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Hope essays 622.





*John Thomas Hope.*

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MEMMOIRS  
OF THE  
SOCIETY  
OF  
GRUB-STREET.

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*Scribimus indocti, doctique.*

HOR:

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,  
Whose graceless Children scorn to own thee!  
Tho', by their idiom and grimace,  
They soon betray their native place.  
Yet thou hast greater cause to be  
Asham'd of them, than they of thee.

SWIFT.

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V O L. II.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILFORD, behind the Chapter-  
house in St. Paul's Church-yard.


M D C C X X X V I I.





TO SIR FRANCIS CHILD, Knt. Alderman of the City of London.

S I R,

 HE same Motives which induced us to prefix, to the First Volume of these *Memoirs*, the name of your worthy Predecessor in that honourable Office which You not long since adorned, determined us likewise in the choice of a Patron for this Second Volume. The same steady conduct gives you the same just claim to that fine expressive Title, conferred by HORACE upon his noble Friend, *Consul non unius anni*; and to the same respect from us now, which the ensigns of Magistracy drew on you, when our Brother MAEVIUS pay'd you his compliments on the day of your Inauguration.

As Generosity, Sir, gives a double lustre to all the virtues of the Rich; so the absence of it leaves them under very great obscurity. But Authors are apt to make inferences too general from their own particular case; and falsely to imagine a total eclipse of that splendor, when they themselves are not the proper objects on which it ought to shine. This error we shall carefully avoid; and no disappointment of our expectations shall ever provoke us to detract from the  
many



## ii DEDICATION.

many virtues, which in our opinion you possess. Which opinion, however, we hope to see confirmed by the most sensible argument: that we may be able, from our own experience, to contradict the common Reflection upon Gentlemen of your principles; as being too deficient in that kind of Generosity, which is most grateful to all Dedicators; and consequently will be so to,

Sir, Your most obedient,

and humble servant,

*Grab-freeth*  
May 4, 1737.

BAVIUS:



P R E



MEMOIRS  
 OF THE  
 SOCIETY  
 OF  
 GRUB-STREET.

\*\*\*\*\*

N<sup>o</sup> 66. THURSDAY, *April 8*, 1731.

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**T**HE first piece is a continuation of the *Ironical Criticism upon Harlequin Horace, or The Art of modern poetry.*

*To Mrs. M. H.*

**W**HEN first, MARILLA, on thy charms I gaz'd,  
 From those bright eyes what rays of glory blaz'd?  
 Lightning, 'tis said (so subtile is the fire)  
 Will melt the sword, and leave the sheath entire.  
 Such was my fate. — I view'd me all around ;  
 No scar directed to th' internal wound.  
 Hurt sure I was : I felt the tingling smart  
 Through paths unseen invade my melting heart.  
 On that the lightning of thine eyes did play,  
 'Till by their beams 'twas quite dissolv'd away.

VOL. II.

B

NEWS

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, Ap. 6. Whereas William Egerton, trooper in his grace the Duke of Argyle's regiment of horse, hired a horse of Aaron Wolter, victualler, in Chipping-Wycomb, on Dec. 8. to return in twenty one days, but hath not kept his word: whoever will bring the said horse shall have one guinea reward, &c. COURANT.—*Tho' our members sometimes hire horses, and are unfortunately hindered from keeping their time, and their word; yet I cannot think, that this is William Egerton, Esq; Author of Faithful Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Oldfield.*

We hear that the Oratory-subject to morrow evening will be, &c. After which will be N<sup>o</sup> II. of the Ninnies History, or *Lawton* letter'd on the back, and sprinkled; in answer to his Scribble scrabbles against Mr. Orator. DAILY POST.—*This advertising Orator, tho' a book-seller himself, seems not to understand even the out-side of books: for sprinkling of the leaves or cover always precedes lettering on the back. However it is excuseable, since his books, or rather pamphlets, are generally unbound, but always unlettered.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Ap. 7.

*The speech of a nurse to an Alderman's child, while she was undressing it; taken down in writing from her own mouth.*

Child cries, nurse sings, *Lully baby bunting,  
Father's gone a bunting.—*

Dids 'em, dids 'em vex my child? what does my child cry for? did 'em take my child's hobby-horse? O de blessing on it, 'thall have it den again, and ride abroad with its nown pappa; — Go, naughty daddy, go: what ride abroad, and not take its nown child with it? We'll tell mamma. — It shall be a Lord-mayor itself some time or other, and ride in its nown coach; ay that it shall, and its old nurse shall ride with it [*Child cries louder.*] Hush-a-den! Hush-a-den! Won't it be a Lord mayor? It shan't be a Lord-mayor; it shall be any thing so it won't cry so. Hush-a-den, did

did I say it should be a Lord-mayor, and front mine own child? It shan't be a Lord-mayor, it shall be a judge, or a bishop: for I'm sure my child wou'd make as good a judge or bishop as any judge or bishop whatever. — Dod a blefs it, 'tis quieter now: ay, ay, it shall be a bishop, and old nurse will make it so. Hush. a-den: what if an old woman should make it so! [*Nurse having stripped it, it cries louder than before.*] Well, Lord ha' mercy on me, who'd be a nurse? Oh, thee'rt a tiresome brat; what never leave crying? — Well, I won't huff it no more, come den piss in the fire like a man.

This nurse is thought to have been formerly the wife of a butcher in New-port market, and to have frequented the Oratory; where she imbibed these sentiments concerning *judges* and *bishops*, and improved her natural strain of eloquence.

JACOB GINGLE, Esq; informed the Society, that he had received a *Letter* from † Mr. MAC EWEN, to let him know that he had got so much by the *Oratory books*, which he had sold (to use the Author's own words) *for more or less than the worth, according as he cou'd agree*; that he had thought fit to leave his shop. But tho' the run of them was now over, and there was no demand for *broken prose*; yet if Mr. GINGLE would undertake to put them into *whole verses* after the manner in which he had varied the Orator's last *advertisement*, he would venture upon a new impression, and pay him handsomely for his pains.

We are glad to hear, that in the controversy between those two eminent book-sellers, LAWTON GILLIVER

B 2

and

† There went about at this time a current story, as coming from this person's own mouth, *viz.* That he had agreed with Mr. Orator for fourscore of his *Lectures*, at a guinea each, to be payed at the time of publication; and that for threescore

guineas payed down he had given him a discharge for the whole sum. Whether this were so or not, it is however certain, that he published only two or three of these *Lectures*; that they did not sell; and that he broke soon after.

and JOHN SILLY-CUR, the former (a person of uncommon assurance, who has always shewed a particular enmity against our Society) has at last met with his match. And we have just now received the agreeable news, that he was this very evening, several times re-baptized, by the other, who gave him his own name. But as he did it only with the ceremony of *sprinkling*, which is but modern in comparison of the more ancient one of *dipping*; we hope he will with greater solemnity perform this upon him at Fleet-ditch, and *dip* him as much over head and ears, as we are informed he has been *dipped* himself. M.



N<sup>o</sup> 67. THURSDAY, April 15.



**T**HE first page contains *An exact and curious description of Edenborough*, written in the true northern dialect: the second, An account of a print intitled, *The new grand triumphal arch, or The Stage's glory*.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Ap. 14.*

When the advertisement from the Oratory printed in *Fog's last Journal* was read, which concludes with these words, *Mr. Henley's further defence against his detractors will be postponed till wednesday in Easter-week, when the Town may, God willing, depend on something very particular, especially as to Dr. M——'s definition of a plant. The Oratory books are 10 s.*—Mr. President say'd, that he took the person hinted at under the name of Dr. M—— to be one who had published a *Lecture of Botany*, about two years ago; in which he had scandalously abused several members of our Society, in his allegorical definitions. That of a *PLANT* in particular he always took to be levell'd at the character of Mr. Orator; and was glad that this learned gentleman had at length relolved

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resolved to vindicate himself against so vile an abuse. By defining a *Plant* to be an *organical body*, continued the President, he would insinuate, no doubt, that Mr. Orator is a *mere machine*, actuated only by a *mechanical motion*, as a watch or a clock is by *brass wheels*: this is put past all doubt by his adding, that it is destitute of *sense* and *spontaneous motion*. When he says it has a power of *drawing nourishment*, he alludes to the profits which Mr. Orator once *drew* from the novelty and oddness of his undertaking. But had he stay'd 'till this time, before he published that virulent pamphlet, he would have had no occasion for that envious piece of detraction, poor Mr. Orator being now fallen into a most *dangerous Atrophy*. But what is most evidently levelled against Mr. Orator is the conclusion of this definition, that it has a *power of propagating itself by seed*. Here, his character is evidently drawn, it being generally thought, that his abilities this way have been very great; and that, by his great talents of *Elocution* and *Action*, he has frequently *sowed* the proper *seed* of an Orator in *private Gardens*, long before he opened his *public Nursery* in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

*In imitation of Martial, Lib. III. Epig. 9.*

'Gainst me to prate or print is H — say'd ?  
He neither does, who's neither heard, nor read.

B.

*On the curious Sermon at the Oratory, concerning The unknown God, on sunday March 24.*

When from gilt tub, sublime, in masquerade,  
TULLY reviv'd *The unknown God* display'd ;  
Clare butchers, mix'd with saints of Drury-lane,  
Astonish'd heard the learned, lofty strain:  
Which, like the theme, th' *Athenian God* unknown  
Sull left ; but manifested plain his own. M.

N<sup>o</sup> 68. THURSDAY, April 22.

*Oh save me, Providence, from vice refin'd,  
That worst of ills, a speculative mind!*

HARTE'S Essay on Satire.

**I**N our *Journal* N<sup>o</sup> 58. of Feb. 11. we gave an abridgement of a curious pamphlet, intitled, *A Treatise upon the modes, or a Farewell to French kicks*, printed in 1715. The publication of which was very reasonable, and had, no doubt, a great influence upon the minds of the discerning few, into whose hands it went, giving them a perfect aversion to French modes in dress, religion, and policy; to which, in the preceding reign, the generality of the people had shewn too great a fondness. And as the publication of the whole at first, was thus instrumental in securing us from Popery and the Pretender: so our re-publication of it in our *Abridgement*, has been thought to have had some influence towards the conclusion of the late Treaty, without the participation of the *French*, and to have partly occasioned a second *Farewell to French kicks*. — And we hope that the discovery of the author's profession, will have another very good effect, in giving the beau monde a more favourable opinion of the gown; when they are informed, that the only person who has written a *Treatise upon modern fashions*, was a reverend divine, who was an eminent example of his own doctrine, being as exact in the practical part of dress, as learned in the theory. — And as the book is an evident proof that the author was a *True Briton*: so in the Preface he has as evidently shewed himself a *True Churchman*; having therein drawn up the Case of two celebrated sceptical members of our Society, with all the accuracy and elegancy of a lawyer, in the following words.

*Case*

Case of ANTHONY COLLINS and \* RICHARD TINDAL,  
Lawyers.

**I**T was very well said by one to ANTHONY COLLINS, ' Sir, if your legs were cut off, you would write a book against the use of shoes and stockings': for ANTHONY COLLINS is a man of incredible self-love, and proneness to write; and full of petulance, which somewhat enlivens his writings, and many mistake for wit; and remarkably incautious, and liable in his writings to expose himself to his adversaries.

RICHARD TINDAL is of a better understanding than ANTHONY COLLINS; but as for learning he is not equal to him; for, without doubt, ANTHONY COLLINS has read some books. This TINDAL had once professed the Romish religion; but Popery beginning to decline in the nation, he changed to be a Protestant in a very good time, before he was obliged to it by absolute necessity. And there being then a great emulation between the two contending parties, Popish and Protestant, he was admitted into the Church of England, without any act of penance, or due tryal of his sincerity.

TINDAL being thus admitted into the Church of England, persisted in a traiterous enmity to her, notwithstanding his pretended conversion. And therefore conceiving a good opinion of the writings of ANTHONY COLLINS (of which he was no competent judge) he often solicited and importuned ANTHONY COLLINS to make a book against the Church of England; and to engage ANTHONY COLLINS the more effectually to comply with his proposal, he promised to give him great assistance in composing the said book; as particularly, that he would himself transcribe for him, and send him all such passages out of rare English books in the library of Oxford, as he the said ANTHONY COLLINS should direct him to find out for him; and that for the same purpose he would employ a friend to transcribe any Latin or Greek quotations for him. Which encouragement was very pleasing to ANTHONY COLLINS,

\* The Doctor's true Christian name was *Matthew*: but he having renounced it, one may as well call him *Richard*.



LINS, (and RICHARD TINDAL knew it well) who desir'd, above any honour in this life, to be mentioned as a famous writer in the Holland news-papers.

Moreover, the said RICHARD TINDAL had fix'd upon a maxim to be the foundation of the book, which seem'd in every particular respect to agree with the views of ANTHONY COLLINS, namely, *That there is no Church whatsoever upon the whole face of the earth, but what is answerable in justice for the corruptions and whoredoms of the Church of Rome.*

ANTHONY COLLINS foresaw no other event from this maxim, (neither did he desire any other) than that if the book gained credit in the world, it might be a means to settle infidelity upon a sure and lasting basis.

— And next to the settling of infidelity, it was his chief desire, that some part of the revenue of the Church, at least 500 l. *per annum*, might be assigned to him, as a reward of his great trouble in aiding and assisting to pull the Church down.

But this maxim, *That all the Churches of the earth are answerable for the iniquities of the Church of Rome*, is a stock, whose branches may have different bendings. For RICHARD TINDAL had quite another use to make of this maxim: his business with it was to reproach the Church of England for separating from the Church of Rome; and to insinuate, that we who are of any communion differing from the Church of Rome, are highly guilty of black and damnable heresy. For if all churches be equally corrupt, and there be no church in the world better and purer than the Church of Rome, then why should mankind separate from her? and why should there be so many contests in the world, for the sake of maintaining some other church, which is not better or purer than the Church of Rome?

These are the different views, upon which ANTHONY COLLINS and RICHARD TINDAL proceeded to make a \* book. But it appears that ANTHONY COLLINS was deluded by RICHARD TINDAL, (and tell-clocks must ever expect the same, when they join in confederacy with Jesuits: ) for I cannot tell whether

ANTHO-

\* *The Rights of the Christian Church asserted, &c.*  
Printed in 1709.

ANTHONY COLLINS has made one convert by his book to infidelity ; I believe scarce one : but the number of the profelytes of RICHARD TINDAL is incredible.

This is the Case of ANTHONY COLLINS ; who, when I consider his self-love, and want of caution, and self-interestedness, I compare him to an inn-holder in Southwark, who writ under his sign (but he has been curst for it by many an honest man, who ran by in haste, and yet could not forbear to read it) *Pray, Sir, walk in, and drink a pot ; you'll be time enough where you are going.*

This is the Case of RICHARD TINDAL ; who, when I reflect upon his fidelity and zeal towards the Church of Rome, notwithstanding his pretended conversion, I compare him to a farmer's dog, that watched the fold very well for many nights, preserving it from other dogs, and foxes, and vermin. But at length there came a thief to the place, in quest of some booty, to whom this dog had formerly belonged. It is impossible to conceive the joy of the cur at the approach of his former master : he growled with pleasure when he smelt him coming ; he fawn'd on him ; he mark'd out the best of the flock, and help'd to catch them, biting their legs, and tearing their throats ; so that it is thought that he went away from the thief on purpose to do this mischief.

But if RICHARD TINDAL be considered as having perverted the good people of the realm, contrary to their will and expectation, to treason and popery ; looking upon RICHARD TINDAL in that view, I liken him to an evil spirit that sat upon a fiddle-string, and by the sound of it got young maidens with child, who afterwards wondered what was the matter.

Lastly, But what if we consider both of them as cemented in confederacy, by the maxim which was the foundation of their book ? Why, in that case, they are like a man that writ his epitaph upon a plank, and then went and drowned himself. This plank was carried by the several courses of the wind to many places : it was seen upon the coasts of Madagascar ; at another time you might have read the inscription at the foot  
of

of the Penamunder-fort; at another time this plank lay in the frost for about eleven months, some twenty miles beyond Schetland: but wherever it was blown, or wherever it stay'd, you were still told by the epitaph, *Here lies Francis Beason.*

We have heard no objection made to the truth of this case with respect to Mr. COLLINS, who is now dead. But as to Dr. TINDAL it is objected, that it is not at all probable, that a Papist should write in defence of Deism; which this gentleman is generally say'd to have done, being the reputed author of a large admirable book in 4<sup>to</sup> intitled, *Christianity as old as the Creation, &c.* — But to this it is answered, that it is above fifteen years ago, that this *Case* was drawn up, and that a person who was a Papist then, may be a Deist now: according to the observation of HORACE,

*Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.*

Where it is to be wished, for the sake of some of our learned members, that the poet had put *docti*, instead of *stulti*, the verse and sense being equally good with this alteration. — And as to the two extreams of Deism and Popery in particular, a very \* eminent author, who was converted by the late Archbishop of Cambray, and wrote his *Life*, gives us an account therein of the arguments which the Archbishop used; which tend to shew, that there is no medium between Popery and Deism. And if so, it is not more improbable, that the learned Doctor should be converted to the latter, than the learned Chevalier to the former.

M.

This is followed by some *Extracts* from Mr. LAW's *Case of Reason or Natural Religion fully stated*, in answer to *Christianity as old as the Creation.*

Master BAVIUS,

**T**HE subject of the following letter is of public concern, and is only a sketch of a more solemn animad-

\* The Chevalier *Ramsay.*

animadversion; be pleased to insert it in your *Journal* of next thursday. A little serious will make a good mixture with your entertaining Letters; and your compliance in this particular will oblige many of your readers at this end of the town, where we more sensibly feel the pinch of the shoe, which occasions the present complaint. — I have been a parish-clerk near 40 years, within the liberties of Westminster, and you may imagine, I now know what's what, from the cushion to the bellfry; but we inferior members of the band must only speak *in part*, and are obliged to see, as it were *through a glass, darkly*. I choose, Sir, to address myself to you, because the two great authors with whom I am most conversant, Mess. STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, were true members of your Society, and loved the *inditing of a good matter*. I know you seldom meddle with political affairs; but I hope you'll vouchsafe a mere parochial subject a place in your *Paper*. The truth is, the ways of our modern vestrymen want to be cleansed; and when I shew you the filth, if you consent thereunto, verily you'll be as dirty as they. In the parish where I serve, the *vestry* is composed of thirty select members, besides the rector, and two vestry justices of the peace: by this *quorum* (as we call them) the parish rates are assessed; and the accounts adjusted by the two justices. I must likewise tell you, these gentlemen have the steadiness not to desert their calling, but keep as constantly their place for life, as the rev. rector: when a member dies, the vacancy is filled up by the surviving fraternity. Their proceedings are generally in secret, but I happened not long ago to get a view of the overseers annual collection, and a sketch of an account stated thus by the vestry.

	l.	s. d.	l.	s. d.
Received by 5 collecting books	5554	3 3	}	6112 5 0
Ditto otherwise ———	558	1 9		
Disbursed to orphans ———	562	1 0	}	5736 8 5
Ditto to pensioners ———	2229	4 0		
Ditto to extraordinary ———	2945	3 5		
Ballance ———			375	16 7

I

I am not much skilled in arithmetic, tho' pretty well acquainted with parish expences, and the usual annual disbursements; the *Ditto extraordinary*, which is near one half of the whole collection, is (I doubt) not the lot of the poor, but rather of the rich.

I must confess, men of honour and fortune are often chosen to grace the vestry catalogue; but the acting members are generally trades-men, who, you may imagine, would hardly neglect their affairs at home, to devote themselves gratis to the parochial business. — I heard a lawyer say, that there is no act of Parliament which directs a select sett of vestry-men, or particular vestry justices. It was originally thought an office of expence and trouble, and such as every parishioner ought to bear in his turn, for the public service. But when men officiously seek it, and never care to quit it, it is natural to suspect they don't undertake it for the sake of the trouble, but for the sake of the dividend. So these are the gentlemen, who, under the title of *Ditto extraordinary*, part the raiment of the poor among them, and yet must needs be called the *Dons* of the parish. Were the vestries annually changed, honest measures might be expected. The power of laying a discretionary tax is too great a trust to be constantly fixed in the same community, accountable in effect only to themselves, or their own two justices: whose eyes are apt to be soon swelled with parish fatness, and are rendered incapable of seeing any errors. New vestry-men would not so easily know how to palliate the deceit, nor so readily agree upon fraudulent measures. — New comers would rather strive to exceed the old ones in easing their fellow parishioners, and better applying the stated assessments. The change would at least produce this effect, that the fashionable spoil would circulate; and each man in his turn might repay himself his share in the past extortions, I hear the poor house-keeper often grumble about *taxes, taxes*; when that excessiveness of the parish rates is all he feels or knows of the matter. — I shall soon lay before you a clearer state of their evil doings, and hope at length to bring to shame *these workers of iniquity,*  
who

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who have the confidence to boast of their services, at the same time they are picking the pockets of the public.

I am,

April 17,

1731.

Dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

OBADIAH ANTHEM.

A Description of the fine monument erected in Westminster-abbey to the memory of the famous Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

On a pedestal is placed a *sarcophagus* (or stone coffin) upon the front of which are boys in *basso-relievo*, with instruments in their hands, denoting his several discoveries: viz. one with a *prism*, on which principally his admirable book of light and colours is founded; another with a *reflecting telescope*, whose great advantages are now so well known; another boy is weighing the sun and planets with a *steel-yard*, the sun being near the center on one side, and the planets on the other, alluding to a celebrated proposition in his *Principia*; another is busy about a furnace, and two others (near him) are loaded with money, as newly coined, intimating his office in the *Mint*.— On the *sarcophagus* his own figure is placed, in a cumbent posture, his elbow resting on the several incomparable books written by him; two boys stand before him with a scroll, on which is drawn a remarkable *diagram* relating to the *solar system*; and over that a *converging series*, an invention which shews the utmost stretch of human understanding.— Behind the *sarcophagus* is a *pyramid*: from the middle of it a *globe* arises in *mezzo-relievo*, on which several of the constellations are drawn, in order to shew the path of the comet in 1681, whose period he has with the greatest sagacity determined; and also the position of the *solstitial colure* mentioned by HIPPARCHUS, by which (in his *Chronology*) he has fixed the time of the Argonautic expedition.— On the globe sits the figure of *Astronomy* weeping, with a sceptre in her hand (as Queen of the Sciences) and a *star* over her head on the pyramid. Post-Boy.  
Apr. 12.

Vol. II.

C

Under-

Underneath is the following Epitaph.

H. S. E.  
 ISAACUS NEWTON *Equus auratus,*  
*Qui, animi vi prope divinâ,*  
*Planetarum motus, figuras,*  
*Cometarum semitas, Oceanique æstus,*  
*Suâ Matheſi facem præferente,*  
*Primus demonſtravit;*  
*Radiatorum lucis diſſimilitudines,*  
*Colorumque inde naſcentium proprietates,*  
*Quas nemo antea vel ſuſpicatus erat, perveſtigavit.*  
*Naturæ, Antiquitatis, S. Scripturæ,*  
*Sedulus, ſagax, fidus interpres*  
*Dei O. M. Majeſtatem Philoſophiâ aſſeruit,*  
*Evangelii ſimplicitatem moribus expreſſit.*  
*Sibi gratulentur mortales,*  
*Tale tantumque extitiſſe*

HUMANI GENERIS DECUS.

NAT. XXV DEC. A. D. MDCXLII OBIIT XX MAR. MDCCXXVI

*Extract of a Letter to the Author of the Daily Journal,*  
 Ap. 23.

— Sir, I cannot without pity obſerve the miſtake of the gentlemen, by whoſe permiſſion I ſee workmen wounding the monument of Sir ISA. NEWTON, with an Epitaph below the *call* of his character. — What an infamy will it be, that foreigners muſt conclude, from this *latinized imbecillity of ſentiment*; that the worth of ſo immortal an enlarger of ſcience is ſuppoſed, among his countrey-men, ſuch a *ſecret in the world*, as to need a catalogue of particulars, for enumerating his diſcoveries. — I hope I ſhall be pardoned, that I ſeem to ſpeak with indignation; ſince it reflects a *national diſhonour*. — To read inſcriptions below the dignity of the *dead*, compels an inference, to the diſgrace of the *living*. — I preſume not to ſay what ought to have been written; but in-cloſe you a faint ſhadow, after what manner I would have had it written.

Born

Born————— Died—————

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

More than his NAME, were less.—'Twould seem to fear  
 He, who increas'd HEAVEN's fame, could want it here—  
 Yet—, when the SUNS, *be lighted up*, shall fade,  
 And all the WORLDS, he found, are first decay'd;  
 Then void and waste, ETERNITY shall lie,  
 And TIME, and NEWTON's name together die.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Ap. 21,

*We hear that at the last masquerade a rotten fregate, called the Crooked Dwarf, about three foot and a half in length, stored with French combustibles, and bearing her poop upwards, was seen to chase the gallantest ship in the British navy, except the Royal Sovereign. The commander of this gallant vessel is intreated, for the good of the publick, to keep aloof from the aforesaid Crooked Dwarf for the future, and to beware of the fat round-fac'd boatswain that steers her.*

Mr. COMUNDRUM acquainted the Society, that he was surpris'd and concerned to find, that the article from the *Pegasus*, about a cock and a bull, drawn up by him, and inserted in our 64th *Journal*, had been misinterpreted to the prejudice of a very eminent member, tho' designed for his honour and advantage. *Satan's game cock*, he say'd, was in his opinion an appellation of great dignity; and he had cautiously declined making use of that more obvious one of *Satan's dung-bill cock*; tho' the largeness of this cock's comb, his strutting, and crowing upon his own dung-hill, and with an air of majesty tossing his dung upon all about him, would have justified the application. But since his comb had been cut for crowing unseasonably about the *Morning-Post*, he had not only looked, but acted, more like a cock of the game; and no-body had dared fight a match with him, tho' repeated challenges had been given. In short, if he keep himself from being ben-pecked, all the world must own he is the finest cock in England.



*A Dialogue between a Vestry-man and a Doctor of Divinity.*

*V.* From our Vestry, I come, Sir, a favour to crave.  
*D.* O! the Sermon I promis'd. — Yes, that you shall have.

*V.* No, Sir, with submission—You my business mistake,  
You're desir'd not to preach, e'en for Charity's sake.  
Your audience, like members without pension or pay,  
Would remain independent on all you could say.



No 69. THURSDAY, *April 29.*



*Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin;  
Through sense and nonsense, never out, nor in.*

Absalom and Achitophel, IId Part.

**H**AVING in our last *Journal* given the public the *Case* of two illustrious ornaments of our Society, Mr. COLLINS and Dr. TINDAL, written by a learned Divine; we thought nothing could immediately follow it more properly, than the *Case* of another more illustrious member, the rev. Mr. JOHN HENLEY. This *Case* is intitled, *A Narrative* by Mr. WELSTEDE; and is written with so much elegance, modesty, and candour, that it will certainly be very acceptable to our readers in an Abridgment, who may not have had an opportunity of seeing it at full length, in the *Oratory Transactions*, No I. in which it was published by a gentleman of great impartiality, who could not but know the truth or falsehood of every particular.

The rev. Mr. JOHN HENLEY was born at Melton Mowbray in the county of Leicester, Aug. 3, 1692. His father, the reverend Mr. SIMON HENLEY is, and his grandfather, by his mother's side (JOHN DOWEL, M. A.) was, vicar of that parish. (1) —The Clergy

Clergy were *then* more studious and learned in general than has since been observed. — His grandfather, by his father's side, JOHN HENLEY, M. A. was likewise a clergy-man, rector of Salmonby and Thetford in Lincolnshire. He was educated among the Dissenters, and conform'd at the Restoration. Pag. 1, 2.

Mr. J. HENLEY was bred up first in the free-school of Melton, under Mr. DAFFY, a diligent and expert grammarian: His passion for learning, his desire of excelling others, and his unwearied attachment to study, shewed themselves in him very early, and have been the principles of his life. — From that school he was removed to that of Okeham in Rutland, where, under Mr. WRIGHT, *eminent for his command* of the Greek and Hebrew tongues, he still improved: There he was led by his genius to cultivate the graces of English and Latin poetry; the Earl of Nottingham often declared his approbation of his juvenile performances: There never was occasion to make use of severity, or impose any task upon him; (2) *his maxim and resolution* was always to be the first of his class, and captain of the school. He likewise made several exercises in the Hebrew tongue. P. 2, 3.

He was hence translated about the age of 17 to St. John's college in Cambridge; where, on his examination by Dr. GOWER, then master, Dr. LAMBERT, Dr. EDMUNDSON, and others, he was particularly approv'd. — He began here to be uneasy; he (3) was impatient, that systems of all sorts were put into his hands, and that he *incurr'd the danger of losing* his interest, *as well as incurring* the scandal of heterodoxy, if (as his genius led him) he freely disputed all Propositions, &c. He was always impatient under these fetters of the free-born mind, and *privately resolv'd some time, or other,* to enter his protest against any person's being bred like a slave, who is born an Englishman. — Here he observ'd likewise, that the space of four years was employ'd, on the forming of such qualifications, as might be master'd to more perfection in a fourth part of the time. — He past his exercises here, and his examination for the degree of Bachelor

of Arts, with the particular approbation of Mr. FIELD, Mr. SMALES, and the master of the college. — He likewise found it a great defect, that tho' he was brought up for a clergy-man, he was not instructed to preach, or pray; or read prayers, or speak; or catechise, or confer, or resolve a case of conscience, or understand the Scriptures, or form any natural and clear idea of the Christian religion. P. 4. He determin'd there *sometime* to lay a foundation for removing such a complaint, that men may be educated for their proper business, and not be under the greatest disadvantages in that station, where they ought to be the most excellent. P. 5.

After he had commenc'd Batchelor of Arts, he was first desir'd by the Trustees of the school in Melton to assist in, and then to take the direction of that school; which he encreas'd and rais'd from a declining to a flourishing condition. He establish'd here a practice of improving Elocution by the publick speaking of passages in the *Classicks*, morning and afternoon, as well as *Oration*s, &c. — Here he was invited by a letter from the rev. Mr. NEWCOME, to be a candidate for a fellowship in St. John's; but as he had long been absent, and therefore lessen'd his personal interest, he declin'd appearing for it. Here likewise he began his *Universal Grammar*, and finish'd ten languages, with *Dissertations* prefix'd, as the most ready introduction to any tongue whatever. *Ibid.*

(4) In the beginning of *this interval* he wrote his Poem on ESTHER, which was approv'd by the Town, and well receiv'd: On the occasion of his *Grammars*, Dr. HUTCHINSON wrote him the following Letter; (*all these being on the subject of his Writings, it can neither be an offence, nor an injury to publish them.*) P. 7.

He was ordain'd a deacon by Dr. WAKE, then bishop of Lincoln; and after having taken his degree of Master of Arts, was admitted to priest's orders by Dr. GIBSON his successor in that see: (5) The examination for orders was very short and superficial, and by his account of the qualifications *it is not necessary*

to conform to the Christian religion, in order to the deaconship or the priesthood; but to subscribe (whether you have study'd the matter, or believe it, or no) to the system of the Church. P. 10, 11.

(6) He form'd an early resolution to improve himself in all the advantages of books and conversation the most effectually, on the first opportunity, at London. But he laid the basis of future proficiency in assisting at the curacy of his native town; where he preached many occasional sermons, particularly one at the Assizes at Leicester: He then gave a voluntary warning for the choice of a new master and curate, and came to Town recommended by above 30 letters from the most considerable men in the country, both of the clergy and laity, but against the inclination of his neighbours, and his school, which was now as from his first entrance upon it, still advancing: and his method being establish'd and approv'd, one of his own scholars was appointed to succeed him. P. 11, 12.

In Town, he publish'd several Pieces, as a Translation of PLINY'S *Epistles*, of several Works of ABBE' VERTOT, of MONTFAUCON'S *Italian Travels* in Folio, and many other Lucubrations: His most generous patron was the Earl of MACCLESFIELD, who gave him a benefice in the country, the value of which to a resident would have been above 80 l. a year; he had likewise a lecture in the city; and preach'd more *Charity-sermons* about Town, was more numerously followed, and raised more for the poor children, than any other preacher, however dignify'd or distinguish'd: This popularity, with his enterprizing spirit, and introducing regular action into the pulpit, were the true causes, why some obstructed his rising in Town, from envy, jealousy, and a dislike of those who are not qualify'd to be compleat spaniels. P. 12. For there was no objection to his being toss'd into a country-benefice by the way of the sea, as far as *Galilee of the Gentiles*; (like a pendulum swinging one way as far as the other.) Two present Convocation-men, Mr. ELLIS and Mr. BARNARD, with Dr. PEARCE vicar of S. Martin's, sign'd his credentials. He was employ'd as an assistant preacher by Dr. BURSCOUGH, now a bishop, by many who are  
of

of the first rank in the Church, and the late celebrated Lord MOLLESWORTH presented him with a scarf, as his chaplain. (7) But when he press'd *his desire, and promise* from a great man of being fix'd in Town, it pass'd in the negative. He took the people too much from their parish-churches; and as he was not so proper for a London Divine (in the speech, not the sentiments of one who had engaged to place him there) he was very welcome, notwithstanding all difficulties, to be a rural pastor. — But it was not for a second justification, that he left (8) the fields and the swains of Arcadia to visit the great city: and as he knew it was as lawful *to take a Licence* from the King and Parliament, *at Hicks's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons* (since the ministerial powers of this kingdom are and ought to be *parliamentary only*) he freely, without compulsion, or being desir'd, or capable of being compell'd to reside in the country, gave up his benefice and lecture, certainties for an uncertainty, believing the publick would be a more hospitable protector of learning and science, than some of the upper world in his own order. P. 13, 14.

That he should have the *assurance* to frame a Plan, which *no mortal ever thought of*; that he should singly execute what would *sprain a dozen of modern Doctors of the tribe of Issachar*; that he should have success against all opposition; challenge his adversaries to fair disputations, *without any offering to dispute with him*; write, read and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouch'd by the yoke, as if he never wore it; (9) compose three Dissertations each week, on all subjects, however uncommon, treated in all lights and manners by himself, without assistance, as some would detract from him; teach in *one year*, what schools and universities *teach in five*; offer to learn — to speak and — to read; not be terrify'd by cabals, or menaces, or insults, or the grave nonsense of one; or the frothy satyr of another; that he should still proceed and mature this bold scheme, and put the Ch — and all that, in danger; — This man must be a — a — a — a — &c. P. 15.

(10) The *gaieties of youth and conversation* are often an effect of vivacity and fire, which is corrected by years and  
and

and experience; (11) St. Athanasius, St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, Eustathius, Luther, Calvin, numbers of grave bishops, and weighty men have been charg'd with them, (12) but *the sins of the elder Clergy* would fill more volumes than those of the younger, or than their own good works; and *ecclesiastical gallantry* would be, perhaps, the most copious topic of ecclesiastical history. — (13) Mr. HENLEY has given in his youth *more demonstrations* to the publick of his industry and desire to improve himself and the world, (in proportion to his years and opportunities) than *all his antagonists* put together. P. 16.

His discourses are clear, full, and diversify'd according to his subject. His Academical and Theological Lectures are a rigorous enquiry into the truth of the question propos'd, to inform and convince; his Sermons and Orations are *more rhetorical and persuasive*; his speaking is *peculiar to himself*, and natural. P. 17.

———— He improves daily in all acquirements of an universal scholar. P. 18. ———— What *one man* in England professes to have the spirit of encouraging literature, but *this gentleman*, in the utmost extent of rational liberty? (14) And what greater crime is it to contribute something to animate the parts and merits of Englishmen, than *millions* otherwise? P. 19.

(15) I can vouch for the authentickness of any particular in this *Narrative*; and as I have here represented *facts only*, and what some have requir'd, no apology is necessary, *nothing is overstrain'd* in favour of the person, or the undertaking, tho' many things have been overstrain'd to their prejudice. P. 20.

A. WELSTEDE.

P. S. . . . . ' Mr. HENLEY answers this cavil. ' [that he borrows from books] by proposing, that if ' any person will single out any celebrated Discourse of ' an approv'd writer, dead, or living, and will point ' out what he thinks excellent in it, and the reasons, ' he will submit it to the world, whether the most ' fam'd compositions may not be surpass'd in their own ' excellency, (16) either on that, or any different sub- ' ject.' P. 22.

The

The Author of the *Dunciad*, an inveterate enemy of our whole Society, has set this eminent member in another light, in the following Verses; which will no doubt raise a just indignation in the reader.

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,  
 History her pot, Divinity his pipe,  
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,  
 Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;  
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley stands,  
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.  
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!  
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!  
 Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,  
 While Kennet, Hare, and Gib'on preach in vain.  
 O great restorer of the good old stage,  
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!  
 O worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,  
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the Gods!  
 But Fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,  
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl:  
 And bade thee live to crown Britannia's praise,  
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

The Annotator adds a virulent note, in which among other things he says, That Mr. H. ' having for some years  
 ' been a writer for book-sellers, he had an ambition  
 ' to be so for ministers of state; and offer'd the service  
 ' of his pen, in one morning, to two great men of  
 ' opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of  
 ' whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and  
 ' stiled himself the *Restorer of ancient Eloquence*. Af-  
 ' ter having stood some prosecutions, he turn'd his  
 ' rhetorick to buffoonry upon all publick and private  
 ' occurrences. All this pass'd in the same room;  
 ' where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that  
 ' bread, which he call'd the *Primitive Eucharist*.—  
 ' This wonderful person struck medals, which he dis-  
 ' pers'd as tickets to his subscribers: the device, a star  
 ' rising to the meridian, with this motto, *Ad summa*;  
 ' and below, *Inveniam viam aut faciam*. Dunciad,  
 B. III.

This

This is followed by *Predictions for the month of May*, by WILLIAM BICKERSTAFF, Esq, and by a *Letter* signed BANKRUPT, exposing the villainies of Bailiffs, &c.

The following *Letter*, tho' first published in our 77th *Journal*, was thought proper to be inserted here: in perusing which the reader is desired to look back to the signes in the *Narrative*, which point out the words referred to, to avoid repetition.

S I R,

THO' I had often seen the words, Mr. HENLEY, Mr. ORATOR, and ORATORY in the News-papers, yet I had never read any thing published by that gentleman, except Advertisements and Puffs, 'till I saw in your 69th *Journal*, an *Abridgment* of a *Narrative*, said to be written by one Mr. WELSTEDE. I suspected, that you had not acted very fairly in that *Abridgment*; imagining that no man could have assurance enough to publish such stuff concerning himself. Upon this, I had a curiosity to look into *Oratory Transactions*, N<sup>o</sup> I. which having procured and read, I was amazed to find, that my suspicion was ill grounded; and to see so ridiculous a *Narrative* ushered into the world, by a *Preface* signed J. HENLEY: in which, tho' consisting of not two full pages, there are three or four instances of very bad sense, or very bad language. This provoked me to send you the few following Observations upon this *Preface* and *Narrative*.

In the former Mr. H. says, 'The *Narrative* was  
' compild by the person whose name it bears; that  
' what is true in it demands no excuse: that if any  
' Remark of the writer appears favourable to myself, and  
' be judg'd apocryphal, it may, however, weigh in  
' the opposite scale to some things less obligingly said  
' of me: false praise being as pardonable as false re-  
' proach.'—*False praise* is indeed as pardonable as  
*false reproach*: but neither is so, unless the falshood be  
acknowledged and retracted. If there be only a seem-  
ing acknowledgment of the *falsbood*, as in the place  
before us, and an attempt be made to put it upon the  
world, this is an aggravation which admits of no ex-  
cuse.



case. And therefore that person does not in the least deserve to be listened to, who says, *Several false things have been published against me, and therefore I will publish several false things in my own vindication, which, I think, may, however, weigh in the opposite scale.*

‘It is not only my persuasion, but that of multitudes, far more penetrating than myself, that gross errors, impostures and faults have long prevail’d in the receiv’d Institutions and establishments of knowledge and religion.’ Here is an excellent *Anticlimax*, *gross errors, impostures, and* (in the last place, as worst of all) *faults*, — ‘Numbers of that opinion require me to discharge my part towards asserting the justness of both, [*knowledge and religion*] pointing out each declension from them, and raising them to their natural perfection.’ In this instance of Oratorical perspicuity, one is at first apt to imagine, that *pointing out* relates to *numbers*; till the conclusion of the sentence shews, that it must necessarily relate to *towards*, *towards asserting, pointing out, and raising*: but we are still left in the dark as to what is meant by the *natural perfection of knowledge and religion*. — But it is not to be wondered, that Mr. H. has *discharged his part towards*, &c. in this obscure manner, since these *numbers* required this of him in such obscure terms, that probably he did not know what they required. Upon which account, he might justly have declined undertaking this affair; as upon another he certainly ought to have declined it. For if the *numbers* who required this of him, were part of *multitudes far more penetrating than himself*, as he says they were; it was unreasonable in them to *require*, and imprudent, if not impudent, in him, to undertake it.

‘If any errors of Orthography appear in my Advertisements, they are accountable at the press.’ The former part of this short sentence seems to be nonsensical; and the latter either so, or at least very obscure. There are errors in respect of Orthography no doubt; but there can be none of Orthography, [*which is the right way of spelling*]; and to say there are, is a contradiction in terms. If by *they* is meant the

the errors, to say they are accountable at the press, is nonsense; and if by *they* the printers are intended, the expression is very obscure, and should have been *they at the press are accountable for them*.

I now pass to the *Narrative*, in the second page of which it is say'd, (1) The Clergy were *then* more studious and learned in general than *has since* been observ'd. To what does this *then* refer? And when were the Clergy more studious and learned? He mentions no particular time before, but leaves us to guess that it was in the time of Mr. DOWELL.—But to take this sentence literally, How can it be true, that *the Clergy were THEN more studious and learned than has SINCE been observed? Has not the ingenious Mr. WELSTEDE observed this since?*—But it will be say'd, no doubt, that the meaning is, *that the Clergy were THEN more studious and learned, than they have been observed to be since*. But by what Figure of Rhetoric is the other sentence put for this?

(2) 'His maxim and resolution was always to be the first of his class, and captain of the school.' This was a proper *resolution*, but a very odd *maxim*.

(3) 'He was impatient, . . . . that he incurr'd the danger of losing his interest, as well as incurring the scandal of heterodoxy and ill principles, if, &c.' This is very rhetorical, *he incurr'd the danger of . . . . incurring the scandal, &c.*

(4) 'In the beginning of this interval, &c.' What *interval* this was, I cannot discover: the *interval* which immediately precedes being Mr. BAKER's *Letter*. And I am as much at a loss to know, to what the following words *all these* refer, since only Mr. BAKER's *Letter* goes before, and Dr. HUTCHINSON's comes immediately after.

(5) 'The examination for orders, &c.' The publishing of such a false and villainous assertion, condemning the whole constitution of the Church of England as being *unchristian*, is a most amazing piece of impudence.

(6) The summ of all the pompous account, from the beginning of this paragraph to the middle of the next page, is this: That this learned *School-master* and

Carate came to London as a preferment-hunter; where he caught a small *Living in the country of 80 l. a year*, and a *Lecture in the city*. But not being able, after some years following the scent, and beating the bush, to get any thing more, he determines to put in practice a *resolution* he had formed whilst an undergraduate. For he had then *privately resolved some time or other* [in case he could get no considerable preferment in the Church] to *enter his protest against the slavery of education*. Accordingly he sets up his ORATORY; *believing that he should get more by it, and that the publick would be a more hospitable protector of learning and science, than some of the upper world in his own order*. Who are here designed, whether Bishops or wealthy Priests, is not easy to determine: for the latter, tho' *in his own order*, could not properly be said to be *of the upper world*; and the former, tho' certainly *of the upper world*, yet were not *in his own order*.

(7) 'But when he press'd his desire, and promise from a great man, &c.' *His own desire, and promise from*. Admirable elegance and perspicuity!

(8) 'The fields and the swains of Arcadia.' Here is somewhat omitted, which being inserted, the clause will run much better, *the fields, the swains, and the nymphs of Arcadia*.

(9) 'Compose three Dissertations each week . . . by himself, without assistance, as some would detract from him.' These were very odd detractors, who say'd, that he *composed, &c. by himself, without assistance*: one would rather imagine, that they had say'd, he did these great things *with assistance*, and not *by himself*.

(10) 'The gaieties of youth, &c.' What are these *gaieties of youth*, do they comprehend adultery as well as fornication, &c.?

(11) 'St. Athanasius, &c.' Were the great men here mentioned ever proved guilty, as well as *charged with these gaieties*; or was their guilt so notorious, like some modern instances, as to need no proof?

(12) 'But the sins of the elder Clergy would . . . and ecclesiastical gallantry would be, &c.' If by *sins* are to be understood *sins in general*, this assertion cannot possibly be true, unless, in order to make *the sins of*

of the *elder clergy* more numerous than those of the *younger*, even those be taken in which they committed in their youth. But since, by the term *ecclesiastical gallantry* in the latter part of the sentence, these *fin*s are evidently restrained to one or two particular kinds, which, being most generally committed by young persons, are just before called *the gaieties of youth and conversation*; the assertion is unnatural and contradictory, viz. That the *elder clergy* are more addicted to *fin*s of *gaiety and gallantry* than the younger, tho' these are *the effect of vivacity and fire, which is corrected by years and experience.* — The author of this general, false, and scandalous imputation upon the *clergy*, cannot surely have the *face* to complain of any particular, false, and scandalous imputation upon himself.

(13) After a man has published such extravagant commendations of himself as those which precede and follow, to pretend to the least degree of modesty is a still higher degree of impudence.

(14) I can meet with no person who can explain the following sentence.

(15) 'I can vouch for, &c.' This puts me in mind of the person who won the prize in lying, by declaring that he never told a lye in his life. — But suppose all that Mr. W. has say'd were true, how can this gentleman's *vouching for the authentickness* of it be any satisfaction to the learned world; which had never heard of his name, before the publication of this *Narrative*? Nor can I meet with one person, who can give any account of him since.

(16) As there is no *subject* mentioned before, to which *either on that, or any different subject* can possibly be referred: this must necessarily be nonsense.

From the whole, I think it evidently appears, that neither the *Biographer*, nor this *Grammarian, Orator, and universal Scholar*, has written, in the Performances examined, as if either of them understood English.

June 19, 1731. I am your humble-servant, M.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Ap. 22. Yesterday the rev. Dr. Man-  
gry preached the Spital sermon at S. Bride's. Cou-

RANT.—The Lord-mayor sent 3l. to the church-wardens, to be distributed to the poor of the parish, in lieu of what had been customarily given to the ringers; his lordship not chusing to have the bells ring upon that occasion. DAILY JOURNAL.—*This is an instance of true charity; but the mob would have been better pleased with the customary one of generosity; (as it is called) and been glad to have proclaimed it with sounding brass, to which it is like.*

TUESDAY, Ap. 27. On saturday morning the house of Colly Cibber, Esq; in Charles-street, Covent-garden, was stript of a considerable quantity of lead. COURANT.—*Since only lead, and no other metal, was taken from this gentleman's upper rooms, I hope the detriment will not be great, either to him, or to the public.*

WEDNESDAY, Ap. 28. On monday in the evening died, at his lodgings in Rope-makers alley in Moorfields, the famous Mr. Daniel De Foe, in a very advanced age. COURANT.—*It is no small comfort to me, that my brother died in a [good] old age, in a place made famous by the decease of several of our members; having kept himself out of the dangerous alleys of those high-flying rope-makers, who would fain have sent him long ago, to his long home, by the shortest way with the Dissenters.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Ap. 28.*

The members were so much afflicted at the news of the death of that ancient ornament of our Society, Mr. DANIEL DE FOE, that they were incapable of attending to the Papers which were read to them. Upon which our President adjourned the consideration of them till the next meeting; after the following *Epi-gram* had been read; which by some was imagined to be the last Work of the great Author deceased, and an instance of his perseverance in his principles to the last, being very agreeable to the sentiments which he himself had frequently published both in prose and rime.

#### EPIGRAM.

When S—— at first to the mitre was rais'd;  
How the prince and the prelate by Clergy were prais'd!  
—We

No 70. of GRUB-STREET, 1731. 29.

—We have now got a bishop of primitive sort,  
Who will ne'er undertake any job of a court.  
Had all prelates such learning, such sense, and such fame,  
Such a fortune, and virtue, they would still be the same.  
—So they are, like all priests, cries censorious Free-  
thinker,

Whether sons of a dean, or the sons of a tinker :  
However they affect in learned disputation  
Oft to wrangle about the right road to salvation ;  
They are ASCYLITES all, and depend on translation. }



No 70. THURSDAY, May 6.

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— *Rebus vomi non asper egenis.*

VIRG. Æn. viii.

Caermarden, April 22, 1731.

Learned Mr. BAVIUS,

**Y**OUR weekly Lucubrations, I assure you, are not confined to your own Saxons, ; but have extended even to us ancient Britons. I read you carefully over every week ; and do not a little wonder, that you have hitherto paid no tribute to our Antiquities. Your Scotch Letter in last Thursday's Paper was, I dare say, very entertaining to as many of your readers as could understand it. I must own myself however to be one of those who could not. I imagine it will not be disagreeable to your learned Society, if I send them a little Welsh ; which I promise to make more intelligible than the Scotch, which you thought fit to publish.

You know perhaps, that the late learned Dr. WOTTON retired into our countrey, in the latter part of his life, to learn our language, and study our antiquities. He had collected the Laws of our good King HOEL, and some of our other princes, into one body, with an intent to publish them: the doing which was

D 3

prevented

prevented by his death. The book however was brought to light last year, under this title: *Cyfreithjeu Hywel Dda ac eraill, seu Leges Walliæ Ecclesiasticæ & Civiles HOELI BONI, & aliorum Walliæ Principum, quas ex variis codicibus manuscriptis eruit, Interpretatione Latina, Notis & Glossario illustravit GULIELMUS WOTTONUS, S T P. adjuvante MOSE GULIELMIO, qui & Ap. edicem adjecit* It would do your heart good, Mr. BAVUS, to consider the noble simplicity of our manners, near eight hundred years ago; as you may gather from the laws contained in the book, of which I am speaking.

One of the chief officers in the King's court was the *Traedjawg*, or foot-scratcher; whose employment it was to hold the King's feet in his lap, from dinner till bed-time, and scratch him *Efe a ddyly ddaly traed-y Brenin yn ei arffed o'r pan ddechreu eisdedd yn ei gyfoddach yn y el i gysgu, ac a ddyly gosi y Brenin*. Lib. I. C. 37. The same custom was certainly used in Scotland; which occasioned King JAMES I. to say, that 'scratching for the itch was too great a pleasure for a subject.'

The third officer in dignity was the *Maer Biswail*, or yeoman of the cow-dung, who looked after the King's cattle, and had the honour of sleeping in the buttery. C. 38.

The fifth honour was given to the *Portbawr*, or porter: who had the milt and gut of every animal that was killed for the use of the kitchen, as a perquisite. He was allowed also what was left of the King's roasted cheese. *Ac a ddyly Gadit y Caws a boppo*. C. 40. Cheese was always esteemed a very great dainty in our country, as appears by the value set upon a cat, Lib. III. C. 5. This animal, as soon as it was able to catch mice, was valued at four pence, the full price of a goat. Care was taken by our good King, that this price should not be raised; and he is very particular in describing the qualities requisite in a good cat: she must have good ears, eyes, teeth, claws and tail; be a good mouser; and not eat her kittens. If any one should kill the cat that looked after the King's barn, a very extraordinary fine was laid upon him. The cat was hung

hung up by the tail, with her head touching a plain even floor, and then wheat was heap'd about her, up to the tip of her tail. This quantity of wheat was the fine laid upon him who had committed so great a crime. The porter was employ'd also to procure straw for the King's bed. This was an office of some trouble; because the delicacy of that ancient monarch was so great, that he constantly had clean straw every night.

The palace of his majesty seems to have been about equal in magnificence to that of EVANDER, described in the 8th book of the *Aeneid*. It was thatched, and sustained by six columns, or perhaps rather posts. The penalty of burning or cutting down one of these columns, was 40 pence. The roof was valued at 80 pence. The palace of a nobleman was valued at half the price of the King's. These palaces, we may reasonably suppose, were moveable; which manner is still retained among the American Indians: which is a good argument to shew, that these are derived from our ancestors, notwithstanding the author of *Hudibras* endeavours to ridicule this opinion in *Part I. Canto 2*.

The Editor has dedicated his book to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: which, no doubt, was very proper. But I could wish he had not complimented his patron at the expence of our country. For, he says, this body of laws is derived from the Saxons. *Acceptiones etiam esse, & ad peculiarem tuam indulgentiam magis pertinere persuasum habent, quod potius & aperte faciant, antiquiores Wallorum principes, primas & præcipuas juris dicendi formulas, quas literis & memoria mandaverunt, à Saxonibus tuis derivasse. Tuum utroque nomine patrocinium vendicat Hoetus. Ad quem potius se reciperet, nec Majestatis suæ, nec originis suarum legum oblitus, quàm ad Walliæ Principem, ab illustrissimis Germanorum familiis ortum, qui legibus in Wallorum usum sancitis, ab institutis Saxonum deductis, decori esset & ornamento; à quo utriusque gentis populis lætissima salutis & libertatis pignora tribuuntur?*

I have only one thing more to add; that I wish some of your members would apply themselves to the study of our language. It would have been a great encouragement



agement to this, if your great linguist, Mr. HENLEY, had been pleased to publish a Grammar of it: for I am satisfied he is as well skilled in Welsh, as in most of the languages, of which he has hitherto published Grammars. But, as I hear, that excellent Grammarian is now in a very *weak* condition, I have ventured to send you an Essay towards a design of that nature: and am, with all imaginable respect,

Most learned SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,  
Jeuau ap Dafydd ap Howel ap Gruffydd ap-  
Dafydd ap Llywelyn

A *A* English in *man, ban*.

B *B* English.

C. *K* English.

Ch. *Cb* German, or *Qg* Scottish.

D. *D* English.

Dd. *Tb* English in *this, thou; that; there*. When *Dd* and *D* occur in the same word, we separate them: thus, viz: *Dd-d*, or *D-dd*; as, *Cyd-ddwyn; Prudd-deri*.

E. *E* English in *men, tender, element*.

F. *V* consonant English.

Ff. *F* English in *fat, fear, fire*.

G. *G* English in *gate, get; girl, good, gun*.

H. *H* English in *hat; he, hide, hot, but*.

Hw. *Wb* English in *what, when*.

I. *I* vowel English in *thinn; pinn*; or *ee* English in *been, seen; keen*.

J. *Y* English in *yard, yet, you*.

L. *L* English.

Ll. This letter is peculiar to the Welsh, and to be learnt only by the ear.

M. *M* English.

Mh. *Mb* English in *Amburß*.

N. *N* English.

Ng. Generally as *Ng* English in *song, long, strong*; but sometimes as *Ng* English in *anger, angular*.

Ngh *Ngb* English in *Songburß*.

Nh *Ka* English in *knave, knee, knit, knowledge; knott*.

O. *O* English in *for, not, rose, tone*.

P. P English.

Ph. F English in *fine, fifty*.

R. R English.

Rh. Rb English in *Rbenisb*; or P Greek with an asper.

S. S English in the beginning of words, as *sad, sett, sett, sin, sun*.

T. T English.

Th. Tb English in *thatb, thest, thick, thinn*.

U. E English in *curses, cases, promises*.

W. When a vowel, it is pronounced as oo English in *good, fool*: when a consonant, as W English in *wan, wet, with, word, sweat, twain*: you have both sounds in *wood, wooll, wonder, woman*. 'Tis always a consonant, 1. in the end of a word, after these single consonants, D, Dd, L, N, R, S; as *cadw, meddw, galw, enw, erw, masw*. 2. In words form'd from these, when a vowel or diphthong follows; as, *cadwaf, meddwais, galwodd, enwau, erwydd, maswedd*: 3. After the diphthongs ay and oy, as, *gwayw, boyw*. 'Tis also a consonant, generally speaking, after a radical Ch or G, and after Ng, form'd from a radical G, and when it begins a word where a radical G is left out by the rules of construction, provided a vowel or diphthong always follows; as, *chwai, gwaod, fyngwyr, un waitb*.

Y. This vowel has two sounds, a dark and an open one. The dark sound is as U English in *tunn, sbunn, bunt*. The open sound, as the Welsh U, above-mentioned. In the last syllable of a word 'tis always open, except in these monosyllables, *y, yr, ydd, ys, yn, fy, dy, cyn, myn, ym*. In other syllables 'tis always dark: but if a vowel or diphthong follow it, 'tis open; as in *Dyall, Llestya, Hyawdledd*. You have both sounds in *bynny, yfdyr*; as also in the English *curses, purses*.

Z. This we use only in the Bible, to express the Hebrew  $\zeta$  or Greek Z; but we pronounce it commonly as a Welsh S.

For K we write C, for Qn Cw, for X Cs.

Abstract

*Abstract of a Letter to Mr. EPHRAIM CHAMBERS.*

SIR,

**I**N your *Dictionary* in the article LIGHT you have the following passage. 'The wonderful divisibility of the parts of matter is in nothing more apparent, than in the minuteness of the particles of light.' Dr. NIEUWENTYT (*Relig. Philos.* Vol. iii. p. 858.) has computed, 'that an inch of candle, when converted to light, becomes divided into 269,617,040 parts.'

In your next edition, tho' you should not think fit to subjoin the demonstration, you will, at least, correct the error you will observe on a review; and add, what will aggrandize the idea, as follows,——An inch of candle, of six in the pound, when converted to light, becomes divided into 269,617,040 (with 40 cyphers) parts: at which rate, there must fly out-of-it, as it burns, 418,660 (with 39 cyphers) particles, in the second of a minute; vastly more than a-thousand-times a-thousand-millions the number of sands, the whole body of the earth can contain, reckoning ten inches to a foot, and that a hundred sands are equal to one inch. I am

April 29, 1735.

Your loving friend, L. S.

*To F. OSBORNE, Esq*

**C**EASE your *Politts*, FRANK! or faith I assure you,

For writing such stuff no man will endure you;  
Tho' if ever your writings some merit did claim,  
You are sure to preserve it by writing the same:  
For the world-must allow, you keep close to your text,  
Since what's in one *Journal*, is still in the next.  
There's no doubt, honest FRANK, you've ideas good store;

Prithes don't spin out one, to the length of a score.

Tho' so cautiously frugal you are of the pence,  
For the future, I beg, be more liberal of sense;

Let GRUBBANS should say, that for patron, and friend,

Your genius and bounty, alike you extend;

And write like a niggard, just as much, as you spend.

NEWS

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, May 1. Yesterday the noted mother Needham stood in the pillory in Park-place near St. James's street; and was severely handled by the populace. DAILY JOURNAL.— That notorious woman Eliz. Needham stood, &c. over against Park-place. DAILY POST.—The famous mother Needham was set before the pillory facing Park-place. She was so very ill, that she laid along under the pillory, notwithstanding which she was severely pelted, and it is thought she will die in a day or two. POST-BOY.— The infamous mother Needham. COURANT.—She was screened by a mob of hired fellows, and lay all along on her face on the pillory, and so evaded the law, which requires that her face should be exposed. LONDON EVENING POST.—*The sum of what my brethren here relate is this,* The noted, notorious, famous, infamous mother Needham, stood in, was set before, and laid along under, on her face, on the pillory, in, and over against Park-place.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 5.

To Mr. BAVIUS.

Dear Sir,

May 4, 1731.

Perceiving that the new Performance call'd the *Contrast*, is father'd on several different persons, who had no share in the begetting of it, nay had not so much as a *finger* in the *pye*; and being extremely apprehensive of losing the glory and reputation of so *hopeful* a *brat*, I can no longer forbear declaring myself the author of it: and this I am the more readily induc'd to do, in certain hope and expectation, that you will hereupon admit me a *member* of your flourishing *Society*. This honour, Mr. BAVIUS, I am positive you can by no means deny me, if you have ever seen an *Act* of that *incomparable* performance. I Gad, Sir, I have done your Society more credit and service than all the rest of your dastardly scriblers put together. You see, Sir, I am a downright *Drawcansir* in ridicule; I have quite demolished all your most inveterate *enemies*.

SHAKE.

SHAKESPEAR, JOHNSON, OTWAY, DRYDEN, ADDISON, VANBRUGH, CONGREVE, and STEELE, are nothing in my hands. I' faith, Sir, 'tis over with 'em; I have maul'd 'em at such a rate, that 'tis impossible they should be ever able to molest you again: nay, I' Gad, and that too, where they were *arm'd* the strongest. Ay, ay, I scorn'd to attack them on the *weak* side. Every *trifler* can burlesque a thing that is really ridiculous: but it requires a man of *uncommon* abilities and *genius* to expose what is *good*. Now this, Sir, is what I have effectually and laudably done: and at the same time have myself so nicely observed the rules of the *Batbos*, that from the *dull sublimity* of the passages I have quoted from others, and the true *profundity* of what I have written myself, I think the Piece may very justly be call'd the *Contrast*. — Moreover, Sir, you may be farther convinc'd, that I am well qualify'd to be a Member, by my not being asham'd to be author of a *direct falsehood* in print. For you may remember, that at the same time that I declar'd in the publick *Papers* my design was not to satirize any particular Writer or Play; in the very same *Paper*, where my performance was advertis'd, it was said to be the *Rehearsal of two modern Plays*. Nay, in short, Sir, the whole thing was written with a direct view, of *abusing* two or three particular men; more especially that strenuous *Antigrubean* the author of *Sophonisba*: whom I have handled in such a manner, that on that account I was afraid for some time to own myself the writer, lest some surly *North Briton* should have made my b——h suffer for what my fingers had perform'd. But, I' Gad, I can take a *drubbing* with as much *tranquillity* as brother JEMMY; and so if they care to be at the pains, they may begin as soon as they please. Besides, Sir, I have entirely routed Sir JOHN; he'll never dare to send another of *us* to *Bridewell*, I'll warrant him. No, no, I hate these impertinent *magistrates*, that won't let *honest* people *whore* and *rogue* as they please: they are great enemies I assure you, Sir, to your Society in general, and particularly to one, who hopes, for the future, to subscribe himself,

Your affectionate brother, SALSBURY STEEPLE.

P. S.

P. S. Pray, Mr. BAVUS, reprove your readers for not coming to my Piece: it is an extreme good thing, you may take my word for it; and yet, (so strange is the taste of the town) scarce any body will come to see it.

We have received the agreeable news, that Mr. ORATOR, having taken three or four papers of Dr. QUIBUS's *Cephalic Snuff*, it threw him this day se'nnight, Ap. 28. into a violent fit of Elocution and Action, of several kinds, particularly Oration, Vociferation, Exclamation, Oscitation, Sternutation, and Eructation. The fit began precisely at 7 in the evening; and by its violence happily brought away two joints of a large brain-worm; which in all probability prevented his death the next day, of which Mr. RICKERSTARF had been very apprehensive. By all appearances, this worm must be of the same kind with that described by the learned Dr. MORE in his *Letter* to his nephew JEMMY, printed in our 26th *Journal*; who says, it is bred in the third cell of the brain, the seat of the imagination, and may properly be called a *Dragon Comuadrum*. — N. B. This *Cephalic Snuff* is made up in papers, with printed directions, at the *Pegasus* in *Grub Street* only; and sold at two-pence a paper, for the benefit of the public. — Beware of counterfeits.

One of our members, just come from the *Oratory*, informs us, that the ORATOR, who is newly commenced HYP-DOCTOR, took the first joint of the above-mentioned worm, of his own head, dried and powdered, a little before 7 this evening, by way of Emetic. Upon which, he first uttered a *Prelation* in a very *pragmatical* manner; then, to the great offence of the noies of his audience, brought up the joint, almost in the very same form he voided it this day se'nnight; and by the violent agitation becoming at last delirious, rail'd loudly against *Papery*; and challenged the POPE himself to play at *Crambo*. [*Compare the Oratory Advertisements in the Daily Journals of Ap. 28. and May 5.*]

V O D: H: B (O. . . . .) Oar

Our learned brother the REGISTER of *Grub-street*, in his last Weekly Lucubration, having published an *Imitation* in thirteen lines, of a fine *Latin Epigram* in four, which he attributes to AUSAONIUS, tho' written by an Italian poet, twelve hundred years later; Mr. MAEVIUS read to the Society two translations of the same, one serious, and the other comical, which were ordered to be published.

*Lamine ACON dextro caruit, LEONILLA sinistro;  
At potis est formâ vincere uterque Deos.  
Blande puer, lumen pulchræ concede parenti;  
Sic tu cæcus AMOR, sic erit illa VENUS.*

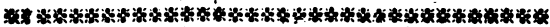
ACON and LEONILLA each one eye  
Had lost; yet both in form with Gods might vie:  
To thy fair mother, boy, thine eye resign,  
Then thou like CUPID, she'll like VENUS shine.

*In Burlesque.*

ACON, and LEONILLA, ACON's mother,  
Had but two eyes 'twixt both, he one, she t'other:  
On dear mamma, kind boy, bestow thy one;  
Then she'll have two good eyes, and thou't have none.  
M.



No 71. THURSDAY, May 13.



————— AUDACIA PERDITA, *sermo*  
*Præptus, & Isæo torrentior: ede quid illum  
Esse putes? Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos,  
GRAMMATICUS, RHETOR, Geometres, PICTOR, A-  
liptes,  
Augur, Schoenobates, MEDICUS, Magus, omnia novit.*  
Juv., Sat. III.

Mr. BAVIUS.

WHEN in my late Essay upon *Impudence* (ad-  
dress'd to you) I constituted Mr. HENRY the  
hero

heroe of my work; I thought I did him *honour*, tho' I made him no *compliment*: the character being his undoubted *right*, in point of *strict justice*. But, to my great surprize, I perceive he *takes it ill*: I am sorry too, that an *innocent Gentleman* should suffer upon my account, as being the supposed writer of that Letter. I should have set my name to it, but that I was hindered by a sentiment, with which Mr. HENLY is happily unacquainted, I mean *shame*. — He will triumph, I know; and say, I was ashamed of what I wrote. Alas! I own it, to my no small mortification. For tho' my *reason* and *experience* tell me, that *Impudence* is the noblest and most gainful of talents, and so I ought to be (as he is) ashamed of nothing; yet by, an *unfortunate temper*, and the *prejudices of education*, I am troubled with that sheepish vice, *Modesty*: and, in consequence of it, should be heartily *ashamed* of being thought to have had any thing to do with so ridiculous and contemptible a creature. These, I say, are the notions, this the language dictated to me by that cross-grain'd untoward *turn of mind*, under which I labour; but I retract both, with *shame* again, that wicked quality which always haunts me; I recall those paw words, and substitute *hero* in the room of them, as I said before. As matters stand in *reason*, at least in *fact*, why should he be *angry* with me for what I said in his *praise*? Is it not true, that in the affairs of the world, *Impudence* in conjunction with its inseparable companions, *Worthlessness* and *Pride*, is in a manner *every thing*? Is it not this which *does one's business* effectually; and is almost the *only* recommendation to *preferment*? — Then for Mr. HENLY's right to this character; is it not as absurd for him to disown it; as it would be to disown his *name*, or his *very being*? If there be one mortal only, that knows him, and does not agree with me in proclaiming him the *eldest son of effrontery*; I will beg his pardon under my hand, in all the publick Papers, from the highest to the lowest, from the best to the worst, from *Fog* and the *Craftsman* down to the *Hyp-Doctor*. Was that stiddy face of his, that goodly bronze, that more than *English*, or *Welch* copper, in his dun and dusky countenance, given him for nothing? Is not the most *consummate Impudence*



*audace* exerted in all his words, actions, and gestures, and diffused over his whole person? Could any thing but the height of impudence make him promise to perform impossibilities; engage in attempts perfectly shocking to human nature; pretend to correct the whole learned world, proving *them* to be all in the *wrong*, and *himself alone* in the *right*; to teach oratory, poetry, and all the *Belles Lettres*, without having the least genius for them, or taste of them; to make his own single person an academy of all arts and sciences, without understanding *any*? His medals, which, tho' of three different metals, are all *brass*; and those modest mottoes of his, *Ad summa*, and *Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam*, are other illustrious proofs of this truth. As are his *Primitive Liturgy* (as he calls it) made up of incoherent jargon; his unparall'd profanation of sacred things, by his monstrous jumble of divinity and buffoonery, of a church and a farce-house, of a *Bartholomew-fair* booth and the sacrament; his church of *England* gown in a meeting-house tub; his weekly advertisements, setting forth the arguments or contents of his frantick harangues, in language more mad than any in *Bedlam*; his libelling the greatest men of the age by name; his throwing down his gauntlet, and challenging all manner of persons, especially the clergy, to *dispute with him* publicly in what he calls his *Oratory*; and having the folly to suppose, that any body but himself could be scandalous enough to appear there: I mean as a speaker; tho', to the reproach and disgrace of our country, I understand some have appeared there as auditors. Even the venerable fathers of our church, the right reverend the *Bishops*, have been thus challenged by him. I wonder he did not at the same time signify his pleasure, whether their lordships should attend his *Oratory* in their black gowns, or in their lawn. His *Oratory-transactions*, he very gravely acquaints us, are not to be had for less than ten shillings; when no body in his wits would give ten farthings for all he ever wrote. I have hitherto consider'd him only in his *Oratory* capacity, omitting his pranks at *Cambridge*, and elsewhere; his *transactions* with his own—and with *other people's*.

But his *Grammers* (antecedent to his *Oratory*), must by all

all means be a little taken notice of; that we may see how \* *Compleat a Linguist* he is, and produce one argument more to prove, that his title to the *palm of effrontery* is unquestionable. Soon after they were published, going to see a friend, I observed a book lying upon his table, with some marginal notes of his writing. These were upon HENLY's *Italian and French Grammars*. And seeing such words as these, *Unheard of impudence.*

————— *This is a most ignorant and impudent fellow.*

————— *Monstrous! ——— Was there ever such ignorance!*

&c. I ask'd my friend what he meant by all this? He told me, he had just look'd into those two *Grammars*, not doubting but (however *useless* they were) the man understood the *languages* of which he wrote *Grammars*: but finding, to his astonishment, that the case was quite otherwise, he could not forbear expressing his *just indignation* in the manner I saw: he said, he had marked the places, desired me to look over them, and judge whether he had not reason. I cast my eye upon the passages; and, lifting up my hands, declared myself as much amazed as he could be. What! (exclaimed we both) for a fellow to *write Grammars* of *languages* which he *knows nothing of!* This exceeds all the prodigies of *Impudence* that ever any age produced. — The reader shall have some of these *curiosities* laid before him; and if our *Compleat Linguist* be falsely accused, he has a fair opportunity of justifying himself, and triumphing over his accuser. By the airs he gives himself, one would think him a *Connoisseur* indeed. *We use;* &c. *We say,* &c. *i. e. We Italians and French; We Masters and Criticks* in the *tongues*. And 'tis remarkable enough, that in the first passage, where he puts his *We* upon us, he betrays his ignorance. *Italian Gram.* p. 20. 'For *elegancy We use cotești, questi, and quegli, in the singular, for questo, quello. As questi sù saggi, quegli sù imprudente. This was wise; THIS was unwise.*' However *elegant* this may be, 'tis false translated. It should be, *This was,* &c. *THAT was,* &c. *questo* and *quello* (as every body knows) are put in *opposition*. This has drawn me into my *Remarks* before I was aware: for we must step *backwards*; this not being the *first*

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instance.

\* *Title of his Grammars.*

instance. 'P. 16. *Delle Eccellenze loro*; than your Excellence.' I should translate it *their Excellencies*. He has a blunder akin to this, p. 48. 'But commonly in the plural, *Le Signorie loro*.' Now, I think, 'tis always so in the plural.

P. 18. '*Date me lo*, send it to us.' *Date male* is not, SEND it to us, but, GIVE it to ME. One may, without much sagacity, discover what gave birth to this translation. In the Grammar he transcribed from, there are undoubtedly the following words, *Date me lo*, give it to me; *Mandate celo*, send it to us. He, thinking one of the examples sufficient for his purpose, took the *Italian* of the first, and the *English* of the second, by a slip of his eye passing over what was between. Exactly like one, I remember to have been in company with; who, willing to shew his *Latin*, threw out this learned quotation, *Pectora percussit, pectus quoque robora sunt*; that is, says he, *the falling out of lovers is the renewing of love*: that verse, and *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*, happening most unluckily to be next-door neighbours in the *Accidence*.

P. 19. '*Loro* is us'd either to men or women.' Is this peculiar to *loro*? Is it not equally true of *mie*, *tuo*, and all the rest? What he should have said, and would have said, had he known any thing of the matter, is this; *Loro* is join'd to nouns both masculine and feminine, singular and plural; which is peculiar to it, all the rest varying according to gender and number.

*Ibid.* '*Loro* before a verb is a pronoun conjunctive; before a noun it is a possessive; and it needs no article, &c. as *parlato loro*, not *à loro*, &c.' 1st, *Loro* as a conjunctive is ALWAYS after the verb. 2dly, What he says of it as a possessive [and it needs no article, &c.] belongs to it as a conjunctive. 'Tis plain, he does not know the true difference between *Loro* the conjunctive, and *Loro* the possessive; which is the grossest ignorance.—P. 20. '*Costui, costei, costoro, colui, colei, aoloro*, are us'd only in the end of a phrase, and by way of *Sight*.' How he came by this last, I cannot guess: sure I am, 'tis false. *VENERONI* (tho' not with that design, for he certainly never heard of any such rule) gives several instances, in his Grammar, of the use

use of these words, which plainly shew the contrary, *e per costui; non lo date a colui, &c.* what right is this? And GUARINI in his *Pastor Fido* uses *coloro*, by way of respect and honour. Act I. Scene I. *Mai il dar noia a coloro che son ministri degli Dei, non inde-*—Ibid. *Il quale, la quale, &c.* are ALWAYS express'd 'by *che*.' 1st, This is staring nonsense. If they are always express'd by something else; they are not *in being*: for what is a word that is never express'd? 2dly, 'Tis utterly false: they are sometimes, and elegantly express'd by *che*; but very often by themselves. To cite authorities would be ridiculous; one might as well go about to prove, that there are such words as *qui, que, quod*, in Latin. This is your famous Grammarian, Mr. BAVIUS.—P. 21. 'Note, *Ogni*, and *qualche* ought never to be put before the plural, but *alcuni, alcune*: as, *alcune donne*, not *ogni donne*, every woman.' Not *ogni*, and *qualche*, but *alcuni, alcune*: as if *ogni*, and *qualche*, i. e. every one, and some, were all one; and equally to be express'd by *alcuni, &c.* The same is to be said of his *alcune, &c.* not *ogni, &c.* Here again I could expose his ignorance, by shewing how he fell into this blunder, in transcribing what he did not understand; and, by setting the matter right, shew how sottishly he is in the wrong; but I have not time. As I have not to say many other things (which I could say) of his *Italian*: and so I pass on to his *French*; of which also some instances only shall be cited.

P. 23. 'Nouns expressing a thing divided, or some: N. *du pain*, some bread. G. *du, de pain*. D. *Au, a du pain*.—*De la viande, &c.*—*De l'argent, &c.*—*De l'herbe, &c.*' Does he mean it thus, G. *Du, de pain*, of some bread? Or thus, *du pain*, or *de pain*, of some bread? One it must be, and both are false. For as to the former, *du de* is not *French*: as to the latter, it cannot be said *du pain*, or *de pain*; because it is *de pain* only. *Du pain* is of the bread, not of bread, or of some bread. The same is to be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of his D. *Au, a du pain*. And the whole is applicable to the other three examples: in all which he manifests a most deep and fundamental ignorance. The thing happen'd thus. Mr. BOYER, from whom

whom Mr. HENLY transcrib'd, joins together *le pain*, the bread, and *du pain*, some bread, in the nominative case. And then proceeds; Gen. *du pain*, of or from the bread, *de pain*, of bread, &c. so in the other instances. Our *Compleat Linguist*, not knowing the difference, and studying brevity, leaves out *le pain* entirely; and then proceeds with his *du, de, au, a du*. as aforesaid: which makes a compleat *bevue* of the whole.—P. 25. 'Sing. *Il, lui, le*. Plur. *Eux*; or 'Dat. *leur*.' This is prodigious. *Il*s for the Nominat. Plur. is left out; tho' that is the chief: and here is no Accusative Plural at all. To omit things *absolutely necessary*, is *brevity* indeed; but 'tis ignorance likewise.—P. 26. 'Plur. *Nos, or nosres; vos, or votres*.' As if *nos* and *vos* were just the same with *nosres*, and *votres*: whereas *les* must necessarily be put before the two latter; never before the former. Besides, the latter are used in a determin'd signification relating to a thing already spoken of; but the former are not; and yet he makes no difference.—He mentions *leurs* indeterminate; whereas 'tis sometimes *leurs*, sometimes *les leurs*; which last he names not; and they have different significations, as before.—P. 28. 'Plu. *Chaque, chacun, chacune. Plusieurs. Personne. Pas-un*. Among these plurals of *bis*, there is but one plural; all the rest are singulars. And not only so, but they *have* no plural: nay, he himself says so in the foregoing page. Upon which I observe, 1<sup>st</sup>, That he contradicts himself. 2<sup>dly</sup>, That here is a fresh proof of his ignorance; for he mentions it among the *Relatives*, that is, in a place where it has nothing at all to do, and comes in most absurdly and ridiculouſly.—P. 29. 'Perfect. *eus, eus, eut, &c.* 'or *ai eu, as eu, a eu, &c.*' Are these then the same? All Grammarians make them different tenses. He might as well say in Latin, *habebam* vel *habui*, making them the same tense: nay much better; for those in the Latin, tho' distinct tenses, are in a manner used promiscuously: but these in the French never are so, but denote relations to time quite different from each other.—P. 31. 'Imperfect, *ois, ois, oit, &c.* or *ai, as, a, &c.*' Before, he confounded the Perfect with

with the Pluperfect; the Imperfect being kept distinct: now he confounds the Imperfect with the Perfect. In short, he knows just as much of the *Tenses*, as he does of the *Articles* and *Pronouns*, which we have above consider'd. Among the Irregular Verbs he makes wild work of it; often leaving out the Participles, which are as irregular parts as any. For example, are *bouillant*, *dormant*. &c. regular? And yet he leaves them out, and more such. Then p. 43. he makes *condui* the participle instead of *conduit*; and confirms the blunder in the same page.—Page 56. 'Est elle. It is she.' I should say, *C' est elle*.—P. 60. 'Most Impersonals, require a subjunctive, and verbs with *si* before them; or *quelque*, *quoique*; or a superlative: or when *que* is us'd for *de ce que*, or with *qui*.' This last is an instance of gross ignorance. As if *qui* ALWAYS govern'd a subjunctive; for he puts it absolutely, and without restriction: whereas 'tis true only in a very limited and restrain'd sense, with relation to a condition, and the future: as, *je veux une femme qui soit belle*.

His other *Grammars*, if well look'd into, would undoubtedly yield us as fruitful a crop of *Animadversions*: but this may serve for a sample, at present.

And now, Mr. BAVIUS, have I not proved my point? Is not Mr. HENLY the *Heroe of Impudence*? And why then should he be angry with me? Is it not, as I said in the beginning, a noble and glorious title? After the publication of his *Grammars*, he erected his *Ora-tory*; of which I have taken some notice. He then by *himself*, or his *friend*, gave the world an account of *himself*; pointing at several persons as his adversaries in print: tho' some of them, at least, (and it may be true of them all, for any thing I know) never wrote a line about him, in their lives; and would have thought it much beneath them to have employ'd one single quarter of an hour upon so vile a subject. It is indeed the only difficulty we labour under with regard to such as He is (if ever there were such another) that tho' they ought (for the publick good) to be chastised, yet we are heartily *asham'd* to chastise them, or have any thing at all to do with them. But I am *relapsing* into my *shame* again: and since I am, I will indulge  
nature

nature in two or three words, by adding, that this Creature is, in every thing but outward shape, a monstrous production, a species by himself; and that nothing can more justly excite both our wonder and contempt, than such an Orator, except his Auditors.

May 7, 1731.

I am, &c.

*An extempore EPIGRAM made at the Oratory.*

O ORATOR, with brazen face, and lungs;  
Whose jargon's form'd of ten unlearned tongues;  
Why stand'st thou there a whole long hour haranguing,  
When half the time fits better men for hanging? M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 12.*

Dear BAVIUS,

Two of us admiring ALLEN RAMSAY's *Epigram*, inserted in your last, adventured on two extempore translations, and layed a wager of a bottle of wine, about the preference; which is submitted to the determination of the GRUBEANS, whose healths shall be drank, as soon as we receive it, by

Yours, &c.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 8, 1731.*

*On receiving a present of an Orange from Mrs. G. L. now  
Countess of Aboyne.*

Now, PRIAM's son, thou may'st be mute;  
For I can blythly boast with thee:  
Thou to the Fairest gave the fruit;  
The Fairest gave the fruit to me.

*First Translation.*

PRIAMIDE fileas—nec jactes, Improbe, famam:  
Quod Tu das VENERI. dat VENUS ipsa mihi.

*Second Translation.*

Gloria quàm differt!—Pomum, Formose, dedisti  
TU VENERI; pomum dat mihi at ipsa VENUS.

The Society are unwilling to determine the wager; and advise the parties to draw stakes. The *Improbe* in the

the first line of the first distich was objected against by Mr. MAEVIUS as improper there; who likewise say'd, that the second line was formed upon a false supposition, viz. that VENUS gave away the very same thing which she had received. — Mr. DACTYL raised an objection against *Formose* in the first line of the second distich, because it required a note to inform us of the person design'd. — And Mr. GINGLE say'd, that the *dat* in the second, followed so close by *at*, with the preceding elision, did not come in very *pat*, but was rather a little *flat*. — In answer to all which objections, Mr. MAEVIUS propos'd to alter the first distich in this manner:

PRIAMIDE fileas — nec jactes, *Æmule*, famam:  
*Pomum* das VENERI, dat VENUS ipsa mihi.

*The second thus.*

Gloria quàm *dispar*! — *Pomum*, Trojans, dedisti  
 Tu VENERI: *pomum sed dedit* ipsa mihi. M.

*The CONTRAST between the late Duke of Buckingham  
 and the Author of the Contrast.*

When Nonsense triumph'd, witty VILLIERS rose,  
 The friend of Sense, and quell'd her numerous foes.  
 The justice of his satire all confess'd;  
 While he burlesqu'd the worst, he spar'd the best.  
 But now, with judgment and with wit revers'd,  
 Our author damns the best, and spares the worst.





No 72. THURSDAY, May 20.

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*Let Reason then at her own quarry fly :  
But how can finite grasp Infinity ?*

DAYDEN'S Hind and Panther.

**T**HE unwearied pains which a laborious writer has taken to illustrate and explain to his countrymen, the Philosophy of the late incomparable Sir ISAAC NEWTON, having been rewarded by the public, in a manner so much beyond what he could ever hope; the least which the world may expect from this worthy gentleman is, that, if Sir ISAAC should yet remain obscure and unintelligible in any fundamental point, he would be pleased to oblige it with further explanations of his Principles. And as it is of the highest importance to mankind, to have clear and distinct notions of the LORD GOD, his perfections, and providence; we beg of the Doctor, in the name of the public, to explain by a short comment the meaning of the following *Creed*; which, it is imagined, was written by Sir ISAAC NEWTON, in imitation of S. ATHANASIUS'S *Creed*, to convince the world, that his religion was as much above that of the vulgar, as his philosophy.

*The NEWTONIAN CREED.*

**T**HIS Being governs all things, not as a soul of the world, but as lord of the universe; and upon account of his dominion, he is stiled *Lord God*, supreme over all. For the word *God* is a relative term, and has reference to servants; and Deity is the dominion of God, not (such as a soul has) over a body of his own, which is the notion of those, who make God the soul of the world; but (such as a governor has) over servants. The supreme God is an eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect Being: but a being, how perfect soever,  
without

without dominion, is not *Lord God*. For we say, *my God, your God, the God of Israel, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords*. But we do not say, *my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of Israel, the Eternal of the Gods*; we do not say, *my Infinite, your Infinite, the Infinite of Israel*; we do not say, *my Perfect, your Perfect, the Perfect of Israel*: for these terms have no relation to servants. The term *G O D* very frequently signifies *Lord*; but every *Lord* is not *G O D*. The dominion of a spiritual Being constitutes him *G O D*; true dominion, true *G O D*; supreme dominion, supreme *G O D*; imaginary dominion, imaginary *G O D*. And from his having true dominion, it follows, that the true *G O D* is living, intelligent, and powerful; from his other perfections it follows, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient: that is, he continues from eternity to eternity, and is present from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things which are done, or can be done, (known). He is not eternity and infinity, but eternal and infinite: he is not duration and space, but he has duration of existence, and is present. He continues always, and is present every where; and by existing always, and every where, he constitutes duration and space, (eternity and infinity.) Since every part of space always is, and every indivisible moment of duration is every where, certainly the maker and Lord of all things cannot be said to be in no time, and no place. Every soul that hath perception at different times, and in different organs of the senses and motions, is the same individual person. There are parts, successive in duration, co-existing in space; but neither of them in the person of a man, or his principle of cogitation: and much less are there any in the thinking substance of *G O D*. Every man, as he is a being that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and every one of the organs of his senses. *G O D* is one and the same *G O D*, always, and every where. He is omnipresent, not by his power only, but in his very substance; for power cannot subsist without substance. In him all things are contained and move, but without any mutual affecting of each other:

Other: for God is not at all affected with the motions of bodies, neither do they find any resistance from the Omnipresence of God. 'Tis agreed on all hands, that the supreme God necessarily exists; and by the same necessity, he exists always, and every where. Whence also it follows, that he is all similar, all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all sensation, all understanding, all active power: but this not after a human manner, not after a corporal manner; but after a manner wholly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colours; so have we no notion of the ways, by which the most wise God perceives and understands all things. He is intirely without all body or bodily figure; and therefore can neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched: neither ought he to be worshipped under the representation of any corporeal thing.

P. S. We beg of the Doctor, that he would at the same time condescend to let us know, whether he had any, and what meaning, in the following words. \*  
 ' In short, we cannot conceive either of *space or time otherwise, than as necessarily existing*: this Being therefore, on whom all others depend, *must certainly exist by the same necessity of nature*. Consequently *wherever space and time is found, there God must also be*. And as it appears impossible to us, *that space should be limited, or that time should have had a beginning*, the Deity must be both immense and eternal.'

Some OBSERVATIONS, tending to clear up the sense of a very obscure passage in an Act of Parliament, made in the 9th year of the late QUEEN ANNE, concerning the Post-Office. †

THE Act of the 9th year of QUEEN ANNE, concerning the Post-Office, directs, *that for every Letter carried by the Penny-post from London to any place within ten miles of the General-Letter-Office there, the sum of one penny shall be taken, and no more.*

The

\* P. 404, 405 of Pemberton's *View of Newton's Philos.*

† This Piece was occasion ed by an application to the Legislature for doubling the price of Letters carried by the Penny post without the Bills of mortality.

The doubt arising hereupon is, Whether the taking two pence of our modern money, for letters carried by the Penny-post, from London to places within ten miles of the General-letter-office there, is not justifiable by this Act.

The common lawyers (whose rigid adherence to the literal Sence of Statutes gave rise to Courts of Equity) seem rather, I am told, to incline to the negative.— For my part, I shall ever pay a very great deference to the opinions of men in matters of their own profession: but as the liberty of doubting is not denied even to lawyers themselves, 'till the matter hath been once determin'd, I hope I may, without any breach of modesty, declare myself not altogether satisfied with their opinion in this case; especially, as this is on all hands agreed to be a case of very great difficulty, and seems to be entirely new. If any thing can excuse a man in dissenting from persons much more knowing than himself, it is a readiness upon every occasion to give the reasons of his dissent. As to myself, tho' perhaps I may more properly be said to doubt concerning the opinion of the lawyers, than to dissent from it; I am very willing to submit the reasons of my doubt or dissent (call it which you will) to the examination of every man of sence, and particularly of persons skilled in the interpretation of Laws.

My reasons are these which follow,———The word *Penny* is a word of a very loose and uncertain signification; as is well known to every one in the least conversant with the writers concerning coins. The Saxons call'd a *Penny*, *Pennig*, the Latins *Denarius*, the Greeks  $\Delta\rho\alpha\chi\mu\iota$ , the Jews and other eastern nations called it by other names. But as the learning of the body of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, who have the framing of our Laws, can hardly be thought to go beyond Greek (whatever the learning of particular persons amongst them may do) I think we may pass over the several names by which a *Penny* is called in the Hebrew, and other oriental languages; and proceed to settle the sence of this word in the Statute of the ninth year of Queen ANNE, by the help of the Greek, the Latin, and the Saxon languages only.

The Greek *Drachme* is supposed to have been worth about seven pence half-penny of our modern money. Now this seems to be no very extraordinary gratification to a man, who takes a journey of perhaps ten miles, merely to preserve a good correspondence between friends.—Besides, it's said, the dignity of the persons employ'd of late in this office, requires, that they should not go on foot; and since the mails are so frequently robb'd, it's not safe for them to ride unarm'd. Considering then the labour of the post-man, the expence of a horse and furniture, of powder and ball, I cannot think it improbable, that by *one Penny* in this Statute might be meant one Greek *Penny* or *Drachme*, or seven and a half of our modern English pence. Some I know are of opinion, that in the Parliament which pass'd this Act, there were more who understood Latin, than Greek; and therefore think it probable, that the Legislature had their eye rather upon the Roman *Denarius*, than the Greek *Drachme*. As the difference between those coins is inconsiderable, it seems neither worth my while, nor the post-man's, to dispute that matter.—Others there are, who pursuing the same principle still farther, argue thus: There were in that Parliament more Saxons, than either Greeks or Romans; and therefore it's most probable, that neither the *Denarius*, nor *Drachme*, but the old Saxon *Pennig* was the thing intended: the word *Penny*, say they, is plainly Saxon, form'd from *Pennig*, by an usual liquidation of the *g*. Now a Saxon *Pennig* is known to have been worth two of our modern Pence: and accordingly the Penny-postmen, who are employ'd in carrying letters from town into the country ten miles round about, where the old English or Saxon dialect is better preserved than here in town, have always understood the Act in this sense, and have generally taken, neither more, nor less, for the carriage of a Penny-post letter, than two pence, I mean two modern pence.

I must confess there appears to me a good deal of probability in every one of these opinions; and tho' I think the last the most probable, yet even that is sufficient to justify the practice of the Penny-postmen with

with respect to the subject in taking two pence. Tho' it seems indeed not altogether so easy to justify them, with respect to the Crown, for not taking three pences because the best antiquaries make a Saxon *Pennig* really worth three pence of our modern money; and I myself know a very good antiquary, who will give six pence for every Saxon *Pennig* you bring him, and thank you into the bargain; as he desired me to declare to the world upon this occasion.—— However, under so mild an Administration as the present, I dare say no Penny-postman will be treated with severity, merely for having erred a little in the valuation of an ancient coin.

If any man think, that, notwithstanding what hath been said, the difficulty of this case is hardly to be master'd, but by the united wisdom of the nation, I own I am pretty much of his opinion; and I would therefore humbly propose, that, when the Parliament sit next, a Bill may be brought in for this Case.—— I have drawn up a Bill which seems to me proper for the purpose; and I publish it now, that the world may consider of it between this and the next session of Parliament:

*An Act for ascertaining the sense of the word PENNY, in an Act of Parliament of the ninth year of the late Queen ANNE, concerning the Post-office.*

Whereas many doubts have arisen, and many law-suits may arise, by reason of the ambiguity of the word *Penny*, in a Statute made in the 9th year of the late Queen ANNE, concerning the Post-office, some persons understanding by the word *Penny* in the said Statute a Greek *Drachme*, others a Roman *Denarius*, and others a Saxon *Pennig*: For determining the said doubts, and preventing law-suits, Be it declared and enacted, — That the word *Penny* in the said Statute was intended to signify, and shall, in all Courts of Law and Equity, within that part of Great Britain, which is called England, be construed to signify one Saxon *Pennig*; or three modern English Pence. — Provided nevertheless, that such Penny-postmen, who have ignorantly, and without fraud, demanded and taken only two modern English Pence, for the carriage

of every Penny-post letter, shall be, and they are hereby discharged, against his Majesty, his heirs and successors, from all penalties and forfeitures, which they may have incur'd by not taking three such pence.— Provided also, that all prosecutions against such of the Penny-postmen, as have maliciously and fraudulently demanded and taken only the sum of one modern English penny, for the carriage of any Penny-post letter, shall be commenced on or before the twenty fourth day of June, which shall be in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and thirty two, and not afterwards.

Such an Act as this would effectually remove all doubt for the future; would certainly pardon all, whose offences can be supposed to have proceeded from ignorance; and many probably, whose offences must have proceeded from a worse cause. *Ap. 15, 1731.*

This is followed by a second Letter signed BANKRUPT, giving some account of the tricks of the *Bankrupt Club*.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, *May 13.* This day Japhet Crooke, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger was brought to the court of King's-bench, when the council against him moved, that he might receive judgment upon his conviction of forging certain deeds of conveyance; but being strongly opposed by the council for the prisoner, and there being certain points of law in question that required farther consideration, the court did not proceed to give their opinion of the affair. **WHITEMALL EVENING-POST.**—*My brother Conundrum thinks it strange, that Sir Peter Stranger, by means of some crooked points of law, should be kept so long a stranger to the pillory, and from taking upon him the additional title of Knight of the Post, which he seems so richly to deserve.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 19.*

Dear SIR, *Tuesday, May 11, 1731.*

I Am one of those valetudinarians, who am always sick, tho' every body besides myself thinks I am very well. Over a bottle of good claret, I must confess, I some-

sometimes forget my disorder, and am as chearful as the rest of the company; but the next day my distemper returns. — I have apply'd myself to very eminent physicans; and all to no purpose. At last an old basket-woman of Clare-market, who had heard of my misfortune, as she was following me with a load of provision for my family, begg'd of me that I would go to the GREAT DOCTOR near Lincola's-inn-fields; who had done wonderful cures among the butchers, and many of her acquaintance in that neighbourhood, only by giving general directions by word of mouth, from his stage, for so small a fee as one shilling. Prevailed on by the importunity of this good old woman, I ventur'd among the gaping crowd, gave my fee, and listened for a full hour: but went home quite tir'd with the DOCTOR's roaring noise; and instead of being the better for what was said, retir'd to my chamber, eat no supper, went to bed, and grew worse, and worse.

— Not long after, I heard of an eminent DOCTOR, who sold a packet of medicines, with printed directions, for the cure of the HYP; which my friends told me was my real case, and advis'd me to buy it. Accordingly, I purchas'd one this morning, open'd the packet, read the directions, not imagining the mountebank, with whom I had been before, had any hand in the composition; but by that time I had look'd them half over, by the loathsome stuff I concluded he must be concern'd. The smell made me so sick, I was resolv'd to take no more of the physic; and it gave me the following evacuation, which, I hope you will excuse, from, Sir, your admirer, and humble servant,

ANTI-QUACK.

HYP-o, not HYP-er-Critic, † DOCTOR RATCLIPPE,  
 Since I thy potions took, I've liv'd a sad life:  
 Potions, which heavy, bitter, thick, and four,  
 Raunch like Emetics, like Cathartics scour.  
 Such, Whig, nor Tory stomach, can endure,  
 Which cause diseases they pretend to cure:  
 Whatever name Thou tak'st, both sides bepox 'em,  
 And swear they're all prepar'd by † DOCTOR BLOCKS-EM.

M.

† Cant names used by the author of the *Hyp-Doctor*.

No. 73<sup>e</sup>





No 73. THURSDAY, May 27.

\*\*\*\*\*

*To the ancient and honourable Society of GRUB STREET.*

**T**HOMAS TRIM of the Middle-Temple, Esq; humbly complaining, sheweth, That he the said THOMAS being enter'd of the Society aforesaid, by the sole authority of an obstinate and covetous father, and fore against his own inclinations, he having at all times manifested an utter contempt of study and industry, and a genius suited to the most polite education and accomplishments; does now, by the cruelty aforesaid, suffer extreamly both in his reputation and figure in the world: insomuch, that notwithstanding he has, for the space of three years last past, with the utmost caution, avoided the least application to, or appearance of business; and at the same time most diligently study'd all the modes, fashions, and gallantries of the beau monde, to his very great and extraordinary expence in powder, chair-hire, chocolate; plays, operas, masquerades, and all manner of subscriptions whatsoever, (not to mention wheys, physick, fees, &c.) yet does he find, by daily experience, to his inexpressible mortification, and sorrow of heart, that it is impossible for him to get over the prejudice and imputation of a profession; but that he must always continue to be esteemed, treated, and consider'd as a LAWYER; upon all occasions, and in all places, except the Courts of Justice, and the Temple aforesaid. ——— And that the weight of this grievance may appear in its true light, he humbly begs leave to lay before you a few only of the many inconveniencies that arise from the same.

The first is, that he having by the methods, and at the expence aforesaid, purchased and acquired a very large acquaintance, yet cannot continue the same, without submitting to the vilest indignities, and allowing the greatest disparities between himself and his said acquaintance.

ance.

ance; inſomuch; that Sir FOPLING FLUTTER (tho' otherwiſe his very good friend) will never admit of his having the leaſt taſte in dreſs; notwithstanding that he has, for many months paſt, at his own inſtance and recommendation, uſed his, the ſaid Sir FOPLING'S own taylor; perſeque-maker, &c. Nor dares your poor Petitioner mention the leaſt amour, intrigue; or ſo much as the dreſs, equipage, or name of any perſon of quality, (tho' very well verſed in all theſe circumſtances) in the preſence of WILL. COURTLY; alſho' he, your Petitioner, is the heir to a very conſiderable eſtate; and the ſaid WILL. only ſecond ſon of a neighbouring gentleman, and at preſent in a very low ſtation about the Court. And your Complainant further ſaith, that altho' he the ſaid Sir FOPLING FLUTTER, WILLIAM COURTLY, Eſq; and all his fashionable friends, do very frequently meet at his apartments, and are there entertained with Claret, Burgundy, &c. yet neither they, nor any of them, will ever uſe any other phraſe, than that they are come to *ſoyl* with him about the Temple, for variety; which is the more grievous to your Petitioner, in that he knoweth, and is very well aſſured, that they, and every of them, do very frequently ſlink from the Drawing-room, to ſup on a ſingle diſh of chocolate.

Secondly, this Complainant ſaith, that whereas he has, during his abode here, been very careful to avoid the uſe of the words, *Chambers*, *Laundreſs*, or any other technical or vulgar phraſe, that might betray the leaſt air of the Society; yet he, having ſome time ſince bought ſome lace, for which he had no ſort of occaſion, from DOLLY OGLE in Pall-Mall, and at the ſame time deſiring ſhe would bring that and ſome more to him to the Temple, and that he would be ſure to be at home; ſhe very pertly reply'd, that what he had bought ſhould be deliver'd ſafely to his clerk.

Thirdly, this Complainant further ſaith, that not only being thus excluded from all lace-chambers, tire-rooms, and expoſed to the contempt of all— of what denominations ſoever; which is not only hard in itſelf, but alſo very inconvenient, in that he is at  
much

much expence in vindicating his own honour and gallantry, and convincing them of their mistake: but

Fourthly, that he is utterly undone and ruin'd, in being totally excluded from the least hope of favours from the Ladies of better figure, merely from his situation and circumstance. In proof of which, this Complainant is ready to depose and make oath, that within these three years last past, above thirteen hundred women of better fashion, maids, wives, and widows, have received favourable impressions of his dress, person, and parts, and look'd a full approbation of the same; until all his hopes were successively blasted, and all that kindness turn'd into contempt and indifference, by the mere sound of the single word *Templer*: which word this Complainant believes to be of the Cabalistical sort, and to have an effect the very reverse of those charms of old, so famed for creating love and esteem; because that no woman ever yet granted him any favour under that character, except once a fat city wife, who offered to treat him from a masquerade; and who, this Complainant verily believes, did, from the feigning his voice, mistake him for an Irish-man.

The premisses being tenderly consider'd, this Complainant humbly hopes, that your Society will lay out some part of your wit, and learning, in the redressing his grievances aforesaid, and those of many others, now in the same unhappy circumstances. And it may be worth your greatest care to correct those discouragements to wit and pleasure, which may drive many hopeful young fellows back to business and severer studies, and deterr them from those courses which have produced the incomparable J—Y M—E S—H, and

May 24, 1731.

Your Petitioner &c.

To Mr. BAVIUS.

Most profound Sir,

May 12, 1731.

YOUR Correspondent from *Caermarden* entertained me very much last week with his curious Extracts of *British Antiquities* from a book entituled *Cy reitbjeu, &c. seu Leges Wallicæ*, printed in your 70th *Journal*. I don't doubt but several of your readers

readers are still in suspense, whether he was in earnest or not; and might believe that the ancient statutes he quoted were as much the effects of mere imagination, as the studies at *Laputa*. But having since had the curiosity to look into those Laws, I can assure them, that they are genuine; and do own, that I am as much surpriz'd at the man, as at the *noble simplicity of the manners of his ancestors*. What could induce him to revive the memory of those laws, which, notwithstanding their publication, were only in the hands of a few Antiquaries, and in a fair way of being forgotten? 'Tis the distinguishing character of a *true Briton* to be extremely jealous of the honour of his country, and to publish nothing that would derogate from the dignity of his Prince. But this is, in my opinion, a very different behaviour: 'tis being a little too free with Majesty, to let every one know what passed between a *King and his servants for his private amusement*; or to give an *exact list of the perquisites of all his ministers*. For my part, had I been descended from the *primitive antiquity of that nation*, or obtained the greater honour of representing any part of it in Parliament, I would have humbly desired leave to bring in a Bill, not to repeal, but to abolish all the Laws of that country before the time of HENRY VII. or if such a Bill had met with too great an opposition from the *lovers of law in an unknown tongue*, it might have been easy to have laid a great penalty upon translating them; the Records being preserved entire, to be consulted only on special occasions. The translating, or rather exporting laws in a foreign language, is carrying off the wisdom of a nation, to the great detriment of the inhabitants; 'tis letting their neighbours into all their secrets of government, which may sometimes turn to their disadvantage. This gentleman however seems to excuse his own conduct in this particular, by saying, that these Constitutions were originally of our own growth, and therefore there could be no inconvenience in communicating them again to us: but his proof of this is, what is generally esteemed of, the most suspicious sort, only the authority of a Dedication. Nor does even that evidence speak full to this point:

point: for it is not there said, that *the body of the Welsh Laws is derived from the Saxons*, but only the *most considerable part of them*. *Wallorum Principes primas & præcipuas juris dicendi formulas à Saxonibus derivasse*. The Welsh Princes might have had some regard to the examples of the Saxons, in making laws; the principal methods of adjusting property, and punishing criminals, might be taken from them; without supposing, that there was *nothing in the British laws strictly and peculiarly their own*. And I am rather inclined to be of this opinion, because I find the same author expressing himself more distinctly in the Preface upon this subject. After pointing out some Welsh Constitutions, that were probably taken from their neighbours, he adds, *Hæc autem non ideo à me dicta esse vellem, quasi universa legum Wallicarum capita & processus, aut à Saxonum aut Normannarum moribus composita & descripta existimaverim: nonnulla proculdubio à veteribus patriæ institutis profluxere, quæ ante legem latam juris vigorem habuerunt*. And I am willing to believe, that the *privilege of scratching the King's feet, and enjoying the remains of his toasted cheese*, were of this latter sort, 'till I see something more considerable advanced to the contrary: I would not have your correspondent so very modest to give up all the laws of his country, as if none of them were *originals*.

What particular views the late learned Dr. WOTTON might have in studying the Welsh Antiquities, I cannot say: but I find, that his genius has enlarged the acquisitions of his country-men; and subdued the only things that were before unconquered by the English, the laws and language of the Britons. I am, Sir,

Your great admirer, and very humble servant,  
ANGLO-SAXONICUS.

S I R,

I Happened to cast my eye the other day on the two following Advertisements in the *Daily Advertiser*, which, I think, justly deserve to be communicated to the learned world; and therefore I recommend them to a place in your *Journal*. The first I cannot but admire

admire for its lofty and heroic style; and I could almost swear, that the author of it is making interest to succeed our ORATOR, in case of mortality; for whose place he seems to be very well qualified. — As to the Answer, there are likewise some excellencies in it, which might be improved, would the Advertiser, but now and then, lay out a shilling at our *Oratory*: for learning is not to be acquired without *money*. Yet I must inform you, Sir, that I do not set up for a critic in literature: my profession being not to destroy men with pen, ink, and paper; but to preserve them, by the assistance of a good sir-loin of beef, and the like: the other part I leave to gentlemen of a more refined genius; and shall only desire, that when you send to market, you will be my customer, as I am now yours,

Clare-market,

M. MARROW-BONE.

May 25, 1731.

Whereas a certain pragmatistical, anonymous, blinking dabler in *Romance*, has lately taken into his hand (for brains had nothing to do in the affair) to set up for a biographer, by publishing a most dismal, decrepit, oney'd rhapsody, under the title of *Narzanes*, or *The injur'd Statesman*; in which he has endeavoured (God bless him!) to draw the character of a finished *minister*; but with such a bungling stump, as no *hackneyan* mortal ever scribbled with before. And whereas he has on the other hand (after sharpening his dull instrument upon his scull) pretended to degrade to an incendiary one of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen that ever lived, under the name of EURYPHAX; asserting, that he had employed a set of villains to fire *Narzanes's* house. For this notorious chimera, a lover of merit, and a particular friend of the great man so vilely aspersed, challenges this stupid, mercenary ink-slabberer, to meet him in the cellar under Tyburn-house, at twelve precisely on friday night, there to fight with bludgeons and dark lanthorns.

Pall-Mall, May 12, 1731.

TOM THUNDERER.

In a paltry Advertisement of May 18, signed TOM THUNDERER, writ with the most plebeian virulence,

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lence,

lence, and in a style the Editor of *Narzanes* is not acquainted with, and dated from *Pall-Mall* instead of *Billings-gate*; the ignominious Advertiser presumes to sneer at one of the greatest characters that ever presided over an Administration; and at the same time endeavours, awkwardly, to defend that of EURYPHAX, and his associates in mock-patriotism. And whereas the said scribler, out of his profound judgment, was pleased to grace the author of *Narzanes* with several opprobrious epithets, unworthy of staining paper; and to challenge him to fight with *bludgeons* (a weapon that shews his education) at midnight, by *dark lanterns*, in the cellar under Tyburn-house: this is to inform our empty THUNDERER, that the editor of *Narzanes* is not afraid of his bludgeons; but having a just apprehension of the descendants of FAWKES, his illustrious predecessor, whose name is immortalized by the *Gunpowder-plot*; he does not think it safe to meet him at the place he is so well acquainted with; but in case he dares venture himself on monday next at mid-day upon *Wimbledon Common*, he there shall be treated with the dignity, which so excellent a writer, and so polite a man deserves, &c.

*Chelfea, May 1.*

PHILO-NARZANES.

I am of opinion, that these Advertisements were written by the *Hackneyan* authors of those for Mr. JIGGS's *Great Room*, and Mr. STOKES's *Amphisbeatre*.

BAVIUS.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, May 20. Robert Bluet of Holcomburt in Devonshire, Esq; a young gentleman of near 200 l. per ann. hath lately taken holy orders, and is presented to the rectory of Berrynarber, upwards of 200 l. per ann. Rob. de Bloet, bishop of Lincoln, and 1<sup>st</sup> Lord Chancellor of England in the time of William Rufus, was a younger brother to Sir William de Bloet, this gentleman's ancestor. DAILY POST.—*Quære, whether Mr. Bluet, by taking holy orders, and commencing country parson, will not cease to be a gentleman; or whether his family, and his estate, can preserve*

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serve him from the usual consequences of such a degradation.

MONDAY, May 24. We hear, that the author of *Christianity as old as the Creation*, is brought so low in a consumption, that his physicians have prescribed him as the last remedy, asses milk and the country air. DAILY JOURNAL.—*I fear this prescription will have little success, it being a change only of air, and not of diet.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 26.

MR BAVIUS,

What in the name of wonder do you mean, by passing over in silence a celebrated author, whose constant productions plainly shew him one of your Society? I mean your laborious brother, who pens *The last Dying Speech*, &c. Surely nothing can excuse you, but the great business you have upon your hands. I therefore beg leave to put the following Query.

Whether by the Ordinary's contracting among other names, (for which names no doubt he is paid as usual) the name of the Devil, thus, D——l, 'tis not probable that the Devil appeared to him; and satisfied him for this favour; and that otherwise he would not have done it? — I know some are of opinion, that it has been from their frequent intercourse by *Messengers*, passing from the former to the latter, that he has written for a long time, as if the D——l was in him.

*On seeing Mr. CIBBER's picture, just published.*

To KNELLER DRYDEN writes, 'Some bear the rule,  
' Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a fool:  
' But so his follies in thy posture sink,  
' The senseless idiot seems at least to think.'

But thou, GRISONI, with sincerer art,  
Hast drawn the Laureat in his noblest part.  
As in his *New year's Ode*, in thy design  
The thoughtless FOPPING shines in every line. M.



N<sup>o</sup> 74. THURSDAY, June 3.

*Namque alii Magnum, vel Cæsaris arma sequantur :  
Dux Bruto Cato solus erit.* LUCAN. L. II.

**T**HE good understanding, and perfect harmony, which had for a long time subsisted between the two ancient and honourable Societies of *Lincoln's-inn* and *Gray's-inn*, was at last unfortunately interrupted by a contention that happened between RUPERT LYN of the former, and CALEB D'ANVERS of the latter, for the place of Collector General of rents, &c. which was obtained by RUPERT. The resentment of CALEB on this disappointment was very great, which he vented in continual complaints of RUPERT's mismanagement: who, by way of retaliation, took care to get CALEB's friends excluded from all offices of honour or advantage in both Societies. A paper war was waged for above four years, in which RUPERT finding he had the disadvantage, endeavoured to get a restraint lay'd upon the liberty of the press; but not succeeding, condescended at last to come to an accommodation with CALEB. And accordingly, \* *A Treaty of peace, friendship, and mutual guaranty* between them, was concluded at *Covent-Garden*, Ap. 28, 1731. a Copy of which Treaty was published in the *Craftsman* of last saturday.

At the end of the Treaty Mr. D'ANVERS says, that the progress of these negotiations with Mr. LYN was communicated, from time to time, to the States of *Grub street*; that he had all the reason in the world to believe that the consent of their principals would have been obtained long before this time; but that he now began to fear that there was too good a correspondence between them and Mr. FOG, and that the Memorial, which he had lately caused to be delivered

\* A ridicule upon the ing to which the Dutch were *Treaty of Vienna*, in acced- very slow.

‘livered to them, complaining of Mr. D’ANVERS’  
 ‘conduct, hath had too much influence on their coun-  
 ‘cils.’

Against these insinuations, to justify our deliberate way of proceeding in general, and our delay in acceding to this Treaty in particular, some *Remarks* upon it, and upon the conduct of the parties concerned shall be layed before the reader ; which were drawn up by a committee of our Political writers, who possess the largest province in our republic, and whose example the six other provinces generally follow. These *Remarks* will comprehend those likewise of the two Rhetorical and Poetical provinces ; which, tho’ they too hastily, as usual, consented to an accession to this Treaty, yet did not do it without making some Observations thereupon.

I. The first Article seems to be expressed, in terms so general, as to contain an unreasonable stipulation, ‘that the *contracting parties* should be obliged to a mutual defence, or, as it is called, a *reciprocal guaranty* of all rights, privileges, and immunities, which each of them enjoys, or *ought to enjoy*.’ Who is to determine what rights and privileges any of the parties *ought to enjoy* ? If the parties themselves are to be judges in this matter, there is just cause to apprehend, that the determination will be too partial in their own favour. To engage therefore to *guaranty* all rights and privileges, which the *contracting parties* shall think they *ought to enjoy*, is to engage to *guaranty* such rights and privileges, as no party perhaps has any right to : and consequently to act ‘against any person who shall disturb any of the contractors in the peaceable possession’ of such pretended rights, may be to act in support of injustice and oppression. It seems therefore necessary, that a Declaration should be made, that these rights, privileges, and immunities, are to be understood, only of such as are now actually possessed by the *contracting powers*.

II. Tho’ by the second Article, ‘RUPERT LYN Esq; doth take upon himself the guaranty of *the liberty of the press*, of the Papers of *Grub-street*, and the disposition of the property of them ; and doth promise to maintain and defend them against any  
 ‘person

‘ person who shall endeavour to molest them : ’ yet we think it expedient to insist upon some further security. For we very well remember, altho’ it be several years ago, that the whole Society of *Lincoln’s-inn*, and RUPERT in particular, declared in the strongest terms. imaginable for the liberty of the press : and yet we have reason to think, that they very lately endeavoured to get that liberty suppressed. We therefore are of opinion, that to secure the performance of this article, Mr. LYN ought to grant us a general protection under his hand and seal against all Messengers, and a *Noli prosequi* against all attorneys, to secure us effectually from all fines, imprisonments, and pillories.

III. Against the third Article there seems to rise an objection of the same nature with that against the first. We are very willing to come into a stipulation ‘ to put a stop to all hostilities against Mr. LYN ; and to suffer him to enjoy all his posts of honour, and profit, titles, dignities, preheminences, and acquisitions whatsoever, which he does at present enjoy ; and to defend, or as it is called, to guaranty them to him, and his successors, against all opposers whatsoever : ’ but we do not think it reasonable, that the same engagements should comprehend all those posts, titles, &c. which he may think he *ought to enjoy* ; or that the said guaranty should extend to his successors without any limitation whatsoever. This, we conceive, would be to oblige ourselves to the performance of things, of which we are intirely ignorant, which may be impossible to be performed, and which may involve our posterity in endless quarrels and disputes.

IV. The former part of the fourth Article is conceived in such terms, as in reality to oblige to nothing. ‘ The other points which remain to be settled, between the contracting parties, or their confederates, shall be examined, discussed, and decided, as soon as possibly, *without any delay*. ’ But if it be not possible to *decide* these points *without delay*, as we are pretty sure it is not ; then they may be *examined, discussed, and decided as soon as possibly, without delay*, and yet not be *decided* for a long time. We think therefore, in order to hasten the examination, discussion, and decision

cision of these points, and to prevent their being the subject of annual Treaties, a precise time ought to be limited, within which they should be examined, discussed, and decided. — The latter clause of this Article, ‘ that all the engagements, which the *contracting parties* have made with other persons, shall subsist as they now are, excepting only in those points which may be contrary to the present Treaty,’ seems to allow of such a latitude of interpretation, with regard to the obligation of former Treaties, that we think it inconsistent with our honour to accede to the present, unless this Article be altered.

Besides these observations upon the Articles of this Treaty, we beg leave to make two or three upon the conduct of each of the *contracting powers*. — There was formerly a perfect harmony between the two ancient Societies of *Lincoln’s-inn* and *Grub-street*: in so much that the very same persons were frequently members of both. A glorious instance of which we have continually in our minds, namely, that consummate lawyer and divine, WILLIAM PRYNNE, Esq; who was an utter barrister of *Lincoln’s-inn*, and one of the greatest ornaments of the society of *Grub-street*. This ancient friendship between the two communities, makes us take the proceedings of Mr. LYN the more unkindly, who has endeavoured to set them at variance; and, as we are informed, has prevailed upon several of our most learned members by large pensions, not only to absent themselves from our meetings, but even to abuse our Society itself: the most eminent of these are Mr. OSBORN, Mr. WALSHINGHAM, Mr. CIBBER, and Mr. CONCANEN; who boasting, in several places, as we hear, of the generosity of their patron, have induced, upon the prospect of the like good fortune, even the ORATOR, and the REGISTER of *Grub-street* to desert us. We did not so much wonder indeed at the desertion of the former, about half a year ago; because he at the same time began to act more openly in a *double* capacity, as a QUACK DOCTOR, as well as an ORATOR. For as it is proper to the latter to plead on any side: so it is to the former, to pretend to cure any incurable distemper. But we could not but be surprized at the desertion of our REGISTER,

GISTER, no longer ago than last saturday; who had made so many repeated declarations, that he would never engage in the petulance o party. But tho' we are much concerned at these two great losses; yet we have this consolation under it, That while these gentlemen declaim against the Society of *Grub-street*, they at the same time proclaim the excellency of our institution; shewing, in almost every line they write, their ingratitude, as plainly, as their learning; and that they could not possibly have handled their weapons so well, had they not learned the art, in that very Academy, against which they have thought fit to turn them. — However, before we accede to the Treaty proposed, we think it reasonable to insist upon a *separate*, additional Article, relating to this matter, That each Society shall grant no protection to the renegado members of the other, but shall deliver them up on demand.

Nor has the conduct of Mr. D'ANVERS, and the gentlemen of *Gray's-inn*, been such as to induce us readily to come into their measures. In several of his Papers, particularly those which contain *Remarks upon the History of England*, he has given great offence to many worthy persons, who are at a loss to know with what view they were written. The CURSORY OBSERVATOR affirms, that in them the Jacobite, under the masque of a Republican, was striking at the interest of the present Royal Family. We rather suspect, that the design of them is to recommend the aristocratical form of government, by endeavouring to render the monarchical ridiculous. But this is a design, to the promoting of which, we shall never contribute; having flourished longest, and with greatest security, under the kind influences of a limited monarchy, founded upon Revolution principles: of the truth of which, our present happy situation is a full proof, we abounding at this time in a greater number than ever of members eminent in all parts of literature.

In the last place, to remove all umbrage taken by Mr. D'ANVERS, from the Memorial lately caused to be delivered to us by Mr. FOG, we think proper to declare, that our negotiations with him will be carried on with the utmost caution; having no great reason to  
place

place any extraordinary confidence in his large promises to secure us a share in the *American* trade. For we well remember, how he once encouraged one of our own members, the merry NED WARD, to abuse our whole Society: and we have reason to think, that by a private Treaty between them, that branch of trade is almost ingrossed by the latter; whose Works are in great esteem in that other world. — Besides, we have another just ground of complaint against Mr. FOG, for having invaded one of our provinces of late, by publishing several Abridgments of pamphlets; which we think no private member has a right to do, without the approbation of our Society. — We therefore think it highly concerns us, in the first place to take care, that a good *Barrier* be settled between us and this gentleman; which will be our greatest security, in case any future negotiations should be revived with him, by Mr. LYN, or Mr. D'ANVERS.

Upon the whole, we hope, that the High and Mighty the States General of the united provinces of *Grubstreet*, having seriously considered the *Remarks* here laid before them, will act with the greatest deliberation in this critical juncture; and not accede too precipitately to a Treaty, which may insensibly ingage them in the defence and support, either of tyranny and oppression, or of anarchy and confusion.

M.

BAVIUS.

A Bill of charges of WM. MINGAY, Esq; Register to the Bishop of Norwich, and Mayor of the same city, when he feasted his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and other lords and knights, being a week's expences, in the year of our Lord 1561.

	l.	s.	d.
Impr. beef, with sirloin, 8 stone, at 8d. per ft.	0	5	4
2 collars braun	0	1	4
4 geese	0	1	4
8 pints of butter	0	1	6
1 fore quarter of veal	0	0	10
1 hinder quarter, ditto	0	1	0
		—	—
Carried over	0	11	4

	l.	s.	d.
Brought over _____	0	11	4
1 leg of mutton _____	0	0	5
1 loin of ditto, and a shoulder veal _____	0	0	9
1 breast and coast of mutton _____	0	0	7
6 plovers _____	0	1	0
4 brace of partridges _____	0	2	0
4 couple rabbits _____	0	1	8
4 guinea pigs _____	0	1	0
4 couple hens _____	0	2	0
2 couple mallards _____	0	1	0
34 eggs _____	0	0	6
2 bushels flour _____	0	1	6
16 loaves white bread _____	0	0	4
18 ditto of wheat ditto _____	0	0	9
3 ditto of maffin ditto _____	0	0	3
1 barrel of double beer _____	0	2	6
1 barrel of small ditto _____	0	1	0
1 quarter of wood _____	0	2	2
Nutmegs, mace, cinnamon and grains _____	0	0	3
4 pound of Barbary sugar _____	0	1	6
Fruit and almonds _____	0	0	7
Sweet water and perfumes _____	0	0	4
16 oranges _____	0	0	2
2 gallons of white and claret wine _____	0	2	0
1 quart of sack _____	0	0	5
1 ditto of malmsey _____	0	0	5
1 ditto of bastard _____	0	0	3
1 ditto of muscadine _____	0	0	6
	1	17	2

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, May 28. Last night the new-born son of the right hon. the Earl of Plymouth was baptized in S. George's church, Hanover-square, by the name of Other Lewis Windsor: Tho. Lewis of Soberton, Esq; and the hon. Mr. Windsor, brother to the Earl, stood godfathers; and the Lady Clarke, and Mrs. Lewis, godmothers. POST-BOY.—*I was agreeably surpris'd to read such an instance of condescension in persons of quality:*

quality: who generally look upon a chamber as the properest place for the performance of this religious office, because it keeps them more from a level with the vulgar: but why the Clergy comply with their pride, contrary to their solemn promises, I shall rather only conjecture than declare.

TUESDAY, June 1. We hear the Archbishop has lately spoke in these Words of Mr. Henley's Oratory, 'That he never opposed his Scheme, and wishes him 'Success in all his undertakings.' DAILY JOURNAL.— I desire Messieurs We to let us know in the next Daily Journal, who heard the Archbishop say this, or to acknowledge it to be an Henleyism.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 2.

Dear BAVY, St Giles's, May 26, 1731.

IT is with the utmost displeasure I hear your renowned Society reflected on; and the more any of your members are abused, the more I esteem them. It is hence I pay a vast regard to the author of *Christianity as old as the Creation*; and have a sort of veneration for *The Restorer of Antient Elocution*, so often defam'd, defam'd even by his own Society: it is hence I adore the superior desert of KEYBER major, while I admire the poetical merit of KEYBER junior; who, I am assured, is born to be one day the glory of the GRUBEANS: nor think my assertion vain, since I had it from the greatest enemies to your Society. In short, dear BAVY, I have been this week at the *Westminster Election*; where, without observing any manner of decorum, they abused your whole set of Poets; and one of the young lads (a young Anti-Grubean I warrant him,) had the assurance to say plainly, *Grubæi Poetastici*; nay so scandalous was he, that he said, some lived in garrets, and from thence descending to fame, set up a levee of book-sellers: in this last article he being ignorant of the customs of *Grub-street* was a little out; for, you know, your members, instead of having book-sellers at their levees, attend the levees of the book-sellers. Believe me, dear BAVY, it is very happy, that *Grub-street* is so fertile a soil, and that your members like mushrooms, spring



spring up, die, and are so quickly succeeded by one another; or else I don't know what dangers you might not apprehend from that cursed Westminster school, which is always training up a number of troops, in the greatest enmity to your Society. — I can't help sending you a copy of Latin Verses made on the illustrious Messieurs **KEYBERS**.

*Poeta nascitur, & fit.*

O, decus Angliaci, senior **CIBBERE**, theatri,  
 Cui lepidos dictat Comica Musa sales.  
 Te, quamvis doctum Jani celebrare Calendas,  
 Invida gens vatem denegat esse suum.  
 At non **CIBBERUM**, Formose **THEOPHILE**, quisquam  
 Perfritæ frontis te genuisse neget.  
 Splendescis proles non inficianda Parenti,  
 Cessuro vestris debita ferta comis.  
 Cæsareo est factus vates diplomate Major :  
 Nascitur hæredis jure poeta Minor.

*In English.*

**CIBBER**, the glory of the British stage,  
 Taught by the Comic Muse to please this age:  
 So well thou turn'st a New-years Ode, 'tis hard  
 That envious Wits denie that thou'rt a Bard.  
 Yet this one truth can be deny'd by none,  
 That bright **THEOPHILUS** is sure thy Son.  
 No Sire can such disown: to whom resign'd,  
 Those Bays one day his learned brows shall bind;  
 Which thine O elder Patent Bard, adorn  
 By Royal grace; but shall by him be worn,  
 By right hereditary, Poet born.

M. }



N<sup>o</sup> 75. THURSDAY, June 10.

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**T**HE first Piece consists of some further *Extracts* from Mr. LAWS's *Case of Reason or Natural Religion fully stated*, in answer to *Christianity as old as the Creation*.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**I**T was with great concern the good company here received the news of the death of the late ingenious Mr. J——l J——s, a gentleman not only eminent for his skill in the Oriental languages, but one, who even in these times of ridicule, shewed an uncommon courage and merit, by glorying in the character and name of a *virtuoso*; and was not only himself a diligent enquirer into the most curious and minute parts of natural history, but likewise endeavoured to beget and propagate a love for that delightful and useful study, among people of all ranks, even the lowest; as will appear by the following *Letter*, which we can assure you is genuine. The making of it publick is certainly very proper at this time, when a great fleet is going out, which may by this means be made serviceable to England: for tho' the orders should be as pacifick, as some formerly given, yet if every sailor will follow the directions of Mr. J——s, he will at least enlarge our acquisitions in knowledge, and enrich the repositories of the curious. And for such a practice as this, History furnishes us with an example in CALIGULA's command to his soldiers on the sea-shore. But as our country-men are generally lovers of poetry, and according to the common observation, precepts in verse are most easily remembered; we have amongst us put the *Letter* into rime, wherein the sense is religiously preserved. But we shall detain you no longer from what has given us so much pleasure, than

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H

whilst

whilst we inform you, that an immediate publication of these papers will not only be an evidence of your zeal for the publick good, but will also be very grateful to,

Sir, your humble servants

June 1, 1731.

B. BUTTERFLY.

C. COCKLESHELL.

F. FOSSIL,

INSTRUCTIONS for Christopher Hilliard, Foremast-man  
on board the  in in of war.

Honest KIR,

I Heartily wish thee a good voyage; and the best way to obtain it, is to carry God with thee: keep a good conscience; be industrious and void of offence, so thou wilt do well. Remember thy mispent time, and be sure to redeem it by thy carefulness in the present; and let me hear from thee upon thy return, God conducting thee safe. Wherever you go, keep a Journal, if you can, of all that is remarkable, as winds, and change of weather, in all latitudes. Take all soundings, and keep the sands, shells, and whatever else the deep sea-line or other brings up; and put it into a paper, writing on the paper. Sounding of such a place in the latitude of  &c. If you meet with any pretty sea-feathers, mosses, weeds, trees, or plants, save some of the fairest and best, which you may put up in any thing, and all together in a cagg, pitcher, or bottle; excepting the sea-feathers or trees, which must be kept very even and safe. If you can get any strange fishes, they will be acceptable. When you go ashore, and meet with any shells that are whole, keep them for me, three or four of each sort; and if you find any pretty shining sands, take a pound of each, or half a pound; and pick up pretty stones of divers colours, as green, red, blue, yellow, black, or white, and clear, as well as mixt colours. — If you meet with any sort of minerals, or ores, likewise get me some. — When you are on shore, pick some pretty plants, herbs, ferns, flowers, and trees, by taking a fair branch or two, or three, that is, from the top, the middle, and lower end. All these you must put into a quire of brown paper, laying the

the herbs, flowers, &c. very even upon a sheet of brown paper, and so another on that; letting them lie three days, then changing them in fresh papers, keeping them very close, for three days more, and then putting them between other fresh papers; so repeating them till thoroughly dry, and then laying them in order between the sheets, and tie them up when thoroughly dry, laying them even at the bottom of your chest, that they may not crumple, or break. If you can catch any flies, butterflies, beetles, or any strange pretty insects, put a pin through them, and pin them to a thin box, on the inside; it will keep them with the perfect colour, and beauty, and whole. But be very tender of the butterflies, for fear of losing the fine colour or down, and of moths. If you meet with fine snakes, worms, scorpions, bats, or pretty birds, if small, you may keep them in spirits: I will repay you what charges you are at for these, therefore be careful. And that you may not lose your labour when you return to England, and if any body should offer to press you, let them know, that you are upon the Royal Society's account, and have this commission from me to collect the foregoing things, for her Majesty's service, viz. shells, stones, &c. for her grottos; and the rest for the improvement of natural history, knowledge, and physick. And pray get me what good seeds, and bulbous flower roots you can, and berries of pretty trees, and plants, for the Queen's gardens. I am sure no ingenious nor worthy gentleman will meddle with you, if you acquaint them with this request of mine, to let you pass free, having the care and charge of these things for her Majesty's service, and the Royal Society; and I desire you will let me know, who shew themselves kindly to you, that I may return their civilities, &c. God preserve and bless you. I am

Feb. 13, 1710-11.

Your friend and servant,

J———| J——s.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, June 8. We hear from Steyning in Sussex, that there is ripe barley now growing at a farm belonging to the Duke of Norfolk near that place, and

H. 2

ready

ready to be delivered in 8 days; and it is reckoned there is about 16 bushels on an acre, and very good. LONDON EVENING-POST.—*This is a literal completion of the LAUREAT's prophecy in the 7th verse of his New-year's Ode, That Harvest should be this year in Summer, not in Autumn.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 9.*

The following Letter from Anglesey, containing, as we are assured, matter of fact; we could not but publish it, with the Verses, out of regard to so distant a correspondent.

Gued Meister BAFIUS,

**I** K E P E a creat tafern for ail in my house, and sum time a cooking; my gests as usal after brase drunken, fall into quarelings apout *there Petierees*: after many plows given Capt. Cack——, and stunked so brasely, that all the cogs and shentlemen leaved him soul mister of the pit; wherpon hur frend did wrote the following vurses; which hur bags you to print, that they may be ashamed of there practisings, and shave my shugs and shamberpots.

*Portbaeshwy, Anglesey,  
28 May, 1731.*

Yours till deth  
Stopeth hur breth,  
RHIVIART AP HUW,

1.

Well broke, brave MATT! at length we know,  
Why TALLARD and his troops gave way;  
And where, at Mons some years ago,  
Your boasted strength and fury lay.

2.

Monseur advanc'd with daring pride,  
Regardless of each sweeping blast;  
'Till you turn'd short, and warmly ply'd  
Your bum artillery at last.

3.

Can any Virtuoso find,  
From what strange force this volley flies;  
That,

That, Parthian like, so wounds behind,  
And mauls our noses, more than eyes ?

4.

Cannons and mortars can't compare  
With magazines in bowels pent,  
When fir'd amidst the heat of war,  
They force the touch-hole for a vent.

5.

Let TORRES bluster as he will,  
He must retire with foul disgrace ;  
If SABINE has but learn'd your skill,  
To spout it in his Donship's face.

6.

Your Front could not the battal win,  
Tho' arm'd with brass to face your foes ;  
But soon as e'er your Rere came in,  
It took whole squadrons by the nose.

7.

In short, you boldly may despise  
The pow'r of all the Devils in hell :  
Full in their face your engine plie,  
You'll rout them all, if they can smell.



N<sup>o</sup> 76. THURSDAY, June 17.

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**T**HE first Piece contains some *Observations* concerning the wit and honesty of Parties, concluding with a *Dialogue between MARIUS and SYLLA*.

The *Character* of the authors and writings of the *Craftsman*, collected from three late *London Journals*, and inserted in this first Piece, being very remarkable ; it was thought proper to preserve it in these *Memoirs*, as a testimony of the taste, judgement, modesty and

H 3.

impar-

impartiality of that celebrated member of our Society  
Mr. FRANCIS OSBORNE.

LONDON JOURNAL, N<sup>o</sup> 603. Feb. 20, 1731. ' The  
' Authors of the *Craftsman* . . . . are not above the  
' vulgar; in railing inferior to few; in impudence su-  
' perior to all men. . . . Their very anger is a jest;  
' their rage, impotence; and their reasoning, stupidi-  
' ty: their *satire* is *Billingsgate*; their *wit*, ribaldry;  
' and their *humour*, downright scolding. . . . They  
' never prov'd any one fact, which they advanc'd; nor  
' ever gave the least signs of a power of reasoning. —  
N<sup>o</sup> 614. May 1. ' Thy Master, CALEB, . . . once  
' of good sense, and fam'd for publick virtue, is dis-  
' tracted with pride, and run mad with long disap-  
' pointed ambition. He mistakes his abilities, when  
' he writes; he is *incapable of reasoning*. . . . His  
' talent is *Mob satyr* and *Declamation*; and therefore  
' he should *speak* only, for he has *eloquence*, tho' 'tis  
' of the *vulgar kind*. — N<sup>o</sup> 620. June 12.  
' There never was a Paper, carried on so long, and so  
' generally receiv'd, in which was less instruction.  
' There are but very few Papers, in the two or three  
' hundred, which make up the Seven Volumes, which  
' contain Discourses, supported by *reason* and *argu-*  
' *ment*, upon *natural*, *moral*, or *political subjects*.  
' There are some things *well said*, but not *one prov'd*;  
' nor do the Authors seem *capable of proof*. —  
' There never was less *learning* or *useful knowledge*  
' convey'd in so popular a Paper. — You'll find  
' those *sentiments* which are *true*, not *great*; they  
' contain nothing uncommon: — the instructi-  
' on, thin as 'tis sown, is low, and not above the notice  
' of the most vulgar minds; the language, tho' *easy*,  
' yet *unnerv'd*; the *wit* and *humour* often degenerate  
' into *ribaldry*, and the *Satire* into *Billingsgate*: nor  
' has any thing supported it, but *lively personal abuse*,  
' and *pert saucy malice* against one Gentleman. —  
' I don't remember one [Paper] in which there's any  
' argument at all; or any single proposition laid down,  
' and *fairly supported by reason*.'

The

The INSTRUCTIONS of Mr. J—L J—s to CHRISTOPHER HILLIARD, printed in the preceding Journal, turned into Hudibrastic Verse.

Honest KIT,

**I**F you can't read, you'll get some friend,  
To explicate th' advice I send :

The former part regardeth thee ;

The last, what you must do for me.

If thou't be safe, when far from land;

Be sure to keep God near at hand.

He's kept you oft by providence ;

Be therefore now void of offence.

Thou'ast spent much time to little purpose,

And therefore shou'dst redeem the surplus :

For God and man will cherish you, so

You prove a careful Virtuoso ;

And bring a full account to me,

When God has brought you from the sea.

That I may know, when you return, all

That's worth remembring, keep a Journal :

Make you a book, with cover rough,

A ream of paper is enough.

Whate'er you hear, write word for word,

They'll lend you pen and ink on board ;

And that you may my thanks deserve,

The following things, be sure, observe.

The winds, that blow the compass round ;

And every time what depth you sound :

Of Latitude take the degrees ;

See where it doth most rain, or freeze :

But sands and shells I value most,

From the deep sea, far from the coast.

Some pitch stuck on, or slimy stuff,

Will make the lead bring up enough :

In different papers put them in,

And write without, what is within.

That you may give descriptions ample,

Let words like these be your example.

‘ In Latitude of ——— abounding

‘ With yellow sand, this is the sounding :

This



' This little fish we took alive,  
 ' On Christmas-day, South-sea at five.  
 Bring me some mosses, plants, and trees,  
 And pretty feathers, from the seas ; 40  
 No fruits or herbs are worth your getting,  
 But weeds are choice ; we don't mind eating.  
 The things, when got, put up with care  
 In cagg, or pot of earthen ware ;  
 Except the feathers, they must be 45  
 Kept smooth, and from all bruises free :  
 The larger trees, you'll make them fast,  
 Some how or other, to the mast.  
 Strange fishes wou'd do mighty well ;  
 A whale, or shark's acceptable. 50  
 Large Concha shells you'll find on shore ;  
 Be sure you bring me three, or four ;  
 That is, if you can get them whole,  
 About the size of a punch bowl.  
 A pound or two of shining sand, 55  
 Or gravel, from some distant strand ;  
 Provided it contains no gold,  
 Or any thing that can be sold.  
 But pretty stones I most admire,  
 That look like water, earth, or fire. 60  
 Not diamonds, emeralds, or rubies,  
 Those are for avaricious boobies.  
 Get ores, or fossils, as directed,  
 Such as our W——— has collected.  
 From ev'ry tree three branches lop, 65  
 At bottom, middle, and the top-  
 Then flowers, ferns, and thorns, you'll get ye,  
 Some of each sort, if they be pretty :  
 Press in brown paper, let them lie,  
 Which at a chandler's you may buy ; 70  
 (Two pence a quire will buy the best)  
 Then lay them even, in your chest.  
 I'm sadly vext, I should forget  
 To lend you my fly-catching net ;  
 So made, as not to discompose 75  
 The down that on the insect grows ;  
 But you'll take care, whene'er you see  
 A fly, to catch it tenderly.

By

By handling rough, I should be loth,  
 You shou'd contaminate a moth. 80  
 Transfix the beetle with a pin }  
 Stuck to a box extremely thin,  
 Not on the outside, but within ;  
 Thus they'll preserve their native hue,  
 But 'tis a secret known to few. 85  
 Of butterflies be chiefly careful  
 To keep the dust, of which they are full :  
 So wash your hands, for fear the tarr  
 Shou'd stick, and their contexture marr.  
 Fine rattle snakes you'll bring me home ; 90  
 Of adders, worms, and scorpions some ;  
 Such batts, and owls, as woods afford ;  
 Or any other pretty bird :  
 The little ones preserve in rum,  
 I'll pay you for it, when you come. 95  
 And now, for fear of an embargo,  
 When you've made up this noble cargo ;  
 A little lye is innocent,  
 When told with such a good intent :  
 For if you're threaten'd to be preit, 100  
 Or laid hold on by an arrest,  
 Tell them you're sent by J——L J——s,  
 To pick up curious shells and stones,  
 By order of her Majesty,  
 And the Gresham Society. 105  
 The corals, shells, and bits of horn,  
 The grottos royal must adorn.  
 The fossils, white, or black, or grey,  
 The birds, or beasts, & cætera, }  
 Collected are, as you may say, } 110  
 For knowledge natural, and physick,  
 And for the ease of those that be sick :  
 For botany, the bulbous roots ;  
 And for the Queen, outlandish shoots,  
 To keep in pots, at Kensington : 115  
 And then you must be let alone.  
 No worthy, or ingenious man,  
 I mean, that is a gentleman,  
 Will trouble you in any nation,  
 When thus you've my recommendation. 120  
 Whoe'er

Whoe'er to you shall civil be,  
Will meet the like, tell them, from me.

I am, &c.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 16.

We hear, that on thursday last the corpse of a certain person, who left a widow and five children, was carried to Finchley to be buried; where the minister demanded a hat-band and pair of gloves, and refused to go into the church with the corpse and read part of the Office there, 'till he was promised that he should have them. — From this account, we suppose, that a hat-band is the fee due for the Lesson, and a pair of gloves for the two Psalms.

Mr. BAVIUS read the following *Epigram*, printed in the *Daily Courant*, June 11.

Three sons of *Dullness*, an illustrious race,  
Pride of the Goddess, and the realm's disgrace,  
In one free kingdom and a learned age,  
In Faction's cause most stupidly engage:  
In merit equal is each fav'rite cub;  
Alike admir'd are D'ANVERS, FOG, and GAUB:  
*Dullness* herself three more can never eulge,  
From all her Sons, so impudent and dull.

Mr. MAEVIUS say'd, that he thought it was a fine encomium upon our *Journal*; and presented the following lines, by way of grateful return.

In one bright age three fam'd GRUBEANS born,  
The same bright Cause with various art adorn;  
With thoughts and stiles, which none before e'er hit on:  
The *Courant*, *London Journal*, and *Free Briton*.  
The First surprizing turns of wit displays;  
Sound sense the Next, in mood and figure, lays:  
To form the Third the pow'rs of both conspire,  
OSBORNE's grave force, and ULRICK's sprightly fire,  
M.



N<sup>o</sup> 77. THURSDAY, June 24.



**I**T may seem strange to our polite readers, that at this time of day we continue to shew the usefulness of this our Paper and design. Authors, we all know, are pretty obstinate, and when they may chance to get on the wrong side, not having ingenuity enough to acknowledge their mistake, ignorance is defended with zeal; and the deceit being thus begun, we at length impose on ourselves, by thus endeavouring to be artful with others — We may presume this application (however suitable to many moderns I don't care to mention) cannot be made to us: we have laughed, and perhaps been laughed at; we have pointed our ridicule, and the weapon might have been turned upon us. The better still — for if after having furnished artillery for better wits, I myself should fall, I should fall with pleasure. — Had MICHAEL CERVANTES, when he saw DON QUIXOTE's and Spanish Chivalry destroyed by his witty performance, seen his own work laid aside, would he have grieved; when it had wrought its intended effect? I will likewise too assure the reader, that when our barbarous and Gothick relish is lay'd aside; when the giants and monsters, which the fertile brains of our island produce, are destroyed; when the graceful and natural shall succeed our present unaccountable way of thinking and writing; then, to the unexpressible detriment of hawkers, pamphlet-sellers, book-merchants, &c. will this our entertaining Paper be laid down.

I remember the other day, being in company with some gentlemen, after having ballanced Europe, and settled the nation, we fell into talk of Authors, taste, and what not? The *Grub-street Journal* too fell under the censure or approbation of the mixed company. Some thought this way of examining things availed little, either in regaining a taste to our polite youth, or  
in

in destroying our upstart authors. Some things, it was said, were too grave to be examined in this light; and others, which would dye almost as soon as born, were brought back into life, and lived one week longer in our Paper.

Hereupon a gentleman in the company began his discourse after this manner. I must beg pardon, if I cannot so easily see the necessity of banishing good humour from the commonwealth of learning: for why may not truth itself be treated of in a way of pleasantry? As for authors, under the notion of gravity, they frequently become formal, and grow dull by system and method. If indeed wit be ill placed, it will (as the great MILTON has it) *like a devilish engine back recoil* upon itself. The viper, says the fable, try'd its teeth on the file, but paid dear for the tryal. If fools must needs trie, 'twill be, I believe, at their own cost: ridiculous will the imitation appear, and by this appearance become more opposite to the thing it represents. The grand master of rhetoric commends a certain sophist of the ancients for his advice, nicely to sift and examine all appearances of the grave, the formal, and the methodic, by this test of wit and pleasantry: and lest wit itself should impose on us (as it often may) to bring even this to the test, and examine it by the more formal and serious rule of common sense. That may be of use (continues our gentleman) let us trie on pieces of the more admired sort.

*So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,  
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;  
'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines:  
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,  
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.* Cato.

Where such simplicity and majesty unite, in vain would ridicule trie its edge. But when I read of a man, that

—— rises against a load of woes,

*And thanks the Gods that throw the weight upon him;*

It puts me in mind of JACK in the *Tale of a Tub*: He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do*

*me the honour of a good slap in the chops: to another, Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse. Noble Captain, lend a reasonable twack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours, over these poor shoulders.* And when by such earnest solicitations, he had procured a good basting, sufficient to swell up his fancy, and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted with his *load of woes*, and perhaps *thank'd the Gods that threw the weight upon him.* And yet how have such sentences been admired with a truly foolish face of praise!

To this purpose spake our polite gentleman: and so much was I pleased with his discourse, that I resolved to let it be farther known.—And I take this opportunity to desire all Essay-writers, Casual-discourers, Reflection-coiners, Meditation-founders, &c. that they would mend their hands for the future; and to advise the pamphleteers in particular to become more modest in their title-pages; and not boast in their Prefaces, in how small a compass of time their crude, indigested mass was huddled together.—As to Orator HENRY, I have spoken to Mr. WESTON to take his trumpery down in short-hand, to be printed at length, in order to convince his few remaining auditors of their folly; unless their eyes are as bad as their ears.

Were I not afraid of being tedious, I should transcribe some places from our late *Answers, Replies, &c.* which I saved the other day from the pastry-cook. I should search too into that notion of writing a man down, as it is called, and examine into the original of such controversies; to show, that the sole advantage accrues to the book-merchant from such learned scuffles. I should shew these scribbling prize-fighters, that modesty and politeness are inseparable from good writing; and advise them to read books, before they fall into that insufferable cant, either of commending, or disparaging them. From reading such Authors, as these, what improvement can our young gentry receive? Can they learn to range their own thoughts in a regular order, from those who observe no method; and to cloath them in proper expressions, from those who have no language? Tho' the organs of the intellectual taste, as well as those

of the sensitive, must be the gift of nature ; yet unless the former is employed upon wholesome food, it will like the latter in time be palled and depraved. And this wholesome food is to be found no where but in the ancient Authors, and in those Moderns who proposed their writings as a pattern for their imitation. S.



N<sup>o</sup> 78. THURSDAY, July 1.



Mr. GRUB,

**A** FRIEND, who, by his dexterity trims, and by your *Journal*, instructs the neighbourhood, acquaints me, that you have taken unwarrantable liberties with my character ; which has given an irrecoverable wound to my credit. Had you declared yourself an enemy, I might have guarded against the blow : but suppose it otherwise, you would then have gained more honour by your conquest, as I should have had less occasion to have reproached you with my fall. The malice I charge you with is printing a *Letter* in your 17th *Journal*, which I innocently wrote to a familiar friend : and the effect it had was this, that I was immediately blown up for a wit, from one end of the street to the other ; where I had lived reputably, and without suspicion, and served all offices in the parish. As I had a good shop of business, and paid my Bills, there was no-body that ever pretended to take me for a wit : but as people commonly judge by appearances, my appearance in print brought my creditors upon me, and carried off all my customers ; by which I am reduced to the unhappy circumstances at first suggested, that is to say, I am brought to my wits-end.

Let my misfortune teach you more caution for the time to come, and dissuade you from tempting other people to live by their wits ; which you must needs know to be inconsistent with a thriving character. No man that had a stock of wit hardly ever dealt in any other

ther stock in his life. What would become of the Bank, think you, if wits should be chosen Directors of the company? The proprietors indeed might divide a madrigal, or so, at the year's end; but my life on't, not a penny of money: and who would subscribe such vast sums for a song?

Had I been guilty, I should not have been countenanced by so many worthy Aldermen and Common-council-men, seeing they have never yet been known to encourage wits. But admitting I were one of those idle creatures, I would not have appeared, (whatever I might have done formerly) in loose vagrant sheets like your *Journals*. I would have left that to you weekly retailers, who often get a sort of preferment by it, and become raised a few feet above the crowd; tho' that is but a temporary honour; and an hour generally brings you upon a level again with your admirers. However, I grant, that in extraordinary cases, I have known some of you advanced to a post, where you have stay'd all the remaining part of your lives.

But there is one kind of wit, of public emolument, which is much practised by the better sort of people, whom I am ambitious enough of imitating, as far as I have genius or capacity; and this species of wit, to speak without a metaphor, is called in plain English *Lying*. I shall say nothing at present concerning its great use, especially in politicks; but observe, that, among other recommendations this branch has antiquity on its side: for I can undertake to prove, that when there were no more than ADAM, EVE, and the Serpent

I 2

pent

\* My Brother Fog, in a late Journal, took notice of the folly of lying; and in his last, says, it is a little low vice, which distinguishes the characters of Pages, Chamber-maids, and blundering Ministers. In confirmation of which, he brings a long quotation from a Discourse prefixed to the Translation of Tacitus; in which the Author says, among other

things, Any blockhead, any lunatick, can be a liar. The silliest people are observed to be the greatest liars, &c. In answer to which, I affirm, that to be a compleat liar, requires great parts, a good invention, memory, and judgment: and that there is no wit at all in the Author's assertions, unless they are lies. *Bavita.* M.



pent together, two of them were professed wits; tho' I own they are both very much outdone by the present age.

As *Lying* is the oldest, so it is also the safest and most profitable part of wit, as well as the most honourable: for truth carries danger and contempt along with it; and whoever utters it, ought to have his heels as light as his head, or he would soon be made a fool of: this I have experienced; and if you, Mr. GRUB, won't take my word for it, you may put the matter to a tryal as soon as you please.

Did I intend to make a figure in the profession, I have in my eye two worthies, whom I would take for my patterns. One got his experience abroad, and the other at home: and tho' their stories have as much wit in them as they can hold, yet they all stick close together, being tied down with pack-thread and paste-board, and cas'd either with calves leather or morocco; the first of which preserves wit, and the other adds a grace to it. The worthies I speak of are the facetious Capt. GULLIVER, and the late reverend Prelate of S—m; who shine like fixed stars in the firmament, and will yield the greatest light to all who applie themselves either to the merry or the serious part of this science: whereas the wit of OSBORNE, WALSHINGHAM, STONECASTLE, &c. (to which I fear I may justly add yours, Mr. GRUB) flies loose about the town, appears, like a meteor, for a short time, and then vanishes away.

What I have here say'd, Mr. GRUB, is a private admonition, it regards not the public at all; therefore I charge you to clap me no more into your *Journal*, which I look upon to be worse than the stocks: if you should transgress, it may bring down another severe reproof upon you, from

*Boulogne,*  
June 1, 1731.

Your friend and well-wisher,  
N. M.

This Piece is followed by a *Letter* from the rev. Mr. WILLIAM PEIRS, rector of North Cadbury in Somersetshire; which was occasioned by *A Letter to CLEMENES King of Sparta*, written by EUSTACE BUDGELL,

GILL, Esq; to which Letter of Mr. PEIRS is subjoin-  
ed Squire BUDGELL's Answer.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, June 29. We hear that the rev. Mr. Henley discontinues his week-days Orations for this summer, except the contrary be advertised, 'till September next, on affairs occasioned by his father's death; and that the sundays attendance proceeds, as usual, at the Oratory. DAILY JOURNAL. ——— It was proper to end these Oratory Advertisements with nonsense; in which strain they were at first begun, and have been continued all along. Mr. Henley discontinues his week-days Orations . . . on affairs occasioned, &c. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 30

Mr. CONUNDRUM repeated an *Epitaph* on CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq; which he say'd he had met with in the *Hyp-Doctor*, N<sup>o</sup> 27. where it is pretended, that it came from Dublin; and is commended as 'one of the closest pieces of poetry which the moderns have produced, almost every word capable of two senses, and both good sense.'

Here CALEB D'ANVERS lies equivocating,  
Of treach'rous memory, for judgment waiting.

This, he assured the Society, was nothing but a parody of an *Epitaph* made at Cambridge, when the *Hyp-Doctor* and himself were fellow-collegians and punsters at St. John's, upon JOSHUA BARNES, the Greek Professor; who was as remarkable for an unhappy judgment, as for a happy memory.

*Hic jacet* JOSEUA BARNES,  
*Beatæ memoriæ, expectans judicium.* M.

Dear BAVY,

As I came over Lincoln's-inn-fields last sunday evening, I saw a crowd of people, listening very attentively to a blind man, whom they call'd *The Blind Orator*; and who gathers a very numerous auditory every sunday evening. This person seems a very dangerous rival to your Orator. His discourses are as various, his elocution is as

natural, his action is as just; and he challenges all his adversaries to dispute with him. But there is one thing, I own, in which he is inferior to the other, which is confidence: for this fellow does not demand any thing for his performance, but desires his auditors to give only as they think he may deserve. This modesty pleases the generality of his audience; which is continually supplied by succeeding passengers: and thus by his sunday evening's eloquence only, without the help of any wednesday's buffoonery, he lives comfortably the rest of the week. *The Blind Orator*, as well as the pore-blind, lards his *Discourses* with fragments of poetry, which he modestly calls rimes, tho' superior to the other's verses. — In short, this *New Oratory* succeeds so well, that I believe the other must sink; where the auditors are reduced to a very small number. — I hope your Orator's father lately deceased has left him some estate; otherwise he may be obliged in a little time to take an opposite corner to that which the *Blind Orator* possesses in Lincoln's-inn-fields; unless he shall think Moor-fields a more proper place, which is the opinion of

June 26, 1731.

Your humble servant,  
PHILO-GRUBÆUS.

*A Bill of fare for the Wax-chandlers Company on Lord Mayor's Day, Oct. 29, 1478.*

	l.	s.	d.
One capon	—	—	0 0 6
One pig	—	—	0 0 4
One loin of beef	—	—	0 0 4
One rabbit	—	—	0 0 2
One dozen of pigeons	—	—	0 0 7
One leg of mutton	—	—	0 0 2½
One hundred of eggs	—	—	0 0 8½
One goose	—	—	0 0 6
Two loins of mutton, and two of veal	0	1	4
One gallon of red wine	0	0	8
One kilderkin of ale	0	1	8
	—	—	—
	0	7	0

E P I-



N. B. Since I am thought by some persons considerable enough  
 To be made a constant subject of the most malicious  
 dirty \* *stuff*,  
 In Papers weekly employ'd and level'd chiefly against  
 me,  
 And Oratory, and carry'd to that extent, that my family,  
 My circumstances, and even my deceased father,  
 Have not been § spar'd ; I hereby give notice *the rather*  
 To those murderers of all decency, as well as honesty,  
 wit and sense,  
 That I can, and always could, live handsomely without  
 my || *oron pence* ;  
 That no Author of those slanders dares personally make  
 use  
 Of such expressions to me *of obloquy and abuse*,  
 And therefore he is anonymous, which is unfair ;  
 (*Tho' I do this ev'ry week myself with a HYF-DOCTOR'S*  
*air*)  
 That my Oratory is now, and has been in this place,  
 Upon a better footing (*tho' I'm in somewhat worse*  
*case*),  
 Both as to the yearly subscription, and the audiences  
*grinning*,  
 One time with another, than it has been from the be-  
 ginning ;  
 That, was I dispos'd that way, the law would not  
 suffer  
 The preacher of any congregation to be so singled out  
 for \*† *a Puffer* ;  
 And that I will, by God's blessing *upon my elocution*,  
 Always endeavour, with the utmost spirit and resolution,  
 To deserve the continued encouragement of the Town,  
 In spite of the tribe of Levi, *Issachar I mean, the*  
*Town*.

M.

J. HENLY.  
N<sup>o</sup> 80.

\* *In the Original*, Scandal. *unless it were one to mention*  
 § I suppose he means by *him in the News as the Fa-*  
 death: for not the least re- *ther of such a Son.*  
 flection has been published in, || *In the Original*, Orato-  
 this Paper upon his Father, ry. \*† *Obloquy*.



No 80. THURSDAY, July 15.

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**I**N the first and second pages the *Abridgment*, begun in the preceding *Journal*, is continued.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 14.*

The following *Letter* was read and ordered to be published.

Much respected GRUB, Cambridge, July 12.

**T**HE gentle usage with which you treat all your members (except your Orator) hath embolden'd me to address you in this manner, and forbids me to despair of receiving the decorum due to my sex, as well as the respect due to me as a member. \* My Plays, my Novels, my wit, (of which the young students here can testify) I think may sufficiently entitle me to this illustrious character; yet that I may be owned and recorded so in one of your *Journals*; is the occasion of this Epistle. — You must know then, dear BAVY, that finding this a very bad place for one of our Society to live in by a stock of wit only, I frugally resolv'd, in imitation of a late brother of ours, to turn an additional penny, by selling an inspiring cup, not of your insipid Parnassian Water, but true Heliconian Punch. How much even your Society owes to my punch, I appeal to our famous Johnian punsters, orators, and poets. — My scheme succeeded, and to the character of a wit, having that added of being a perfect mistress in the finesses of love, my house was not only filled with freshmen and under-graduates; but learned M. A's and reverend D. D's have received not a little delight and profit from my instructions. My success in this way also exceeded

\* Mrs. D——s wrote several bawdy *Novels*, and *The Northern Heiress*.

ceeded expectation; I have made a young fellow-commoner, just come from kissing his mother's maids, a perfect master of intrigue in a week; a northern Johnian paste his wig, and with a tolerable assurance, hand an alderman's daughter to St. Mary's his first Sunday. Nay, the polite Trinitonians allow I'm perfectly instructed in the rudiments of love, tho' they will not grant me the character of a wit.—From this last article, BAVY, all my misfortunes flow: for on the repute of my being a wit, part of my business arises; and to obtain of them to pronounce me a wit, I have pronounced them so. What was the consequence of this? Why, immediately they set up for wits, quitted their smart dress (for which they were so fam'd) for a wit-like slovenly air; they used me like wits, left off admiring my writings, and wrote themselves, especially satires and sonnets; they run a tick, and never paid me; if I sent never so handsome a letter, they were not at chambers. In short, they set up for all the polite accomplishments of your modern London wits. What could I do? If I spoke to them myself, they put me off with something they would have pass for wit. At last, upon arguing the case with some of the greatest of these wits, (i. e. those who had the greatest scores) they agreed, if I would own myself a Grubean, and get myself inroll'd in one of your *Journals*, they'd immediately pay off their ticks. — Tho' I myself have the greatest veneration and esteem for the name of a GRUB, I must confess it bears no great character here: and by this artifice of theirs, I'm brought to this dilemma; I must either own myself a Grubean, which is all one here as to disown myself a wit, or I must disown my debt. I can ill bear to lose either: I can't afford to give 'em my debts; and on the reputation of my wit part of my trade subsists. Yet after many serious considerations (if you'll entitle me to my debts, and record me a member, by inserting this) I rather chuse to be a Grubean with my money, than to have only the name of a wit without.

I am (on admission) your loving sister,  
PHILO-GRUBAEA.

To Mr. POPE, on his being personally abused.

Thy wit in vain th'envenom'd critic gnaws:  
 The polish'd metal breaks the serpent's jaws.  
 Pain'd and irrag'd it on thy person flies;  
 But frait drops off, and feebly hissing dies.  
 Impartial heav'n, which ne'er thought fit to join  
 A beauteous form to such bright wit as thine,  
 Careless to grace the frail corporeal part,  
 Has on thy soul exerted double art.

M.



N<sup>o</sup> 81. THURSDAY, July 22.



**T**HE *Abridgment* continued in the preceding *Journal* is concluded in the first and second pages of this.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 21.

Friend BAVIUS,

**I** OFTEN divert myself with a weekly Paper published by thee, called *The Grub-street Journal*: and tho' I am not soon affected with light things, to confess the truth, thy jocular vein pleaseth me much; and I wish thee well, tho' I know thee not. There is one thing only I dislike in thee, that is, thou seemest not charitable; for thou exposeth the frailties of thy brother the SPEAKER, or (as he calleth himself) the ORATOR. I pray thee, friend BAVIUS, push not thy victory over him so far, as to make thee seem cruel. Thou hast plainly shewed his back-slidings, and his follies hast thou revealed; insomuch that he has been forced to deny in the *Daily Journal* of the 9th inst. that he was the author of a paragraph, which I verily believe, I saw signed with his own name, in the *Daily Journal* of the 6th, and which thou gavest us in rime, in thine of the 8th.



8th. I was once in great hopes, that he would have come unto the true light: but now I am certain, that he hath no light in him; and thou hast convinced me, that he hath not even the dark glimmerings of human reason and profane learning, to guide his steps. Of this several of his auditors, I hear, are become sensible, and have entirely left his meeting; and that the few who still resort thither, are under much shame and confusion of face; some of which I hope they will at last communicate to their teacher.

*From the rising moon; the* I am thy friend unknown,  
*13th day of the 7th month,*  
*commonly called July.* W. G.

## EPIGRAM.

HUGH PETERS sense, voice, language, action, mien,  
 And front, are all in H ——— Y heard, or seen;  
 Which plainly proves this learn'd *Clare-market* rorer  
 OF ANCIENT ELOCUTION THE RESTORER.



No 82. THURSDAY, July 29.



Ἡ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταίου  
 ἐπιγίνημα.

**C**RITICS and criticism having been much talked of in former, as well as in later ages; it is necessary therefore to distinguish the true Critic from the false, and the ancient original art from the modern ridiculous pretences to it. — *A Critic is a true judge of what is really commendable and graceful in writing; nor can be imposed on by the false and glaring colours of a pretender, but will as necessarily see the natural and genuine, as the false or surreptitious.* This was the characteristic of the Stagyrite himself; and even HOMER underwent his corrections for his scholar's use.

use. Whoever looks into PLATO's *Phædrus*, will see a piece of LYSIAS, the orator, criticised on in form. Of this stamp were the DIONYSIUS's; from one of whom the motto of this Paper is taken, and plainly shews what accuracy of thought and judgment, confirmed by long experience, is requisite to form such a judge as we require. Such were CICERO and HORACE, who had too severe an eye, not to apply this to their own works.

From these so justly admired authors, let us turn to others, with whom the generality of our readers are better acquainted. These authors, having a natural dread of criticism, generally place in the front of their Works a *Dedication* to his Lordship; and *tho' indeed his Lordship is unknown, yet his Lordship's patronage will be a security from a severer eye, &c.* then a *Preface*. — From reading which, one would imagine, that some conspiracy or conjuration was formed against our generous author; so many cringes and fawnings to the reader, so many *avaunt-satans* to the critics! — what is this but to mistrust one's own cause? Would a RAPHAËL be better pleased with that indifference of the publick, which should suffer his work to pass *uncriticised*, than with the nice view and inspection of an accurate examiner? Or would not a CORELLI appeal to the critical, the nice ear? 'Tis the same in regard to all other arts and sciences, whether of an inferior, or superior degree. Truth appears to advantage from a stricter inquiry; and is never more injured, or in greater danger of being stifled, than by the overfondness of some nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers.

However commendable then Criticism itself may be, yet the bare appearance however must be ridiculous. Imagine then a head laboriously skilled in Prefaces, stuffed with common-place, and muddled with Index-hunting; add hereunto a diligent search after the mistakes and oversights of authors, and a pleasure arising more from such blemishes found out, than any beauties and graces in writing. Who will admire at such imaginations, thus possessed with the defects of other writings, if whatever is disagreeable should necessarily flow into them? Criticism on authors is certainly com-

mendable; ARISTOTLE, ARISTARCHUS, DIDYMUS, &c. were Critics on HOMER: but when we see no true criticism, but a mean appearance of it; when false editions are consulted, and blunders of transcribers stuffed into volumes to fill their size; shall we admire such authors diligence, or ridicule their judgment?

We will suppose MILTON some old author, various MSS. extant, and many editions; from which collated together, I intend to publish a new one. First then, according to custom, I seek for the worst editions, because my Notes will hereby be more numerous, and my triumphs over some harmless mistakes more frequent. Thus then I turn author.

*Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, 'till one greater man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing Heavenly Muse; that on the secret top  
Of Horeb, &c.*

*Of man's first disobedience.*] 'Tis remarkable, that the variety of readings should be so frequent in this 1st verse. Some MSS. read *Of Woman's disobedience, &c.* Altho' MILTON, as well as VIRGIL, was reputed a woman-hater, yet I can't think he would begin his book with a sentence so very disagreeable to the fair sex. Besides, what follows in the 4th verse, — *Greater Man*, by way of contrast, shews the reading I have exhibited to be true. Other MSS. read — *First of Man's disobedience*: but the recital is answer sufficient.

*And*] See the ignorance of Transcribers and Editors! I have seen it written *Et*, which is properly put for *et*, but I have restored the genuine scripture.

————— *And the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste*

How could I expose here authors of no inferior rank! but this is not my temper. To leave such faults in the very beginning of their work; who ever heard of *the taste of a tree*? as we must necessarily understand it, unless we correct the text: besides, in our Bibles 'tis called

called *the forbidden tree*; and, indeed, I have so much ingenuity left to own, that hence I had a hint for my emendation. Correct it then boldly thus at my peril.

————— *And that fruit*

*Of the forbidden tree, whose mortal taste, &c.*

Thus all is plain, *that fruit, whose taste, not that tree, whose taste.* I don't doubt but the learned will applaud this correction.

*Brought Death into the world, &c*] In an old MS. I collated, 'twas written *Dea th*, which plainly shows by the chasm, that some letter has been crazed. I presently conjectured that it was *r*, and that *Deart h* was indeed the true reading: which alludes to God's cursing the ground, and making it barren, to which MILTON refers in other parts of his Poem.

*And all our woe.*] In Q. V. C. we read, *and all its woe*, i. e. the world's woe: but such is my modesty, that I affirm nothing as to its being genuine.

*Restore us, and regain the, &c*] I correct, and boldly stand by the correction of this passage: Read — *Restor'd us, and regain'd.* 'Twas in the old MS. thus, *restored us, and regained*; but the transcriber measuring the verse on his fingers, and finding it too long, very wisely passed his correction on us for the author's own reading. I think I may justly assert, that I have *restored and regained* the original text.

*Sing*] In V. MS. *Say heavenly Muse!* but the Poet, I believe, had his eye on HOMER, who says *ἄσπετος Ὀεί.*

*On the secret top*] Who ever heard of *a secret top* of a mountain exposed to fight? But if there is some *secret* meaning in it, 'tis so far-fetched, that no good writer would be guilty of such a fault. An obvious emendation rectifies all; — *the. \* sacred top*, which I assert to be the genuine reading. — I shall end these Remarks with desiring some one to let me know the meaning of a passage in Book ix. Ver. 396, where *Eve* is likened to *Pomona*,

————— *Or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.*

S.

K 2

\* This emendation is in a *Letter* from Dr. Zoilus, printed in our 9th *Journal*.

This is followed by a *Letter* from EUSTACE BUDGELL, Esq; in answer to one from the rev. Mr WILLIAM PEIRS, published in the *Daily Courant*, July 22.

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, July 22. On Sunday a stripling about 13 or 14 years of age, apprentice to an apothecary in Leadenhall-street. and a woman about 30, said to be a woman of the town, went to be married in the Fleet: where the first clergy-man refused; but going to another, they got their business done, and were married. S. JAMES'S EVENING POST.—*It is my opinion, that if their business had been done first, they would not have been married afterwards.*

TUESDAY, July 27. The goldsmith near Lincoln's-inn-square, who lately took up jewels to the amount of many 1000 l. to be shewn, as was pretended, to some customers of great note, but afterwards carried them to Holland, hath, we hear, been stopt there, and the goods secured by the persons that went in pursuit of him. POST-BOY.—*This honest goldsmith has worse fortune than the late famous South-sea KNIGHT; who was a person, either of too little consequence to be pursued, or of too great, to be stopt.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 28.

## EPIGRAM.

In durance vile while pious WOOLSTON lies,  
And Death waits near to close learn'd TINDAL's eyes;  
The priest's hard fortune, and the layman's fate,  
Seem to presage Religion's ruin'd state.  
But thou, O BOWMAN, wilt the loss supply  
Of both; and whilst thou liv'st, she cannot dye.  
To thy due station may'st thou rise much quicker,  
And cease to lye OF DEWSBURY THE VICAR.

M.

MAEVIUS.



No 83. THURSDAY, August 5.



THE first Piece is a \* *Second Letter* from EUSTACE BUDGELL, Esq; in answer to that from the rev. Mr PEIRS.

Mr. BAVIUS,

HERE is, I think, no species of poetry, which we have so little cultivated as the Epistolary, whether moral, or amorous; there being scarce any of the former, and but one of the latter kind yet published in our language, that deserves to be mentioned. For this reason I would not omit sending you the following piece: the propriety of the sentiments will convince you it is genuine; and perhaps you will think, that, with the solid topics of praise which the author has chosen, it is in all respects worthy of the imitation of our modern writers of love-letters. I might say somewhat of the measure, which is truly Lillyputian: but I chuse to leave the whole to your judgment, and shall only assure you, that I have added nothing to the original but the motto.

The EPISTLE of ROBIN the Butler to KITTY the Cook's daughter.

*Scribere jussit amor.*

My dear KITTY,  
You're so pretty;

So bewitching,  
In the kitchen;

I 3

Or

\* The Letters published in our 78th, 82d, and 83d Journals, taking up above seven columns, were inserted for nothing, at the earnest request of Mr. Budgell; and

on his repeated promise to our book-feller, that he would send him some *Essays* agreeable to the design of our Paper; which he never performed.

Or when stitching ;  
 So endearing,  
 When you're clearing ;  
 And so neat,  
 When you wait  
 At the Tea,  
 So brisk, so gay.  
 All your beauties,  
 In your duties,  
 Do so take me,  
 That they make me  
 Send this greeting  
 To my sweeting,  
 'Till our meeting :  
 Hoping KITTY  
 Will have pity  
 On the pain  
 I sustain.

With a sciver  
 From love's quiver  
 I am spitted,  
 Ready fitted  
 To expire  
 At CUPID's fire.

O! the grace  
 Of your face ;  
 And your eye  
 By which I fry ;  
 And your lips,  
 Sweet as sips  
 Of your whips ;

And your breast,  
 White as paste,  
 Just a budding  
 Like bag budding,  
 So excelling  
 Sweet and swelling ;  
 And your waste  
 So decreas'd,  
 Like pyramed  
 Upon its head,  
 Turn'd upside down  
 By country clown.

But, alas !  
 Must I pass  
 All that lies  
 In disguise,  
 Made more provoking  
 By your cooking ?

But lest my Deary  
 Should grow weary,  
 Or think me rude ;  
 I must conclude.

Then haste to make  
 Our wedding cake.  
 For know, my Love,  
 If you should prove  
 Unkind or cruel,  
 Nor broth, nor gruel  
 Can from the grave  
 Preserve your slave.

**I**N answer to Mr. S.'s desire to know the meaning  
 of that passage in MILTON's *Paradise lost*, Book ix.

— or to Ceres in *her prime*,  
 Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

I think the whole Description ought to be pointed  
 and read, with an inconsiderable alteration, thus,

To

To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
Likeliest she seem'd; Pomona, when she fled  
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime  
Yet Virgin, or Proserpina from Jove.

Every body knows the story of Ceres, by whom Jupiter had Proserpina; who is therefore said here to be from Jove. I think this reading yields a clear sense, is in MILTON's manner, and I doubt not but it came so from his mouth, I am

Your most profound admirer, and humble imitator,  
July 31, 1731. P. DULMAN.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug 4.

Mr. QUIDNUNC acquainted the Society, that it was his opinion, that since the ordinary actions of foreign princes are so often mentioned in the News papers, as having something extraordinary in them, they ought to be transmitted to posterity in an extraordinary manner: and that therefore he had prevailed with his friend Mr. DOGREL to turn three articles of Foreign News this week into heroic verse: which were read, and highly approved.

THURSDAY, July 29. — Paris, Aug 4, N. S.

On the twenty fifth, the King hunted a wild boar,  
Of such an enormous size, as ne'er was seen before:  
And after he had run a long time, without any fatal wounds,  
They shot him dead, for fear he should kill the pack of hounds. DAILY COURANT and POST-BOY.

MONDAY, Aug. 2. — Vienna, July 25.

Last friday, their Imperial majesties, mounted each on a fine nag,  
Took the noble diversion of hunting of the stag:  
Kill'd several, took six alive, (most admirable sport)  
Which they presented to Mustapha ambassador from the Porte. DAILY COURANT.

Berlin, July 30.

On the twenty fifth, the King having breakfasted with a minister of state,  
Took the diversion of hunting the elke; when proud of their fate,  
No



No less than sixty were kill'd : and foreign ministers  
 were In great surprize,  
 At the strength and speed of those animals, and  
*their monstrous size ;*  
 For four hands higher than the tallest horse *their backs*  
*did rise.* DAILY COURANT.

## E P I G R A M.

Under the mask of some fictitious name,  
 Of ULRICK, OSBORNE, or of WALSINGHAM,  
 A great variety of authors write,  
 And give their few kind readers strange delight.  
 These no distinction make : but I more curious  
 Can still discern the genuine from the spurious.  
 When some bright piece with double lustre shines,  
 As if a Premier's hand had touch'd the lines ;  
 While the true Writer, some fam'd Rhetorician,  
 Thinks himself hid, consummate Politician,  
 A TACITUS : — without a Nomenclator  
 I know his starch'd, affected, quaint *Translator.*  
 M. MAEVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 84. THURSDAY, August 12.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Different our parties, but with equal grace*  
*The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.* Dunciad, B. 3.

To \* ULRICK D'YPEES, Esq;

S I R,

*Grub-street, July 28, 1731.*

**T**H O' since your return from your travels, you  
 have endeavoured as it were to unnaturalize  
 yourself

\* The gentleman, who generally thought to be the  
 wrote under this name in brother of the greatest sub-  
 the *Daily Courant*, was ge- ject in Great Britain.

Yourself by taking a foreign name: yet from the time of your first appearance under it in the *Daily Courant*, I very much suspected that you was formerly an old acquaintance, and rival joker at the Pegasus. Your stile and manner of dragging in stories into your discourse, and spoiling them by some unnecessary or contradictory circumstance, has frequently put me in mind of that old gentleman. Particularly, when in the *Daily Courant*, Mar. 23. you told an arch story of Parson MELCHISEDECK; who, being in Bedlam in 1709, talked of two books, one of which was not published 'till 1713, and the other not 'till 1730. This was taken notice of by Mr. ORTHODOXO at our meeting at the Pegasus, and an account given of it in our 65th *Journal*. To this an answer was returned, I suppose by yourself, tho' not under your name, in a *Letter from the College in Moorfields, to a gentleman in a College near Ludgate*, printed in the *Courant*, May 4. in the following words; ' Parson MELCHISEDECK sends his service to you, and assures you, that the blundering fellow ULRICK D'YFRES has impos'd on the Town a false piece of *Chronology*: for altho' many of the Parson's enemies had often abus'd him with the opprobrious title of *Madman*; yet he never found out that he was *King of Salem*, 'till he had read the \* *Codex*, which was long after the time assign'd by that blunderbus ULRICK.' — This, I own, was a good way of seeming to make some excuse for a blunder, which you could neither deny, nor defend: but a way which was more ingenious, than ingenuous.

However, I had not revived the memory of this blunder, had you not thought fit to cast several aspersions upon the Society of Grub-street, in a *Letter* printed in the *Daily Courant* of last tuesday. It has been a misfortune common to our Society with those of the two famous Universities, that several who were a scandal to it whilst members, have endeavoured to shew their little wit and learning in casting reflections upon us, after they had deserted us. This we therefore bore with patience, being little moved at the clamour and noise of such apostates. But whenever any person of worth

\* Gibson's *Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani*, &c.

worth and character, who formerly has been an ornament to our Society, absents himself from our meetings, and lets fall any reflections against us, we are sensibly afflicted at them. Especially when by the manner of his writing he shews plainly to all the world, that he was once of our community; and thereby gives an intimation, that he had just reasons for quitting it. As this is the present case, I think myself obliged, in vindication of our whole fraternity, to make some Observations upon your late *Letter*, in which you represent us as *a numerous and disorderly rabble of Scribblers brought into the field against the present Ministry*.

It is really very hard, that this imputation should be lay'd against us, when we have carefully avoided Political Letters and Essays in our *Journal*; and whenever we have touched upon subjects of that nature, it has been only in relation to the argumentation and diction, used by the Political Writers on either side. And we take this imputation the more unkindly, because it came just after the time, when we had in three successive *Journals*, placed the late celebrated Controversy betwixt the WALPOLEANS and PULTNEYANS, in a true light, by setting the objections and answers opposite to one another in different columns. In reading controversial writers, persons being always inclined to one side more than the other, are generally negligent in examining the arguments of both: and among them that do examine them, it is a frequent complaint, that the writer who is read, like the counsel who is heard, last, seems to have the advantage. Upon both which accounts, we think our method the most impartial and instructive; and shall therefore pursue it for the future in other controversies that may arise. And to this we are the more encouraged by the approbation, which, we hear, was publickly given to our *Journals* by some very Great Persons at Hampton-Court: neither do we at all regard the censures passed upon us by some party-men of different persuasions. Those censures shew a true party spirit, which desires, that only the writings on one side of the question should be read; and confirm us the more in the opinion of the reasonableness of our conduct and method.

We

We are at present, it is true, in a very odd situation: on one side, you charge us with 'being engaged by the goodness of pay, or the hopes of plunder, to write against the Ministry;' on the other, it is asserted in the last *Craftsman*, that 'the whole Province of Grub-street has been taken into double pay, upon this important occasion, to write for the Ministry.' That one of these contradictory assertions is not true, every one must own at the first repetition; and that one of the accusations necessarily clears us of the other: but a few words will soon make it evident that they are both false. — *The Province*, or rather The States, of Grub-street, like those of Switzerland, never enter into any alliance offensive and defensive with any one contending power, against another; but wisely keep themselves in an exact neutrality. At the same time, their private Members are ready to engage on either side for good pay, without ever inquiring into the merits of the cause. And when thus engaged, it must be owned, they act with great fidelity, encountering with as much earnestness and animosity, as if the cause which they defended were their own. And as they perfectly understand each others weapons, and way of managing them, the fight is generally very long and obstinate, and they seldom give any quarter. — This may seem a little too barbarous in persons of the same fraternity: but it will appear less strange if we consider two circumstances. One is, that both parties amongst us, tho' they employ these mercenaries, absolutely deny that they do it; and still upbraid each other with employing them. The other, that these mercenaries themselves disclaim the name of *Grubeans*, and object it to one another, by way of reproach. How this honourable appellation came to be accounted a mark of infamy, I shall not at present inquire; designing in a little time to communicate to the world a *Dissertation* on this subject, wherein I have examined this matter to the bottom, and fully proved, that the title of *Grubean* is as reputable, as that of *Academician* in France, or of *Fellow* of any College or Society in Great Britain.

One thing is very remarkable, and much for the reputation

putation of our Society, That those, who endeavour to cast reflections upon us, do it very often in such a manner, that even their intended satire is a real panegyric. Of this, Sir, you have given an illustrious instance in your *Letter*; where accusing us as enemies to the Government, you represent us under the description of *some shatter'd Infantry from Grub-street, the Forlorn Hope of the Party*.—Not being acquainted so much with military, as civil affairs, you was deceived, I imagine, by the term *Forlorn Hope*, which raised in your mind a despicable idea. Whereas, had you searched into the true meaning of it, you would have found it to have a noble and heroic signification. And therefore the next time you have occasion to borrow some term from any Art or Science, which you do not understand, which, I apprehend, will be the next time you write; I beg you to consult a very famous book published by that eminent Member of our Society, N. BAILEY, *Ἑτυμολογος*, I mean his *Etymological Dictionary*; a book necessary to be frequently consulted by all those, who without any learning pretend to write sense and English. There you might have found ‘*The Forlorn Hope* of an army (so called from the greatness of their danger) to be men detached from several regiments, or otherwise appointed to give the first onset in battle, or to begin the attack of a besieged place.’—But out of the respect I bear for you, as formerly an ornament to our community, I will rather impute this mistake to the printer (as my brother the ORATOR imputes all his) and imagine by an obvious various lection, that, instead of *shatter'd*, you wrote *tatter'd*. This will perfectly reconcile your description with that of our brother BAILEY: for tho’ *shatter'd Infantry* are very improper to give the first onset in battle, or to begin the attack of a besieged place; yet all military persons must own, that *tatter'd Infantry* may be very proper for such desperate service. This conjecture is confirmed by the real circumstances of the Grubean Infantry, which, before they are taken into the service of a ministry, are generally in a *tatter'd* condition; as afterwards, through the fortune of war, they are frequently put into a *shatter'd* one.

You

\* You are therefore, Sir, under another great mistake, when you assert, that 'these, besides several mercenary Allies, are constantly employed by the discontented party, constantly engaged by the goodness of their pay, or the hopes of plunder.' What effects *the hopes of plunder* may have upon them, neither you, nor I can guess; tho' it can be but little upon those who require dayly more substantial diet, with which they cannot furnish themselves. But as for the *goodness of their pay*, I dare affirm it is such as cannot possibly engage any number of mercenary forces: much less can it support so many as are included in your next assertion; 'Nay, there is not a petty Poet that pops his head up in Town, nor a Farce-writer, or Dealer in Epigrams, but what they pick up, and oblige him to turn his little talents against the Government.' To maintain *such a numerous and disorderly rabble of Scribblers*, as you call them, seems to demand the assistance of a Treasury; and therefore it is out of the power of the *discontented Party*. But suppose these *Scribblers*, without either money or cloaths, write for little or no pay, and *in hopes of plunder*; are two Weekly Papers sufficient to contain the productions of such a *numerous rabble of Scribblers*, of every *petty Poet, Farce-writer, and Epigrammatist in Town*? This is so far from truth, that it has not the least probability.

I mention only two Weekly Papers, because I know but of two that can with any justice be ascribed to *the discontented Party*, viz. *The Craftsman* and *Fog's Journal*: for it is with great partiality and injustice, that you represent the *Journal* of our Society to be of the same stamp. One main part of our design is to criticize upon the productions of modern Writers, chiefly our own members; and to shew the beauties or deformities of them, without any regard to the party of their authors. And we have more than once declared our readiness to publish any Pieces of wit, let them come from what quarter they will, provided they be not improper to appear for some evident reason.

VOL. II.

L

OF

\* The following part of our 86 *Journal*, was thought this *Letter*, tho' published in proper to be added here.

Of this we have given several remarkable instances, particularly one in our 76th *Journal*, which may very properly be mentioned here.—A very smart *Epigram*, in the opinion of the Author, who was suspected to be no less a man than M. D'YPERES, had appeared in the *Daily Courant*, June 11, against D'ARVERES, FOG, and GAUM; the whole wit and satire of which consisted in calling them in rime most *impudent and dull*. This *Epigram* the Society looked upon as a fine encomium on their Paper, and therefore reprinted it, with a genteel and courtly encomium upon three other Writers, by way of grateful return.

Now, since our *Journal* is properly neutral, as to the political, or rather ministerial controversy; there are but two Weekly Papers published by writers of the discontented party. But then on the side of the Ministry, besides the *London Journal*, and *Read's Journal*, the *Free Britan*, *Weekly Register*, and *Hyp-Doctor*, there appear two or three ministerial Papers every week in the *Daily Courants*: so that, generally speaking eight or nine Papers are published every week in defence of the Ministry.—Supposing the Grubean Authors could write in such a manner as not to discover the Society to which they have formerly belonged; is it at all probable, that so many of them can exert their talents only in two single Papers? Is it not much more likely, that some of them are employed likewise in the other nine; nay, that four or five times as many are engaged in the latter as in the former? Are not the Grubean Infantry mercenary forces, ready to fight for pay on either side? Do not mercenary forces chuse the side that can pay best? Cannot those pay best, who have the most money? And have not those most money at command, who are uppermost in the state, and form the contented party?

But besides these probable arguments, there are positive direct proofs, both internal and external, that persons, formerly of our Society, are employed in writing some or other of these Papers every week. The Grubean manner appears plainly in every one of them at different times, and in some of them at all. Of this there have been instances produced now and then in our

our *Journals*; a good part of which might every week be taken up in the same manner, were we willing to indulge ourselves in criticisms on such Papers. As the prosaic part of them shews, that every *Parce-writer*, so the Poetry inserted in some of them demonstrates, that every *petty Post, or dealer in Epigrams*, is not *pick'd up by the discontented Party, and obliged to turn his little talents against the Government*. As to the external proofs, some of our members have boasted of their loyal services to the Ministry, and of the generous rewards they have received on that account. And if others have either dissembled, or denied that they are employed, the plumpness of their visage, and the gayety of their habit, so much improved of late, afford us ocular demonstration both of their service and their wages.—Two indeed there are, whom I look upon only as volunteers at present, who, I believe, have yet no certain regular pay, I mean the *ORATOR*, and the *REGISTER* of Grub-street. It is no wonder, that the former, whose oratorial shop takes in now only a few chance-customers on sundays, should endeavour to supply that deficiency, and the total cessation of his wednesday's vocal jargon and buffoonry, by political printed jargon and buffoonery on tuesdays. But what motive could induce our *REGISTER* to break his word and promise, so often repeated in his weekly advertisements, in which he still disclaimed all the perusal of party? It is true, that in order to make his *Paper* sell, he has changed more than once his *scheme* (stolen originally from our *Journals*, which he gratefully endeavoured afterwards to murder) and likewise Authors, and all to no purpose. But if he made this last change with that view, it was an out-of-the-way thought, and such as, I believe, *the Devil of Patriotism*, who owed him a theme, and with whom he has been so conversant of late, put into his head. Because hardly any of the Papers on that side are sold in any considerable number; did he imagine there would be the more room for his? or out of his great modesty, did he suppose, that he could excel them all? or did he hope, because a thousand of some particular Papers are given away every week, that therefore the same number



would be taken off his hands by the same persons, and dispersed in the same manner? He must continue, I fear, much longer a volunteer, and give greater proofs of his courage and conduct, before he can expect that extraordinary honour and advantage. — I have dwelt the longer upon this subject, that I might set it in a true light, and prevent for the future the mutual exprobrations of Polemic Authors.

In your review of the forces engaged against the Ministry, you mention ‘several troops of *Swiss* commanded by E—— B——, Esq; and his lieutenant ‘TIMOTHY RAG of *Scrub-fair*, Esq;’ Which short account you have rendered obscure, by shewing too much learning in writing in so figurative a manner. For the generality of readers do not understand either your *Catacresiss*, in putting *Troops* for *Companies* of *Swiss*, who are always *Infantry*: or your *Hypallage*, in writing TIMOTHY RAG of *Scrub-fair*, instead of TIMOTHY SCRUB of *Rag-fair*; but take them both for blunders.

Since this *Letter*, Sir, is designed as a friendly admonition, I trust it will be accepted as such, and thereby have the more influence: of which I entertain the greater hopes from the good effect, which the little notice taken of you before in this *Journal* had upon you. For I hope it has perfectly cured you of the distemper of *Anachronism*, to which you was very subject, and which might justly be counted *chronical*. And it is with pleasure I observe, that in this very *Letter*, you have told two stories, one concerning the *Mountebank* in *Lincoln’s-inn fields*, and the other about the *Colliers* and *Sailors* at *Wapping*; without mentioning the least circumstance of time, to render them anachronical: tho’ in the latter, the circumstance of the *sailors white shirts* is not altogether so natural, as the black ones of the *colliers*.

I wish you had forborn a third story, which you tell in the following manner. ‘I am credibly informed, there is a *Treaty* now depending between some certain *Anti-courtiers* and the *Author* of the *Anodyne Necklace*; so that I despair not to see some *Dissertations* come from that ingenious hand, against *evil Counsellors*;

‘ *Counsellors*; and given *gratis* up one pair of stairs, tag’d with some Advertisements of *pills, potions, or sugar-plumbs*, that may be of sovereign efficacy against *bad measures, taxes, and corruption*.—— This story seems a little inconsistent with the account given a little before, by a friend of *Zany Foo*, (as you archly call him) which you own to be true. ‘ *Our Papers are in all hands, and not half of our readers ever see, or will read any thing written against us*.—— If these *Papers are in all hands*, can they be dispersed into more? If they sell so well, is it probable, that there is a Treaty about giving them away *gratis*? Are the Grubean Authors, who are over head and ears in debt, in a proper condition to be so generous? *Such a Treaty is more improbable, than any secret Treaty whatsoever, that has been entered into these twenty years*.

The representing of Doctor ANODYNE as disaffected to the Government is, I believe, a great piece of injustice; and may be attended with very ill consequences. For since, as he himself assures us, his Necklace is worn by all the Children of France, his interest with their most Christian Majesties may justly be supposed to be very considerable. And therefore it was not prudent to put an indignity upon so eminent a person, which may possibly more inflame their royal resentments against us, at this critical juncture.—— I would therefore advise you to set all right with the Doctor, as soon as possible, and to make an agreement with him, to take in weekly five hundred *Hyp-Doctors*, paid for by yourself, to be given *gratis* by the Gentlewoman up one pair of stairs. In this I don’t doubt but that all of you will find your account. A Paper against the disaffected party will be propagated; the *Hyp-Doctor’s* learning and loyalty will be encouraged; and tho’ the *Anodyne Doctor* may dispose of fewer *pills* and *potions*, while he disperses his brother’s; yet, really I believe, that loss will be fully made up by the sale of his *sugar-plumbs*, extremely proper to be taken after such nauseous doses. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,  
ELKANAH CONUNDRUM.

M.

S I R,

**T**H E noble and ancient Society of St—es-Inn, having lately transform'd their Hall into a Church, a friend of mine, who would willingly be thought a brother of yours, wrote upon that occasion the following description off hand : if you think there is any true Grubean spirit in it, let it have a place in your next Paper ; if not, commit it to the flames. I am,  
*Holborn, July .* Sir, your admirer, and  
 10, 1731. most humble servant, *B. A.*

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
 Corpora.* OVID.

Near Holborn-bars, that dismal place,  
 Which leads to shame and foul disgrace ;  
 To Tyburn-tree, that grim triangle,  
 Where little rogues so often dangle ;  
 There stands a little Inn of Court, 5  
 Where crowds of wiseacres resort,  
 To plunge into the rav'nous maw  
 Of that fell monster call'd the Law.

Within this Inn there is a Hall,  
 \* Where noisy L—y—rs us'd to bawl, 10  
 Dispute and lye, as some folks think,  
 But oftener much to eat and drink ;  
 Which lifts its shatter'd head, so humble,  
 As if 'twou'd ev'ry moment tumble.

Of this the Muse a change shall tell : 15  
 Apollo grant she do it well.

Fam'd OVID, if you please to look,  
 Has not one such in all his book ;  
 Tho' once he told us of a yeoman,  
 (If I mistake not) nam'd *Philemon* ; 20  
 Whom saints from heav'n, to play their farce 'on,  
 Did metamorphose to a parson ;  
 And as he lov'd religion well,  
 Into a Church transform'd his cell.

Strange

\* 10, 11, 12. The Society Law-matters ; and in Term  
 us'd to dispute here about time to dine in commons.

Strange is that tale : but something stranger 25  
 Is this I tell, the sudden change here :  
 And yet 'tis truer ; therefore better,  
 As well in matter, as in metre.

This Hall, at first for Law design'd,  
 To Gospel now with age inclin'd, 30  
 (A place, which once some play'd the knave in,  
 They now pretend their souls to save in,  
 Transform'd to \* Church without a steeple,  
 Hopes by the pray'rs of Christian people,  
 In its late years it may atone 35  
 For ills, which here in youth were done,  
 Thus some old rake, by age and poxes,  
 Forc'd to give o'er amours and doxies,  
 Turns faint, t'escape old Satan's clutches,  
 And hopes to get to heav'n on crutches. 40

But to proceed by just degrees :  
 The board, where clients paid their fees,  
 On which were shar'd great sums of wealth,  
 As robbers share their gains from stealth,  
 A pulpit grew. — Its love of gain 45  
 May it not thus transform'd retain ;  
 Nor the learn'd priest refuse to preach,  
 Unless the cash is in his reach.

The table too, as I'm a sinner,  
 On which was dish'd up many a dinner, 50  
 Converted now to desk appears,  
 And fills no longer mouths, but ears.  
 For there the Clerk to dismal note  
 With Sternhold's rimes extends his throat ;  
 Which all their teeth on edge do set, 55  
 And to their stomachs give a whet.

Howe'er this Song of godly fort,  
 Tho' 'tis not very sweet, is short.  
 The desk of roast-meat smells so strong,  
 It makes the Clerk for dinner long, 60  
 And call a single staff in haste,  
 That what he smells he soon may taste.

Within

\* It is not call'd by the Society which we seldom see without a steeple;  
 a Chapel, but a Church;

Within this Hall each corner-hole,  
 Where many a merry, mellow soul  
 For private purposes withdrew, 65  
 Is now converted to a pew ;  
 In which preserv'd by former stains,  
 The same narcotic pow'r remains.  
 And as with meat and wine oppress,  
 Some here oft lay compos'd to rest : 70  
 So now with pray'rs and sermons, more,  
 To faster sleep compos'd, more.

And as with clock each Church is grac'd :  
 So o'er this door an old one plac'd,  
 Which us'd to shew the time of eating, 75  
 Now tells the hour of solemn meeting ;  
 Summons the L—y—rs here to pray'rs ;  
 Confirms the truths the priest declares,  
 That time is short, and fix'd our doom ;  
 That death will soon like *Bailiff* come ; 80  
*Arrest* e'en Bums in retribution,  
 Bring *judgment* on, and *execution* ;  
 Attended with the dismal doom  
 Of some infernal dungeon's gloom ;  
 Where fast *lock'd down*, chain'd hands and feet, 85  
 Much worse than prisoners in the *Fleet* ;  
 They'll see all hopes of freedom vain,  
 Themselves us'd worse, if they complain ;  
 Find Gaolers more and more uncivil,  
 And B——ge nothing to the Devil. 90

But L—y—rs, careless of their end,  
 Nor without interest us'd to lend,  
 Will not vouchsafe to lend an ear  
 To all the preacher threatens here.

In words of Sacred Writ we're told, 95  
 That once, among the Jews of old,  
 (And since, I fear, the same has been  
 'Mongst Jewish Christians often seen)  
 The *House of God* a *Den* was made,  
 Where *Thieves*, like L—y—rs, drove a trade : 100  
 But now we see a change more odd,  
 A *Den* of *Th—s* turn'd *House of God*.

NEWS

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Aug. 7. We hear, that Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Stuart, and Dr. Halland, have viewed, to their satisfaction, three patients cured of the foul disease, without salivation, by the way of unctions, by Vincent Wing; and it is hoped it will prevent Gentlemen going abroad only to be cured of that distemper. DAILY JOURNAL.—— *I think they will do much better, if they stay, and receive extreme unction at home.*

MONDAY, Aug. 9. Colonel Armstrong has received orders to visit the fortifications of Dover castle, and also of the several other castles on the coasts of Essex, Kent, and Surrey. DAILY POST.—— *Tho' there are no coasts in Surrey, there are as many fortified castles there, as in Sussex.*

Paris, Aug. 5. Mademoiselle de Clermont, sister to the Duke of Bourbon is very ill of a swelling in her stomach, occasioned through a defect in her breast. DAILY POST.—— *This swelling through a defect in the breast, I am assured, was occasioned through a defect in the brain of the translator.*

TUESDAY, Aug. 10. Yesterday morning about 4, Mr. William Green was privately interr'd in a vault amongst the poor in the Chapel church yard, in the Broad-way, Westminster. POST-BOX.—— *He chose to be privately interred in the Broad way amongst the Poor; and would not have even his corpse be carried in the broad way among the Rich, with the vain pageantry of a pompous funeral.*

On saturday a butcher's son in Leadenhall-market offered some unhandsome action to a servant-maid, and she in a passion took up a cleaver, and gave him such a cut across the leg, that it is thought it must be cut off. WHITEHALL EVENING-POST.—— *My brother Conundrum say'd on this occasion, that tho' the maid was in a passion, yet she acted very cleverly.*

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 11. Yesterday the hon. Artillery company of the city of London appeared under arms, it being their Barns's march, when a fine exercise of arms was performed by the Cripplegate and Hanoverian grenadiers. DAILY JOURNAL.—— *One company of the*

*the Foot-guards would perform a much finer exercise with these Hanoverian grenadiers, and make them all belong to Cripple-gate.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug. 11.*

S I R,

*Aug 2, 1731.*

**I** AM a poor man that get my bread by selling of Pamphlets, Daily Papers, Journals, &c. and am often visited by a great number of your Society, who take it for granted, that they may sit three or four hours reading my Papers for nothing. Nay, sometimes they have the confidence to borrow them, and never return them again. Pray, Mr. BAVIUS, inform me, if it be an order of your Society, that every member shall read in a Pamphlet-shop, as long as he pleases, without paying; if not, pray let this exorbitance be restrained by a particular order; of which, that no body may plead ignorance, it shall be put up in the most conspicuous part of my shop, by,

Sir, Your and the Society's most humble servant,

PETER SQUIB.

We think, that every member of our Society ought to have this privilege, provided he will openly claim it such, upon his first entrance into the shop.

Renowned GRUB,

*July 30, 1731.*

**S**INCE I am thought considerable enough (as my brother ORATOR expresses it) to be made part of the Subject of your illustrious *Journal*; it may not be improper to give some account of myself, my education, and how I came to set up an *Oratory*. I was born in the Highlands of Scotland; and tho' blind from my cradle, I enjoy'd that native gift of my country call'd (if I may so express it) second sight. My education also was according to the customs of the Highlands: for I got a smattering of Latin. With these qualifications, after various adventures, I arriv'd at London, just at the death of my renown'd country-man DUNCAN CAMPBELL. I embrac'd the happy opportunity of shewing my native talent of being a conferrer;

rea; and lived a good while by telling fortunes, chiefly to inquisitive maids both young and old. But lately finding by my occult science, that there was a very famous man whom I might rival, I began seriously to consider, whether from my own abilities I might in the least hope for success. His action, elocution, and the *language of his eyes* (as I hear he calls it) I valued not; but, when I considered him as a Linguist and Grammarian, I was quite dismayed. Grammar I was unacquainted with; and as for languages knew only a little Latin by rote, and some broken English: but you soon demonstrated to me (for your *Journals* are every thursday even read to me by my wife) that notwithstanding the noise he had made of his knowledge in those respects, he was almost as ignorant as myself; even as to English, tho' he chanted it a little more melodiously. *His consideratis*, I immediately set up an *Oratory*; and, as *è minimis maxima*, I only at present entertain an itinerant audience on sunday evenings, but hope shortly to succeed in a neighbouring *Oratory*: which if I do, I promise that I will have no yearly subscription, my seats shall be always free, and I shall be always your devoted humble servant and brother,

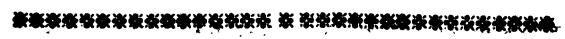
The BLIND ORATOR, P. G.

EPIGRAM occasioned by Mr. ORATOR's complaint of being abused.

On all sides 'tis agreed, that learn'd H——LY's ill us'd;  
 Yet none e'er, but himself, will affirm he's abus'd.  
 'Tis ill usage, when eggs at the pilory we hurl:  
 But it is no abuse of Sir PETER, of C——L.



No 85. THURSDAY, August 19.



**I**N the first page is the beginning of a *Letter*, in answer to *The Traditions of the Clergy destructive of Religion*, &c. A Sermon preach'd at the Visitation *bold*



A F A B L E.

**A** Pert young Daw, trick'd up with various plumes  
\* Dropt from a Peacock's tail, his airs assumes.  
Then mixing with his tribe, the sawcy Jack  
Inveighs against them all, because they're black.  
Him thus haranguing, in his full career,  
A brother interrupted with a sneer.

Hadst thou, in borrow'd finery array'd;  
Mongst birds of other kind, thy parts display'd;  
Thus oddly dight, thou mightst have made them wonder,  
Who could not know thy head and tail-asunder.  
Thy learned speech, without or head or tail  
They might have lik'd, well pleas'd to hear thee rail.  
For us, with all this insolence desy'd,  
Who know thy malice, ignorance, and pride,  
With scorn thy stolln, old trumpery we view:  
To us thy impudence alone is new.

M.

BAVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 86. THURSDAY, August 26.



**I**N the first page, and part of the second, Mr. BOW-  
MAN'S *Sermon* is ridiculed.

VERSES to be prefix'd to the next Edition of Dr. AR-  
BUTHNOT'S Book of Aliments.

**P**ROVOK'd by CHEYNE'S silly books,  
Writ meerly out of spight to cooks,  
I was resolv'd to shew, that Man,  
E'er since this world of ours began,  
Was always form'd to chew his vittle:  
Else what a plague's the use of spittle?

5

Were

\* A great part of Mr. Bowman's *Sermon* was taken from *The Rights of the Christ. Ch.* and *The Independent Wbig.*

Were these brave grinders in my head,  
 Plac'd only to crack nuts, champ bread?  
 Young children, teeth who yet have none,  
 And old, whose sett are loose or gone; 10  
 Whose gums or stumps can't master beef,  
 From milk and broth may find relief.

But \* *See ye now*, I'd rather stand,  
 To be by CHEYNE's own rough hand  
 Cut clean, as ABELARD of old; 15  
 And trust in stories that are told,  
 Of finding boys in parsley-bed,  
 Than heed the whims of his fat head.  
 For, to give my opinion plainly,  
 I think the action not so man'y, 20  
 Which mortals use in propagation,  
 As that perform'd by mastication.

'Tis noble to devour an ox;  
 'Tis fine to shear, then eat the flocks;  
 To drain a lake, then catch the fish; 25  
 To put a wild boar in a dish;  
 To ransack woods, but not for nuts,  
 There's pheasants, woodcocks with their guts.

With gins, and nets, and various arts,  
 (Here chiefly Man displays his parts) 30  
 We conquer every living thing,  
 And then sit round them in a ring.  
 By cooks and cook-maids half digested,  
 Of twenty forts (when unmolested)

I've eat at once. — Now for my Book, 35  
 If into its design you look,

You'll plainly find, that different men  
 Ask different aliment. — What then?  
 Why then 'tis certain you're not able  
 To gratify six guests at table, 40  
 Without you furnish at the least  
 Nine dishes, and those of the best,  
 At every course: three courses too  
 Must be allow'd, else it won't do.

For tho' here's one plays off at first; 45  
 Another's stomach would be burst,  
 If he went on but half so fast,  
 He's nice, and love. to chew and taste;

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M

And

\* A common expression of the *Doctor's*.

And then your true right trencher-men  
Will eat, and talk, and eat again.

50

Mind then my precepts, eat of all you can,  
And use this great prerogative of man.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug. 25.*

Those diversions, which were formerly the entertainment only of the good people of England, assembled in Smithfield during the time of Bartholomew-fair; having, by the great industry and ingenuity of some of our members, been introduced with such success upon our two great Theatres, as to become for several years the favourite entertainments of the Town; the Stage, out of gratitude, sends back those diversions yearly, with new improvements, to entertain the good people of England, in that very place to which they owe their original. And as these diversions are generally advertised in degrading prose, in the common News-papers, for money; Mr. DOGREL, inspired with a just indignation, as well as by his Muse, generously presented the following account of the Dramatic Pieces acted this season in the five great Theatrical Booths; admirably set forth in heroic verse, answerable to the dignity of the subject.

I. At the great Theatrical Booth, call'd LEE and HARPER'S,

*The only one, they say, that is free from sharpers,  
An excellent new Droll wi'l dayly be presented,  
Call'd GUY Earl of Warwick, with which all will be contented.*

*For it shews, what perils he underwent for fair PHILLIS's love;*

*How he kill'd the monstrous Dun Cow, which on Dunsmore heath did rove,*

*And eke the dreadful Dragon, and the Giant COLEBRAND;*

*And then rescu'd fair PHILLIS from a Tower; which with brand*

*The Giant's servant had set on fire, in order to burn her,  
Because with all their fraud and force they could not turn her*

*From*

**N<sup>o</sup> 86. of GRUB-STREET, 1731. 123**

*From loving GUY Earl of Warwick, that magnanimous hero.*

To which are added, the Comical distresses of GUY's servant ROGERO.

II. At the great Theatrical Booth of MILLER, MILLS and OATES,

A new Opera is shewn, in new scenes, gowns and coats:  
The Banish'd General 'tis call'd, or, The distressed Lovers,

And now is proper to be seen by all inconstant rovers.  
With all the humours comical, *both in mirth, and in dudgeon,*

Of Squire NICOD. HOBBLE-WALLOP, and of his rare man GUDGEON.

III. At the great Theatrical Booth of FIELDING, HIPPLISLEY, and HALL,

A new Dramatic Opera will be shewn *to great and small*;  
The Emperor of China, Grand Volgi, (*by our Court much regarded*)

Or, The Constant Couple *made happy*, and Virtue rewarded:

Written by the great Author of the Generous Free-Mason,

*A greater Author, or Actors you never did gaze on.*

With the Comical humours of Squire Shallow, *that great lobby,*

In his Treaties of marriage, &c. and of his man Robin Booby.

Intermixt with variety of songs, *and strange fancies,*  
Set to old *famous* Ballad tunes, and with Country dances.

IV. At YEATES's great Booth, which Cow-lane now faces.

Will be perform'd *with wonderful grimaces,*  
*And seen, we hope; e'er long by one and all,*

An Opera Tragi—Comi—Farcical.

The Generous Free Mason it is nam'd,

Or, Constant Lady, *for her beauty fam'd*:

Together with the humours of Squire NOODLE,

And those more comic of his servant DOODLE.

*Note, in the Songs true men and women join,*

*And not, as usual bore, cows, sheep, and swine.*

A curious piece of fine Machinery,  
 Moving by clock work, brought from Italy,  
 Here never shewn before, *is shewn beside,*  
 Which is full nine foot high, and eight foot wide ;  
 Above three hundred figures move to view,  
 In manner *wonderful*, intirely new.

V. At the great Booth Theatrical of BULLOCK,  
 (*Pray, Gentlemen, stop here, and take a full look.*  
*The' Bullocks twice a week assemble here ;*  
*This famous Bullock 's seen but once a year.*  
*In bulls, cows, calves here then is driv'n a trade :*  
*Now Bulls by Cows and Calves are hourly made.*)  
 Here you may see display'd in Tragic state  
 The London Merchant, or George Barnwell's fate :  
 A Tale, *which told in neither verse, nor prose,*  
 Discloses such a scene of real woes,  
 As, *if your hearts are tender, needs must fit ye,*  
 And make your eyes distill in drops of pity.  
 But not on such sad things too long to dwell,  
 Our Flora's Opera, or Hob in Well,  
 Will every mother please, and giggling daughter,  
 And make them all *weep* — *themselves with laughter.*  
 Your passions thus through both your eyes shall flow  
 In drops above, or run in streams below.  
 For nature still, when e'er too closely pent,  
 At one, or t'other end, will find a vent.

M.

An unanswerable Argument in the Advertisement from  
 the *Oratory*, printed in *Fog's Journal*, and in the *Lon-*  
*don Evening-Post* last saturday. — N. B. 2. If any  
 ' thing ill be said of me, I am not the Person. J. HEN-

LEY' — *This argument is built upon this undeniable*  
*proposition, That J. HENLEY is not himself.*



N<sup>o</sup> 87. THURSDAY, September 2.



**I**N the first and second pages is a Continuation of the \* *Letter* in answer to *The Traditions of the Clergy destructive, &c.* concluding thus, — At present, tho' far be it from me (as I am exceeding zealous for good breeding) to call Mr. BOWMAN any names, yet I cannot forbear subjoining a few Verses, which I remember to have heard several years since, and that upon a *Sermon*; the subject of which too was very nearly akin to *this*, and preached and printed by one who shall be nameless, because he is *dead*. Others had gone about to prove, that the *Church* has no power at all; and he, resolving to go beyond them, would shew, that the *State* likewise has none in matters of Religion. The lines are these: and Mr. BOWMAN, and your readers may make what use of them they think fit.

No right or pow'r on earth, thou say'st, is giv'n,  
To punish vice, and guard the laws of heav'n.  
This villain doctrine, and the sacred page,  
Wrested by thee, provoke our pious rage.  
Wretch! What, we cry, could move thee to declare,  
Against mankind and God, this monstrous war?

M 3.

But:

\* This *Letter* was soon after published under this title, *Grub street versus Bowman*; being a full and proper Answer to the Yorkshire Vicar's late scurrilous and illiterate Invective against the Clergy; printed partly in the *Grub-street Journal*, No. 85 and 87, and now augmented with very large additions. Particularly, an *Appendix*, containing several Passages taken

from *The Rights of the Christian Church*, and *The Independent Whig*, set opposite to several in Mr. Bowman's *Pamphlet*; and likewise several Copies of Verses. To all which is prefixed a *Dedication*, not to the Lord Bishop of London, nor to any other Lord Bishop, but to a much greater Person (in his own Union) Mr. Bowman himself. Price 6 d.

But when we view thy ignorant impudence,  
 Thy aukward, dull, unletter'd want of sense;  
 Thy idiot reasonings, and thy blund'ring vein;  
 Our anger ceases, all is calm again:  
 With pity we regard the worthless tool;  
 And spare the ROGUE, because we scorn the POOL.

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Aug. 27. On monday night last, about 11 o' clock, the rev. Mr. Orator Henley was attacked by two street-robbers, but he made so brave a defence, that the rogues thought fit to make off. DAILY JOURNAL.—At the request of my brother Conundrum, I subjoin the two following lines:

*Illiterate rogues! who thus attack'd th' Orator :.  
 Cantab it vacuus coram latrone viator. M.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 1.

The following *Verses* are published, to shew how some of our members retain their wit and humour under the loss of their liberty; and that their spirits can no more be confined, much less totally suppressed, than the subject here celebrated.

An elderly Lady, whose bulky, squat figure,  
 By hoop and white damask was render'd much bigger;  
 One sun-shiny day to the *Fleet* did repair,  
 To shew her fine dress, 'mong the *Beaux of the Bars*.  
 Her mien and behaviour, so aukward and queer,  
 Gaus'd much admiration, but 'twas with a sneer;  
 At length the fly Gibbers burst into loud laughter;  
 Away waddled Madam,—and they hurry'd after.  
 To recover her fan dropt in anger and haste,  
 She stoop'd down, and let fly a loud pestilent blast.  
 All stopp'd short in surprize, not expecting behind  
 Such a poisonous shaft of the Parthian kind.  
 EWELL open the door, cries out one of the crowd:  
 Shut it close: lock it fast; cries another more loud.  
 Says a third, Stop the key-hole, when away you have  
 sent her,  
 Lest in fumes like the present, her sprite shou'd re-enter.  
 Tho' the *scent* still remains, yet the *game* you can't  
 follow:  
 She came in with a *boop*, and went out with a *balloo*.



No 88. THURSDAY, September 9.

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*Manet altâ mente repostum.* VIRG. Æn. I.

*An Account of the great Victory at Sea, obtained over the Spanish Fleet, by the English, under the command of Sir GEORGE BYNG in the year 1718: written by an Officer then on board the Barfleur.*

**W**E set sail from Spithead, June 2, 1718, with a squadron of 22 men of war, under the command of Sir GEORGE BYNG, who hoisted the union flag at the main top-mast head, on board of his Majesty's ship the Barfleur. We proceeded without any considerable adventure to the Streights mouth; and without going into Gibraltar made the best of our way to Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca: where the Governor inform'd our Admiral, that the Spanish fleet was sail'd for Palermo, intending for Messina, (both in Sicily) and from thence for Naples. But Admiral BYNG, according to the marine proverb, that *a stern chase is a long chase*, did not chuse to follow them, but rather to meet them; and made the best of his way for Naples, and went to the southward of Sardinia, between that island and Sicily; but saw nothing of the Spanish fleet.

In our passage from Sardinia to Naples, having sea-room and fine weather, the Admiral, willing to exercise his ships and men, made a signal for the line. And it was wonderfully pleasant to see, how readily they were all in a right line, one a-stern of another, with the wind upon the beam; and immediately all a-breast of one another before the wind; and by another signal, all upon a wind with one tack aboard, and by the next signal about ship, and the other tacks aboard, &c. which was immediately perform'd, and with the greatest



est exactness. Then we parted into two squadrons, and form'd an engagement, with every man at his quarters, and all the actions and motions, according to the signal made by the Admiral to the other ships, or the word of command given in his own, as if it had been a real engagement with an enemy: and all to try the readiness of the officers and men to exercise according to signals made, and orders given, and to prevent surprize or confusion, in case of a real attack.

This done, we proceeded for Naples: where the Viceroy by firing guns, and the common people by making bonfires, &c express'd their satisfaction at our arrival in the bay. The Viceroy further confirm'd it on his part, by making us a present of so much fresh beef and wine, as to amount to every foremast-man a piece and a bottle, and to every midship-man two, &c. in proportion to the station of the sailors.

From Naples we stood to the southward, between the Calabrian coast and the island of Stromboli; and came to an anchor off of Melazzo, on the north coast of Sicily, and a little to the westward of the Fare of Messina, or the streight that lies between Calabria and Sicily: where our Admiral had intelligence, that the Spanish fleet, consisting of 27 men of war, was gone from Palermo through the Fare to the southward; and that the Marquis DE LEDE, the Spanish general was then at Messina, which town the Spaniards had newly taken, but the citty still held out; against which the Spaniards had two batteries of cannon now playing. Admiral BING dispatch'd a proper person to Messina to the Marquis: but whatsoever the message, or the answer might be, the consequence was, that our fleet was order'd to weigh anchor the next morning, as soon as day-light would permit. Accordingly on the 30th of July, we stood into the Fare of Messina: and as the Spanish batteries were then lying against the citadel of Messina, our Admiral brought the fleet into a line, our guns loaded, and all hands at quarters, at the starboard guns, in case the Spaniards from the batteries had attack'd us in our passage: but they did not, though we stood as close to the shore as the depth of water would permit.

Being

Being past them, and having heard, that the Spanish fleet was gone to the southward towards Cape Passaro; we stood away to the southward, the Admiral making a signal for the Superbe, the Charles-galley, the Kent, and the Essex to chase a-head, to look out for the Spanish fleet; and in case the head-most ship came in sight of them, to let the Admiral know it by a signal appointed; which was, that the ship that first made the Spanish fleet, should let fly her top-gallant sheets, which the Superbe, being head-most, did, towards evening: upon which, orders were given to crowd all the sail we could for that night.

And here I cannot forbear observing, how diverting it was to over-hear the debates that happen'd amongst the fore-mast men. Some, who would but the day before hold any wager, that we should not fire a gun in anger, have now quite different sentiments, and are not only fighting, but taking the Spanish ships. Some, that had got wine, brandy, or London beer, inviting their mess-mates to participate as long as it lasted, lest the bottles should be broke, and the liquor spilt in the engagement. And some of the wisest, who had lists of the Spanish fleet, with their number of men and guns, &c. went so far as to determine how many we should take; and also to calculate what every man's share of the prize-money would amount to, and how much ready money they could sell it for at Portsmouth and Gosport.

Having crowded sail all night, we found as the day approach'd, July 31, we advanced nearer to the Spanish fleet; and perceiv'd as if they were making for a line: whereupon our Admiral made a signal for the line also. But they immediately separated into two bodies: of which the smallest part stood towards Syracuse; and the rest toward the south-east. Upon this, Admiral BYNG dispatch'd Commodore MATTHEWS in the Grafton, with a detachment of our ships, to cruise towards the coast of Sicily: the main body of our fleet standing after the main body of theirs; with orders, that the first of our ships that came up with any of theirs, should fire a salute, viz. a gun with powder only, and to leeward, or on the contrary side; and that

that if the Admiral saw reason to engage, the *Barfleur's* head chase should be fired as a signal.

The Argyle man of war was the first that came up with one of the Spaniards; and as soon as he came along his side, fir'd his salute to leeward, according to order. But whether the Spaniard mistook the salute, or had a mind to understand that compliment as a challenge, he fired a broadside upon the Argyle, which was the first shot fired. Upon which the *Barfleur's* head chase was fir'd as a signal for our fleet to engage: and then every English ship apply'd himself to the Spaniard he could most conveniently come at; the Argyle fired his broadside: and now it may be said the engagement is begun.

Upon this, our Admiral made a signal for the *Kent* and *Superbe* to chase the Spanish Admiral *CASTIGNARA*, in the *Grand Philip*. And the *Kent*, which was the first that came up with him, attack'd him to leeward; while the *Superbe* kept his luff, and got to windward of him, and lay by at a distance to wait the event of the *Kent's* engagement: for they could not both engage him at once, on contrary sides, lest their random shot should damage each other. But the *Kent*, tho' he had weaken'd him, yet not able to take him, bore away; and the *Superbe* bore down, engaged him afresh, and after a short conflict took him; struck his white flag, and sent it aboard of the *Barfleur*, as a certain testimony of his victory. The *Dorsetshire* man of war engag'd the *Santa Rosa*; but night coming on, they both lay by, and when day light advanc'd, the *Dorsetshire* renew'd the attack, and after a short dispute made her his prize.

We took 12 Spanish ships of the line, one store-ship laden with arms, and three laden with provisions. We also burnt three men of war, two fire-ships, two bomb-vessels, and a fattee; without any considerable damage to any one of our own ships. The *Barfleur*, who was attack'd by two Spanish ships at a time, had but one man kill'd, the *Dorsetshire* none; the *Superbe*, who took the Spanish Admiral, had only five men kill'd; and the *Grafton*, who lost the most, lost only thirteen.

It

It may be thought strange, that we should take and burn so many Spanish ships, not losing one of our own, and with so inconsiderable a loss of men. But if we compare the several circumstances on both sides, our wonder will cease. For by our Admiral's conduct in exercising his men before-hand, we had scarce one useless man in the fleet; and our resolution to fight upon the first signal, gave us a great advantage over our adversaries. On the other hand, the confusion the Spaniards were in at the first sight of us, was very great; and so was their mismanagement in pointing their guns. To this we may add the weight of our metal, to act on the offensive part; and the weakness of their ships, to act on the defensive. All this made it no great difficulty to break into their fleet; which when we had done, and taken some of their ships, it was reasonable to judge, that if their once united fleet could not withstand us, it was in vain for their scatter'd remains to attempt it.

Our orders were, that in case we should be separated by engaging (as indeed it happen'd) the bay of Syracuse should be the place of rendezvous; to which place we all made the best of our way, as soon as the engagement was over: where, in a small time, we made up our fleet, with the prizes and prisoners we had taken, who after a few days lying there were disposed of according to the Admiral's orders.

E P I G R A M.

H—L—Y the rostrum mounts—displays his hand —  
 Settles his scarf ———and well adjusts his band———  
 With front elate surveys the pious dames———  
 Then — challenges them all, — 't'oppose his themes—  
 But silent all.——Our Orator, more bold,  
 Past doubt proves *old are young, and young are old.*  
 What all desire, how learned he defends!  
 How bravely boasts a conquest, none contends!  
 So DIMMOCK, champion fam'd, in haughty mood,  
 With ardent eyes surveys the gaping crowd:  
 With visage stern his gauntlet down he throws;  
 And boasts a victory, where he meets no foes.

From

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 8.

The following *Epitaph* on Mr. FORD, supposed to be made by Mr. H——y, and printed in one of the last week's Papers, was read :

FORD is not dead, but sleepeth; spare his fame, I charge ye,  
One ounce of Mother wit is worth a pound of Clergy.

Upon this Mr. MAEVIUS say'd, he had formerly heard of a Disputation at the Oratory between two learned divines; and would willingly be informed by the Orator, whether there was most of *Mother-wit* or *Clergy* in it: for which reason he had comprized the whole in two verses.

A DISPUTATION at the Oratory.

Brother H—— Thy Pifs-pot? — Answer quick; never faulter.

There 'tis, Brother F——. It stands under the Altar.

Paris, Sept. 8. N. S.

On the thirtieth the King to the Dog-kennel went,  
Where *Maurice* Count of Saxe did his Majesty present  
With seven Swedish horses, coal black, and very small,  
Being not an inch more than two foot and a half tall.  
To a Phaeton they were put, which the Count himself drove:

And whilst round the Court-yard they did several times  
move,

The Courtiers were all pleas'd at the sight of this thing;  
And no wonder they were, for it pleas'd the King.

Of these horses so strange there were eight at the first:

But one of them is dead, I hope it was the worst.

They're design'd for the Dauphin, but are not to be seen

By *Monseigneur*, 'till brought to the sight of the Queen:

When the Phaeton's made, and the harnesses new;

The first gilded with gold; the last of velvet blue.

M.

COURANT and POST-BOY, Sept. 2.



N<sup>o</sup> 89. THURSDAY, September 16.

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**T**HE first Piece is *Scruples concerning the suitability and consistency of the Epic Manners in HOMER's Odyſſey*: which is followed by a Defence of the common reading in *Paradise Lost*, Book I. Ver. 157.

An EPISTLE from Dr. J. M——E to Dr. J. H——Y.

**D**OCTOR, 'tis strange, that you pretend to cure  
A sad disease, which you are forc'd t' endure.

Were I not free from worms that plague the belly,  
I'd ne'er pretend for such a cure to tell ye.

With all my skill, I ne'er was yet so vain, 5  
To advertise 'gainst worms that haunt the brain;

Those worms, which, crawling round your *Dura mater*,  
A POET form'd, HYP. DOCTOR, and ORATOR.

In all these three respects, that proverb true,  
*Physician heal thyself's* apply'd to you. 10

Thy *Lectures, Postills, Essays, Syllogisms*,  
Flow all from *Hypochondriac paroxysms*.

Strange it may seem, that one so pert and gay  
Should groan beneath dull *Hypo's* dismal sway.

But I in *daily Advertisements* show, 15  
That *Hypochondriac* ills from *scurvy* flow;

And all the Town, which thou hast play'd thy farce on,  
Declare thou seem'st a very *scurvy* P——n.

When in the *Daily Post*, so near each other,  
We stood, that thou wast look'd on as my brother; 20

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Why

Ver. 15. See Dr. M——e's  
*Advertisement in the Daily*  
*Post of this day*. 'The Hy-  
pochondriac and Hysteric  
illnesses have their source  
from the scurvy.'

Ver. 19. Dr. M——e and  
Dr. H——y advertised in

the *Daily Post*, till towards  
the end of last year, when an  
unhappy dispute arose about  
pre-eminence; in which the  
former having gained the ad-  
vantage, the latter has ever  
since advertised in the *Daily*  
*Journal*.

Why didst thou think an honour a disgrace;  
 And proudly envy my superior place?  
 Why would thy vain ambition higher soar?  
 'Twas fame enough to stand next Doctor M——e.  
 In that dispute, had not my better pay, 25  
 As in most other cases, won the day;  
 My age, skill, learning, and success might claim  
 The due precedence for my greater name.

E'er yet the name of ORATOR was known;  
 Mine long had fill'd the Country and the Town. 30  
 Not like *white powder* mine, which makes no noise,  
 And like a *silent hypocrite* destroys;  
 But like the *black, sulphureous grain*, my Powder  
 Kills more, and raises a report much louder:  
 More worms it kills, I mean: whilst all around 35  
 Britannia's distant towns my fame resound.

Of wondrous cures still proofs I bring to view:  
 Of thine thou ne'er one single proof couldst shew.  
 A certain person, with, or without name  
 Adds daily augmentation to my fame. 40  
 In nicest elegance of words array'd,  
 Are symptoms, remedies, and cures display'd:  
 Not like the dull, low, incoherent story  
 In quibbles advertis'd from *Oratory*.  
 I leave the world to make a just assizement 45  
 Of either's parts by either's *Advertisement*.

If thus hard push'd you vainly now should boast,  
 To gain in poetry what in prose you've lost;  
 You'll still be bit: for I've invoc'd APOLLO:  
 He comes: —and lo! a train of Rimes here follow. 50  
 With all his spirit he inspires my lays;  
 And smiling crowns my head with double bays.  
 He gave the certain Art to cure, or kill;  
 And whilst I write these lines, he guides my quill.  
 And all the Town will own, I'll lay a tester, 55  
 That this Epistle's better than *Queen Esther*.  
 See! how my sense in easy numbers flows;  
 My language rising, as my fancy glows:  
 How bright this burns! how pure is that, refin'd!  
 Leaving the *caput mortuum* all behind. 60

Ver. 39. See the Doctor's as we are informed in Mr.  
*Advertisements.* H——y's Life, was written  
 Ver. 56. A Poem, which, by him, and printed.

'Not so thy sense : like snail, to rime a slave,  
 It creeps slow, slimy o'er thy brother's grave.  
 FORD is not dead, but sleepeth; spare his fame, I charge ye.  
 One ounce of Mother-wit is worth a pound of Clergy.  
 Did not the joke at last the Clergy hit, 65  
 In both these lines there's not one dram of wit.  
 Just so the jointed worm, that from my powder flies,  
 Crawls from its Mother-filth, comes forth, and stinks, and  
 dies.

All this proceeds from *Hypochondriac* dream,  
 The cause of chillness in the parts extream; 70  
 Of which the head is one. When *scurvy* seizes  
 The brain, it brings the *Hypo* as it pleases.  
 'Twas that brought this on thee: the symptoms mind :  
 'Tis half the cure the true disease to find.

The *scurvy's* symptoms I will make as plain, 75  
 As that whate'er thou dost, thou dost for gain.  
 The *Lympha-scurvy* still perverts, and so  
 Proves to the nervous system mortal foe :  
 O'er the whole body hence extends its reign,  
 Sinks to the feet, and rises to the brain. 80

Persons *scorbutic*, when the moon's at full,  
 Feel sense of weight, and pain obscure and dull.  
 Too rav'nous, or too languid's th' appetite ;  
 Both heavy ills when e'er the pocket's light.

When once an ORATOR *scorbutic* opes 85  
 His mouth, in fine rhetoric flow'rs and tropes ;  
 His gums, so liable to ulcerous tumor,  
 Void either saltish blood, or serous humor.

N 2

You

Ver. 63. Epitaph upon Mr. Ford, in the *Hyp-Doctor*, 38.  
 Ver. 70. See the Advertisement in the *Daily Post*.  
 'Is the cause of chillness in the extream parts.'  
 Ver. 77. 'The *Scurvy* perverts the *Lympha*, and is a mortal enemy to the nervous System.'  
 Ver. 81. 'Scorbutic persons  
 ' are troubled with sense of weight, and a dull obscure pain.'  
 Ver. 83. 'The appetite is either too stimulating or too languid'  
 Ver. 87. 'The gums are liable to excrescencies, swellings, and ulcers; and when rubb'd void either a saltish blood or serous humor.'



You see his *teeth loose, livid, and corroded* ;  
 Whilst from his *mouth* loud noise, with *stench* exploded,  
 Strikes ears and nose: stop both, and you'll do well, [90  
 Secure from pois'nous sounds, and pois'nous smell.  
 E'en when he spits, take care ; for tho' he's tacit,  
*His spittle's very salt, and sometimes acid.*

Thus the disease in every part is shown : 95

Now let my medicines power and force be known.

*The numerous trains of symptoms it expells,*

*Scorbutic, Hypochondriac illnesses* quells ;

*Alters and changes all the body's juices ;*

*The Lensor thins ; and opens all the sluices :* 100

*It renovates the blood in every part ;*

*Nature decay'd restores, and cheers the heart ;*

*Revives the spirits of conceited noddies ;*

*Gives rest to weary, tir'd, and worn out bodies ;*

*The natural, innate heat extinguis'd rouses,* 105

*Restores the husbands empire over spouses ;*

*Invigorates the whole corporeal frame,*

*Rekindling in the heart the vital flame.*

But ah ! mine burns too high, poetic rapture

Makes me forget, like you, both verse and chapter : 110

My Text: my Medicines: -- They are Pills, a Potion —

No, 'tis a Spirit, of which you've no notion ;

A Purge at proper times, and once a Clyster ;

I'll send th' ingredients wrapp'd in a Register.

Lawrence Pountney-lane, Sept. 15, 1731. J. M.

NEWS

Ver. 89. ' The teeth are ' the blood, restores decay'd  
' loose and corroded, the ' nature, cheers the heart,  
' mouth has a stench.' ' revives the spirits, . . . .

Ver. 94. ' The spittle is ' gives rest to weary, tired,  
' very salt, and sometimes ' and worn out bodies.'

Ver. 97. ' It expells the ' and inkindles again the al-  
' numerous trains of scorbu- ' most extinguis'd natural  
' tick symptoms.' ' innate heat, making the

Ver. 99. ' It alters and ' vital flame to burn clear.'

Ver. 111. ' Two Antisacor-  
' human body, thins the Len- ' butic medicines, being Pills  
' tor.' ' and a Spirit, . . . with a Purge

Ver. 105. ' It renovates ' given at proper times.'

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19. The last *Hyp-Doctor* is thought to have a mixture of wit, humour, reasoning, and fact, on the *Screen* and *Bank-contract*, that gives it a just preference to any political Paper extant. DAILY JOURNAL. — *I am well assured, that this is the thought only of the Oratorical Author; who advertising constantly in the Daily Journal, has the liberty of puffing in it now and then for nothing.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 15.

The thanks of the Society are returned to the || GENEVA POET: who, as he has given us a *Paraphrase*, which is about half as long as the thing paraphras'd, is desired to give us an *Abriagment* of it, which may be as long again.

EPIGRAM.

High-church exert thy rage I'm not dismay'd,  
 † Content I am with scourges to be stay'd,  
 To starve in dungeon for the truths I've spoken,  
 Wander in sheep skins, or on racks be broken.

With eyes turn'd up, thus Low-church Vicar cry'd:  
 To whom a High church Curate quick reply'd:  
 Does this proceed from zeal, or ostentation?  
 Art thou not sure to get a \* *Dispensation*?

MAEVIUS.

M.

N 3

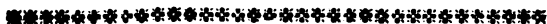
No 90.

|| One Bocket, the author of an obscure, silly Poem, in titled *Geneva*, published a *Paraphrase in rhyme* (as he call'd it) of the *Letter* in the 85th and 87th *Journals*.

† Expressions in the *Preface* to Mr. Bowman's *Serm-*

\* A *Dispensation* is preparing to pass the seals, to em-

power the rev. Mr. Will. Bowman to hold the living of *Dewsbury*, (to which his Majesty has been graciously pleas'd lately to present him) with his other of *Aldborough*, both in the county and diocese of *York*. *S James's Evening Post*, Sept. 2.

N<sup>o</sup> 90. THURSDAY, September 23.— *Eadem sequitur tellure repostos.* VIRG. *Æn.* 6.

BAVIUS Senior to BAVIUS Junior.

**I**T is probable you may be much surpris'd, both at my name, and at the place from which my Epistle comes; and wonder at this beginning of an acquaintance from this lower world, which, however, I am in great hopes, you will not fail to incourage and promote. Divers persons have undertaken to give a description of this place; but, as they had never been here themselves, nor receiv'd any exact information from those who had, their accounts have been always very false, or at least very imperfect. The best are those of HOMER, VIRGIL, and LUCIAN: but in all three there are great mistakes, with which I shall acquaint you in the progress of this correspondence. — If the Ancients were thus mistaken, who were frequently assist'd by dreams and visions, how erroneous must the relations of the Moderns be, who have been almost intirely destitute of such ways of revelation! 'Tis true, the Moderns have dream'd as well as the Ancients: but the dreams of the former have been generally the effect of the fumes of indigested liquor; not like those sober regular dreams of the latter, in the den of Trophonius.

There have been many *Letters*, I know, written from the dead to the living, by persons who might justly be looked upon as dead, since they seem'd to have no real life nor soul in them: but since they had certainly some small remains of bodily life, and wrote concerning the Dead, with no other view but to keep themselves alive; there is no reason to depend upon the accounts of such hypocritical persons, even supposing that they could not be disprov'd. But I shall, in  
the

the sequel of this correspondence, evidently convict these persons of such notorious untruths, as no man who was really dead could have uttered; and no many, one would think, who was alive, and had his senses, could ever have believed.

One thing, in which these writers generally agree, and which is certainly true, is this, That persons have the same desires and inclinations, the same studies and pursuits here below, which they had above.

In consequence of which, I am to inform you of a secret, never before communicated to the upper regions, That we have here established in these lower a regular Grubean Society. We are situated at the foot of the Elysian Parnassus: and as we are so near our enemies, several of our members are continually endeavouring to desert us, by climbing up towards them; but are soon brought back again by their own specific gravity.

As our Society receives a continual augmentation from your upper regions; to prevent confusion in so numerous an assembly, we are disposed into different classes, of Philosophers, Mathematicians, Physicians, Orators, Poets, Grammarians, &c.

Amongst our Philosophers there is a famous Cantabrigian of merry memory, who is always striving to get out of our confines, and to climb up to Sir ISAAC NEWTON, in order to set that strenuous Anti-Grubean right in his notions of Optics. He rails very frequently against those blockheads his executors, who had neither sense, nor gratitude enough, to fix up his skeleton according to his last will, that it might have remained as a precious relique to be admired and revered by all future Grubeans.

Those gentlemen who were members of your Society, and likewise of that at Crane-court, spend the time in a very agreeable manner; one while reading Lectures upon cockle shells, and other great curiosities; and at another, taking the diversion of hunting butter flies in the Elysian Fields. But those who once belonged to the Fraternity in Warwick lane, are under a volutary confinement; not caring to converse much amongst the other Shades, being often insulted by those

those who were once their patients in your world, and upbraided with dispatching them into this much sooner than they desired.

As to Poets, we are prodigiously over-stocked with them, insomuch that we are forced to divide them into several classes, of Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Satiric, &c. according to that species of Poetry to which they were most addicted. Of these, that universal Genius Mr. DAN. DEFOE, lately arrived, raises our admiration here, as much as he did yours, when alive: Among other things, he frequently entertains us with accounts of the various ways of diverting the living world with News-papers, an amusement altogether unknown in the age of AUGUSTUS. He assures us, that he himself, at one and the same time, wrote two celebrated *Papers*, one on the Whig, and the other on the Tory side, with which each Party was extremely well pleased.

He likewise often makes us merry with the dexterity and management of Book-sellers, in *putting off* their Authors from time to time, with little or no money; and their heavy Copies, with new-vamp'd Title pages, Advertisements, Puffs, &c But Mr. B—— the late famous Book seller approaches me, and it is not proper he should see this.

*From the Elysian Fields.*

Farewell.

This is followed by a *Letter* from THOMAS TILLAGE of Tillage-hall, Esq;

*A true T A L E of a Country Squire.*

**A** M A N of wisdom may disguise  
His knowledge, and not seem too wise:

But take it for a constant rule,  
There's no concealing of a fool:  
Of this the instances are plenty;  
But one may serve as well as twenty.

5

A worthy Knight, of great estate,  
Prov'd to be so unfortunate,  
That, with great cost and fruitless care,  
He rear'd a blockhead for his heir  
But, hoping it would mend the breed,  
Should he some prudent Damsel wed,

10

H .

He sent him out to court a Lady,  
 Whose father he'd engag'd already.  
 But, first, he charg'd him, on his blessing, 15  
 To keep in mind this easy lesson.  
 HUMPHREY, says he, whate'er you do,  
 Take heed your words be very few :  
 For you'll be couated wise, so long  
 As you have wit to hold your tongue. 20  
 Then never feed too greedily  
 On custard, pudding, or sweet pye ;  
 Lest your ungovern'd appetite  
 Bring shame and sorrow in the night.  
 But JOHN shall go, and he'll advise ye, 25  
 And, let me tell you, JOHN's no nisey.  
 —Here, JOHN, d'you mind, give NUMPS a touch,  
 When e'er he talks, or eats too much.  
 Be sure take heed he don't neglect  
 To pay th' old Gentry great respect ; 30  
 And all our services express  
 In handsome terms with good address.  
 Instructed thus, they both took horse,  
 And towr'ds the Lady bent their course.  
 Whilst JOHN perform'd the teacher's part, 35  
 NUMPS got his compliments by heart ;  
 Which he deliver'd in such guise,  
 They thought him tolerab'y wise.  
 He held his tongue, this seem'd to be  
 A token of his modesty. 40  
 All pass'd on well, till supper came :  
 Oh hateful meal! oh hateful name!  
 Vile author of poor HUMPHREY's shame!  
 From ev'ry dish most nicely drest,  
 Th' old Lady still supply'd her guest. 45  
 All with astonishment beheld  
 His plate oft empty, often fill'd.  
 He eat ; JOHN pull'd, and pull'd again.  
 Thy pulls, O JOHN, were all in vain :  
 For when he'd cramm'd up to the throat, 50  
 In came an apple pye to boot.  
 When Madam saw how fond an eye  
 He cast upon the smoaking pye,  
 She fill'd his plate six inches high,

JOHN

JOHN gave his elbow many a twitch. 55  
 Thought he, our JOHN may kiss my b—— ;  
 'Tis apple-pye, I'll eat my fill,  
 Let consequence be what it will.  
 Fatal resolve ! I dread to tell  
 The consequences which befell. 60  
 Let fordid night-men tell the rest,  
 Who relish the unfavoury jest.  
 My dainty Muse wou'd fain have done ;  
 But truth commands, she must go on.  
 'Tis for repentance now too late ; 65  
 The fish has gorg'd the slippery bait.  
 In the best bed the Squire must lie,  
 And JOHN in truckle-bed just by ;  
 Who slept till dismal voice and groan  
 At midnight cry'd, O help ! dear JOHN,  
 Or else for ever P'm undone : 70 }  
 For heaven's sake find some excuse,  
 The devilish apple pye's broke loose ;  
 And as I've lain upon't, and roll'd it,  
 The bed's scarce big enough to hold it. 75  
 JOHN wak'd, and thus began to pray,  
 'The Devil take all fools, I say ;  
 Why, choak ye, eat it up again,  
 And lick the sheets and bolster clean.  
 — What can be done ? here take my shirt, 80  
 And I'll come wallow in the dirt.  
 Do you get up as soon as light,  
 I'll lye, and trie to set all right.  
 So said, so done ; up got the Squire,  
 And JOHN lay tumbling in the mire. 85  
 He lay, 'till two brisk Lasses come  
 To make the bed, and clean the room.  
 Soon in the damask bed friend JOHN  
 Was spy'd, half bury'd in the down.  
 What's here ? quo' NELL : As I'm alive, 90  
 The Master rose soon after five,  
 Here is his man, a lazy loon,  
 Intends to lie a-bed till noon.  
 Quoth JOHN, I've had a tedious night,  
 That truckle-bed has lam'd me quite. 95  
 I turn'd

I turn'd in here to take some rest,  
 This is a comfortable nest :  
 One nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.  
 ——A nap! Su, give him some cold pig.  
 Come, come, says JOHN, don't play the fool; 100 }  
 I'm laxative, you'll make me pull; }  
 And straining hard will force a stool.  
 They pull'd, JOHN squeez'd, and gave a grunt;  
 And out he leap'd. —— Good faith, I've done't;  
 E'en thank yourselves. —— Away ran NELL, 105  
 And Su, half poison'd with the smell.

This story slipt not, you may swear,  
 But quickly reach'd the Master's ear.  
 His Worship, tickled with the whim,  
 Could not forbear at dinner-time, 110  
 To banter JOHN; nor did he fail  
 T' enlarge upon the curious tale.

But, seeing JOHN with shame cast down,  
 He frankly tipt him half a crown.

JOHN bow'd —— Young Master sitting by, 115  
 Seeing the prize, with envious eye,  
 Into JOHN's fob directly go,  
 Cry'd out aloud, Why, JOHN, you know,  
 The half-crown is by right my due :  
 \*Twas I best — t the bed, not you. 120

Oh blunder, never to be mended!  
 This one wise speech the courtship ended.  
 Home trotted JOHN in doleful dumps;  
 And far behind sneak'd hopeful NUMPS :  
 And Madam, thus diverted by her Squire, 125  
 Found out a cleaner lover to lie by her.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 22.*

Upon reading the latter part of the Advertisement  
 from the Oratory, in Mr. FOG's last Journal, viz.  
 N. B. *The Books of the Oratory are to be had there,*  
*single or in Setts; and the Returning of the Week-days*  
*Orations will be advertised: a doubt arose concerning*  
 the meaning of this last expression. Some thought,  
 that by the *Returning of the Week-days Orations,* was to  
 be



be understood the Repetition, upon such *week-days*, as should be advertised, of the very same *Orations*, which had been formerly delivered on wednesdays. But the greater part, keeping more closely to the literal sense, thought, that it signified *the Returning of the Week-days Orations*, by those Book-sellers who took them upon return, and could not sell them, back into the *Oratory*; from whence they should be advertised anew. It is hoped, this matter will be put in a clearer light in the next Advertisement.

Mr. QUIDNUNC read the two following Stories: the first from the *Courant* of July 7, in a Letter from UL-RICK D'YPRES; and the latter from the *Hyp-Doctor*, N<sup>o</sup> 40. and desired the Society to take notice of them, as a remarkable instance of the force of elegant language, in making one and the same thing have a quite different appearance, and yet each exceedingly proper.

' There was a Ball at Wapping, the room was soon filled with Sailors in white shirts and neat jackets; some Colliers, who wanted to dance, thought it proper to make themselves clean in order to be admitted; but an old sportsman among them soon persuaded them from that, Let us brush among them as we are, says he, and then if they don't surrender their places and partners, we shall soon make them in such a pickle, that there will be no difference between us.'

' The Chimney-sweepers of St. Giles's had a design upon the Millers and Mealmen, who were dancing the Hay with music above stairs; they first thought of washing themselves, but concluding that would be in vain, they swore by G— we can't be as white as they are, but we'll rush in amongst them, and make them as black as ourselves.'

Mr. MAEVIUS observed, that it was an odd *thought* of the *Chimney-sweepers*, to think of *washing themselves as white* as the *Millers and Mealmen*. But Mr GINGLE expressed his sentiments in the eight following verses.

Came one of these from Whig, and one from Tory,  
I should not wonder at the various story.

Both

Both are alike, but different in their hue :  
Both may be false ; and perhaps neither's true.  
For well I am assur'd, that ULRICK D'YF  
Can stories tell, as well as DOCTOR HYP.  
Whom to believe I'm puzzled much : for why ?  
'Tis plain, One swears ; and likely, Both may lye.

To whom Mr. DACTYL made this extempore Answer:

Both may be true, for all your comic rimes :  
Different the places, persons : why not times ?  
You only dreamt you took our Authors napping.  
One *Dance* was at St. Giles's, one at *Wapping*.  
Here in *white shirts and jackets* Sailors play :  
There *Millers* mix'd with *Mealmen* dance the bag.  
Alike can't *Colliers* joke and *Chimney sweepers*,  
As well as RATCLIFFE and Sir ULRICK D'YPRES ?  
M.



N<sup>o</sup> 91. THURSDAY, September 30.

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THE first page contains a *Letter* from a person troubled with the *Hyp* ; *Directions* for *Almanack-makers* ; and *Considerations* on the *whole chances* and *daily chances* in the *Lottery*.

ASTROPIAN GALLANTRY, or THE PEACH-STONE :  
*occasioned by drinking Miss SK——TH's health at*  
*Astrop Wells ; a Peach-stone, which she once had in*  
*her mouth, being always put into the glass.*

1.

WHERE healing springs, near Astrop plac'd,  
Their wat'ry stores supplie,  
A PEACH-STONE yields the wine as fast,  
And fills the glass as high.

Vol. II.

Q

Such

2.

Such magic in that jewel's found,  
By bright MARIA taught,  
To speed the chearful brimmers round,  
And consecrate the draught.

3.

Bless'd by those lips, whose touch divine  
Might wasting life repair,  
To Nectar it converts the wine ;  
To gladness, every care.

4.

Give me that balm to ease my pain,  
My cordial when I faint ;  
And let the relique still remain,  
To witness for the Saint.

*An EPIGRAM occasioned by THE PEACH-STONE.*

1.

**D**RINK on, my friends, drink \* YEOMAN dry,  
Nor fear a want of wine ;  
A PEACH-STONE can that want supplie,  
As sings a Bard divine.

2.

If so, how bless'd are Astrop Beaux !  
What happiness they boast !  
MARIA sparkling wine bestows ;  
BEATA gives a toast.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 29.*

A rich old M——e refus'd to pay  
A debt to some poor labourer by the day,  
Who boldly cites him to the Court of Conscience :  
Where, tho' his cause he pleads in his own nonsense,  
The Court injoin'd him strait to pay the debt :  
Then to his coach he hobbled in a fret.  
Great was the debt, it was full three and six-pence :  
(One may infer some former sharpening tricks hence)  
The mob, close following, loud express'd their hope,  
Instead of golden chain he'd wear a rope. M

\* The person who keeps the tavern at Astrop. A

N<sup>o</sup> 92. of GRUB-STREET, 1731. 147

A DIALOGUE betwixt Mr. MÆVIUS and Mr. BOWMAN: occasioned by the Preface of the latter to his Defence of the Miracle of cursing the Fig-tree.

M. Why sleeps your learn'd Defence still kept in store  
The learn'd Defence you promis'd o'er and o'er?

B. Objections all I have maturely weigh'd;  
And find, that nought worth answering is said:  
The whole confutes itself. M. You make me wonder:  
Thousands declare, your Sermon's all a blunder.

B. Let them rail on: their judgment I despise:  
It reasonable seems to all the wise.

Of mankind all the wise, discerning part  
Censure their conduct, and applaud my art.

M. Of these wise men what number may there be?

B. All that believe, or write, or speak, like me.

M.



N<sup>o</sup> 92. THURSDAY, October 7.



**I**N the first page, and part of the second is, *An EPISTLE of friendly advice, sent in Christian love, from AMINADAB to WILLIAM BOWMAN, relating to his bold testimony, delivered at Wakefield in Yorkshire, on the 25th of the 4th month last.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Oct. 6.*

The first piece is a *Letter from SCEPTICUS to Mr. BOWMAN, concerning his Defence of the Miracle of cursing the Fig-tree.*

*On the ASTROPE PEACH-STONE.*

1.

**N**O more may Chymists boast an unknown art,  
Of changing brass to gold by Stone divine:

O 2

MARIA

MARIA to a *Peach-stone* can impart  
The pow'r of turning all things into *wine*.

2.

Here *Astrop* waters, for their steel so fam'd,  
We by this magic *Peach-stone* so refine;  
No longer they're chalybeate waters nam'd,  
- But change to heav'nly draught nectareous *wine*.

3.

O! may this *Stone* my constant Chymist be,  
Whether at YEOMAN's, or at home I dine.  
How shall I praise its virtues, when I see  
The very *water* change to very *wine*!

4.

Ah Poets! happy 'twere, if by this *Stone*  
We Nectar-drinkers cou'd preserve our coin:  
But see, alas! our guineas all are flown;  
E'en those are chang'd by magic into *wine*.

5.

Thrice happy *Astrop*! real *Helicon*,  
The chosen seat of all the heav'nly Nine;  
In fair disguise CALLIOPE this *Stone*  
Bestows, to change thy waters into *wine*.

6.

Still, still, O Goddess, bless the happy Spring;  
Inspire its Bards in lofty verse to shine:  
Teach them your bounties merit still to sing,  
And learn to praise the donor of their *wine*.

7.

See! see! she comes: behold the Angel's charms.  
Amaz'd I stand,—I sigh,—I faint,—I'm gone.  
How is't, that she, who hermits bosoms warms,  
Congeals my blood, and turns me to a *Stone*?

8.

Thus chang'd, —from those fair lips, thou Heav'n-  
born Maid,  
O! breathe upon this *Stone* one balmy kiss:  
Once more reviv'd by your life-giving aid,  
The flinty frame shall be dissolv'd in —bliss.



No 93. THURSDAY, October 14.



— Strait his body, to the touch  
*Obsequious, (as wihilom Knights were wont)*  
*To some enchanted castle is convey'd ;*  
*Where gates impregnable, and coercive charms*  
*In durance striß detain him.*

PHILLIPS's Splendid Shilling.

Some OBSERVATIONS concerning Arrest and Imprisonment.

**A** R R E S T.] Instead of *arresting*, the custom among the ancient Greeks and Romans, was (*καληθεύειν, in jus vocare*) to cite or summon ; as it is, at this day, among the Turks ; and was, originally, in England, as appears by the style of our *Common-pleas Declarations* yet in use ; all which run, Such a one *summonitus fuit ad respondendum*. And therefore, in former times, there was no *Capias*, but only in actions, *Quare vi & armis* ; where, after judgment, there was a *Capias* also, *pro fine*, for the King against the criminal, as well as for satisfaction of the party. — The practice of arresting men's bodies, and taking them in execution for debt, is grounded on 25 ED. III. in vindication of which statute, it is alledg'd, against those who condemn imprisonment for debt as impolitic, that, without arrests, there would be no getting in of bad debts. But the contrary hereof seems to be countenanc'd by the practice of the wisest nations ; and appears from the force, which is plainly seen in the *Subpœnas* in the High Court of Chancery ; which being left at the house by a messenger, and oath made of the service, the Defendant is compell'd to come into the Court, and answer the Plaintiff, as effectually as if

O 3 he

he had expended five pounds on an arrest; for so much, notwithstanding the late regulations, will an *arrest* sometimes come to; what with the civility-money, as the Bailiffs call it, and what with the fees; which is no small grievance both to the Plaintiff and Defendant. It is sad to think, that about the City of London, and parts adjacent, there are above 700 Bailiffs, most of whom have one, two, or three followers; and these all live on the miseries of the unfortunate. Whereas, were these officers abolished, and Arrests changed into Summons, with five or ten shilling stamps; it could hardly fail of bringing in a constant revenue of 50 or 60,000 l. a year, perhaps double the money; and the debtor, as well as the creditor, much eased in the suit.

IMPRISONMENT.] *Imprisonment for DEBT* is by some thought to be *against all the rules and maxims of public and private policy and interest.* — The public seems to be a loser by it: great numbers of its skillful and able members being thereby (1.) at best, cut off, by either pining away in useless misery; or flying, for fear of it, into foreign countries: (2.) and, sometimes, made the main engines of subverting a government. Of how great moment, in the balance of affairs, men in debt may be, is evident from the account of DAVID's followers in Holy Writ, and those of CATILINE and SPARTACUS in profane History; and that great mutiny of the Roman people, that occasioned the election of their protecting Tribunes. And if, in those times, the fear only of being dunned and sued was so dangerous to States; how much more liable to such desperate enterprizes are those, where the terrors of bodily imprisonment and fair opportunity meet together? — As to the creditor, he is not like to be a gainer by it. All means of satisfaction must arise out of the debtor's labour and industry, or his credit and estate: but all these, except the last, are immediately lost by imprisonment; and that serves only to supply its owner, without any regard to the creditor.

On these considerations, it is likely, this custom has generally been discountenanced in all civilized nations.

— By

—By the law of MOSES, the debtor was only obliged to become the servant of the creditor, who was to take his wages for the debt; but with these three provisos: 1st, That the debtor should not serve as a bond-slave, but as an *hired servant*, (Lev. xxv. 39, 40.) 2dly, That the creditor should be so far from having the power of imprisoning the body of the debtor, that he should *not rule over him with rigour*, (ver. 43.) 3dly, That he should be released after six years service, and sent away with a liberal reward of sheep, corn, and wine, (Deut. xv. 12, 13, 14.) In the *Pandect*, which is a collection of the choicest Institutions, both of the Greeks and Romans, it is a maxim, That in the condemnation of persons, who are sentenced to satisfy to the utmost of their ability, not all they have is to be violently extorted from them; but such consideration is to be taken of them, that they may not want; according to that decision of SOLOMON, (Prov. xxii. 27) *If thou hast not to pay, why should he take thy bed from under thee?* and agreeable to the practice of later times, (1.) in Holland, no man is compelled to pay further than his estate will run, and that with Christian consideration of his wife and family. (2.) In Flanders, when any one finds his creditors hard upon him, and himself insolvent at that time; on his petition, the Parliament of that District allows their protection for three, four, or five years, for him to pay his debts: during which time the debtor has his liberty to use his industry to repair his broken fortune, and to clear all his just debts. (3.) In Spain and Italy, no man is detained in prison for debt above a year and a day; in which time the creditors have power to sell the estate of the debtor; which being done, and the wife's dower taken out for the relief of her and her children, the rest is divided, and the debtor is free from those debts for ever, and his body released at the year's end. This for the meaner sort; but for the gentlemen and persons of quality, their bodies are not to be touch'd, nor by any means to be imprison'd for debt, only the estate is liable to satisfaction; yet with a reservation of such necessary things as honour, honesty, or humanity may challenge: and therefore



therefore the person, arms, or apparel, bed and chamber of a soldier are not liable to seizure; and the like provision is made for other gentlemen of quality.

(4.) In Germany, indeed, they are very severe in setting such a brand on a bankrupt's reputation, as shall easily take from him the opportunity of abusing others: yet they give his body free liberty to redeem his credit. Hence to *ride the ass*, signifies to turn bankrupt; because that, instead of imprisoning the body, they only put the bankrupt to shame, compelling him to ride backwards upon an ass, with his tail in his hand, quite through the town where he dwelt. (5.) Even in Turkey it is a rule in the Alcoran, If thy debtor cannot pay thee, stay till he can, and give him alms; for this shall be better for thee.

And, where this custom is allowed, It is generally qualified by some compassionate restrictions — For, during the debtor's confinement in prison, the creditor is obliged to allow him, (1.) In Holland, . . . . (2.) In France, . . . . (3.) In Britain, by a late Act, two shillings and four pence a week. — Or provision is made for a release. Thus (1.) by the Civil law, *Qui vult cedere bonis, liberatus est a debito*. He that is willing to give up his estate, is free from his debt. And, (2.) by our Acts of bankruptcy, he that gets his living by buying and selling, in trade or merchandize, may, on the surrender of all, procure his liberty, with an allowance of 5 per cent. on certain conditions. And, pity it is, that others, of equal importance to the government, are not intitled to the same clemency. Many gentlemen, who have had a liberal education, not being traders, have no benefit of these Acts; tho' it is very hard, that those, whose former lives make misfortunes, want, and captivity more grievous than other people's, should be the only men excluded from all relief; especially when they are willing to comply with the condition; and surrender all they have.

THE SEEKER.

The next Piece is a banter upon ULRICK D' YPRES, for an odd expression in the *Courant*; and upon the Ordinary of Newgate, for one more odd in his *Account* of some malefactors executed. From

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Oct. 13.

The first Piece is a *Defence* of the *Latin Verses* under the picture of HUMPHREY PARSONS, Esq; published in our 48th *Journal*; in answer to the *Criticism* of MOROMASTIX.

VERSES occasioned by the sudden stop in the sale of Mr. BOWMAN's *Sermon*, and the publication of his *Defence of the miracle, &c.*

When *Yorkshire Sermon* lately took its flight,  
 Like paper lanthorn at the tail of kite;  
 Non-cons and Cons, with pleasure, or dismay,  
 Saw the new meteor gild th' aerial way.  
 But to the weakest eyes it brightest shin'd;  
 And fixed seem'd, tho' tosd with every wind.  
 A while it blaz'd, then sudden down it fell;  
 Its light extinguish'd with a nauseous smell.  
 The gazers mark'd its fall; and searching round,  
 Nought but a blasted, \* *barren Fig-tree* found.  
 M. MARVIUS.



No 94. THURSDAY, October 21.

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THE first Piece is a short account of a book in 4to, intitled; *The Constitutions of the Free-masons, &c. digested* by the rev. Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, A. M. This is followed by a *Letter to Mr. BOWMAN* from LAICUS, in answer to the *Preface* to his *Defence of the miracle on the Fig-tree.*

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\* Mr. Bowman had advertised several times, that he would publish *A Defence of the miracle on the Fig-tree*, with a *Preface in defence of himself* for preaching his late *Sermon*; but when the pamphlet appeared, the *Preface* contained, instead of such *Defence of himself*, only two or three excuses for not publishing it.



## No 95. THURSDAY, October 28.

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**T**HIS number contains a representation of the procession at the Lord Mayor's Show; with an account of the original of that honourable Office, and of the manner of his election.

To FRANCIS CHILD, Esq; Lord Mayor Elect.

**S**ince Pageants ceas'd with curious figures wrought,  
And tuneful verse to tell the painter's thought;  
Your annual pomps with glory less have shin'd,  
And Grub-street's ancient honour much declin'd:  
But what most fatal to this Province prov'd,  
Our Laureat Prince his residence remov'd. 5

The Muses then forsook their ancient seat,  
To nobler domes invited by the Great.  
The Tragic Muse with Comic chang'd her part;  
Both Nature scorn'd, and both apply'd to Art: 10  
To manual Art; which drew more glorious Scenes,  
And turn'd fine Pageants into grand Machines.  
Here RICH in clouds descending shone a God;  
There BOOTH and CIBBER fiery dragons rode:  
Grub-street refounded with th' united din, 15  
That rose from Drury-lane and Lincoln's-inn.

To make their court, much higher place in view,  
From their high lodgings numerous Bards withdrew:  
Success soon swell'd their vain, impostum'd mind;  
They scorn'd their brethren, who remain'd behind: 20  
To turn whose greatest glory into shame,  
They made GRUBBEAN an opprobrious name;  
And strove with all the rage of mortal foes,  
To sink the Seminary whence they rose.

But when their thoughts, as thirst of lucre burn'd, 25  
From Poetry to Politics were turn'd;

Their

N<sup>o</sup> 95. of GRUB-STREET, 1731. 155

Their works, now written not for fame, but pay,  
Unfold, were weekly giv'n in rooms away.  
In vain: — for most with repetition tir'd,  
Would not e'en read those learned gifts, unhir'd. 30

Grub-street, renown'd in old and modern times,  
The venerable seat of prose and rhimes,  
Unpeopled lay: no tuneful voice was heard:  
Their silent heads our antique garrets rear'd,  
Like those of authors, empty, crack'd, and odd; 35  
And seem'd, like readers of their works, to nod.

Ambitious to retrieve its former fame,  
Or keep alive a while its dying name,  
At house most ancient of this ancient Street,  
Some choice Grubean Wits resolv'd to meet; 40  
Where of sound native beer, not foreign wine,  
A long-wing'd Pegasus hangs out, the sign.  
Auspicious Fortune seem'd our aims to bless,  
And prove their goodness by their great success;  
To our young, weekly, old, reviv'd, new Club, 45  
Each wednesday added some illustrious GRUB.

From hence our *Journals* take their weekly flights,  
And far out-soar all other paper kites:  
Mounted on pinions pluck'd from grey-goose wing,  
Like geese, in various figures flying, sing; 50  
Now high, now low, they rove from place to place,  
And lead pursuers a long wild-goose chase.  
Borne on these wings, to every countrey town  
The whole Transactions of the world are shown:  
And whilst by us such numbers famous grow, 55  
We grow more fam'd ourselves, who make them so.

But since no diet is so thin as fame,  
Your City Poet's once illustrious name  
In me revive; with pension by the year;  
And perquisite a pipe of PARSON'S Beer. 60  
With this inspir'd, and scorning nauseous wine,  
In annual pomp your Bard shall crowned shine,  
Attending in the train of New Lord Mayor,  
Bright as on New-year's day the Laureat Player.

*Grub-street, Oct.*

27, 1731.

MALVIUS.  
M.

N<sup>o</sup> 96.

N<sup>o</sup> 96. THURSDAY, November 4.

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Sir, *King's Bench Prison, Nov. 2, 1731.*

**T**HE Procession in your *Journal* of the last week has puzzled great numbers of my fellow prisoners; and I hear, that the inhabitants of the Cities of London and Westminster, with the other suburbs, are under as great difficulties to know the meaning of it, as we are in this. It seemed at first to be a representation of a Lord Mayor's Show; and if it be interpreted literally, it may pass for such, but this can only be among illiterate persons, it being full of inconsistencies and absurdities. Of this number are the *two Horses* in the first row of figures; the *five Marshals* on horse-back in the second, third, and fourth rows; the *led Horse* in the fifth, &c. I think it therefore absolutely necessary to have recourse to the allegorical interpretation; which I don't doubt will make it plainly appear to be a prophetic, figurative, and typical representation of a procession of Printers, Book-sellers, Authors, &c. to be some time or other wonderfully exhibited to the view of the whole Town.

In the first place march the *Pioneers*, as they are there called: whom, being deceived by the name, I at first took for Critics, who are properly the pioneers of learning; and imagined them to be led by the most ancient of Critics, as their Captain, and the rear to be brought up Lieutenant OMICRON, the unborn Poet. But a Printer, who is a fellow prisoner, assured me, that they were certainly Printers, Publishers, and Hawkers. And when I objected, that some of them looked more like Devils than men; he said, That confirmed part of his conjecture, the diminutive figures being plainly Devils, who attend upon Printers, and run on their errands. They are led by F—— CLIF-  
TON,

TON, Esq; the renowned Bloody Murder Printer, and the rear brought up by D. PRAITE.—The next figures are *two Horses* belonging to a Book-seller, famous for the management of Horses, as well as News-papers, being a frequenter of races. One of these *Horses* is led, as to a race, by a neighbouring Book-seller, in the habit of a groom; who being well mounted, has the opportunity of being an *Universal Spectator* of all that passes. Which three figures, viz. the *Rider*, and the two *Horses*, are likewise a significant emblem of a Book-seller and his Authors, whom he leads, and rides as he pleases. And here, I think, the Drawer has shewn himself to be a very great artist, in placing the *Rider* in such a manner, that he seems to lead and to ride both *Horses* at one and the same time.—Of the three *Servants* who follow these *Horses*, the first, who has a pipe in his hand, which, as being just filled, he stops with his thumb, is a frequenter of Coffee-houses, in order to pick up Articles of News, and, in a scarcity, to make some; which are always introduced with *We bear*, or *We are informed*. The second is employed to collect such News as is generally talked of, and of greater certainty; which is either directly affirmed, or begins with *We are assured*. The third is a procurer of Advertisements.

The first figure of the second row is the famous Book-seller himself, on horseback, holding in his hand a *London Evening-Post*, rolled up in the form of a truncheon. — He is followed by three Authors, with musical instruments in their hands, playing the tunes which he has ordered: the last of whom, sounding a trumpet, *puffs* the fame of the books printed by him, and his partners. — The next conspicuous figure is Captain GULLIVER, with a large feather in his hat, which represents the *Grub-street Journal*. — He is followed by Mr. . . . . and Mr. . . . . as first and second Lieutenant: who together with him lead three bands of Book-sellers, concerned in three different *Journals*, which they have all taken arms to defend.

In the third row, the first figure represents Mr. FOG, mounted upon a white horse, formerly Mr. MIST's; which seeming to abate something of his mettle; he

touches him tenderly on the rump with a *Journal* in the shape of a truncheon; which makes him suddenly cock up his head and tail. — The next figure, being in a gown, I thought might signify the High-church Clergy, followed by the Laity; which are here properly personated by three Musicians, who with their different instruments are enabled to make a great noise. But my friend the Printer assures me, that he knows them all personally; and that the first is the *Occasional Historian*, the other three, the Original Journalist, *The Inquisitor*, and the Author of the *Penny Post*. — The next is CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq; on horseback, followed by four resolute Captains, who with their pikes seem ready to prick his horse forward, to keep him up to his mettle, whenever he slackens his pace. These lead a body of Fusiliers, ready for the most desperate service.

The figure that appears first on horseback in the fourth row is Mr. W — s leading a large band of *Pensioners*; amongst whom the most conspicuous are Mr. OSBORNE, CIVICUS, Mr. WALSINGHAM, ULRICK D'YPRES, Mr. ENGLISH, VINDEK, TIM. DASH, and TOM TIMBER. — In the next place Mr. W — y leads a second band of *Pensioners* in half-pay, who are employed in writing Pamphlets on extraordinary occasions. — These are followed by a band of Volunteers, who serve, in hopes of being taken into pay, as vacancies shall happen, viz. the *Hyp Doctor*, the *Register* of Grub street, &c.

The fifth row begins with three Hawkers, who from the loudness of their voices, with which they sound the fame of the Grub-street writings, are very well represented by three Trumpeters. — Next proceeds the Mercury, or Messenger of the Society, with his *Caduceus*, or tip-staff, and other ensigns of his office. Then the President, followed by Mr. BAVIUS the Secretary, Mr. BLUNDERBUSS the *Historiographer*, Mr. ORTHODOXO, Mr. QUIDNUNC, Mr. CONUNDRUM, Mr. MARVIUS, Mr. POPPEY, Mr. DACTYL, Mr. SPONDEE, Mr. PAMPHLETERO, Mr. GINGLE, and Dr. QUIBUS. — Next follows the *Pegasus* of Grub-street, led by Mr. STEPHEN DUCK; whose wings are hid

hid by his rich caparisons. — Then the LAUREAT in his coach, surrounded and huzza'd by a great number of Poets and Players, from Goodman's-fields and the Hay-market.

In the sixth and last rows, are seven coaches of Nobility and Gentry, great admirers of the Grubean writers in general, and of the LAUREAT in particular : as is, Sir,

M. Your humble Servant, T. WOOLTON.

To HUMPHREY PARSONS, Esq; upon his going out of the office of Lord Mayor.

**T**HE Muse, great Sir, that with ambitious lay  
Your praises sung on your triumphant day,  
With pleasure sees (your race of glory run  
In the same splendor as it first begun)  
The shining circle of your Fame compleat, 5  
Since, where you rose serene, serene you set.

PROZBUS, whose genial rays all fruits produce,  
And swell the barley grain for Maltsters use,  
With light un sullied, and unwearied force,  
Has now perform'd, with you, his annual course: 10  
His radiant beams, as quick, as warm, as clear,  
Shine through my garret, as they shone last year.  
With the same heat he now my breast inspires :  
I feel, I feel the same celestial fires.

Before my dazzled sight strange figures dance; 15  
And Similes, and Rhimes in crowds advance.

As the true Dial, whether morning ray,  
Or evening shines, points out the hour of day :  
So I, by threats unaw'd, by bribes unwon,  
Revere the setting, as the rising sun : 20

To merit true, with constant lines of praise,  
Mark out the use and virtue of its rays :

Let mobs halloo or hiss, applaud or blame,  
My Muse's zeal and love are still the same.

In various tongues last year she these display'd, 25  
For which your Lordship knows she ne'er was pay'd.

Yet still unpay'd, with pleasure she reviews  
Her last year's labours, which she this renews.

Rais'd by your noble liquor's potent fumes,  
The grateful subject she with joy resumes. 30



And to the pow'rs of Beer she sung before,  
Now adds much greater, and full twenty more.

How would the numerous crowd of lazy Sots  
The slow hours spend, without full pipes and pots ?  
To ropes, to rats-bane they'd for refuge flie ; 35  
And, if they could not drink, would quickly die.  
In Time's inverted glass slow falls the sand  
To working eyes: but when from hand to hand  
Of jovial blades the circling glasses flie,  
Swift the wing'd minutes pass unheeded by : 40  
E'er peremptory pipe and pot are done,  
Time's hand, and voice, both points, and calls out One.  
Th' industrious work in every other trade ;  
By yours the idlest are industrious made.  
Whilst those their hands with tool, or glass employ, 45  
They feel vicissitude of pains, or joy :  
But these, carousing still from morn to night,  
Enjoy one constant scene of gay delight.

This Anodyne can grief and pain appease,  
And in their room replace both joy and ease : 50  
Can give to Bankrupts wealth ; and what is more  
To fetter'd prisoners liberty restore.  
When drunk, as those are rich ; so these in mind  
Now freed, in *gaol expatiate unconfin'd*.

Nay, when, condemn'd by rigid Justice doom, 55  
The malefactor lies in dreary room ;  
Kind CEREVISIA oft, his soul to cheer,  
Brings in her nut-brown hands two pots of beer.  
To the pale wretch the first a week's reprieve ;  
The second seems a pardon full to give. 60  
But when two more have fortify'd his pate,  
Unmov'd, he hears the harsh decrees of Fate ;  
Laughs at the solemn Holborn cavalcade,  
Where little villains, drawn in masquerade,  
In state to Tyburn ride ; while Justice blind 65  
Leaves CHARTERS with the great to stay behind.  
Then, seiz'd as 'twere with conscientious qualm,  
He gravely sings a penitential Psalm :  
Strait laughing swears, I'm now prepar'd to swing ;  
Perform your office, Jack, and fit the string. 70  
I shrink not at the fate of better men,  
Nor the worse death by G—r—y's barbarous pen.

Beer

Beer gives firm courage to the generous mind,  
Which meaner spirits in Religion find.  
Nor think this strange, since doctrines, new, or old, 75  
With Beer or Ale a just resemblance hold.

Stale, cut-throat Beer the Papists most admire,  
Like brandy burning with sulphureous fire,  
Which kindles faggots; and of these they tell,  
That those they burn on earth, are burn'd in hell. 80

Stale Beer and Ale the Lutherans count good bub;  
'Tis Ale, 'tis Beer, 'tis both; for 'tis *Con-sub.*

Calvinian liquor, brew'd in evil hour,  
Is muddy, pale, small, bitter, flat, and sour.

Old Fox's drink first quiet, smooth as mum, 5  
If agitated, soon ferments like stum;

Impatient of restraint, when closely pent,  
Shakes the frail vessel, 'till it finds a vent.  
Sometimes in bottle lodg'd, transparent, thin,  
Calm it enjoys a while the light within: 90

But when the spirit moves, 'twill fume, 'twill spout,  
'Till bottle's empty left by all run out.

The belch that starts from Oratory tub,  
Brew'd in Tub-alley, near the street of Grub,  
Tho' thin, not clear; tho' pert, yet wond'rous dull; 95  
With froth o'erflows the vessel never full.

Small Beer in bottle stopp'd, tho' very weak,  
Will often force the cork, or bottle break:  
Freedom once gain'd, it smiling upwards flies,  
Th' aspiring lees still thick'ning as they rise. 100

Grateful at copious meals, it yields delight,  
Quenching the thirst, and quick'ning appetite:  
But suddenly puff'd up, too late we find,  
We nought but water drank; bewitch'd with wind.  
The stomach, hence oppress'd with grievous load, 105

Will oft sour belches in the face explode;  
Or else insidious, silent stench disclose,  
Which spares our ears, but doubly hurts the nose.  
Such is the Deist's tiff, free-thinking liquor:

Nothing at first seems clearer, brisker, quicker: 110  
To air expos'd, the frothy spirit fled,  
It muddy grows, insipid, flat, and dead.  
And as their liquor's and their tenets force  
Is much the same; almost the same's their source:

As that the washing of exhausted grains ; 115  
 The second running these of crazy brains.  
 True British doctrine, strong, and sound, and clear,  
 Well brew'd, well hopp'd, well ag'd, like PARSON'S Beer,  
 Diffuses health and strength through every part,  
 Informs the head, and fortifies the heart. 120  
 And as this liquor, still unturn'd, defies  
 The sun's hot rays, and thunder of the skies :  
 So those, in whom that firm foundation's lay'd,  
 By bribes unwon, by threat'nings undismay'd,  
 True to their notions, let them sink, or thrive, 125  
 Rather than trim, and turn, will burn alive.  
 The honest Yorkshire Vicar, strong, and hale,  
 Who scorns all liquor but his native ale,  
 Drinks this well pleas'd : Come, bring us t'other pint,  
 He cries : There's no false BOWMAN'S doctrine in't. 130  
 Why should religious doctrines thus be rang'd,  
 To Politics since all have long been chang'd ?  
 — If so, we still are right : for what men think,  
 We certainly may know from what they drink.  
 Good, sound, old, mellow beer the Tories swig : 135  
 More new and bitter drinks the soberer Whig ;  
 Whose vitiated palate more inclines  
 To the high flavoured taste of foreign wines.  
 Some love them mix'd : and hence, as each prevail,  
 On Court they panegyrics write, or rail. 140  
 Hence Whigs extoll hereditary right ;  
 And soar than Jacobites a loftier flight :  
 Hence every week each Grub-street garret rings  
 With sacred ministers, as well as Kings.  
 From hence proceed our short, exact Diurnals, 145  
 And the long Letters of our Weekly Journals :  
 Which through our heads from fumes of liquor flow,  
 While the gross part descends in strains below :  
 Both born like twins, almost together dye,  
 The letter'd sheets fresh paper still supplie : 150  
 Of brain and bum the labours disappear,  
 Sunk in the safe retreat of books and beer.  
 Here ends the first gay life : but still secure  
 From everlasting death, when time mature  
 Has now prepar'd the well concocted mass ; 155  
 To the large cask once more the liquors pass :

From

From boghouse gloom and cold, through midnight shade,  
To the distiller's light and heat convey'd.

There, when refin'd by purgatory fire,  
The spirits volatile to heav'n aspire, 160

To wat'ry forms condens'd against their will,  
*They drop like rain, and like the dew distill.*

Then shrin'd in glass, like souls well purg'd from sin,  
They shine refulgent in the shape of Gin.

This noble spirit, rais'd by chymic fires, 165  
With good warm sentiments each sex inspires :

Devotion kindles in the fairer kind ;  
And raises courage in the manly mind.

Hence our she mendicants in every street  
With constant pray'rs and benedictions greet. 170

Hence reeling soldiers, tho' they cannot stand,  
Drive all before them, and the wall command.

But oh ! ye nymphs and heroes, do not scatter  
At random, as you pass, your precious water :

For, in proportion as this liquor's lost, 175  
Gin will advance, and brandy more will cost.

But if in urn it decently be lay'd,  
Whence to the vault it safe may be convey'd ;

'Twill rise again, and you'll enjoy the bliss  
Of drinking your own transmigrated piss. 180

Thus when the body dead remain'd untomb'd,  
As Heathens thought, the soul, to wander doom'd,

Was still debarr'd from ent'ring CHARON'S wherry :  
Whilst others strait pass'd o'er the Stygian ferry ;

Yet could not reach the pure Elysian plains, 185  
'Till purg'd by fire from all terrestrial stains.

But when, th' appointed tract of time explor'd,  
In native purity they shine restor'd,

To earth ascend these sparks of heavenly flames,  
To animate once more corporeal frames. 190

*Grub-street, O.B.*

MARVIUS.

29, 1731.

M.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

MONDAY, Nov. 1. Commissions of bankruptcy are awarded against George Robinson, Esq; representative for Great Marlow, and Mr. John Thompson : they are required to surrender themselves the 5th, 12th, or 26th inst.

in it. The former was concerned for the Charitable Corporation, by circulating their notes, and the latter was their warehouse-keeper; but both of them went from Dover for France the 13th ult. DAILY JOURNAL.—*This is a proof, that, tho' Charity begin at home, it is sometimes necessary for it to go abroad.* M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 3.*

*A CONFERENCE between AMINADAB, a Quaker, and WILLIAM BOWMAN, Vicar of Dewsbury.*

*A.* Hark thee, friend BOWMAN, a word with thee. Prithee, what is it thou pretendest to in thy *Defence of our Saviour's miracle of cursing the fig-tree?*

*B.* I pretend to vindicate our Saviour from the imputation of doing a rash and unreasonable thing, in expecting figs at an improper season: for which purpose I beg leave to translate the words of the Evangelist (Mar. xi. 13.) in this manner: 'And seeing a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon: and, when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of its bearing figs was not yet come.' p. 22.

*A.* *The time of its bearing figs was not yet come!* why then, surely, it was unreasonable to expect to find figs on it, at that time. Is this to vindicate our Saviour from the imputation of doing an unreasonable thing? For shame! for shame! man: thou fastenest the imputation on him, as directly, and in as express terms as it is possible.

*B.* Ay, but I mean that 'the time of its bearing figs was come;' or, to explain myself in other words, that it 'had been planted long enough to have borne fruit.' p. 22.

*A.* What dost thou mean the contrary of what thou say'st? Surely, friend, thou art sadly perplexed: and the world is like to be much the better for thy new interpretation. For, if it be, as thou sayest; our Saviour was a fool: if, as thou meanest; the Historian was a blockhead.—Verily, WILLIAM, it grieveth me, that thou should'st thus expose thyself, and betray the cause thee pretendest to espouse. It grieveth me also that

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that I should lay out six pence so ill, in the purchase of thy book; to be under the temptation of mispending my time, and losing my patience. I assure thee, I assure thee, I should be loth any of my neighbours should be such losers by it: I do think, therefore, to publish this our Conference; for which purpose I have writ a letter to my Friend BAVIUS, whose righteous soul is sore vexed with every abomination.

Friend BAVIUS,

The Conference I herewith send thee, does plainly and faithfully shew forth the sum and substance of Wm. BOWMAN's discoveries in his *Discourse on the miracle of the fig-tree*. It cost me six-pence, and has robbed me of more than six-penny worth of time. If thee thinkst fit to print it, I reckon it will hardly take up an eighth part of thy *Journal*; and so will not stand thy readers in quite one farthing. But, lest that should be thought too dear, as indeed it is, to make some amends for it, I have also herewith sent thee

*An INTERPRETATION of Mar. xi. 13.*

Which, I hope, will satisfy every considerate man, and stop the mouth of every unbeliever. I have it from An answer to Mr. WOOLSTON, in a small pamphlet, intitled *The Antidote*, and printed a year or two ago.

WOOLSTON having observed from this text, in our translation (as indeed any other English reader might) that it seems very foolish for CHRIST to expect figs, when it was not fig-time: the Author of the *Antidote* gives the following answer, to vindicate our Saviour's conduct, and the Evangelist's representation of it. —

I am not, says he, to answer for the obscurity of our translation, arising from the transposition of a few words; but, if you don't know it, I can assure you the original and context require it should be read thus:

' March the eleventh in the morning; as Christ and his disciples were coming from Bethany to Jerusalem, he was hungry: and seeing but one fig-tree by the way, at a distance, that had leaves; he went to it (for it was not the time of other figs) if haply he might find any thing thereon.' To elucidate this, he

adds:

adds: This tree was of the ever-green kind (mention'd by PLINY xiii. 8. and THEOPHRASTUS, *Hist. Plant.* iv. 2.) which bore the fruit of the former year all winter; and That was then fit to eat, when the ordinary trees were hardly beginning to put forth leaves (*Matt.* xxiv. 32. *Mark* xiii. 28.) at least five months before their fruit would be ripe. (*Bas. pefachin.* fol. 52. 2. *Hierof. Sbeviith,* fol. 35. 4.) Nay some of those ever-greens bore their fruit to the third year e'er they ripen'd (*Gemar, Hierof. & Gless. ad Sbeviith,* c. 5. h. 1.) wonderfully answering, in the parable of the fig-tree, (*Luke* xiii. 6.) to the three years, the Lord of the vineyard came seeking fruit on it, and finding none: which was also much about the time, that Christ had now exercised his publick ministry, and preached amongst the Jews. So that, by a fair account of this matter, there appears an admirable harmony in the several representations of the Evangelists, and a rational ground for a parabolical interpretation.



N<sup>o</sup> 97. THURSDAY, November 11.

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An ODE for his MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq; Poet Laureat.

WHEN CHARLES, from Anarchy's retreat,  
Resum'd the Regal seat:

When (hence, by frantick Zealots driv'n)

Our holy Church, our Laws,

Returning with the Royal Cause,

Rais'd up their thankful eyes to Heaven.

Then hand in hand,

To bless the land,

Protection with Obedience came,

And mild Oblivion wav'd revenge,

For wrongs of civil flame.

Wild,

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Wild, and wanton, then, our joys,  
Loud, as raging war before :  
All was triumph, tuneful noise,  
None, from Heaven, could hope for more. 15

Brother, Son, and Father foes,  
Now embracing, bless their home :  
Who so happy, could suppose  
Happier days were still to come ?

But Providence, that better knows  
Our wants, than we,  
Previous to those,

(Which human wisdom could not, then, foresee)  
Did, from the pregnant former day,  
A race of happier Reigns, to come, convey. 25

\* The Sun, we saw precede,  
Those mighty joys restor'd,  
Gave to our future need,

From great PLANTAGENET a \* Lord.  
From whose high veins this greater day arose 30  
A second GEORGE, to fix our world's repose.

From CHARLES restor'd, short was our term of bliss,  
But GEORGE from GEORGE entails our happiness.

From a heart, that abhors the abuse of high pow'r,  
Are our liberties duly defended ; 35  
From a courage, inflam'd by the terrors of war,  
With his fame is our commerce extended.

Let our publick high spirits be rais'd, to their height,  
Yet our Prince in that virtue will lead 'em.

From our welfare, he knows, that his glory's more bright;  
As obedience enlarges our freedom. [40

What ties can bind a grateful people more,  
Than such diffus'd benevolence of pow'r ?

If private views could more prevail,  
Than ardour for the publick weal, 45  
Then had his native, martial heat,  
In arms seduc'd him to be great.

But Godlike virtue, more inclin'd  
To save, than to destroy,  
Deems it superior joy, 50  
To lead in chains of peace the mind,

\* King George I. born May 28, 1660.



With song, ye BRITONS, lead the day!

Sing! sing the morn, that gave him breath,  
Whose virtues never shall decay,

No, never, never taste of death.

55

CHORUS.

*When tombs and trophies shall be dust,  
Fame shall preserve the Great and Just.*

VER. 1. *Anarchy's retreat* having usurp'd the Regal seat, K. Charles drove away that Retreat, and so resum'd, &c.

2. He resum'd this Regal seat, because he had never sat in it before.

4. This is a great encomium upon our Laws, to attribute eyes to them, tho' Justice is blind.

10. Instead of *Revenge*, read *Demand*; otherwise it is not rime, and if you take away the rime, you take away all the poetry.

15. How could they hope for *more from heaven*, than *tuneful noise*?

16. This I imagine should rather be *Mother, Son, and Father foes*.

22. *Previous to those*, viz. *wants*. Admirable sense and poetry!

24. *Pregnant* here means *labouring or travailing*: for it is plain from what follows, that this *day* was not only *pregnant*, but actually in *labour*, and at last happily brought a bed of a race of *Reigns*. — But what *day* was this *former day*, there being no *day* mentioned hitherto, to which it was *former*? The Poet's note upon the next stanza shews it to be May 28.

29. Did K. George I. derive his race from the *Plantagenets*, any otherwise than by deriving it from the *Stuarts*?

32. For *Bliss* read *Ease or Peace*: the sense will be as good, and the rime better.

34. It seems somewhat odd, that *our Liberties should be duly defended from a heart*, &c. but in this and the 36th verse, *From* is put by a Figure for *By*.

39. It is very difficult to know what *virtue* is meant by *that virtue*: I take it to be *publick high Spirits*.

54. 55. The repetition of the emphatical word *never*.

puta

puts me in mind of two verses in an old Song, which pleased me much when a boy :

*Nor never, never, never shall, until I dye;  
For the longer I live, the greater fool am I.*

M.

BAVIUS.

To FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, Esq;

S I R,

**I**N your *Free Briton* of thursday last, Nov. 4, you have thought fit to make very *free* with the *Common Council*, and even with the *Lord Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen* of this great City. The *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen* are *inceded*, the one for receiving, and the others for unanimously giving him their thanks for his *prudent, virtuous, and able* administration in the Chair. And *Alderman BARNARD* in particular is largely complained of, both for not sooner presenting a *Petition* he had received, and for not recommending it copiously by his admirable eloquence. But the *Common Council* is represented as guilty of a very great crime, in refusing to read this *Petition, praying leave to erect an equestrian statue of King WILLIAM, on the ground in Cheap-side, where the Conduit formerly stood*; which Negative was carried by 77 against 25, being above 3 to 1. This you charge upon them as a most ungrateful and heinous *act of indignity done to King WILLIAM's memory*, which you exaggerate with much oratorical tautology. To pull down a statue already erected to the memory of any person, unless some necessity or convenience require it, is, I own, *an act of indignity to that person's memory*: but barely to oppose the erecting of such a statue, cannot be in itself *an act of indignity*, unless accompanied with some opprobrious circumstances. There may be several reasons for opposing such a design, which if given we may canvass and debate. But if a body of men, in whose power it is to grant or reject a *Petition*, shall do the latter, without assigning any reasons, it is a great instance of indignity towards them, to pass a severe censure upon their conduct.

' The *Petition*, you say, was surely the most modest and reasonable Prayer, that ever was offered to any

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Q

Assembly

'Assembly in the world.' Have you made an exact calculation of all the prayers that have been offered to every *Assembly in the world*, and thoroughly considered the reasonableness of them? or is this only an Hyperbole, thrown out at random, chiefly to help to fill up a page?

You put the citizens in mind of the great benefits they received by King WILLIAM. 'To him, you say, you owe the very being of a free City; the very first act of power which he executed in this Country, was to restore the government of your City to your own Citizens; he gave you a Charter in his Legislative capacity, by an Act of Parliament, exempted from every thing which had once made it precarious or dependent on the power of Courts.'— Now, if we are a *free City*, if the government of this City belongs to our own Citizens, if our Charter exempts us from all precariousness and dependency on the power of Courts; what authority has any Courtier to set himself up for a judge of any acts done by a body of men, giving their votes freely, according to the power confirmed to them by that very Charter? How much less can any dependent on a Courtier have a right to concern himself in matters of this nature?—The Common Council have a right to receive or reject any Petition that may be offered to them; which indeed the very nature of a Petition supposes in those to whom it is presented; who may either read it, or lay it aside; without assigning any reason for so doing: and no person has any authority to demand one of them, or to censure them for not assigning one.

To appeal from them to the Citizens in their *unrepresented Body*, and to intimate, that if their opinions were taken by a poll, the determination would be directly contrary, is (to speak tenderly of it) extremely insolent; and if the intimation were probably true, which it is not in the least, would be nothing at all to the purpose. But an appeal from the persons representing to those represented, is really a very illegal and seditious way of proceeding; and tends to overturn all regular government, and to introduce confusion. Apply this to the representatives of the people in Parliament,

lament, or assign a reason why it may not as well be extended to them, as to the representatives of the City. Do the cases differ any otherwise than in the degrees of confusion, which in one may be more extensive than in the other? — ‘ If the unrepresented were consulted, no man, you say, can pretend to doubt, that their zeal would rise in a manner suitable to the importance of the occasion.’ And lest this should not be enough to stir them up to sedition, you ask them directly, ‘ Will you suffer any men to meet and act in this manner, and in your name even in the Guild-hall of London? — Who are your Common Council-men? Who are they, Gentlemen, that have used their Fellow-citizens and you, in this arbitrary and imperious manner? They are men, that are neither wiser, nor better than yourselves: they are your servants, your Trustees. — From you they have receiv’d all the power they have, to you they must resign it, and become accountable for it — and I hope you speedily will call them to account.’ —

Here give me leave, Sir, to interrogate you a little in your own strain. Pray, Sir, *who are you? Who is this Letter-writer, that has used the whole Commonalty of the City of London in their representative Body, in this arbitrary and imperious, vile and outrageous manner? Are you a Gentleman? Are you a Citizen? Are you even a Trades-man? Where do you live? In fine apartments at the other end of the Town, or in a garret in Grub-street? You seem to be a man neither wiser, nor better, than any among ourselves: nay, much worse, in several respects, not even a Livery-man or Free-man of London, but even a Livery servant, a hireling, and an incendiary.*

The only way perhaps to make it evident, that you do not justly come under any of these denominations, is, when you ‘ print the names of our Common Council, for our better information,’ as you threaten us, to print likewise your own name, *for our better information;* that we may inquire into your character, fortune, and station in the world. For really we have very little opinion of you as an Author, your works seldom coming into our hands; and those few that we have seen

of them being too verbose and prolix for persons engaged in business. Besides, we are well assured, that had your Weekly Lucubrations been supported only by the weekly demand for them from private persons, they must necessarily have ceased long ago.

You affirm soundly, that, 'It was one of the most violent and arbitrary procedures that ever was attempted in a free City.' You ask 'What more can be done, after refusing leave to erect King *William's* Statue, unless leave should be given to erect the *Pretender's* in the same place?' And you declare, 'I know of no Assembly of men in the world, who call themselves Englishmen, capable of acting in this manner, unless I should name the *Pretender's* Privy Council'—Since the *Common Council* of London are, as you yourself affirm, 'a great Body of men,' how come you, who are in all appearance but a *little* person, to have the confidence to abuse them in this manner? How dare you to charge them with disaffection to the present Government? and, not content to endeavour to prejudice the inhabitants of this City against chusing the same persons for the future, seditiously attempt to fix them up against them, even whilst they are their legal Representatives? Sure, as nothing but your imaginary *greatness* could puff you up to this insolence: so nothing but your real *littleness* can screen you from their just resentments.

'If King *JAMES*, as you assure us, arbitrary as a *Turkish* Monarch, made a free people worse than *Turkish* slaves, (to do which, one would have thought he must have been a little *more* arbitrary than a *Turkish* Monarch) 'if he impiously seized on our ancient rights with the most prophane and barbarous hands; and if on this account we were then in a worse state than *Turkish* slaves; in what state can we reckon ourselves now, when a private, inconsiderable, unknown person shall thus openly attack our rights in print, and endeavour to take away the freedom of our votes in *Common Council*? And not only so, but censure and arraign our conduct, accuse us of arbitrary proceedings, of disaffection to the Government, and endeavour to excite those whom we represent to seditious and tumultuous

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tuous insurrections against us? If in the one state we saw a Lion ready to tear our *Charter* in pieces; in this other we cannot but see an Ass endeavouring to trample it under his feet. And tho' the former case might be the more dangerous, the latter certainly is the more ignominious.

*Cheapside, Nov. 8, 1731. M.*

J. B.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 10.*

A BILL for the more effectual preventing the clandestine Importation and sale of Books, Pamphlets, Plays, or other compositions in prose or verse, written, or pretended to be written, by any person convicted of death.

WHEREAS divers wicked and evil disposed persons, being actually dead, have of late contrived and carried on a clandestine and unlawful trade, in writing, printing, vending, and publishing several Books, Pamphlets, Plays, and other compositions, within these kingdoms, to the great detriment and discouragement of several of his Majesty's living Protestant subjects; Be it enacted, that from and after the day of next ensuing, no person whatsoever, being legally and actually defunct, and so adjudged to be by the Mayor, Aldermen, Bailiffs, Constables, or other head officer or officers in all cities, boroughs, towns, parishes, and hamlets, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick upon Tweed, shall presume to write, print, publish, or vend, or cause to be written, printed, published, or vended, any Book, Pamphlet, Play, or other composition in prose or verse, on pain of having them burnt by the hands of the common hangman. And any living person or persons aiding, abetting, or assisting persons so really and actually dead, in writing, printing, publishing, importing, or vending such compositions, shall for every offence forfeit twenty Marks, to be paid into the hands of the President of the Society of Grubstreet, or his deputy or deputies, to be by him, or them, employed and expended, to and for the sole use, behoof, emolument, and benefit of that Society.

And whereas several persons have assumed unto

Q 3

them:

themselves a power of affixing the names of deceased persons to their own works, in order to raise the price thereof; be it enacted, that if any person shall be hereof duly convicted, according to Law, he or she shall suffer the punishment inflicted on persons convicted of forgery, and shall be held, accounted, and deemed guilty of forgery to all intents and purposes.

Provided, nothing herein contained, shall be construed to prejudice L. T——D, Esq; or the heirs of his body, lawfully begotten, in any right or title, which he, or they, may have, or pretend to have, of affixing the name of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, alias SHAKESPEAR, to any Book, Pamphlet, Play, or Poem, hereafter to be by him, or them, or any other person for him, or them, written, made, or devised.

And whereas there hath been of late an unlawful practice carried on of stealing from persons dead, poems and verses, or parts, pieces, and parcels of Books, Pamphlets, Plays, and other compositions, without any authority for so doing; which practice is not only of great and manifest detriment and prejudice to the character of the persons, from whom such works are stolen, but also helps to fill these Kingdoms with useless, loose, idle, and disorderly Books, Pamphlets, Plays, and other compositions, and is of great encouragement to sturdy rogues and beggars; and the same not being punishable by any law now in force: be it enacted therefore, that if any person shall be hereof duly convicted, he shall be convicted of felony, and be deemed a felon to all intents and purposes, and shall suffer in all things, as persons convicted of stealing lead from houses, in pursuance of an Act lately made for that purpose.

Provided nevertheless, nothing in this clause shall be construed, or deemed to extend to C——— C———, Esq; or any other Poet Laureat for the time being, or to any governor, manager, or director of any Theatre within the bills of mortality; or to J——— H——— Master of arts, and Rorer general in Clare-market.

*VERSES, occasioned by the Petition for setting up K. WILLIAM'S Statue in Cheapside.*

Some good Whigs late design'd by an Act meritorious  
To set up a statue of King WILLIAM the Glorious;

AN

An Equestrian statue, that this Heroe might ride,  
Where the Conduit once ran at the end of Champs-Élysées.

The Council of Commons, compos'd most of ungodly, &  
Were address'd with *Petition*, but rejected it oddly :

For above three to one of these Cits being musty,  
\* Nought but No's could be heard from their voices so rusty.

No reason was given : but I've heard of a story ;  
Which united perhaps votes of Whig and of Tory. 10

An old lame Fanatic by a friend had been told  
Of a well mounted statue, a pen'worth to be sold ;  
That was made for King JAMES, and was curiously  
wrought.

On which rose in his head this ingenious thought.

\* This fine statue, criss hé, is as good as a new one : 15

\* All our Friends will subscribe for't, as if 'twere a true  
one :

\* To imitate the act which our Fathers have done,

\* We'll cut off *in officio* the head of the Son :

\* A dry martyrdom this will resemble the wet :

\* On the shoulders the head of our † Saviour we'll set. 20

\* Thus we well shall deceive both our Friends, and our  
Foes :

\* These will laugh at the Breach, while those rev'rence  
' the Nose.' M.

MAR 1731.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

MONDAY, Nov. 8. — Paris, Nov. 10. M. Moncou-  
rant formerly a parish priest in the diocese of Chalons,  
afterwards a Carthusian monk, and lastly parish priest  
of Vitry le Brule, went away some time ago with Ma-  
demoiselle de S. Ouen, a young Lady of distinction, a  
Nun in the royal abbey of S. James ; and we have  
since heard, that they disguised themselves, and retired  
to Geneva. DAILY COURANT. — 'Tis probable they may  
be converted, and make zealous Presbyterians.

They write from Chalons, that there was lately  
found upon a tree in the village of Changy near Vitry,  
a wild young woman, about 18 years of age, that eats  
nothing but leaves of trees and raw flesh. She runs as  
fast as a hare, and climbs like a cat. DAILY COU-  
RANT. — I take the Nun just mentioned to be as  
wild, as swift, and as much like a cat. M.

\* See Free Briton, No. CL. pag. 4. col. 1. † See pag.  
2. col. 1. and pag. 3. col. 2.



N<sup>o</sup> 98. THURSDAY, November 18.

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**T**HE first Piece is a *Letter* containing some Remarks upon several tautological and nonsensical expressions in the *Free-Briton* of Nov. 4.

THE MODERN POETS; a Satire in allusion to the 10th Satire of HORACE, Book the I. by a young Gentleman of Cambridge.

That BAYS to Farce, Sir, turns his Tragic strain,  
 And easy CONGREVE imitates in vain ;  
 That nonsense oft he writes, then says 'tis new ;  
 Must sure be own'd by his admiring Few.  
 For what fond Patron can his *Cæsar* praise,  
 His *New-years Odes* approve, or *Past'ral* lays ?  
 But with his faults, some praises he must share,  
 When the gay *Townly* charms the list'ning Fair.  
 That he's incomparable, yet must we own,  
 Because he chanc'd to please the fickle Town ?  
 Then siddling JOHNSON might some merit claim,  
 And *Hancamunga* rival him in fame.

'Tis not enough, to gain a wild applause,  
 When croud'd Theatres espouse your cause :  
 'Tis not enough, to make an audience smile ;  
 But write a strong, correct, yet easy stile.  
 No balmy slumbers should attend a fear ;  
 Nor dull Descriptions load the wearied ear.

V, 1, &c. *Nempè incomposito dixi pede currere versu  
 Lucili. Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptè est,  
 Ut non hoc fateatur ? At idem, quòd sale multo  
 Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eadem.  
 Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera : nam sic  
 Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata, miser.*

V. 13, &c. *Ergo non satis est risu diducere risum  
 Auditoris.  
 Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures.*

Bat.

But aim to soar in SHAKESPEAR's lofty strain ;  
 Or Nature draw in JOHNSON's merry vein : 20  
 To FIELDING names unknown — to him have come  
 The fame of *Hickatbrist*, and brave *Tom Thumb*.  
 The brave *Tom Thumb* does all his thoughts engage :  
 See ! with what noble port, what tragic rage,  
 His Lilliputian Hero treads the stage ! 25  
 How nice the judgement, and the toil how great,  
 To make our nervous language soft and sweet !  
 From WALLER and from DRYDEN phrases chuse,  
 To smooth the roughness of your Highland Muse.  
 Thus the skill'd Tapster, to the harsher stale, 30  
 To please the palate, adds the milder ale.

While BAYS makes *Cæsar's* name still more abhorr'd,  
 And murders *Cæsar* worse than *Brutus* sword ;  
 While *Sophonisba* dies by freedom fir'd,  
 And mild *Timoleon* rants like W ——— inspir'd ; 35  
 While *Oxford* jokes are hiss'd in *Drury lane*,  
 My Muse can't well forbear the sneering strain.

See FIBBALD leaves the Lawyers gainful train,  
 To wrack with poetry his tortur'd brain :  
 Fir'd, or not fir'd, to write resolves with rage, 40  
 And constant pores o'er SHAKESPEAR's sacred page.  
 — Then starting cries — *Something will be thought :*  
 I'll write — then — boldly swears 'twas SHAKESPEAR  
 wrote.

Strange ! he in Poetry no forgery fears,  
 That knows so well in Law he'd lose his ears. 45

V. 19, &c. *Illi, scripæ quibus Comædia præscæ vitis est,  
 Hæc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi : quos neque putabat  
 Hermogenes unquam legit, neque firmius iste,  
 Nil præter Calvum ; & datus candare Catullum.* 1

V. 26, &c. *At magnum fecit, quædã verbis Græca Læ-  
 tinis*

Miscuit. *O seri studiorum ! quine putetis  
 Difficile & mirum, Rhodia quod Pithaleonti  
 Contigit ? At sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque  
 Suavior, ut Chis nata si commissa Falerni est.*

V. 32, &c. *Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona,  
 dumque*

*Defringit Rheni luteum caput ; hæc ego ludo.*

Let

Let such at SWIFT with stupid folly rail,  
 Who dull can read unmov'd his comic tale:  
 All that have taste will deep attention lend  
 To that which CARTERET and which POPE commend.

Yet with unstudied humour GAY shall please, 50  
 Who on the barren'st subject writes with ease.

The Theatre his just applauses rings,  
 When sense with manly voice his *Macbeth* sings.  
 Then SENESINO warbles but in vain;  
 And soft CUTZONA yields to POLLY'S strain. 55

His *Art of Walking*, wrote in hum'rous verse,  
 Whilst to themselves the Lawyers Clerks rehearse,  
 Pleas'd, they no longer curse the dirty street,  
 Forget their weary steps, and aching feet.

Good-natur'd YOUNG, well learned and well-bred, 60  
 Studies to lay prevailing folly dead:

How gently he the well-turn'd Satire deals!  
 Smiles while he strikes, and while he wounds he heals.

M——— too will Satires write, tho' nothing-mean,  
 But on each finger measures out his spleen: 65  
 Sounds ev'ry syllable, each word he chimes,  
 And tortures his dull brains for uncouth rimes.

SOUTHERN alone can raise our anxious care,  
 Charm in full Theatres the British Fair,  
 Swell the deep sigh, and draw the falling tear. 70

But who like POPE the pow'r of numbers knows!  
 Now in loose, easy couplets sweet he flows.  
 If lawns or shadowy woods he makes his theme,  
 Or if he paint the silent Thames's stream;  
 Your senses all are ravish'd with delight, 75  
 And every object plac'd before your sight.  
 But if he makes the blust'ring north-wind roar,  
 Or rolling surges lash the sounding shore;

V. 50, &c. *Arguta meretrice. pates, Davoque Cbre meta*

*Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos,  
 Unus vivorum, Fundani.*

V. 71, &c. ——— *Molle atque facetum  
 Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnæ.  
 Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,*

The

The strong description with such art is wrought,  
 With dread you'll read, and shudder at the thought. 80  
 Nor shall I dare (so well deserv'd his fame)  
 To cast the least reflection on his name.

BAYS still writes on, and cries He'll mind no rules;  
 The Ancients blockheads were, the Moderns fools:  
 Then names all those that once the laurel wore, 85  
 And swears that none deserv'd it well before.

I don't deny but his great genius may  
 Within six fortnights blunder out a Play;  
 But if in this he wholly sounds his fame,  
 His rivals soon may boast an equal claim: 90  
 Each sing-song writer vers'd in Crambo's laws,  
*Momus, Orestes* might expect applause:  
 With pride each author might his works survey,  
 And boast his embrio off-spring of a day.

Would you write well, each flowing thought refine;  
 Careful observe each word, as well as line: [95  
 Your solid judgment ne'er with trifles cheat,  
 To please the ign'rant mob, or vulgar Great:  
 Nor e'er, t' adorn the tricks of *Harlequin*,  
 Heroic sing the *Rape of Proserpine*. 100

When PORTER heard, that Stars and Garters dy'd  
 For dancing SALLEE, she with smile reply'd,  
 Let her the Poplings charm; 'tis excellence  
 Enough for me, to please the men of sense.

TIBBALD or BAYS may ne'er a smile bestow, 105  
 But cry the verse is bad, the satire low;  
 DENNIS may snarl, and give the poets laws,  
 (Who for a treat would grumble out applause);  
 Or buskin'd FIELDING cry my verses down,  
 And swear that none but he can please the Town. 110

*Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,  
 Inventore minor: neque ego illi detrabere ausim,  
 Herentem capiti multa cum laude coronam.*

V. 95, &c. *Sæpe stilum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi  
 Scripturus; neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,* [sunt  
*Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens  
 Filibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?*

V. 101, &c. *Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plau-  
 dere: ut audax,*

This

This snarling tribe would ne'er my anger move,  
 Shou'd SWIFT, or ARBUTHNOT, or YOUNG approve:  
 Shou'd POPE, to whom I'll dedicate my lays,  
 Shou'd he but smile——I'd count their censure praise.

*Contemptis aliis, explosa Arbustula dixit.*

*Men' moveat, cimex Pantilius; an cruciet, quod  
 Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus  
 Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?*

V. III, &c. Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,  
 Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque  
 Fuscus; &c.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Weds. Nov. 17.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**I** BEG leave to offer to your consideration an emen-  
 dation on the old Song called *Cbevy Chacc*.——  
 When the widows are described bewailing their deceas-  
 ed husbands, 'tis said

' They kiss'd them *dead* a thousand times,  
 ' When they were *clad in clay*.'

If we interpret *clad in clay*, literally and truly, it must  
 signifie *buried*; which would be nonsense.——Some  
 perhaps will say, it only signifies *dead*; that will make  
 it tautology: *They kiss'd them dead, when they were*  
*dead*. Besides, a man may be more properly said  
 to be *clad in clay*, when he is *alive*, than when he is  
*dead*; for: when he is *dead*, he is *altogether clay*, and  
 not properly *clad in clay*.——I do not question but you  
 will agree with me, that the author wrote

' When they were *cold as clay*.'

The northern way of pronouncing, *cold*, is, *cald*, which  
 is nearer the Saxon *ceald*; and, perhaps, the MS. might  
 be so written, and then a mistake might be easily made  
 by a southern printer. This reading is very agreeable  
 to the whole passage.

' Next day did many widows come,  
 ' Their husbands to bewail;  
 ' They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
 ' But all would not prevail.

' Their

- ' Their bodies bath'd in purple blood
- ' They bore with them away ;
- ' They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
- ' When they were *cold as clay.*'

In the last place, I observe this roading conveys a fine idea of the warm affections of the wives, who so lovingly embraced and *kissed* their husbands,

- ' When they were *cold as clay.*'

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
ZOIUS.

VERSES, occasioned by the folly of persons in hiring horses in the Lottery at a most extravagant rate.

If for pleasure you'd ride, in Moorfields a horse hire :  
There madmen your freak, thro' the grates, will admire.  
If for profit you'd ride, ne'er stand shill I, shall I ;  
But borrow some coin, and away to Change-alley.  
There rich men, and beggars, not lame, but all blind,  
With legal pick-pockets assembled you'll find.  
At ten times its value, for one day, hire a tit ;  
When your pockets are empty, the lighter you'll fit :  
Give to Fortune the reins, and spur on to Guildhall.  
Where if both jades conspire to throw you a fall ;  
As you've rode this first journey without fear or wit,  
Ride one more, but with halter, not with Lottery bit.  
M. MAEVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 99. THURSDAY, November 25.



THE first Piece is part of a *Letter* from Mr. MAEVIUS, in defence of that to Mr. WALSHAM in the 97th *Journal*, and in answer to the *Free Briton*, N<sup>o</sup>. 103.

VOL. II.

R

From

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 24.

**T**HE first Piece is a *Letter* concerning the extraordinary conduct of Mr. J — s, late a Dissenting Teacher at Nayland in Suffolk.

*A RECEIPT to make an Epigram.*

A pleasing subject first with care provide,  
 Your matter must by Nature be supply'd;  
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long,  
 Nor fear your verse too stiff, if sense be strong;  
 In proper places proper numbers use, 5  
 And now the quicker, now the slower choose;  
 Too soon the Dactyl the performance ends;  
 But the slow Spondee coming thoughts suspends.  
 Your last attention on the sting bestow,  
 To that your good or ill success you'll owe; 10  
 For there not wit alone must shine, but humour flow. }  
 If you'd receive applause, or furnish joy,  
 Your all-collected strength on that employ:  
 These Rules observ'd, your Epigram's compleated,  
 And sure to please, altho' ten times repeated. 15

HOMERUS BENTLEII *ab igne servatus.*

Cum BENTLEII essem critico laniandus ab ungue,  
 Arcere exitium flamma benigna parat.  
 Invidet heu! nostris rebus Fortuna secundis;  
 Et quas ipsa dedit spes vetat esse ratas.  
 Clementi eripior, qui me servaverat, igni:  
 Me nunc MILTONI fors miseranda manet.

IMITATED in English, and printed in the 100th Journal.

Just ready to be torn by Critics paws,  
 Mild flames had sav'd me from fierce B — Y's claws:  
 But snatch'd from those by hands severely kind,  
 To MILTON's dismal fate I'm now consign'd.

*Another IMITATION, printed in the 101st Journal.*

While o'er my page dogmatic B — Y stands,  
 The flame prepares to snatch me from his hands:

But

N<sup>o</sup> 100. of GRUB-STREET, 1731. 183

But Fortune envious, when she saw my joys,  
In one sad moment all my hopes destroys:  
From the kind purpose of the fire I'm torn,  
And to the wretched lot of MILTON borne.

WONDER.



N<sup>o</sup> 100. THURSDAY, *December 2.*

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**T**HE first Piece is the remaining part of Mr. MARVIUS's *Letter* in defence of That to Mr. WALSINGHAM in the 97th *Journal*, and in answer to the *Free Briton*, N<sup>o</sup> 103.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 1.*

**T**HE first Piece is a scurrilous *Letter* from CATHOLICUS, very probably a Dissenting Teacher, abusing the Clergy of the Church of England in general, and particularly the supposed author of the *Letter* concerning Mr. J——s in the preceding Paper, and the supposed Editor of the *Grub-street Journal*.

EPIGRAM occasioned by seeing some sheets of Dr. BENTLEY's *Edition of MILTON's Paradise lost.*

Did MILTON's prose, O CHARLES, thy death defend?  
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.

On MILTON's verse does BENTLEY comment? — Know  
A weak, officious friend becomes a foe.

While he but sought his Author's fame to further,  
The murd'rous Critic has aveng'd thy murder.





N<sup>o</sup> 101. THURSDAY, December 9.

~~~~~

*I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.*

Art of Politicks.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Society of Grubstreet.

S I R,

SINCE Conversation is every where chiefly carried on for the sake either of diversion, or instruction; whoever hath the happy talent of contributing at once to both these ends, hath obtained the true art of pleasing in Conversation. Wise and learned men of all ages and nations have frequently made use of a diverting tale to convey moral instruction, and thereby never failed to gain the applause and admiration of all people. Now, Sir, as the vulgar ignorant, as well as the more refined thinking part of mankind, are naturally ambitious of imitating what they admire, it is no wonder that Story-telling is become so general a mode: but it is somewhat strange, that so very few hit upon the true engaging and delightful method of entertaining an audience in the way, which is capable of being made the most agreeable part of Conversation.

The qualifications which form a good Story-teller, according to the *Intelligencer*, are 'good sense, true humour, a clear head, a ready command of language, and a variety of proper gesture.' It is not only very seldom, that we meet with all these accomplishments in one person, but we often have the misfortune to hear story-tellers without any of them: and, what is a very melancholy reflection, these pretenders will not be brought to know, that nothing betrays their want of parts so much, as an unskilfulness in this art, whenever they are so weak as to endeavour to shine in it.

it. I think, Sir, you will deserve well of the publick, if you can propagate this truth; and many hundreds of the good people of Great Britain will be obliged to you for your pains in this matter: for upon a very fair calculation it appears, that of two thousand professed Story-tellers, there are but four and twenty that are in any wise qualified. — It is a most grievous thing, that we can have no redress by Law for the barbarous treatment our ears and understandings receive from these empty pretenders; who, without any regard to persons, or place, and with the most exalted assurance, assault our senses, and disturb our peace. I heartily wish some condign punishment was appointed to restrain men from these inhuman liberties: but as I do not expect that will soon be, for some reasons not proper to be here named, I beg your patience whilst I point out some few of the innumerable errors and failings among Story-tellers.

The *Intelligencer* hath divided these Gentlemen into several Classes, one of which he stiles the *Inspid* or *Soporifick*; very justly, as the members of it diffuse the very quintessence of Opium among their hearers. I have known several people, who were troubled with a *Furor Poeticus*, and other sorts of deliriums, thrown into a sound sleep in fifteen minutes; and a Captain of a man of war, who had borne the roaring of cannons in several engagements, with a singular intrepidity, fairly stunned with a broadside of the empty sounds of expletives and digressions.

It is very strange to observe, what an extravagant, superfluous expence of words the people of this nation are generally at, for the sake of lengthening of stories, and shortening of time; and for the trying of their own breath, and other people's patience: and it is equally astonishing, to hear a man play off words incessantly for ten minutes and more, without the least appearance of a meaning: and yet this is not more strange than true, I believe I need not fear contradiction. — The ears of many of his Majesty's well-disposed subjects, I dare say, will tingle at the very remembrance of examples. For my own part, I always tremble, when I hear a story beginning with a *What d'ye think?* —

*I'll tell you what,*—and such like useless *exordiums*. These are certain indications of a very empty head, and a very silly sequel abounding with—*And so's—And then's—And upon that's—As I said before—And so to make short of my story*; with many other soporiferous unmeaning expletives. There are some of the *Inspid's*, who, being a very merry set of empty animals, instead of using these articulate expletives, supply the place of sense with Abderian laughter; performing at once the equally disagreeable parts of troublesome, impertinent orators, and noisy auditors, bestowing upon themselves the applause which their insensible hearers omit giving them. If DEMOCRITUS was alive in these our unreflecting days, I dare say, he would be out of countenance with his philosophy, after a few evenings conversation with his modern disciples. The violent and unaccountable eruptions of these alert Gentlemen generally raise our expectations so much, that their stories must be, what they seldom are, very diverting indeed, if they gain a smile from any one, except the relaters; and in this only case do I conceive HORACE's maxim not to hold good,

*Ut ridentibus arident, ita sentibus adsunt  
Humani vultus.*—————

Another division of this Class seem to think themselves guilty of a heinous crime, if they omit one syllable that belongs to the transaction with which they are entertaining us. The strain these Story-tellers generally run in is—*So says I, 'Tis so—Says he, It is not—Says I again, It is—Says he, You lye—Says I, You lye, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

As disagreeable as this stile is, I think there is another, peculiar to the fraternity, which equals it; occasioned by a bad memory, either natural or acquired. They who are naturally forgetful ought nevertheless to remember, that they are no more qualified for story-telling, than they are for lying. But if a desire to be taken notice of, will, contrary to reason, induce them to utter relations which they have almost forgotten; let me beg of them never to strive at being exact, either in the names of persons, or places, or dates of time. I was lately with a Gentleman, as unhappy in his memory,

mory, as in the itch for story-telling : he amongst other things informed me, that—*Mr.—what d'ye call him, be that married Mr.—Tbingum's daughter—why? you know his name well enough—I have seen you in his company more than twenty times—Pish! why, I can think of his name readily enough sometimes : but I have the most treacherous memory of any mortal, &c.* Thus my friend went on, plaguing both himself, and me, half an hour, in recollecting *Mr. what d'ye call him's*, and *Mr. Tbingum's* true names ; which at the end proved to be of no use to the story. I do not know a better remedy for this misfortune, than may be found in the *Memoria Technica* of our very learned country-man Dr. GREY ; to which I refer all persons having naturally bad memories.— But as some become nuisances to company, by having acquired bad memories through heedlessness and inattention ; I propose they should repeat every story, which they intend to relate, three times together by themselves, without a blunder, before they presume to offer it to any company.

In the *soporifick* or *insipid* Class there is a great party of Atheistical immoral creatures ; who lengthen their relations with the fashionable *Dam-me's*, *Rot-me's*, &c. I am sorry to say, no expletives are more frequent ; and I believe, that most people will agree, that they are the most arrogant, impertinent, and empty, as well as profane ornaments, that ever appear in conversation. Those which I have before mentioned, indeed, are disagreeable enough, always producing dullness, and frequently a lethargy : but these last are shocking and terrible, destructive of good manners and religion ; and in short, are the utter ruin of laudable society. I think no more needs to be said, with regard to the *soporifick insipid* expletives in stories.

But before I conclude, I would take notice of some stories, properly termed expletives in conversation, that are despised and abhorred by all wise men : the stories I mean, are the dull relations of as dull lives as ever were spent, which proceed from the mouths of the heroes themselves. This *Egotism* is very frequently met with amongst travellers ; and begging your pardon, *MR. BAVUS*, more frequently amongst the illustrious members

members of your Society, who are indeed the persons generally pointed at throughout this Letter. Your fair and unprejudiced dealings towards all men, the rebukes and chastisements given to your own fraternity, induce me to believe, that you will acknowledge this observation to be just; and that you will own it to be an intolerable grievance to be obliged to hear an empty fellow bawl out a long series of nonsense, without our receiving the least improvement or diversion from his harangues; to be acquainted against our wills with all his insipid dull transactions, not fit for the evening amusements of nurses and children: and when sleep has sometimes kindly relieved our ears, as well as eyes, to be awakened with an *Observe ye—D'ye mind? &c.* or perhaps, with a lusty jog from an elbow. As for this last method of rowzing, I am informed by a very good Lawyer, that it is a breach of his Majesty's peace, and the laws of this realm; and I am resolved, and do hereby give notice, that the very next time I am assaulted in this way, to bring an action against the person, who uses his elbows in this offensive manner. But, I hope, Sir, you will save me this trouble, by issuing out some necessary orders from the Pegasus, for the good abearing of your own Society, and for the entire suppression of the joggers, of whatsoever state and degree they are, and thereby you will very much oblige,

Dec. 1, 1731.

S I R,

Your very humble servant, *A. H.*

Then follows a *Letter* signed PHIL-BILSTONE, containing some *Remarks* upon *A few Memorials of the Life, and some Observations on the Writings of T. HEARNE of Edmund-Hall.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 8.*

E P I G R A M.

Says W——D to C——KE, o'er a glass of good ale,  
 (The liquor they drink, when they want to regale,)  
 How long have we batter'd our brains with the hope  
 To raise our own fame, and to pull down the Pope?  
 Yet

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Yet he, as the Roman the Church of Rome guides,  
Still chief o'er the band of the Muses presides:  
In vain to the world our \* *Epistles* we send,  
For the more we condemn, the more they commend.  
True, crys the Translator of H——d. What then,  
With a hickup, says t'other, shan't I print agen?  
Says C——ke, who, 'tis said, has most wit of the two,  
Dear Brother, I this would advise you to do ;  
Since in vain you've attack'd with satirical lays,  
I'd have you resolve to assault him with praise.  
With a hickup again, and a horrid grim look,  
Friend, none of your jokes, says W——d to C——ke,  
WONDER.

This is followed by Eighteen remarkable Instances  
of *Hyp Oratorical Puffs*.

\* Written by W——d and C——ke, and published  
by M——o.



N° 102. THURSDAY, December 16.

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FRAGMENT of a *Satire* in the third Volume of SWIFT'S and POPE'S *Miscellanies*, inserted since with alterations in the *Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT*, in Mr. POPE'S *Works*, Vol. II.

*I*F meagre GILDON draws his venal quill,  
 I wish the man a dinner and sit still.  
 If dreadful D——s raves in furious fret,  
 I'll answer D——s when I am in debt.  
 'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print;  
 And who'll wage war with Bedlam, or the Mint? 5

Should some more sober Critics come abroad:  
 If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 10  
 Commas and points they set exactly right;  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 In future ages how their fame will spread,  
 For routing triplets, and restoring ed!  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of Laurel grac'd those Ribalds, 15  
 From sanguine SEW — down to piddling T——s,  
 Who thinks he reads, when he but scans, and spells,  
 A Word-catcher, that lives on syllables.

Yet e'en this Creature may some notice claim,  
 Wrapt round, and sanctified with SHAKESPEAR'S name:  
 Pretty, in amber to observe the forms [20  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms:  
 The Thing, we know, is neither rich, nor rare,  
 But wonder how the Devil it got there. 20

A

L A T I N V E R S I O N

O F T H E

F R A G M E N T,

By a Gentleman of Wadham College in Oxford.

— *Sermone pedestri.*

HOR.

**V** Enalem calamum stringat si fors malè passus  
 GILDO; optans illi tandem prandere, quiesco.  
 Jurgia si torques in me, furibunde DENISI,  
 Solvendo cùm non fuero, tibi respondebo.  
 Hos malesuada fames, non livor scribere cogit: 5  
 Et quis ad arma vocet miseros? quis mentis egenos?  
 Sobria si forsan Criticorum turba laceffat;  
 Cùm malè, sollicitant risus; cùm rectiùs audent,  
 Dedam sponte manus, patiarque minantia flagra.  
 Lectio multa quidem est ollis, studiumque, laborque; 10  
 Spiritus acer abest tantùm, ingeniumque, salesque.  
 Commatq; legitimâ statione, & puncta reponunt:  
 Tantilla de dote scelus foret abripere hillum.  
 Tempore venturo quantùm illis fama vigebit,  
 Edque reducendo, & tot ter malè nata fugando? 15  
 Attamen hos nullo Balatrones auxit honore  
 Cynthus, aut minimâ distinxit tempora lauro.  
 Ventosi quamvis repetens à stirpe SEBLLI  
 TIBBALDUM adnumeret, vendentem vilia scruta;  
 Qui partes lectoris obit se judice, tantùm 20  
 Articulos dum partitur, digitosque pererrans,  
 Verborum aucupio nomen sibi quærit inane.  
 Et tamen hic aliquam sibi poscat Homuncio famam,  
 Magni securus Tragicæ sanctusque sub umbra.  
 Succina non aliter præstant vilissima rerum 25  
 Interiùs cernenda; pilos, stramenque, lutumque, :  
 Ista quidem vulgò; Quali tamen arte, rogamus  
 Perculsi, magicâ tali statione fruuntur.

Succen-



*Are others angry? I excuse them too: 25*  
*Well may they rage; I gave them but their due.*  
*Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find:*  
*But each man's secret standard in his mind,*  
*That casting weight pride adds to emptiness;*  
*This who can gratify? For who can guess? 30*  
*The wretch whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,*  
*Who turns a Persian Tale for half a crown,*  
*Just writes to make his barrenness appear,*  
*And strains, from hard bound brains, six lines a year;*  
*In sense still wanting, tho' he lives on theft; 35*  
*Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.*

\* Jo———N, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;

*And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,*  
 † It is not poetry, but prose run mad: 40  
*Should modest Satire-bid all these translate,*  
*And own that nine such Poets make a T—TE;*  
*How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?*  
*How would they swear, not CONGREVE's self was safe?*

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires 45  
 APOLLO kindled, and fair Fame inspires;  
 Blest with each talent, and each art to please;  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne; 50  
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike; 55  
 Just hint a fault, and bestiate dislike;

*Alit,*

\* Author of the *Victim*, and *Cobler of Preston*.  
 † Verse of Dr. Eu.

|                                                      |    |
|------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Succensent alii Venia indulgebatur ultro:            |    |
| In promptu causa est irarum; justa rependi.          | 30 |
| Proclive est hominum virtutes noscere veras:         |    |
| Exemplar verò arcanâ quod mente repòstum est,        |    |
| Ponderis id capiti fastus quod præbet inani,         |    |
| Huic quis grata ferat, quis enim novisse potestur?   |    |
| Famosum celebrat quem non sua rustica Musa,          | 35 |
| Qui rerum interpres fictarum ob vile lucellum est,   |    |
| Usterile ingenium possit se prodere tantum           |    |
| Scribit, & enixus duro astricloque cerebro           |    |
| Sex pangit versus vix anni totius orbe;              |    |
| Atque adeo sensu cassus, quum plurima furto          | 40 |
| Comparet, infumit paulum, tamen indiget usque.       |    |
| — JOHNSONUS, quandoque legens confinia sensus,       |    |
| Stultitiæ acclinis plerumque, & devius æqui,         |    |
| In metam intendit nunquam, quin cespitet usque,      |    |
| Usque per ambages raptus vertigine mentis.           | 45 |
| Is qui sublimes nugas ructatur, & ore                |    |
| Prætumido tantum ampullas, & inania sufflat,         |    |
| Iste salutatur vates? Sermone ligato                 |    |
| Infanit, nunquam, Phœbæo percitus œstro.             |    |
| Hos conferre manus si quis velit agmine facto,       | 50 |
| Atque novem tales modicum det posse poetam           |    |
| Æquare; ut rabie arderent, animisque frementes       |    |
| Optima quæque malæ jurarent obvia linguæ!            |    |
| Tales jam valeant, nomenque obliviam condant.        |    |
| Sin foret ingenii præstans, cui pectore puro         | 55 |
| Phœbus adest, totoque incessit numine mentem;        |    |
| Cui Veneres morum obtingunt, artesque placendi;      |    |
| Scriptis qui facilis, vitâ concinnus, ab omni        |    |
| Compositus parte, urbanus, convivaque comis;         |    |
| Ambitione malâ fervens diademata solus               | 60 |
| Affectet, neque fraternum ferat æquus honorem;       |    |
| Despectans alios, animi tamen ipse pusillus;         |    |
| Propterea insensus, quòd clareat alter, & artes      |    |
| Excolat, ipse suos per quas sit adeptus honores:     |    |
| Ambiguâ damnet laude, assensuque maligno,            | 65 |
| Mollè quidem, at transversâ tuens; fronti licèt ipse |    |
| Imperet immotus, naso suspendere adunco              |    |
| Cuncta alios doceat, risuque illudere tecto:         |    |
| Quamquam animi desint, vulnus meditetur, & optet;    |    |
| Innuat obscurè vitium, parenteque linguâ             | 70 |
| Vol. II. S Stringat;                                 |    |

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd:  
 Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,  
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best:  
 Like CATO gives his little Senate laws,  
 And sits attentive to his own applause;  
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.  
 What pity, heav'n! if such a man there be!  
 Who would not weep, if A———N were he?

60

65

The next Piece is an Allegorical Account, falsely representing the rejection of the Petition about KING WILLIAM'S Statue, and the Controversy betwixt the *Grub-street Journal* and *Free Briton* occasioned thereby; under *The Case of an East-India ship*, published in the *Daily Courant*, Dec. 13. on which *Case* some *Remarks* are added, concluding with *The Case of the East-India ship truly represented*.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 15.  
 Most renowned, worthy, facetious, and learned Gentlemen,

**H**AVING lately perus'd Parson BOWMAN'S *Vistation-barangue*, which has echo'd so loudly through the nation, it rais'd my facetious resentment and resolution to answer it, as it deserv'd: and accordingly I had fram'd in my magotty noddle a *Title-page* for my design'd work, and intended it as a plan and foundation for the same.

But mounting my palfrey (which, I fancy, has some of the blood of your Pegasus in him) in order to go and read the news at our next market-town, I found at the Coffee-house your *Journal*; wherein; to my very great satisfaction and entertainment, I perceiv'd that you had so compleatly done the business, that I very readily and gladly laid aside my design, it being so much better done to my hands.

Merry

Stringat; censura laudisque occultus adæque;  
 Hostis formidans sibi, suspiciosus amicus;  
 Vel stultos metuens, parasitis undique septus;  
 Obsequii largus, nihilo devincti ibr ulli:  
 Qui, duo si pugnae committat gloria palmæ,  
 Orsa utriusque probans, det primas deteriori: 75  
 Ut CATO, sic parvum moderetur lege Senatum,  
 Arrestusque avidâ plausus bibat aure popelli;  
 Singula dum cumulant equitesque togataque turbâ  
 Laudibus, insulso mirantes omnia vultu. 80  
 Proh dolor! hæc similem terræ si proferat orbis!  
 Quis non det lacrymas, si fortè sic ANDRISON iste!

Merry Sirs! you are a Society, which, I do assure you, I had long fram'd in my mind, and very much wish'd might be sett'd and establish'd, to encounter and manage, in your proper way, all such frothy, empty, coxcomical scribblers, as this *booming Evangelizing Vicar*; who have nothing to recommend them to the cry, vogue, and preferment of the world, but their ignorance, impudence, falshood, and treachery; and whose ambition prompts them, having no virtues, or commendable qualifications, rather than pass in silence and obscurity to their graves, to desire to be talk'd of only for their extravagant novelty.

And now, Gentlemen, since you have so agreeably diverted, and facetiously entertain'd the publick, both in prose and verse, I most heartily congratulate you on your great successes in all your undertakings; and do most heartily wish, that I was near such pleasant and ingenious company, that I might be admitted, if not to your intimate conversation, yet at least to a more ready and easy way, than I at present am in, of communicating any merry crotchet that my Grub might touch upon. The want of which (believe me, Sirs!) I esteem as a very great disappointment and unhappiness in life.

Gentlemen! as I really think you a Society of witty, learned, and merry mortals, I also esteem you no less for your good designs towards mankind: and therefore presume

presume to beg the favour, that, as you have given a very pertinent and full answer to this Yorkshire *Jockey-Vicar's* performance, you would be pleas'd to collect what has been publish'd at sundry times in your *Journals*, together with Friend AMINADAB's *Conference with the Vicar*, both as to his *Oration*, and his *Defence of cursing the Fig-tree*, and to print them together in one six-penny pamphlet; which will be vastly agreeable to myself, and many of my acquaintance, who have a great respect and veneration for your Society. It will dispell all melancholy and black vapours, spleen, and hyp; cause chearfulness and laughter; and make us, who are at a very great distance from Town, pass away some of these winter evenings with alacrity and pleasure.

And as to myself, Gentlemen, I shall esteem it as a most signal honour (of which I must acknowledge myself most unworthy) if you would prefix what I herewith send as a *Title-page* to the said Pamphlet, and which was all the progress I had made in the work; leaving it intirely to your correction, alteration, and amendment; or else depending on your good nature and generosity to assign it a noble death by lighting your pipes with it.

And now, renowned Sirs, go on and prosper in your undertaking; which, in my humble opinion, is the properest way to rid and deliver us from the greatest plague which can possibly befall men of sense, honesty, and learning; *viz.* to see our religion, clergy, liberty, and property pelted and insulted by so many base, ignorant, and perfidious wretches, who, not only to the scandal and detriment of Christianity, but even of common morality and humanity, swarm unpunish'd amongst us, and shoot their poison'd arrows daily at us. This, in fine, is the best method to silence, controul, *grub up*, root out, and utterly destroy all such clamorous, prating, vociferating, pretending, swag-gering,

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gering, bouncing, and bowmanizing, Pulpit-empirics,  
as this saucy Deuce-burian Vicar.

Dated from my earthly  
vermi-nutritious taber-  
nacle this 12th day  
of November, 1731.

I am, Gentlemen, with the  
utmost respect, deference,  
and submission, your most  
obedient, servant, admirer,  
and hearty well-wisher,

PHILO VERMI-GENESIS.

*Βομάνου Καυθί: or, Hark to Bowman :*

Containing Remarks, Reflections, Speculations, Con-  
siderations, Ruminations, and Animadversions upon,  
together with many just and proper Recriminations,  
and Reprehensions of Parson WILLIAM BOWMAN'S  
(the double Yorkshire Vicar's) *Visitation* Declamation,  
held forth at *Wakefield*, *June 25, 1731.*

At first publish'd in the *Journals* of the most renown-  
ed Grubean Society, but now collected and digested in-  
to one orderly and methodical six-penny Tract for the  
good, amusement, and merriment of the publick; by  
the special order and command of the said Society.

- (1) Ding—Dong—Rings—Bow—Man's—Bell:
- (2) Our—Will—Has,—De—Claim'd—Well:
- (3) And—With—His—Bome—Bome—Bome:
- (4) Has—Push'd—His—Point—Sore—Home:
- (5) And—Eke—With—Hi—d'ous—Yell:
- (6) The—Cler—gy's—Fate—doth—Tell:  
Bome—Bome—Bome!



No 103. THURSDAY, *December 23.*



**T**HE first Piece (occasioned by the opposition  
made by some Clergy-men to the Inoculation of  
the (small-pox) represents the Clergy as enemies to use-  
ful discoveries in Physic; of which three instances are  
produced

produced. A few short *Notes* are added, to take off the virulence of the invective.

Mr. BAVIUS,

I HAVE a great veneration for your ingenious Society, and should esteem being enroll'd a member, above the honour of a Lambeth degree : your *Journals* I much admire ; which (as indeed every Paper of late) give us accounts of the magnificent feasts and diversions, with which our nobility strive to out-do each other, in regaling the illustrious stranger [the Duke of Lorrain] now in Town.

In return, I shall give you a relation of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's reception at the court of France, when Ambassador extraordinary from K. CHARLES II. in the year 1670. What I send you is copied from a paper, which I found some time ago in the closet of an old deceased kinsman, who was a courtier in that polite reign, and went over with his Grace on that occasion. But the better to support the authority of my Manuscript, let us take along with us what Mr. EACHARD says on that affair, which in his own words is : ' The DUKE was received at  
' the French court with all possible demonstrations of e-  
' steem and favour. All the forces about Paris were drawn  
' up, and exercised in his presence; Masks and Balls, Co-  
' medies and Operas were prepar'd, and likewise a re-  
' presentation of a sea-fight in the canal at Versailles,  
' all for his diversion ; and the KING gave him divers  
' rich presents, and made a publick feast on St. LEWIS's  
' day, principally upon his account.' The Ambassador himself, in a letter to the Earl of ARLINGTON, dated Aug. 15, 1670, tells him, ' If I had had the good  
' fortune to bring my Lord FALCONBRIDGE's secreta-  
' ry along with me, he would have entertained your  
' lordship with a whole sheet of paper, full of the  
' particulars of my reception, for I have had more ho-  
' nours donè me, than ever were given to any subject.'  
So far the Historian.

Now to the Manuscript, which begins with the exercise of the Gens d' armes consisting of 30,000 men, all very richly accouter'd. These military divertisements took up three days : the 1st, in storming the fort  
Sabou-

Sabonaire; the 2d, in representing the battle of Lans; the 3d, in military revelling; the KING treating his whole army with a magnificent dinner, and allowing to each soldier three bottles of wine.—The night after, was acted a Play in a cypress grove near Versailles, by 20 marquisses and 10 ladies of great quality. The frames of the seats were covered with silver, and the stage with a cloth of tissue. The seats were made of polish'd ebony, the cushions of crimson satin embroider'd; there were 100 performers on instrumental musick, and the vocal consisted of women and eunuchs, each one hundred; the place was illuminated by near 500 chrystal candlesticks, each holding 24 candles.—The succeeding night was spent on the water, which was a most glorious sight, hardly to be equal'd. The KING's brigantine was row'd by an 100 Blacks in rich habits; their waistcoats were cloth of silver, breeches crimson satin embroider'd; they had silk stockings, and sandals of satin, laced; red satin caps, cover'd with plumes of a white and red mixture; they were lock'd to the benches with silver chains, and between each two was fix'd a flambeau of twelve inches circumference. On the poop was plac'd a massy silver statue of Neptune on the back of a dolphin; in one hand he held the KING's standard, in the other (a token of subjection) his trident revers'd. On the stern was the KING's statue of the same rich metal, but embellish'd with jewels of great value: one hand contain'd a terrestrial globe, the other a naked sword. The royal chair, cover'd with gold, and enamell'd, was rais'd upon three ascents, and the rich canopy over it was supported by 12 silver statues, representing the 12 Peers of France; the DAUPHIN sat on the KING's right hand, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM on his left. Next follow'd the QUEEN's barge, row'd by 50 Spaniards; then the DAUPHIN's, row'd by 50 Flemings; and then the Duke's, by as many Hollanders, on the poop of which was plac'd the figure of a *Dutch-man*, astride on a red-herring, holding in one hand a piece of Poor-John, in the other some bread and butter. After these follow'd 50 noblemen's barges with 12 oars each. On the shore stood 500 trumpets, with 100 kettle-



kettle-drums. On the banks of the river were fix'd 2000 flambeaux; the fire-works play'd for four hours together, with such amazing brightness, that the very skies seem'd to be in flames. — The succeeding night his Grace was entertain'd by the King at Fontainebleau, with a ball and banquet in pavillions. The first tent was hung with silver tissue, and the dancing-place with purple velvet, embroider'd with silver; the seats were of brafil, and the cushions of cloth of gold; the musick consisted of 100 violins, and the illumination was 50 silver candlesticks, holding 4 lights apiece. Another tent was hung with crimson velvet, embroider'd with gold, and deep gold fringes; in this were 50 silver branches double hatched, and each containing 48 candlesticks. The wax, of which the tapers were made, was mix'd up with civet and ambergrease; the tables were of burnish'd silver, and the banquet serv'd up on plates of massy gold; the sweet-meats were the choicest that France and Italy could furnish, and in such profusion, that after the Court (which consisted of 1000 persons) were sufficed, there was as much of the dessert left, as 500 men could carry off, which the KING order'd to be thrown amongst the commonalty. The tents were all covered with cedar; the courtiers dresses fiteable to the occasion. His Majesty had a very rich sute on, the buttons of which were exceeding fine pearls; his sword and belt were set with pearls and diamonds to the value of 40,000 pistoles, of which he made a present to the DUKE before all that noble assembly. — Here the Narrative is much defac'd, and not further legible; however I fancy, on the perusal of this, the eyes of your readers will be no longer dazzled with the glaring accounts of the many sumptuous feasts made for his SERENE HIGHNESS, who will probably be one day the first Prince in Europe; when they find by this relation, what exceeding polite and expensive entertainments, mix'd with the highest magnificence and honours, were given in the last century, even to a subject of England.

*From the North,  
Dec. 9, 1731.*

I am, Mr. BAVIUS,  
Yours very humble servant,  
CODRINUS.  
EPIGRAM.

EPICRAM, occasioned by a famous physician's being called out of Church.

Whilst holy Pray'rs to Heav'n were made,  
 One soon was heard, and answer'd too:  
*Save us from sudden Death* was say'd,  
 And strait from Church Sir — withdrew.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

Dublin, Dec. 7. By letters from Drogheda we are informed, that there is a project on foot for erecting a fine statue of the *glorious and immortal* King William, on a spacious plain near the banks of the Boyne.

DAILY COURANT, Dec. 18.—Where he gained a compleat victory over King James's army. DAILY JOURNAL, Dec. 18. —

VIRO IMMORTALI on the pedestal of Lewis XIVth's statue, was justly censured here as profane Flattery.—Dublin, Dec. 9. We are informed,

that there lives in Belfast one Jane Hooks, 112 years of age, who has her memory and appetite as well as when she was but 20 years old; and has got a new set of teeth, which drove out the old stumps. DAILY COURANT and POST-BOY, Dec. 18.—*This old Irish woman bids fairer for immortality, than either King William the Glorious, or Louis le Grand.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 22.

The first Piece is a Letter from Bury, concerning the use and advantage, to young gentlemen at school, from the acting of Plays: in which was inclosed the following

EPILOGUE to Ignoramus, designed to be spoken by DULLMAN, with a crown of bays in his hand.

Hark ye! d'ye hear the news?—POOR CIBBER's dead,  
 And I'm appointed LAUREAT in his stead.  
 View here the Bays, that erst his temples bound,  
 With which as great a Genius \* now is crown'd.  
 Pray look ye, Sirs, nothing e'er fitted more,  
 I thought our heads were just alike before.

But

\* Puts it on.

But hah ! what's this that rolls within my breast ?  
 Is it some Deity I feel impress ?  
 'Tis he himself — that energy divine  
 Which pond'rous mov'd thro' each Cibberian line.

Well then, since now both place and Muse I've got,  
 'Tis fit by me his Epitaph be wrote :  
 For even I should blush to have it known,  
 That any Muse had sung him but his own.  
 First then let's see, in what triumphant lays  
 The mighty Bard refounded BRUNSWICK'S praise :

‘ With song, ye Britons, lead the day :  
 ‘ Sing, sing the morn that gave him breath,  
 ‘ Whose virtues never shall decay,  
 ‘ No, never, never taste of death.’

Oh ! glorious lines ! — Thus whilom sung the Sire's  
 The words already all my soul inspire ;  
 My teeming fancy labours into birth,  
 And thus at last the filial flames break forth :

With tears, ye Britons, bath the day,  
 Weep, weep, that COLLEY is no more ;  
 Altho' his Fame shall ne'er decay,  
 No, ne'er, ne'er less, than 'twas before.

So now I hope you'll own, that I excell  
 In the Cibberian way of writing well.  
 What easy flow of verse ! what lambent fire !  
 What sweet vacuity of thought conspire !  
 'Tis true the subject is a little sad,  
 But all my tears are † *Attick salt gad.*  
 I'll on then, and if PHOEBUS is no fibber,  
 You soon shall find that I'll *out-cibber* CIBBER.

ADVERTISEMENT in the Daily Journal, Dec. 7.

‘ This day is published price 2 pence, in the *Hyp-*  
 ‘ *Doctor*, &c. sold by J. Roberts, &c. Where may not  
 ‘ be had many former numbers of the *Hyp-Doctor* :  
 ‘ therefore look sharp, my masters, and catch up this  
 ‘ for your own sakes : take my word for't.’

*Hot !*

† Cant-words of the Laureat.

Hot! hot! Piping hot! Smoking hot!

Catch not, unless they may be got;

If you drink, they soon may not;

Take my word for't. Hot! hot! hot! M.



No 104. THURSDAY, December 30.

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THE first Piece contains a full and particular answer to the scurrilous Letter of CATHOLICUS in the 100th Journal; which is followed by a bantering Letter upon Mr. Bavius, signed BILLY VAPOUR.

To Mr. POPE:

ACCEPT, Great Poet, nor with frowns disdain

This youthful, short, but too ambitious strain;

Thyself the cause of these presumptuous lays:

Thee who can read, and not attempt thy praise!

While o'er the deathless page I turn my eyes,

What fierce emotions in my soul arise!

While to my present thought each flowing line

Appears th' united labour of the Nine.

Charm'd with the beauties of thy rural scenes,

I pant for Windsor's shades and flow'ry greens;

Her groves thrice grateful to the tuneful throng,

Her brooks that glide not smoother than thy song,

But who thy *Iliad* justly can admire!

Thy *Iliad* wrote with more than mortal fire!

Whene'er thy trumpet speaks th' approaching fight,

We pant with tumults of severe delight:

All HOMER's lightning in thy numbers shines,

And all his battels thunder in thy lines.

Our passions move obsequious at thy call,

And to thy varying music rise, or fall:

And could inanimates but hear, in Thee

The Tale of ORPHEUS verifi'd wou'd be.

No 105.



N<sup>o</sup> 105. THURSDAY, Jan. 6, 1732.



*Still dancing in an airy round,  
Still pleas'd with their own verses sound ;  
Brought back, how fast so'er they go,  
Always aspiring, always low.* PRIOR.

ODE for New-year's day, 1732, written by COLLEY  
CIBBER, Esq; Poet Laureat.

RECITATIVO.

**A** WAKE with joyous Songs the day  
That leads the op'ning Year ;  
The Year, advancing to prolong  
AUGUSTUS' sway demands our Song,  
And calls for universal cheer. 5

AIR.

Your antient Annals, Britain, read,  
And mark the Reign you most admire :  
The present shall the past exceed,  
And yield enjoyment to desire.  
Or if you find the coming Year 10  
In blessings should transcend the last,  
The diff'rence only will declare  
The present sweeter than the past.

RECITATIVO.

But, ah ! the sweets his sway bestows  
Are greater far than Greatness knows. 15  
With various pensive cares oppress  
Unseen, alas ! the Royal breast  
Endures his many a weight,  
Unfelt by swains of humble state.

AIR.

AIR.

Thus brooding on her lonely nest, 20  
 Aloft the Eagle wakes,  
 Her due delights forsakes,  
 Tho' monarch of the air confess.  
 Her drooping eyes refuse to close ;  
 While fearless of annoy, 25  
 Her young below'd enjoy  
 Protection, food, and sweet repose.

RECITATIVO.

What thanks, ye Britons, can repay  
 So mild, so just, so tender sway !

AIR.

Your annual aid when he desires, 30  
 Less the King than land requires :  
 All the dues to him that flow  
 Are still but Royal wants to you.  
 So the Seasons lend the earth  
 Their kindly rains to raise her birth ; 35  
 And well the mutual labours suit,  
 His the glory, yours the fruit.

RECITATIVO.

Assist, assist, ye splendid throng,  
 Who now the Royal circle form ;  
 With duteous wishes blend the song, 40  
 And every grateful wish be warm.

CHORUS.

May CAESAR's health his reign supply  
 'Till Faction shall be pleas'd, or die ;  
 'Till loyal hearts desire his fate ;  
 'Till happier subjects know, 45  
 Or foreign realms can show,  
 A land so blest'd, a King so great.

VER. I. *Awake with joyous songs the day* ] The last stanza of the LAUREAT's *Ode* on his Majesty's Birthday begins thus, *With song, ye Britons, lead the day.* Which bold expression, tho' justifiable in Lyric Poetry;

he has here altered for the sake of *True Britons*: who will more readily endeavour to *awake*, than to *lead the Day with songs*; and will leave this *day* to lead on the rest, as the Poet has here improved the thought and expression.

2. *That leads the op'ning Year.*] The first *Day* of the New-year being here very poetically represented (not as any part of it, but) as a person distinct from the New-year, which is also represented as a person, we are bid to *awake* the former, that it may *lead* the latter.

— The term *opening*, against which some persons objected, is extremely proper, applied to the New-year as a person; and is to be understood in a literal sense of her *opening* her mouth, as is evident from the three verses immediately following. For in them the New-year is represented as *advancing* forward, *demanding* a *Song*, and *calling for universal cheer*; which last she cannot be supposed to do without *opening* her mouth.

6. *Your antient Annals, &c.*] The Poet, I must own, seems to have minded here more the music, than the matter of his verse; which I could wish had run thus, *Antient and modern Annals read*. For by confining us to *antient Annals*, he has rendered his advice in the next line altogether impracticable. How can we, in reading only our *antient Annals*, possibly *mark the Reign we most admire*, when That is to be found only in our modern and latest *Annals*?

10. *Or if you find, &c.*] Some envious Critics have passed a general censure upon our Author's *Odes*, as written in the Unintelligible Sublime. But they are defied to produce four plainer lines than these, which contain this self-evident assertion, That if the *coming year* have more  *blessings* than *the last*, it will be *sweeter*.

14. *But, ah! the sweets, &c.*] These two lines are capable of two different senses, and both extremely good. One is, That *the sweets* his Majesty's *sway bestows* upon his subjects, *are far greater*, than He himself, even in his *great* and comprehensive mind, can imagine. The other, That they are *far greater* than He himself enjoys: which is confirmed by the following lines. But taken in either sense they are a fine compliment: and

*sweets*

*sweets* and *stony* in one verse; and *greater* and *greatness* in the other, make them both very harmonious.

16. *With various pensive cares, &c.*] Observe the various epithets given to *cares* in this and the three following verses. In the two first these *cares* are say'd to be not only *various*, but likewise *pensive* and *unseen*; which they certainly are, tho' this last word be applied immediately to the *Royal breast*. The lamentation begun in the second and third is surprizingly poetical, *Alas! the Royal breast Endures HIS MANY A WEIGHT*: from whence it is evident, that these *cares* are *many*. In the last verse it is added, as the most extraordinary circumstance of all, that they are *unfelt by swains of humble state*. So that this whole beautiful Climax stands thus, These *Royal cares* are *various, pensive, unseen, many, and unfelt by inferior persons*.

20. *Thus brooding on her lonely nest*] *Brooding* here, as is evident from what follows, does not signifie covering a *nest*, in order to hatch the *young*, but only hovering over them, being already hatched. Some Copies have *lozely*; which seems to be the truer reading, from *Vir.* 26. where mention is made of *her Young belov'd*.

22. *Her due delights forsakes*.] Some dispute arose in the Society about the meaning of this expression: to which Mr. DACTYL put a stop, by observing, That this *Eagle* had certainly had her *due delights*, otherwise she would not have sat *brooding* there.

23. *The monarch of the air confest*.] All the Poets make the male *Eagle* the *monarch* of the birds; and therefore it was thought a little odd, that the female should be here called the *monarch of the air*; and be introduced, by way of comparison, to illustrate the greatness of his Majesty's *Royal cares*. Tho' I shall not presume to make any conjectures in a matter so sublimely obscure; yet I do not in the least question, but the LAUREAT, who is intimate at Court, can assign a sufficient reason to shew the propriety of this extraordinary comparison.

24. *Her drooping eyes*.] It was disputed, whether this should not be read *dropping*, which is more applicable to the *eyes*, as *drooping* is to the head.



32. *All the dues, &c.*] This with the following line was so much above the comprehension of the whole Society, that not one person would pretend to put any construction at all upon them.

37. *His the glory, yours the fruit*] This is a plain proof, how well the mutual labours of the Seasons and the Earth suit.

41. *And every grateful wish be warm.*] There is a very great propriety in this verse: for to make a wish the more grateful at this cold season, one must make it warm.

M.

BAVIUS.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Jan. 5.

Mr. BAVIUS,

I HAVE constantly observed in one of the Daily Papers mention made of the *King of France's children having cut their teeth all safely, and thrived extremely, with Dr. Chamberlen's Anodyne Necklace*; which Advertisements I always looked on, and I believe the generality of people did so too, to be only profitable inventions. But the contrary I am now convinced of, from what has happened at Belfast in Ireland, to one Jane Hooks, a woman of 112 years old, whom you took notice of in your *Journal* of thursday last. But the Gentleman who gave that account, has been short in his information of the occasion of that surprising Phenomenon: and therefore I think myself obliged in justice to tell you the whole fact, which happened during my residence at Belfast. And I doubt not, but, for the publick good, in justice to that most excellent *Necklace*, your Paper will generously make it universally known, even without being paid for so doing.—Jane Hooks, that good old woman, is certainly near 112; and this account I had from herself: her teeth were all decayed and worn out, so that for some years past she had lived upon spoon-meat and pudding; but having fortunately heard of that inestimable *Necklace*, in less than three months time, after she put it on, she cast her old stumps, and has now got a new set of teeth, as good as ever she had in her life: so that she can now eat a beef-stake as easily as she before could swallow pud-

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pudding, or spoon-meat. — The truth of this Account, Mr. BAVIUS, you may as much depend on, tho' it come from Ireland, as upon those which are said to have come from France. And whoever doubts in the least of it, may receive full satisfaction from,

Dublin, Dec.

Sir, Your constant reader,

29, 1731.

and humble servant,

TEAGUE.



No 106. THURSDAY, January 13.



*A general murmur ran quite through the Hall,*

*To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall,*

Sess. of the Poets in DRYDEN'S Miscell. Vol. II.

ALTHO' the following *Letter*, sent at a time when it could not conveniently be inserted in our *Journal*, was written above a year ago: yet, it is not doubted, but the fame of the LAUREAT, which constantly receives an annual augmentation at this season, will render this Piece acceptable now to the public.

Mr. BAVIUS,

THE entertaining account you gave us, in your 46th *Journal*, of the rites and ceremonies practised at the inauguration of a Poet Laureat, under the pontificate of LEO X. occasioned my falling into several reflections upon the present state of English Poetry, the injudiciousness of patrons, and the proper methods of retrieving the honour of the Muses, and restoring the most elegant of all the sciences to its antient lustre and reputation; which disposed me for the following dream or vision, when I went to bed.

I fancied myself walking up and down in the shady groves of Parnassus, amidst a very large company of Poets of all nations and languages; of whom few made

T-3

a better

a better figure than those of the English. I had not long wandered in this agreeable scene, before some of these wellcomed my arrival in the most obliging manner, and with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, for the accession of a new brother and associate to those delightful regions of serenity and repose. For they made me to understand, that the little grudges and heart-burnings of jealousy, and that narrowness of soul with which paltry mortals are so much upon the fret at the thoughts of a rival, are unknown to the more candid and exalted spirits of Parnassus; who think a partnership of fame, and the immortality it gives, an accumulation of their happiness. I never was so much mortified with not being in reality what I was taken for, as now; nor so heartily regretted any thing, as that I had not pursued such elevated and refined studies, as might have entitled me to a place in so much good company. — However, before I undeceived them as to their favourable conceptions of me, I presumed to enquire, whether any of our nation had of late been thought worthy to be admitted among them; because they seemed to entertain with so much pleasure the accession of a youth, who had a juster opinion of himself, than to think he had a title to the great honour they were pleased to do him. To which it was answered, that, on what account they knew not, but the English genius, they apprehended, had very much declined. For a great number of our Country-men had made pretensions to their Society of late; but for want of good credentials, they were still rejected. Why, alas! then, Gentlemen, I replied, it is no small affliction to me to be obliged to declare to you, that I am not the happy person you mistake me for. This is but an excursion into these flowery regions, like the accidental adventures of my Muse: I am not so fortunate as to be free of your company, and enrolled a Parnassian; for, being no professed Poet, how should I obtain the privileges of your community under the hand of APOLLO?

Upon this, a venerable Bard, whom I now apprehended to be the great DRYDEN, whose aspect carried something more august, since his Apotheosis, as I may call it; than all the pictures he drew of himself, during

ring his state of mortality: Why, Brother, for I will call you so, it is a greater indication of merit, as well as more truly honourable, to decline honours, than to court them with never so much success: nor is he the less to be esteemed a Poet who can write, and does not, or who conceals what he has written, either out of modesty, or want of ambition. What further passed betwixt us, I shall not presume to mention: but our conference was soon interrupted by a surprizing clamour, which ascended the mountain; when approaching nearer, we heard, Make way there for the noble LAUREAT of Great Britain! This drew our curiosity to know, who this illustrious personage should be, and the reception APOLLO would give him. Big with this expectation, we were carried to the presence-room, where his Parnassian Majesty gives audience, and determines the pretensions of the candidates for the laurel.

We were no sooner arrived, than the undaunted British Bard was introduced to his Majesty; and, with an air of confidence, challenged the laurel, as incontestably his own: which was attended with a general acclamation of all the scouts and scavengers of Parnassus, and did not contribute a little to the elevation of his crest. To be short, APOLLO was pleased to demand his credentials, telling him he had never yet heard of his name. May it please your Majesty, replies his Laureatship, not at all abashed with the severity of the rebuke, here are my Works, which will speak for me. With that he presented APOLLO with two large volumes in Quarto, finely bound and gilt; and, added he, Who has yet trod the English stage with better grace, or ever acted a character, or written one, better than your Majesty's most obedient servant? APOLLO, opening the Books, found they were Plays; whereupon knitting his brows, I tell thee, Bard, says he, I am so surfeited with the productions of you modern Playwrights, that I have ordered most of the Plays, that have been written in this last age, to be disposed of in a library adjoining to the Temple of CLOACINA, at the foot of Parnassus, where alone they can be of use to mankind. Besides, for me to bestow the never-fading crown of Poets, which Princes and conquerors have

have been ambitious of wearing, upon a Player, without some extraordinary merit, will be degrading the dignity of the laurel.

Here the Bard interrupted: But, Sir, with reverence, LAUREAT I am, and LAUREAT I must be; for the greatest Prince of the present age has commanded it to be so: and therefore I am, with authority, chief Poet in his dominions. This really, rejoined APOLLO is like NERO's taking the laurel by strength of his legions, and crowning himself with it; at the same time causing himself to be proclaimed, with sound of trumpet, the best Poet in his dominions, let any man say the contrary at his peril. Well, Mr. LAUREAT, proceeds he, as great a veneration as I have for every thing that comes signed by the authority of the Prince, whose servant you now write yourself, and whose sanction and recommendation generally have the place of law with me, as being the true testimonial of merit; I cannot yet admit your claim to the laurel in my Parnassian territories, without some formal proof of your abilities, according to the statutes of these our poetical dominions; and 'till I see your compliments to your Sovereign, in return for the honour he has done you. You have likewise to pass your examination, and the rites of inauguration, before you can be endenized in the Heliconian climes.

And now I perceived an indignation to spread and redden the faces of some venerable Bards, who, one and all, requested that the candidate might be examined in the ancient writers of the Drama; and that he might be required to translate some passages of the ancient Poets; which, as a right line discovers its contrary, would try the truth of his genius, and how far his manner of composing would bear the touch-stone of nature and good sense. But this examination he had the modesty to decline. — Upon which a draught of the water of Hippocrene was ordered to be given him: which, having a sudorific quality, if the candidate had just pretensions to the poetical spirit, would refine and defecate his upper parts, by an insensible perspiration, and prepare him for breathing the purer air of the Parnassian climate; if the contrary, like the water of jealousy,

lously, it would work violently downward, and shew its effects in the nether regions. And this last happened to be the case, to the very great offence of our noses; which threw the assembly into so loud a fit of laughter, that it awaked.

Your most humble servant, A. B.

This is followed by a *Letter* from PHILARCHAUS, containing emendations of two places in *Horace*: the beginning of which *Letter*, giving a true account of the design of our *Journal*, is as follows.

SIR,

SOON after I sent you that *Letter* upon *easy writing*, &c. I was obliged to go into the country; from whence I returned not 'till yesterday. The first thing I did was to read your three *Journals*, that have been published in my absence; and I read them indeed with a great deal of pleasure. You seem to hate heartily, and to be resolved to encounter stoutly all nonsense and absurdity, all villainy and imposition upon the public, in whatsoever subject you shall find them. A most audacious and truly *Herculean* undertaking. Pray, never flinch from that design, which is so very laudable; and you'll certainly have success, and do good. It was particularly a lucky thought of yours, to give us the news of the past week, with Remarks. I look upon your Paper as a sort of *Expurgatory Index*, to purge away, and clear us of all the trash and filth that we have been gorged and surfeited with, for a whole week together, &c.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Jan. 7. We hear, that the increasing Subscribers of the Oratory having desired the Sundays Lectures to be for some time on particular chosen subjects, the Burlesque Orations of the week days will be for the present discontinued, &c. DAILY JOURNAL. — To represent this matter truly, it should have been said, the decreasing audience on wednesdays occasioned this. As these Orations, according to this *Puff*, will be discontinued for the present, we may expect to hear soon by another, that they will be revived for the time past.

SATUR-

SATURDAY, Jan. 8. N. B. At the instance of several friends and subscribers, mov'd with pity at the enemies crying *Quarter*, the Burlesque week-day Lectures of the Oratory shall, for some time, be discontinued, &c. FOG'S JOURNAL. — Mr. Conundrum observed, that Mr. Orator's *quondam* auditors, whom he now styles his enemies, have indeed cryed *Quarter*; inasmuch, that not a quarter of a quarter of a hundred will now come once a quarter, to see and bear sense and learning drawn, bang'd, and quartered.

TUESDAY, Jan. 11. Yesterday morning, about 7, a poor woman about 25 years of age, having drank too plentifully of gin, sat herself down by a Geneva shop, the corner of Buckingham-court, at Charing-cross, and expired in a short time. She was immediately carried to S. Martin's Bone house, but no body knew her; and this-day the Coroner's Jury is to sit on her body. Just before she died, she was raving mad. DAILY POST-BOY. — *Death equals all.* My Brother justly pays the same respect to this poor woman, which he would do to one of much greater fortune: he gives us her age, the place, and manner of her death, and the removal of her body to a Bone-house, instead of an Upholders, in order to her interment: in his next we may expect an account of the funeral solemnity.

The Burlesque wednesdays discourses of the Oratory are discontinued for some time, on an obligation which the rev. Mr. Henley has entered into, &c. DAILY JOURNAL. — *This obligation was rather layed upon him, than voluntarily entered into; which occasioned these quotidian Puffs.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Jan. 12.

ODE for the New-year, faithfully translated into English, for the use of Readers unskilled in the *Cibberine* style; and, consequently, not able to interpret the figurative *sublime* of the Original.

N. B. Our courteous Readers are desired, for our honour, and their own emolument, to compare the exalted Original, stanza by stanza, with this our elaborate, and almost literal translation.

RECI-

RECITATIVO.

A Wake, with Songs, the opening day,  
That calls for general cheer:  
Since nothing good, can live too long,  
Let AUGUSTUS have a *song*;  
And, *hey*, for gambols, and strong beer!

5

A I R.

Britons, your Chronicles go read,  
See, what King's reign you, most, admire:  
The present shall the past exceed  
And *be*, whate'er your hearts *desire*.  
For, if, by chance, the *next* new year  
But proves as lucky as the *last*,  
Why, *then*—the *present*, 'tis most *clear*,  
Is far more happy, than the *past*.

10

RECITATIVO.

But, ah! so sweet a Prince, as he,  
Is greater, far, than *great can be*!  
With cares, which none can *see*, oppress'd,  
And *thoughtful*, too, the Royal breast  
Endures full many a weight,  
Unfelt by cottagers of *state*.

15

A I R.

Thus brooding, *single*, in her nest,  
The *she* King Eagle wakes;  
Nor half her due, of pleasure, takes,  
Tho' Monarch of the air, confess'd.  
Nay, tho' she *wakes*, her eyes don't *close*;  
She keeps strict watch, and ward,  
Her young ones, yet *unhatch'd*, to guard;  
That they may eat, *unborn*, in sweet repose!

20

25

RECITATIVO.

What thanks, ye Britons! can repay  
So mild, so just, so soft, a sway?

A I R.

When, once a year, he asks your aid,  
The *Land*, and not the *King*, is paid.

30

Nay,



Nay, and what's more, his *Royal due*  
Is but a *Royal want* in you!

Air, *moist*, or *dry*, alike sends rain,

To raise up earth, that's *born again* :

Yet, tho' half drown'd, live unprovok'd ;

The King gets *fame*, and you get *soak'd*.

35

## RECITATIVO.

Help me, O help me, shining *crowd*,

Who, now stand round, in *Royal form* :

Sing, sing your wishes, clear, and loud ;

And, *ab!* be grateful, and be *warm*.

40

## CHORUS.

The reign, of CAESAR, let his health *supply*

'Till Faction shall be *pleas'd to die* ;

Or they who *love* him, wish him *down* :

'Till happier folks than *we*,

In some far country, *see*

A King, so *prais'd*, in so *be-mus'd* a Town :

With such a LAUREAT, to insure renown !

45

N.B. In the last line, I have presum'd, beyond the sphere of a *Translator* : and added an *humble praise*, in reverence of an excellence, which my great Author is well known to be *too modest* to assert his claim to.

Whereas in Mr. WELSTED'S \* *Dullness and Scandal*, occasioned by the character of *Timon*, there was false *Latin* in the Mbtto, viz. *Turnus to hoc vulnere DONIT*, instead of *DONAT* ; which false *Latin* is repeated in what is said to be the *second* and *third* edition : two gentlemen have laid a considerable wager, the one, that Mr. WELSTED *understood not Latin*, as not having corrected the same in three editions ; the other, that the title of *second* and *third* edition was only an imposition on the publick, so that Mr. WELSTED could not correct it, as having never been re-printed : it is humbly desired of Mr. WELSTED, that he will be pleased to decide this wager, by declaring in this Paper, *which of these is the truth?*

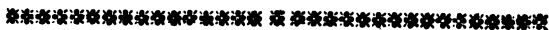
A.

N<sup>o</sup> 107.

\* *Of Dullness and Scandal, an Epistle, &c. against Mr Pope*



N<sup>o</sup> 107. THURSDAY, *January 20.*



**N**OTWITHSTANDING the great perfection, to which Arithmetic is now brought; for ought I can find, in multitudes of writers, from Bp. TONSTAL down to Col. AYLES, the grand rule of that excellent science (deservedly called the *golden rule*) remains yet unfinish'd. As it now stands, in the books I have perus'd, it is so perplext and defective, that there are few learners, but are strangely at a loss in stating of most questions: and, for the solving of many, they have no directions at all.

On account of these inconveniencies, I set myself to disembroil this doctrine; and hope I have hit-upon a *Method*, which will render the practice of the rule of Three, in its utmost extent, abundantly *more easy, certain, and useful.*

The *only difficulty* is to distinguish, in the terms of a question, the Producing from the Produced — *Producing* terms are such, as jointly produce any effect, *e. g.* whatever is consider'd as a Cause, with the adjuncts of Time, Distance, Length, Breadth, Depth, &c. — *Produced* terms are such, as are connected with the others, under the character of Price, Produce, Provision, Gain, Loss, Interest, Advantage, value or quantity of Work, &c.

These things being premis'd, there will be no difficulty in the following account of

*A NEW METHOD of answering, one way, and at one stating, all manner of questions in the rule of Three.*

‘ *First*, Place the conditional terms in one line, in any order; and their corresponding terms under each respectively. — *Then*, having, if necessary, prepar'd the terms (by bringing the heterogeneous to one denomination,

• mination, and the corresponding to the same) multi-  
 • ply the producing terms of one line by the produced  
 • of the other, for a dividend; and the rest of the terms  
 • together for a divisor: the quotient will be the term  
 • required, of the same denomination with the term  
 • over the blank.

For instance, (I.) in the Single rule, (1.) Direct: What is the price of 6 yards, at the rate of 5 s. for 3 yards? (2.) Inverse; How much stuff, yard-broad, will line 10 yards of cloth, yard-and-quarter-broad? (II.) In the Double rule: (i.) of Five terms: (3.) Direct: What is the interest of 200 l. for 18 months, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum? (4.) Inverse: At the rate of 50 s. for 50 l. in 10 months, what is the principal of 6 l. for 12 months? (ii.) of More terms: (5.) There is 48,000 pounds-worth of provisions to be distributed among 1600 men, for 40 days, at 10 penny-worth a man a day: I demand, if the same was to be distributed among 800 men, how much would come to each man, a-day, for 20 days?

The stating of these questions, according to this method, is so easy and obvious; that even learners will be before-hand with me in observing, that the produced term (1.) in the 1st question is 5 s. (2.) in the 2d, none at all; as generally happens in the single rule inverse: in which case, in each line, instead thereof, substitute an unit; or, which will amount to the same, only multiply the terms of the former line for a dividend; and the term of the other, or the product of its term, will be the divisor; (3.) In the 3d, 6 l. interest; (4) in the 4th, 50 s. and 6 l. interest; (5.) in the 5th, 48,000 l.—So the placing will, consequently, be, in the

$$\begin{array}{l}
 (1) \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 5 \text{ s.} - 3 \text{ y.} \\ 6 \end{array} \right\} \text{ or } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 3 \text{ y.} - 5 \text{ s.} \\ 6 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} 5 \times 6 = 30 \text{ Dividend.} \\ 3 \text{ Divisor.} \end{array} \\
 (2) \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 - 5 \text{ q. br.} - 10 \text{ y. lo.} \\ 1 \quad 4 \end{array} \right\} \text{ or } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 10 \text{ y. lo.} - 5 \text{ q. br.} \\ 4 \quad 1 \end{array} \right\} \text{ or } \&c.
 \end{array}$$

Now, Mr. BAVIUS, if this method be new, as I apprehend it is; you will be glad to oblige the public with it: and if it should prove as useful, as I conceive it may; all the returns, I crave, are, that those Gentlemen,

lemen, who are skilful and curious in this way, would publish their emendations and improvements of this first sketch, in your Paper: where I shall be sure to meet with it. For, to be plain with you, there are such swarms of your renegado members, almost in every shop, that I dare hardly venture upon any thing; and so read but very little of our modern productions. I am

Your humble servant,

The SEEKER.

This is followed by a Copy of VERSES on the rev Mr. ARTHUR COLLIER's *Clavis Universalis*, by Mr. H. P——R.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**H**AVING lately seen some very mean Pieces popt into publick Papers, I thought it a proper time to get my poor performance publish'd. You will easily discern the lowness of my accomplishments, but perhaps not the looseness of my expectations, without my unbolomping a little to you. And to tell you the truth, tho' I have had but ill success in the former part of my life, yet I expect to live to be a Great man, that is, Sir, I am in hopes you will admit me into your Society: and then, as what I here send you tends greatly to the improving of Natural knowledge, I don't doubt but I shall be admitted Fellow of the R—— Society. Now with these honours I shall pass, no doubt, for *un bel Esprit*; and who knows what I may come to be? For, tho' I was brought up behind the counter, and have kept a shop in the country till the hawkers and pedlars came in such swarms amongst us, that I had nothing left to do, but to trot up to Town and try for a place; and tho' I have as yet got nothing but promises; yet I am resolv'd not to despair. Who can tell, but after all I may come to be LAUREAT; to qualifie me for which honourable post I am glad to find that it is not necessary to be a Poet. — But, dear Sir, if you should undervalue this my first performance, and not afford it a place in your Paper, all my towering hopes will vanish. 'Tis necessary, that I inform you, that a neighbour of mine, who has stretch'd

stretch'd his abdomen by much toping to a remarkable size, has obtain'd the appellation of BACCHUS; and he being one night very flatuous went into the street, and made a very loud discharge, which occasioned the following lines, by, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant, W. H.

**Y**E Sages, who the causes know  
Of things above, and things below;  
Your mighty wisdoms sometimes blunder,  
As I shall prove, in case of thunder.  
Your vapours, and your exhalations, 5  
Your flames produc'd by agitations,  
Your heat and cold, your wet and dry, }  
And mineral juices in the sky, }  
Are all a philosophic lie. }  
Think not by subtil disputation 10  
To overthrow a true relation.

Know then, that BACCHUS late one night,  
When all, he thought, were out of sight,  
Replete with wine, and swoln with wind,  
Retir'd to vent it from behind: 15  
Th' explosions were like claps of thunder,  
You'd sworn his b——ch was burst asunder.  
From which this inference does arise,  
Attested by my ears and eyes,  
From fact most plain; there's no more art in 20  
Making of thunder, than in f—ting.  
Mighty discovery! mighty fame,  
On this account, I sure may claim;  
Since I the first of all mankind  
Did this important secret find. 25

'Tis true, that antient Poets sing,  
That Jove alone his bolts did fling;  
That he discharg'd his 'vengeful ire  
In flashing, loud, sulphureous fire.  
But that's all fable, all mistake; 30 }  
For all the Gods can thunder make, }  
Whene'er their bellies chance to ake.

This Tale, when once I was a drinking  
With Sparks that boasted of Free-thinking, I told.

I told. — They swore 'twas very pretty, 35  
 Extremely arch, severely witty ;  
 That well it ridicuFd the noise,  
 Which frighted women, girls, and boys.  
 At this was heard a sudden rumbling,  
 As if the house at once was tumbling : 40  
 The cause unknown, the more they wonder'd,  
 And all concluded that it thunder'd.  
 At which our Sparks of late so pert,  
 So loud, profane, and so alert,  
 Dumb-founder'd now, look'd plaguy filly : 45  
 And seem'd, for once, to *think not freely*.  
 Their thoughts, which, with their visage alter'd,  
 With trembling lips, and tongue that faulte'r'd,  
 In words they plainly could not tell,  
 They more than told, by looks, and smell. 50

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Jan. 19.

**T**HE first Piece is a *Letter concerning Punning*  
 from HENRY CONUNDRUM.

An EPITAPH on THEOPHILUS CAVE, Esq; in the  
*Chancel at Barrow upon Stowre.*

**H**ERE in this grave  
 There lies a *Cave* ;  
 We call a *Cave* a *Grave* :  
 If *Cave* be *Grave*, and *Grave* be *Cave*,  
 Then, Reader, judge, I *crave*,  
 Whether does *Cave* lye here in *Grave*,  
 Or *Grave* here lye in *Cave* ?  
 If *Grave* and *Cave* here buried lye,  
 Then, *Grave*, where is thy *victory* !  
 Go, Reader, and report here lyes a *Cave*;  
 Who conquers *Death*, and buries his own *Grave*.

*Cave, Ave in eternitatem.*

N<sup>o</sup> 108. THURSDAY, *January 27.*

—————

**T**HE first Piece is the beginning of some *Remarks* upon Dr. BENTLEY's edition of MILTON's *Paradise lost.*

A List of the **Commissioners** of the High Court of Justice, who condemned King CHARLES I. to be beheaded on *Jan. 30, 1648.*

**T**HE decollation of King Charles I. was an action, which, at the distance of above four-score years, is now variously represented, being approved, as well as condemned, by many. The posterity of the greatest number of those who had the boldness to sit in judgment upon their Sovereign, and condemn him to lose his head, has been long extinct; so that very few of the off-spring of any of them remain alive, to be either applauded, or reproached, for the actions of their progenitors. There is therefore the greater occasion to preserve and publish as much as possible the names of those unparalleled *Judges*, as objects of admiration, or abhorrence, to the present and future generations.

|                                  |                             |    |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|----|
| John Bradshaw, <i>President,</i> | Henry Martin.               | 10 |
| * John Lisle.                    | William Purefoy.            |    |
| William Say.                     | John Barkstead.             |    |
| Oliver Cromwell.                 | * Matthew Thomlinson.       |    |
| Henry Ireton.                    | John Blackstone.            |    |
| Sir Hardress Waller, Knt.        | Gilbert Millington.         | 15 |
| Sir John Bourcher, Knt.          | Sir William Constable, Bar. |    |
| * William Heveningham.           | Edmund Ludlow.              |    |
| * Isaac Penington <i>Alder-</i>  | John Hutchinson.            |    |
| <i>man of London.</i>            | Sir Michael Livesey, Bar.   |    |
|                                  | Robert                      |    |

|                          |    |                               |    |
|--------------------------|----|-------------------------------|----|
| Robert Tichburne.        | 20 | John Alured.                  |    |
| Owen Rowe.               |    | Henry Smith.                  | 45 |
| Robert Lilburne.         |    | Humphry Edwards.              |    |
| Adrian Scroope.          |    | Gregory Clement.              |    |
| Richard Deane.           |    | Thomas Wogan.                 |    |
| John Okey.               | 25 | Sir Gregory Norton, Bar.      |    |
| John Hufon.              |    | * Edmund Harvey.              | 50 |
| William Goffe.           |    | John Ven.                     |    |
| * Cornelius Holland.     |    | Thomas Scot.                  |    |
| John Carew.              |    | Thomas Andrews, <i>Alder-</i> |    |
| John Jones               | 30 | <i>man of London.</i>         |    |
| Miles Corbet.            |    | William Cawley.               |    |
| * Francis Allen.         |    | Anthony Stapeley.             | 55 |
| Peregrine Pelham.        |    | John Downs.                   |    |
| Daniel Blagrove.         |    | Thomas Horton.                |    |
| Valentine Walton.        | 35 | * Thomas Hammond.             |    |
| Thomas Harrison.         |    | * Nicholas Love.              |    |
| Edward Whaley.           |    | Vincent Potter.               | 60 |
| Thomas Pride.            |    | Augustine Garland.            |    |
| Isaac Ewer.              |    | John Dixwell.                 |    |
| Thomas Lord Grey of      |    | George Fleetwood.             |    |
| Groby.                   | 40 | Simon Meyne.                  |    |
| Sir John Danvers.        |    | James Temple.                 | 65 |
| Sir Tho. Maleverer, Bar. |    | Peter Temple.                 |    |
| John More.               |    | Thomas Wayte.                 |    |

Those marked with an \* did not sign the Warrant for his execution; which was signed by all the rest, and likewise by Rich. Ingoldsby and Thomas Chaloner, who were not present at the Tryal.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**I**T is rare to meet with a Preface or Dedication to any new book, without an invective against mankind for not giving a more publick encouragement to learning and men of wit. The general run of Authors take all opportunities of calumniating the present age beyond any that has preceded. In this, in short, consists the whole mystery of writing. For, tho' in reality genius and learning are, in a modern Author's arithmetick, but of small value or consideration; yet, if he cries out in an angry tone, that men of parts are neglected,



neglected, there are thousands of charitable readers who are immediately for ranking him in that class. I may take upon me to affirm, that Learning is in this age so far from being discouraged, that even the meanest pretenders to it meet with constant protection and assistance.

The Authors of this Town, by a moderate reckoning, may be computed at six thousand: four thousand that are concerned in Political Discourses; one in Dramatick Performances; and the other odd thousand in petit Pieces. A formidable army to be maintained by the pure benevolence of the publick! Disband half our writers, and the Hessians may be maintained another year without any great burthen. In the fore-mentioned six thousand, 'tis probable there may be ten men that have a tolerable share of learning: the remaining 5990 consist, either of such as have taken up the trade of writing from an observation, that as it is at present managed, fewer abilities and less genius are required in it, than in any other profession; or else of men of fortune and quality, who write for fame, and often, to gain the reputation of wits, lose that of having common sense; or else of beaux and lovers, who, to soften their obdurate mistresses, think it necessary to attack them in the harmonious strains of Poetry.

Some, 'tis true, have made Poetry the daughter of Love: but if this was to be admitted as a truth, then every man that was fool enough to be in love, must be at the same time wise enough to be a Poet. Rhime, it must be confessed, has often been produced by love; but Rhime and Poetry are far from being synonymous. If indeed the spirit of rhiming always ended with the passion that created it, the Criticks would have no great cause of complaint. But the misfortune of it is, that 'tis like thieving, when once a person is initiated, he can't leave off, till he has committed some crime too enormous to be passed over. From a love *Song* to CAELIA, many a man has been led to the writing of a very bad Play; or, to what is high treason in Poetry, the attempting at even an Heroick Poem itself without a genius.

There is scarce a day passes that does not afford us some

some sad instance of that whereof I am now speaking. The last new performance at Drury-lane is an irrefragable argument to prove the truth of this assertion. A Play, which is one of the most arduous tasks of which human wisdom is capable, requires not only the strongest judgment and observation, but the utmost delicacy in the working up. Every person ought therefore to ponder well his own abilities, before he ventures on so bold an undertaking. I would ask the Author of *The Modish Couple*, upon a supposition that he was at the head only of fifty men, Whether he would venture to give battle to an army of 50,000? and if he would, Whether all mankind would not justly condemn him for a temerarious, precipitate Hero. For my own part, I see but little difference between this case, and that of a writer, who audaciously attempts the most difficult performance, without either wit or humour, without genius or capacity, and in short, without being possessed of even one qualification necessary to the accomplishment of so great a work. What can we then think of an audience, that with noise and violence are resolutely bent to support a wretched rhapsody of the lowest chit-chat? a thing, called a *Comedy*, without plot, language, or sentiments. The most charitable thoughts that can surely be entertained, are either to pity their folly and ignorance; or else to conclude, that there must be something worse in their endeavours to impose upon mankind, by applauding what indisputably ought to have been condemned to the flames. A man that claps out of time is making the most poignant satire against himself; 'tis like laughing in company at no jest. How far beneath his quality does a Nobleman appear, when at the head of a formidable party to countenance such a piece? The reproach does not lye in being a friend to a bad Poet, but in patronizing his Works.

Among the Greeks and Romans, their Captains and Generals were frequently men of the finest parts, improved by the most liberal education. They were scholars, as well as soldiers; and could command the pen, as readily as the sword. But the education of most of our military Gentlemen is very different from theirs.

And

And tho' many of them are ingenious, and some of them learned persons; yet they act out of their sphere, if they endeavour to secure the success even of a good Play, by bringing a large party into the house, listed under them on purpose to make a noise in its behalf. This conduct will naturally provoke a contrary party to hiss it off the stage undeservedly. But if the Play be really bad, nothing can effectually protect it from the contempt of the audience, but a detachment of the Foot-guards, ready to fire upon any person who shall presume to shew the least token of dislike.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, E. P.

*A RECEIPT to make a modern Dramatic Poet.*

To C—— B——, Esqs

Since a Bard to commence, you are fir'd with a passion,  
And write in Dramatics—— because 'tis the fashion;  
Since dire Heathen Greek ne'er puzzled your noddle,  
Nor Precepts antique from old ARISTOTLE;

A few modern ones take, which will teach you much better,

To dictate a Play, tho' you can't write a letter.

Take of learning a grain for the Critics in Pit;  
Of good humour a scruple; and a dram of good wit;  
An ounce of good sense far too much will be found;  
Half will do: but of Laureat-Assurance a pound.  
Five *Double Entendres* in your *Epilogue* put,  
To leave in the Ladies an impression of smut.

These precepts can't fail a gay modern to raise,  
As fam'd for Dramatics as T——D or BAYS.



N<sup>o</sup> 109. THURSDAY, February 3.

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A LIST of the Witnesses against K. CHARLES I.  
copied at first in this *Journal* from RUSHWORTH'S  
*Historical*

No 109. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 227

*Historical Collections*, where the initial letters only of their names are preserved; which are placed here at length, as they were afterwards published in No 115, from the additional 7th Vol. to Lord CLARENDON'S *History*.

**W**ILLIAM Cuthbert, of *Passington* in *Halderness*, *Gent*.

John Bennet, of *Harwood* in the county of *York*, *Gent*.

William Brasas, of *Wickbait* in the county of *Salop*, *Gent*.

Henry Harford, of *Stratford-upon-Avon* in *Warwickshire*.

Robert Lacy, of *Nottingham*, *Painter*.

Edward Roberts, of *Bishops-Castle* in the county of *Salop*, *Ironmonger*.

Robert Loads, of *Cottam* in *Northamptonshire*, *Tyler*.

Samuel Morgan, of *Wellington* in the county of *Salop*, *Holt-maker*.

James Williams, of *Rosse* in *Herefordshire*, *Shoemaker*.

John Pyneger, of *Hayner* in the county of *Derby*, *Yeoman*.

Samuel Lawson, of *Nottingham*, *Maltster*.

Arthur Young, of *London*, *Citizen* and *Barber-surgeon*.

Thomas Whitting, of *Nottingham*, *Shoe-maker*.

John Thomas, of *Llangollen* in the county of *Denbigh*, *Husbandman*.

Richard Blomfield, of *London*, *Citizen* and *Weaver*.

William Jones, of *Usk* in the county of *Monmouth*, *Husbandman*.

Humphry Browne, of *Witsondine* in the county of *Rutland*, *Husbandman*.

David Evans, of *Abergenny* in the county of *Monmouth*, *Smith*.

Diogenes Edwards, of *Carlton* in the county of *Salop*, *Butcher*.

Giles Gryce, of *Wellington* in *Shropshire*, *Gent*.

John Vinson, of *Damorbam* in the county of *Wills*, *Gent*.

George Seely, of *London*, *Cordwainer*.

John

228 MEMOIRS of the Society N<sup>o</sup> 109.

John More, of the city of *Cork* in *Ireland*, Gent.

Thomas Ives, of *Boyset* in the county of *Northampton*, Husbandman.

Thomas Rawlins, of *Hanstop* in the county of *Bucks*.

Thomas Read, of *Maldstone* in the county of *Kent*,  
Gent.

James Crosby, of *Dublin* in *Ireland*, Barber.

Samuel Burden, of *Lyneham* in the county of *Wilts*,  
Gent.

Michael Potts, of *Sbarpereton* in the county of *Northumberland*, Vintner.

George Cornwal, of *Aston* in the county of *Hereford*, Ferry-man.

Henry Gooche, of *Grays-Inn* in the county of *Middlesex*, Gent.

Robert Williams, of *S. Martin's* in the county of *Cornwall*, Husbandman.

Richard Price, of *London*, Scrivener.

Thomas Challoner, a Member of the House of  
Commons.

One Yeoman, five Husbandmen, seven English, one  
Irish Gent.

One Honourable Member of the Rump of Parliament,

One Scrivener, Ironmonger, Glover, and Felt-maker,

An Independent Vintner, who for rhyme I wish had  
been a Quaker,

A Maltster, Ferry-man, Barber-surgeon, and a Painter,

A Tyler, a Butcher, an Irish Barber turn'd Saint here,

A Weaver, Smith, two Shoe-makers, and a Cord-  
wainer :

Every one of whom ought to have been a Cord-  
strainer.

Mr. BAVIUS,

*Hereford, Jan, 15, 1731.*

**I** DOUBT not but you have long since read the  
*SpeBator's* parallel between the two celebrated Co-  
medians, Mr. BULLOCK and Mr. PENKETHMAN.  
I have here attempted one between two more confi-  
derable persons, viz. Mr. CARPENTER, Poet Laureat  
of this City, and the renowned Laureat in London:

Mr. CARPENTER and Mr. CIBBER are persons of  
the same sex, education, profession, occupation, and  
com-

complexion; and 'tis observable, that the initial and final letters are the same in both their names. Mr. CARPENTER is Deputy Bellman of the City of Hereford. As for Mr. CIBBER, in your City, *vicem gerit ille Tonantis*, which is as much as to say, he is Director of the Play-house thunder, as deputy to the ingenious Mr. DENNIS, inventor thereof. [See *The Dunciad*]

If you inquire into their education, 'tis well known the learned Mr. CARPENTER has read *Cato*, *Corderius*, and *Æsop's Fables*; in which he has some advantage over Mr. CIBBER, whose studies, 'tis evident, were never extended beyond *Sententiæ Pueriles*. It has been pretended indeed, that he was no stranger to *Lucan*: but it must be acknowledged, that acquaintance was contracted by the mediation of Mr. ROWE; by whose assistance and recommendation JULIUS CAESAR so far honoured him as to be his guest in *Egypt*, where he gave that Hero but a scurvy entertainment, almost as bad as that wherewith he has since regaled AUGUSTUS.

Mr. CIBBER is a professed Poet: so is Mr. CARPENTER; and, with due submission I speak it, in my opinion, the better of the two; as will appear from an impartial view of their respective performances on New year's day. I have herewith sent you that of Mr. CARPENTER in print.

The year its steady course doth constant run;  
 No sooner ends but 'tis again begun:  
 One is no sooner past, but still appears  
 Another new; thus years are chain'd to years;  
 Whose fruitful seasons does for man provide,  
 And all the creatures on the earth beside:  
 Thus doth the year its active course maintain,  
 It comes to go, and goes to come again.

From these verses you may perhaps observe, that the one Laureat has stolen some thoughts from the other. But 'tis apparent, that our country-man was not the plagiarist: for honest STEPHEN BRYAN, the Worcester printer, can testify, that Mr. CARPENTER's verses were published, among other of his miscellaneous works, for the entertainment of his good friends against Christmas;

mas; whereas Mr. CIBBER's did not make their appearance 'till New-year's-day.

Mr. CIBBER is an Actor; and, I can assure you, Mr. CARPENTER has formerly made no inconsiderable figure among a set of Strollers. 'It has been observed, that Players act those parts best, to which they are most naturally inclined; but to this observation the action of either of these Gentlemen is a direct contradiction: for Mr. CIBBER is said to perform the parts of a Coxcomb and a Villain to the greatest perfection. And tho' it must be confessed, that Mr. CARPENTER is no Tragedian; yet he has acted the part of *Scrub* in the *Beaux Stratagem*, and that of SHAKESPEAR's drunken *Tinker* in the *Taming of the Shrew*, with general applause.

Mr. CARPENTER's occupation is that of a Shoemaker; and he does not cut out his work amiss, always observing the old rule of *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Happy were it for others, if they could take the same measures! but, he has ever been allowed to be an excellent *Translator* or *Cobler*; and will piece on a sole with that exactness, that the most curious eye can scarce observe the stitches. Mr. CIBBER is also a *Translator* and *Cobler*, but in no degree equal to his rival. He has translated, as I am told, two pair of CORNEILLE's and MOLIERE's old shoes, in such a manner as to fit no mortal. The *Pompey*, the *Cid*, &c. were despised by many of our Society, who wear none but second hand shoes: and even the *Nonjurors* themselves have chosen to go almost barefoot, rather than to appear in a pair of patch'd shoes of *Tartuffe*, or to tread one *step* like him. As a *Cobler*, in his Comedy called the *Fop's Fortune*, he has ingrafted the former part of FLETCHER's *Elder Brother* upon an old Play, called the *Loyal Lovers*, in so bungling a manner, that the chasms are to be discerned even with half an eye.

As to the complexion of these two great men, 'tis in both tending toward the subfusk; only Mr. CIBBER's is the deeper copper of the two. Mr. CIBBER has the more years; but then Mr. CARPENTER has the more wit: and yet, wonderful to relate! Mr. CIBBER  
drinks

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drinks sack; while Mr. CARPENTER, alas! is doom'd  
to cyder. To conclude, in the words of the *Spectator*,  
Mr. CIBBER *has the more money*; but Mr. CARPENTER  
*is the taller man*.

I am your humble servant,  
PHILO VERMI-GENERIS.

Mr. MAEVIUS *looking upon the Banqueting-house at*  
*White-hall, Jan. 30, 1731—2.*

1.

When this fine Palace sunk in rising flame,  
What providence preserv'd this noblest part?  
A lasting monument consign'd to fame,  
Of STUART's grandeur, and of JONES's art?

2.

No doubt, for wisest purpose Heav'n decreed,  
This pompous Dome, secure to latest time,  
Should mark the scene of one unrivall'd deed,  
A glorious virtue, or a heinous crime.

3.

If that, a blessing; but if this, a curse  
Has ever since pursu'd Britannia's land:  
When the third age has run its dubious course,  
The fourth may plainly see Heav'n's vengeful hand.

4.

'Till then this Dome here opportunely shines,  
For deprecation, and thanksgiving too:  
Which may retard, or hasten Heav'n's designs,  
In scenes of lasting happiness, or woe.

5.

While some, detesting that vile barbarous age,  
What fiend possess'd those godly villains, ask:  
Others declare, had they then trod the stage,  
They'd struck the glorious stroke without a mask.

6.

From thoughts directly opposite as these,  
Passions as opposite incessant flow:

X 2

Exhila-



Exhilarating hopes of lasting peace;

Dejecting fears of some dire sudden blow.

7.

Th' Egyptians thus, as Nile's vast floods retreat,  
See monsters creeping from their oozy bed;  
And while the sun darts down prolific heat,  
Both plenty hope, and swift destruction dread. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Feb. 2.

To the honourable Society of Grub-street.

Gentlemen,

**H**A V E I N G procured several original manuscripts in defence of the last new Comedy, written by the very honourable patrons of that performance; I beg your assistance in the publication of them: As they are the works of persons of distinction, you cannot doubt the intrest your Society has in them: tho' I must confess I cannot yet say any thing with entire certainty in relation to them: by reason of some obscuritys in character and orthography, which you very well know manuscripts, especially of this sort, are very liable too.

I have indeed done all in my powr to obviate this misfortune, by a dilligent comparison of the papers now in my hands, with that valuable edition of the former works of the same authors, publish'd in three Tomes by Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, under the title of the *Big-house Miscellany*; I have also had recourse to the originals of that work upon most of the Tavern windows in Pell-mell and St. James's Street; and I take this oppertunity of acknowledging the great humanity of Mother WILLIAMS, who very freely exhibited to my perusall all the valuable remains of this kind in her house that had escaped the Gothick fury of her customers. For you must know, Gentlemen, that where scrawling a glass is reckon'd wit, the criticism consists only in breaking the pane — but to return

By the dilligence of my search I have arrived at a pretty good guess as to the letter and spelling; and for the language I have used no other help, than a carefull perusall

perusal of the Comedy itself to which these manuscripts relate, and which doubtless is the standard to which these Gentlemen write.

But all this notwithstanding, I cannot but own myself much at a loss with relation to the sense of these valuable pieces; and therefore humbly hope you will appoint the learned Doctor ZOILUS of your Society, to assist me in transmitting to posterity these lasting monuments of the present taste.

I desire leave to inform the publick, that I intend soon to publish some curious observations on the Roman Drama; in which many errors of the Learned are refuted, particularly that with relation to the *Tibia*: it being plainly proved, that the *dextra* could be nothing else but certain loud vociferations used by the friends of the Author, to terrifie the audience into an approbation; as by the *sinistra* could only be meant the cat-calls. A due mixture of both these gave rise to a third distinction; as a very great prevalence of either did to the *imbres*: tho' a certain learned Modern is rather inclined to think this latter might allude to the different quality of the audience, being very well assured that SCIPIO and LAELIUS did in person assist at the head of a very considerable body of these performers; from which some vain *litterati* would ignorantly fix the character of authors, upon these two great men.

N. B. as a work of this kind cannot but require many references to the learned languages, the Author will annex a version of the Latin sentences, together with a Glossary of hard words to a few Copys, which shall be printed on a royal paper, and neatly bound and gilt for persons of distinction.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most humble servant, W. F.

P. S. I am afraid, Sirs, you will conclude my *E-manuensis* a person of quality: I cannot mortifie him better, than by making him write my appology for the many errors he has committed, and which I fear will render this as illegible as my manuscripts.

X 3

ADVER-

## ADVERTISEMENT.

• Whereas some persons in Grub-street pretend to sell *Strops for razors*; this is to inform the Public, that *The true original Strops for razors* are sold only by the first Inventor, ' Mr. Roberts at the Corner of ' Lincoln's-Inn fields near Clare-market, with allowance to such as buy a quantity — N. B. The shop is situated between dust and ashes, that is to say, between a *Stuff-shop* and a *Coffee-house*; and is not open now on Wednesdays, as formerly; but only on Sundays, for the convenience of Journey-men, Apprentices, &c. .

*Fungar vite colis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.*  
M.



N<sup>o</sup> 110. THURSDAY, February 10.



**I**N the first page is a *Letter* subscribed HORATI-ANUS, in answer to that from PHILARGHÆUS in N<sup>o</sup> 106. which is followed by *Some Account of the State of Prisons since the late Act for the relief of Debtors*; &c. humbly offered to the consideration of the Legislature.

The following *Prologue* and *Epilogue* were spoken at the acting of the *Orphan*; by some scholars at a private school, about three years ago; and a few copies of them printed upon a sheet by themselves. We think them so

• Mr. Orator had advertised in the *Daily Journal*, Jan<sup>r</sup> 1. his *Oratory Trans-actions* under the Title of *An Assertion of the late rev. Dr. Clarke's Principles*, &c. and in the *Advertisement* made use of the very words marked with inverted commas, excepting only, that instead of *top*, he had put *place*.

so good, that they ought to be made more public, and preserved to posterity in the *Memoirs* of our Society.

PROLOGUE, spoken by a young Nobleman, who acted  
POLYDOR.

**W**ONDROUS the Bard, whose happy Tragic  
vein

*Draws joys from tears, and pleases us with pain!*

In this the tender ORWAY's Muse was chief:

He grieves us, yet we thank him for our grief.

But never does the triumph of his art

5

So touch the passions, and command the heart;

As when we here see the soft, gentle Fair,

Young, innocent, deluded, in despair;

See with such rage the *Rival Brothers* burn,

[10

And with so sweet a grace the lovely O. PHAN mourn.

Thus ORWAY wrote: but how shall our green age,

Ill suited to the labours of the Stage,

To such a celebrated Piece be true,

And give the *elegant distress* its due?

The rash CHAMONT, we fear, you'll see scarce brave;

And mad CASTALIO *impotently* rave;

[15

Fierce POLYDOR too *saucily* dare his foes

And poor MONIMIA *robb'd* of half her woe.

If then you view this Action with neglect,

And with dry eyes, ours is the sole defect:

20

Could we be just, you'd be so to this Scene;

And weep like *children*, could we act like men.

EPILOGUE, spoken by a young Gentleman, who acted  
CASTALIO:

**M**Y birthright's privilege is sure but small;

This younger Brother's part is all in all:

He trick'd me in the Play: and now that's over,

In which I was a Lord, as well as Lover:

I an *Castalia'd*, he an *Polydor'd*,

5

I'm but plain *Joe*; he still, forsooth, *My Lord*.

There's something too, as we these matters rate,

In a third *circumstances* and that's—*estate*.

For *his*; 'tis visible, and well intoll'd:

But where *mine* lies—I never yet was told.

20

Well;

Well; be it—What is it that I would say?  
 Something to cheer you after this sad Play.  
 Fain would I make you merry—but I can't:  
 For Wit runs low — what then? no Wit we want,  
 To raise a laugh—Where's *Harlequin*, *Scaramouch*, 15  
*Jonatban Wild*, *Jack Shepberd*, and *Cartouch*?  
 What? *Farce* with *Tragedy*?—Yes; 'tis the fashion—  
 No *Stage-coach*? *Windmill-dance*?—nor *Coronation*?  
 Where's *Doctor Faustus*, and the *flying Letters*?  
 Alas! these nobler sports are for our BETTERS; 20  
 For MEN, not CHILDREN—We make no pretence  
 To such politeness, and so great expence;  
 Forc'd to take up with POETRY—and SENSE. }

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Feb. 3. Mr. Darby, keeper of the Marshalsea prison, has let the said gaol to Mr. Taylor, an undertaker in the Borough. DAILY JOURNAL.—An undertaker is a very proper person for a gaoler, in a Christian country, where the consequence of being dead in law is to be buried alive.

FRIDAY, Feb 4. Yesterday the Lords of the Treasury were pleas'd to appoint Mr. Wright, footman to Sir Rob. Walpole, to be one of the messengers of the Treasury. DAILY JOURNAL.—A footman is well qualified to be a messenger. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Feb. 9.

Dear BAVY,

A MILITARY author of a late damn'd Dramatick Performance is continually complaining of the injustice of the Town; but what more particularly affects him, is the hard usage he has met with from your illustrious Society. Even you, who ought to have espous'd the cause of an oppress'd Brother, have, like a profess'd enemy, published some things to his disadvantage. If you go on thus, you have not the good of your Community at heart: for you'll hinder several military heroes from inlisting themselves into your Society, who might defend the Members of it against all opposition by force of arms; which is a stronger, and therefore a better argument, than can be pro-

produced in your *Journal*. If, upon this friendly advice, you shall think fit to alter your conduct; I myself will write a Play against the latter end of this month, and contemn all Criticks, aided by your *Journal*, and a file of Grenadiers.

*S. James's Coffee-house, Feb. 2.*

I am yours eternally,  
TIM. COCKADE.

At the late Trial of Mr. PETER NOAKES for the murder of Mr WILLIAM TURNER; that celebrated actor Mr. WILLIAM PENKETHMAN was produced as a witness in favour of the prisoner. On which tragical occasion, he delivered his testimony in a most surprizingly proper manner; performing at once the parts of a good witness, a good actor, and a good poet. ——— To relate the common occurrences of life in the lofty strains of poetry, is extremely difficult; but to do this *extempore*, is really wonderful. To act a part well at the Theatre in the Old Baily, before such severe judges, and so numerous and polite an audience, and to come off with applause, is a very great thing: but it is still greater, to bring off a friend. ——— As all these circumstances concur to raise Mr. PENKETHMAN'S reputation; the Society is sorry to observe, that our learned brother the Historiographer of the Old Baily has not done him justice; having printed that fine speech of his in a prosaic manner, which is most sublime blank verse. As such it is therefore here republished, in a poetical manner, but without the change of one word; in order to transmit to posterity an illustrious evidence of a great genius for poetry, and of a great act of friendship. M.

On thursday night, or rather friday morning,  
'Twixt two and three, the Prisoner and Deceased  
Rack punch were drinking at the Rummer tavern  
In Drury Lane——for then I found 'em there;  
And sociable they seem'd, and drank, and talk'd, 5  
Like friends, till watch-men cry'd, *Past four a'clock.*  
The reckoning was a crown, NOAKES paid it all.

From thence we rambled to King's Coffee-house  
In Covent garden. Ale and orange there  
We drank: and still they cordial friends appear'd. 10  
They

They told me, that they had been serenading  
 Some ladies ; but they did not tell me who.  
 And what (said they) is your opinion, Sir,  
 Of such diversion ? I assur'd 'em, that  
 I was not fond of catterwauling frolicks. 15  
 At five I left 'em, and return'd at six,  
 And found 'em still together very friendly.  
 'Twas after seven, when the Deceas'd arose,  
 And ask'd the Prisoner if he would go with him.  
 But he refus'd to go : then the Deceased - 20  
 Bade him Good morrow, and went out alone.

No, Sir, I did not take him to be mad ;  
 But rather thought he was a little silly.  
 For he would laugh at every thing that pass'd,  
 At every word was spoke, tho' nothing merry, 25  
 Not fit to raise a smile ; the meerest trifle  
 Imaginable wou'd set him on the twitter. —  
 When he was gone, I importun'd the Prisoner  
 To cross the water, with me, and two more,  
 Who were in company, to spend the day 30  
 In merriment, (for I had then no knowledge,  
 That I should at the Theatre be wanted).  
 The Prisoner gave consent, we all agreed,  
 And down Southampton-street we took our way :  
 A servant to the Theatre by chance 35  
 We met ; his business was, at Tavern doors  
 And City-gates the Play-house Bills to fix.  
 I view'd his Bills, and found, that very night  
 A part appointed was for me to act,  
 In *The Amorous Widow* or *The Wanton Wife* ; 40  
 And by his Royal Highnesses command.  
 Our journey then was stopp'd ; and to the Rummer  
 In Drury Lane we all return'd at nine ;  
 But did not tarry, for they had no fire.  
 We to the Play-house went, and breakfasted, 45  
 And after ten we parted,

N<sup>o</sup> 112. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 239



N<sup>o</sup> 111. THURSDAY, February 17.

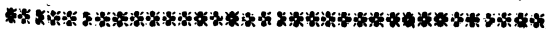


**T**HE first and second pages contain Extracts from three *Sermons* preached on Jan. 31, before the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the Lord Mayor, by Dr. FRANCIS HARE Lord Bishop of Chichester, Dr. ALURED CLARKE, and Dr. ROBERT WARREN.

From the *Pegasus* is an *Epilogue* to the Comedy of *Ignoramus*, lately acted at Bury-school.



N<sup>o</sup> 112. THURSDAY, February 24.



To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Society of Grubstreet.

S I R,

**P**LAYERS are a sort of an inferior order of *Grubbeans*; or rather, (to speak more properly) as they live by the labours of several of your Society, and may therefore be said to eat their bread, ought to be looked upon as their servants. It is for this reason, that I think every thing that relates to them, ought to be exhibited at your tribunal, and sentence passed on them, as the Society shall judge meet.

This premised, I beg leave by these to acquaint the illustrious Community, that I am an Author both in prose and verse; and think I have as good pretensions as any writer whatsoever, to be elected a Member of the Society: as I shall shew, if ever I judge proper to stand candidate for that honour. But this is only by  
the



the by. My present business, Mr. BAVIUS, is this.—

Having written a Play lately, I was very desirous of bringing it upon the stage: but, as I had no personal acquaintance with any of the Managers, I applied to a Gentleman, who spoke to his friend that had. The Play was accordingly put into the hands of Mr. W. and it was expressly desired of him to give his impartial opinion of it; for which reason the author was to remain unknown to him till then. In about a fortnight's time it was returned; but great difficulty made as to his giving this impartial opinion. Upon which, I imagined of course, that my Play was looked upon as a very bad, or silly piece. But, it seems, I was very much mistaken; for the sum total of this impartial opinion amounted to this. That *the Play was a very sensible performance, was really pretty, but not Theatrical; so that he could not undertake to act it on any account.*

As to the meaning of the word *Theatrical*, tho' I have puzzled my brain even here to find it out, I am as far off as ever; and despair now of coming at any tolerable idea of it, unless, Mr. BAVIUS, you will be so good as to help me in the search.—That the want of this quality should be assigned as a reason for rejecting a Play, that was allowed to be a *sensible performance, and really pretty*, is yet more surprising. Hitherto I have been used to think, (and I believe I am not singular) that if a Play was *sensible* and *pretty*, it was a very proper entertainment for the Town. But, it seems, Plays must now be *Theatrical*; and natural sense and wit, that arise (not from odd gestures in the actor, or strained expressions in the poet, but) from the situation in which the persons of the Drama find themselves, and the circumstances that occasion their appearing, as they naturally would off the stage, are no longer necessary in a Play, nor capable of pleasing the Town. 'Tis a melancholy reflection this, Mr. BAVIUS; but when things are at the worst, they must mend.

I shall beg leave to lay before you my conjectures about the meaning of the word *Theatrical*; and to examine, if the Plays we have had this winter (which I presume were so) were one-whit the better in themselves,

selfes, or thought so by the Town; for wanting wit and sense, and being *theatrical*. — A Play may be called *theatrical*, that is written by any person belonging to the Theatre, or that is given to the Theatre; in which case it becomes its property: such Plays are, strictly speaking, *theatrical*. Of this sort was *Abel-wold*; which, as I am inform'd, was given to the house: but I don't find, that its being *theatrical*, could prevent its dying a natural death soon after its birth. —

A Play may likewise be called *theatrical*, that is revised and corrected by any person belonging to the Theatre. Of this kind was *The Modish Couple*, which, I am told, was lick'd into the form it now bears, and had the last touches given it, by a person in the management of the house, famous lately for several Odes, in which he has shewn as much poetry, as judgment. The violent death this Play died of, after having been kept alive by as violent remedies, does not speak much in favour of this new quality so essential in Dramatick performances.

— A Play that is forced upon the house by superior authority, may, I think, likewise be call'd *theatrical*, as the Actors are obliged to adopt it, and receive it, as their own. *The Modish Couple* had this additional degree of *Theatricality*. But alas! All this would not do, neither double Grenadiers, double Constables, nor double *Theatricality*, could save its tender life. It fell, hard fate! because the Town would not be imposed upon, nor could see with patience the Stage reduced to a lower ebb than ever at Bartholomew, or Southwark Fair.

— As to the last new piece call'd *Injured Innocence*, it run indeed six nights; but, as I have been informed, the Author was obliged to make up the deficiency of some of them, the company that was there not paying the expence of the house: so that however *theatrical* this Play may have been in any other sense of the word, which I may be ignorant of, I don't find that the Town was over much edified by it. — All this, then, Mr. BAVIUS, seems to conclude, that wit and sense, I mean unforced wit and sense, are no legal cause to reject a Play, altho' it should want *Theatricality*; and that the Town would receive much better a Play, that had wit and sense, even tho' it were desti-

tate of the other, than they have done Plays, that have wanted both these, and yet been very *theatrical*.

I now, Mr. BAVIUS, am drawing to a conclusion; and shall only beg you would lay this before the Society at your first meeting. The request that I have to make of them is only, that they would favour me with their sentiments upon *Theatricality*; how far they think it essential to a good Play, and whether the want of it be a plausible reason for rejecting one that is allowed to be both a *sensible* and *pretty performance*. My reason for asking this favour of you, Mr. BAVIUS, is this. I have some thoughts of getting it in next winter at the New-house. It is possible they may think *wit* and *sense* more essential than *Theatricality*, and consequently will not reject it for that reason. But I should be sorry, Mr. BAVIUS, to undertake any thing of this kind without the privity and approbation of your Body; for which reason I recommend myself to you, hoping, by your favour, to merit their consideration and regard.

I am, Mr. BAVIUS,

Your unknown friend and admirer,

Feb. 14, 1731-2.

DRAMATICUS.

This is followed by a *Letter* from CONSCIENCIOUS DOUBTFUL to Dr. ALURED CLARKE, concerning his *Sermon* Jan. 31.

*EPITAPH* for the Tomb of a Gentleman, who, from a small beginning, improved his fortune very considerably, and was very charitable to people in distress.

Ye sons of Industry! learn, hence, to know,  
How far in fortune patient Hope will go.

By safe degrees, on Honour's rais'd ascent,  
Slow-climbing Care, at last, will reach Content.

Yet, ah! when up, forget not Want below:  
But stretch your helpful hand to distant Woe.

So rose the man, whose dust inshrines this place;  
So, gain'd with honour; and so gave, with grace,  
Alive, unenvied; dead, unlost, he lies:  
For, know, a Good Man's influence never dies.

NEWS

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Feb. 17. At the Lodge near Tower-hill, a Musical-instrument-maker was lately made a Free-mason in the following manner, First, the door-keeper pull'd off his wig, and held a drawn sword over his head, while the two Wardens led him from one end of the lodge room to the other: then they put him on *Hiram's mask*, painted half black and half white, with three noses, the inside of which was very redolent, with an ointment of *faecal matter* of a *citron bue*, and at the same time the Master pinn'd a fox's tail to his coat. When the *mask* was taken off, the poor man began to complain of the filthy usage; but, to quiet him, they tied him in his chair, and the Master held a pair of red hot tongs so near his cheek, as to be ready to burn him, which put him into a terrible fright. The Wardens next roar'd in his ears *Swanko* three times; then they asperfed his face with a *saline liquor* of a *diaphanous nature*, saying, *Now, brother, you are in urine.* The wife hearing of this disaster, was afraid they had made him fit only for the Opera; but all was reconciled by using some means not proper to mention here. DAILY POST.—*These Ceremonies I take to be full as significant, as those of the wealthier Free-masons; and they were, no doubt, much more diverting.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB STREET, Wedn. Feb. 23..

The first Piece is a *Letter*, giving a short account of a little Lawyer, in his bar-gown, throwing dice for oranges in a wheel-barrow.

Mr. BAVIUS,

HAVING read the following *Advertisement* in several News-papers [*This day is published, price 1s.* A LECTURE ON HIGH FITS OF ZEAL, of Miss CADIERE'S Raptures. *In which, &c.* II. *The Third Edition of MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS, on various subjects of History, Polemical Divinity, Education, and Rhetorick.* By J. HENLEY, Infitutor

Institutor of the Oratory.] I bought the pamphlet; the title-page of which, as to the First Part, runs as above: but the Second Part was altered thus, II. TRACTS on other subjects, in Humane and Divine Learning. Then followed THE THIRD EDITION; which, being placed between two rules or black lines, seemed plainly to relate to the whole pamphlet; but, according to the *Advertisement* above, relates only to the MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS.

When I came to examine my purchase, I found I had been bit: for this THIRD EDITION is not more applicable to any part, than to the whole. For immediately after the LECTURE on *big Fits, &c.* containing only 11 pages, follows on a spare leaf, this false title, MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS on several subjects: THE THIRD EDITION. Which *Miscellaneous Tracts* were printed in 1728, under the title of *Oratory Transactions*, No 1. with which edition, this pretended *Third Edition* appears evidently to be the same, retaining the same typographical errors, the very same distances between the words, &c. so that unless there has been so great a demand for these *Miscellaneous Tracts*, as to keep the letter standing above these four years, this *Edition* is neither a *third*, nor even a *second*.

I shall now shew how these *old, reviv'd, new Pieces* answer the new title, given them in the *Advertisements*, MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS on various subjects of History, Polemical Divinity, Education, and Rhetorick. The first *Tract* contains a very considerable piece of History, being *A Narrative of the Life of the Reverend Mr. JOHN HEMLEY*, by Mr. WELSTEDE; and is followed by a *Defence, Idea, Plan, and Explanation of the design of the Oratory*; which are all as *Polemico-theological*, as *Rhetorical*, and tend much to the improvement of the Education of the young butchers of *Clare-market*.

Having bought these Pieces before under a different title, I hope *The Institutor of the Oratory* will make me some amends, by presenting me with *The Sermon which it was expected Dr. Herring should have preached*. And since he has frequently inveighed against the impositions of Book-sellers, it is expected, that he will not suffer this to pass without a severe animadversion;

N<sup>o</sup> 113. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 245

tion; and that he will effectually prevent one ROBERTS in particular, with whom he is well acquainted, who keeps a shop near *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, between *dust* and *ashes*, from imposing upon the Public in the like manner.

I hope, Mr. BAVIUS, to see this published in your next; it being a matter of consequence, which concerns many other persons, as well as

Feb. 21, 1731-2.

Your most humble servant.

M.

T. D.

EPIGRAM.

When you preach on the thirtieth day of January,  
With your station and audience let your doctrine still vary:  
If with mitre you're grac'd, before the noble Peers,  
You may Parliament blame, praise King and Cavaliers:  
But if not—mind your hits—take a different tone;  
Lay the blame on both sides alike,—or on none:  
Would you shine as a Dean, above Clerical Proctor;  
Tho' you think like a BISHOP, still preach like a DOCTOR.

M.

POPPY.



N<sup>o</sup> 113. THURSDAY, *March 2.*

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**I**N the first and second pages is a continuation of the *Remarks* upon Dr. BENTLEY's edition of MILTON's *Paradise lost*.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 1.*

Mr. BAVIUS presented to the Society a Book intitled GRUBIANA, or a compleat Collection of all the Poems and material Letters from the *Grub-street Journals*: beginning N<sup>o</sup> 1; and continued to N<sup>o</sup> 112. LONDON, Printed by J. Hughs, in High-Holborn, and sold by T. Warner, in Pater-Noster Row, 1732. Which, after it had passed a while from hand to hand, was vot-

Y 3

ted,

ted, *namine contradicente*, to be a scandalous, impudent, and abominable imposition upon the Public; not containing half pretended to in the title page; most injudiciously collected; and so incorrectly printed, as frequently to have several faults in a page, and sometimes two in a line. From whence it was concluded to be the work of some hungry, stupid renegado Member of our Society, printed and published by some mercenary wretches, who are continually pestering the Town, either with pirated good copies wretchedly printed, or with their own vile copies, containing nothing but nonsense, bawdry, or blasphemy. And a Committee was appointed to examine and draw up a particular account of this Book, against this day se'n night; and in the mean time to take such methods, as to them should seem most proper to obstruct the run of this pick-pocket impression. M.



No 114, THURSDAY, *March 9.*

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**T**HE first Piece is a short *Essay* against Ambition.

*A DIALOGUE between FIDLERO and NEWS-COUTERRO, on Thursday, March 2.*

*F.* Hey! What makes you look so pale? You seem frighted.

*N.* Well I may. Here's a break-fast for you. *The Grub-street Journal.*

*F.* Oh! I have had that break-fast this morning already.

*N.* And, pray, how does it sit upon your stomach?

*F.* Plaguy hard. You have drawn me into a fine scrape. I wish I had ne'er been concern'd in it.

*N.* Nor-I. — These Grub Dogs are a parcel of Scrub Rascals. But how the D——l they came by the

the information, I can't imagine. Why, they have plainly pointed us all out. But we'll be even with 'em.

F. Ay, and so we will. I have consulted my Lawyer already; and he assures me, we have five good Actions against 'em.

N. I live amongst the Lawyers; I can have law enough for nothing.

F. But, I believe, such law will be good for nothing. If we sue in *forma pauperis*, I fear we shall come poorly off. — But I have money enough. I've 100l. a year; and I'll spend it all, but I'll be reveng'd.

N. A 100l a year? Pray, where does it lye?

F. Why, in the Old Baily.

N. O! you mean the three old houses there. — One of them proved very fatal, both to our *Morning Post*, and to *Oedipus*. I fear there is somewhat ominous in them; and we shall bring an *old house* over our heads.

F. No, no, never fear. —

N. But they charge us with incorrectness.

F. Ay, so they do, — — and, between you and I, justly enough. I'll not pay HUGHS a farthing more. 'Tis most damnably printed.

N. But why didn't you correct it better?

F. I correct it! I had nothing to do in it.

N. But, you lie: you had.

F. — — — What signified correcting, if the Compositors would not alter it?

N. That will appear by the proofs. — — But what shall we do? If some stop be not put to these Grubs, there will be no living.

F. No more there won't. Our friends can never go on with their design of reprinting *Josephus* and *Rapine*.

N. I hear Mr. CONUNDRUM declares 'tis down-right *Rapine*.

F. Don't the Book-sellers commit this *Rapine* upon one another? And why should not we Printers and Pamphlet-sellers do it upon them all?

N. This shews our impartiality. And as long as there is no law against this way of trade, it is certainly lawful; and what is lawful is rightful. — But what shall



shall be done with these GRUBS, who endeavour to spoil our trade ?

*F.* I'll write against 'em myself. I can write as well as their BAVIUS or MAEVIUS either.

*N.* Why ? Did you write the *Scheme for a new Lottery, The Quarist, and Love after Enjoyment* ? You'll be in time as famous as Mr. CURL.

*F.* 'Tis no matter. — If I can't write myself, I can pay those that can, as well as he.

*N.* Ay, and better too, if you've half an 100 l. a year.

*F.* But, suppose we trie to make up the matter with these Scrubs ? What think ye on't ?

*N.* I think it certainly the best way ; if we knew how to do it.

*F.* I'll go and offer 'em Advertisements.

*N.* 'Twill signify nothing. The Printers will insert your Advertisements ; and the Authors will ridicule your Books.

*F.* They don't dare. The Book-sellers concerned in the Paper will turn 'em off, if they do.

*N.* Their Authors have done so, I am sure, several times : and yet I don't find but the same persons write in it now, who did at first.

*F.* 'Tis very strange. The writers I'm sure in most other Papers are under a better regulation.

*N.* You seem to wonder at the boldness of the GRUBS. Why, they have banter'd the Books printed even for the Partners in that Paper ; and in the very same Journal in which they have been advertised.

*F.* I wonder then, that any Book-seller will advertise in the Paper.

*N.* You need not wonder at that. There are more printed of it than of any Daily Paper whatever ; the number has risen gradually from the very time of its first publication, whilst that of some other Papers has sunk ; and it always goes into the hands of those who are the best customers for Books.

*F.* I'm sure then we ought to advertise in it ; let their Authors banter us as they will.

*N.* I think so too. — But then to be before-hand.

N<sup>o</sup> 114. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 249  
hand with 'em, I'll go to my Master HENLEY. He'll  
maul 'em in the *Hyp-Doctor*.

F. The *Hyp-Doctor*! What will that signifie? Hard-  
ly any body reads it; and those few that do, don't  
understand it. Why 'tis nothing but mere jargon. I  
can write better English myself.

N. No! sure you can't. — He'll put 'em in his  
weekly Advertisement in the *Daily Journal*; and then  
every body will see it.

F. Ay, That may do some good. For my Authors  
tell me, that he spends so much wit in the Advertise-  
ment, that he has none left for his Paper. And I be-  
lieve 'tis true.

N. I'll go to him then immediately.

F. And I to the Printers of the *Grub*.

M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, *W<sup>ch</sup>. Mar. 8.*

**T**HE Committee appointed to examine *Grubiana*  
&c. presented a particular Account of the first  
30 pages, from which they made it evidently  
appear, That tho' in the title page it is affirmed to be  
*A complete Collection of all the Poems and Material*  
*Letters from the Grub-street Journals*, it did not in rea-  
lity contain one of the *First Letters*, and had in it only  
*three Letters* of any considerable length taken from the  
first pages of our *Journals*. That of the *Poems* in 37  
*Journals*, all which were pretended to be contained  
in those first 30 pages, seven had been omitted. That  
in those pages there were 60 *Erratas*, without including  
false stops, small letters instead of Capitals in proper  
names, and omissions of *Italic*, &c. which would a-  
mount at least to 60 more. So that if the *Erratas* in  
the remaining part of the book rise in the same propor-  
tion (as it was highly probable they would) the num-  
ber would amount to above 700. And yet these *Pro-  
prietors of GRUBIANA*, as they call'd themselves, had  
the modesty to advertise it in the *Daily Journal* and  
*Post-boy*, as *beautifully and correctly printed; as complete,  
correct, and neatly printed; and to desire Gentlemen to  
call at Mr. Dormer's, to compare it with the Original  
Journals*. Which false and impudent *Advertisements*  
occasioned the following

E P I -

## EPIGRAM.

\* As a Warner look on me, my honest  
 friend Dormer,  
 More just and sincere than TIM. BIRCH the  
 Reformer :  
 Still beware of nine Things : you'll remem-  
 ber the better ;  
 They begin with the same, and yet with no  
 letter :  
 Hemp, Halter, Hyp-doctor, and Henley  
 haranguing,  
 Hubbard, Hinton, and Hughs, High  
 Holborn, and Hanging.

M.

MAEVIUS.

N<sup>o</sup> 115. THURSDAY, March 16.

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THE first piece is a *Letter* from PROSAICUS,  
 in defence of Mr. RICH, against the charge  
 brought by Mr. TAG-RHIME in the *Daily*  
*Courant*, Mar. 11.

TO DRAMATICUS.

SIR,

I CONCEIVE, that the epithet *Theatrical* ap-  
 plied to Plays, *in itself*, means *nothing*. But Mr.  
 W.

\* Tho' in the title page of  
*Grubiana* the names only of  
 Hughs in *High-Holborn*, and  
 of Warner in *Pater-Noster-*  
*Row* appeared, yet in the  
*Advertisements* those of Dor-  
 mer in *Fleet-street* (who was

the chief projector) and of  
 Hinton in *High Holborn*, were  
 mentioned : with all whom,  
 we were well assured, that  
 one Hubbard was deeply con-  
 cerned in this piracy.

W. applies the word to the Pieces of those Authors, who have the knack of wriggling themselves into his good graces; by what means I will readily communicate to you, or any other Brother of the Bathos in private, provided he will let me go snacks with him in the profits of his third night. Having written at least twenty *theatrical* Pieces (tho' neither *sensible*, nor *pretty*) which have succeeded by this very rule, and no other, I think, without the imputation of arrogance or vanity, I may safely pronounce it infallible.

C ——— . J ——— N.

Mr. DACTYL, upon the reading of this Letter, observed, that tho' this might be the real meaning of the word *Theatrical* at the bottom, yet there was another, which to him seemed probable at least. He imagined, that a Play might be say'd to be *theatrical*, when the characters in it were adapted to those parts in which the Actors might shine most. For instance, those of a Beau, a Coxcomb, a Cuckold, or a Villain; of a Coquet, a Jilt, a Whore, or an Adulteress. Besides; as Actors are sometimes Dramatic Authors themselves, a writer should observe in what manner they deliver their own Comic jokes, or Tragic fustian; and endeavour to sute the different sneers, grimaces, rants, and postures, which he has observed to be most successful. This, with the two former, he thought, took in *Theatricality* in its utmost extent.

M.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**A**S I was going up Chancery-lane t'other day, I saw at a distance before me, a coal-cart unloading at one of the new houses. The carman had so placed his cart against the posts, and some of his sacks upon the pavement, that there was no passing without going beyond the middle of the street, and over the channel. Just as I came up, a very little Gentleman (who, I am sure, is the same you mentioned in your *Journal*, N<sup>o</sup> 112. on occasion of his throwing for oranges in a wheel barrow, in his band and bar-gown) had finished his dispute with the obstinate carman, who refused to make him way; whereby he was forced to go cross the channel, and back through the dirt to come again

again upon the pavement. The little Gentleman's anger increased, and seeing me just by him, he desired to borrow my cane : which I innocently, and little dreaming of the consequence, immediately lent him. He received it very gratefully, acknowledging my extreme kindness as a stranger ; and, to my very great surprize, instantly set about belabouring the poor carman, and gave him several smart blows. The carman, tho' a very stout, sturdy fellow, received them mildly, calmly, and gravely ; and without any emotion of passion at all, not giving so much as an angry word or look, seized the little Gentleman by the collar with one hand, and held him so fast against the rails, that he could not stir one jot ; and having him fixed there with one hand, he with the other unbuttoned his breeches, pulled out his urine pipe, and pissed in the little Gentleman's face, and all over his cloaths, turning the stream of his water, as it past through his hand engine, first to one part, then to another, and so on, 'till he had thrown it all over his face, hat, wig, collar, bosom, cloaths and stockings, and into his shoes ; in short, the carman happened to be so very piss-proud, that he made the poor little Gentleman in as bad a condition, as if he had drawn him through a pond ; and when he had quite done pissing on him, very quietly buttoned up his breeches, and dismissed him with a contemptuous smile.

The little Gentleman went away seemingly sorrowful, and whether the tears or urine were trickling down his face, I could not distinguish ; but he angrily threw down my cane in the dirt, which the honest carman snatched up and wiped, and returned me with a great deal of civility.

The little Gentleman went into a Coffee-house, whether I did not care to follow him ; but the next day I went to enquire the news of the house, and was told, that he there met one or two of his most intimate acquaintance, who enquiring of him the occasion of his being in that sad condition, he very pleasantly told 'em, he had been held under an attachment of contempt, from which he was just then discharged. I am yours, &c.

Mar. 11, 1731-2.

PHILOLUDICRUS.

N E W S

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

*Hyp-Oratorical Puffs in January.*

We hear from the East India coffee-house in Cornhill, that Sir Isaac the Hyp Doctor, &c. DAILY JOURNAL, Jan 10, — We hear from Capt. Ratcliff, that he has on board Sir Isaac the Great Hyp-Doctor, &c. Jan. 17. — We hear, that the rev. Mr. Henley, &c. Jan, 21. — We hear, that at the Oratory next sunday, &c. Jan. 28. — We hear from Geo Bickham, &c. that the Hyp-Doctor, &c. Jan. 31, — Upon reading this, Mr. Conundrum declared, that for the future, instead of Mr. Orator Henley, he should always say Mr. Auditor Henley. M.

SATURDAY, March 11.

*The' my Adversaries say, I am but a Farce-actor,  
With my front I do engage to confront any detractor,  
With Discourse or Disputation, in Divinity, or History,  
Or any subject within the plan of the Oratory;  
On a proper warning, and a reciprocal forfeit,  
By a self-evident test of the comparison, or feat  
Of advertising* THIRD FIRST EDITION, which *clean-ly,*  
*And* publickly I am ready to propose. J. HENLY.  
Fog's Journal.

N. B. The words in *Italic* are added, to make this Advertisement sense, as well as rime.

TUESDAY, Mar. 14. Last week at the assizes at Salisbury, one Daniel Croker, a hackney writer from Chancery-lane (who in this dearth of business had strolled down to Bath, and stole a barber's waistcoat) was convicted of petty larceny, and order'd to be whipt. DAILY POST. — This hackney writer from Chancery-lane *had better have stayed here, and turned* political writer of Free Britons. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 15.

An EPIGRAM, occasioned by a profane, lewd, and stupid Copy of verses about a Horse and an Ass, printed last week in the Weekly Register, Mar. 11. and beginning,

VOL. II.

Z

• See

- ‘ See how unlimited is Beauty’s sway !
- ‘ An *Ass* once spoke (as *antient Records* say)
- ‘ Charm’d with an *Angel* offer’d to his view ;
- ‘ The story’s strange, but we must swear ’tis true.’

EPIGRAM.

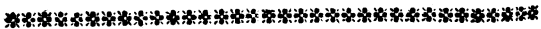
Why should we wonder, that in *old Records*,  
 An *Ass* is say’d to’ve spoke in human words ?  
 Since in these modern, learn’d, enlighten’d times,  
 Brutes speak not only prose, but oft in rimes.  
 Such verse some neighing brute must sure indite,  
 Or else some braying, duller beast must write.  
 —But hold, perhaps I’m wrong : this will not pass :  
 ‘ A heavy mule is neither *Horse*, nor *Ass*.’

MÆVIUS.

This day was held a general court at the South-sea house, where nothing material was done: only a great many Speeches were made on both sides; and among the rest, the famous Mr. COLLY CIBBER, whose *stock* is large, delivered one with his usual eloquence: and the court adjourned till friday se’night. M.



No 116. THURSDAY, March 23.



THE first Piece is a Continuation of the *Remarks* upon Dr. BENTLEY’s Edition of MILTON’s *Paradise lost*: which is followed by a particular Account of the strange escape of 24 persons in the East Indies in 1656; who had continued two hours under water, in a boat of 30 tons, which was overturned and lay with the keel upwards.

An EPIGRAM, occasioned by reading Doctor B’s *Preface* to MILTON’s *Paradise lost*: in which he applies to himself these two lines of VIRGIL, Ec. IX. 33,

—*Sunt & mihi carmina ; me quoque dicunt  
Vatem pastores : sed non ego credulus illis.*

How could vile sycophants contrive  
A lie so gross to raise ;  
Which even B———Y can't believe,  
Tho' spoke in his own praise !

*Hyp-Oratorial PUFFS in February.*

We hear, that to-morrow's Hyp-Doctor will answer,  
&c. DAILY JOURNAL, Feb. 7.—*The Doctor told this,  
I suppose, to the Printers.*—The rev. Mr. Henley  
is desired to suit his next Sunday's morning sermon, &c.  
Feb. 11.—*He, no doubt, complied with his own  
desire.*—This day is published in the Hyp-Doctor,  
&c. where may be had, there being a demand for it,  
the fourth edition of N<sup>o</sup> 39. Feb. 15, 22.—*This  
fourth edition came out the same day with the third edi-  
tion of the Lecture about Miss Cadere.*—The Gen-  
tlemen concerned in the private subscription, have en-  
gaged two new Discourses at the Oratory, &c. Feb. 18.  
—*This engagement was as private as the subscription.*  
—The morning subject of the Oratory, next Sunday,  
is given out to be, &c. Feb. 25.—*Let it be given out  
as it will, the morning, as well as evening subject of  
the Oratory, is nothing but a Coffee-house.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 22.

VERSES, occasioned by reading the London Journal of  
Feb. 26th.

A Prelate, says OSBORNE, preach'd this doctrine o'late,  
That the Church is the greatest support of the State ;  
A traiterous doctrine, for it is the same thing  
With that treacherous maxim, NO BISHOP, NO KING.  
To Protestant Dissenters, this doctrine so spurious, 5  
The King's faithful subjects, is highly injurious ;  
To the King and Government the highest insolence ;  
An arrogant imposition upon common sense ;  
The liberties of England it tends to subdue ;  
And is absolutely false ; as now I shall shew. 10

Z 2

When



When King CHARLES gave the Parliament leave by a  
To sit, or to prorogue, or dissolve, at their will, [Bill,  
He himself then *unking'd*: this was in Forty one ;  
But 'twas in Forty four, that the BISHOPS went down.  
The Scots march'd into England, soon finish'd the work ;  
*And the Church was a sacrifice made to the Kirk ;* [15

Brother OSBORNE, your syllogism is out of joint,  
Cries SPONDES ; and you quite have mistaken the Point.  
You're to disprove, No BISHOP, NO KING ; and you dish  
up

Here an argument disproving No KING, NO BISHOP. 20  
But, as you are my friend, and I like well your drift,  
In your own way of arguing, I'll give you a lift.  
In the year Forty-four, the Common Pray'r was outed ;  
Popish-Priests, Chapters, Deans, and BISHOPS were routed:  
The Great Little Arch-bishop, whom saints all abhorr'd,  
Felt a *laudable* stroak to the *laud* of the Lord. [25  
But the KING, who was bigger, and younger, and stronger,  
Kept his head on his shoulders full four years longer.

To them, MAEVIUS replies, You have prov'd, to my  
wonder,

That BISHOP and KING have subsisted afunder: 30  
But from both of your proofs this Conclusion I find,  
That when One's gone, the Other ne'er stays long behind.

M.



No 117. THURSDAY, *March 30.*



**I**N the first page is a Criticism upon the Comedy in-  
titled *The Modern Husband*, by DRAMATICUS.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 29.*

Say, envious GRUBS, why thus is HENLY blam'd,  
For *Elocution* and for *Action* fam'd ?  
You see, he daily challenges his foes :  
None dares the Champion face to face oppose.  
Nor wonder, since his voice, and limbs, and mein  
Are terrible to all, when heard, or seen. While

While *Ancient Elocution* he restores,  
*Aëtion* reviv'd inforces what he roars.  
And should his lungs, or voice, or visage fail,  
His brawny, brandish'd arm must needs prevail.  
Triumphant he would end the whole dispute,  
And with one knock-down argument confute.

M.

MAEVIUS.



No 118. THURSDAY, April 6.



**T**HE first Piece is a Continuation of the *Remarks* upon Dr. BENTLEY's Edition of MILTON's *Paradise lost*.

**T**HE following Paper evidently shews, that if Dr. BENTLEY's Art of Criticism be allowed, those parts of *Paradise lost*, which he has left untouched, as needing no correction, are as liable to alterations, as those which he has criticized. From hence it will likewise follow, that not only *Paradise regain'd*, and *Sampson Agonistes*, which he declares to be *without faults*, but also any Poem of any other Author whatsoever, may be amended after the same manner. And as this Paper is written, not only in the Doctor's manner, but likewise in his very expressions, it is no extravagant piece of banter, nor does it set his *Notes* in a light at all more ridiculous, than he himself has placed them.

M.

BAVIUS.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**I**N the IVth Book of MILTON's *Paradise lost*, Ver. 677. begins this passage.

*Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold*

Z 3.

*Botb*

Both day and night: how often from the steep 680  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole or responsive each to others note,  
 Singing their great Creator: oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, 685,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

In my late Edition you will find, that I have made no alteration in these verses, except in Ver. 684. *Hymning* instead of *Singing*, just to keep my hand in use. While they were under consideration, I was in a good humour, and a little drowsy: but now upon a revival I find them polluted with such monstrous faults, such a desecration in all the parts, as could proceed from nobody but the ignorant and pragmatistical Editor, whom I have had so much to do with. It will be a difficult task amidst this heap of rubbish, to find out the native beauty, which the Author instincted through it: but let us try what can be done.

Ver. 677. Millions of *spiritual creatures walk the Earth.*] Indeed! *Millions!* so many could not walk together in Paradise, which the Author must mean by *Earth*, unless *Gods met Gods, and jussled in the dark.* Besides, so many fingers would either quite deafen ADAM and EVE, or else deprive them of all sleep, and distract them. Read it therefore, as the Author gave it, *Several.*

*Spiritual creatures.*] Here *spiritual*, which is properly four syllables, is by violence contracted into two. Whereas MILTON never makes it less than three: as Ver. 406. *Spiritual may of purest spirits be found.* Here *spirit*—part of the first word, is made two syllables; tho' *spirits*, in the same verse is only one. By *spiritual creatures* are certainly meant *Angels*, and so it came from MILTON without any affectation,

*Walk the earth.*] What language is that? *Walk* is never used in a transitive sense, but a neuter; as in this very passage. Ver. 685; and III. 440.

Se

*So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone.*

Indeed in V. 200, we read,

*Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth.*

But I have plainly shewed in my Note upon that place, that the Author was there guilty of an *oversight*. In the place before us, read *walk upon the earth*; which is perspicuous and intelligible: but when this vile Editor foisted in *spiritual creatures for Angels*, he was forced to leave out the preposition *upon*; and so for the sake of the measure gave us nonsense.

Ver. 678. Unseen, *both when we wake, and when we sleep.*] Pray, where's the wonder, that ADAM and EVE should not *see* these angels while they were *asleep*? and what is it to the purpose, that the angels were *unseen*? A slight variation makes it good sense; *And see. Think not, says ADAM, that Heaven wants spectators, for the angels see, whether we wake or sleep.*

Ver. 679. *And these with ceaseless praise his works behold.*] He adds, *Both day and night* in the next line; therefore *ceaseless* is superfluous and redundant. I persuade myself our Poet gave it *celsest*, highest, from the Latin *cellus*: the sense is unexceptionable; and who knows not MILTON's inclination to coin new words. See my Note on I. 167.

*Behold with praise.*] This does not come up to the Poet's usual exactness. They might *behold the works with mental, internal praise*: here should be some word to shew that they expressed their *praises*. MILTON gave it *extoll*; as in this Book Ver. 436. *But let us ever praise him, and extoll His bounty.* And in V. 164. *Join all we creatures to extoll him first.*

Ver. 680. *Both day and night.*] A manifest imitation of VIRGIL, *noctes atque dies.*

*Ibid. How often from the steep.*] *Steep* makes a rime to the penultimate verse, which is carefully to be avoided. Better therefore *from the tip*; or if *tip* approaches too near to rime, it may be *top*.

Ver. 681. *From the steep Of echoing bill or thicket.*  
As

At first reading this strikes one, as if it was *the steep of tbicket* (see my Note on I. 393.) whereas a *tbicket* rather implies a low situation, as IX. 179. *Through each thicket dank or dry, Like a black mist low creeping.* The Author, who rather aims at strong expression, than smooth and flowing numbers (see Note III. 145.) must have given it thus. *How often from the top Of echoing hill, or from thicket, have we' heard:* the *e* in *we* is cut off in the pronunciation, as usual before a vowel; for *b* is no letter. See *The Accidence*.

Ver. 682. *Celestial voices to the midnight air.*] The author is not speaking of the *air*, but the time, which was at midnight, as Ver. 687. *their songs divide the night.* Therefore it must be here, *at the midnight hour.* He would have said, *celestial voices* just at twelve a clock; but he prudently considered, that *clocks* were not then invented. You may see *noontide air* falsely put for *noon-tide hour* again, II. 309. as I have proved in my Note there.

Ver. 683. *Sole or responsive each to others note*] The printer here has bestowed upon the Poet absolute nonsense: if each angel by himself answered the *note* of another; he must sing *sole*; and there can be no place for the disjunctive particle *or*. If it was necessary to keep up an opposition, it should be thus, *Jointly' or responsive each to,* &c. but with the addition of but one single letter to the present text, the author undoubtedly said, *Sole,* corresponsive *each to others note.* This *corresponsive* was a hard Word, which the printer did not understand; so he left out the first element, and split the word into two.

Ver. 684. *Singing their great Creator*] I have already said in my Edition, that it should be *Hymning*; and so it shall be: but *their Creator* is spurious. The angels did not *hymn* God as being *their Creator*, but as the Creator of *those works*, which they are described beholding. Restore the true reading thus, *Hymning the great Creator.* I have not yet done with this sentence, tho' I have nothing more to say against the Amanuensis, Editor, or Printer about it; but it must be laid to the Author's charge, tho' he *may fairly plead not guilty.* There is a disagreeable identity of found in  
*great,*

great, and the former part of the word *Creator*, which MILTON, had he not lost his eye-sight, would infallibly have discovered. Among several ways of changing it, this will not be found absurd, or disagreeing from the Miltonian character; *Hymning God the Creator: as I. 369. to forsake God their Creator.*

Ver. 685. *While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk.*] *Nightly* is implied in the precedent phrase, *While they keep watch.* I at first suspected it should be *nighly*; as I have proved *night* to be corruptly put for *nigh*, I. 204. But when I consider that the angelic guards went from the eastern gate to the western point, part of them by the north, and part by the south, as described Ver. 782. I am positive the Author gave it, *or while half rounding walk*: as Ver. 862. *where those half rounding guards just met.*

Ver. 686. *With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds.*] We have had *celestial*, which is exactly the same, but four lines before. Here it should be *delicate*. *Touch of sounds* is vitious, and could not come from MILTON but thus, of *instruments, with sounds.*

Ver 687. *In full harmonic number join'd.*] This *harmonic* is an harsh *unharmonidus* word. Our Author, well skilled in music, could not be guilty of any thing so absonous, (see my Note, IV. 472.) It came from him, *And numbers full of harmony.*

Ver. 688. *And lift our thoughts to heaven.*] Poor Poet, in subjection to a saucy Editor, and ignorant Printer! *Songs lifting thoughts* is an incongruous metaphor; it gives us the idea of a porter *lifting* his burden; it could not come so from MILTON. We have no way to retrieve his own word, as no manuscript exists, but by sagacity and happy conjecture. Among other words that offer themselves, *wast*, or *blow* our thoughts may be proper for *songs*, which are made of air; but I am persuaded the Author gave it *wing*: as III. 87. *He wings his way, Not far off heaven.*

Thus at length I have got through this trash, this stuff, this outrageous nonsense; which yet has been represented as a celebrated passage. (See also my Note I. 590) I flatter myself, that I have restored the Poet's own words; and that all good judges will allow this

this place, with these emendations, to be wrought up to all possible perfection, The whole now stands thus:

*Several Angels walk upon the earth,  
And see, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with celsess praise his works extoll  
Both day and night: how often from the top  
Of echoing hill, or from thicket have we' heard  
Celestial voices at the midnight hour  
Sole, corresponfive each to other's note,  
Hymning God the Creator: oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or while half rounding walk,  
With delicate touch of instruments, with sounds,  
And numbers full of harmony, their songs  
Divide the night, and wing our thoughts to heaven.*

Mr. BAVIUS, I require you to publish this instantly,  
as a short *Appendix* to my new Edition.

ZOILUS.

*On the First of April.*

**N**ATURE is rising from the dead :  
Frost and Scythian snows are fled ;  
Boreas to his cavern creeps,  
And, tir'd with winter blust'ring, sleeps ;  
Soft Zephyrs from the ocean move, 5  
The birth-place of the Queen of love ;  
And o'er the meadows, hills, and dales,  
Play with their sweet reviving gales ;  
Chasing all discontent, and care,  
And every sadness, but despair. } 10  
Ah, CHLOE, when, my charming Fair ?

PHILO-VERIS.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Mar. 30. On sunday in the forenoon the Dutcheß of Manchester's Woman was robbed of a gold watch, in S. Clement's church, during the time of divine service. DAILY JOURNAL.

*If Mrs Nab at church had less mimick'd the Dutcheß,  
Her gold watch had been safe from the pick-pocket's  
clutches.*

M.

*From*

N<sup>o</sup> 119. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 263

From the PEGASUS is a Copy of VERSES by M. DRAMATICUS, to Mr WALKER, upon his choice of *Alexander the great* for his Benefit.



N<sup>o</sup> 119. THURSDAY, April 13.



To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Society of Grubstreet.

SIR,

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the reflections, which a late writer hath maliciously cast on the laudable practice of going to Church, I am informed, by very good Physicians, that his theory of the piles is false; and that there is no more, (if so much) danger of getting that distemper at Church, than at a Play-house, especially if soft primitive velvet cushions can be had to sit upon: therefore people may venture to join in our communion, without endangering their bodily healths, contrary to the opinion of the Author I have in view.

I confess indeed, some regulations may be necessary for quieting the tender consciences of those Dissenters passing under no denomination, (which are far the greater number of Dissenters) and for inducing them once in a week, at least, to increase our congregations. And I am in great hopes, this heavenly work is in good forwardness; since, as a former correspondent of yours hath observed, the use of *Lillobolero*, *Jumping Joan*, and many other entertaining tunes, is most reasonably permitted. — I am heartily glad this work is begun. 'Tis every honest man's duty, with his utmost endeavours to promote it: and therefore 'tis, that I give you this trouble, humbly proposing, that between the services on Sundays and Holy-days, we may be entertained with some elaborate performances; sometimes a new minuet, sometimes a rigadon, but above all, a  
reviving



reviving jig after the sermon. The instrument now used, I think, is an Organ, and sometimes we meet with a Bassoon: but why are we restrained from the Violin, Hautboy, Trumpet, French-horn, Flute, or any other pleasing instrument? For my part, I can see no reason, why the *Gom Gom* of the *Hottentots*, or their *Pot Drums*, may not for variety be introduced. Pray, what divinity is there in an Organ, more than in any other instrument? none that I can perceive: tho' it will be well, if this peculiar honour done to the Organ doth not lead vulgar minds into some strange superstitious notions about it: whereas it is a modern music when compared with some others. For

— long ago,  
*E'er heaving bellows learn'd to blow,*  
*While organs yet were mute;*  
 TIMOTHEUS, *with his breathing flute,*  
*And sounding lyre,*  
*Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.*  
 DRYDEN'S Ode on S. Cæcilia's day.

Not but that Organs have been of ancient standing in the Church: as, to look no farther, we may find in DAN CHAUCER'S *second Nonne's Tale*, where we are informed, that the heavenly maid *Saint Cecily sang in her berte,*

*Whiles that the Organs made melodie.*

But what I argue for, is the liberty of taking other musical instruments into the Church, if it so liketh us. *Right womanly, I trow, did PEG withsain her brother JOHN, who tofore had taunted her with sounding at the sound of an Organ, and right merrily dauncing to Bagpipes. 'What is that to thee, Gundy Guts?' said PEG: 'every body is to chuse their own musick.'* I think, Mr. BAVIUS, this depriving us of other melodious instruments is a very great imposition on Christian consciences; and I am persuaded the Act of Toleration loses half the benefits, by wanting a clause for the free and unrestrained exercise of the *Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all other kinds of music.* But indeed, were the instruments never so various, and the hands

hands never so fine, it will avail but little towards the accomplishment of this great end, so long as a bawling Clerk, and an unskilful boorish congregation of hoarse mechanics, are permitted to drown music's sweet charms with the odious stuff of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS. I would therefore further propose, that we may have no vocal music in Churches, unless Italian Eunuchs might be imported for that purpose; and one, or more, placed in every parish to sing a favourite song from some of our best Operas. 'Till this can be effected, which I hope the elegant Mr. HEYDEGGER in time will have interest enough to do; I would have, by way of interlude, a minuet or rigadon in London, York, and all other Cities; and a jig, or a horn-pipe in all other parishes, danced by some proper persons in the broad spaces, which may be considerably enlarged for that purpose. Nor is this to be accounted an unreasonable or irreligious proposal; since we know DAVID often danced out of a spirit of devotion; and has more than once directed us, not only to sing, but to dance out our thanksgivings. I am very certain, that if my method be complied with, a great many people will be brought to hear divine service, upon the prospect of seeing it at the same time; who at present don't know what the inside of a Church is like: and lest bashfulness should be any obstruction to their reformation, I fancy it may be necessary to allow people of quality to come in masquerade.

I agree with most other customs of the Church, as it is now established: but the Sermon, I think, should be in the manner of that very reverend Divine, Mr. HENLY. The Prayers may be, as they now are: for you know no-body of fashion hath leisure to attend them. Whilst they are reading, we Gentlemen are displaying our snuff-boxes, rings, &c. and the Ladies are employed in adjusting their dresses. Both sexes require no small part of that time for paying and receiving reciprocal compliments, enquiring after absent acquaintance, relating their fortunes the night before at Quadrille, appointing new meetings, and twenty other such necessary amusements.

VOL. II.

A a

I know

I know very great attempts have been made, to take away from us this freedom, as well as that of coming into, and going out of the Church, at our pleasure; on pretence of its hindering well disposed people from pursuing their devotions. — Poor silly creatures! if they were to have their ways, I suppose, we must not be allowed to go to above one Church in a morning; whereas, with good management, we may now pay visits to four or five before dinner, besides short compliments to the Chapels and Tabernacles that are in our ways; and, if occasion be, to two or three Meeting-houses.

Others, equally impertinent, would have us in our devotions turn all our faces one way, forsooth, towards the *East I throw*; because, say they, it makes a congregation seem uniform and decent. — Good Mr. BAVIUS, what will this world come to? This is hanging out *Papish colours* with a vengeance. — *Uniform* quotha! *Why Uniformity*, Sir, is downright *Popery* and *Jacobitism*, the very image of the scarlet whore, and of Antichrist. — And I appeal to the Ladies, the best judges of decency, whether it be decent for Gentlemen to turn their most dishonourable and uncomely parts towards the most honourable and comely part of the creation? — Was this project to take place, I believe the Vicar of S. N. might preach to a very uniform congregation: for none, I dare say, would there be in his Church, but a pack of poor silly enthusiastic tradesmen and mechanics, as uniform in their education, as in their rank and quality. For can it be expected, that we, who know better, will be deprived of the pleasure of paying our customary addresses to the Fair, to please an empty-headed Vicar? Do you think we will resign ogling, dumb shews, and signs, for the sake of introducing *Uniformity*? No, no, Mr. BAVIUS, no other *Uniformity* for me, than such as is produced according to the Italian Proverb. *Un disordine fa un ordine*. — Thanks to our stars, I am not the only advocate for liberty in this case: we have a better judge of decency and uniformity, on our side, than is this forementioned Vicar; and, what I most admire at, one of the same cloth. I am sure, was the mitre in my gift, that excellent man should no longer subsist

subsist upon tythe eggs and apples. — But enough of this at the present.

And now I suppose, the grave dull fots of the nation will say, that I am no friend to the Church; that I am for altering 'till nothing is left, and for pulling down every thing that is sacred; will call me heathen, rake, &c. alledging, that *the assembling ourselves together* in Churches, is for spiritual improvement, and not for sensual recreation; that our minds should there be intent on our devotions, which should be solemn and steady; and so in short make religion to be neglected by all Belles and Beaux. Whereas they dont consider, *A Man may love the Kirk, well enow, and not ride o' the riggen o't.* We may be good church-men, without being enthusiasts. And, I am certain, if the divines will come into my scheme, their Churches will be filled with the most polite people, and their assemblies be accounted as entertaining and genteel, as any others, not excepting even Masquerades and Operas.

I hope, Mr. BAVIUS, as this Epistle is plainly calculated for the good of this nation in general; and as I have, with my most sincere endeavours, aimed at the promoting of freedom and liberty in religion, as well as those reverend authors WOOLSTON, HENLY, and BOWMAN; you will not refuse it a place in your *Journal*. Which, if obtained, will probably encourage me to come up to Town, in order to enjoy the charming conversation of those witty men, whom ignorant bigots brand with the names of Deists, Atheists, &c. among whom, upon the merit of this performance, I hope to meet with a favourable reception. I shall then take a final leave of all my old acquaintance, so justly stiled by the others Tories, Highfliers, Jacobites, and Papists; and so justly characterized, not only as *worse subjects*, but as *worse Christians, and worse men.*

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
A FREE BRITON.

This is followed by a *Letter* from DRAMATICS, in defence of his former in N<sup>o</sup> 112.

Honest Mr. CONUNDRUM,

**I**F you'll be pleas'd to put the following *Epigram* on the wings of your Pegasus, you will much oblige an aspiring young fellow, who is a great admirer of your Society, and vastly ambitious to see some of his performances in your Journal.

*On young Maister K——T's bolding forth in the Diocese of H——d.*

A preachment late was made by Parson K——T,  
 To vye with BOWMAN, that learn'd, pious wight.  
 Him, bravely born of hardy iron-breed,  
 With Ostrich stomach fit on Church to feed,  
 To qualify to guide and fleece a flock,  
 Dad's golden keys the Church's door unlock.  
 With doctrine stoln from *Independent Whig*,  
 This ign'rant, raw, conceited, reverend Prig,  
 To brook his name, would darken Scripture's light:  
 For take away the K, and all is NIGHT. 10

*A brief Account of Sir Thomas Lombe's Machine for working Italian organzine silk, erected at Derby.*

It contains 26,586 wheels, and 97,746 movements, which work 73,726 yards of silk thread every time the water-wheel goes round, which is thrice in one minute; and 318,504,960 yards in one day and night: one water-wheel gives motion to all the rest of the wheels and movements, of which any one may be stopt separately: one fire engine conveys warm air to every individual part of the machine; and one regulator governs the whole work. DAILY POST, Ap. 7.

*EPITAPH on Mr. Aikman, a Painter, who survived his only son a very short time, and lies buried with him in the same grave: by the author of Eurydice.*

**D**E A R to the wife and good, disprais'd by none,  
 Here sleep in peace the Father and the Son;  
 By virtue, as by nature close ally'd;  
 The Painter's genius, but without the pride;

Worth

Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine ; 5  
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.  
The Son fair-rising, knew too short a date ;  
But oh ! how more severe the Parent's fate !  
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side ;  
Felt all a Father's anguish, wept — and dy'd. 10

WHITEHALL EVENING POST, Ap. 8.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Ap. 12.

An Answer to Mr. MAEVIUS's Verses in No 117.

**T**IS not the Champion's voice, or limbs, or mein,  
That makes him terrible, when heard or seen,  
But 'tis the sacred place in which he stands,

Alternate brandishing his holy hands ;  
The shining Altar, and the gilded Tub, 5  
That hoarsely loud resounds with mystic dub :  
These strike at once my wondring eyes and ears,  
And fill my mind with superstitious fears.

Let him descend one single pair of stairs,  
And in his Coffee-house display his airs ; 10  
His match he probably will meet ; and then,  
Like SAMSON Thorn, be found like other men.

This once he try'd, when boasting of his might,  
He dar'd a Grub-street Brother to the fight :  
This tall, Corinthian Pillar, buttock-cross, 15  
Proved but a *Posill* in the *Morning Post*.

M.

POPPY.



*We've cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen :*  
*For why should a block-head have one in ten ?* Old Song,

**T**HE following Treatise, occasioned by a report  
that the Tythe - bill would be revived this  
Sessions;

Sessions, was sent from an unknown person, by the post, to our Book-seller, who soon communicated it to the Society. When it had been read, a very great majority declared for its publication: which, it is hoped, will intirely clear us of an aspersion, as if we were favourers of Priest-craft; an aspersion cast upon us by some of our renegado Members, vexed at the ill reception the world gives their daily or weekly Lucubrations, and inflamed with envy at the great success of ours.

*His WORSHIP holding the PARSON'S Tythe-pig by the tail: or Five Arguments most humbly offered to the Public, and more particularly addressed to many Members of the Honourable House of Commons; setting forth, and shewing the great reason there is for passing the Tythe-bill (as it is commonly called) which was brought before the Parliament the last Sessions, tho' unfortunately not ordered a second reading.*

Couteous Reader,

**I** LOOK upon it as one of the chief causes of the decay of primitive Christianity, that there is any set of men particularly appointed to attend upon the affairs of religion. We should certainly do much better without them, than with them; and be able to find a way to make their revenues more serviceable to the good of the nation, and turn to a much better account than they do at present. If religion is a personal thing between God and a man's own conscience, (as without all doubt it must be) it then follows from the reason and nature of things, and is demonstratively proved by the *Independent Whig*, that there cannot be the least occasion for a PARSON; and that every man ought to be a spiritual guide unto himself: for which the country-men and day-labourers of England seem at present to be extremely well qualified, they being most of them able, as I have been credibly informed, to read English.

As for the Clergy, it must be acknowledged, that they have hitherto tolerably well maintained their ground. But how have they maintained it? or why have they been able to maintain it? Why, not by their own great learning and abilities; not by the exemplariness

ness of their lives, or the prudence of their behaviour; but by a constant fatal mismanagement in the worthy Gentlemen who have opposed them: who, by laying their arguments in too loose, indigested, and incoherent a way, and by being more intent upon exposing the follies, weaknesses, or wickednesses of particular persons, than upon the grand point of showing the uselessness of the Order itself, have ever given the soberer, and more rational part of the Clergy some room for acclamation and triumph. I must say for my present performance, (and I hope that it will not be thought to have the least tendency towards vanity) that I have carefully avoided this method. I argue close; I keep to the point; and do not let my reader lose sight of the subject, as is commonly done by most writers: and tho' I have purposely insisted only upon five arguments, when I could very well have produced treble the number; yet, I hope, these five are so well managed, and set in so clear a light, that the *Reverends*, and the *Right Reverends*, will find themselves held to hard diet, and have a very troublesome and difficult bone to pick.

Fare thee well, live, and grow wiser.

**B**EFORE I proceed to lay my arguments for passing the Tythe-bill before my reader, I must beg leave, by way of Introduction, to premise, and very solemnly to assure him, that I have set myself with the utmost impartiality, and without the least bias on my mind of interest, prejudice, or passion, to examine the subject. I can safely say, that I have not, nay that I never had, any private quarrel, or misunderstanding, with any Clergyman whatsoever; but on the contrary, have lived, and do even now live with many of them, in a very great freedom and familiarity; and have no possible objection against very many among them, as to their manners, or their morals, or indeed, in any other respect, than as they wear the gown and cassock.

As to my being prejudiced against them: it may rather, and with a greater shew of reasoning, be objected by a Lay-man, that I am prejudiced for them; because in fact I was bred up a member of the Church of England, and still continue to profess myself a member of  
it



it; and am not ashamed of confessing, that if we must have a Church (for which I hope no one will think me ignorant enough to believe that there is any occasion) I, really and strictly speaking, consider the Church of England as the best constituted, and the freest from pedantry, moroseness, and superstition, of any Church in the whole world.

And lastly, as to my being interested in the affair, this can surely only be urged by those, who are not acquainted with me, or my circumstances. For I here protest, and I can, if there is the least scruple remaining, bring sufficient evidence to the truth of what I say, that I do not pay tythe for a single foot of land in his Majesty's whole dominions; that little fortune that I have consisting chiefly in money, together with two or three copperas works, for which there was never any thing demanded, or so much as pretended to be demanded, by the neighbouring Minister.

I say thus much, to obviate any unjust reflections, or loud-mouthed clamours, which may very probably come from the Clergy quarter, on account of my not being a competent judge, and writing with partiality on the subject: and I likewise say it, to dispose, the Laity to attend to the following Arguments (which, by the way, ought to be in every one of their hands, from the highest to the lowest) with the same candour and disinterestedness, with which they were at first drawn up, and are now sent into the world by me.

And First, let me take notice, that the passing of this Bill would, in a great measure, tend to lessen the exorbitant incomes, and overgrown revenues of the rural Clergy; who are generally observed, by those who are acquainted with their last Wills and Testaments (and particularly by the very learned and facetious Author of a late *London Journal*) to die immensely rich, and to leave vast fortunes to their daughters. Taking the livings of England at a medium, I dare say, that they will even amount to near fourscore and ten pounds a year; and I am not ignorant, that some persons will pretend to carry the computation higher. And whether this is not an extravagant allowance for only getting up in the pulpit once a week, and reading an old sermon,

sermon, when many an honest man labours in his lawful vocation of hedging, or mud-wall-making the whole year, for the fourth part of the income, I must leave to the consideration of every rational and understanding English-man.

A Second Reason for passing this Bill is, that it would make pork and bacon plentiful (which, by the way, may be looked on as the staple diet of the nation) and of consequence it would render labour cheap, and save the government a vast deal of money in victualling out their fleet, the next time they are obliged to make an expedition at such a great distance from us as Spithead. 'Tis no secret to the whole nation, and even in the mouth of every apprentice, provided he has any right turn to ingenuity and free-thinking, that the Clergy are great lovers of roasting pigs. Now, upon a very moderate computation, and not to carry the thing higher than it will well bear, supposing that there are ten thousand Clergy-men in England (I exclude the London Rectors, and country Curates, because they are Jewishly inclined, and have most of them scruples of conscience against this sort of diet, unless at a Christening;) and allowing to every Clergy-man three roasting pigs, (which is as low as we can put it; without all doubt many of the dignified Clergy eat five or six;) and farther supposing, that two parts in three of these pigs are sows (and we cannot well imagine, that there should be fewer females, since these are generally made choice of by the tyther, as best agreeing with the Parson's liquorish tooth,) and allowing that these sow pigs would, one with another, if not killed young, have five more at a litter, and two litters in a year, (which is a very reasonable reckoning;) why then it follows, that the Clergy are the cause of lessening the stock of pigs yearly in the nation to the amount of two hundred thousand, besides the ten thousand boar-pigs, and besides what they devour of brawn, hams, and fitch-bacon. And whether this is not an insupportable charge upon our country, and the great cause of the decay of our trade, will be well worth my worthy friend Mr. H——'s enlarging upon, the next time he makes another polite speech before the honourable Directors of the South-sea Company.

A

A Third Reason for passing the Bill against the Clergy is, that they are very considerable lesseners of the King's revenues, by being a constant clog upon the consumption of our own home commodities, and by their over and officious impertinence in preaching against that jollity and good fellowship, which are so well known to augment his Majesty's duties upon mum, cyder, perry, ale, brandy, and that reviving liquor, commonly distinguished by the name of Gin. Not but that, to do the Clergy justice, there are many among them very good commonwealths-men in these respects: and I believe (was there any occasion for it, and would the good deeds of some of them make amends for the faults of others) proper vouchers might be produced of some hundreds among them, who are very pains-taking gentlemen; and who almost every night of their lives give demonstrative proofs of their firm and inviolable attachment to the true interest of their King and country on the former account. But some hundreds are very inconsiderable, when we speak of the bulk of the Clergy; who are well known both to preach up, and to practise such unprofitable commodities, as temperance and sobriety; and to talk a deal of idle stuff against many of the social virtues, such as profuseness and prodigality; and impertinently to busy themselves, and to make a mighty stir against the erecting of ale-houses, and brandy-shops. And of consequence, (I insist upon it as the justest reasoning, and which may be made out beyond contradiction) they are direct enemies (for I cannot well use a milder term) to their King and country, by annually sinking the taxes: and their conduct very visibly and plainly affects the landed interest (which is a good hint by the by. to make the Country Squires look about them) by lowering the price of barley.

A Fourth Argument for passing the Bill, and which indeed is of full as much importance as any of the former, is, that the Clergy are constant and unwearied enemies to all regularity, order, and good government in every Society. I don't mean by this to charge them with being in a foreign interest, or to insinuate as if they had any designs directly against his Majesty King George (no, the fellows are devilish cunning, and love the Protestant

restant religion too well for this) but what I mean is  
 that they are for ever disturbing his Majesty's Country  
 Justices of the peace in the execution of their office;  
 impudently making parties in their several parishes a-  
 gainst them; and drawing in all the poor, honest, sober,  
 and most industrious part of the neighbours to go to  
 Church, and side with them against the Justice.—What  
 a goodly and pleasant thing would it be, and how  
 near would it approach to the original standard of go-  
 vernment, to see the Country Squires of Great Britain  
 (who are generally men of great humanity and good  
 breeding, of sound morals, and unquestionable learn-  
 ing) acting without the least controul or molestation in  
 every one of their parishes!—sending one man to goal  
 for not standing still while his Worship was so kind as  
 to beat him;—another to the stocks for swearing, be-  
 cause his Worship condescended to be a little too fami-  
 liar with the fellow's wife;—ordering a writ of eject-  
 ment against a third, for not breeding up a couple of  
 young hounds for his Worship's recreation;—and assign-  
 ing a fourth to the whipping-post, for sauciness and ill  
 language, when his Worship did him the honour of ri-  
 ding over his corn, and breaking his hedges.—I say,  
 what a goodly thing would it be, to behold all this; and  
 to see the eastern polite method of governing by Ba-  
 shaws, take place in our western part of the world!  
 And this in fact would be the case in most parishes, as  
 it is already in some, did not those forward fellows the  
 Parsons thrust themselves into other persons affairs, and  
 often impudently take upon them to understand some of  
 the laws of the land, in opposition to his Worship's  
 way of explaining them; and did they not prate a deal  
 of idle stuff about reason, justice, and equity; and make  
 a horrid noise and pother about oppression, violence,  
 and grinding the faces of the poor, to the no small ob-  
 struction of their Worships laudable proceedings.

Besides, these fellows, more ways than one, disturb  
 the peace of the Society;—they will not suffer their  
 Worships to sleep in peace at Church;—they will not  
 let them kiss their tenants daughters in peace;—they  
 will not let them get drunk, and play at cards on a sun  
 day in peace;—and, to add to all their other offences

th

they will often even have the consummate impudence to apply to the Court of Exchequer for the tythes of his Worship's estate ; when his Worship, out of his better judgment, and from his great knowledge in the law, thinks fit to detain them. And when all these things are weighed together, they are surely sufficient to engage all their Worships to use their utmost interest with their representatives, that this Bill may pass.

The last Argument which I shall make use of, for passing this Bill against the Clergy, is this, That notwithstanding all their loud talk about abstinence, mortification, and self-denial, yet upon a strict examination, and upon consulting the best authorities, we cannot but be persuaded, that they eat and drink ; that they sleep, they smoke, they wear shirts, and lye in sheets ; that they marry wives, live in houses, get children, and do all the offices of life, after the same manner that Laymen do them. I have been very credibly informed, nay I make not the least doubt of the truth of it (because, as Bishop BURNET well observes, I had it from a person of undoubted reputation, who assured me, that he had it from one, who had it from a very considerable Lady's woman's midwife, who had it from the Gentlewoman's own mouth, who affirmed,) ' that once at a christening dinner she saw the Parson of the parish eat a very large slice of roast beef, two cuts of a marrow pudding, a considerable deal of the breast of a turkey, and after all, concluded with a mince-pie.' — Now if this account be true (and there is not the least room to call it in question,) pray, how can any one, after this, have the face to say one word for the Parsons ; or so much as pretend to offer any thing in defence of a body of men, who are such an intolerable and insupportable charge upon a trading nation ? Shall we not all immediately give our votes, that their houses should be pulled down, and their parsonages applied to the relief of the Sinking Fund ? — That the fellows themselves should be sent forthwith to the Plantations, and their wives and children be provided for in work-houses ; — that every master of a family should be obliged to supply the place of a Parson under his own roof ; — and that in case his Worship should not have a facility in reading Eng-

English, he should have a toleration to provide himself with an able huntsman who hath been brought up to learning, and is qualified to supply his place.—Tho' this way of proceeding with them seems extremely equitable, and not one bit or jot beyond what the Parsons very richly deserve, yet I must most humbly beg leave to dissent from it; and this (I assure you) not out of the least love or kindness to the Parsons, or any tenderness towards their wives and children, but because I think that there is a method full as effectual to undo them, and which will answer the end full as well, and at the same time make less noise in the world, and give less offence to very many silly and well-disposed Christians; (who, by the way, cannot at once get over the prejudices of their youth, and lose all regard for a set of men, who have instructed them in the faith of that Saviour, from whom they expect eternal happiness) and the method is this, to starve them by degrees, and to let them die inch by inch. Let the Tythe-bill pass, say I;—let the whole *anus probandi* in recovering of tythes lye upon the country Vicars;—let them not be able to get a few of his Worship's apples to make pies for their children, or a little milk to make them a pudding, without being at forty pounds charge;—let their Worships not only teaze, and worry them themselves, but let them likewise set on all the purse-proud farmers in their several parishes to do the same thing;—let their Worships make new improvements, and not pay the least consideration for them, because there was never any thing payed before;—and let the patrons of livings take effectual care to make considerable reservations of the glebe lands, when they lye contiguous to their own estates;—let the capital farm in his Worship's manor be exempted from all demands, on pretence of having belonged to some Abbey; and let the poor Vicar be once oppressed and overborne by a powerful adversary; and a law be immediately trumped up, that his successors should acquiesce, and patiently and contentedly bear the oppression for ever after it. — I say, let the Tythe-bill pass, and let these methods be regularly and constantly followed for one twenty or thirty years; and I make not the least doubt

(provided no extraordinary thing happen) but the Clergy will be as poor, as miserable, as contemptible, and as incapable of doing any good in a Society, and of interrupting the repose of our country Squires, as their greatest enemies could wish them.

And lastly, let me farther add, that when the Tythe-bill is passed, and another Bill, full as reasonable, relating to the game, (and brought upon the stage at the same time with the other) by which the whole monopoly of woodcocks was to be ascertained to their Worthships and their heirs male; and no persons, (under a severe penalty) besides the country Squires and their eldest sons, impowered to lay springs for them for the future:—I say, let this Bill pass, as well as the other Bill, and let not only most of the Parsons be debarred from that heinous and unpardonable crime of killing a hare, but also the greatest part of the Attorneys, the Counsellors, the Physicians, the Surgeons, the wealthy Tradesmen, the Merchants, and his Majesty's Officers in the army; and I dare promise my country-men glorious times, and that hounds and horses, huntsmen and grooms, setters and spaniels, hares and partridges, woodcocks, wild ducks, and widgin, foxes, badgers, and country Squires, would bear an unlimited and uncontrollable sway, to the eternal praise and honour of Old England.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Before I could persuade myself to send this performance abroad in the world, which I am very sensible must raise up a terrible spirit among the Clergy, I prevailed with a friend (under the strictest secrecy) to show it in manuscript to some neighbours, whom he looked upon to have the best judgments; and who would candidly and impartially deliver to him their sense of the thing; and what reception they thought it would meet with from the Laity, for whose sake it was solely written.

The first person he consulted was a very near neighbour to him, a gentleman farmer; who immediately declared, that he never read any thing so good in his whole life: 'By golly, says he, h'as maud' the Parsons.'

'sons;' and then called out, with the utmost transport to his wife, 'NANNY, says he, 'sbud we have now got the right pig by the ear; be sure you don't let the spotted sow go to brim before you know whether the Tythe-bill will pass.'

The next he advised with was one of his Majesty's Justices of the *Quorum*, and indeed a very able and learned man he was; and his Worship was so good to say so many kind things, and to express himself so much to the advantage of the author, that he cannot but think himself (out of modesty) obliged to conceal the whole discourse.

The last person consulted was a very eminent and judicious free-thinker, who seemed, as my friend told me, not to read the thing with the least pleasure, or any sign of joy on his countenance: but after having gone over it twice, and made some marks with his pencil, he, in a very grave and solemn manner, delivered him the paper, and expressed himself, as near as I can remember, in these words: — 'Here, says he, give my humble service to the worthy author, and thank him from me, in the behalf of all the Free-thinkers of England.' — And then he added, 'Take my word, says he, the thing will do; the right method of overturning religion, is first to begin with the Clergy: let us once get well rid of these fellows, and I make not the least question, but that all the absurd doctrines about good and evil, about a resurrection, and a future judgment, hell and heaven, God and the Devil, will together go along with them.'

**T**HE person who wrote the foregoing Discourse being a very publick-spirited gentleman, and desiring to give all due encouragement to a work of this nature, which may be of such great benefit to the world; desired his printer to give notice, that if any country squire has a mind to do good among his neighbours and tenants, by putting this little Treatise into their hands, he may be supplied with what number he has a mind to take, at 2s. and 6 d. a dozen, sent to him, carriage pay'd, in any part of England.



280 MEMOIRS of the Society N<sup>o</sup> 121.  
A CASE stated for the opinion of Counsel learned in the  
law.

Part of the oath and ceremony used at the installation of Knights of the Bath. ' You shall defend ' *Maidens, Widows, and Orphans* in their rights, and ' shall suffer no *extortion*, as far as you may prevent it, ' &c.' — After the installation, the King's master-cook attended at the west door of Westminster-abbey, having a linen apron and a chopping knife in his hand; and as the Knights passed by him in their return from the Abbey, he severally said to each Knight, ' Sir, ' you know what great oath you have taken, which ' if you keep, it will be of great honour to you; but ' if you break it, I shall be compelled by my office to ' hack off your spurs from your heels.'

*Query*, 1. Whether breach of trust in the management of the affairs of the *Charitable Corporation* will not be judged a breach of the oath above-recited?

*Query*, 2. Whether in case such breach of trust and of oath should appear, his Majesty's *master-cook* ought not to perform the functions of his office? *POST-BOY*,  
*Ap.* 17.



N<sup>o</sup> 121. THURSDAY, *April* 27.

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**I**N the first page, in opposite columns, are set a short *Story* concerning King WILLIAM's and Bishop BURNET's dislike of each other, related by F. Osborne in the *London Journal Ap.* 15; and an *Answer* to it by S. T. in the *Daily Journal Ap.* 22: which is followed by a *Letter* to the author of a *Preface* to *Askibia*, Part II.

*A Copy*

A Copy of Verses spoken lately at the Tripos in Cambridge.

O NE night, as home I tripp'd alone,	}
Between the hours of twelve and one,	}
Wrapt in my virtue and my gown;	}
(The hour it matters not a groat	
Whether canonical or not)	15
Tho' Lay-men, who at midnight roam,	
We may suppose, go reeling home;	
Yet upon blasphemy it borders,	
Thus to asperse a man in orders.	
The Moon, who saw what was design'd	10
Just reach'd a cloud, and popp'd behind;	
Nor deign'd to lend one single spark,	
To give a light to deeds so dark.	
What could I see without a light;	
When not a man o'th' sharpest sight?	15
The case is not so strange; you know,	
'Twas Sir JOHN FALSTAFF's long ago.	
Besides, Sir, I in answer thereto;	
Saw them both well enough to swear to.	
Tho' I suspected much their air,	20
Yet forward I resolv'd to hear;	
Pluck'd up my little heart, and then	
Essay'd to pass these buckram-men:	
For I suppos'd they would be loth,	
<i>Abandon'd rogues, to rob the Cloth.</i>	25
This, through good nature, I believ'd:	
But man is born to be deceiv'd.	
Then up stept <i>that young graceless lad</i> ;	
That youth should dare to be so bad!	
(But in this place, 'tis my intention,	30
<i>The hand of Providence to mention;</i>	
Which, whilst this rogue to Newgate goes,	}
And, to disguise him, shifts his cloaths,	}
So plainly did my cause espouse.	
For whilst the crafty villain thought	35
To be secure in's t'other coat,	
He put on (it is strange, pray hear it)	}
The coat he robb'd in; I aver it	}
<i>To be the same, — or somewhat near it.)</i>	}
	And

And partner of his crime he took 40  
*You fellow with the banging look ;*  
 Who, in conjunction with the rest,  
*Held a clasp'd knife up to my breast :*  
 Which, through similitude of look,  
 My fears for pistol then mistook ; 45  
 And in the sad affright I stood in,  
 I'd thought so, had it been *black pudding*.  
 With oaths not few, they bid me stand ;  
 My money, and my watch demand.  
 Money I gave them as they bade ; 50  
 'Twas four and two pence, all I had :  
 But sily, by evasive catch,  
 I told them, *I had ne'er a watch*.  
 Now I would have you understand,  
 I had one, *but 'twas in my hand :* 55  
 And, pray, what Casuist could have shown,  
 What in this juncture should be done ?  
 GROTIUS supposes, like a *Tony*,  
*Servanda fides cum latrone :*  
 But I much better, by my own sense, 60  
 Answer'd this dubious case of conscience,  
 And thought stale *verbo sacerdotis*  
 Was much beneath a wiseman's notice :  
 For full ten pounds my watch had bought ;  
 My word, perhaps, not worth a groat. 65  
 But in one instance, I must own,  
 They shew'd a reverence for the gown.  
 Their padders, as goods contrabanded,  
 My honorary scarf demanded ;  
 They would not take it wer't my right, 70  
 Please but to shew how I came by't.  
 Alas ! ———  
 I must no longer now aspire,  
 To pass, at least, for Doctor P— ;  
 No longer hear the chearing word,  
*Here comes the Chaplain to my Lord :* 75  
 But wanting scarf, (who can endure it ?)  
 Shall pass, perhaps, for Country Curate.  
 They swore : — now I all swearing shun,  
 And so in faith away I run.

NEW8

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, Ap. 22. On thursday John Theobalds, attorney at law, was try'd at the Old Baily, for robbing Mr. Matthews, Clerk of the arraignments, on the highway, and acquitted. The witnesses for the King were positive to his person: and those of his side no less certain, that he was at the time of the robbery five miles off the place where it was committed: This made the case so intricate, that the jury were above an hour in consultation, before they could agree in their verdict. LONDON EVENING-POST.— Lawyers never rob one another but on the high-way, This was a very intricate Law-case.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Ap. 26.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**P**LEASE to publish the following curious Extract, taken from the *Play-bill* of *Drury-lane Theatre*, for tuesday the 25th of this instant, (for the honour of the British stage) viz.

*A Lapland Entertainment*, call'd, *Æsop's Consort of Animals*, being the first of the kind that ever was performed in England.

The Violins by three Cats.	Bassoon by a Bear.
Hautboy by a Dog,	French horn by a Stag.
Hapsichord by a Monkey.	With singing in <i>Welsh</i> by a Goat.

The curious, perhaps, may desire to know, what Players performed these extraordinary characters. Be it known then, that the parts were miraculously topp'd by the following persons, in which they out-did their usual out-doings.

The three Cats by three vertuous Actresses.

The Dog by every Manager in his turn.

The Bear by Father K—B—R.

The Monkey by the Son, *bare-fac'd*.

The Stag by ditto, with a most illustrious frontispiece.

The part of the Goat and the *Welsh* song, performed and written by the *Lapland Laureat*, and designed as a compliment to the Welsh nation.

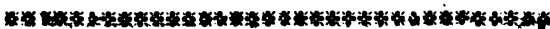
Note,

Note, This Entertainment must be allowed to be *sensible, pretty, and truly theatrical*: excelling, if possible, the *Epheſian Matron*, acted last Friday at the above-named Theatre.—— Soon will be published, *The Tears of the Muses*, in imitation of SPENCER, dedicated to the *Managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane*, upon occasion of their being constituted *Emperors of Parnassus*, and *Patentees of the Royal Company of Comedians*, to the great joy and comfort of the Dramatic writers of the present age.

I am your, &c. PHILO-DRAMATICUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 122. THURSDAY, May 4.



**T**HE first Piece is an account of a Gentleman's preferring a single state to matrimony, chiefly because Wives generally neglect dress and cleanliness.

This is followed by a Copy of Lilliputian Verses, intitled *The Double Contest*; in which the same adventure is told in rime, which was related in prose by PHILLO-LUDICRI, and published in N<sup>o</sup> 115.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Ap. 27. We hear the learned Dr. Bentley of Cambridge is resolved to answer the Reflections Mr. Budgell has made upon him in his late celebrated Book, entitled, *Memoirs of the Life of the late Earl of Orrery, and of the Family of the Boyles*.  
POST-BOY.

*I think the Book-sellers of Mr. Budgell,  
For his, and their-own reputation judge, all,  
To bless his Works about with puff on puff;  
As if they were Hyp-Oratory stuff.*

M.

From

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 3.

The Characters of King WILLIAM and of Bishop BURNET, as drawn by F. OSBORNE, Esq; F. G. S. in the London Journal of Saturday, April 29.

*In the world ne'er were seen two men more contrasy :*  
*The King cool, the Bishop was warm and unwary.*  
*The one was both politic, close and reserved :*  
*The other was passionate, open, unguarded.*  
*A secret by the first, I say, never was told : 5*  
*But a secret the last, 'tis known, never could hold,*  
*The King was for measures of keeping his crown,*  
*Tho' with difficulties some, yet measures his own.*  
*The Bishop for measures; into which had he entered, [10*  
*The King thought his crown too much would be ventured.*  
*The Prince was still prudent, and spoke little and clever :*  
*The Prelate imprudent, and his tongue could hold never.*  
*The King lov'd retirement when Hyp was upon him :*  
*The Bishop would always be breaking in on him ;*  
*To take up his time with whimsical schemes, 15*  
*Which the King, still awake, always hated like dreams.*

He knew he was credulous, one, whom a story on  
 Was easily impos'd: yet an honest Historian.  
 Could two such men possibly agree? — I think not:  
 The Prince was a Dutchman, and the Prelate a Scot.  
 M. MAEVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 123. THURSDAY, May 11.

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**I**N the first page is a Letter from SIRIUS, reproving the impertinent ill natured vanity of SILVANUS, a young gentleman at Cambridge; followed by some Remarks upon *Apparatus ad linguam Græcam, ordine novo & facili digestus, &c. Auctore* GEORGIO THOMSON.

RICHAR-

RICHARDUS YEO, *duodecim annorum Paer*, GULIELMO CHESSELDEN, *Lithosomorum praestantissimo, qui me iv. Id. Apr. 1731, calculo ex vesica extracto, ad salutem restituit.*

**O** GRATITUDE, do thou inspire,  
And warm me with poetic fire ;  
Bid thou the Muse to stretch her wing ;  
And raise her infant voice to sing.

Be CHESSELDEN thy theme of praise,  
The subject of thy earliest lays.

By him restor'd from pain to ease,  
My life again begins to please.

But I such ceaseless racks before,  
And such intestine tortures bore ;  
That e'en a child I wish'd to die,  
Nor grow a man in misery.

PROMETHEUS felt not sharper pain,  
'Tho' all were true the Poets feign ;

'Tho' beaked vultures, as 'tis say'd,  
On his renewing vitals prey'd.

Oft I complain'd the time was slow,  
And linger'd out my hours of woe :

Weary of day, I wish'd the light  
Would hasten, and give way to night ;

Impatient of the night I lay,  
And wish'd again for rising day :

Nor day, nor night, my torments ceas'd ;  
The growing evil still increas'd ;

'Till thou (that day be ever blest !)

Wer't call'd, great Artist, from the West.

The work was in a moment done,

If possible, without a groan ;

So swift thy hand, I could not feel

The progress of the cutting steel.

ÆNEAS could not less endure,

'Tho' VENUS did attend the cure :

Not her soft touch, nor hand divine,

Perform'd more tenderly than thine :

When by her help IAPIS own'd,

The barbed arrow left the wound.

For

For quicker e'en than sense, or thought,  
 The latent ill to view was brought ;  
 And I beheld, with ravis'd eyes,  
 The cause of all my agonies.

40

Of CAESAR'S sword we wonders hear ;

ALCIDES' club, PELIDES' spear :

But those let others celebrate,  
 The wasteful instruments of Fate.

45

Thy lancet merits more by far,  
 Than all the weapons us'd in war :  
 By wounds, and death, they glory gain ;  
 Thou triumph'st over death and pain.

This I, with thousands, witness true ;

Whilst that we live, we live by you.

50

That I instruction can attend ;

Enjoy the converse of a friend ;

Delight o'er fields and meads to stray,

And with my dear associates play ;

That now my thoughts with ease can flow ;

55

All this to thee, to thee I owe.

Henceforth, if any time I live ;

If any joy I shall perceive ;

If any good hereafter do ;

To thee my thanks for all is due.

60

O ! could I reach the true sublime,

With energy of thought in rhyme ;

My verse should fair inscribe thy name,

In lasting monuments of Fame,

Long as my life its course shall run,

65

Till all the fatal thread be spun ;

Each morn, as duly as I rise,

Each eve, before I close my eyes ;

When I adore th' Unseen above,

In whom I live, in whom I move,

70

<sup>Who,</sup> my reverential praise,

For all the blessings of my days :

Recounting all, from first to last,

As I from youth to age have pass'd ;

In this memorial first shall stand

75

His mercy by thy saving hand ;

And above all the race of men,

I'll bless my GOD for CHESSEBORN.

NEWS



## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, May 6. Cambridge in New-England, Dec. 30. 1731. Some time since died here Matthew A—y, in a very advanced age: he had for a great number of years served the College here, in the quality of bed-maker and sweeper. Having left no child, his wife inherits his whole estate, which he bequeathed to her by his last will and testament, as follows :

<p><b>T</b>O my dear wife,          My joy and life,          I freely now do give her          My whole estate,          With all my plate, (her.          Being just about to leave          A tub of soap,          A long cart-ropc,          A frying-pan and kettle ;          An ashen pail,          A thrashing flail,          An iron wedge and beetle.          Two painted chairs,          Nine warden pears,          A large old dripping plat-          The bed of hay (ter ;          On which I lay,          An old sauce-pan for butter.          A little mug,          A two quart jug,          A bottle full of brandy ;          A looking-glass          To see your face,          You'll find it very handy.          A musket true          As ever flew,          A pound of shot and wallet ;          A leather sash,          My calabash, (lets.          My powder-horn and bul-          An old sword-blade,          A garden spade,</p>	<p>A hoe, a rake, a ladder ;          A wooden can,          A close stool pan,          A clyster-pipe and bladder.          A greasy hat,          My old ram cat,          A yard and half of linnen ;          A pot of grease,          A woollen fleece,          In order for your spinning.          A small-tooth comb,          An ashen broom,          A candlestick and hatchet ;          A coverlid          Strip'd down with red,          A bag of rags to patch it.          A ragged mat,          A tub of fat,          A book put out by <i>Bunyan</i> ;          Another book          By <i>Robin Rook</i> ,          A skain or two of spun yarn.          An old black muff,          Some garden.          A quantity of borage ;          Some devil's weed,          And burdock seed (ridge.          To season well your por-          A chafing dish          With one salt fish,          If I am not mistaken ;          A leg</p>
--	---

A leg of pork,  
A broken fork,  
And half a fitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,  
One peck of meal,  
A knife without a handle;  
A rusty lamp,  
Two quarts of samp,  
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,  
Two oxen's tripes,

An oaken dish well carved ;

My little dog,  
And spotted hog, (starved.  
And two young pigs just

This is my store,  
I have no more,  
I heartily do give it :  
My years are spun,  
My days are done,  
And so I think to leave it.

POST-BOY.

*I would advise my good Friend Mr. Curl to employ some of my Brethren, to turn the last Wills and Testaments, of those Great Men whose Lives he has written and published, into rime, according to the preceding pattern.*

M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB STREET, Wedn. May 11.*

*The Second Part of the Tripod Speech, spoken lately at Cambridge ; truly representing the Speech of the worshipful Justice P ——— N to a mob, assembled before a certain College, on pretence of searching for a corps.*

Quandoquidem, aliquot abhinc dies, atrox & immane flagitium in Personas quorundam mortuorum commissum fuit ; nobis hoc, nostrâ animadversione perdignum existimantibus, visum est ex hac tripode oppugnari. Nec, ut opinor, fas erit hâc præterire quandam, tam pacis, quàm dignitatis Academiæ, indefessum custodem.

A wight he is, whose very size  
Speaks him pacific, grave, and wise ;  
Whose double chin, and full-fed face,  
Shews Justice there has fixt her place.  
His knowledge, true, he could not boast of ; 5  
\* But what he had, he made the most of :  
Could Charters make, and Warrants draw,  
With all the petty plagues of Law.  
Could deal his little All about,  
And eke his inch of Justice out,

Vol. II.

C c

10  
Cum

\* He had lately sold his books.

Cum talis tantuſque ſit, quid non de tali Juſtitia mole expectare licet? Haud ita pridem, cum ope cujuſdam *Æſculapii* mortuus quidam è ſepulchro reſurrexiſſet; ille, haud abſurdè putans, ſui eſſe officii, tam inter mortuos, quàm inter vivos, pacem cuſtodire, convocavit coetum popularem; & teſ manu ſilentium provocanti ſic tandem vox prorumpit.

Since, by his Majesty's permiſſion,  
 I hold a place in the Commiſſion;  
 And, by a worthy Member's bounty,  
 Am Sub-lieutenant of the County;  
 Therefore I ought, ſo vile the fact is, 15  
 To ſtop this moſt inhuman practice.  
 If robbing thus the dead endure,  
 No man alive can be ſecure.  
 If to kill living men be murder;  
 To cut up dead men's ſomething further. 20  
 T' aſſault a man beſide his ſenſes,  
 We all allow a great offence is:  
 What then's th' offence to hack and maul  
 A man that has no ſenſe at all?  
 'Tis very baſe and vile, you know, 25  
 To give a peaceful man a blow;  
 And ſurely none ſo peaceful prove,  
 As thoſe who cannot ſtir or move.  
 We all allow, that Phyſic knaves  
 Oft ſend good people to their graves: 30  
 But you'd eſteem it ſtrange, no doubt,  
 Theſe ſelf-ſame men ſhou'd fetch them out;  
 As tho' the Faculty had ſwore,  
 T' undo what they had done before.  
 I therefore, Neighbours, who am here 35  
 Plac'd in condition popular,  
 Shall puniſh this ſame poſthumous murder  
 Upon our dear departed brother;  
 Aſſert my office too, that by it  
 The dead may' enjoy their graves in quiet. 40  
 Let's in, and none ſhall dare to ſtop us,  
 Unleſs they ſhow their *Habeas Corpus*.  
 Take up your poſts then, all and ſome,  
 And beat up my militia drum,

To

To make it known to all the nation, 45  
 When Justice angry is, — she's in a passion.

Granta, 10 Cal. Mai.



No 124. THURSDAY, May 18.

IN the first and second pages are exhibited, in three columns, Mr. OSBORNE's Defence in the *London Journal*, Ap. 29, of what he had asserted concerning King WILLIAM and Bishop BURNET in the *Journal*, Ap. 13: an Answer to that Defence by S. T. in the *Daily Journal*, May 3. and Mr. OSBORNE's Reply to that Answer, in the *London Journal*, May 13. to which is added a Rejoinder to that Reply, by S. T. in the *Daily Journal*, May 16. This Dispute was occasioned by the two following paragraphs in the *London Journal*, Ap. 29.

' There are now in the hands of . . . . . MEMOIRS  
 ' OF THE M — OF H — who says, *Such a day*  
 ' Dr. B — T told me, that King WILLIAM was an  
 ' obstinately conceited man, that would take no advice: and  
 ' such a day King WILLIAM told me, that Dr. B — T  
 ' was a troublesome, impertinent man, whose company he  
 ' could not endure.'

' There is a Noble Peer now living, who is of opi-  
 ' nion, that some Characters in the Bishop's *History*  
 ' have a tincture of his own passions: and that his li-  
 ' king, or disliking men, or being well, or ill received  
 ' by them, might have some influence on his mind;  
 ' and instances in himself, who stood with a very ill  
 ' grace in the *History*, 'till he had an opportunity put  
 ' into his hands of obliging the Bishop, by granting a  
 ' favour at Court, which could not be obtained without  
 ' his consent; upon which the Bishop told a friend of  
 ' his, within an hour, that *he was mistaken in such a*  
 ' *Lord, and must go and alter his whole character; and*  
 ' *so he happens to have a pretty good one.'*

C c 2

From

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 17.

To CAELIA, at the last Affizes at ——— 1732.

**W**H E R E. Justice all its pompous terror wears,  
Lo! CAELIA in her pride of charms appears.  
The Judge's frown no longer strikes with awe,  
But all submit to beauty's softer law.

ASTRAEA, sure, we cry, is now restor'd, 5  
And leaves the sky to reassume her sword :

Or else has Mercy chose that Angel face,  
To sooth the wonted rigour of the place ;  
To shew where tender pity should prevail,  
And sheathe the sword, and turn the equal scale. 10

See ! at the Bar appear a wretched throng,  
Dragging their load of guilt and chains along :  
See ! from the sight the gentle CAELIA turns,  
With tenderest woe their desperate plight she mourns.  
Their galling chains alone afflict the Fair, 15  
Unmindful of the chains her captives wear :  
She wonders at the murd'rer's heart of stone,  
Shakes at his guilt, unconscious of her own.

PHILO-GRUB.



N<sup>o</sup> 125. THURSDAY, May 25.

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**T**H E first page contains two *Letters* concerning  
Dr. BENTLEY's Edition of MILTON's *Paradise*  
*lost*.

E P I G R A M.

That old Manuscript lend me, to BENTLEY says  
I'll collate, and return it, without the least soyl. [BOYLE,  
No, I thank you, good Sir, cries the Doctor not pleas'd :  
When collated 'twill be like an orange that's squeez'd.

At

At Ashburnham-house this book lately was toasted ;  
And is now like an orange, not squeezed, but roasted.  
But in turning the spit, there has been some mistake ;  
For nor orange, nor Doctor, a Bishop will make.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, May 20. Yesterday the rev. Dr. Grey presented to his royal highness the Duke the second edition of his *New method of artificial Memory*, was very graciously received, and had the honour to kiss his highness's hand. DAILY COURANT. — *It is to be wished, that this New method of artificial Memory would teach some courtiers to lay aside the Old method of artificial Forgetfulness.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 24.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**Y**OU having already obliged the Town with Extracts out of the Letters of F. OSBORNE, and S. T's Letter; to compleat the whole, it seems necessary you should add that of Mr. OSBORNE's last, which I here send you: not doubting your regard for so compleat a Graduate in your Society.

An Extract of Mr. OSBORNE's *wit and politeness*, taken out of his *Postscript* in the *London Journal* of Saturday, May 20.

**B**E it known unto all men, that I, F. OSBORNE, late dealer in birch and books, but at present set up to be as *honest a man as any in England* (there being no degrees of honesty), and likewise an *agreeable companion*, do now declare in this my *Postscript*, that I have *roundly asserted three things as real facts*: one of which, I suppose, must not be questioned; the second I am at a *stand* to bring *ready vouchers* for; and the third must *vouch* for itself. — Which, a sorry fellow, one S. T. has thought fit to dispute the *veracity* of; whereby my *consummate honesty* and *agreeable companion-ship* have been much vilified and disparaged. Now I think it high time to give over corresponding with a person, who writes without COMMON

C c 3

SENSE,

SENSE, OF COMMON DECENCY; who hath NOT HONESTY enough to acknowledge *my honesty*, and honestly ask my pardon for abusing him and his friend's memory; NOR UNDERSTANDING enough to discern where the stress of my argument has all along lain; who is *not able*, or *willing* to distinguish between the *useful* and *agreeable* (which indeed are both my talents); *nor able* to see, that a man may be REGARDED and NEGLECTED both at the *same time*.

Now, after I had *probably proved* my round assertions, I might *reasonably expect* an *acknowledgment* from an *honest man*. — But the Letter-writer does not seem capable of *so much integrity* as to acknowledge things that he does not understand. — Instead of that, he writes on in the same *scurrilous* manner, and *wittily* says, he abuses NO-BODY, — as if forsooth, I was NO-BODY, — when every BODY, who sees me, can plainly perceive, that I am SOME-BODY. — How often must I tell this *Jack Straw* (I suppose S. T. stands for *Straw*) that I am an *honest man*, and an *agreeable companion*? And pray, is not an *honest man* SOME-BODY? Is an *agreeable companion*, who CAN print every thing he hears in company — NOBODY? Besides, how can *No-body* write letters to *No-body*? That would be fine correspondence indeed.

Now I'll SUPPOSE

*But what signify suppositions!* Be they true or false, it is *nothing to me*. — 'Tis S. T.'s business to *answer suppositions*. — And how does he do it? — Why, he calls one of my *supposed facts*, a *fatherless story*; which, like other *spurious issue*, must lye at the door of the person who ushered it into the world. Here he downright lays a bastard to me. — But I'll be even with him presently, with his *beautiful simile* of *spurious issue*: for can any thing be more *ridiculously unjust*, than to call that a *fatherless story*, for which I am *ready to produce a father*, as soon as I can get one? — But this man having once IMPUDENTLY asserted, that I invented *three false facts*, can't bear the *producing my authorities*, even before I have produced them; and seems more angry at my APPEARING HONEST, than ashamed at his

OWN

own appearing a. ——— Ads bobs, my wit here had like to have run away with my *politeness*.

As to the *fact* from the *Memoirs* of the M. of H. tho' I don' know Mr. S. T. yet I *know* that he *knows* who I mean by the M of H. and that he can satisfy himself, (and *probably* has done, but has not *grace* to own it); for he *may* find them in the hands of one of the Noble Peers, who married the heiresses of the S—s family. He *may probably* be acquainted with this family; and they *may probably* show the manuscript to any one that asks it. And therefore he *certainly* has seen it, tho' he has not the *grace* to own it.

Now, what is the reply to this? Why, the *passage is of no consequence*, and NO-BODY asserts they have seen it; — A pox on this NO-BODY. — But, I say, the passage is of the *biggest consequence to my point*; and therefore 'tis absolutely false to say, NO-BODY asserts they have seen it: for I, if he will allow me to be SOME-BODY, (and I think I have fairly proved myself to be SOME-BODY) have *seen* persons, that have *seen* others, who assert, they have *seen* the *Memoirs*, and *seen* those words.

'Till I hear from Mr. S. T. again, I have *nothing more to say*, but that he should have left his *filthy words*, such as *dirty clutches*, &c. to porters, and his pretty phrases of, *Fie, for shame, to little Misses and School-boys*; and learn *good language* of me, and how to *speak like a MAN*, and a *gentle MAN*, as I am; and ought to know, that 'tis no-shame for a person (who is *not* NO-BODY) to say of himself, that he pretends to the *biggest character*, which is that of an *honest man*, and an *agreeable companion*.

And tho' I have NOTHING MORE to say, I can't conclude without SAYING ONE THING MORE, and that is, I was full as well acquainted with *Julius Cæsar*, as I was with Bp. *Burnet*; and I think *Julius Cæsar* was full as great a Man as the *Bishop*, tho' *probably* he was not quite so good a Christian.

This Letter-writer may bluster, and labour to rescue the Bishop's character out of my hands, but *that's impossible*; so that he may go on, and ring as many changes as the *College-youths*. He may also produce  
Letters,



Letters, even from the *greatest personages* of the *Bishop's own time*; and tho' I know not one word of their contents, yet I here *roundly assert*; that they can be nothing to the purpose, against what I have advanced.—We (our self) know him better than any of his *Contemporaries* could know him; and when I examine some of his characters, I will carry it to a demonstration, that the *Bishop* was not so agreeable a companion as ourself.—But that I reserve to the next opportunity.—For I find I can write full as well as FIGG or SUTTON; so am resolved to fight it out to the last, for the diversion of the Town.

F. OSBORNE.



No 126. THURSDAY, June 1.

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**T**HE first Piece is *Considerations on PATRICK SMITH'S Preservative against Quakerism.*

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 31.

S I R,

**Y**OU are desired to publish the following lines in the next *Grub-street Journal*, which were written about two months after that Paper was first published. By so doing you will save a woman's longing; you will prevent their being printed in any other Paper; you will shew your own impartiality, and regard to truth, more than interest; and you will very much oblige a great number of Ladies, who are real admirers of the unparall'd stupidity of that *Journal*, and in particular, your humble servant,

CLAUDIA RUPINA.

*To the ingenious Author of the Grub-street Journal.*

At first, your *Journal*, to elude the shame  
It fear'd, by owning its true parents name,  
Stole that of matchless POPE, to give it fame.

But

But soon the cheat appear'd ; for now we see,  
 'Tis *Grub-street* all, without an Irony :  
 Its future merit you yourself knew best,  
 So nam'd it *Grub*, and spoke the truth in jest.

This being read, Mr. POPPY declared, that in his opinion a particular regard ought to be payed to a fair Lady, especially in the condition here mentioned, and something done effectually to *save her longing*. — To which Mr. DACTYL answered, that he questioned very much both the fairness of the Lady, and the reality of her longing. For as to the first, he could not suppose, that when she was charging others with *stealing* a false name, she would subscribe a false one herself : and if she had subscribed her true name, she was certainly both lame and red-hair'd. And as to the second, he could not believe, that any Lady, either fair or foul, big with a poetical tympany, could contain herself for two years and two months together, in a longing condition. — Mr. SPONDER subjoined, that he believed there was good proof of the truth of what Mr. DACTYL had suggested. That as long ago as the last autumnal equinox, a little brat appeared in the world with a label in its mouth, *Cinna vult videri pauper, & est pauper* ; and the following verses on its breast,

*Cinna* affects to wear a beggar's cloaths,  
 And is the very beggar that he shows :  
 So *Grub-street Journalists* are found in fact  
 To be the dunces they'd be thought to act.

This

Our Society has often been diverted with abusive pieces in prose and rime, written against us by some of our renegado Members, sometimes published in News papers, and sometimes only communicated to our Secretary. Several of the latter, serious as well as ludicrous, we have published in our *Journal* ; to shew our

just contempt of such adventures ; whose topics of accusation, whether in jest or earnest, were generally the same, tho' sometimes contradictory, and yet equally groundless. And this uniformity in their conduct has continued for these six years ; a flagrant instance of which in all three respects has been lately given by *The Prompter*, in

This little creature was at first owned by the \* *Register* of *Grub-street*, who being not able to support him, it is probable this Lady picked him up, and charitably clothed him in her own livery. — To this Mr. MAEVIUS added, that the Lady might be very charitable, but she seemed to be no honest, than some concerned in the Charitable Corporation. For she had charged the Society with a thing which was absolutely false, viz. the *stealing* Mr. POPE's name, to make their *Journal* sell. But the time she had fixed upon for the discovery of the cheat, *two months after it was first published*, was very much to our advantage. For from that very time, notwithstanding the tricks of some book-sellers, printers, and hawkers, it has risen gradually 'till this; when five times the number are sold which were then. This is certainly owing to the *unparalleled stupidity* of it, of which this Lady and a great number of her sex are real admirers. It is this which gives it such a pre-eminence, while *parallel'd, vulgar stupidity*, such as that of — no body will buy; no body will read, but those who are payed for doing it. Our Motto is, *Crescit sub pondere virtus.*

M.

RAVIUS.

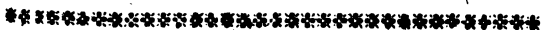
in his Paper of Nov. 18, 1735. In which he has inserted two *Things*, called *Epigrams*, which there is good reason to think were written either by Squire Popple (the certain author of two damn'd Comedies, and one of the reputed authors of the *Prompter*) or by Squire Budge, or else by both in conjunction. The *First Epigram* is an imitation of *Cinna vult* &c. spun out into eight verses. The *Second*, wire-

drawn into eighteen low, doggrel, incoherent lines, most of which have no reason, and some no rime, contains an assertion directly contradicting that of Mrs. *Rufina*; and affirming that Mr. Pope was at first actually concerned, as one of the principal authors, in writing our *Journal*.

\* Mr. D. Bellamy, at that time the Editor of the *Weekly Register*.



N<sup>o</sup> 127. THURSDAY, June 8.



**T**HE first Piece is the beginning of an Examination of Mr. WALSINGHAM's *Remarks upon* \* Signior BELLONI's *Letter in the Free Briton of June 1.*

Gentle-

\* John Thomson Warehousekeeper to the Charitable Corporation, having withdrawn himself into foreign parts, was seized at Rome, at the instance of the Chevalier de S. George, and confined in the castle of S. Angelo. Of which an account was given by Signior John Angelo Belloni a banker there, in a *Letter* dated May 4, 1732, directed: 'To the Gentlemen of the Committee of the Parliament of England, appointed for the affairs of the Charitable Corporation, or if the said Committee does not subsist, to Sir Robert Sutton, Sir John Shadwell, Walter Moleworth, Doctor John Mowbray, or to any one of them at London.' In this *Letter* he informed them, that he had transmitted 'all the Papers, Copies of Letters written by Thomson to his Correspondents, Letters received from them, and Memorandums of his most secret

' affairs, which had been seized there with him, to a person [Mr. Arbuthnot a banker] at Paris; who, upon certain conditions, should deliver them all up to them.' This *Letter* the Parliament voted to be 'an insolent and audacious Libel, attempting to impose upon the Parliament and British nation, &c. and ordered it to be burned by the hands of the Common Hangman;' which was accordingly executed before the Royal Exchange on May 26. These Transactions occasioned the generality of people to recall to mind those relating to the South-sea in 1720; to compare the flight of Thomson with that of Knight; and to conclude that it was inconsistent with the interest of some very great persons, that either of those little instruments of villany should be delivered up in order to a strict and impartial examination.

\* Gentlemen,

Of esteem and affection this fallacious pretence  
Our loyalty attacks; this Proposal, common sense.  
Much should we be wanting to ourselves, did we not  
show.

A proper resentment; and let *all* the world know,  
That, tho' of our property most notoriously *sobb'd*, 5  
Of understandings and principles we havenot been robb'd.  
I know not, *nor care*, what *things* may be in the Trunk;  
*But as it comes from the hands of the Babylonish Punk,*  
*I think, if we take it, we shall soon be Pœnitentes:*  
For my part, Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes. 10  
This Trunk may probably be a new Pandora's box,  
*Full of Pestilence, Popery, Pretender, and Pox.*

*Let us shew the Rogues at Rome,* that we English-  
men at London

Are honest and loyal, tho' we're ruin'd and undone.

W.

BAVIUS.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 7.*

The first Piece is a *Letter* from PROSAICUS, contain-  
ing some Remarks upon *The Covent Garden Tragedy*,  
which was written by Mr. FIELDING, and acted and  
damned *June 2.*

GRUB-STREET VERSES for the Tenth of June, 1732.

On this blest day, as Jacobites recite,  
S. GEORGE'S CHEVALIER first view'd the light:  
But Whigs declare, that not one lucid spark  
Then shone; but all was acted in the dark.

Some say, the Queen no breeding qualms perceiv'd, 5  
But o'er her belly plac'd a cushion heav'd:  
Some, that tho' pregnant, yet abortive pain  
Made all her hopes of living offspring vain.

Others

\* This is the substance of  
the Speech delivered by Sir  
John Shadwell, from the  
chair, at a general court of  
the Charitable Corporation,

held on Saturday, May 27;  
and published in the *Daily  
Journal*, May 29. The ad-  
ditional words are in Italic  
characters.

Others affirm, that almost nine months past,  
 A Female infant sprung to light in haste: 10  
 For which, a Male, in warming-pan convey'd,  
 By artful hand in royal bed was lay'd.  
 This Boy, as some believ'd, soon after dy'd:  
 But one as greatly born his place supply'd.  
 At Richmond this expir'd, say'd common Fame: 15  
 A Third succeeds, another, yet the same.

Of all the tales, which up and down were toft,  
 The Boy in velvet warming-pan took most.  
 Of Lady OGLETHORPE, this Lad, some say,  
 Was born; but some affirm, of Mistress GRAY: 20  
 To each one person equal witness bore:  
 This, Mr. FULLER; That Miss SHAFTOE swore.  
 If at one time, you'll say, as Papists tell,  
 One body may in different places dwell;  
 Why, from a fruitful, tho' a different womb, 25  
 Of two fair Mothers, mayn't one Off-spring come?

Such miracles let Papists still deceive:  
 I'm a stanch Protestant, and can't believe.  
 A private man, I own, or Prince, has had  
 Sometimes a double, or a treble Dad: 30  
 But I'll be hang'd, before I'll own that sham,  
 That e'er one Child can have a double Dam.  
 M. MARVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 128. THURSDAY, June 15.



**I**N the first page is continued the Examination of  
 Mr. WALSHINGHAM's *Remarks, &c. in the Free*  
*Briton, June 1.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 14.*

**T**HE first piece is a Letter from DRAMATICUS  
 concerning *The Covent-Garden Tragedy.*

## A Ballad on the RIDOTTO AL FRESCO.

1.

**Y**E Nymphs and Swains, who love the sport,  
 And value *reputation*,  
 Come boldly all to VENUS Court,  
 Where no prim Justices resort —  
 Or none for *Reformation*.

2.

For now so pious are we grown,  
 A girl that's *common* civil  
 Dares hardly shew her face in Town,  
 But skulks in corners up and down,  
 As if her *deeds were evil*.

3.

Then thanks to those of generous soul,  
 Who, prompted by *good reason*,  
 Have found a way, without controul,  
 The ardor of the blood to *cool*,  
 So heighten'd by the season.

4.

But still the vertue of the age  
 Appears e'en in our leudness;  
 For, tutor'd by the modest Stage,  
 At least we keep from bare-fac'd rage,  
 Because — 'tis reckon'd rudeness.

5.

In Town this trick has long got ground  
 Of amorous masquerading:  
 And reason good, for all around  
 Was nought but masquerading found,  
 In every other trading.

6.

Nay, this is not the first, they say,  
 Has been beyond the water:  
 For there, Fame tells us, every day  
 Some masques are seen, tho' not so gay,  
 And of more CANTING nature.

The

7.

Then you, who *wisely* right and wrong  
By fashion always measure,  
To save your credit join the throng;  
And you, who for that fame may long,  
Come for the sake of pleasure.

8.

Of something new you can't here fail,  
If you'll defie all dangers:  
For, tho' perhaps the face be stale,  
A man may find his spouse's *tail*  
As new, as any stranger's.

9.

So in the bowers of Ida Jove  
Once met his wife and sifter  
In masqueradè; and tho' her love  
Had long since ceas'd his heart to move,  
He could not then resist her.

A.



N<sup>o</sup> 129. THURSDAY, June 22.

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**T**HE first and second pages contain the last part of the Examination of Mr. WALSINGHAM's *Remarks*, &c. which concludes in the following manner,

It is now time to draw to a conclusion; and I think none can be more proper, than to take particular notice of a remarkable instance of Mr. WALSINGHAM's veracity and impartiality. For as I have been obliged, for the sake of truth, to mention in this discourse some mistakes of this Gentleman; I am bound in conscience to act by him, in the same manner in which he has acted towards *the late Bishop of Rochester*, to whom he has done a signal piece of justice. For by him we are informed,

D d. 2.

formed,



formed, as more particularly mentioned above, that the *Bishop* expressed the greatest abhorrence of THOMSON'S offer to divide his plunder among the Jacobites. This action will appear the more extraordinary, if we consider it as done by a person in exile, and at the head of a poor disaffected party; and compare it with the rapacity of some who lived in affluence here, who professed the greatest attachment to the present happy establishment, who were Members of the honourable House of Commons, who were Privy Counsellors, who were ——— and yet combined with a set of inferior villains to rob and pillage their fellow subjects under the pretence of Charity. Let this last action of his life cast a veil upon his errors in sentiment or conduct, and induce us to think as favourably of them as we can; since it is a proof of his title, in some degree, at least, to the character he gave of himself in those lines prefixed to his Translation of VIRGIL'S GEORGICS, which were lately published in most of the News papers. With these I shall conclude my discourse; adding two translations, one literal in blank verse, and the other paraphrastic in rhyme, communicated to our Society by one of our ingenious Correspondents.

————— *Hæc ego lusi*  
*Ad Sequanæ ripas, Thamesino à flumine longè,*  
*Jam senior, fractusque; sed ipsâ morte, medrum,*  
*Quos colui, patriæque memor, neque degener usquam.*

————— Thus on the banks of Seine,  
 Far from my native home I pass my hours,  
 Broken with years and pain; yet my firm heart  
 Regards my friends and country e'en in death.

Thus, where the Seine through realms of slavery  
 With sportive verse I wing my tedious days; [strays,  
 Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,  
 Bow'd down with age, and with diseases worn:  
 Yet e'en in death I act a steady part,  
 And still my friends and country share my heart.  
 M. BAVIUS.

*From*

No 129. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 305

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 21.

TO DRAMATICUS.

SIR,

NOT having heard any thing of you, in our Brother BAVIUS's Lucubrations, since your Letter published in the Paper marked N<sup>o</sup> 119, I imagined, that sensible of your former folly (forgive my freedom) in expecting to carry your point *l' épée à la main*, you had secretly recanted, and made your submission to Mr. WILKS. The consequence of which, for your sake, I supposed, was his engaging to act your Play next winter. Whether I have made a right guess, or no, I can't tell; but the discontinuance of so brisk an attack seems naturally to imply as much. If you have not, you may take the hint from one, who, tho' unknown to you, is the admirer of your mirth and good humour, and has therefore sent you a proper form of a Palinody, or Recantation Song; which he advises you to sing the first opportunity, being

Your hearty well-wisher and humble servant,

May 19, 1732.

POETICUS.

HORACE, *Lib. I. Ode 16. imitated.*

To MR. WILKS.

1.

O thou who managest the Stage,  
Late subject of my *Grub-street* rage;  
To flames, or seas, or any where,  
O WILKS, those hated Papers bear.

2.

Not PHOEBUS from the secret shrine,  
Not CYBBLE, nor God of wine,  
Their Priests with half the fury fill,  
Which anger in a moment will.

3.

Anger, which nothing can restrain,  
Not the drawn sword, nor wrecking main;  
Nor furious fire, nor mighty Jove  
Rushing with tumult from above.

D d 3

'Tis

4.

'Tis say'd, when first PROMETHEUS bold  
 Compos'd of clay the human mould;  
 Something he took from every beast,  
 And fir'd with lion's rage our breast.

5.

Anger THYESTES murd'rous made;  
 And stately towns in ashes lay'd;  
 Drew o'er their walls the hostile plow,  
 Mark of their total overthrow.

6.

Then calm thy mind. My boiling heat  
 Made me prudential thoughts forget;  
 While disappointment and quick ire  
 Inflam'd me with *Græban* fire.

7.

Now gentler methods I pursue,  
 Renouncing all I say'd of you.  
 Then friends once more we'll be to-day;  
 Act but my *Un-theatric Play*.



N<sup>o</sup> 130. THURSDAY, June 29.



THE first Piece is a *Letter* from PROSAICUS, concerning Mr. FIELDING'S Dramatic Writings: which is followed by two *Letters*, one from A. B. the other from DRAMATICUS, in answer to a *Letter*, written in defence of the *Covent-garden Tragedy*, signed WM HINT, Candle-snuffer, and published in the *Daily Post*, June 21, and *London Evening-Post*, 22.

Er-20

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 28.

Mr. BAVIUS read the following *Certificate*.

Whereas it is reported, that I WM. HINT, Candle-snuffer at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, have by the joint assistance of the learned Mr. C———R, Jun. and Mr. F———NG, written a Letter in vindication of Mr. F———NG's Farces; I the said WM HINT do hereby certify, that I was not in the least concerned in the said Letter: having always thought, from my long experience and observations on the Stage, that the said Mr. F———NG's writings were either above my apprehension, or below my notice. And I do hereby farther affirm, that the aforesaid Mr. C———R and Mr. F———NG were the sole authors and contrivers of that Letter; that they were shut up in consultation at Mrs. ——ld——m's for the space of three hours, where their surprizing heads produced that wonderful Letter. This I testify, from a sincere love of truth, and in vindication of my own character; being not willing to have my mean parts put in competition with theirs, or to rob them of the least share of the glory they have obtained by the said Letter.

*Done behind the scenes,*

at the Theatre Royal

in Drury-lane, Friday,

June 23.

Witness my hand,

The mark H of WM. HINT,

Candle-snuffer.

Witnesses,

D. DASH, Secretary.

P. PUFF, Prompter.

A debate having risen concerning the genuineness of this *Certificate*, the majority were of opinion that it was forged: because the *Letter* in question was written with much more spirit, than the *Letters Dedicatory* of the two Gentlemen *binted* at; and it was not probable, that they would write better in the name of a *Candle-snuffer*, than in their own.

M.



No 131. THURSDAY, July 6.

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**T**HE first page contains *Remarks* upon Dr. BENTLEY'S *Emendations* of MILTON'S *Paradise lost*

**Z**OILUS, tir'd with conning o'er  
 Dull *Indexes*, a precious store,  
 For ease to Chapel took his way,  
 Resolv'd to take a knap, — or pray.  
 Proceeding slow in solemn state, 5  
 Forward he marches to his seat :  
 But oh! the lock, long since refus'd;  
 T' admit the holy man refus'd :  
 The Virger tugs with fruitless pains ;  
 The rust invincible remains. 10  
 Who can describe his woeful plight,  
 Plac'd thus to view in fullest light,  
 A spectacle of mirth, expos'd  
 To sneering friends and giggling foes ?  
 Then first, as 'tis from Fame receiv'd, 15  
 (But Fame can't always be believ'd)  
 A blush, the sign of new-born grace,  
 Gleam'd through the horrors of his face.  
 He held it shameful to retreat,  
 And worse to take a lower seat. 20  
 The Virger soon with nimble bound  
 At once vaults o'er the wooden mound ;  
 And gives the door a furious knock,  
 Which forc'd the disobedient lock.  
 Then ZOILUS enter'd in confusion, 25  
 His elbows placing on the cushion,  
 Devoutly loll'd in musing deep,  
 Unable now to pray, or sleep ;  
 Some words imperfect mumbled o'er :  
 The wicked Sophs declar'd he swore, 30  
 That.

N<sup>o</sup> 131. of GRUB-STREET, 1732. 309

That none should e'er for seven years space  
Again behold him in that place.

What then? ————— 'Tis plain with strictest troth  
Religiously he kept his oath.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 5.

SIR,

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the many curious and useful Memoirs which have been from time to time inserted in your *Journal*, to the immortal honour of the great Mr. H——, I believe the following lines (containing a true relation) will, if you please to publish them; convey his name to posterity in a light very different from any it has yet appeared in; I mean that of a Conjuror, or, as the vulgar phrase it, *A Cunning Man*.

One day, at a Coffee-house, Two were disputing,  
On quibbling, haranguing, opposing, confuting;  
When one of them mention'd Sir HYF-DOCTOR H——,  
Affirming no mortal did these things so cleanly.  
Say's t' other, Why, faith I should like him, but oft I  
Have heard, that his learning has made him so lofty,  
He'll scarce condescend to instruct a poor Lay-man.  
Replies Sir HYF's friend, Never mind what they say,  
man.

He answers — Nor is he confin'd to your small sorts,  
No, Sir — *He resolves lawful Questions of all sorts.*

What a glory, Mr. BAVIUS, must a *Restorer of ancient Elocution*, an Universal Scholar, and a great reformer of Church and State, reflect on a science which has been so long disesteem'd by the learned, tho' mistaken part of mankind! — For my part, I shall from this time expect to hear of many extraordinary events before they happen; and to see the Papers stuffed with accounts of the return of strayed silver spoons and porringers.

Yours DE R: PIS.

N<sup>o</sup> 132.

N<sup>o</sup> 132. THURSDAY, July 13.

THE FIRST PIECE IS MR. DRAMATICUS'S DEFENCE

THE first Piece is Mr. DRAMATICUS's Defence of his Criticism upon Mr. FIELDING's *Modern Husband*, in N<sup>o</sup> 117; in answer to some Remarks upon that Criticism in \* *The Comedian or Philosophical Enquirer*: from which pamphlet two quotations are produced by Mr. BAVIUS in the next Piece, one shewing his ignorance in language, and the other his impiety and blasphemy.

S I R,

AN ingenious and learned writer has lately informed us, [in the *Daily Comment*, May 9.] that both in Athens and Rome the Stage was an engine of the State; that the wisest Statesmen have esteemed it of admirable use in amusing the people, and keeping them from too strict an enquiry into Politics and Religion; and that formerly if ever Players meddled with politics it was in favour of the power governing. He then complains, that some pragmatical Players of the present age, forgetting both their duty and interest, have under pretext of declaiming at vice in general exhibited state Lampoons: but in the conclusion, assures us, that the conduct of those in Drury-lane has been as decent as the general licentiousness of the age would admit of. In confirmation of the *decent conduct* of these Gentlemen, I think, it will be of some service, Mr. BAVIUS, to produce a famous instance of a Comedy, or rather a Farce, lately acted several times by them, called the † *Old Debauchees*.

The

\* This was a monthly pamphlet, written by Mr. Thomas Cooke, and published only for eight months;

the sale not defraying the charges of paper and print.

† This Farce, according to the account in the *Daily Post*,

The story of Father GIRARD and Miss CADIERE had been treated with great variety, both in prose and verse; and yielded a comfortable subsistence to several of your members during the last winter. At the same time the Drawers and Engravers went to work upon it, and exhibited several lively pictures to the view of all persons who passed the streets. When the subject seem'd quite exhausted, and the discourse about it was almost ceased, a Gentleman of a surprizing genius wrought it into a Play, under the title mentioned above, and brought it upon the stage with success. I may take another opportunity to point out the several beauties of this Piece; at present I shall only take notice of the principal design, and shew how happily it has been executed.—The principal design is to expose the Clergy: and, since in the opinion of all wise and honest men, they are the teachers of such doctrines as tend to introduce popery and arbitrary power, can there possibly be a more justifiable undertaking?—Nor has the manner of executing it been liable to the least censure, the Author having employed no other weapon against them but the keenest wit, and treated them with all the good manners and politeness imaginable: of which the following instances are an evident demonstration.

Old LARON, before he knows any thing of the villainy of Father MARTIN, says to him, 'It were happy for such rascals as you, Sirrah, &c.' pag. 23. calls him 'a roguish Priest,' p. 34. 'a rascal,' p. 35. the Devil's son; p. 25. says he has seen, 'a damn'd rogue of a Priest riding an old honest whore-master to the Devil,' p. 10. and under a curse declares, 'I'll carbōnade the villain: I'll make a ragout for the Devil's supper of him,' *Ibid.*

JORDAIN says, 'I once committed a Priest to Newgate for picking pockets,' p. 12.

All

*Post*, June 2 and 5, met with *universal applause*: and tho' the third night's audience on June 11 was dismissed, as not sufficient to defray half the charges,

yet in the *Daily Post* of the 16th and 26th, it was affirmed, that it had met with *great applause*. However it was acted several times, with frequent intermissions.



All this indeed particularly relates to one Priest; but that which follows strikes in general at the whole order. *Old LARON* says, 'Peace cannot stay long in any place where a priest comes,' p. 5. 'Judgment cannot be far off when a Priest is near,' p. 23. 'I no more rely on what a woman says out of Church, than on what a Priest says in,' p. 10. To *Father MARTIN*, 'Exert thyself in thy proper office, and hold the door,' p. 23. 'Thou art the Devil's foot-man, and wearest his proper livery,' p. 22. 'Death and the Devil, another Priest,' p. 16. 'You are possessed with a Priest, and that's worse: [than being possess'd with the Devil] p. 21. The Priests in general are called 'wild beasts,' p. 36. 'a set of dirty Priests,' p. 2. 'of greasy Priests,' p. 25. 'of rascally Priests,' p. 4. 'of black locusts,' p. 23. 'and a regiment of black guards,' p. 10.

You may imagine perhaps, *Mr. BAVIUS*, that much the greatest part of this fine language being spoken by *Old LARON*, a vicious character, and only concerning the Popish Clergy, it can have but very little efficacy in exposing ours. But there are two maxims which you are to take as a key to the whole: That whatever scandalous thing is say'd of a Priest, you are to regard only what is spoken, and not the person who speaks it; and That

*Priests of all religions are the same.*

M.

Yours *MISO-CLEROS.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 12.*

S I R,

*Mr. WALSHINGHAM* having at last gained a complete victory over the enemies of the Administration, intends after the manner of the Roman Conquerors, to pass through the city in triumph; that is to say, in the modern phrase, he is to come out next week with a most flaming chariot.

I had an inclination to contribute my mite upon this occasion; and as I have learnt to design in the true Grubean stile, I resolv'd to furnish our hero with a significant coat of arms: but the late proceedings in the

the Court of Honour have clipt the wings of all the genius's in heraldry.

All therefore I can do at present is, to send him a motto, which I intended at first to take out of one of our own Authors; but I recollect he will appear more glorious adorned with the spoils of one of our most bitter enemies. So I give him the choice of two out of HORACE, viz.

— *Insani praemia SCRIBAE;*

signifying that he owes his advancement intirely to his extraordinary knack of writing like mad in all senses. And

— *Satis est EQVITEM mihi plaudere;*

shewing his noble contempt of the censures of the Town, as long as he enjoys the applause and encouragement of his patron.

From my Study upon the  
rails in Lincoln's-Inn  
Fields, June 28th,

I am, worthy Sir, Your  
affectionate Fellow-labourer,

1732.

CLUVIENUS.

*A Comical Piece of Irish News tagg'd with rime.*

Near Montown, a young fellow met a girl of three-  
In the fields; and most rudely attack'd her before: [score,  
She cast her eyes round, and could see no assistance;  
So wisely lay still, nor made any resistance.  
At length on the Castle she looking upright,  
Spy'd some Gentlemen laughing at the comical sight.  
Then loudly she scream'd out, A rape, a rape, a rape!  
The fellow run for his life, and made his escape.

POST-BOY, July 11.

EPIGRAM

Being ask'd, If our Members, abus'd in a Satire,  
Would not this week return dirty spatter for spatter?  
No, I hope not, cry'd I, that it e'er will be say'd,  
That they answer'd a Paper which no-body read.  
Why I've read it myself, says my Friend.—I reply'd,  
Prithee, tell me its name then, and where it did hide.  
'Tis call'd, answers he—no—'tis call'd *The Re-bearsal*,  
Intitl'd, tho' scarce seen before, *Universal*:

VOL. II.

E e

'Tis

'Tis as vinegar sharp, and as biting as mustard ;  
On Fleet-bridge it lay under a tart and a custard.

M.

MAEVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 133. THURSDAY, July 20.



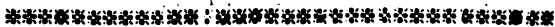
**T**HE first page and part of the second contain Remarks upon *The Covent-Garden Tragedy*, and *The Old Debauchees*, by PUBLICUS; concluding with an observation, that the author of those two Pieces, who had likewise translated *Le Medecin malgré lui* of MOLIERE, and given it the title of *The Mock Doctor*, had misunderstood and mangled it from the very Title-page to *Finis*; and that he might better have called it *The Mock-Poet*, than *The Mock-Doctor*, since the former would have been applicable to the Translator, if not to the Piece; whereas the latter suited nothing but the person to whom it was dedicated.

E P I G R A M.

'Tis strange, you say, in this refined age,  
That brothels, bawds, and whores adorn the stage.  
I think 'tis not.—They justly lay the scene:  
Don't Drury Play-house stand in Drury Lane?  
And own you must; tho' void of wit, or art,  
They naturally write, and act their part. F. N.



N<sup>o</sup> 134. THURSDAY, July 27.



**T**HE first Piece is *An Abstract of a lately revived dispute concerning Liberty, Preſcience, &c.* which

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which is followed by a Letter from DRAMATICUS, exposing the conduct of the author of the Covent-Garden Tragedy, &c.

*Nescit vox missa reverti.*

E sede nuper, Clericis adstantibus,  
Mediam, sonorâ voce dicens, *Abbatas*,  
Jus fasque contra, syllabam brevem dedit  
Notus Sacerdos, ——— qui nomen trahit ;  
Episcopô secundus, vel potiùs prior ;  
Largoque circa collum serico tumens ;  
Doctôris idem titulo adornatus gravi ;  
Tonare suetûs, bruta suetus fulmina  
Inter misellam jacere multitudinem,  
PERICLES ut alter, Atticum quatiens forum. 10

At discat ille (verba si momentium  
Sint audienda) Régulas Prosodiæ,  
Vocemque justo continere spiritu :  
Ut, si qua Græco fonte verba proferat  
Sub ædè sacrâ, rectiùs possit loqui ; 15  
Nec, dum Canonistas, quos nunquam legit, citat,  
Offendat aures graviter audientium.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 26.

**I**T is thought necessary to inform our kind and ingenious Correspondents of two things. The first is, that their *Letters*, &c. cannot be conveniently inserted in any particular *Journal*, unless they are sent a week before the day of its publication. The other, that it will be in vain to send us *Lampoons*, containing scandalous reflections on private persons ; in publishing of which, we are determined not to gratifie the private malice of any one. Upon this account we have rejected abundance of Pieces, particularly one last week, which was afterwards published in the *Post-boy* and *S. James's Weekly Packet* of July 22. If such persons indeed have either endeavoured to corrupt the age by their lewd and wicked writings, or have treated the learned or virtuous in a vile opprobrious manner : in endeavouring to set such in a true light, we think we shall do a good action ; and not an unjustifiable one, in

now and then exposing a public remarkable folly of persons, tho' not so obnoxious on either of those accounts. And if the whole series of our Papers be examined with this distinction, the world will clear us from the imputation of malice and detraction, cast upon us by the renegado members of our Society, who deal in nothing but the grossest calumny or stupidity.

M.

BAVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 135. THURSDAY, August 3.



**I**N the first Piece, the general want of Taste is ascribed by THEATRICUS to the degeneracy of the Stage; for the reformation of which a Scheme is proposed. This is followed by a *Letter* from DRAMATICUS, in answer to one written by DRAMATICUS SENIOR in defence of the *Comedian*, and published in the *Daily Courant*, July 29.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug. 2.*

**T**HE first Piece is Mr. PUBLICUS's Defence of his *Remarks* upon *The Covent-Garden Tragedy*, and *The Old Debauchees*, in the 133d *Journal*; against the Reflections of PHILALETES in the *Daily Post*, July 31.

EPIGRAM.

Charg'd with writing of bawdy, this was F—— c's  
reply:

'Tis what DRYDEN and CONGREVE have done, as well  
as I.

'Tis true — but they did it with this good pretence,  
With an ounce of rank bawdy went a pound of good  
sence:

But Thou hast proportion'd, in thy judgment profound,  
Of good sence scarce an ounce, and of bawdy a pound.

M.

MAVIUS.

N<sup>o</sup> 136.



N<sup>o</sup> 136. THURSDAY, August 10.



**T**HE first Piece is an Answer to the *Abstract of the Dispute concerning Liberty, Prescience, &c.* in the 134th *Journal*.

**A** *Weekly Journal* is published by Mr. BAVIUS, to whom several ingenious and learned persons, generally unknown to him, communicate Pieces from time to time; which are published either with alterations, or without, according as they are approved by some other persons consulted on this occasion. But neither He, nor his Colleagues are obliged to defend any Papers which come from other hands, unless they have expressly declared them to be agreeable to their own sentiments. In all other cases, we are to be looked upon as merely publishers; and, as such, we have frequently assured the public, that any person who thinks himself injuriously attacked in this *Journal*, shall have free liberty of defending himself in the same; than which offer we can not imagine any thing fairer and more impartial.

About four months ago, an unknown Correspondent, under the name of DRAMATICUS, sent us a Criticism upon *The Modern Husband*, which was published in the 117th *Journal*. To which the author of the Play, HENRY FIELDING, Esq; returned no other answer, than by inveighing bitterly among his acquaintance against our *Journal*, and representing us as a set of paltry, ill natured, and ignorant Scribblers. About two months afterwards, he brought upon the stage a *Comedy* of three acts, called *The Old Debauchees*; to which was added a *Farce* of two, representing the humours of a bawdy-house, and intitled *The Covent-Garden Tragedy*, which was damn'd the first night. In the first scene of which he introduces the Bawd saying to her Porter,

*The Grub-street Journal thou hast known to write,  
Thou art a judge.*

Upon this Tragical Farce some Reflections were published in our 127th and 128th *Journals*, which came from unknown hands, subscribed PROSAICUS and DRAMATICUS. To these an abusive Answer appeared in the *Daily Post*, June 21, under the name of WM. HINT, *Candle-snuffer*, directed To DRAMATICUS, *alias* PROSAICUS, *alias* BAVIUS, &c. and consisting of two parts, a general defence of the *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, and an invective against the *Grub-street Journal*. To the former a Reply, written by DRAMATICUS, was published in N<sup>o</sup> 130; and to the latter a Reply was drawn up, and approved by our Society June 29, but has been postponed from time to time, to leave room for things of greater importance.

But since *Squire FIELDING*, by publishing a fresh invective in the *Daily Post*, July 31, seems desirous to have a controversy with us, concerning the design and nature of our *Journal*, we are willing to join issue with him upon that point. And to shew ourselves fair adversaries, we shall here republish *verbatim* all that he has alledged against us, under the name of Mr. WM. HINT *Candle snuffer*; subjoining a short answer to every article:

“When a set of *Scribblers*, who very justly stile themselves of *Grub-street*, pretend to give laws to our *Theatres*, the *Press* is surely open to any pen.” — *Scribblers* is a term, which, in every learned controversy, the authors on either side claim a right, by immemorial custom, to apply to their adversaries; but it belongs only to the public to fix it, which they generally doe with strict justice. The *set of Scribblers* here pointed at do not pretend to give new laws to our *Theatres*, but to revive the old laws of the Drama, intirely consonant to the laws of Nature; against a *set of Scribblers*, who either have not genius and learning sufficient to furnish a rational and moral entertainment, or else basely suppress their talents in compliance with the vicious taste of the age. But, whether we had pretended to give laws or not, the *press* is surely enough open to any pen; otherwise it would not be employed in blotting paper.

paper with such ribaldry as is to be seen in the *Old Debauchees*, *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, and *Mock Doctor*.

‘ But I fancy, however envy and malice may animate you against a successful Play, you had not (*unprovok’d*) fallen thus inhumanly on one the Town dislik’d, and the Author gave up without appealing to a second trial.’—The success of the *Modern Husband* was not great enough to excite the *envy and malice* of any good Dramatic writer; and if it had, that *envy* must have been soon allay’d by the opinion the world entertained of this piece upon its publication. And the Book-seller is really obliged to our *Journal* for the republication of it; otherwise it might have lain as quietly in the shop, as *The Modish Couple*.—*To fall on one the Town disliked*, alias, hissed off the stage, was no otherwise *inhuman*, than as it might seem to be a *falling on*, or abusing of the dead: but the *Covent Garden Tragedy*, tho’ dead, was not buried, but stunk in the nostrils of the audience; and there was a report, that it would very soon be revived by the help of the *Mock Doctor*. As this, we believe, *provoked* PROSARCUS to write the first *Letter* about it: so, we are certain, this only *provoked* us to contribute to its interment, by printing his *Letter*; in doing which, we think, we performed, not an *inhuman*, but an *human* office.

‘ I fancy the real occasion of all your exclamations may be found in one little line, where the Bawd tells her Porter (not much I think to his honour) that he is one of the Authors of the *Grub-street Journal*.’—I do assure you, that when PROSARCUS’s first *Letter* was published in our 127th *Journal*, we did not know that there was any such *little line*, as you justly call it, in that Tragical Farce. And when we did know it, it *provoked* us only to laughter, at the poor Poët, who could imagine that he could ridicule us in a line, which was so improbable that no one could believe one syllable of the imputation. That it is *not much*, nay not at all, to the honour of a Porter to a bawdy house, to be one of the authors of our *Journal*, we entirely agree; because, acting in the latter capacity would be detrimental to his former. But to assist a venal and venereal Poët, in writing lewd Dramatical Entertainments, would be  
very



very honourable for such a person; as being not only consistent with his other profession, but tending very much to promote the interest of it. And that this may have been the case in relation to the Pieces before us, is not at all improbable: for there is nothing in the *Old Debauchees*, or *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, but what a *Drurian Porter* might, and some things, which one would imagine, none but one as conversant with stum-pets, could have written.

‘ You mention the depravity of our taste, but the success of such a Paper (if it had any) would be a stronger instance of that depravity than the success of *Hurlo-thumbo* was.’ — Tho’ Mr. HINT seems here to question the success of our Paper, yet his brother PHILALETHES expressly acknowledges it, and pretends to account for it; but how truly we shall hereafter examine. At present we must tell Mr. HINT, that the success of it was never owing to daily or weekly puffs in News-Papers, giving an account how it was read to a great audience with universal applause, &c. The applause it has met with came from other hands than those which applauded either *Hurlo-thumbo*, or *Hurlo-thumbo*, the success of both which afforded instances equally strong of the depravity of taste.

‘ A Paper which any person of common sense ought to be more ashamed of reading, than women of the first modesty to see any Performance ever yet exhibited.’ — The person here introduced as a learned Critic upon Plays and *Grub-street Journals*; as a great judge of decorum, what is proper for persons of common sense, and women of the first modesty to decline; and as a professed enemy to the supposed Compositions of his brother the *Drury-Lane Porter*, is Mr. WM. HINT, *Candle-snuffer*. This shews how able the real author of this Letter is to write in character, when he endeavours it. But then it must be acknowledged, that he is very happy in succeeding, directly contrary to his endeavours, in characters the most different. For, as when he de-

\* *Hurlo-thumbo*, and *The Tragedy of Tragedies*, or *The life and death of Tom Thumb the Great*, were two wild, extravagant, ridiculous Pieces, which had a great run: the latter of which was written by *Squire Fielding*.

design'd to mimic a *Candle snuffer*, he took the air of a Critic: so, when he would fain appear as a Dramatic Poet, he made only the figure of his pretended Grubean author, a mere Drury-lane *Porter* and Pimp.

I shall add no more at present, than that I have the greatest reason to believe, that PROSACUS and DRAMATICUS are different persons, their *Letters* being written in very different hands and stiles: but, I neither know, nor can I guess, who either of them is. It is much easier to guess at Mr. WM. HINT and PHILALETHES, who perhaps are likewise two different persons, a Player and a Poet; of both whom either *Letter* is perhaps the joint composition: and we don't doubt, that we shall make it evident to the world, before we have done with them, that, in the way of literature, the one is fit only for a *Candle-snuffer* to our Society, and the other for a *Porter* to carry about our Lucubrations.

M.

BAVIUS.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug. 9.*  
The Fable and Plot of the *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, alias  
*The Humours of a Bawdy-house.*

The Scene is an antichamber, or rather a back-parlour in *Mother Punchbowl's* House.

ACT I. Sc. 1. *Mother Punchbowl*, a bawd, complains to *Leathersides* her porter, and two of her whores *Nonparel* and *Industrious Jenny*, of the badness of her trade; and of the loss of a bill due from a Poet, whose Play *Nonparel* had just now discovered to be damned.

— Sc. 2. *Leathersides* and the two whores being retired, *Capt. Bilkum* the Bully and a chairman enter, quarrelling about his fare; without which the latter is forced to go off. — Sc. 3. *Mother Punchbowl* rebukes the Captain for making such a noise; who desires her to get him a wench, and lend him half a crown. —

Sc. 4. *Leathersides* enters to inform *Mother Punchbowl*, that a porter was just come from *Lovegirlo* to bespeak a fat whore. — Sc. 5. Here enters immediately, to bespeak a fat whore for the Squire, and a lean one for my

Lord. — Sc. 6. *Capt. Bilkum*, in a soliloquy, laments his

his inadvertency in not having searched *Hecatiffa's* pockets, and then goes off. — Sc. 7. *Lovegirlo* and *Gallono*, two cullies, dispute which is preferable women or wine. — Sc. 8. *Capt. Bilkum* recommends both. — Sc. 9. *Lovegirlo* and *Kissinda* express a violent passion for each other in a lewd strain.

ACT. II. Sc. 1. *Stormandra* a whore and *Capt. Bilkum* dispute about paying before-hand. — Sc. 2. *Mother Punchbowl*, after hearing them upbraid each other, sends the Captain to bed, promising that *Stormandra* shall soon follow. — Sc. 3. Accordingly advises her to go to bed to him. — Sc. 4. *Stormandra*, in a soliloquy, wishes for *Lovegirlo*; whose ghost she imagines she sees. — Sc. 5. *Lovegirlo* and she upbraid each other with their falsehood. — Sc. 6. *Kissinda* enters to them; when she and *Stormandra* quarrel about *Lovegirlo*, who prefers *Kissinda* to her. — Sc. 7. *Stormandra* goes to *Bilkum*, and insists upon his fighting *Lovegirlo*. — Sc. 8. She, in a soliloquy, resolves to go and hang herself. — Sc. 9. *Mother Punchbowl* advises *Nonparel* and *Kissinda* to have no regard to any thing but money. — Sc. 10. *Leatherfides* informs them, that *Capt. Bilkum* had killed *Lovegirlo*. — Sc. 11. *Gallono* rails at *Mother Punchbowl*, as the cause of his friend *Lovegirlo's* fate. — Sc. 12. *Capt. Bilkum*, and *Mother Punchbowl* lament *Stormandra* as having hanged herself; and *Kissinda* and *Gallono* lament *Lovegirlo*. — Sc. 13. *Lovegirlo* and *Stormandra* enter: the former tells them; he was only run through the coat; and the latter, that she hanged up her gown, instead of herself.

M.



N<sup>o</sup> 137. THURSDAY, August 17.



THE first Piece is a short Defence, signed ELIOT, of the *Abstract of the Dispute concerning Liberty, &c.* in N<sup>o</sup> 134. which is followed by a Con-

a Continuation of the *Remarks upon Dr. BENTLEY'S Emendations of MILTON'S Paradise lost.*

Mr. BAVIUS,

I believe you have not guesſed at the true reaſon, why Dr. B. preferred *old* to *bold*, in *Paradiſe loſt*, B. I. 127. where he reads *OLD compeer* inſtead of *BOLD compeer*. This I imagine he did in oppoſition to his *quondam* Antagoniſt the learned JOHNSTONUS, who in his Criticiſms upon the *Ode of TOM BOSTOCK* hath given the preference to *bold*, and inſtead of *old TOM BOSTOCK*, reads *bold TOM BOSTOCK*.

Give me leave to propoſe an emendation in the Bentleian manner to the famous ſong called *Chevy Chace*. In the common Editions we read,

*A bow be bad bent in his hand,  
Made of a truſty tree :  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Full to the head drew be.*

This corrupt reading leaves us to ſeek of what wood the *bow* was made, only informing us it was of a *tree*; and it makes the rime not *bold* enough. Read therefore on my authority,

*Made of a truſty yew ;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Full to the head be drew.*

What an eaſy alteration is this? none but a dull wood-  
cutting Wanderer in an Edition could ſuppoſe the Poet wrote otherwiſe. The *bows* were generally, if not always, made of *yew*; for which ſee *ROBIN HOOD'S Songs*, and *The life of JOHNNY ARMSTRONG*.

July 31, 1732.

I am your humble ſervant,  
PHILO-BENT.

*From the PEGASUS* are ſome *Observations* by Mr. BAVIUS upon the *Prolegomena* to the *Covent-Garden Tragedy*.

N<sup>o</sup> 138. THURSDAY, August 24.

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**A** LETTER from PROSAICUS is the first Piece: in which is the following just Character of Squire FIELDING and his writings.

The Author, from his first appearance in the world as a Poet, has always aimed at humour; which, if founded on a right basis, is the chief support and life of all Comic writing: but as that basis is Nature only, he has often succeeded ill. Humour, when embellished by the assistance of wit, still grows more diverting; and hence it is, that CONGREVE is generally more admired than JOHNSON; a great deal of the Humour of the latter being found in the former, with that charming additional beauty of wit, of which the other was not a master.

There runs through *The Old Debauchee*, a continued *conatus* both at wit and humour; but the poet, like TANTALUS in the Fable, is ever aiming at what is ever deceiving him. His wit is nothing but a few forced common-place strokes against *Priest-craft*; and the whole character of *Father MARTIN* is but DRYDEN's *Gomez* and SHADWELL's *Teague o' Divelly* curtailed, and without their native beauties.

As to the *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, I shall pass by the moral part, which has been attacked by other hands, and consider it only in the Author's own way, whether 'tis a piece of just Humour; and as such to be tolerated on the stage. As I lay'd it down before, that Nature must be the basis of Humour, Mr. F—— may say this is just Humour, as being a just imitation of Nature; and that the characters are drawn from known realities. But Humour is to represent the foibles of Nature, not its most shocking deformities; and when any thing becomes

comes indecent, it is no longer Humour, but Ribaldry  
 BEN JOHNSON, the greatest Humourist, I believe, of any  
 age, never makes any infringement on morals or good  
 manners: That would be only to pretend to an excel-  
 lence, in which a Poet might be equalled, if not ex-  
 celled, by any Rake or Bawdy-house Bully.

I am ignorant of Mr. F—— as to his person; I pay  
 a deference to his birth: but cannot think it a title to  
 wit, any more than it is to a fortune; nor that every  
 man, who has had the honour of being scourged at E-  
 ton or Westminster, is a man of sense: of which it is  
 no great proof for a Poet to pique himself on his fa-  
 mily, or his school.

This is followed by an *Answer* to Three Arguments  
 brought against *Divine Judgements*.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug. 23.

Mr. BAVIUS,

Aug. 17, 1722.

I AM a great over-grown Boy, at a country free-  
 school, where for this twelvemonth past, instead  
 of earning a groat a day at harrow (with which my  
 industrious Mother continually reproaches me) have I  
 been scratching this poor head over the rugged pages  
 of JUVENAL and PERSIUS. As a Specimen of my ca-  
 pacity for these Authors, I here send you an Imitation  
 of the *Prologue* to PERSIUS. It was an Exercise ap-  
 pointed me against the usual visitation of our School,  
 as something applicable to my own condition, and to  
 recommend myself to the notice of the Governours,  
 some honest trades-men of the town, who are great  
 judges of these matters. As it has receiv'd their sage  
 approbation, I cannot make any doubt of yours. If  
 my dealing in this crabbed Author (I must confess an  
 old enemy to your illustrious Society) does not raise  
 too great a prejudice against me at the venerable board  
 at the Pegasus; I make no doubt, but you will find me,  
 in all other points, as duely qualify'd for a member, as  
 the renowned Mr. D—— is for President, of your  
 Society. That you, Mr BAVIUS, would be pleas'd to

make a motion, at your next meeting, to matriculate  
an aspiring Lad, is the ambitious Petition

Of your humble admirer,  
HOBBINOL LUBBIN.

1.

I never dipp'd my lips, not I,  
In the fam'd Heliconian stream;  
Parnassus' top I ne'er was nigh,  
Much less pretended there to dream.

2.

The Muses, and their mountains too,  
I leave to VIRGIL, and the rest;  
Who far from us poor GRUBS below,  
Those airy seats have long possess'd.

3.

I, a dull swain, have left my plough,  
Without their help to gather Bays;  
Nor need you wonder much to know,  
What could possess my head with Lays.

4.

What taught poor POL for Sack to call?  
What did the PYZ to language guide?  
Ingenuous want can teach us all,  
What spareing Nature has deny'd.

5.

Fill then my purse, and I will try,  
T' exert my supernat'ral knack;  
My brains inspir'd shall rage as high,  
As C——r's, when bemus'd with Sack.

6.

My mouth shall flow with Poetry,  
As natural to me and COL;  
As language to the chatt'ring PYZ;  
Or human sense to *Pretty* POL.

*The End of the Second Volume.*

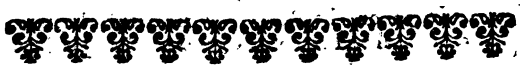
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