajax's* to compleat his Conquest, but the Prudence and Wisdom of ten *Nestors*.

The Loss of Friends is indeed a melancholy Consideration, and such as will damp and afflict a human Spirit ; but is not this the necessary Consequence of length of Years ? for as few arrive to a ripe Old Age, so must they, who enjoy the Blessing, expect to see the others cropped off by the Hand of Death ; nor is this particular to Age only, Instances of Mortality present themselves daily to our Eyes, and Youth has the melancholy Object equally with Old Age.

Death has been always the Terror of Mankind ; the fear of Dissolution has been always too prevalent, and equally infects every Part of Life. But Old Age fears its Approach, she knows that she borders on its Confines, and that an Escape is impossible. Is it not as natural to die as to be born ? How ignoble and unmanly this fear is, I shall not at present endeavour to demonstrate ; but if Man had not this Refuge from Trouble, this Haven from a Life of Storms, I should think him entirely miserable. And thus have I removed these Thorns, which seem to choak the Passage of Old Age, and have shewn its Infirmities as they are.

But what if these Evils, as they stile them, should prove Blessings, and these Subjects of Discontent should in reality be Springs of Joy, and Satisfaction ? Nor do I think

it difficult to make it appear. The weakness of Body extinguishes the Passions ; for our Desires and Passions encrease or abate in proportion with our Strength and Powers to gratify them ; when these latter therefore cease, the former are dethroned and lose their Power. The want of Relish for Pleasure improves the Reason, and unfetters the Understanding. Pleasure in the general has too great a Dominion over Man, it either entirely stops, or at least retards our pursuits after Truth ; what an Advantage then to Man must it be to run a free Course, not tempted and seduced from what should be his principal Concern ? The contempt of the World and loss of Friends will necessarily detach him from this State, and the Approach of Dissolution will open a Prospect of a more perfect one, free from intermixed Evils and Frailties. What then should obscure the Face of Old Age, or gloom its Mind ? Is not there Room for Easiness of Mind, if not for Joy ? There certainly is ; and Man, if not conspiring against himself, supported by unprejudiced Reflection, might with chearfulness pass thro' this (so falsely imagined) Misery. Nor can I fancy a happier State than Old Age in this Light ; a Mind secure from the Hurricanes of Passion, clear from the Cloud of Prejudice, safe from the Blandishments of Pleasure, despising low and groveling Enjoyments, and aspiring to Immortality and Honour.

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*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. April 18th, 1744.*

I N our former Advices from *Italy*, it was said, that the King of *Naples* had caused several Regiments to march towards the Confines of the Ecclesiastical State ; it is now added, that he has set out to put himself at the Head of his Army, which, according to these Accounts, has actually joined the *Spanish* one under *M. de Gages*.

Letters from Admiral *Matthews* advise, that he had suspended Admiral *Lestock*, and ordered him to return home immediately on board his Majesty's Ship the *Salisbury*. These Letters add, that the Damages sustained

tafined by his Majesty's Fleet being repaired, he proposed to fail the next Day.

In our last Accounts from *Spain*, we are informed, that the *Spanish* Squadron, which has taken Refuge in three several Ports of that Kindom, is in such a ruin'd Condition, that several Ships will never be able to put to Sea again, and none of them for this Campaign.

The Independant Company of Horse, commanded by the Hon. Col. *John Ponsonby*, were on *Tuesday* last drawn out at the *Phœnix* Park, where, 'tis generally allowed, they made a very grand Appearance.

**N**EXT *Tuesday* will be publish'd, printed on a good Letter and Paper,  
**The DUBLIN COURANT.**  
To be continued every *Tuesday* and *Saturday*, containing the freshest and most authentick News, Foreign and Domestick.

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On *Saturday* next will be publish'd

Number VI. (to be continued Weekly) of

**T**HE TRAVELS of the late *CHARLES THOMPSON*, Esq; containing his Observations on *France*, *Italy*, *Turkey* in *Europe*, the *Holy-Land*, *Arabia*, *Egypt*, and many other Parts of the World: Giving a particular and faithful Account of what is most remarkable in the *Manners*, *Religion*, *Polity*, *Antiquities*, and *Natural History* of those Countries: With a Curious Description of *Jerusalem*, as it now appears, and most other Places mentioned in the *Holy Scriptures*. The whole forming a Compleat View of the Antient and Modern State of great Part of *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*. Publish'd from the Author's Original Manuscript, interspers'd with the Remarks of several other Modern Travellers, and illustrated with *Historical*, *Geographical*, and *Miscellaneous Notes* by the Editor.

CONDITIONS.] I. That the Work shall be printed on a Fine Paper, and beautiful Letter, in Four neat Pocket Volumes, 12mo. II. That each Volume will be divided into Four Numbers, and one Number publish'd Weekly, 'till the whole is finish'd. III. That the Price to Subscribers will be Eight *British* Shillings; a *British* Six-pence only to be paid on the Delivery of each Number. IV. That the Work shall be carefully corrected; but if any Error of Consequence appears upon Revival, the Page shall be cancell'd, and amended ones deliver'd Gratis. V. That the Subscribers Names shall be printed as Encouragers of the Work.

Such Persons as are willing to become Subscribers are requested to send in their Names and Places of Abode to the Undertaker, *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's-Head* in *Dame-street*.

*N. B.* At the first Appearance of these Travels, in *London*, the whole Impression of the first Numbers were immediately bought up; and when better known, the Success was so extraordinary, that upwards of 2000 of them were sold every Week. As several Gentlemen have been grossly imposed on by purchasing Books in this Manner, some being never compleated, and others swell'd beyond the Size at first propos'd; the Publisher hereby engages to finish this Work according to the above Proposals, or return the Money to his Subscribers.

*Dublin*, *Jan. 23*, 1744.

PROPOSALS for Printing by SUBSCRIPTION,  
**T**HE Works of Mr. *Edmund Spenser*. In Six Volumes. With a New Glossary, Explaining the Old and Obscure Words. And a more exact Account of his Life, by his Great Grandson, *Edmund Spenser*, who has undertaken this Work at the Desire of several Persons of Distinction who are Admirers of that celebrated Poet, and willing to shew a Mark of Favour to his Descendant. ——— CONDITIONS. I. This Work shall be put to the Press as soon as possible, and printed in six neat Pocket Volumes, on the same Paper and Letter with the Proposal and Specimen. II. The Price to Subscribers will be one Guinea; Half of which to be paid at Subscribing, and the Remainder on Delivery of a compleat Sett well Bound and letter'd. III. A few will be printed on a fine Writing Medium Paper for the Curious, at One Pound Ten Shillings a Sett. IV. The Subscribers Names shall be printed. ——— Subscriptions are taken in by the Editor, and by *George and Alexander Ewing*, Bookfellers in *Dame-street*.

**DUBLIN**: Printed for *PETER WILSON*, at *Gay's Head* in *Dames-Street*, where **LETTERS**, **SUBSCRIPTIONS** and **ADVERTISEMENTS** for this Paper are taken in.

T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *April* the 26th, 1744.

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit.*——Horat.

Who Customs, various as their Nations, saw.

**T**HE vast Difference in the Customs of various Nations is not more unaccountable, than the partiality each expresses for those peculiar to herself. The prejudice of Education contributes not a little to this blind Adherence to Customs; which every one, as he has imbibed them in Infancy (the Season of Life, when the Mind being most tender, receives the most durable Impressions) and has been confirmed in them by Years and Practice, thinks the most rational, and imagines worthy to be a Pattern to others. The *Greeks* and *Romans* carried this so far, as to give the Appellation of Barbarous to all other Nations; and even now the generality of the World have the same Opinion of each other.

There are certainly many Things in established Custom, which call for Reformation; but who so bold as to observe Faults in this haughty Dame, with whom the World is blindly enamoured? The best way to succeed with the thinking Part of Mankind, is to represent them as viewed by a Stranger, void of Disguise, and stript of that fondness which gilds their Blemishes to a native Eye; with this View, I shall insert the following Letter, which comes from the same Hand as the former, and I doubt not will be equally agreeable to our Readers.

A second Letter from ARAM in *Ireland*,  
to HELIM at *Sberaz*.

‘ **H**OW have I reckoned with tedious  
 ‘ Impatience the lingering Hours,  
 ‘ that I have past in dull and painful  
 ‘ Absence, since I enjoyed the flowing  
 ‘ Sweets of my *Helim’s* Conversation? O  
 ‘ when shall I, with eager and insatiable  
 ‘ Thirst, once more drink refreshing  
 ‘ Draughts of Friendship? When shall our  
 ‘ Souls with mutual Ardour again sparkle  
 ‘ in our Eyes, at the Sight of each other’s  
 ‘ Happiness, in an Union, which Heaven,  
 ‘ as it first ordained it, will for ever pre-  
 ‘ serve uninterrupted and indissoluble?  
 ‘ Such are my daily Prayers, my nightly  
 ‘ Wishes; and I know the recesses of my  
 ‘ *Helim’s* Heart too well, to think it harbours  
 ‘ not the same as mine.

‘ The last Dispatch I sent thee, I thought  
 ‘ would have been indeed the last; for that, be-  
 ‘ side I expected to embrace thee very short-  
 ‘ ly after I wrote it, I have had a most dange-  
 ‘ rous Sickness, which reduced me almost to  
 ‘ Death, and carried in it double Irksomene-  
 ‘ ness, as I wanted that Friend, who alone is  
 ‘ able to smooth the rugged Paths of Pain,  
 ‘ and cloath that King of Darkness with  
 ‘ a grateful Aspect. But, Thanks to our holy  
 ‘ Prophet, I did not breathe out my Life  
 ‘ among

among Infidels, and I am now recovered sufficiently, to be able to give thee some further Account of this strange People I have lived amongst these seventy three Moons past. My Illness, as it occasioned a longer sojourning here than I designed, so it gave me many Opportunities of being better acquainted both with their Language and Customs. My *Helim*, were my Hand to write only what my Heart dictates, I should fill the Paper with nothing but assurances of Friendship and Sincerity; but these however I defer till I can join thy Hand to mine, and pour out my Soul before thee in a Language, which only Friendship like ours is capable of using.

During my Disorder I was attended by one of those they call Physicians; he constantly came daily, and each Time received a Piece of Gold for his kind Enquiry after my nightly Rest, or the Communication of his Secret in a strange Language to a Person, whose Business it was to prepare the Medicines. How different is this Practice from what our good Friend *Sacar* the Physician used to do, when either of us desired his Assistance? His faithful Hand prepared the healing Balm, nor would he trust a Person wholly ignorant of the Cause of the Distemper, to compose what was intended for the Cure. But perhaps this Method was at first designed by the Wisdom of the Legislature, to divide the Medicinal Art into different Branches, for the Employment of a greater Number of Persons, who otherwise would be useless.

When I was able to bear the Air, my Host took me to see what they call a Play; a Spectacle, which, by what I know of the Language, is intended to represent some famous Action tending to Instruction, by Persons, who being properly habited, personate the principal Parties concerned. I observed when they began, there appeared but two or three Personages together, but after some time

many of those whom I took for Spectators before, appeared on that Part which is allotted for the Representation, and continued there without uttering one Word, or performing the least Action worthy of Imitation: I enquired, *why they came there for?* and was answered *to shew themselves*: Strange Desire of being conspicuous for doing Nothing! I also observed that their Approbation was conferred in a particular Manner, on such of the Actors (for so they call them) as had the loudest Voices. When I heard many very beautiful Sentiments and instructive Reflections fall several times unregarded and Applause express'd in various kind of Noises, when any strained his Voice beyond the Strength of his Lungs; I myself, I was inclined to think these Performers were Competitors for some Office, which required an extraordinary Voice, and accordingly he, who made most Noise, received most in Reward for his Abilities that Way. Towards the close of the Entertainment, several very moving Objects were exhibited, and Virtue in Distress painted in very lively Colours: Nay, was carried so far that some seemed to die of Grief, and others to be killed either by their Enemies, or themselves in Despair. I have a Heart always sensible of the Calamities of Mankind, and I confess I could not stop my gushing Tears, at these fictitious Appearances of Affliction; nor do I think it unworthy of a Man to weep at such Objects; but such is the Cruelty and hard-heartedness of the people, that I took Notice they even laughed with pleasure at the seeming pangs of a painful Death, in which some of their Performers very happily succeeded.

Every Nation I have seen has some particular Accomplishment, which seems to be the general Aim of all; the reigning Ambition here appears to be a Reputation for Knowledge in Politics. There is not an Artizan, however mean, but

‘ on perusing the short Histories of publick  
‘ Affairs (which are here daily compiled  
‘ and published) will pass a decisive Judge-  
‘ ment on the Administration of Affairs,  
‘ and often loses by his Ambition for Pe-  
‘ netration and Understanding that Suste-  
‘ nance, which (if better employed) his  
‘ labouring Hands would otherwise supply.  
‘ This wonderful Passion is prevalent from  
‘ the highest to the lowest; State Affairs are  
‘ the Topicks of every Conversation, and  
‘ the first Question they ask you generally  
‘ is, *What News?* In short, so far they  
‘ interest themselves in things that do not  
‘ appertain to them, and which they are  
‘ entirely ignorant of in their true State,  
‘ that their Disputes are carried to such a  
‘ Height, and with so much Warmth, as  
‘ makes those who differ in Opinion con-  
‘ ceive a mortal hatred for each other, and  
‘ the Appellations they give the opposite  
‘ Side, seem to each to include all the Vices  
‘ and Follies Mankind is obnoxious to.  
‘ Tho’ neither Party has any Power to set-  
‘ tle matters as he would, yet each contends  
‘ with as much Eagerness, as if one of  
‘ their Voices were to determine every Step  
‘ that is to be taken by the higher Pow-  
‘ ers.

‘ Another thing very remarkable among  
‘ them is, that, whereas all other Nations  
‘ have an innate Partiality for every Thing  
‘ that is the produce of their native Coun-  
‘ try; on the contrary these People think  
‘ nothing worthy of Praise, but what  
‘ comes from Abroad. Such is their Blind-  
‘ ness in this Respect, that they often pre-  
‘ fer Things because Foreign, to what is  
‘ vastly superior in real Worth at Home.  
‘ Every thing that comes from a distant  
‘ Clime, has many Admirers, even before  
‘ they know its Merit; and every thing but  
‘ proposed among themselves, is sure to  
‘ meet with Opposition from such Persons  
‘ as are little acquainted with its Use. This  
‘ must be a great Discouragement to some  
‘ useful Arts and Sciences; but however it  
‘ has a good Effect in this, that those un-

‘ necessary Persons, who are lavish of their  
‘ Time in writing for the Entertainment of  
‘ others, and who in other Parts of *Europe*  
‘ are esteemed at a high Rate, are here  
‘ entirely discountenanced; for, as they think  
‘ none of their Countrymen capable of being  
‘ conspicuous any way, so they give not  
‘ Encouragement to such as would otherwise  
‘ be willing to attempt the Task.

‘ They have one very good Quality,  
‘ of which if I did not inform thee, I  
‘ should not do Justice to them: This, my  
‘ *Helim*, is, that they are entirely void of  
‘ Pride. This is manifest in that the  
‘ most Wealthy among them very often  
‘ appear in what was at first designed the  
‘ Garb only of Slaves. Their very Lan-  
‘ guage they imitate as much as lies in their  
‘ Power, and are fond (no doubt to let the  
‘ World see and admire their Humility)  
‘ of expressing themselves in the Phrase of  
‘ those of the lowest Rank: Add to this,  
‘ that even while they appear thus them-  
‘ selves, their Attendants are habited in  
‘ the richest Garments. I have often  
‘ seen a Person of great Possessions and  
‘ a noble Family, who lives near my  
‘ Place of Abode, step out of a splen-  
‘ did Vehicle, arrayed in the Dress of such  
‘ as train and take care of Horses, while  
‘ six or seven Slaves attended him in the  
‘ most gorgeous Apparel.

‘ I shall tire thee no longer at present, but  
‘ endeavour to answer the Questions my  
‘ *Helim* proposed to me in the last Dis-  
‘ patch, that brought me that ever-wel-  
‘ come Name. As to their Laws, which  
‘ thou desirest an Account of, all I can  
‘ say is, that they seem to have been con-  
‘ trived rather for the Benefit of the Pro-  
‘ fessors, than the Advantage of the Client,  
‘ the former being the only Persons that re-  
‘ ceive any Addition to their Fortunes from  
‘ them. By the Irregularity I have ob-  
‘ served in the Execution of Justice on  
‘ Malefactors, I believe there are no settled  
‘ Rules, but that the Punishment lies only  
‘ in the Power of the Magistrate: All I  
‘ can



can conclude is this, that Adultery is never  
 punished with Death, Murder sometimes,  
 but Robbery always. Thou also enquirest,  
 how the Youth here are educated? At  
 the Age of about ten most of them go  
 to a publick School, which seemeth to  
 want proper Regulations; for I observe  
 they make no Distinction of Genius,  
 but the dull and bright Minds both pro-  
 ceed in the same Road, and are equally  
 punished if not Successful. There is for  
 those of riper Years a Sort of Cloyster  
 where they retire to Study, at least this  
 seemeth to have been the original Design  
 of the Structure; what Use it is now applied  
 to I cannot positively inform thee. Thus,  
 my *Helim*, have I endeavoured to satisfy  
 thy Curiosity; my Body laboureth under  
 the Remains of a grievous Malady, but  
 my Mind enjoyeth a free Serenity; my  
 Hand shaketh with Weakness, even tho'  
 it writeth to *Helim*, while my Heart,  
 fixedly thine, warmeth with Vigour  
 while it breatheth Vows for thee, and en-  
 deavoureth to express the constant Friend-  
 ship of thy ever-faithful

AR A M.

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1744.*

Their High Mightinesses the States General have  
 come to a Resolution, *Nemine Contradicente*, to  
 grant, and send, as soon as possible, to the Assistance  
 of his Britannick Majesty, the Succour of Twenty  
 Men of War, demanded by Mr. Trevor in his Memo-  
 rial of the 24<sup>th</sup> Instant.

Letters Patent have passed the Great-Seal of this  
 Kingdom, containing a Grant from his Majesty unto  
*Philip Tisdall*, Esq; of the Office of Register of the  
 High Court of Chancery in this Kingdom: And in  
 Pursuance thereof, he has appointed Mr. *Thomas Cooper*  
 his Deputy, by the Approbation of their Excellencies  
 the Lords Justices.

*April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1744.*

TO be Sold, a young Milch *Ass*, with a Foal about  
 eight Days Old. Enquire of the PUBLISHER  
 hereof.

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*Dublin, Jan. 23, 1744.*

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 the Editor, and by George and Alexander Ewing  
 Bookfellers in *Dame-street*.

TO be Sett for a Term of Years, or the  
 Interest of the Lease sold by Mr. *Medlicott*  
 Upholder, in *Dames-street*, a large House, with  
 Court before it, at the lower *Rathfarnham*, near  
 the large Fishpond; the House is well wainscott  
 with Grates and Locks fix'd to every Room, with  
 convenient Out-offices, Vaults, Coach-house, and  
 Stable: a large Garden wall'd round, and planted  
 with Vegetables sowed for the Season. The House  
 will be shewn to any Person, by Mrs. *Fullard*, at  
 the Sign of the Coach and Horses, next Door to  
 the House, and Mr. *Medlicott* will attend if sent for.  
 N. B. Said *Medlicott* makes all Sorts of Furni-  
 ture at reasonable Rates, and appraises and sells all  
 Sorts of Shop and House-Furniture by Auction.

D U B L I N: Printed for PETER WILSON, at *Gay's Head in Dames-Street*  
 where LETTERS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS for this Paper are taken

T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, May the 3d, 1744.

— *Amor nullis est medicabilis herbis.* Ovid.

To cure the Pains of Love, no Plant avails:  
Dryden.

**T**HE Promise I formerly made my Readers, of giving them a more particular Account of my Friend *Honorio*, I think it now Time to perform.

This Gentleman's Father was posses'd of a considerable Estate in the West of Ireland, leaving but two Sons to enjoy it, of these *Honorio* was the elder, the younger being call'd *Horatio* after his Father. Justice *Wrangle*, a Gentleman who lived in the Neighbourhood, had formerly conceived a particular Esteem for old *Horatio*, nor indeed was Mr. *Wrangle* beloved by any other Person in the Country, his litigious Temper being generally troublesome, if not hurtful, to those about him. This Gentleman had a Daughter with more Perfections than her Father had Failings, and whose Beauty shone the brighter, as assisted by her real Merit. This inestimable Jewel, the Father declared to old *Horatio*, should be the Blessing of him only who was a perfect Adept in the Law, and desired to know if either of his Sons was capable of the Study; for that he desired an Alliance with his Family. The other reply'd, he knew his elder Son *Honorio* to be of a Genius too sprightly for so dry a Study; but that he never had consulted

his younger Son, on such a Subject. *Horatio* was immediately called, and being ask'd by his Father whether he could like the Law for his Profession, answer'd, he would willingly acquiesce to whatever was his Father's Pleasure.

*Wrangle* from this Time pitched upon young *Horatio* as his Son in Law; but little did the old Men know that *Honorio* and *Flavilla* had conceiv'd an early Passion for each other.

It is impossible to describe *Flavilla's* Grief upon hearing her Father's Design; she went immediately to condole with her *Honorio*, who comforted himself and her with this Resolution, that he would go to Mr. *Wrangle*, acquaint him with his Love for *Flavilla*, and assure him, that the Study of the Law would be most agreeable, since his Daughter was to be the Prize: This he accordingly did, but to no Purpose; *Wrangle* telling him, he never would make a Figure in a Profession which he followed for secondary Views, and not for the Sake of its self; but that he was obliged to him for making his Passion known, as he thereby informed him, whom he should beware of; but advised him never to think more of his Daughter, as *Horatio* was the Man destined for her Husband.

Not-

Notwithstanding *Flavilla's* Charms, *Honorio* was far from being rejoiced at this News, as a single Life had ever been his Resolution; and fearing he should cause the least Uneasiness to his Brother. We may now reckon the old and young Persons divided; the former using all their Power to bring this Match about, and the latter omitting no Opportunity to prevent it, in which Design *Honorio* was no less active than the Lovers; he however, by his Father's Commands, was obliged immediately to study the Law, in which none could make a greater Progress. This confirmed the old Gentlemen in their Design, and almost compleated the Despair of the two Lovers; *Flavilla* having made a solemn Promise to her Father, that while he was alive she never would marry any Man without his Consent.

Such an Effect had *Honorio's* Affliction on him, that all who saw him thought his Life in Danger. The best Physicians were instantly apply'd to, who perceiving him to be in such a Decay, declared that nothing but travelling could recover him; *Leyden* was thought the most proper Place for him to go to, as he might there have the most skillful Doctors. It may be expected I should here describe the Parting of the two Lovers; were it in my Power to paint such a Scene of Affliction, I am too great an Enemy to Sorrow, not to avoid it whenever I have an Opportunity. During *Honorio's* Voyage, nothing extraordinary happen'd to him, excepting that his Disorder rather increased than abated; and upon his Arrival at *Leyden* the Physicians had little Hopes of his Recovery. Nothing could divert his Thoughts of *Flavilla*, nor did he look for any other Refuge than what Books could affor'd him; those of Physick seem'd most agreeable, so that he now employ'd his Physicians in a double Capacity, in curing his own Disease, and instructing him in others; their Success in the latter proved far superior to that in the former. He improved so much

in the Study, that it is hard to say, which was greater, his own Disorder, or his Skill in others. He received many Letters from his faithful Brother, all informing him of the various Methods he had used to defer the Match. But the last that came to his Hands gave him the agreeable Account of Mr. *Wrangle's* Death. He now bid adieu to his Physicians, telling them, he could get a Remedy for his Malady surpassing all that their Colledge could produce, and accordingly set out for *Ireland*: His Health returning immediately when he heard the News.

*Flavilla*, whose Affliction at *Honorio's* Departure was equal to his, had contracted a Disorder no less violent; but lest her Father should suspect the Cause try'd all possible means to conceal it. Yet many perceived it notwithstanding her Care: and a few Days after his Decease, when she apply'd to the Physicians for their Assistance they found her Distemper so far advanced that nothing could relieve her; every Day she became much worse than the former. And had *Honorio* now beheld his dear *Flavilla*, he could not have known her; but even that Comfort (if I may call it so) was deny'd him. For the last Breath forsook the lovely *Flavilla* six Days before his Arrival. If I could not describe the Departure of the Lovers, how can I *Honorio's* Disappointment? His Foot was scarce on Land, when he asked for his *Flavilla*; but who durst tell him she was no more; so great a Task was committed to the Care of his good Brother whose Discretion in managing it we need not doubt of: But *Honorio's* Condition on hearing it I shall leave my Reader to imagine, and conclude my Account with this Reflection, that there are few Events from whence there occurs not some Benefit. Though the positive Temper of Mr. *Wrangle* was the Cause of his Daughter's Death; yet to it is the Nation oblig'd for an excellent Physician and as good a Lawyer,

Mr. MEDDER,

If the following Lines, tho' not written  
in a very good Humour, be worthy your  
Paper, the inserting them will very much  
oblige your constant Reader,

LOVE PLAINT.

A TALE.

A Woman's mazy Heart in vain  
Strive Sense and Wit combin'd to move,  
These but encrease the growing Pain ;  
For Folly best succeeds in Love.  
Amidst *Arcadia's* tuneful Train,  
*Strephon* excell'd in Charms of Mind,  
Enraptur'd round him ev'ry Swain  
Admir'd his Thoughts, and Sense refin'd.  
Soon as the Saffron-blushing Dawn  
Expell'd the Night's endarken'd Air,  
Streight to the Dew-bespangled Lawn  
The Shepherd lead his bleating Care ;  
While these the spreading Valley graz'd,  
Or stretch'd indulg'd in downy Rest,  
With Books and Study *Strephon* pleas'd,  
Enrich'd his Soul, and fill'd his Breast ;  
Sportive the other Youths in Play  
Through fertile Pastures frequent rov'd,  
Or murmur'd at the tedious Day,  
While *Strephon* still his Heart improv'd :  
Whene'er with soft, though rural Lays,  
The glad attentive Plain he fills,  
Silent the Shepherds while he plays,  
Then learn his Musick from the Hills.  
Thus grac'd with ev'ry real Charm,  
At length he found a fav'rite Fair,  
He thought his Truth her Breast might warm,  
His Love succeed because sincere ;  
His glowing Heart, his Love-born Pain,  
T'express th'enamour'd Shepherd strove ;  
The Shepherd strove, but strove in vain ;  
For Words supply the want of Love.  
His shining Merit pleads in vain,  
The Nymph, tho' priding in her Slave,  
Tyrannick glories in his Pain,  
Nor wills to heal the Wound she gave.  
*Thyrsis*, a fashionable Youth,  
Careless of all but Dress and Art,  
Stranger to Sense as well as Truth,  
Had fix'd his Image in her Heart :

Engag'd by *Thyrsis's* studied Glance,  
His artful Smiles, respectful Bows,  
Charm'd with his Air, his Dress, his Dance,  
She hears with Joy his tender Vows,  
With none but *Thyrsis* now she's seen,  
His Love, tho' feign'd, finds warm returns,  
With him she treads the shaven Green,  
And for the modish Lover burns.  
Now Rage, now Grief, rack *Strephon's* Breast,  
The sprightly *Strephon* now no more,  
Midst thick-wove Shades he seeks for Rest,  
Or silent walks the dreary Shore ;  
He now neglects his once lov'd Flocks,  
Pensive in Woe he stalks alone,  
He vents his Grief to pitying Rocks,  
The pitying Rocks return each Groan.  
A Swain, by long Experience wise,  
Whom Time had deck'd with silver'd Hair,  
Saw *Strephon's* Grief, his languid Eyes,  
And fear'd th'Effects of deep Despair.  
' Why from their Source these Torrents flow ?  
' Why burst these Groans ? why breathe  
' these Sighs ?  
' Why such an Harmony of Woe,  
' Unhappy Youth ? sage *Damon* cries.  
' *Strephon*, to please the wayward Fair,  
' Employ no longer Wisdom's Rules,  
' Wisdom is seldom Beauty's Care,  
' And best succeed the happy Fools.  
' Hast thou not read, where *Beauty's* Queen  
' Auspicious lent her friendly Aid,  
' There hostile with invet'rate Spleen,  
' Oppos'd sage *Pallas*, stern-look'd Maid ?  
' Observe when next in *Pappos's* Lawn  
' The wanton *Cupid*, winged Boy,  
' By *Titian's* faithful Pencil drawn,  
' How 'round him smiles soft empty Joy ;  
' No solemn Air obscures his Face,  
' See dimpled Cheek and twinkling Eye !  
' Smirks in his Looks each sprightly Grace,  
' And scatter'd flowrets 'round him lie.  
' Those, who the Depths of Wisdom reach,  
' By whose Instructions you improve,  
' This for a certain Maxim teach,  
' Nonsense is Eloquence in Love.  
' Thy loud inveighing Plaint forbear,  
' Nor wonder *Phyllis* from thee flies,  
' Thy Sense occasions thy Despair :  
' In Love 'tis folly to be Wise.

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. May 2d, 1744.*

**I**T is said, in the last Advices from *London*, that the *French King* has declared War against the *Queen of Hungary*, and the *King of Sardinia*.

These Advices add, that the *King of Spain's* Life is despaired of.

We have nothing further from *Nice*, but that a *Grand Council of War* was held in the combined Army, in which it was resolv'd to attack the *Piedmontese* Intrenchments on *Mount Alban*. The next Day they proceeded to put their Design in Execution, but were oblig'd to lay it aside by reason of a prodigious Storm, which had like to have ruin'd the whole Army.

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(As it is perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in *Aungier-Street*.)

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*April 25th, 1744.*

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T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *May* the 10th, 1744.

*Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis;  
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum?* Horat.

Since with dim Sight your own Defects you view,  
Why do you see your Friends with Eagle Eyes?

**T**HE following Letter, which seems to come from a Person who is no Stranger to the Rules of Humanity and good Breeding, but unhappily exposed to the Violation of both, with a few Observations on my Correspondent's Matter of Complaint, shall be the Entertainment for this Day, and will, I hope, be of general Use, as the Errors attempted to be rectified in it, are of too general Practice.

Mr. MEDDLER,

I Have great Reason to imagine that the Entertainment of the Publick is not the only Aim you pursue in your weekly Labours, but that the Improvement of Mankind was also a strong incentive to this beneficial Undertaking: For this Reason I make no doubt but you'll insert this Letter, and if you should recommend it by some Illustrations of your own upon the Subject, it would in all Probability be the most effectual Means to banish a rude uncharitable Custom, which hath prevailed too much among a People, who seem in other Respects to have arrived at no small Degree of Perfection in Politeness.

I have the Misfortune to labour under some accidental Imperfections, for which I am made the Subject of Laughter and Ridicule in almost every Company. I frequent, and tho' I endeavour as much as possible to hide my Uneasiness on these Occasions, I must confess, it imbitters my Life very much; and to me, who am not fond of Solitude, and am naturally of a gay lively Temper, it is an unhappy Situation to meet with nothing but Raillery where I expected Entertainment, and find myself able to divert the Company, no other way but by affording them a Matter for Jestings, in my natural and involuntary Defects. You must know, Mr. MEDDLER, that I am a Foreigner, and tho' I have taken great Pains to make myself Master of the *English* Language, I yet still retain a strange Accent, which sufficiently informs all who hear me, that I am not a Native of these Kingdoms: This unfortunate Tone, let my Sentiments be ever so just, as by a long Course of Reading and Experience I have reason to think they generally are, makes what I say regarded no otherwise, than as it displays an Object for their unchristian Wit

to

to shine upon: This Treatment puts me in Mind of what I often observe among the Enemies of your Paper, (for the Champions of Virtue and Reason ever will have Enemies, and those too even among the reputed Friends to both) that, when they can find no other Object for their insipid Criticisms, they fall foul on the Errors of the Press, and quarrel with an A or a C wrong placed, as much as if they could think the Author was ignorant of the Art of Spelling. You may perhaps think this is only a Compliment, but I assure you it is my real Sense, and I imagine that in many other Respects we may resemble one another as well as in this. But my Afflictions do not end here; I have likewise a great deafness in my left Ear, which was occasioned by the many Hardships I suffered in the Service of my King, during the late Wars in *Italy*. A Consequence of this Deafness, which is a very common one, is, that I speak very loud, and my Voice, naturally shrill, being raised to so high a Key, becomes very offensive to many Ladies; whose Ears are of too nice a Texture to endure such harsh Sounds.

These, Sir, are the deplorable Circumstances that expose me to the Laughter and Mirth of every Acquaintance; but if Good Nature had not Influence enough over them, to make them allow a little Pity to such incurable Misfortunes, and which are far from being founded on either vicious or dishonourable Causes, certainly Politeness might oblige them at least to conceal such Thoughts from the innocent and unhappy Object of them, as they have not Charity and good Sense enough to stifle entirely: Dear Sir, improve this Hint, and it will be no small Consolation to your dejected humble Servant and constant Reader,

S. G.

I shall not in this Place endeavour to shew the many Distinctions of Ridicule and its

Objects, but I believe every reasonable Person will readily grant, that nothing is Ridiculous, however absurd and deformed, that is not voluntary. With what colour of Justice then can we make a Jest of the unfortunate Man, to whom Nature has been cruel, or bad Fortune has given Afflictions? How different from the distinguishing Characteristicks of Men, at least of Christians, is it to laugh where the Dictates of Humanity and Virtue should incline us to Pity? Such Treatment doubly aggravates their Misery, and makes a State utterly insupportable, which otherwise Patience and the kind Allowances of benevolent Men might render easy. Nay, were we to examine strictly into the Nature of most of such Imperfections, I will not say all, we should find that their being thought Misfortunes, is only owing to the Opinions and Practice of indifferent Men with regard to them: My Correspondent I am persuaded would think himself not ill used by Fortune, did not his Infirmities open a Scene of ceaseless and ungrateful Raillery to his unthinking Acquaintance, and by that means deprive him of the Satisfaction of an Equality in Conversation, perhaps one of the greatest Blessings of Life. Reason would inform him that his Foreign Birth as it is no crime can be no Misfortune for of all Prejudices in the World, National Prejudice is the most unreasonable and ill-grounded; and his bodily Infirmities would be matter of Satisfaction and Pleasure to him, as they are derived from so noble a Source, as that of Courage, Honour and Loyalty. These Circumstances then, which ill-nature and Vanity have conspired to render unhappy, we see in the own Nature are so far from being really such, that the latter should be reckon'd Favour, not a Frown of Fortune; and believe most other Instances of such Imperfections, if carefully considered, would appear in the same Light as these: What Barbarity then is it to endeavour at heaping up a Load of Misery, at destroying an innocent

nocent Person's Peace of Mind, and making even fortunate Circumstances deplorable, all for the gratification of a very criminal Vanity, or (to speak in the easiest Terms) a thoughtless Levity of Mind?

Should it be asked if ever, and when such Imperfections become ridiculous? I answer, they certainly are so, when voluntary, that is, if occasioned by voluntary Excesses or a rash Imprudence, deaf to the Voice of Reason: He also is remarkably ridiculous, who has Vanity enough to think his Infirmities Beauties, or on the contrary who makes them more conspicuous by endeavouring to adorn, palliate, or totally conceal them: But here we must take Notice, that such a Person's Vanity or foolish Pride is the true Object of Ridicule, not his natural Imperfections. A very eminent Author, in a Part of his own Character, has in a few Lines very justly pointed out the Bounds that are to be set to Ridicule of this kind:

- His Satyr points at no Defect,
- But what all Mortals may correct;
- For he abhor'd that senseless Tribe,
- Who call it Humour when they jibe:
- He spar'd a Hump or crooked Note,
- Whole Owners set not up for Beaux,
- True genuine Dullness mov'd his Pity,
- Unless it offer'd to be witty, &c.

Dr. Swift, Verses on his own Death.

This last Circumstance has appeared very hard to some Men of Flashy Parts, who wherever they meet a Plain-thinking Man, think it Wit to make him an Object of Derision to the Company; but the many Disappointments they meet with, by the recoiling of their own Weapons, are sufficient Consolation to the less bright Part of Mankind, not to mention the Satisfaction they receive from observing that a Man of true Wit or just Learning has too much Humility to despise the want of it in others, or to make a shew of it in himself.

As to what my Correspondent says in Relation to my Criticks, I shall only say, that tho' I hear their Malice in many Places, it gives me no concern, as I know my Intention is honest and for the publick Good, however I may have failed in the Execution.

---

*Dick's Coffee-House, Wed. May 9th, 1744.*

WE have received Advice, that the *French* and *Spaniards* having attacked the King of *Sardinia's* Intrenchments near *Villa Franca*, were repulsed with the Loss of 6 or 7000 Men; but, in another Attack, had oblig'd the *Piedmontese* Troops to abandon their Posts, and retire into *Villa Franca*, where they embarked for *Onglia*. In this Engagement the King of *Sardinia* has taken several Prisoners, viz. 1 Major General; 1 Brigadier; 1 Lieutenant Colonel; 9 Captains; 14 Lieutenants; 7 Sub-Lieutenants; 2 Adjutants; 2 Ensigns; and 9 Volunteers or Cadets: The whole Number of Prisoners amounting to 520. The King of *Sardinia's* Loss is not certainly known at present, but is computed at 1500 Men.

Their Excellencies the Lords Justices have been pleas'd to sign Commissions for

The Right Hon. *Somerlet Hamilton*, Lord Viscount *Ikerin*; the Right Hon. *John*, Lord Viscount *Allen*; the Right Hon. *Richard*, Lord Viscount *Powercourt*; *Francis Gore*, *John Stackpole*, *Simon Purdon*, *Samuel Bindon*, and *John Vaudeur*, Esqrs; to be Deputy Governors of the County of *Clare*; and also, for the Hon. *John Evans*, the Hon. *Thomas George Southwell*, and *Edward Croker*, Esqrs; to be Deputy Governors of the County of *Limerick*; and also for the said *Thomas George Southwell*, and *Edward Croker*, to have each an independent Troop of Dragoons in the Militia of the said County.

---

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T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, May the 17th, 1744.

*Nam cum amicitiae vis fit in eo, ut unus quasi animus fiat ex pluribus: quæ id fieri potest, sine in uno quidem quoque unus animus erit, idemque semper; sed varius, commutabilis, multiplex?*  
CICERO.

For since the force of Friendship consists in the Union of many Minds into one: How shall that be done, if not in one Man we shall find one uniform Mind; but a various, changeable, and wandering Inclination?

**T**H E R E is nothing easier or more common with Man, than to form Plans of Happiness in Speculation: The Colours of Imagination are livelier than those which we find in existence, and the gay Scenes of Fancy, tho' they unhappily amuse our Senses, yet at the end produce the displeasure of Disappointment, as they are never to be met with in reality. Our Conclusions are often false, more frequently the Principles from whence we infer them; but upon a Supposition of the Reasonableness and Truth of both, yet are they not proper unalterable Rules of Action; matters of Right are not to be confounded with those of Fact; and the general Conduct will not coincide and agree with the Theory of Duty. There is a Pleasure in knowing what should be, there is a Necessity in being acquainted with what is; nor while Passion over-rules Reason, while Prejudices cloud the Understanding, shall we find the former the Guide and Director of the Latter; nor is it to be expected from Man, labouring under Infirmities, exposed to Temptation, and placed in a State of Imperfection. Nor would I be under-

stood by this to excuse the Errors and Follies too often reigning, or plead a Pardon for the deserters of Virtue; but by these general Reflections, which experience fatally confirms, I would warn against the expectation of a Paradise of unsully'd Goodness, which abstracted Men flatter themselves with; that exact conformity to Right, which was broke through by the first Inhabitants of the World, when under very happy Advantages, much less can be observed by their degenerate descendants.

I have been led into these Observations by a Survey of Friendship: How exalted are our Notions on this Subject! How refined our Sentiments! The happy Union of Souls conspiring to each others Felicity, a mutual Tenderness, Fidelity and indissoluble Love, which adorn Friendship in prospect, promise blessings, which, if possessed, would secure Man from himself, and from others. Nor let it seem strange that Man wants Protection from himself, the sudden Sallies of Passion, Irresolution, as well as Precipitation in Action, if not prevented, turn Man against himself, who generally proves his most dangerous Enemy;

my ; nor can we find Assistance against these Evils, but in Friendship ; for here the unreserved opening of the Heart, the free and undisguised Communication of Thought, may enable a generous Friend to divert or sooth the fury of Passion, to animate and warm a wavering and dastardly Spirit, and check and retard the impetuous and irregular hurry in Action.

But is there in the World such a Thing as Friendship, as we imagine it ? Find we the Idea reflected on us, and confirmed by Proof ? It is rather the Object of our Wishes, than the Subject of our Satisfaction ; a Blaze, which neglected or not nourished, droops and is soon extinguished.

It is in Friendship, as in Love, the surest means to strengthen and perpetuate it, to continue the Methods, which first gave it Birth ; that Culture, which improved its Seeds into bloom, will best preserve it flourishing and in vigour. There is a Decorum to be observed in Friendship, the Neglect and Omission of which weakens the Tye, often breaks the strictest Band ; the regard we owe, the esteem we bear to this Character demand a suitable Behaviour ; nor can we expect the Zeal of Friendship, where our indifference or neglect damp and cool it. Hence 'tis often the Case, that Friendship is the Excuse for Roughness, and Disrespect ; and we are so base to use a Friend worse than we dare an Enemy.

The Disguise Men generally appear in, is another Reason of the weakness of Friendship. Easiness of Temper, complaisance, and other parts of a happy Mind, which are known by the common Name of Manners, if not naturally inherent in Men, must be adopted and assumed, and this for their own quiet and ease ; for this inferior kind of morality, if transgressed, inflicts the severest Punishment on the Offender, nor can the Person, who has been exposed to any one's rudeness, receive an injury equal to the Punishment which the con-

tempt and abhorrence of the World make the Guilty feel. Hence the most dastardly Tempers, the sullen and morose humours put on the appearance of Innocence, Gayity, and Ease ; hence the artless meaning Man, charmed with these Qualities, is deceived, when chusing such a one for a Friend, and, instead of a salutary Plant, culls Poisons. But as a constant intercourse will divest him of these disguises, as there are unguarded Moments in which the natural bent will shew itself such as it is, so are such Friendships never firm, they are scarce joined, when, instead of cementing, they break asunder and dissolve.

Equality has been always looked upon as a principal requisite in Friendship, without which it could not begin or continue. But are Men glad to have Equals ? Has Ambition a Thirst of Power or Riches, more or less a strong Dominion over Mankind. As there can be no dispute on this Head, we shall find the generality of the World very incapable of Friendship. Ambition makes use of Friends, but steps to climb to its affected Greatness, as props to support it in the height of which it has mounted to ; and as her Views are selfish, so consequently destructive of Friendship, which, as it is founded on Love, cannot subsist without a reciprocal Love and Affection. Hence those who have considered the Necessity of Equality in Friendship, and at the same time the Power of Ambition in Man, have ventured to say that there was scarce such a Thing as Friendship, and if there be any, that it must subsist between Superiors and Inferiors, whose Fortunes may comprehend the other.

Under Equality we may take in the similitude of Inclinations and Tempers, necessary a Constituent of Friendship, likeness in Condition, and more especially to be met with. In Men's Minds there cannot be so great a resemblance, but upon an enquiry there will

found sufficient Differences by which they may be distinguished; various are their Desires and Appetites, and though their Passions are much the same in the General, yet do their particular Circumstances in some Men make a sensible Difference. Every one is inclined to give the Preference to himself, and vainly imagines his Temper the happiest, and his Inclinations the most rational; hence in Friendship 'tis natural for every one to incline others to his own bent, which hardly succeeds, and proves at the End pernicious to Friendship; for as every one from his fond Opinion of himself, is firmly tenacious of his own Maxims, he will not hear of an Alteration or Change in them; nor even upon a supposed Conviction of Error, will Man easily confess his Mistake, or upon a Reformation, forgive the freedom which redress'd his Conduct. Whoever finds fault with another, by that insinuates that he is in the right, a claim which the generality of the World will not allow, or if they do, will annex to it an Imputation of Arrogance and Pride.

A Love of Variety and Change is not a little Prejudicial to Friendship. A variable-ness of Mind, and fickleness of Disposition, set Men in search for Objects to gratify them; hence Friends give not that delight, when of a long standing, as at first, and Enjoyment in Friendship, as in Love, fatiates and cloy. To prefer a new Friend to an old one, though a common, yet is an unpardonable Levity of Mind; 'tis unreasonable and ungrateful to proceed in such a Manner; ungrateful, as it despises their former Services; unreasonable, as we chuse an uncertainty for a Certainty; for Friends, as certain Fruit-trees, bear the best Fruits, when old and long planted. To make as many Friends as possible is prudent and judicious; though it is to be feared, that who would have many, rather increases his Acquaintance, than adds to the number of his Friends.

A deep Sense of the Imperfections of Friendship contributes somewhat to impair

its Vigour. A distrust naturally arises from such a Knowledge; we fear a Rock, and therefore care not to come close to the Shore; and while we are thus cautiously on our guard, we neither perform nor receive the Offices of Friendship.

Such are the general Abuses that combine to embitter the greatest sweet of Life, these the common Imperfections that deform the most amiable Quality; from these Observations, those who have experienced the Perfidy of Man, may trace it to its Source; the less acquainted with the World be warned against the dangerous deceit, and Man in general, by a Correction of these Errors, labour to bring to Perfection Benevolence and Friendship, which will improve and bless the World.

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**R**ELIGION and VIRTUE the Foundation of COURAGE, and VICTORY. A Sermon preached in the Church of *Urney*, in the Diocese of *Derry*, on the 11th Day of *April*, 1744. Being the publick Fast-Day. By *William Henry*, M. A. Rector of *Urney*, and Chaplain to his Grace *Josiah*, Lord Archbishop of *Tuam*.

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T H E

# M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *June* the 7th, 1744.

———*Ab Miser!*  
*Quanta laboras in Charybdi!*  
*Digne Puer meliore flammâ.*

HOR.

———Unhappy Youth!  
 In what a Gulph of Misery you toil,  
 Yet should a better Flame reward thy Truth.

MR. MEDDLER,

AS you have promised to take into Inspection the Faults and Follies reigning among us, I make bold to acquaint you with one, which requires immediate correction, as it daily grows more prevalent. The ill Effects of it I myself have sadly experienced, and am therefore the better able to give you a just Account of it: What I mean is the unbounded Ambition many young Ladies entertain for having a Multitude of Lovers, and in such Cases their inexcusable Cruelty in the Manner they generally treat them; for that Vanity of being Mistress to such a Number, and the Eagerness of attaining new ones, commonly leads them to Actions, quite unbecoming the Characters, either of Virtue or Prudence. As an Instance of what I say, and which will set my Argument in the plainest Light, I shall beg leave to recite my own Story, and hope at least for Pity from you, if not some Satisfaction in exposing the guilty Cause of my Misfortunes. Your Observations on my Case will also much oblige, and may perhaps

‘ have some Force in reclaiming some very  
 ‘ amiable young Ladies from Practices  
 ‘ which must inevitably ruin their Reputa-  
 ‘ tion, and make them slighted by all their  
 ‘ thinking Acquaintance.  
 ‘ I am a young Man, about twenty-two  
 ‘ Years of Age, brought up to a very gen-  
 ‘ teel Business, and such as gave me an Op-  
 ‘ portunity of keeping the better Sort of  
 ‘ Company. My Fortune, tho’ moderate,  
 ‘ was sufficient to enable me to appear with  
 ‘ Credit and Advantage in my Station; and  
 ‘ had I made a proper Use of it, I should  
 ‘ by this Time have made no despicable  
 ‘ Figure in publick Life. An unhappy  
 ‘ Passion I conceived for a Friend’s Daugh-  
 ‘ ter, a Lady about a Year younger than  
 ‘ myself, and in outward Appearance en-  
 ‘ dowed with all the Charms Nature can  
 ‘ bestow on her greatest Favourites, pre-  
 ‘ vented my arriving at the Degree in Life,  
 ‘ which Prudence and Diligence would un-  
 ‘ doubtedly have placed me in. *Vanilla’s*  
 ‘ charming Qualifications soon drew my  
 ‘ Attention, that grew to Admiration, and  
 ‘ as my Heart was naturally disposed to  
 ‘ receive a deep Impression; Admiration  
 ‘ too soon turned to Love: I thought such  
 ‘ Sweetness

Sweetness as *Vanilla* was Mistress of, more than compensated for the Scantyness of her Fortune, which, as her Father had four Children more, was likely to be very small, if any. Happy had I been, had she proved in Reality equal to my flattering Imagination; and I still am of Opinion that Want of Fortune, where Heaven has showered an Abundance of far greater and more valuable Blessings, should never (to a Man of Sense) be an Obstacle to an Union with so lovely a Creature as *Vanilla* appeared to be. But — alas she was all Deceit! Vanity was the Mistress of her every Action; and the reciprocal Tenderness she falsely expressed for me, tho' it raised a double Ardour in my Breast, was only designed to delude, and make me more unhappy than the coldest Disdain could possibly have done. She was inspired with an irresistible Desire of ruling a Number of Lovers, and I have since found that she treated every new one with the same Warmth as she did me, 'till she had secured her Conquest. Some Months passed in this Manner, during which Time I not only neglected my Business, but was so lavish of my little Stock in treating and entertaining my dear Mistress (which she very much encouraged) that it was reduced to a very small Compass, before I gave myself Time to reflect on what I was doing. All this while, tho' there were many other Sparks she received with great Familiarity, and who I believe were in the same Circumstances as myself, she still assured me it was only to hinder the World from seeing her real Intentions, 'till a favourable Opportunity would offer for declaring what she had long resolved. I loved her too well not to take any thing she said for Reason, without examining into it's Merit, and thus continued to consume my little Substance on the most ungrateful Creature in the World. This was much encouraged by her Mother, a Lady of very ungenerous Principles, and

the same Favour was shewn to half a Score Lovers, as long as their Purse were able to answer their Extravagance. I saw this, yet such an Influence had she over me, that I believed her Discuses, and regarded the Youths that were discarded on account of Poverty, as Victims to her Love for me. I had several Intimations of her Falshood given me by different People; and my Relations, foreseeing the inextricable Errors I was running into, prudently advised me to desist before it was too late. But, Mr. MEDDLER, who that loves as I did, can listen to Reason? That powerful Passion enslaves too far to let us have the Liberty of judging rightly; the beloved Object is the only Point of View we direct our Prospects to, the favourite Termination of all our Designs, and the Man who opposes her Measures becomes our Enemy. Such was my Case; I quarrelled with my Friends, and by that means lost an Interest that might have been of great Use to me in my way of Life: and thus I went on in this destructive Extravagance, 'till she mistook the Superscription of a Letter she had wrote to a new Admirer, and sent it to me. Here I perceived she made Use of the very ideal Expressions she had directed formerly to me, when she first endeavoured to bring me under her Power. You may easily imagine my Surprize and Indignation at this Discovery. Resolved to try her yet closer, I went to her and told her, that I had now run out my Fortune, and being persecuted by Creditors, was obliged to leave the Kingdom; and, as I had made her many valuable Presents, hoped she would be so just as to return me so much Trifle to bear my Expence, 'till I could provide some other Method of maintaining myself. She expressed great Grief at our approaching Separation, embraced me with Tears, and assured me of an inviolable Fidelity 'till Fate should bring us once more together: She told me, she had a wealth

‘ a wealthy Aunt, who would certainly  
‘ leave her enough to support us both ; that  
‘ we should keep a constant Correspondence  
‘ till her Death, which, as she was old and  
‘ infirm, could not be far off, and then she  
‘ would throw her Person and Fortune with  
‘ Transport into my Arms. Infatuated by  
‘ this Tenderneſs, I told her of the Letter  
‘ I had found, which ſhe very readily ex-  
‘ cused by ſaying it was only to try my  
‘ Temper, and beg’d me to call the next  
‘ Day, when ſhe would ſupply me with all  
‘ that lay in her Power, and renew her  
‘ Vows of Fidelity. Satisfied with this I  
‘ retired, and began to prepare in Reality  
‘ for my future Voyage ; for I had no Poſ-  
‘ ſibility of remaining at home in my pre-  
‘ ſent unhappy Circumſtances ; all I had  
‘ left being not ſufficient to defray the Ex-  
‘ pence of my Paſſage, beſides many Debts,  
‘ which I had it not in my Power to diſ-  
‘ charge. Accordingly early next Day I  
‘ waited on *Vanilla* to receive her Promise  
‘ and take my leave, for a parting which  
‘ made me doubly unhappy, and added  
‘ Stings to my other Miſfortunes ; but,  
‘ would you believe it, when I came to  
‘ the Houſe and enquired for *Vanilla*, I was  
‘ informed by the Servant that ſhe was  
‘ married the Night before to that very  
‘ Perſon, to whom ſhe had wrote the Let-  
‘ ter I intercepted. If you know the Pangs  
‘ of diſappointed Love, joined to the diſ-  
‘ mal Proſpects of Miſery, Hardſhip and  
‘ Want, you will afford me Pity : I am  
‘ aſhamed to apply to my Friends, incapa-  
‘ ble of ſatiſfying my Creditors, and have  
‘ been too tenderly brought up by an in-  
‘ dulgent Parent (happy that he is in his  
‘ Grave !) to be able to undergo hard La-  
‘ bour. Yet this is all the Refuge I have  
‘ left ; falſe and ungrateful as ſhe is,  
‘ I love her ſtill too well to endeavour  
‘ at Revenge, and I go contented to La-  
‘ bour, Slavery and Hunger in the Plan-  
‘ tations, if I can be ſatiſfied ſhe will be  
‘ happy in my Abſence. I am now haſten-  
‘ ing to embark, with a Reſolution never

‘ to return to a Place, where I meet no  
‘ Object but reminds me of my own Folly  
‘ and *Vanilla*’s Injuſtice. Dear Sir, pub-  
‘ liſh this ; ſhe will ſoon perceive who is  
‘ meant, and may perhaps afford one re-  
‘ lenting Tear for the wretched

‘ AMALIO.’

When this melancholy Epistle was read in the Club, it could not fail of raiſing the warmeſt Sentiments of Compaſſion towards the unhappy Sufferer, in the Hearts of us, whoſe ſole Ambition is a Character of Humanity. *Honorio*, ever diligent in aſſiſting the diſtreſſed, and particularly ſo when Love makes a Part of the Miſfortunes, propoſed to enquire the real Name of our Correſpondent, and that we ſhould join in rendering his Circumſtances ſomething eaſier to him. Dr. *Buſtle*, whoſe Acquaintance is pretty extenſive, in a few Days, found out the Perſon in queſtion, when *Honorio* generously preſented him with Fifty Pounds, and each of us beſides contributed Ten, ſo that he had now one Hundred Pounds, which, with good Management, may enable him to purſue ſome creditable Buſineſs abroad, for in this Kingdom he is reſolved not to ſtay.

I cannot diſmiſs my Readers, without giving my Female ones a Caution againſt the Imprudence, which occaſioned all my Correſpondent’s Miſfortunes. It is impoſſible for them to gratify this very blameable Ambition he mentions, without uſing ſuch Methods, as are entirely inconſiſtent with the moſt amiable Character of theirs, and indeed of both Sexes ; I mean Modeſty. It is not eaſy to obtain a Power over ſo many as they wiſh to command, without ſome indirec’t Means. They ſtudy the Weakneſs of a Man’s Heart and Underſtanding, and proceed accordingly ; nor do they think any Crime in a Tenderneſs which they imagine they can renounce at Pleaſure, and which they expreſs only to enſnare. Thus by complying they gain more Power ; and what to an indifferent Perſon, or a Man of cool



cool Judgment would seem a Trifle not to be regarded, to a young one, or one perhaps already half secured, is a Mark of the highest Esteem. A Touch of the Hand, a tender Look, nay a Familiarity in Conversation passes with the natural Vanity of Youth for a sure Sign of Passion, and consequently seems to claim a Return of Love. For these Reasons I think young Ladies can never be too much on the Reserve with Strangers, and even with the Person they really esteem; they should at least take care not to let him see a Fondness, which only serves to make them despicable in the Eyes of some Tempers, and too much enflames the natural Heat of others. An unguarded Action, tho' perhaps done without Design, will also in this malicious World, be improved and aggravated to its worst Sense; and Instances of a Failure in Reputation on very slight Occasions are innumerable. Fond of censuring, People take an envious Pleasure in giving Insinuations to the Disadvantage of a young and beautiful Person. How cautious then should they be of leaving any Room for these Snakes to spit their Venom in? And as to the Encouragement of Expence in Treats and Things of that Nature, I believe every Lady's good Sense will prompt her to shun a Thing, which is the distinguishing and ruinous Practice of a common Prostitute.

*Dick's Coffee-House, June 7th, 1744.*

THEY write from *Dover*, that the *French* had taken *Menin* after a three Days Siege, with the Loss, as they say, of 50 Men.

'Tis reported, that Prince *Charles* had passed the *Rhine* at *Menheim*, with the Army under his Command.

Admiral *Matthews* has acquainted the Government of *Genoa*, that, in case they furnish Provisions, or any other Necessaries, to the Enemies of the King of *Sardinia*, he will burn all the Country from *Ventimiglio* to *Genoa*.

Letters from *Brussels* advise, that the *French* had invested *Oudenarde*.

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Written by W. R. CHETWOOD.

Formerly Prompter to his Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane*, and Author of *Falconer's*, *Boyle's* and *Vaughan's Voyages*, &c. &c. &c.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the Author, at his Lodgings at Mr. *Rider's* in *George's-lane*, Mr. *Hoey* in *Skinner-Row*, Mr. *Wilson* in *Dame-street*, Mr. *Coates* at the *Vine* in *Chequer-lane*, at *Tom's* Coffee-house near the College, and by Mr. *Edward Bate*, Printer, in *George's-lane* near *Dame-street*.

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IN Gratitude to my Subscribers for the Encouragement I have met with in Printing Mr. *Thompson's* TRAVELS, I intend to give (beyond what I promised in my printed Proposal,) all the Maps that are contained in the *English* Edition. These Maps, which are now Engraving, will be delivered *Gratis* with the last Numbers. If they should occasion an inconsiderable Delay in the finishing of the Work, my Subscribers, I hope, will be amply recompenced for it. The General Titles, Preface, &c. will be delivered at the same Time.

*Peter Wilson.*

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T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *June* the 14th, 1744.

*Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, & quibus hunc tu  
Moribus instituas.* JUV.

What Arts and Morals first imbibe a Child,  
Concerns a Parent's Care.

**T**H E first Principles of Education, these Impressions which the Soul, as yet a Blank, receives, are of such Importance, as that the Happiness of Man for a great part depends on them. Education has been observed to have more Influence and Strength than Nature, and the first Tinctures of the Mind are of such Efficacy as to alter and overcome the natural Inclination. The Care and Management of these tender Years is generally in the Parent, and we might rationally imagine, that in honour to themselves, and of Tenderness to their Offspring, or Regard for the common Good, Endeavours would be used to preserve the Soul at its first Entrance into the World secure from the general Corruption, untainted by particular Blemishes. For as Parents can instill their Instructions in a Season of Life, when they are easily admitted, and as hardly effaced; so can they find no Difficulty in moulding the Mind into any Manner of Form; for what takes the first Possession of the Soul, carries with it all possible Authority, as having no Prejudices to combat with, no previous Opinions to dispute its Entrance. Convinced of the Obligations Parents lay under in this Respect, and of the Opportunities of fulfil-

ling them, the *Lacedæmonian* State had Laws, by which they punished the Perverseness and Wickedness of their young Men by Penalties on the Parent.

To lay down some Directions to the Parental Care, shall be the Business of the following Observations. But I must premise, that the general Conduct of Parents is inclined to Extremes; either that Fondness, which Nature has implanted in us for excellent Purposes, degenerates into an effeminate Indulgence, which banishes Correction and Reproof, and, like the Ivy, choaks the Tree which it embraces; or the avoiding this loose Principle leads Man into a rigorous Severity, equally destructive and pernicious; for this debases the Ingenuity of their Temper, and Virtue in this Case, which should win us over by her Beauties, rather frightens us with a sullen Aspect, than attracts us by her Charms. The particular Turn and Bent of Children's Inclinations is to be enquired into, and this being known, the Parent will see when it is fit to loose or streighten the Reins of Authority, when to display or check his Fondness.

The first Care of a young Mind is to possess it with a Love of Virtue in general, of what is universally good, useful and commendable.

commendable. A Mind tinctured with Instructions of this Nature will be enabled to choak the Seeds of Vice, to oppose the Strength of Custom, and is well prepared for any particular Improvement. This will be a sure Foundation to build upon, and this, like the Ground-work in a Picture, will fit and dispose for the Reception of the proper Colours. And to this Instruction the necessary and common Manner is by Precept or Example; or, which is the best Method, by both concurring together. Precepts and Instructions either taught or read to young Minds are to open, cannot be to convince their Reasons; and as the Sense of the Reasonableness of any Action cannot be the Motive with them to prefer it to another, so it must be the Authority of those who instruct them, and this Authority we shall find to be best supported by Example, which is the easier and more pleasing of the two Methods. The Road to Virtue by Precept is long and tedious, there must be Time had, and Diligence employed to arrive to the understanding them, and Experience and Opportunity must assist us to reduce them into Practice; whereas Example is quicker, we are drawn on with Eagerness, and are led insensibly into an Imitation of those Virtues, which shine conspicuously in others. As this holds good even with mature Minds, how much more so with Children, whose Reason is but glimmering, whose Understanding is just dawning, and whose Souls are very flexible and tender? We must therefore be careful to lay before them commendable Patterns to copy after; nor can Parents be too cautious of their Conduct before Children, as their Fondness and Love to them, naturally inclines them to imitate them. And as Examples of Vice are more frequent than those of Virtue, there must be a proper Use made by raising an Abhorrence of them, as the *Lacedæmonians* created an Horror of Drunkenness in their Children, by exposing their Slaves to them when drunk.

The Spirits of Children should be en-

couraged and confirmed in Ingenuity, Openness, and Candour of Temper. This will make them virtuous upon a solid Principle, uninfluenced by fear, or any mean Consideration; this will prevent that slavish Vice of *Lying*, a certain Indication of a low groveling Soul, which Children are often frightened into at first, and which afterwards lays the Foundation of continual Falshood in their Course of Life.

Modesty is another Virtue, which Parents should be very diligent to cultivate in the Minds of Children. Frowardness and a Love of Dispute is very offensive and displeasing. Men of Years and Experience are not to be contradicted and encountered by young People; with Equals we are not at all times to dispute about things of little moment; to be exceptionis is a troublesome Disposition, and even in matters of weight to be warm and peremptory is a Breach of Decency. How unseemly must it then appear in Children, to contradict their Superiors in Years and Knowledge, often in things they have no Knowledge in, frequently in matters of no Consequence, a Circumstance, or an Expression? Nor will this by any means check that laudable Curiosity, which sets young Minds in search of Information. He who endeavours not to satisfy his Doubts, can never attain a thorough Knowledge of things; when therefore Children desire to be informed, or express Uncertainty on any matter, they are so far from being restrain'd, that they must be gratified and encouraged. The matter in doubt must be explained in a manner suitable to their Age and Capacity; this will encourage an early Appetite of Knowledge, this will exercise and strengthen their Minds, and open the way to deeper and more extensive Attainments. Such a Curiosity, if gratified with Modesty, far from being impertinent, will be useful, far from being unmannerly, will be pleasing and agreeable to those they converse with. The Culture of this Virtue will be productive of amiable and engaging Qualities; this will bring

forth

forth an Easiness of Temper, Complaisance, and good Nature ; this will create Affability to Inferiors, Deference and Respect to Superiors, Civility and Sweetness with Equals. This Excellence of Temper and Behaviour will make them Masters of Conversation, and by cultivating it in tender Years, will introduce them with Advantage to the World.

Affectation requires the most diligent Care to prevent its Growth in Children. This is a Weed, that will over-run and deform the fairest Soils if not rooted up immediately on its Appearance ; the least Neglect strengthens it in such surprizing Degrees, as often to mock the greatest Efforts to destroy it. Behaviour should appear free and unconstrained ; and though Affectation insinuates itself into Man by a Desire of pleasing, yet it always fails of its Aim ; as it is a sure Indication of Vanity, it must be offensive ; where it labours to oblige, it generally displeases, and throws a Blemish on the best designed Actions.

The natural Excellence of young Minds is to be exercised and improved, not, as is frequently the Case, checked and changed. In every Man's Breast there is an hidden Treasure, which we should endeavour to polish and bring to Light, rather than introduce into it any Thing of a foreign Growth. Accomplishments of all Kinds are not suited to every Mind, nor perhaps shall we find a more rational Cause for Man's Ignorance, than the attempting and pursuing universal Knowledge. Pride and Ambition often blind Men in their Pursuits, often make Use of Means frequently foreign, if not contrary to the End proposed ; and Parents, by having in View what will be most glorious, neglect that which is most suitable for their Children ; by misplacing their Pains and Study on what Nature never intended them for, often make them useless, if not pernicious, to the Publick. And should Care be taken to attend to and improve the Talents which Nature has bestowed, another Caution still is necessary, not

to be solicitous that they should brighten up immediately, that they should arrive to an early Perfection. Reason should open by Degrees, nor is it to be strengthened but by gradual Improvements, and too great Attempts in Knowledge in the Mind, as those in Strength in the Body, weaken and destroy it. Those, who endeavour to arrive to Manhood too soon, are in a fair Way never to be out of Childhood ; and in the general, these Minds, which shine superior so early, seldom retain their Brightness ; like Trees, which Art has made to bear before their Season, their Blossoms seldom bloom with Vigour, or should they produce Fruit, they want that Delicacy of Smell and Taste, which proper Time and Maturity bestow.

There is still a proper Regard to be had of the Studies of young Minds ; though they are not to launch out into the Depths of Learning, yet should nothing be admitted, but what is pure and refined. If Study is to the Mind, what Nourishment is to the Body, the same Care must be had in the intellectual, as well as the Animal Part ; and as the simplest yet most nourishing Food is fittest for young and weak Bodies ; so are the plainest, yet still most useful, Instructions to be conveyed to such Minds. Whence proceeds the Power of Prejudices, frightened Imaginations, and such Disorders of the Mind, but from false Opinions entertained in the early Part of Life, whose Impressions have been so strong, as not to be erased ? The Horrors of Fancy, and panic Apprehensions of Dangers, are mostly owing to Notions instill'd into Infants Minds, which prove injurious to Men, as neither generally length of Time, nor Reason can overcome them.

A proper Care must be had of the Body to preserve the Vigour of the Mind : But this I shall not enter into at present.

And thus I have taken a general View of those Cautions, which may improve the Care of Parents ; and the Observation of these general Rules, the Consideration of which will naturally lead into the more

minute

minute and particular Duties, will render Parents satisfied with themselves, just to their Offspring, and serviceable to the public.

*Dick's Coffee-House, June 13th, 1744.*

**T**HIS confirmed that the *Northumberland* Man of War, of 70 Guns, the Hon. *Henry Watson*, Esq; Commander, was attacked the 18th of last Month off the *Rock of Lisbon*, by two *French* Men of War, called the *Mars* of 68 Guns and 580 Men, and the *Constant* of 64 Guns and 520 Men; when, after an Engagement of 3 Hours, she was taken and carried into *Brest*. The Captain and 80 Men were killed.

They write from *France* that Admiral *Matthews* was returned to the Island of *Hieres* with 43 Sail, by which the *French* Fleet was again blocked up in *Toulon*.

His *Polish* Majesty, 'tis said, has ordered 6,000 Men to march for *Hanover*, where they will be joined immediately by 6,000 *Austrians*.

The 6,000 *Dutch* Forces, which were said to be on their return home, are now ordered to encamp, Directions having been given for that Purpose.

On *Saturday* Se'night will be publish'd

(With a Map of *Paradise*)

Number XIV. (to be continued Weekly) of

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T H E  
M E D D L E R.

THURSDAY, *June* the 21st, 1744.

*—Eutrapelus, cuiusque nocere volebat,  
Vestimenta dabat Pretiosa, Beatus enim, jam  
Cum Pulchris Tunicis sumet nova Consilia et spes.*      HOR.

The Man, *Eutrapelus* wou'd have undone  
He streight presented with a gawdy Gown,  
That he, grown happy in his fine Attire,  
Might take new Hopes, and raise his Wishe higher.      CREECH.

**T**H E R E are very few, and particularly of the younger Part of Mankind, who do not every Day demonstrate the Truth of what *Horace* has laid down in the Motto to this Paper. The Intent of Dress is certainly to recommend us to others; but at present both the Ladies and Gentlemen seem most affected at what themselves wear, and assume or put off their Airs, according as they are more or less fine.

Whenever I pay my Morning Visit to Lord *Vainly*, and find him in his Night-Gown quite undress'd, a familiar Acquaintance could not give me a more courteous and kind Reception; by the Time he is half dress'd, I perceive his Familiarity lessen, and the Peer swelling in every Feature: but no sooner is he powdered, deck'd out in his Lace, and entirely equip'd, than his Airs become as insupportable, as his Familiarity was before agreeable.

It has been generally thought that Affectation was the Cause of Dress; but from this we shou'd rather suppose Dress the Cause of Affectation. I would not how-

ever be understood to confine Affectation to those alone who chuse a Gaudiness of Habit, as I am certain there are many affected Slovens.

I am moreover far from thinking that a Compliance with a reigning Fashion is either the Cause or Sign of so much Affectation, as a Particularity in Dress; such as we frequently see in old People, who think the Antiquity of their Habit ought to give Sanction to their Advice, and are ever railing at the Fashionable as the Fools of Mankind; though themselves appear more so by their Obstinacy and Particularity.

But even this I find not always the Case in Persons advanced in Years, nor the Cause of their taking Pains to dress, as my Reader may perceive by the following Epistle.

Mr. MEDDLER,

**M**A N Y are the Methods I have try'd for some Relief in my present Circumstances; but all have proved fruitless, and you are the only Recourse left.

I am a Woman of a very good Family, my Age in Reality about sixty-six; yet  
in

in Appearance, when I am properly adorned, not above twenty-eight. Notwithstanding this I perceive the Gentlemen do not pay me half the Court as before I was married; for now Mr. MEDDLER I am a Widow, and have an undutiful Daughter about seventeen Years old. To her indeed are the young Fellows perpetually flocking; and the impudent Baggage, as if she were fond of their Addresses, makes herself fine in order to appear agreeable. Yet in spite of all her Arts she will never have her Mother's Charms. Consider the Improbability that one should be without Adorers who takes so much Pains as I; for whatever Part of my Complexion old Age has affected I supply with an excellent Paint, my Teeth are entirely new and of good Ivory, my Breasts and Back—But to tell you more of this wou'd be unnecessary.

The undutiful Minx persists in dressing, and the Gentlemen in admiring, while the Mother indeed must be contented at seeing a Daughter become a Rival. Many are the Instructions I have given her on this Account, but all proved unsuccessful; perhaps one in a publick Way from you might be more effectual, shewing her the crying Sin of Disobedience to a Parent, the Indecency of a Woman so young dressing in order to gain Admirers; intimate that tho' I were not her Mother, the Elder is always to be preferred. You may give a Hint to the young Fellows of their Stupidity of Choice with good Reasons, wherein you cannot be deficient. I am Mr. MEDDLER's humble Servant,

DOROTHY ATALL.

P. S. I am sure Captain *Blenheim* will think in my Favour; being an elderly Gentleman, and one of a refined Taste.

As to the Advice my Correspondent desires me to give her Daughter, all I think necessary at present is, that she may imitate her Mother as little as possible; and to the old Gentlewoman I will ask Leave to pre-

sent a Sentence in *Horace* with the Translation for her understanding it.

*Tandem nequitia fige modum tuæ,  
Famofisque Laboribus;  
Maturo proprior define funeri  
Interludere Virgines,  
Et Stellis nebulam spargere candidis.*

Now near thy long home to be rank'd  
with the Shades,  
Give over to frisk it with buxom young  
Maids,  
And furrow'd with Wrinkles profanely to  
shroud,  
Those bright Constellations with Age's  
dark Cloud.

Mr. DUNKIN's Translation

No Kind of Dress is more an Indication of Persons Minds, than that of appearing gay in order to please some person we admire. Many who wou'd despise Finery on any other Account become a Fop in this, and like the Harlequin puts on his Fool's Coat to suit the Taste of others. This kind of dressing seldom causes any Affectation in ourselves, but often a great deal in those upon whose Account we dress.

The following Verses, which were committed sometime ago to my Satyr, seem suitable in this Place, and may perhaps be agreeable to my Readers.

**T**HYRSIS was once the gayest Swain  
That ever trod the flow'ry Plain.  
His Colour fresh as early dawn,  
His Sheep the best in all the Lawn.  
Whilst others pip'd with plaintive Lay,  
With Books alone he spent the Day.  
The Shepherds learnt from *Thyrsis*' Skill,  
Why Echo sounds from yonder Hill;  
Why Leaves are green, why red the Rose,  
Why Chrystal Water gently flows.  
*Cupid* had oft the Shepherd try'd,  
His Wiles the Shepherd oft defy'd.

But

But ah! the Youth oppos'd in vain,  
 For *Delia* caught the hapless Swain:  
*Cupid*, he cries, thy Darts are keen,  
 Oh *Delia* Pride of all the Green.  
*Thyrsis* no more consults the Skies,  
 Or any Stars but *Delia's* Eyes:  
 How chang'd from what he was before?  
 He now esteems his Friends no more:  
 But tells his Wailings to the Grove,  
 And tunes his Pipe and Soul to Love.  
 The Lambs that once were *Thyrsis* Care,  
 He leaves to gambol with the Fair;  
 His Books untouch'd in Order rang'd,  
 For gaudy Vest and Ruffles chang'd;  
 For artificial Treffes brown,  
 That hang in wanton Ringlets down;  
 For spruce Cravat and Buckles trim,  
 And Beaver with extended Brim;  
 For Garters hung from either Knee,  
 Not, *Delia*, for himself, but thee:  
 Tho' gay the Shepherd was before,  
 No Dress but on his Mind he wore;  
 But now that Mind's with Anguish full,  
 The only part of *Thyrsis* dull.  
*Thyrsis* if ought avails my Strain,  
 Remember *Ida's* Royal Swain,  
 Who left his tender Flocks to rove,  
 Conducted by the Queen of Love;  
 Who spurn'd bright Wisdom's blue eye'd  
 Queen,  
 And spread Destruction round the Green.

Mr. MEDDLER,

The following Lines are the product of a just  
 Indignation for a kind of Malice too common a-  
 mong the Ladies: Be pleas'd to insert them as  
 soon as conveniently you can, and you will oblige  
 your angry humble Servant,

TOM. TOUCH.

On a Report of *CELIA's* Painting.

**F**ROM Envy's Cave behold vain Fame arise  
 Her grateful Task to dim my *Celia's* Eyes,  
 Each writhing Snake replete with Venom glows,  
 She smiles, and scatters Falsehood as she goes;  
 Now in the Paths of injur'd Beauty treads,  
 And all around the blasting Influence sheds;  
 The Maid neglected and the jealous Friend,  
 Fraught with black Fancy hug the squint-ey'd Fiend,

All that Deformity can mark her own,  
 Or gloomy Disappointment teach to groan, 10  
 All that Repulse, or Spite, or Envy fires,  
 Join to condemn those Charms the Muse admires,  
 Together strive celestial Bloom to blast,  
 And soil that lucid Spring they ne'er shall taste.  
 Hence hellish Phantom to thy native Shades, 15  
 Where no Joy-gilding Ray the gloom invades,  
 Where brooding Horror damps the drear Abodes,  
 And circling Malice forms infernal Floods;  
 The Bird of Night thro' craggy Caverns sings,  
 And baleful Harpies clap their Ebon Wings; 20  
 Hence to that Source of Discontent repair,  
 There gnaw thy Chains, and curse unhurtful there.  
 Yet can we wonder that on Earth thou'rt free,  
 Since Heav'n itself was not exempt from thee;  
 For there before the Six Days work begun, 25  
 E'er Satan yet could curse the Infant Sun,  
 You could the Breasts of Cherubim compell,  
 You could inspire the Archangel to rebel,  
 You lost him Heav'n and dragg'd him deep to }  
 Hell.

When great *Achilles* trod th' enanguin'd Plain 30  
*Thersites* mock'd his Arms, but mock'd in vain;  
 And the blind Bard, who could those Arms re-  
 hearce,

Like the brave Theme of his immortal Verse,  
 A Coxcomb met who tho' the Gods inspir'd,  
 Cavill'd alone because the World admir'd. 35  
 And since preventing Mists we often see,  
 Attempt to interrupt the God of Day,  
 No wonder then if false report should rise,  
 To cast a dusk before the Fair Ones Eyes.

Now Fools, that all those genuine Charms dis-  
 own, 40

And say she shines with Lustre not her own,  
 Her native Sweetness who attempt to taint,  
 And lye those blooming Blushes into Paint;  
 And lye those blooming Blushes into Paint;  
 How vain your Force, how weak the Argument  
 Impartial Eyes see thro' the Black Intent, 45  
 Convinc'd that none but an immortal Hand,  
 However skill'd, such Colours could command,  
 They see to none but her such Charms are given,  
 And see to her they flow from none but Heaven;  
 They see that Look, that soft-persuasive Air 50  
 And own indulgent Nature's studious Care;  
 She least her Work should still imperfect be,  
 To make the Soul with this fair Clay agree,  
 There too her choicest Blessings did dispence,  
 And fill'd her Heart with more than Woman's  
 Sense; 55

This they confess, for Judgment ne'er will own  
 Such feeble Features as enslave but one,

But

*SW [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]*



But real Beauty raises gen'ral Fire,  
Tho' all perhaps dont love, yet all admire,  
Those to one partial Fancy are confin'd,  
A *Helen* or a *Celia* charm Mankind.

60

*Dick's Coffee-House, June 20th, 1744.*

**T**HEY write from *Calis*, that it was reported at that Place there had been an Engagement on the *Rhine*, in which 20,000 Men were kill'd, and Prince *Charles* wounded.

His Majesty's Ship the *Rippon*, Capt. *Reinton* Commander, has taken and carried into *Jamaica* a Spanish Register Ship bound from *Cadix* to *Vera Cruz*. Her Cargo cost 400000 Dollars in old *Spain*, besides 1200 Chests of Quick-silver, which were afterwards put on board

An Express is said to be arrived in *France* with an account of the taking of *Savorgia* by Storm, in which 5000 Men were killed on the Spot.

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