



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

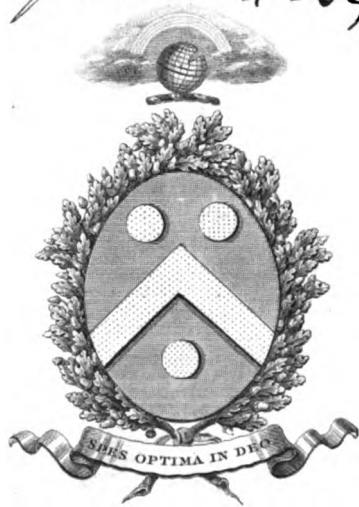
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

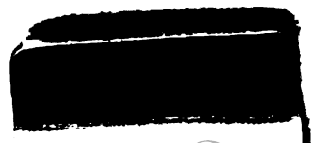
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Hopessons 40. 59.



John Thomas Hope.





THE
NEW SPECTATOR;
 WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. I.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum est humanissimum existimo, seruitatem comitatemque miscere,
 ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.*
 PLIN. Epist.

"As in a man's life, so in his literary pursuits, I think it the most beautiful and humane thing in the world
 to mingle gravity with pleasantry, that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up
 in wantonness."

THE ceremony of introducing himself to the public is, perhaps, the most disagreeable circumstance a periodical writer has to encounter. Contrary to the established rule of the poets, who invariably commence their labours with invoking the muse, it is necessary he should avoid the footsteps of his predecessors in every thing but an endeavour to render his lucubrations useful as well as amusing.

In compliance with this rule, I shall decline troubling the reader with any account of my person, name, or family, the planet I was born under, or the feats I performed at School. All these minutæ, though vastly entertaining to some readers, I shall reserve for a very learned work to be published in the one hundred and fiftieth year of my age, at which time my very good friend, Dr. GRAHAM, assures me, I shall enjoy a perfect state of health, full-toned juvenile virility, together with that brilliancy of imagination, and serenity of mind, so essential to one of my occupation: *provided* I follow the mode of living prescribed to me, and indeed to all the world,

by the said Doctor, which, it may well be supposed, I have faithfully promised to do.

It is more immediately necessary that the reader should be informed of the nature and tendency of the publication offered to his perusal, than of any personal particulars respecting such as may be concerned in its production.

INFORMATION, instruction, or at least innocent amusement, must always be expected from those who, whatever be their motives, step forth the candidates for public favour. It has been the singular felicity of some writers, by the strength of their genius, and the soundness of their judgment, to produce works in which these several excellencies have been united; and I know not of any species of composition that more happily admits of their union, than those detached essays which are presented to the public as literary amusements, but from which may be derived all the advantages generally supposed peculiar to more voluminous productions.

In support of this observation, it seems unnecessary to mention the SPECTATOR as the most

most convincing proof of its propriety. To that paper, and to the several others which have been published on the same plan, every English reader will cheerfully acknowledge himself indebted for instruction conducive to his real happiness, for information contributing to his real interest, and for hours of amusement recollected with pleasure.

And who so fit to entertain the mind,
As he who pictures morals and mankind?

GARRICK.

THE immediate object of publications of this kind is, in a familiar manner, to lash vice, however dignified; to expose folly, whatever forms she may assume; and to recommend those graces and virtues which have the honour to be universally praised, and the misfortune to be very little practised.

THIS was the grand object of the former SPECTATOR; and it reflects great honour on the constellation of geniuses which produced it, to record, that its influence was such as to correct vice and folly in the bud, and to stop the progress of manners obnoxious to virtue. When a fashionable lady, by a fantastic appearance, had rendered herself publicly ridiculous, the SPECTATOR of those days, by exposing her folly, prevented imitation, and generally restored the pretty flatterer to reason and herself.

BUT these are honours which the NEW SPECTATOR can never hope to share, and which ADDISON himself would now find it difficult to acquire. Since his time, this country has abounded in writers, whose chief aim, instead of strengthening, has been to undermine virtue, to patronise hypocrisy, to render piety ridiculous, and, in effect, to substitute external grimace for moral rectitude.

And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit!

POPE.

INDEED they have not stopped here, but, throwing aside the mask, have recommended vice itself in such flattering colours, that even our daily newspapers are fashionably vicious: uniting the effusions of party virulence, with partial and interested descriptions of public amusements, and perpetual panegyrics on such characters, male and female, as a rational man would naturally look for in the *Newgate Calendar*, and *Harris's List of prostitutes*.

SUCH is the present state of the more amusing branches of literature, and particularly of periodical productions, that it is dangerous to lay them before the youth of either sex, whose morning business, it formerly was, to read them to their parents; but

who are now obliged to renounce that kind of improvement, lest their morals should be tainted, their passions inflamed, their delicacy destroyed.

Who, therefore, seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud! MILTON.

THE endeavour, therefore, to restore this bud of amusement to the garden of literature, cannot be deemed an unworthy task, and, it is hoped, will meet with the candour and protection of a generous and an enlightened public: whether it will be so conducted as to merit that candour and protection, the NEW SPECTATOR must leave to the determination of his readers. In one part of his conduct, at least, the NEW SPECTATOR will endeavour to deserve commendation: though the pleasure of his readers may not be augmented, their innocence will not be diminished; though he should be too weak to add stability to virtue, he will not be weak enough to give colour to vice.

Vilius est argentum auro, virtutibus aurum.

HOR.

Silver to gold we own shall yield the prize,
And gold to virtue. FRANCIS.

With this determination he commences his labors, and, relying on the protection and assistance of the virtuous, he will cheerfully proceed in their service, and deem their approbation his greatest reward.

As in a work of this nature variety of entertainment is naturally expected, and as almost every species of public amusement now forms an object of criticism; I found it necessary to depute some trusty SPECTATOR of those affairs, who will make a just report of his observations, and give his sentiments freely, without respect to persons of either sex, or of any denomination, whilst I attend to the more serious objects of this publication.

LUCRILY, for me, I have long been intimately acquainted with a man on whose judgment I can rely, and whose integrity is inflexible. JOHN BULL is, to be sure, as honest a creature as ever was born. With a tincture of sound philosophy and a great deal of good nature, John is perpetually contemplating the objects before him, and is frequently giving his opinion unasked. I have sometimes seen him at a theatre, gravely shaking his head, whilst a celebrated performer has been applauded from all parts of the house. At other times, I have discovered pleasure sparkling in his eye, and his hands ready to express his satisfaction, when the house has appeared quite insensible

insensible of excellence in the performance. It must be confessed that, with all his philosophy and good nature about him, he will sometimes express himself with asperity not becoming a thinking man; but it is only on occasions wherein others, as well as himself, have suffered, or are liable to suffer, from knavery, folly, or ignorance.

COMMUNICATING to John my intentions respecting this undertaking, he earnestly solicited the privilege of inserting his *opinions* respecting some things, which, he said, the papers of the day either totally overlooked or quite misrepresented. I gladly granted him the privilege, requesting, on my part, that he would not confine himself to particular transactions or objects, but give scope to his observations, and communicate them with freedom and sincerity; and as I have always been taught to look up to him with some degree of veneration, I thought proper to notice his productions in the very title of my work; and I trust the *SAGE OPINIONS* of JOHN BULL will merit the attention of my readers.

ADDED to the regular correspondence of my friend, John Bull, I shall in every number of this work insert some *PORTICAL* production, which, I hope, will merit the attention of those who are attached to the muses.—But as I am determined not to give place to any poetry which does not bear evident marks of genius, and as very few *original* verses, if I may judge from daily, weekly, and monthly publications, discover any pretensions to that distinction; so I shall find myself under the necessity of republishing some choice pieces which have already appeared, but which are not so universally known as they ought to be. This scheme meets the approbation of my friend John, who hopes that it may have some effect on public taste, and give men a relish for the flights of true genius, which are seldom to be found in the fugitive productions of the day. Meanwhile I shall very cheerfully insert the poetical, as well as prose productions of such as choose to become my correspondents, or candidly assign proper reasons for their rejection, and request they may be addressed as mentioned at the foot of this paper.

SUCH being the plan of the *NEW SPECTATOR*, it remains only to apologise for the apparent presumption of adopting a *Title* which may indicate arrogance rather than that diffidence which is the concomitant of genius. It is well known that several publications of this kind have failed for want of their nature and tendency being sufficiently explained to the public: many who have

read, with pleasure, the *SPECTATOR*, *TATLER*, &c. have no conception that the *IDLER*, the *WORLD*, the *CONNOISSEUR*, &c. &c. are productions of a similar nature, but who will at once comprehend what is meant by the *NEW SPECTATOR*. To have entitled it the *SPECTATOR REVIVÉD* had indeed been a species of arrogance, of which I hope I shall never stand accused.

To the *NEW SPECTATOR*.

SIR,

MY brother John having informed me that, when destitute of such original Poetry as may have sufficient merit to recommend it to the public, you mean to insert the poetical effusions of the more ancient Bards; I request the favour of seeing the following *SONG* in the *NEW SPECTATOR*, not only as being worthy of such a place, but as it is the whole of one of those beautiful pieces of simplicity, with a line or two of which *OPHELIA*, in her distraction, so captivates the attention of all who have not sacrificed every pretension to real taste.

Your's, &c.

ANNA MARIA BULL.

S O N G.

O sing unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Black his hair as winter night;
White his skin as summer snow;
Red his face as morning light;—
Cold he lies in the grave below!
My love is dead, &c.

Sweet his tongue as thrush's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Dart his tabour; cudgel stout;—
O he lies by the willow tree!
My love is dead, &c.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead, &c.

See, the white morn shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud!
Whiter than the morning sky!
Whiter than the evening cloud!
My love is dead, &c.

Here

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
 Shall the barren flowers be laid ;---
 Not one holy saint to save
 All the sorrows of a maid ?
 My love is dead, &c.

With my hand I'll plant the briars,
 Round his hallow'd corse to grow ;
 Elf and fairy light your fires,
 Here my body still shall be.
 My love is dead, &c.

Come with acorn cups and thorn,
 Drain my heart its blood away ;
 Life and all its goods I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.
 My love is dead, &c.

Water-witches, crown'd with reeds,
 Bear me to your deadly tide ;
 I die—I come—my true-love waits---
 Thus the damsel spoke, and died !

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

To write on every thing worthy of public commendation or of public censure, in this metropolis, is an arduous task. To give a few loose hints, conveying little information, and less instruction, is mere waste of time and paper. In order, therefore, to avoid prolixity, on the one hand, and frivolity on the other,—permit me to throw my thoughts into a sort of miscellany, without regard to order, connection, or literary excellence ; all which I leave to your more serious and more learned correspondents.

FEMALE DRESS.

THE ladies have assumed the *treble-caped great coat and belt*, in which they parade the streets, like so many female jockies. I expect, that in a few days, my grandmother's *Joseph* will soon be the *ton* ; I shall, accordingly, have it advertised for sale by auction, and shall depute that lady auctioneer, who is most remarkable for overpowering the voices of the performers in the most interesting scenes of a tragedy. The great coat fashion took its rise from those females who visit Covent-Garden thrice a week, at five in the morning, with turnips, carrots, and other wholesome vegetables to sell.

AIR BALLOON hats and caps are in the highest estimation ; the green boxes are thronged with the former, and the front boxes with the latter. In another week, the lower order of the town ladies will exhibit them in the streets, and then farewell to Balloon hats and caps ! Fashions, particularly female fashions, fare just like songs ; they sometimes have a long play-house

run, till at length they get into the streets and are no more regarded. The *Cyprian corps* too generally meet the same fate.—The balloon hat is certainly pretty, and has a good effect ; there is something *womanly* in it ; but the balloon cap is so totally eclipsed by the Turkish turban, that I cannot say a word in its favour.

To the great joy of many a wailing lady, *Powder* has resumed its reign, and sits enthroned on the head of beauty, bidding defiance to nature and simplicity. My sister, *Anna Maria*, true to her sex, is a strong defender of this same dust of vanity, and is now deeply engaged in writing a poem, to be entitled the *Comforts of White Dust and Bear's Grease*, to be dedicated to Lady A——, who, it seems, always carries a quantity of right orris, with a small puff in her pocket.

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

THE amours of this young gentleman will hereafter form a very pretty book, and become a great favourite with your boarding-school misses. His grand characteristic, and his sole business is

To rove,

Free and unquestion'd, through the wilds of love. *Variety*, is his motto, and he may be truly said to stick at nothing. He fairly knocked up his uncle *Morgan*, and obliged him to go abroad for his health, *et cetera*. He is accused of being too promiscuous in his amours ; be that as it may, he is certainly so much attached to one at present, that I am in hopes his designs have not yet succeeded, and that the fair one may have resolution enough to resist his attempts, or that her husband may have wit enough to take her out of the way of temptation, and not be sent out of the way himself so often as he has been. It is somewhat singular, but so it happens, that Squire Morgan's Nephew always finds himself vastly inclined to the company of neighbours wives. I hear various complaints of him on this head.

ABOUT fifteen months ago, Mr. H***** married a delicate woman, who, till very lately evinced the utmost tenderness and affection for her husband. Unfortunately, she was noticed by our hero, who, being a very gallant man, seldom fails in his attacks on the ladies, and being a man of property, and keeping much company, Mr. H— was presently invited to share his confidence and friendship, which he thought it advantageous to accept of, and the intimacy increased so much, that our hero made no scruple frequently to visit him *en passant*, and at length presented to the lady the *grey Bucephalus* of his Honour's stable.

OUR hero and his friend were lately in the gallery of the House of Commons, to hear a smart debate. About ten in the evening the former requested

quested the latter to keep his seat whilst he stepped out, and returned near *two* in the morning, with an apology to his friend for having troubled him so long. On Mr. H— retiring home, he found that our hero had taken a little *refreshment* with his lady whilst he kept his place in the gallery!

THIS anecdote may convince the world, that our hero is not so silly as many take him to be. Soon after that trick, he practised another of a similar nature. Finding Mr. H— and his lady at home, he requested the favour of writing materials, and that his friend would step with a note to a gentleman on some business which he could entrust to none else. The contents of this card were simply these: "keep the bearer as long, and make him as drunk, as you can." This was accordingly done, and Squire Morgan's Nephew, at three the next morning, was found consoling the wife of his friend in the absence of her husband!

I HAVE several more anecdotes to communicate respecting this amour, unknown even to the Abigail of Mrs. H— herself. As yet nothing has transpired, which can so much tax the reputation of the lady, as the folly of her husband!

AIR-BALLOON EXTRAORDINARY.

THE philosophical inventors and improvers of the *Aerostatic Globe* rightly conjectured, that important discoveries would result from a contrivance enabling people to travel in the air. In conjunction with a very sagacious friend of mine, I finished a Balloon of considerable magnitude, and a short time ago, after the manner of Mess. Charles and Robert, we took our departure from this world, which, after travelling nine days, appeared to us about the size of a reasonable plumb-pudding, and on the tenth morning was totally invisible to the naked eye; on which my friend began to be a little alarmed, and observed, that we were wandering round the world like departed spirits, and possibly might arrive on some other planet, and be hanged as spies in a foreign country. Whilst my friend was thus lamenting our situation, I discovered, as I imagined, several white rocks at no great distance, to our left, and presently after a quantity of what appeared to be eagles on the wing, but, on approaching nearer, we found the rocks to be the outskirts of another world, and the eagles to be neither more nor less than so many Air-balloons, which, it seems were the common packhorses and machines for conveyance in these remote regions.

REJOICED at finding ourselves in such excellent company, as well as in the prospect of making aerostatic discoveries beyond any thing known in

our world, we pursued our course, and soon gained the confines of this strange country; then ordering our machines accordingly we ascended so much above the new world, that we could readily view every part of it, for it consisted but of one very large city, surrounded on all sides, but that on which we entered it, with villages, vineyards, meadows, woods, lawns, and gardens in abundance.

My friend who but a little time before was in a despairing mood, now resuming his courage, and impatient to find himself on the *terra firma* of the new world, let out such a quantity of gaz, that we suddenly reached the ground, luckily without any inconvenience except that of breaking seven bottles of the best vitriol we could purchase in London, and three times that number of excellent Hock, given us by *Stacie* at the *Bedford*.

As I am determined in this account to adhere strictly to truth, I shall not take the advantage usually claimed by your terrestrial travellers of embellishing my narrative with the marvellous, though no man had ever so fine an opportunity. I shall not therefore describe these people as either giants or dwarfs in stature, nor amuse you with a wonderful account of powers, which they never possessed, and of customs which they never practised. No, Sir, these people, who wear the human form differ from ourselves in nothing so much as in their apparel, and being peculiarly beautiful; their language has even some affinity to our own, being so much like the ancient Saxon, that my friend, who is a great antiquarian, and has a particular veneration for that tongue, in the course of a few days, found himself able to converse with them on any topic. Unfortunately, we arrived amongst them at a time when their whole attention was devoted to *Politics*. At the very moment we fell into the city, their senate was so deeply engaged in disputes for the good of the nation, and the people so anxious to know the result of their proceedings, that we escaped the notice of almost every body, but a few boys, who followed and hooted at us on account of our strange dress, and for our want of beards, which in this country are worn, both false and natural, as common as wigs and pig-tails among us.

THE name of this world, of which we were thus become unexpected inhabitants, was *Niatirb*, and that of the metropolis *Bulia*. The form of government nearly resembled that of ancient Rome, when a king and senate conducted its affairs. The grand point then before the *Bulians* appeared to us whimsical and ridiculous enough. The *Etanes* or senate composed of the oldest man of

the

the city and villages, having sat a considerable time, *Rexman*, the king, out of an extreme humanity, for which he was remarkable, requested them to renounce for a time, the cares of state, and employ themselves in such pursuits as their several inclinations should suggest. But in the senate there was a man, who, for many years had made it his chief study to obstruct the will of the king, and to lead others into the same line of conduct. The name of this man was *Reynardam*. His public character was similar to that of the *Lucius Junius* who had the audacity to assume the additional name of *Brutus*, and whom historians represent to have been "a turbulent sedicious man, who wanted neither wit nor penetration; was particularly a great speaker, and spoke freely what he thought." With respect to his private character, it was of so singular a complexion, and was composed of such a variety of inconsistent colours, that I defer copying the portrait till such time as I shall have occasion to reveal some of his domestic transactions. At present I speak of him only as one of the *Etanes*. He professed great openness and candour in his harangues, and, by the rapidity of his eloquence, and the subtilty of his sophisms, so far misled many of his hearers, as to induce them to join with him in malicious endeavours to thwart the king. No sooner was the sovereign's desire of relieving the *Etanes* mentioned, than *Reynardam*, with great vehemence, opposed the measure as tending to subvert the government. He adduced several plausible pretences to convince the *Etanes* of its impolicy, and at last even gave it as his opinion, that the king had no right to put a period to their deliberations. This caused great confusion in the *Etanes*, which *Reynardam* took care to foment, by insinuating that the king wished to dissolve their meeting for insidious purposes, the more secure to carry on some project of his own; and by this means *Reynardam* made each party suspicious of the other, while the people at large, or more properly the mob of the people, hailed him as their protector, who, but a little time ago, they execrated both for his public and private conduct. So fickle his popular indignation and applause!

It was in the very midst of these contentions, that my friend and I appeared amongst the *Bulians*, and hoping to escape the notice of the higher powers, we immediately dressed ourselves in the *Bulian* habit, and purchased venerable beards.—And truly, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, my friend cut a very venerable figure, for being, like yourself, beyond the grand climacteric of a grave aspect, and serious deportment, he might easily have been mistaken for a *Bulian in toto*.

THESE precautions, however, proved abortive; on the sixth day after our arrival, we were summoned to appear before a council, in which his Majesty was to be present, there to give an account of ourselves. This greatly terrified my friend, who now began to suspect himself as already condemned for a spy. As he had made a considerable progress in his acquaintance with the *Bulian* language, we agreed that he should prepare our account and defence, and deliver it verbally before the council; a circumstance tending so much to our safety, that my friend sat about it with great diligence, and in my judgement produced a very able oration, in which he gave a concise account of our world; the object of our journey to *Bulia*; a curious relation of our adventures and observations on our passage through the aerial regions; and concluded with humbly requesting his Majesty to grant us a safe conveyance to our own world, by enabling us to form an *Aerostatic machine*, with proper materials, and after the manner of the *Bulians*, who travel in them with incredible velocity, and direct their course with wonderful facility. Of this speech my friend is preparing an elaborate translation, which he means to dedicate to *Dr. Priestley*; but I intend to give you the heads of it in a future epistle to your *Spectatorship*. Let us now return to the little affairs of our own little world.

THEATRES.

THE accounts daily given to the world of theatrical affairs, are sometimes so contradictory to truth, and to one another, that I have frequently lamented the want of a public journal of dramatic proceedings, from which some judgment might be formed as to the real merits and demerits of plays and players; and I trust, *Friend SPEC*, with your permission, and with your assistance, to render the *NEW SPECTATOR* subservient to so laudable a design.

Drury-Lane.

IT reflects no small credit on the manager of this house, to say, that he is, if not an enemy, at least no friend to *puffing*; nor does he put *Mrs. Siddons's* name at the top of his bills, by way of hooking the multitude; a device practised by the other house, in regard to *Mrs. Crawford*, in the same manner, and probably with as much success as *KATTERFELTO* exhibits at the top of his bills, the angels, devils, and the devil knows what, of his own sublime invention! The great fault of the manager of Old *Drury*, is the giving characters to performers which they are unable to sustain, whilst he has others in his company by whom they would be well supported. Egregious instances

instances of this occur almost every day, as I shall hereafter have occasion to observe.—Mrs. Siddons appeared last night in *Isabella*. It were a waste of criticism to say any thing of a performance which is acknowledged to be as near perfection as humanity can reach.—*Harlequin Junior*, by frequent repetition, seems to gain, rather than lose on the town, and that deservedly. Variety, novelty, and bustle form the very essence of pantomime, in all which this abounds sufficiently. But,—I speak it with wonder—the music is excrable, and though Mr. Linley may have composed and selected it, and though he is a professed and an admired musician, the present composition and selection, ought to be remembered as the most unhappy, ever offered to the public under that celebrated name.

Covent-Garden.

It is frequently the fate of dramatic writers from unaccountable causes, to receive censure when they deserve applause. This has been the case of *Macklin*, whose comedy of the *Man of the World*, was performed on Thursday, before one of the most crowded and respectable audiences, I ever saw, and in the performance met with that approbation which has been denied to it by those critics of the day, who write to gratify some malignant passion, rather than give the real decision of their judgment, for I cannot suppose them so ignorant as not to acknowledge this to be the best comedy, except the *School for Scandal*, which has appeared for many years. They say it wants bustle, but if the attention is kept up, even to a kind of anxiety, and a play abounds in nervous language, and forcible instruction, which is the case in the present instance, that very bustle becomes impertinence, and can be wished for only by those masters and misses, who go to plays for fun, in which number, from their judgment in pronouncing on this play, I shall suppose our news-paper critics are to be ranked—The pantomime of *Friar Bacon* was revived the same night, with alterations, but these alterations reflect credit only on the scene-painters, for the same despicable nonsense pervades the whole piece which originally distinguished it. I have not time to go into particulars, but shall, next week, be more circumstantial, unless in the mean time this bantling of ignorance and folly should depart this life. The music is good.

Miss Younge, on Saturday, played *Jane Shore*, in which she is inferior to Mrs. Siddons, but much superior to Mrs. Crawford. Our critics say “comparisons are odious;” but “all excellence is comparative.” The *Alicia* of Mrs. Crawford was applauded as the news papers had directed it should;

It was indeed well played, but not equal to Miss Younge's *Shore*. I know I am speaking against the voice of the multitude; but that is nothing. Had Miss Younge been absent six years, she would have been received again with as great, at least with as much deserved applause as Mrs. Crawford.—Last night the *self-be-paragaphed*, the *self-puffed* and the *self-adoring* Mother *Abington* appeared in *Lady Betty Modish*. It is impossible to withhold praise from so excellent a performance, and I will always give merit its due; but when it is said the stage is inanimate without her; that she is the comic muse, in *propria persona*, and such rubbish as the papers continually abound with respecting this woman, who, I should imagine kept half a dozen clerks for the purpose of writing to her honour and glory: an ingenuous mind cannot but feel itself disgusted; and half tempted to deny her excellence. I wonder the manager does not put her name at the top of his bills. I hope her engagement is of that nature, that she cannot insult the Town by the stale trick of a *Box-fever*, with which she used to be terribly afflicted!

T O W N L A D I E S.

CONTRARY to every idea of decency and of policy, the public papers abound in encomiums on some of these abandoned characters. Nay, a morning paper of last week gave public notice, that the *Perdita* was quite recovered from her indisposition, and looked as well as ever. A valuable piece of information truly! I should deem myself inexcusable to mention such a woman in a public print, but for the purpose of holding her up as one whose example should be abhorred, and to point out to the female world the fatal consequences of unbounded dissipation and illicit amours. This woman is said to have been the favourite of a prince. Indeed her conduct plainly evinces she thought herself such; but if we may judge from the pitiful complaints which, in some papers, are daily urged against a certain young gentleman, by way of extorting relief from him, she is no longer so; and her conduct may serve to convince others, that the capricious smiles of a prince are of little value, unless managed with prudence. Care has been taken to inform the public of the situation and ornaments of the *Perdita's* box at the opera-house; this is all very well in the way of trade; it answers the purpose of advertising *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*. And the Queen of France will no doubt think it a high compliment, when she reads in an English news-paper, that her example in dress, &c. is followed by the greatest prostitute in England!

Of the *Bird of Paradise*, the *Armstead*, the *Farrenelli*, the *White Crow*, &c. I have not at present time to say any thing; and with respect to the inferior women of this class, their example being more confin'd, is less destructive; their infamy is not publicly trumpeted as if it were a virtue; and some legislative expedient should be devised for rescuing them from destruction, and rendering them fit members to the community.

CHANCERY-LANE GHOST.

I am sorry, on enquiry, to find that this Phantom has ceased to appear, but am confidently informed that the wonderful Dr. KATTERFELTO has reduced it to *inflammable air*, and that it is now confined in an *air-balloon*; and I am further assured that this "Devil of a Philosopher," this principal of all modern magicians, when he lets of his *Air-Balloon* means to direct its flight in such a manner, as that the said Phantom shall be laid in the *Red-Sea*, and the peaceable inhabitants of Chancery-Lane, no more receive nocturnal greetings, from so terrible a visitant!

AND NOW, friend SPEC, I must, for the present, bid you adieu; for though your paper is on a very extensive plan, I gess you have little more room for me. Success, I doubt not, will attend

your SPECTATORSHIP, and the public will regard your first number rather as the *preface* of what is to follow, that judge of your abilities by an introductory effort.

Your very faithful Deputy,

JOHN BULL.

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ways and means of Editors with the art of conducting morning papers, *next week*—The Ghost of Gulliver, to Mr. O'Keeffe, is received.—*Memoirs of Mrs. H—*; *Anecdotes of Weltjie's club*; and an *Account of the Sophisms of Mr. Fox*, are also received. But I desire my correspondents will take notice, that party politics will find no place in the New Spectator. An authenticated account of Mrs. Curtis, sister to the Kembles, is now before me, and shall be attended to. The Strictures on the newspaper politics of Mrs. R—, however just, are written with too much asperity. Operatical Observations are unavoidably postponed; and for a circumstantial account of the Bishop of Landaff's excellent Discourse before the House of Lords on Friday last, I with pleasure, refer my readers to Mr. Ayre's Sunday Monitor, of the 1st instant.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookseller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookseller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

. CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E
N E W S P E C T A T O R ;
 WITH THE
S A G E O P I N I O N S O F J O H N B U L L .

No. II.

T U E S D A Y , F E B R U A R Y 10 , 1784 .

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eò quòd
 Maxima pars hominum-morbo jactatur eodem.*

By few, forsooth, a madman is he thought,
 For half mankind the same disease have caught!

Hor. Sat. 3, l. 2, v. 120.

FRANCIS.

PLATO, speaking of fine writers, and particularly of poets, expressly affirms, that, added to other extraordinary requisites, it is necessary they should possess, or be possessed by, a certain degree of MADNESS;—an opinion, which, I am verily persuaded, has some foundation in truth; for though the number of literary maniacs is very considerable, and that of fine writers, on the contrary, very inconsiderable, yet, on enquiry, I have no doubt it will be found that at least one-tenth part of our writers are either many degrees too mad, or, unhappily, not mad enough. And here I might adduce, from living examples, abundance of illustrations in support of this doctrine; but I willingly spare myself so invidious a task, and leave it to the Monthly and Critical Reviewers, and those whom it more immediately concerns.

THE heroes of both ancient and modern times, who have greatly distinguished themselves, in whatever profession, whether of arts or arms, have been celebrated, by their respective poets

and historians, in proportion to the extent of their madness. Hence it is that the fame of Alexander the Great,

Who the tiara tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
 far surpasses that of Charles the Twelfth, who, in fact, was but a humble follower of the said Alexander, as he was of the maniac Achilles.

BUT, that a touch of madness is necessary for the accomplishment of great purposes, cannot be doubted when we recollect, that CERVANTES describes it to have been the main-spring of all the wonderful exploits performed by his hero, Don Quixote, Knight of the woful countenance, a man almost as famous as Alexander himself, and the history of whose achievements has proved more beneficial to mankind than all the boasted actions of the son of Philip.

IT was but the other day, in the company of a learned friend, that I was thus elucidating Plato's doctrine respecting certain degrees of madness, when my friend jocularly turned my attention to myself

myself, and observed, with a logical precision, of which he is completely master, that at any rate, I must certainly be a little crack-brained; for, said he, "If you hold, with Plato, that a certain degree of madness is essential to the accomplishment of great purposes, you must necessarily suppose yourself affected, otherwise you would never have commenced such a work as the *NEW SPECTATOR*. On the other hand, if you maintain both Plato's doctrine and the perfect soundness of your own mind, then the moon is indeed at full with you, so that you cannot be in any other state than that of lunacy to a certain degree, which, according to your friend Plato and yourself, is a very desirable state indeed!"

Just as my friend had made this curious conclusion, we were joined by my sagacious deputy, JOHN BULL, who, being informed of the argument, became a strong advocate for its propriety; and remarked, that since his engagement under me, he had looked on himself as neither more nor less than the Sancho Panza of the last Don Quixote which had started up in the literary world. Now, according to the opinion of Plato and myself, this was a great compliment to me, though I believe honest John meant it as very good satire on us both.

THE possession of un abused reason is the most impudent and the most uncommon of all human blessings. It is true, that there are few of mankind, comparatively speaking, who have not had this blessing conferred on them by the giver of all good gifts; but the number of those is still smaller who have not abused and impaired it, by stifling its operations, and rejecting its counsels; by renouncing its jurisdiction, and reversing its decrees.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

POPE.

TO FIND a man implicitly following, in all his actions, the dictates of sound reason, would prove a task much more difficult than that of discovering one perfectly honest; though Diogenes, we know, deemed an honest man a very singular phenomenon. It is a general error amongst mankind to seek for fame and happiness in wrong channels, and vainly endeavour to "gather grapes off thorns, and figs off thistles." Men are not so generally destitute of genius and abilities as is commonly imagined; they only misapply the former, and, by that means, render the latter useless. We are usually on our guard against the treachery of others, and were we equally solicitous of avoiding the deceptions of

our own minds, we should not so frequently see genius misled, and abilities misapplied. An affection for science is too commonly mistaken for an indication of inherent powers, and, before we have well considered the nature of either, we precipitate ourselves into pursuits rather to gratify adventitious enquiry and natural curiosity, than to follow the dictates of unclouded reason, and the stimulations of real genius. Thus inclination, passion, or more trifling causes frequently usurp the authority of reason, in the conduct of life, and, in a great measure, tend to form that variety of the ridiculous which we daily discover in the characters of mankind.

As it is the business of human reason to direct the conduct of human life, so its views should not be confined to one object, or to a certain number of objects: this, however, is too generally the case, particularly amongst men of genius and erudition, who, directing their pursuits to the completion of one purpose, confine their ideas to that object, and wave all considerations which do not, either directly or collaterally, apply to their immediate views.

And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

POPE.

And this, in some measure, accounts for that narrowness of mind which has been discovered even in some men of genius, and into which all that is singular in the lover, the coquette, the avaricious, and the proud, is to be reduced.

To accomplish a work of genius, it is necessary, however, that the mind, when employed on it, should be directed to that alone; and it is well known that intense application to one object frequently disorders the reason, and, in the end, is productive of madness itself. The intermediate state between extreme attention and inattention, is that which produces the divine glow of genius, the enthusiasm which Plato, who perfectly understood the operations of the human mind, not injudiciously denominates a kind of madness, that is, a fervor of imagination which has ever accompanied extraordinary genius.

For my own part, I have very little chance of becoming thus *divinely mad*; the multiplicity of objects to which, as a SPECTATOR, my attention is necessarily directed, totally preclude all possibility of such an event taken place; and I know not whether my labours may not prove more extensively beneficial by directing my attention to many subjects, than by confining all my ideas to one object, however excellent in itself, or pleasing to me.

To

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THE attention of the audience at Drury-Lane Theatre, a few nights ago, being attracted by the appearance of two ladies in a side box, *fans* hat, cap, or any covering, save that which nature and *Monf. le Friseur* had bestowed; and several reflections having been cast on the said ladies in consequence thereof; I beg your SPECTATORSHIP to acquaint the public, that the said ladies having *Balloon-hats* and lappets, were obliged to renounce them in compliance with a standing order of the House, and were not insane as many people wou- only reported. Yours, &c.

A DERBY GENTLEWOMAN.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Most worthy SPEC,

IT must afford you no small pleasure to be told that your first effort has already accomplished more than you could reasonably expect. It has not only informed the public of the nature and design of your plan, but it has actually operated in the service of virtue, and to the encouragement of vice, as will appear by the *Mistellanea* of your faithful deputy.

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

I HAVE been told that this gentleman keeps a diary of his time, which is usually spent in such a manner that, I think, the said diary may, not improperly, be called the *Black-book*; and as one of his intimate friends has promised me a sight of it, I shall take care to extract a page, or two, for your amusement, from whence, probably, you may form a better judgment of his real character, than from the caricature prints and newspapers of the day.

IN my last, I acquainted you with the state of this young gentleman's amour with Mrs. H—. At the same time, I intimated to you, that nothing had transpired which could affect the reputation of the lady; and I am extremely happy to have it in my power now to add, that nothing is likely to occur which can diminish the lustre of her fame; for, in consequence of the representations I before made, and in consequence of them only, the husband of the lady, with a sense of honour becoming a gentleman, and with the resolution becoming a virtuous man, abandoned the company of Squire Morgan's Nephew, and immediately departed, with his lady, into Yorkshire, from whence, I understand, they mean to travel to the continent; choosing rather to leave the kingdom than reside in it with external splendour, accom-

panied by disgrace.—But the most agreeable circumstance attending this business, is the willing obedience the lady paid to her husband's wishes. Though allured, for a moment, from domestic felicity, by the fascinating glare of tinsel frippery; though she was become the admiration of men, and the envy of women; yet no sooner was danger intimated, than the flame of nuptial love glowed with fresh ardour in her untainted bosom, and, quitting that road to perdition which thousands of her sex are eager to travel, she flew with her husband into that retirement, which is the seat of innocence, where she may ruminate, with thankfulness, on the dangers she has escaped; and improve, with delight, the felicity which her conduct entitles her to expect.

SQUIRE Morgan's Nephew, thus unexpectedly deprived of the company he was very solicitous to keep, was at first a little disconcerted, and determined not to grace the last masquerade with his presence. Two jolly toppers however, persuaded him to go, and, such is the natural inconstancy of his disposition, that he is said to have already half-forgotten the charms of the lovely Mrs. H—in the bewitching smiles of a *Hedge-lane* beauty!

P O E T R Y.

THOUGH I am ignorant as to the author of the following stanzas, I am not so as to their merit. They contain a beautifully picturesque description, suitable to the present season, and which many a son of Phœbus would have worked into a fashionable quarto, of no inconsiderable magnitude.

The C A V E.

The wind up, the field is bare;—
Some hermit led me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair—
With blest Content, has chose to dwell.

Behold, it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the sight;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies;
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hills arise.

The grey-cloak'd herd drives on the cow;
The slow-pac'd fowler walks the heath;
A speckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curve o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his ax on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke,—
I see, I see the shivers fly!

Some

Some rural maid, with apron full,
 Brings fuel to the homely flame;
 I see the smoky columns roll,
 And through the chimney bus the beam.

Beside a stone, o'er-grown with moss,
 Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
 Three panting dogs beside repose;
 One bleeding-deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
 Skirted with shady forests round;
 In midst an island's rocky height
 Sustains a ruin once renown'd.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;
 Two broad-wing'd eagles hover nigh—
 By intervals a fragment falls,
 As blows the blast along the sky.

Two rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide,
 With labouring oars, along the flood;
 An angler, bending o'er the tide,
 Hangs from the boat th' insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
 On grassy bank two lovers lean,
 Bend on each other amours looks,
 And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak,
 They seem to hear the tread of feet;
 They start—they rise—look round the rock—
 Again they smile, again they meet!

But see, the grey mist from the lake
 Ascends upon the shady hills;
 Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
 Rain beats—re-sound a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly,
 I see it smoaking o'er the plain;
 When storms are past, and fair the sky,
 I'll often seek my CAVE again!

B U L I A.

IN recalling your attention to the affairs of Bulia, it is necessary for me to remark that, exclusive of the king, the Etanes, the deputies of the people, and the people themselves, there was a third power forming a kind of Senate, or assembly of great men, superior to the Etanes, distinguished by the appellation of the *Reppu*, and consisting of men born to honours and extensive property, and esteemed as the chief men of the realm. Their number amounted to about half that of the Etanes, whose laws and regulations were of no force until ratified by the *Reppu*. The *Reppu* had therefore a building distinct from that of the Etanes, appropriated for their deliberations. Such, however, was the legislative wisdom of the Etanes, that the *Reppu* seldom found it necessary to controvert, or to invalidate their statutes, and, therefore, usually joined in recom-

mending them to the concurrence of the king; and had they not, just at the time we arrived in Bulia, rendered themselves particularly popular amongst the people, I should scarcely have noticed them, of so little importance were they except on such peculiar emergencies as seldom occur in the government of Niatirb.

HAVING mentioned the popularity of the *Reppu*, I cannot refrain giving you a *Hasty Sketch of the day's business*, by which it was acquired, though I must previously consult the *hasty sketches* which have already been given, lest my memory fail me in so arduous an undertaking, and lest I omit circumstances essentially necessary to be adverted to in all *hasty sketches* of such important affairs: Take notice, however, that this is my own *hasty sketch*, and not that of my Balloon friend, who, notwithstanding his acquaintance with the Bulian language, has not the facility for which I am remarkable in reporting legislative proceedings.

I HAVE already informed you, that it was Reynardam's delight to obstruct the will of the King. This man was not only extremely ambitious, but his ambition was of a very dangerous complexion, and, had his power been subservient to his wishes, was such as all good men had reason to fear.

By the operation of causes, to the influence of which limited monarchies are always subject, Reynardam became the *Retfinim*, or chief servant of Rexman the king, and consequently had the management of the most important affairs. This gave him wonderful influence amongst the Etanes, who, though not one of them, the day before, would have lent him the loan of an air-balloon, but on condition of his never returning into the kingdom, now courted and paid more attention to him than to the king himself. In order to augment his influence, and to feed his ambition, Reynardam knew it was necessary to possess wealth; and he knew it was no uncommon thing to appropriate the riches of the public to private uses; a maxim religiously observed by all who had the honour to act as *Retfinim*, or chief servant of the king. Unluckily for Reynardam, he became *Retfinim* at a time when there were no public riches to appropriate. Something, however, was to be done; the interested wretches who, against the voice of the people, and in pure hatred to the king, had raised Reynardam to power, were anxiously waiting for the reward of their services, and Reynardam at length discovered means to put them out of suspense.

CERTAIN of the inhabitants of Bulia had the exclusive privilege of making and exporting air-balloons

balloons, and other Bulian merchandise to foreign planets. They were an associated body, and had acquired great riches in the Bulian coin, besides an immense quantity of air-balloons, which were continually passing and repassing to and from other planets, particularly Eastward of Niatirb, to a world called *Aidni*, abounding in jewels and precious stones.

HAVING power in his hands adequate to his designs, Reynardam immediately determined, by a sudden stretch of that power, to establish it, and to enrich himself. He, therefore, prepares a statute enabling a certain number of his friends, under various pretences, to seize the property of the Balloon-mongers, and to apply it for the mutual benefit of the right owners, and of the public, that is of himself, for I have already observed that the Retfinim always uses the public money as if it were his own private property; a custom which Reynardam, in this instance would not have renounced for the whole solar system; such was his delight in following those state maxims which had received the sanction of innumerable precedents!

REYNARDAM having declared his intention, and produced his statute, all Bulia was in confusion; every man expected to be deprived of his property by a statute, which expressly ordained the Balloon-mongers to resign their riches into the hands of those Reynardam had appointed to receive them. This statute gave infinite pleasure to the most mercenary, that is, to the greatest part of the Etanes, who began to entertain some hopes of reaping advantages for assisting Reynardam in his infamous designs; and, to obtain them, gave their voices for confirming the statute.

In this, however, they were providentially mistaken. The king, who as sincerely loved his people, as he hated the insidious Reynardam, and whose humanity and regard to justice were as conspicuous as the public and private baseness of his chief servant, privately sent for *Elpmet*, one of the Reppu, a man respected for his public abilities and amiable for his private character. To him Rexman communicated his ideas of Reynardam's statute, and requested to know the sentiments of *Elpmet*, on the same subject. Finding them similar to his own, he conjured him, by the love he bore his country, to oppose Reynardam's statute in the Reppu, as the only means of preserving even the appearance of justice, and the safety of the state. *Elpmet* accordingly opposed it, and intimating to others of the Reppu, that it was the will of the king, as well as of the people, that it should be opposed, the chief of

the Reppu rejected the statute; Reynardam was deprived of the office of Retfinim, and retired to his original obscurity, with the augmented detestation of Rexman, and the execration of the people at large! —Of the hatred, which he bore to *Elpmet*, and to the king himself; of the empty menaces with which he threatened both of them, for the mutual confidence they reposed in each other; and of the arts he used for corrupting the morals and political principles of *Selaw*, the king's eldest son, I may have occasion to speak hereafter.

SUCH was the transaction, which, meeting with the hearty concurrence of the people, acquired the Reppu more popularity than they had possessed for many years: a transaction of which they are perpetually speaking with rapture, and on which several Bulian volumes have been written, but of which I have been obliged to give only a *Hasty Sketch*, by way of *Chronicle*, and that, I fear, with many imperfections.

ST. CECILIA.

THE departure of this divine warbler from this kingdom, is to be lamented as an event which must stamp with disgrace the character of one who has been hitherto esteemed a woman of discretion and virtue. The D—— of D***** seems to have a peculiar *penchant* for the fingers and dancers of the other sex. *Bacelli* long reigned, if not unrivalled, at least triumphant; but the charms of *St. Cecilia* have overpowered those of *Bacelli*, and the former is now in Paris, what the latter was in London—the *bosom friend* of D*****! From this circumstance it is but too evident, that a man possessed of abilities to charm senates, and to delight theatres, may yet want power to check the progress of female vanity and female inconstancy, charm he ever so wisely!

MASQUERADE.

King's-Theatre.

THE Masquerade Ball of Thursday was by no means well entitled to the appellation; the characters were very few, and many of the domino gentry walked the rooms without masks. The French ambassador, it seems, had a rout at his house, at which most of the great world were present, for not above three or four of the nobility appeared, and not one titled dame was to be found under the roof of the King's-Theatre, though *mask* was the word, and gallantry the object. The company—a pretty, witlefs, inoffensive company as ever assembled together—amounted to about four hundred.

THE

THE most striking character which appeared in the rooms was *Vice*, who, in the persons of several impures, was to be discovered at every turn, well arrayed, and as sippant as usual. The *Perdita*, the *Bird of Paradise*, *White Crow*, and indeed none of the higher order of the infernal sisterhood, except Mrs. M— and the C—n, were to be found, though I am pretty confident they were not at the French ambassador's rout. Times we know, are hard with the *Perdita*; and two guineas, sometimes, an object with most of them.—Mothers Windsor, Johnson, &c. supplied the market with the choicest fruits, their hot-houses could afford; whilst Mrs. M— assumed the airs and the appearance of the *Queen of Impurity*, and was complimented as supporting the character, whether masked or not, with singular success!

THE masks that claimed the most favourable notice, were a *razor-grinder*; a *Dutch jew*, a *Highland lad* and *tsfs*; a *country clown*. There was also a *Mad Tom*, who, to be sure, must have been crazy, to have attempted a character which, notwithstanding his craziness, he was by no means able to sustain; his appearance was rather disgusting than otherwise.—A tall man, dressed in pink, with a sash, represented a *child*, and it was universally allowed that he was perfectly in character, till he got drunk, and became a *fool*. A figure representing *Secret Influence*, attracted general notice, bearing the ribbon of the order of the Templers, with an inscription, *Knights of Temple*; he had on a black cloak, tied round with a girdle, labelled *Secret Influence*; a double face; a wooden Temple on his head, on his back a ladder, with the words, *Back Stairs*; a dark lantern in his hand, and a much darker in his head, for of all the masked figures, he was the dullest. After receiving some stale news-paper repertees, probably from the original fabricators, he was courteously addressed by a domino, who congratulated him on his *public* appearance, and complimented him as the favour of his county, by exerting his power in support of his sovereign, and the rights of his fellow citizens, and abolishing the growing influence of a desperate minister. "You came, said the domino, like the angel to Peter in prison—and I trust such angels will never be wanting to support the dignity of the king, and the majesty of the people, against the *secret influence*, and *public impudence* of haskneyed statesmen and professed sharpers!" This domino was said to be an *independent elector for Westminster*.

POLITICAL wit, indeed, was the only wit that could be heard at this masquerade; and it

consisted chiefly of those miserable puns which fill the daily prints, amusing one part of mankind, and disgusting the other.

ABOUT two o'clock the company sat down to an elegant cold supper: most of the articles, consisting of chickens, hams, partridges, and other game, sweetmeats, &c. were excellent; but the wines, considered as foreign, were bad; considered as *home-made*, they were not good; and considered as mixed, they were villainous.

Scelus est jugular Falernum,

Et dare Compano toxica sava mero!

Such of the company as amused themselves with dancing, were perpetually interrupted by the surrounding spectators, and consequently could not display themselves to much advantage; every thing, however, was taken in good part, and it was determined to keep up the spirit of good humour, which was the only spirit that appeared during the time I staid in the rooms.

MASQUERADES have been for some time on the decline, and the managers of this, discovered little judgment in rating their tickets so high as two guineas. It is not possible to give an entertainment in this house worth more than half the money; even if they were to appoint the opera dances to perform a ballet, by way of addition to the pleasures of a masquerade; and something extraordinary should be given for an extraordinary price.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HOR.

"Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust;
Like the firm judge, inexorably just."

I KNOW not of any person that is more likely than myself to observe the golden rule of Horace:—because I am not personally acquainted with, or partial to, any one manager, actor or actress of any theatre. I, therefore, proceed in this department without respect to names, persons, or any thing else, but the dictates of common observation and common sense.

King's-Theatre.

THIS Theatre, after a variety of contentions which threatened us with the total loss of the Italian opera, at last opened under the auspices of Signor GALLINI, with a selection of performers, especially amongst the dancers, that may well serve the purposes of a shewy amusement.—But the *Opera rage* is over. The more rational amusements of the British stage, under the influence of much novelty and some excellence, have superseded

perfed Italian frippery; and the public have repeatedly given an earnest of their taste, by leaving Pacchierotti to sing to empty benches,

Like Philomela warbling all alone!

" whilst clapping theatres and shouting crowds," have hailed the Siddons and the Crawford as the rival queens of dramatic glory!

I AM well pleased with an opera well set, for as to the language of the Italian opera it is, usually, execrable indeed! Respecting Saturday night's *I Rivali Delusi*, it may be said to possess some degree of musical merit. Franchi and Tafca met with applause; and Signora D'Orta certainly improves in her first song. Cramer's accompaniments are, in general, well executed; but Cramer must play many a solo before he rivals Giardini. The house was by no means warmed with company; and I am convinced that nothing but the revival of some favourite piece will regain that estimation to the Italian opera which it experienced three years ago.—The Dances, indeed, merit that applause which they received, and instead of a secondary, are now become the primary object of attention. Slingby and Theodore always give more than satisfaction. Vestris, Rossi, and Simonet are justly admired by those who have any proper conception of the Serious in dancing.—Barthelemon's music is, in general, pleasing, and in some passages does him credit.

Drury-Lane.

THE *Provoked Husband*, performed on Tuesday, gave me an opportunity of seeing Smith and Miss Farren as Lord and Lady Townley, and I think them equally excellent in their respective characters; and so long as Miss Farren continues to play with the sprightliness and ease which distinguished her performance of Lady Townley, I see no manner of reason for all the weeping and wailing, the howling and crying which the daily prints pour forth when the town is deprived of the infinite delight of seeing the peacock Abington in all the gaudy plumage of a theatric wardrobe! Miss Farren always pleases the audience; and if she is not so much puffed in the papers as the charming Abington, "her state is the more gracious."—*Charming Abington!*—and why not charming Katterfelto?

Mrs. SIDDONS, in *Measure for Measure*, on Wednesday, played Isabella with her accustomed excellence. It is remarkable of this actress, that she never "o'ersleps the modesty of nature." Isabella is a character by no means calculated to shew her powers, though she was, when necessary, impassioned, and through the whole play

discovered that grace and delicacy which gave her the pre-eminence over all her present contemporaries, except in the judgment of those who prefer rant to nature.

I CANNOT omit mentioning a circumstance which reflects credit on several of the Kembles, who acted as spectators of this play which was very thinly attended. The circumstance I allude to is, that such of the family as were present, decently seated themselves in the pit, and behaved in such a manner as ought to make their professional friends blush for those impudent and fantastic airs by which they are usually distinguished in the green boxes.

ON Friday Mrs. Siddons played *Jane Shore*, and gave the character every advantage of excellence, in dress and performance. Smith's Hastings is a very indifferent piece of work, and his dress one of the vilest the wardrobe can furnish. Miss Kemble, in Alicia, was all that is despicable, and the managers deserve the utmost reprobation for insulting the town with *perry*, when they are paid for *champagne*.

Covent-Garden.

Mrs. COWLEY's comedy of *More Ways than One*, was performed on Tuesday. The public prints have already said enough, and something too much, in its favour.—I shall, therefore, only observe, that the sarcasm on paragraph-writers, of which honourable profession I cannot but deem myself, whilst I act as your SPECTATORSHIP's Deputy, is a smart rap on her own knuckles. This play is well dressed, well performed, and deserves to be, as it always is, well received.

ON Wednesday, the *Duenna*. Davies, in the absence of Reynolds, performed Antonio, and acquitted himself with credit. It is unnecessary to criticise on a musical piece when performed at Covent-Garden Theatre. Nothing but excellence can be expected from such an assemblage of male and female nightingales, larks, and black-birds!

THE *Mourning Bride*, on Thursday, was decently performed; but the part of Almeria is not calculated to exhibit the powers of Mrs. Crawford. Miss Younge in Zara, displayed those abilities which entitle her to admiration. The rest of the play was delivered "as well as could be expected."

THE Pantomime of *Harlequin Rambler* continues to be run every night against the *Harlequin Junior* of the other House. This is something like running a jack-ass against the best horse in the Duke of Queensberry's stable!

It is to be lamented that a manager of so much spirit as that of Covent-Garden should so frequently

quently put himself to enormous expences in getting up trash that is better calculated for Bartholomew fair, than a Theatre Royal;

THE POLITICAL GRACES.

The Duchefs of RUTLAND.

The Countefs of CHATHAM.

The Countefs of TEMPLE.

I AM credibly informed that thefe three amiable characters, having the welfare of this country, and the dread of a certain monfter, called *Coalition* before their eyes, a few days ago, affembled together, and being fo affembled, devoutly, on their knees, drank "Success to the present Ministry!"—Of this I thought proper to inform your SPECTATORSHIP, notwithstanding your injunction to reject political observations in my miscellany; in which injunction I humbly conceive you did not mean to include *female politics*. I therefore thought proper to make this report, and to assure you that the said *Three Graces* have my hearty concurrence to assemble again, and devoutly, on their knees, to drink "Success to the NEW SPECTATOR!"—not forgetting the *Sub-Spectatorial* welfare of

Their truly devoted,

JOHN BULL,

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

I AM obliged to postpone the Art of conducting morning papers, besides considerably curtailing the theatrical, and other observations of John Bull. The advice contained in the letter signed Sawney W. is not thrown away; the office of my Deputy is not, however, to be confined to important matters, but it is intended that his observations shall extend to the "tittle-tattle" of the day; "for by the throwing up of a straw (says an old author,) we may see which way the wind fits."—The lines signed Cato should have been addressed to Jeffrey Dunstan, and not to the Lord Chancellor. The letters signed A Whig, and a Revolution Whig, can have no place in the NEW SPECTATOR; they favour too much of the spirit of party; and though party is the bane of this kingdom, it shall not be the ruin of this paper. The impudence of a morning paper of yesterday, in comparing Mrs. H. with a notorious prostitute, can be equalled only by the falshood contained in the assertion that the former is now secreted in Pall-mall. It has usually been the fate of that paper to steer on the wrong side of the Post!—The Ladies who called at the Printer's on Saturday, may rest assured that their request shall be complied with.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



THE
NEW SPECTATOR;
 WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. III.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Pars multa natat, modò rectè capessens,
 Interdum pravè obnoxia.*

HORACE.

Most others float along the changing tide,
 And now to virtue, now to vice they glide.

FRANCIS.

IT is a disagreeable circumstance to a writer who wishes to render his labours subservient to humanity, that he is under the necessity of exposing the vices, rather than of recommending the virtues of mankind; for such is the present state of morality amongst us, that the fear of punishment operates more strongly on the minds of men, than the hope of reward; hence satire has been able to effect at least apparent amendment, where the united powers of reason and persuasion have proved abortive. But the imperfection of human nature has in all ages been justly lamented. Prejudice and passion, custom and caprice, have ever held the most tyrannical dominion over the minds of men. Slaves to the depravity of their nature, and, like slaves, accustomed, not only to obey, but to flatter the talk-master, and encourage him to rivet their chains the faster, mankind have been, and still continue, the pupils of prejudice, rather than the followers of reason.

THE present is an age abounding in philosophy and literature; and Britain may justly be esteemed

the Athens, and Rome of the eighteenth century. The recesses of philosophy were never more assiduously explored; the precepts of morality, were never more strongly inculcated; nor was the investigation of truth ever more ardently pursued; yet when will the bulk of mankind grow wiser, and the multitude cease to do evil?

We see that in almost every science, truth has its opponents, but in none more than in the science of legislation. Were an angel visibly to descend from heaven, deputed by heaven itself, to govern mankind, faction and animosity would still retain their influence; for, whilst men are mortal, passion will too often supersede reason; ambition will still contend for power, avarice for riches, folly for titles, and the multitude for the darling liberty of abusing authority, and violating laws with impunity.

So that, notwithstanding the world has been favoured with the promulgation of a religion, pure and undefiled, with luminaries of science, codes of laws, and systems of morality, we see mankind still prejudiced in their sentiments,
 narrow

narrow in their conceptions, imperfect in their conduct; always endeavouring to defend their opinions, and indulge their passions, rather than to rectify their errors, and amend their lives.

IT is an observation of the contemplative COWLEY, that "A learned age is always least devout;" an observation which, I am sorry to say, is, by the present times, but too fully justified; for it must be confessed that we abound more in learning than in devotion; in speculative divinity, than in practical piety; and this will always be the case, where men have the liberty of disseminating their sentiments, publishing the conjectures of fancy, laying the foundations of hypothetical systems, and erecting the structures of theory, as watch-towers to the benighted mariner, and as land-marks to the pious pilgrim; a liberty which is the peculiar blessing of this country, and on which all other liberties depend.

BUT as learned, particularly speculative men, seldom agree, so, with all the rancour of disputation, and the animosity of party virulence, system is opposed to system, theory to theory, and opinion to opinion; all pretending to instruct mankind, in the road to virtue and happiness, and, in the heat of debate, forgetting to practise the one, and totally losing sight of the other; and a great part of the multitude, by no means addicted to thinking, choose rather to be destitute of fixed principles, than to acquire them at the expence of so much time and contemplation as their vocations will not permit, nor their inclinations indulge.

FROM hence we may, though with the sigh of philosophy, safely subscribe to the opinion of Cowley; since the learned, by their impolitic cavils, not only abandon piety themselves, but lead the vulgar to conclude that religion is the offspring of fiction, the contrivance of cunning, the chimera of fancy, or something so difficult to attain, that they shall stand excused, on the plea of ignorance, in the omission of duties, with which they are as well pleased to remain unacquainted. Hence they become more abandoned in their vices, more profligate in their manners; and nothing but the dread of temporal affliction can restrain them from the indulgence of savage ferocity, and wanton barbarity: they would "eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence!"

THERE is another and happily the more numerous class of men, who are neither philosophical enough to frame systems, nor wicked enough to dethrone conscience; who firmly believe the existence of the deity, and dissent only in their modes of worship; and though some modes

are certainly more consonant to reason than others, yet each of these has his leader in opinion, and is so strongly fettered by prejudice, as not even to listen to arguments, that tend to the conviction of error in his leader, or impropriety in himself. Thus it is, that similarity of sentiment is the strongest cement of affection; though many will more readily embrace and esteem principles for the sake of men, than love men for the sake of principles. And this is no late prejudice; for even Cicero complains, that men regarded the person who spoke, more than the thing that was spoken.

MUCH more might be added in illustration of Cowley's sentiment. It opens a large field for speculation; but in one thing, at least, I will imitate the poets: I will leave something to exercise the imagination of the reader.

SEVERAL thousand years ago, three beautiful damsels, named REASON, OPINION, and CURIOSITY, were wandering together in an extensive forest, in search of a flower called TRUTH, which had long been sought for in vain. It was deemed sweeter than the rose, more delicate than the lily, and had the singular quality of retaining an eternal bloom. Reposing themselves by the side of a fountain, OPINION discovered a purple violet, and insisted that she had found the prize. REASON contended that it could never be the flower called TRUTH, for wherever it grew, it was as white as the mountain snow, and, even in the night, might be discovered like the glimmering of the evening star in the blue expanse of heaven. But OPINION persisted, and would not quit the contest, till she could be assured of the fact, and requested it might be left to the decision of the next person they should meet. Whilst CURIOSITY was attentively examining it, a traveller, who delighted in nothing so much as rambling out of the common road, and had lost his way, came up to the damsels to enquire where he was, and to solicit their presence at his dwelling, for he was ever pleased with the conversation of strangers. His name was CHANCE, and he no sooner beheld OPINION, than he conceived a violent affection for her. OPINION, with a winking smile, artfully proposed the question respecting the flower, and he, desirous of ingratiating himself with so fair a damsel, assured her it was the flower called TRUTH, on which OPINION said she would proceed no further in quest of that which she had already found. So that REASON and CURIOSITY, never tired of walking, pursued their journey; and CHANCE taking OPINION home with him, publicly espoused her, and had a daughter named PREJUDICE; but her parents neglecting her education, she was de-
flowered

flowered by a man called *CUSTOM*, with whom she continued to live as his concubine, and by whom he had a numerous progeny of male and female children.

WHAT became of *REASON*, history does not inform us; but tradition says she at length found out *TRUTH*, and being thirsty with rambling in the woods, directed her course to a cottage, near which a young maiden, called *PHILOSOPHY*, was drawing water out of a well. *CURIOSITY* prompted *REASON* to peep into the well, to see how deep it was, when she accidentally let the flower *TRUTH* drop into it. *CURIOSITY* was not at all concerned at the event; for having examined and smelled on the leaves, she was satisfied; but *REASON* made great lamentation; and it is said, that she and *PHILOSOPHY* have at times, ever since, been vainly endeavouring to recover *TRUTH* out of the well!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I trust the cause of *Humanity* will always find an advocate in the *NEW SPECTATOR*. As a friend to *Humanity*, I wish to see the following Poem in your collection. It was written by the late Rev. Dr. *LANSHORNE*, whose poetical merit is well known amongst poetical readers, and whose letters of *Theodosius* and *Constantia* have deservedly rendered him a favourite writer with the world in general, and our sex in particular. I am truly astonished that so excellent a composition as that which I now send you, is not more generally known. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Lichfield.

ANN S*****.

HYMN TO HUMANITY,

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my voice again, O sweet HUMANITY!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a chearful guest.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart a prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then comes, sweet nymph! instead of thee,
The gloomy band, Rapidity.

O may that fiend be banished far,
Tho' passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe:
Nor let my vacant cheek by dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart.—
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile.
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, HUMANITY, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And thro' the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, rais'd, to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save—
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast;—
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh, hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair:
Her infants wonder at her prayer,

And

And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrow see!
Support them, sweet HUMANITY!

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet HUMANITY!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet HUMANITY!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

IN the name of a church folio, what is to be done? I find you leave out some of the most choice of my opinions, and temporary remarks, for *want of room*! My opinion of *coloured garters*, and my remarks on *gold-laced stockings*, with the romantic story of the *Windsor Widow*, and the memoris of Mrs. *Abington*, all laid aside, for *want of room*! But, my dear SPEC, consider that if you cannot find space enough for my miscellanies, I shall never write down half the abuses I am witnessing daily, and people will think I know no more than a dumb fortune-teller, or a Piccadilly conjurer. Remedy this evil, my good friend, if you even publish twice a week, and, for the love of the virtues, do not be sparing of a little paper, to expose the vices!—But I proceed in my memorabilia.

Your faithful Deputy elect!

JOHN BULL.

FEMALE DRESS.

THE most provoking circumstance attending the life of a lady of taste, is, the impudence of the vulgar in presuming to adopt her dress, and render it common before she has shewn it to half the town. I have sometimes been amazed, that those patronesses of taste and fashion in female dress, the Duchesses of Devonshire and Rutland, never procured his *Majesty's Royal Letters Patent*, for the exclusive privilege of wearing, appearing in, and exposing to admiration certain dresses, by them the said Duchesses first invented, formed,

fashioned, and worn; for in such words, or in words similar to those, doubtless said Patent would run.

LADIES of distinction, have, at last, however, procured a dress, which cannot easily be adopted by their inferiors; it is too expensive, and indeed too stately for daily exhibition. The body consists of black velvet, the train of white crape, and the petticoat of pink satin. The head is adorned not only with feathers, but with crimp feathers, and it is a happy circumstance, in these times of scarcity, that a lady of fashion may procure a cap, fit to be seen in, at the reasonable price of four guineas!

BALLOON hats now adorn the heads of such of the *parading impures*, as can afford them; whilst the more inferior tribe, have invented a hat which is, not improperly, called the *Bastard balloon*!—being a humble imitation of the green-box balloon, and destitute of feathers. These balloon fashions, I believe, are about their zenith, and must soon burst, and be forgotten!

I AM sorry to observe, that the *Sash* has its retainers, even in the depth of winter; but some ladies think they never can appear too airy, and perhaps deem the *Sash* a necessary appendage to the balloon hat. Be that as it may, I cannot but look on the *Sash*, now, as no bad resemblance of a label to a phial of physic, containing directions how to take it. Indeed if any thing were to be inscribed on the sashes of those ladies who now wear them, surely nothing could be more apposite than the words, *To be left to the best bidder*. But I believe the sign is pretty generally understood, without the inscription!

BULIA.

I HAVE already acquainted your SPECTATORSHIP, that when my friend and I, in our air balloon, first arrived in this curious country, the people were involved in politics, and talked and thought of nothing else; and as I wished to give you a faithful relation of every thing we should learn there, I deemed it necessary, like all other travellers, to give some account of the form of government and the state of the political affairs as well as of the manners and customs, fashions, and amusements of the world which we thus accidentally visited. I will, however, for the present, bid adieu to their politics, and give you some account of the general character of the people.

THE Bulians are represented by their ancient historians, to have been at once warlike and hospitable. It was late before science made any progress amongst them; but as she advanced, their ferocity

rocity gave way, and, in process of time, they became polished and enervated. It was their pride to boast of the warlike exploits of their hardy progenitors, and of the honour they had acquired by combating with, and conquering, worlds of much larger extent than their own. The Bulians particularly excelled in encountering their enemies in their air balloons, and, even at the time we visited them, were said to excel the neighbouring planets in their dextrous management of those curious machines. They had just then concluded a war in which they singly opposed four enormous planets, and were willing to assume to themselves the honours of victory. To us, however, it appeared to have been a sort of drawn battle on all sides.

BULIA, emerged in those distresses which war always occasions, and in that luxury which a partial refinement always introduces, presented to our view, a people of a mixed, and almost heterogeneous character: proud, and yet vain; insolent and yet courteous; benevolent, and yet too often inhuman; generally capricious, yet sometimes steady. Their chief delight was to command other worlds, but, alas, they wanted the virtue to command themselves! They were not destitute of heroism, but deficient in resolution. They assumed the appearance, and the airs of bravery; but "their courage was raised by an affront, and died in a duel!"

SUCH were the men of Bulia, when we visited them. The character of their women was equally mixed, and, if possible, more undefinable.—But of them I shall have enough to say when I give you the character of *Selaw*, the king's eldest son.—My balloon friend, has just now brought me a literary work, which he calls, *The second tumble of Reynardam*; translated from the Bulian; a production read with infinite pleasure by the Bulians, who ever delighted in mountebanks and tumblers!

MORNING PAPERS.

NEWS-PAPERS were perhaps never in more general estimation, than at present, but the chief object of them is nearly lost. Intelligence, domestic and foreign, is what, properly, constitutes a news-paper; whereas dirty abuse, illiberal reflections, and party malevolence, now form the chief articles of a news-paper, and he that throws the most dirt, and exhibits the profoundest skill in the science of impudence, is sure to succeed the best! Trading-orators, like trading-justices, send elaborate accounts of their own honesty, and, on paying their fees, are chronicled, heraldized, and posted, as the only men on whom the salvation of the country can depend!

NEVER were the conductors of these literary mushrooms so puzzled to know which side of the question to take in their political capacity, as they have been lately. It was curious enough to observe the violent opposition, which during Lord North's administration, and immediately afterwards, took place between these important members of the community!—how they paragraphed one man, and be-paragraphed another!—how the *Post* black-balled Charles Fox, and the *General* washed him white again!—how the *Herald* appointed stable administrations, and the *Public* overturned them!—how the *Ledger* reported certain facts, and the *Gazetteer* contradicted them!—how the *Daily* kept accumulating money by advertising, and cared neither for one side, nor the other!—In these dreadful times it required some skill to conduct a morning paper; but the case is quite altered now!—Mr. Fox no sooner came into administration, and proposed his India bill, than, as if he had already thrown Indian pearls amongst the swine, they all grunted in one key, and *Vive le Renard!* was the word!—Hence the very papers that for years, had been his most violent enemies, instantly became his greatest friends; and the art of conducting a morning paper, respecting politics, is now reduced to the simple task of panegyrising Mr. Fox, and abusing his opponents. But the grand rule with an Editor—provided he is not the Editor of the *Public Advertiser*—is to be a lawyer in his principles: that is, to take fees on both sides, if it can be done without discovery; if not, to lift under the banners of the best bidder, which is usually the man whose cause is the most desperate!—And so much for the art of conducting morning papers in political matters!—I trust friend SPEC, that I am not now trespassing on your rule against politics, but having promised the *Art of conducting morning papers*, by way of opening the eyes of my countrymen against news-paper imposition, I could not, with propriety, permit so essential an article to escape animadversion. In my next, I shall, probably, go into other and, to most people, more interesting matters respecting this business, and give a few instructions to those who wish to succeed as writers for all, or any, of the morning papers.

THEATRES.

As I have neither time nor inclination to keep a theatrical register, so I shall only animadvert on such performers and performances, as considerably merit either censure or applause.

Drury-Lane.

ON Thursday Mrs. Siddons played Lady Randolph in *Douglas*, a part in which Mrs. Crawford is said to be unrivalled. In this character, these

two actresses have merits of a different complexion. Mrs. Siddons, by the delicacy and susceptibility of her manner, from the first to the last, keeps the attention "tremblingly alive:" whilst Mrs. Crawford is excellent only in a few marked passages in which indeed she "harrows up the soul."—Of Brereton's Douglas, and Bensley's Norval the less that is said the better.

THE new comedy of *Reparation*, on Saturday, written by Mr. Andrews, is, as was intimated in the prologue, of the tragi-comic kind; and might readily be converted into any species of the drama. The character of the ceremonious Sir Gregory Glovetop, is an original in water colours, and was well supported by Mr. Parsons. Relating how he stood at Court in his younger days, he mentions the *back-stairs*, at which some hot-headed politicians took offence with just as much reason as if the word *devil* had been mentioned. This considerably retarded the performance, and created an universal uproar in the house. It ought, however, to be observed, that the hisses were directed against those whose feelings were hurt by the expression, and not against the author or performer.—It is remarkable that in this piece there are no less than three characters which it would be well to omit: Capt. Swagger, Miss P. Zodiac and Lady Betty; all ill written, and well supported.—Julia Harvey, by Miss Farren, is a character new to the stage, though too much in the *heroics*, and was admirably performed. Indeed this is the only interesting character in the piece, and there is not now on the stage any actress who could do it that justice it receives from Miss Farren. The pretty little *girl* that appeared as the *son* of Julia, I am told is a daughter of the celebrated Zoffany, the painter, who is now in the East Indies.—Lord Hectic and Col. Quorum are said to be well known characters; without adverting to any particular person, his lordship is a strong resemblance of dissipated lords in abundance! The Colonel too is a prototype of many a country justice, but Mr. Lewes dressed his *head* like one pretty well known in town.—Mr. Dodd did justice to Lord Hectic. Loveless and Belfort, by Brereton and Farren, were in their usual way:

Something to blame, and something to commend.

They are necessary, but uninteresting; the same observation may be applied to Harriet Glovetop.

WITH respect to the play in general, it abounds in many good, and some new sentiments. It is very thinly strewed with Attic salt; too much of the wit being in the news-paper stile, and bordering on the pun.—The first and second acts so much

exhaust patience itself, that the scythe, rather than the pruning knife, is necessary. The managers in getting up the play, have not spared expence, the new scenes are well painted, and the dresses are elegant, particularly that of Miss Farren, who, I have observed, always dresses her characters with propriety: seldom the case with a first-rate female performer!—The prologue, spoken by Mr. Lewes, as an old woman, alluding to Moliere's, had so many temporary allusions, and was so well pointed, as to receive more applause than the play itself.—The same may be said of the Epilogue, admirably spoken by Miss Farren.

THE same evening *Thomas and Sally* re-introduced to the public, Miss George, whose vocal powers rival those of most of our Italian visitors, and who is considerably improved in her acting. Mrs. Wrighten, in *Dorcas*, was admirable. Indeed, whether in old or young characters, the voice of this lady is no sooner heard, than cheerfulness and good humour pervade the whole house. Barrymore's Squire would be much better, if there were no *singing* in it. Williams, in *Thomas*, took great pains, and is so far commendable.

Covent-Garden.

THE *Shipwreck*, an alteration of Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity*, by Mr. M'Kenzie, author of the *Prince of Tunis*, *Man of Feeling*, and other literary productions, was performed on Tuesday, and does credit to his genius. He has introduced a new character with success: a grandson of old Wilmot. The alteration, however, does not by any means relieve the original, in regard to that continued distress which runs through the whole. Some further addition is necessary to render this a play of five acts, and from this specimen of Mr. M'Kenzie's abilities, I have no doubt but he could accomplish such an undertaking with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his audience, or readers. By the present alteration old Wilmot's crime is placed in a less horrid point of view, and the cruelty of Agnes is rendered more probable. The play is well got up, and was decently performed. Henderson's Wilmot indeed, in most parts, displayed his usual excellence, which in fact supported the piece. Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Kemble were well received, and Wroughton was commendable in Young Wilmot.

• In the *Careless Husband*, on Wednesday, Mrs. Abington displayed as much of her comic power as the part of Lady Betty Modish will admit. But the recurrence to her beauty, which is perpetually made through the whole play, throws a ridicule on her performance which it is by no means

means entitled to; Mrs. Abington being a very ordinary woman. Unfortunately for the admirers of this play—very little worthy of admiration—Henderfon was indisposed, and Wroughton played Sir Charles Easy, which, it is to be hoped he will not be under the necessity of performing again speedily. Mrs. Mattocks in lady Easy, gave much satisfaction, and was well dressed, which is more than can be said of Mrs. Abington, who was so besprinkled with tinsel, as to be a fitter representative of the dressed doll of a toy shop, than of a lady of quality. The audience was crowded, and brilliant; for an inspid, meretricious comedy will always bring inspid, and meretricious people together!

THE comedy of the *Capricious Lady*, on Friday, and again last night, was performed before fashionable audiences. This play was revived last year, at the request of Mrs. Abington; and her performance of the capricious lady does great credit to her abilities, and shews that she knows the nature and strength of her own powers; a species of knowledge in which theatrical performers are generally very deficient.—Mr. Wroughton, in the elder Loveless, appears to more advantage than in any other comic character he has performed lately. Lewis makes as much of the younger Loveless, as it will admit; whilst Quick and Wilson are tolerably laughable.

ST. CECILIA.

I recommend it to the *wag* who favored me with the absurd and extravagant joke under this title in my last Miscellany, not to make the *NEW SPECTATOR* the sport of his wit in future. I say the *wag*, because I cannot suppose it to have proceeded from *malice*, which is generally discreet enough to fasten on characters within the reach of calumny.—It would be an insult to my readers, as well as to the lady, whom I have since learned was meant to be alluded to, to attempt apology or contradiction.

SCANDAL.

IT is remarkable how this word is daily abused. The most authentic accounts of the most infamous transactions are called scandalous—by those who are interested in their contradiction. Even I, who make it a rule to adhere to truth have been accused of committing scandal! If people will expose their vices, am not I, most worthy SPEC, deputed by you to reveal their offences, and, in their persons, to expose vice itself? Is not that to be the chief object, the butt-end, as I may say, of my miscellaneous enquiries? To rail, in general terms, against

the vices of the age, is no more than writing sermons, and will the incorrigible regard a sermon? That cannot be called scandal which has truth for its foundation; and it is the business of the guilty to reform, or to conceal their crimes, and not for me to spare the lash, when vicious example daily ruins its thousands, and infamy triumphs over virtue!

LOW WRITING.

YOU may think it strange, friend SPEC, but notwithstanding the admirable satires we have on the bombast in writing, many of your, or rather my readers, have still an affection for what they call a *fine style*, in all species of composition! A very sagacious friend of mine loudly complains that the expressions, in my last, "*Hedge-lane beauty*," and "*a jack-ass*," are *very low*, and unworthy even of JOHN BULL!—But, Sir, my friend does not reflect that the *subjects* on which those words were employed, are, perhaps, as *anti-sublime* as any in the universe: Squire Morgan's Nephew, and Harlequin Rambler!—The most despicable images require the most despicable terms; and I have no notion of writing about Squire Morgan's Nephew as if he were a *gentleman*, or about Harlequin Rambler as if it were a *farce*!

DUEL.

THE unfortunate duel which was fought on Friday, between a Captain Mostyn and a Captain Clarke, near Little Chelsea, in which the former lost his life, is another call on the legislature to do something respecting this prevailing custom.—I am sorry to read in the accounts already given of it, that they were observed by several spectators, as well as their seconds, and yet that none interfered with the arm of justice, to prevent the fatal effects of their frenzy.

IT is said that one of them was deaf to all remonstrance; and if the other had not given him the satisfaction he required, he would have been branded as a coward, and have lost the appellation of a gentleman!—It is a hard thing to abolish evil customs, but I trust the Bill which a right reverend Prelate is said to have in contemplation will effect the abolition of the most barbarous custom remaining to disgrace this country. And it were to be wished that in the new regulations it may be so ordained that the *great ax* may fall with redoubled weight on those of the *military* who may, in this respect, transgress the laws of the land, and the dictates of humanity!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SOLEMNITY,

I observed you—I am confident I am not mistaken—the other night at Covent-Garden Theatre, in one corner of the upper side-boxes, next the gallery, snugly erect, like an Egyptian mummy in a packing-case, making your sage remarks through a pair of preposterous green spectacles, and, by the turn of your optics, I have reason to suppose you were criticising some *little freedoms* that passed between me and the divine little creature, my companion. But, mum!—no scandal—as you dread the resentment of

Yours, as you merit,

Bedford Coffee-House,
Friday.

DAN DANGLE!

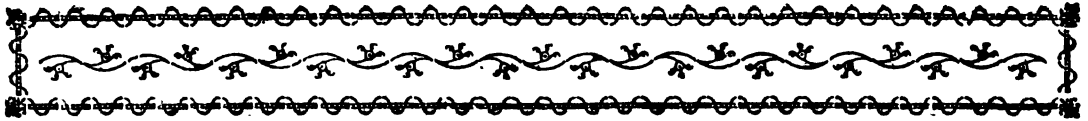
To other CORRESPONDENTS.

JUVENIS complains that I am not an impartial SPECTATOR. I hope there is no such being in the world, as an impartial Spectator: he must be destitute of all feeling, and of all sense, who can view with impartiality, the good and bad, which daily present themselves.—Two of my correspondents remind me that I have nothing to do with politics. In my turn, I beg leave to remind them, that relating the affairs of another world, has nothing to do with the politics of this.—Exploratio shall be attended to.—When Horatio can persuade people to act consistently, their feelings will never be hurt by the NEW SPECTATOR.—Modestus has my thanks for his good wishes; the matter he complains of cannot at present be remedied, and is indeed generally admired.—As to Sawney W. he deals so much in the mysterious, that his last epistle soars beyond my comprehension.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



THE
NEW SPECTATOR;
WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. IV.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1. v. 630.

IN literature, as in every thing else, fashion has its votaries, and example commands its followers. When success attends the literary efforts of one man, the tribe of writers, as if possessed of the same genius, immediately turn their attention to the same object, and presently furnish the world with a multiplicity of books on the same subject.

FOR some years past the attention of the republic of letters has been chiefly devoted to a species of composition, called sentimental writing; and from the vast number of books we have lately had recommending the moral graces, and the beauty of virtue, it might naturally be supposed that, amongst us, virtue and the moral graces were in the highest estimation.

BUT it is one thing to praise, and another to practise. Notwithstanding this inundation of literary morality, I do not find that the virtues, in general, are more countenanced, or that knavery and folly have less influence, than usual. Sentiment seems to have gained possession of the head only; whilst the heart remains exposed to the rude attacks of passion.

IT would, however, have been unfortunate indeed, if the united labours of our sentimental writers had not effected some good. If they have not been able to stop the progress of vice, they have at least, in some measure, and in some bosoms extended the influence of HUMANITY; they have rendered their readers susceptible of the finer feelings; and sometimes charmed the

mind with a transient view of virtue herself. But their efforts have been generally too feeble, and their materials too flimsy, to make any lasting impression on the heart. They have recommended, rather than enforced the practice of virtue, and, in too many instances, have painted, in fascinating colours, the alluring advantages of vice.

IT has thus been the fashion to recommend humanity rather as an accomplishment than as an obligation; and hence the practice of benevolence has been circumscribed by inclination rather than by duty. To do unto others as we wish they should do unto us, is, however, a precept which admits of no evasion; and though the extent of our benevolence may be left to our own determination, a time will come when we shall be obliged to render an account of the justice of all our transactions with the poor, as well as the rich; with the mendicant, as well as the merchant.

THE possession of wealth, it has often been remarked, has evils and duties peculiar to itself; evils which extend in proportion to the increase of riches; and duties which become the more irksome to perform as the means to perform them are augmented. He whose heart is set on the acquisition of wealth thinks he acts nobly if he satisfies all legal demands; and reserves his benevolence till he makes his will, bequeathing what is, properly, then the right of another. Thus benevolence, with him, becomes a kind of posthumous

mous work in which he has but little share, and from which he can derive but little advantage.

EXTRAVAGANCE, on the other hand, is another, and a more alarming enemy to benevolence. Avarice and extravagance arise from the same conduct: an improper disposition of the means, wherewith providence has entrusted us for the accomplishment of certain purposes. As avarice will not, so extravagance cannot perform the duties of humanity. Extravagance, it is true, sometimes throws wealth into the lap of indigence, and bread into the mouth of the hungry; but then it as frequently happens, that he who thus profusely and adventitiously scatters the bounty of providence, is presently reduced to seek that assistance which he might have bestowed on others, and to crave that compassion to which his conduct is by no means entitled. And it were well if the evils of extravagance terminated here; but alas! the innocent too often share the fate of the guilty: families are daily reduced to penury by the superfluous expences of individuals, without the exercise of one noble action, or the accomplishment of one humane duty.

FROM the influence of avarice on age, and of extravagance on youth, it appears that the number of those is considerable who do not voluntarily contribute to the relief of the poor. But I trust the number of those is much more considerable who, actuated by the pure principles of benevolence, appropriate specific charities to the relief of the indigent and unfortunate, and, in this bitter season, reflect with commiseration on the state of such as are destitute not only of the comforts, but even the necessaries of life.

It is not my intention here to appeal to the feelings of my readers, on a subject which furnishes the most extensive field for exciting sympathetic emotion and tender sensibility. Enough has been said and written for that purpose, and I have already intimated that our sentimental writers have, in this respect, done some service. That benevolence which has been so repeatedly praised and recommended as graceful and excellent, it is my wish to enforce as a duty, necessary to be performed, and for the omission of which no adequate reason can be assigned.

O pity human woe!

'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe:

was the language of Homer; and, "Give to him that asketh of thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away;" are the words of one that spake as never man spake!

THE moralist, the poet, and the divine never more forcibly affect sensibility than in the relation of some act of benevolence. There is something in generosity so congenial to the human heart that a good action always meets with the applause even of the vicious. Thus an humane sentiment delivered with propriety on the stage, never fails to excite the instantaneous approbation of the bad as well as of the good. The heart, how great a stranger soever to merit in itself, by the abuse of a selfish possessor, will, on all such occasions, assert its nature, and, destitute of cause to rejoice in its own excellence, will exult in that of another. That sympathetic feeling which nature has implanted in the breast, and from which the greatest pleasures are derived, religion has commanded us to indulge, and rendered that our duty which encreases our felicity.

LET me then recommend to the attention of the opulent the annual custom of one of the greatest characters in this kingdom, who appropriates a certain, and no inconsiderable, sum for the relief of those indigent creatures whose industry will scarcely supply their wants, and who are unwilling to become burthenome to the community. This class of people contains many worthy characters, who deserve every relief which benevolence can bestow, and it must afford the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND a satisfaction which I am little able to describe, when he reflects that his humanity may have rescued from pining misery many a distressed family, and saved from destruction many a charming infant. Thus even after ages may reap the good effects of his Grace's bounty, and the name of PEARCY will descend to posterity with additional lustre!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

SIR,

You have applauded the playing and the dress of Miss Farren in the new comedy—I mean dramatic hermaphrodite—of *Reparation*. Permit me to enter an exception against each.

As to playing: if Miss Farren would not stoop quite so much, and so continually, it would be all the better. She does well to avoid the contrary extreme of a drawing-room formality; but there is a medium in all things, and she may be easy without stooping, and stately without stiffness.

As to dress: the flounce trimmings are too numerous, too heavy, and too flat; and the muslin on the sleeves so disposed as to make the arms appear longer than could be wished. The head-dress is by far the most excellent, and I know not any thing wherein a woman's taste can be better displayed than in a head-dress.

THE

THE dress of Miss Pope is of a piece with her performance—almost unexceptionable; whilst that of Mrs. Brereton is in a contrary extreme.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

CHARLOTTE CURIOUS.

I AM afraid Miss Charlotte Curious is “more nice than wife.” However, I leave her and my deputy *John Bull* to settle these points as well as they can. For my own part, I am not critical in dress; but if I were asked which is the best dressed character in the new play, I should give my voice for Sir *Gregory Glovetop*!

POETRY.

I HAVE two reasons for presenting you with the following sonnet; first, because it is short, and you, I know, have little room to spare; and secondly, because it merits a place in the NEW SPECTATOR.

SONNET,

On a stormy Sea-prospect.

By Mr. BAMPFYLDE.

How fearful 'tis to walk the sounding shore,
When low'rs the sky, and winds are piping loud!
And round the beech the tearful maidens croud,
Scar'd at the swelling surge and thunder's roar.
High o'er the cliffs the screaming sea-mews soar,
Loft is the adventurous bark in stormy cloud,
The shrill blast whistles thro' the fluttering shroud;
And, lo! the gallant crew, that erst before
Secure rode tilting o'er the placid wave,
Scarce know to stem the black and boisterous main,
And view, with eyes agast, their watery grave.
So fares it with the breast of him, the Swain,
Who quits Content for mad Ambition's lore,
Short are his days, and distant far the shore!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC!

WHILST you are amusing yourself with Plato, and Aristotle, and “the more illustrious dead;” I am amusing myself with the more illustrious living. You are contemplating the wisdom, and I the follies of mankind. Our object, however, is the same: you are willing to recommend their virtues, and I to expose their vices. Your task is the more agreeable of the two; but mine is more likely to answer our purpose. Little children may be persuaded to quit the path of danger; but grown-up children must be lashed ere they will leave their follies; they are too incorrigible to be laughed out of them, and there are some on whom even public shame has no in-

fluence. I am happy to think that in this metropolis, there are not many of the latter descriptions; whilst *Bulia*,—ill fated city!—abounds in them.

BULIA.

THE following is abstracted from the translation of the *Bulian* pamphlet entitled

The SECOND tumble of Reynardam! 12mo.

—“SUCH, however, was the disposition of our hero, that the scorn of his sovereign, and the contempt of all good men, affected not him—He well knew that amongst the *Bulians*, the number of the bad far exceeded that of the good; and he concluded that having the majority of the *Etanes* on his side, *Rexman* would comply with their request, and take *Reynardam* into his service again. In this they were wofully deceived. Besides the antipathy which *Rexman* had to any such measure, he was warned against it by the sage dispenser of equity, the great *Wolruth*, a man whom the king loved, and the people regarded: whose counsels might be relied on, whose honour was unblemished, whose integrity was inflexible; and who had the singular character; singular indeed amongst the *Bulians*—of being an equal friend to the king and to the people. To him *Rexman* listened with attention, and his counsels he determined to follow.

“*REYNARDAM*, aware of the influence of *Wolruth*, failed not to declaim against him in the *Etanes*, and to recommend himself to its attention by pretending that his disgrace affected the honour of the *Etanes* itself; and his arts so far prevailed, that the greatest part of that body began to be of the same opinion, and to espouse the cause of the desperate *Reynardam*.

“THE *Retfinim*, or chief servant of the king, who had now the confidence of the sovereign, the good wishes of the *Reppu* (in which *Wolruth* was a chief), and the friendship of the people, was *Tipwill*, a young man whose abilities had never been impaired by dissipation, and who added to them the virtue of integrity in his public and private dealings, and was at once an ornament to *Bulia* and to nature. The only fault that his enemies,—the most virtuous characters have always their opposites, and consequently their enemies—The only fault that his enemies could find in him was, that he had not acquired what they deemed the necessary arts of a *Retfinim*; that he was not inrolled amongst those

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith can fix,
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics!

No! *Tipwill* was of a nobler school. In his father he had beheld the loveliness of public as well as of

of private virtue, and he determined not to tarnish the lustre of a name rendered immortal amongst the Bulians! Hence his conduct was diametrically opposite to that of Reynardam, and he was at once the faithful servant of Rexman and of his people.

“It is a principle in the Bulian government, that the Etanes shall be removable at certain periods, and others appointed in their stead, if the villages which sent them approve not of their conduct. Thus the Etanes were but the servants of the public at large; and Reynardam, during his popularity, always contended that their sense of legislative measures could never be collected but from their own mouths; that the sentiments of the Etanes and of the public might be widely different: and that, in such case, the Etanes ought to conform to the public, and not the public to the Etanes. This opinion greatly endeared Reynardam to the people, and they regarded him as their chief friend; as a tower of strength against those who might be induced to trample on their liberties, and, as such, they cheerfully supported him in all his attempts to gain power. But the patriots of Bulia, like those of this country, on a change of situation, could change sentiments too; and when Reynardam became Retfinim, and proposed his statute respecting the balloon merchants of Aidni, which he well knew the people could not approve, then he vehemently contended that the Etanes spoke the sense of the people, or, that if they did not, the people knew nothing at all about the matter!

“THE measure respecting the balloon merchants having been rejected by the virtue of the Reppu, and by the particular exertions of Elpmct and Wolruth; and Reynardam having been discarded from the Retfinimship, and Tipwill appointed in his stead, those of the Etanes who favoured the views of Reynardam were greatly exasperated, and determined to support him in regaining his power, and depriving Tipwill of the Retfinimship. But Reynardam, whose fortunes were desperate, and who dreaded the rising virtues and splendid abilities of his opponent, rather than lose all hopes of success, was preposterous enough to propose sharing the Retfinimship with Tipwill. Rexman could by no means approve of such an union, and Tipwill would not hurt his own feelings, nor distress those of his master by having communion with a man so despicable in the eyes of the worthy and the dispassionate part of the Bulians. This created great confusion in the Etanes, and many of the villages in Niatirb assembled their people, and framed letters to the king, in which

they requested him to continue Tipwill his chief servant; so that the people, who formerly supported Reynardam, were now enraged against him. Reynardam, however, had it proposed in the Etanes, that Tipwill should be removed from the king's presence, and applied to his own villagers to meet and write to the king, requesting him to dismiss Tipwill. On the day appointed ten thousand air balloons were seen floating over the village, which was called Retfinimsew, and Reynardam took his station, surrounded by his friends, in a kind of forum, where justice was administered. Many friends of Tipwill were also present. Here Reynardam intended to have harangued the people, but he had scarce began when the bursting of an air balloon, filled with a nauseous and suffocating inflammable air, deprived him of utterance, and at the same moment the stage on which he was placed, like a mountebank, gave way, and down came Reynardam, amidst the shouts and hisses of the multitude; many superstitious people auguring from thence that his political fame, like the explosion of the balloon, was “vanished into air, into thin air!”

THUS far from the translation of the *Second tumble of Reynardam*. I have selected the more serious passages in it, because the wit displayed in the rest of the pamphlet is not sufficiently delicate for an English ear.

NAKED TRUTH.

THERE is nothing like obliging the Ladies; I therefore recommend to your SPECTATORSHIP to dismount your *emblematical frontispiece* retaining it only in your first number. Truly, Sir, several gentlemen, as well as ladies, have been shocked at seeing *naked Truth* at the head of your paper. It is an object that few people are fond of. Let her *figure*, therefore, be banished; but let her sacred influence pervade your writings, as it certainly shall my observations.

MORNING PAPERS.

Faciunt nœ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.

TER.

While they pretend to know more than others they know nothing in reality.

PURSUANT to my promise in my last, I shall now proceed to give a few instructions to any gentleman, that may choose to become a professed writer for a news-paper.—In the first place, then, he must have no political principles of his own; he must in that respect be a kind of non-entity in the community; because, though virtue and vice never change their natures, the Editor may mistake

take the one for the other, as has lately been evinced by the conduct of several sagacious conductors of morning prints, who for some years past without a shadow of reason, perhaps, have been vehemently abusing characters, which they now discover to be little less than angelic! Excellent casuists!—In the next place, a writer for a news-paper, if he has the interest of his employer at heart, will make himself acquainted with the private concerns of families, and by intimating in a paragraph, that certain secrets will be revealed, which probably he knows little of, induce the parties to bribe handsomely for the suppression of that mixture of truth and fiction, which these hackers and hewers of reputation deal out so lavishly on those who will not *come down!*—Another important branch in this traffic, is the *Cyprian sisterhood*, who, when they can afford it, pay well for having those praises bestowed on them, which are due only to illustrious characters; thus doing the dirty work of a prostitute, and recommending vice to the admiration of young girls, and publicly contributing to the ruin of the rising generation. It is shocking to reflect that there are women who rejoice in being posted for prostitutes, and men who sacrifice what little talents they have in a service so disgraceful to human nature!—In the third place, the writer must adopt something of the manner, or the style, as it is called, of the Editor, in whose paper he means to shew his abilities. But here I shall give him a few examples, by writing such paragraphs for each paper, as I fancy would well suit them.

For the DAILY ADVERTISER.

Yesterday two military gentlemen in a post-chaise were robbed on Hounslow-heath, by a single highwayman well mounted. The gentlemen were armed, but unfortunately both their pistols missed fire; the villain therefore got off with a considerable booty.

The snow having rendered the roads impassable in several parts of the kingdom, the general post letters were not delivered till late last night.

For the PUBLIC LEDGER.

It is impossible to withhold praise from Mr. Pitt: though perhaps his abilities are not so transcendent as those of Mr. Fox. Respecting present appearances in the political hemisphere, much is to be said on both sides; and, after matters have been adjusted, we shall declare our principles, by espousing the cause of the prevailing party. At present the Public Ledger is "*open to all parties; influenced by none!*"

Yesterday a gentleman had his pocket picked near Charing-cross, of a gold watch. It were to be wished that gentlemen would keep a stricter watch over their gold!

The late coalition is beyond example! We may next expect to see the Guildhall giants dancing the hays on Temple-bar!

For the GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Mr. Fox is the greatest orator, and the most upright character of the present age: witness his India bill, and his speeches thereon!

Nothing can equal the abilities and the honesty of Mr. Fox. The salvation of this county depends on his having the sway in the cabinet. It is true, we deserted him when he resigned; but we are since convinced that it was not only a prudent, but an honourable measure, and Mr. Fox was always a man of honour.

Mr. Fox's India bill was a master-piece, and had it been carried into execution, would have produced the most happy effects both abroad and at home.

We recommend it to the aspiring son of Chatham to read the story of Phaeton with the attention it deserves.

Yesterday it was reported that a poor woman fell out of a two pair of stairs window, and was killed on the spot. The coroner's inquest sat on the body last night, and brought in their verdict, *manlaughter*.

For the GAZETTEER.

Mr. Fox is the greatest orator, and the most upright character of the present age. Witness his India bill, and his speeches thereon!—Though we have for several years conducted our paper on principles nearly impartial, we have at length found the abilities of Mr. Fox so peculiarly excellent, that we cannot but wish he were at the head of affairs, and that the union of his talents, with those of his right honourable and coalescing friend, might be rendered subservient to the most salutary purposes.

Tuesday, a whole barrow of oranges belonging to a woman in Water-lane, were taken by a sudden gust of wind into the Thames; the poor woman, in attempting to recover some of them, discovered a dead corpse near the shore, which proved to be her own son, who had been missing some days. The situation of the poor woman may be better conceived than described.

ERRATUM in our yesterday's paper: for the *bonesty* of Mr. Pitt; read the *bonesty* of Mr. Fox.

For the MORNING, alias the MIDNIGHT CHRONICLE.

Mr. Fox is the greatest orator, and the most upright character of the present age: witness his India bill, and his speeches thereon!

After several years close attendance in, or rather on Parliament; and after having repeatedly expressed ourselves inimical to the above opinion, we have now the amplest reason to subscribe to it, and shall seize every opportunity of evincing its truth, by giving the speeches of Mr. Fox in as full a manner as possible.

It is impossible for us to give more than a *Hasty Sketch* of yesterday's business; we will therefore content ourselves with cutting the matter short, and present our readers with only fifteen columns of a debate which employed the attention of the House nearly as many hours.

In presumption, at least, young Pitt is a "chip of the old block;" but alas! his abilities, compared with those of Mr. Fox, are very slender indeed.

Yesterday a Court of Aldermen was held, at which nothing material was transacted.

For the MORNING POST.

Mr. Fox is the greatest orator, and the most upright character of the present age. Witness his India bill, and his speeches thereon!

Though we have for no less than twelve years been of an opinion diametrically opposite to the above, yet we are happy in this golden opportunity of subscribing our assent to it.

The voice of the people is with Mr. Fox, and it will be in vain for the friends of the beardless Pitt to think of retaining him in his present situation.

The

Of *L'Eroe Cinse* thus much may be said that it is more abundant in good songs than any opera which has been performed this year. Pacchierotti's first air was beautiful; but that in which he added peculiar brilliancy to a divine pathos was his *Resserena il vago ciglio*; and of his Trio, with Lufini and Franchi too much cannot be said.

THE composer Rauzzini is worthy of the laurel. There is not a single song in this opera which has not something to recommend it. A rare circumstance indeed!

CRAMER, Tacet, Baumgarten displayed a spirit and a taste well becoming the first theatric band in the kingdom. Vestris improves daily, whilst Slingsby and Theodore reign the king and queen of English hearts!

JOHN BULL.


To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Poem, as the author has miscalled it, on Lady Westmoreland, has neither rhyme nor reason to recommend it.—J. B. A. will find a small parcel left for him at Mr. Swift's.—The scheme mentioned by Hint cannot, for obvious reasons, be adopted: it would be well if it could.—If Benjamin Sarcafm converts his invectives against affectation into a rational essay, it shall have a place in the NEW SPECTATOR. The gentleman who signs himself a Young widow, will find the poems of Mr. Pope, &c. in any Bookfeller's shop in London.—A Gentlewoman from Jerico may depend on being treated as she deserves.—Sawney W.'s friend seems to be as crack-brained as himself, and their respective epistles have suffered martyrdom in the flames.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill; and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. V.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Vox Populi vox Deo!

AMONGST other maxims which moral philosophy has revealed, and which moral writers have rendered common, is that which says, every age has virtues and vices peculiar to itself. It is equally true, that amongst those virtues and vices, there is usually one which has the predominance, and if I were asked, which is the most prevailing vice of the present day, I should say, contempt of reputation.

WHEN men are inclined to give criminal indulgence to their passions, and to resist the struggles of conscience, the fear of public shame sometimes operates more strongly than the voice of duty, and prevents the commission of crimes, prompted by passion, and seconded by inclination; and this actuating fear will always be proportionable to the public virtue of the times; for when vice has gained the ascendant, and usurped the authority of virtue, the fear of public shame will be annihilated; and those men who always act in conformity to prevailing principles, and who always bow to the deity of the day, will readily subscribe to the pre-eminence of vice over virtue, and to opinions which flatter their inclinations.

THUS duelling, though a crime of the highest magnitude, has, time immemorial, been metamorphosed into heroism; and there are, comparatively, few men who would not be more ashamed of refusing a challenge than of killing a man.

THERE was a time when a contempt of reputation pervaded only such of the nobility as held the doctrine, that the possession of riches is a licence for all things; and the influence of their example was confined to a few. I remember some years ago adultery was deemed infamous, and the seducer of female innocence was branded as a villain; whereas these are no longer crimes in the estimation of men whose example influences the million; and compliments rather than reproaches are bestowed on characters, which formerly would have been hooted out of society. Thus, the corruption which once deformed the body politic by spots, now pervades the whole mass, and not a single limb escapes contagion,

THIS universal change of sentiment and of manners is, ultimately, to be attributed to a dereliction of those religious principles which, heretofore, regulated the conduct of human life, and sorry I am to say that the cause of that dereliction is to be ascribed to men who, in some respects, were ornaments to society: to the cloud of infidel writers which of late years has darkened the horizon of literature, and endeavoured to obstruct that light which was ordained to illumine the world. The labours of a BOLINGBROKE and a HUME; of a VOLTAIRE and his literary mimics, have accomplished this mighty change. By endeavouring to abolish all ideas of future rewards and punishments, as the suggestions of human policy, of religious frenzy, or of poetical fiction, these men, and their followers, have laboured

boured to sap the foundations of all religion, and, by destroying its obligations, to render men accountable to themselves only for their moral conduct.

PRINCIPLES so flattering to mankind, could not fail of having many adherents, and were eagerly adopted by men whose hearts were prone to evil, and who were ready to embrace any system which apparently presented freedom from the restraints of religion, and the reproaches of conscience. Freedom of enquiry was the watchword of infidel enthusiasm; but freedom of action was the object of pursuit; and these modern philosophers were not so anxious to recommend good conduct to others, as to find metaphysical excuses for their own; or to condemn the judgment which religion and reason should pronounce against them, as the offspring of superstition, or the error of vulgarity. To deride, with supercilious vivacity, the opinion of others, is one of the chief arts of a modern free-thinker, and was practised with wonderful success by VOLTAIRE, whose witticisms have been received as cogent arguments, and whose arguments have been received as sound doctrine. I can only wish that his readers were as well acquainted with the spirit of the sacred writings as they are with the genius of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON: they would then discover that his criticisms respecting the former are of a piece with his dogmas respecting the latter, uncandid, ungenerous, futile and ignorant: the crude effusions of envy and malice, and all uncharitableness!

BUT who will not follow leaders that promise the rewards of victory without the toils of battle? The offer of an exemption from labours, especially the labours of religion, is not easily to be resisted; and the conscience being soothed with the perversions of reason, there remains nothing to be dreaded but the censure of the world, which the example of others deprives of its sting, and which, therefore, is derided by all who can reap immediate gratification from their vices, without rendering themselves amenable to the laws of the land.

A CONTEMPT of religious institutions is soon followed by a neglect of the moral duties, and that neglect by a disdain of public opinion. Thus all the barriers which heaven and earth had set up to defend us against the inroads of vice, have, by the exertions of a few bad-hearted men, been undermined; and the silver cord which bound society together is cut in two.

A DISREGARD of public opinion can be excusable in such only as have resolution enough to

be eminently virtuous. When AUGUSTUS was determined to avoid the vicious conduct of former emperors, and to build his fame on another basis, he was at first so much ashamed of his virtues, and so fearful lest the people should mistake them for a species of puffanimity, that MÆCENAS found it necessary to advise him, "never to be concerned at what was spoken of him;" and I am confident that if his present Majesty would follow the noble dictates of his own heart, which pants only for the welfare of his people, and the safety of the constitution; if he would disregard the voice of an abandoned faction, and listen only to that of the public at large, his resolution and perseverance would be followed by more than AUGUSTAN glory to himself, and happiness to his subjects.

I HAVE said that a contempt of reputation is the prevailing vice of the times, and I have endeavoured to shew whence it originated: I shall take some future opportunity to point out its baneful effects on common life, and its influence on the manners of the times.

PROCLAMATION.

By the NEW SPECTATOR.

WHEREAS certain men calling themselves Editors, not having the fear of censure before their eyes, and infligated by a certain heathen deity called Mercury, the god of thieves, have lately entered our dominions, and committed the high crime of PLAGIARISM, to the great prejudice, &c. Now we do hereby strictly enjoin and command all Editors, Writers, Printers, and Printers devils, and all others whom it may concern, from henceforth to desist from such unlawful seizure of our property on pain of our high displeasure. And forasmuch as it hath been represented to us, that the said offenders have committed the said crime in consequence of extreme poverty, we are willing, in consideration of the same, to grant our SPECTATORIAL pardon for the said offence, on condition of this our Proclamation being strictly complied with.—AND WHEREAS it hath also been represented to us, that certain malicious and evil minded persons have reported that these our speculations, lucubrations, meditations, representations, communications, considerations, expostulations, and vindications would shortly terminate, and be no more. Now we do hereby declare, that our said speculations, lucubrations, meditations, representations, communications, considerations, expostulations, and vindications, shall

shall continue to be issued every TUESDAY, till our said labours shall form a sufficient quantity to complete Fifteen handsome volumes in small folio, such being the will of the public, and of our printer. Given at our SPECTATORIAL COURT, this 2d day of March, in the first year of our Reign.

By his SPECTATORSHIP'S Command.

JOHN BULL.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

SIR,

YOU herewith receive the first efforts of a youthful muse. The following poem was written by a young gentleman to a lady, favoured by the muses, in consequence of a request, that the former would write a charity hymn which she declined. It is far from being perfect, but, nevertheless, displays a dawn of genius, which ought to be encouraged. I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

L. G****.

O D E.

To Miss C——; requesting her to write in favour of CHARITY.

O THOU, on whom the liberal powers divine,
Their choicest influence have shed,
And tun'd they soul to harmony,
Sweet daughter of astronomy!
And twin'd their laurels round thy head:
Proceed, fair maid,
To call the muses' aid,
And let thy name in future annals shine!

Then strike the founding lyre,
Higher, and yet higher,
Till all the charms of melody resound;
And let imagination take her round
In fairy fields that glowing fancy forms:
Now let her walk the grove,
In maiden majesty;
Or join the songs of rural love,
In heavenly extasy;
Then sweep transport'd through the azure skies,
O'er take the rapid lightning as it flies,
Or mark the grandeur of the rattling storms!
These are the scenes, SOPHIA, that impart
A pleasing wonder to the human heart,
And strike, with fond surprize,
Our weak, our mortal eyes,
Too much accus'd to behold the ways
Of ever-erring man, unworthy praise.
But yet one scene surpasseth these,
Though great, though noble, and divine:
Behold the man of miseries,
On whom the heavens seldom shine!

With careful toil, through many many years,
Bears the sad load of poverty,
Unknown to sweet prosperity!
Bears the sad load!—his children all in tears!

Beneath pale Cynthia's glimmering light,
See him hast'ing home at night,
All adown the dusky dale,
Heeding not the nightingale:
His little children meet him on the way,
And tell the sufferings of the long, long day!
Whilst he, with nature's simple guile,
Uses many a borrow'd smile,
With kisses stops the tale he hears,
And, to dispel their infant fears,
With many soothing words their little hearts he cheers!

O sweet SOPHIA! may we ever have
A will divine, if not a power to save!
The orphan infant that unhous'd doth lie;
Expos'd to scorching suns, or winter's freezing sky,
May well demand a wish, a tear, a sigh!
Then sweep the string,
The virtues sing
Of heavenly Charity;
And since that tender bosom knows
What mental pleasure from it flows,
Who so meet to sing as thee?

Men shall admire thy softly flowing strain;
As the sweet warblers of the feather'd train,
Do listen to their Philomel,
"When her sad song she mourneth well,"
What time the rising moon
The chequer'd grove displays,
And lovers 'gin to wander forth
Beneath her silver rays
The shady woods among:
O far more mute mankind,
When thou, to harmony inclin'd,
Shalt sing thy soothing song!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

I SHOULD very much have wondered if my animadversions in general, but on actors and actresses in particular, had not met with some opposition, from those who are hired to praise, and to abuse, as their employers think proper.—The voice of truth, my dear friend, is seldom to be heard, and when it is, never fails to be drowned in the clamours of falsehood. My observations have generally the bad, or rather the good fortune to vary considerably from those of the daily prints, which, by a strange kind of accident, agree unanimously in matters of opinion, as well as of fact!

I AM led into these remarks by the conduct of your correspondent, Sawney IV. over whose mysterious

terious epistles we had a hearty laugh; and who threatened you with publishing his rhapsodies elsewhere, if you rejected his sublime correspondence.—*Sawney* has been as good as his word: throwing off his *Scotch-plaid*, dissipating the *Scotch-mist* which enveloped his meaning, and assuming the tremendous air of a *Dublin Volunteer*, under the appellation of *Paddy Whack*, he flourishes away in a young Magazine, and, truly, I am glad to see him cut so respectable a figure.

His chief charge against me, is with respect to Mrs. Abington. I have said that it might be supposed she kept at least half a dozen clerks, (and probably this same *Sawney* alias *Paddy*, is one of them) to write panegyrics on her in the news-papers, they were so numerous and so fullsome. To convince the world, however, that the case is not so, he informs us that she has a heart “tremblingly alive” to the most distant calamity, and that Miss Younge has not. This, you see, is a piece of *Irish logic*, to prove that Mrs. Abington is not a woman of extreme vanity, and you will readily grant it to be very conclusive, and the reflection on Miss Younge to be very liberal.

He also informs us, that St. CECILIA is now in Paris, and that I know her to be there. It is true I have his word for it, and the oath of a gentleman, that she is at this time in London: now whether his word, or the oath of the said gentleman is entitled to the most credit, I am utterly at a loss to determine!—Leaving this modern *Jacob Behmen* to his reveries,

I on my journey, all alone, proceed!

COCKING.

YESTERDAY this diversion commenced for the week at the Cockpit Royal: Twenty Guineas a battle, and one thousand the odd battle, between Sir John Lade and Thomas Bullock Esq.—I remember it was the observation of somebody, that he conceived a Cockpit, in the midst of a battle, to be as complete a representation of Hell, as it was possible for human baseness to produce. I have often wondered that some mortal enemy to swearing does not attend these infernal meetings, and employ a sufficient number of people to count the oaths of the gentlemen who bett their money. I should suppose, that, at a crown an oath, a gambler might lose double his wagers in the simple article of swearing!

THIS diversion, as it is called, is a good deal forsaken by the lower ranks of the people, and it is to be lamented, that it is not entirely stopped amongst all ranks. Let gentlemen keep as many

game-cocks as they please, but let it be rendered highly penal to fight them: there are ways enough to gamble away their acres, without offending humanity. If, however, gentlemen are determined to retain the sport, I should divide them to arm their fingers with silver, or rather with steel fangs, and claw each other for the diversion of their fellow-brutes, and the mutual entertainment of each other.

BULIA.

My sagacious friend who accompanied me in my aerial flight to Niatirb, has not yet finished the English translation of our speech to the Bulian king; for as we were anxious to construct an Air-Balloon on the same principles as those of Bulia, in which, I have observed, the inhabitants travel with incredible velocity, and as we were desirous of knowing what passed in Bulia, subsequent to our departure thence; we mutually employed ourselves in preparing the balloon, and, having accomplished our purpose, my friend undertook solely to visit Bulia, and arrived from thence yesterday morning, without any thing material occurring on his journey, except the loss of a pair of fashionable buckles intended as a present to Selaw, the king's eldest son.

My friend, it seems, found the Bulians in greater confusion than ever. The friends of Reynardam finding that he could not recover the Retinimship, and having proposed that he should share it with Tipwill; with great form and solemnity, addressed themselves to Rexman, requesting he would receive Reynardam to his favour, and permit him to share the honours of the Retinimship. Great expectations were formed on this request. Many said that Rexman, notwithstanding his known aversion to Reynardam, would not refuse the request of what they called so respectable a body of his subjects; and some went so far, as to say that he dare not. But Rexman well knew that the most respectable body of his subjects was the people at large; and he also well knew, that their sentiments respecting Reynardam coincided with his own. He, therefore, flatly refused this request. Nothing could equal the joy of the Bulians on this occasion. They loved the king more than ever, and looked on Tipwill as one sent from heaven to guard them against the ambitious attempts of other men; and to shew their respect for him, they determined to confer on him certain civil honours peculiar to the Bulians, and, for that purpose, invited him to a magnificent entertainment. He was accompanied by his brother, and by Elpmet, and by a numerous cavalcade of the nobility, and the most respectable

respectable citizens. All Bulia rejoiced; save Reynardam and his abashed adherents: they stood envious spectators of festivities, which they could not share, whilst

Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue!
In the evening the Bulians displayed their regard for Tipwill, by innumerable illuminations, so that Bulia, at a distance, seemed like a cluster of brilliant stars; the last mark of respect they can pay to those they esteem.

DURING these rejoicings a council was held by the enemies of Tipwill, and it was determined to insult him on his return from the banquet. Upwards of three hundred weapons were immediately procured, and put into the hands of ruffians to each of whom it was whispered what use should be made of them. Such is the violence of party in Bulia, that a Bulian, in other respects, an honourable man, will sacrifice every principle of justice, every particle of humanity, and associate with ruffians and assassins, for the accomplishment of any infernal purpose, wherein the interest of his leader is concerned. Tipwill, on his return at midnight, accompanied by many friends, was accordingly assaulted by this banditti, who rushed upon the unarmed nobles and citizens, and committed outrages, shocking to humanity. Heaven, however, prevailed against hell, and Tipwill escaped with his life!

SUCH were the transactions to which my friend was an eye-witness during his last visit to Bulia. He is now deeply engaged in the translation of our speech delivered before Rexman and the council; and in a little time, means to revisit Bulia, with choice presents to the Queen of that country.

Mrs. H*****.

ONE of the morning papers of yesterday informs us, that "for more than ten days past Mrs. H— has not enraptured the scenes of C——n Houfe! A little miss, the natural consequence of extreme love, is said to have thus driven the fair enamourata from the gay metropolis: she is however, hourly expected to return more beautiful, and fondly bewitching than ever!"—Nothing can equal the infamy of this paragraph. I before stated to your SPECTATORSHIP, the whole of this lady's conduct, and informed you that she, a considerable time since, went with Mr. H— into Yorkshire, from whence they intend to depart, or are already departed, for the continent. We are now told that "for more than TEN DAYS, she has not ENRAPTURED the scenes of C——n Houfe!" There is a double insinuation conveyed in this sentence, so totally void of truth

and decency, that the author of it deserves to have Mr. H—'s horse-whip broke about his bones; and I would—as a friend—advise him to confine his italics and notes of admiration! to the charming *Perdita!* the beautiful Mrs. M——'s! and those whose prostitution has rendered them fit subjects of his panegyric! Mean time he may rest assured, that Mrs. H— never will "enrapture the scenes of C——n Houfe!"

IT is thus my dear SPEC, that female reputation is sullied. And what shall guard it against attacks like these? It is the height of cruelty to impute guilt where there is none: it is robbing virtue of its immediate reward, the good opinion of mankind; and the man who is base enough, by inuendo and insinuation, thus to attack a lady's fame, deserves the detestation of every virtuous woman, and the contempt of every honest man.

MORNING PAPERS.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable!—

HAMLET.

I AM under the necessity of once more recurring to the daily prints. I find that great fault has been found with the paragraphs in my last: it has been said that they consist only of fulsome panegyric, ill-founded abuse, and a miserable set of puns. Now, this is exactly my opinion too; and I am happy to find the public judgment coinciding with my own. Of such like materials, however, it is allowed, the morning papers are constructed. They are fit only for vitiated palates.

Occidit miseris crambe repetita—

JUV.

"The same stale viands, serv'd up o'er and o'er,
The stomach nauseates"—

From what I have said, and the examples I have given, the reader will readily perceive the nature and complexion of each morning paper. For my own part, I always regard the DAILY as a footman enquiring after a place, or an auctioneer with a catalogue in his hand.

The LEDGER as a *demi-caractere*: half a citizen and half a wit, with a bundle of news in one hand, and of modern *bon mots* and *prose epigrams* in the other.

The GAZETTEER, before Mr. Fox's India bill came on the tapis, I always regarded as a city merchant of tolerable credit; but now it appears to me like a fellow with a blue cockade in his hat, shouting *Fox for ever!*

The GENERAL is an Israelite, who after quitting one of the flesh-pots of politics, could not avoid returning to it, and found it *more savoury* than before!

The

THE MORNING, *alias* the MIDNIGHT CHRONICLE is a messenger of parliament, carrying out copies of resolutions, with his mouth full of *Hasty Sketches*, like a taylor with a suit of cloaths, and a pocket full of shreds and patches!

OF the POST it can only be said that it is a *post* indeed!—a *finger-post*, pointing only one way—the way to *Opposition Castle*, kept by Giant *Talkative*, who lives by the breath of his mouth, and is lately gone mad for an *Indian* princess of immense fortune and exquisite beauty!

THE HERALD is like a political clergyman with his coat turned wrong-side outwards, or a *Fox-skin* to defend him from the weather.—It is a kind of literary Proteus: sometimes it assumes the shape of a *Bawd*, recommending prostitutes to princes, and is as good a stickler for *price*, as any in King's place. At other times, it walks the town in the form of a folio *conundrum* book, with a choice collection of *puns*, and *double entendre*, as keen as a leaden sword!

THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER resembles *Ithuriel* with his spear, detesting falshood, exposing calumny to shame, and warning the public against political treachery, and the more abominable vices of the times!

SUCH are my ideas of the morning papers; whether they are just or not, let their readers determine!

BLACK CONTRACT.

THE Contract between Giant *Talkative* and the *Head-eaters*, for deluding the public, and for misrepresenting political men and measures, it is generally understood, expires this day; and it is supposed, that the said *Head-eaters*—unless they receive another *retaining fee* from the friends of the said Giant—will renounce their temporary friendship for him, and voluntarily *face about to the right*!

THEATRES.

Opera.

VESTRIS' benefit on Thursday did not bring together so much company as might have been expected. It would be well to shut up this house for a season or two, by way of creating novelty. We know every note of *Pacchierotti*, and every step of *Vestris*; and there is nothing left to excite curiosity but *Novoselski's* new scenes of which, for obvious reasons, there have been but few this season.—The decline of the Italian opera is not however to be attributed to the want of capital performers. The *Buffa* opera went off well, and the new dance with singular *eclat*. *Vestris* and

Theodore, discovered unusual abilities, or, to speak in the news-paper phrase, “out-did all their former out-doings;” their minuet was the most exquisite performance exhibited on this stage this season; whilst *Slingsby*, *Rossi*, and *Simonet* did all that was required of them. The band did ample justice to the opera and the dances; but—the *opera rage* is over!

Drury-Lane.

NOTHING, since my last, has occurred at this theatre, on which criticism has not been exhausted, except Friday's

ORATORIO

of *L'Allegro il Penseroso*, commanded by their Majesties, which went off with such applause that it will no doubt be frequently repeated before the conclusion of Lent. The admirers of *Miss George*—and all her hearers are admirers—will now have opportunities of hearing her to advantage. She sung the first treble, and acquitted herself with singular success. To the air of “Sweet bird, that shunn'’st the noise of folly,” which admits of all the powers and graces a singer can bestow, she did more justice than any theatrical performer I have heard for many years, and I do not recollect any of her predecessors acquitting themselves to more advantage. Herein I differ from the opinion of some, who imagine they shew a superiority of judgment by finding fault with what gives general satisfaction; but it is cruel that a performer should suffer from the coxcomical affectation of pseudo critics!

OF Mrs. Kennedy it is needless to say any thing: her powers are well known; she never sings to an unfeeling audience; for were it composed, as, in part, it too frequently is, of brutes, she, above all others, possesses the *Orphean* skill to sooth them into humanity.—Messrs. *Norris* and *Reinhold* received the applause due to their extraordinary talents. The latter in “Mirth admit me of thy crew,” was peculiarly animated.

THE performance of the evening concluded with the *Coronation Anthem*, and it gave me the most heart-felt pleasure to hear *God save the King*! TWICE encored in honour of the Royal visitors. The satisfaction of his Majesty was visible in his countenance; and the plaudits he received on his entering and departing from the theatre are the most convincing proofs that no sovereign was ever more beloved by his people, and no people ever more happy in a sovereign. Tears of joy stood in the eyes of many, and the *Coronation* of 1761 was remembered with delight!

A r

Covent Garden.

AT this theatre, nothing material has presented itself, since my last, except a repetition of that farago of nonsense, Harlequin Rambler, with improvements, that is, improvements on the nonsense, making it more nonsensical; and last night's performance of Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda*, of which I shall only say, that it might have been cast better. Mr. Wroughton would have sustained *Tancred* better than Mr. Lewis, who certainly wants weight in all the first-rate characters he plays in tragedy. If Mrs. Kemble, Miss Younge, or in short, almost any tragic heroine younger than Mrs. Crawford had represented *Sigismunda*, the play would have fared the better. Mrs. Crawford, however, did the part every justice it required from great abilities, and received the applause which was due to her fifteen years ago—Of *Scffridi*, it is needless to observe that Mr. Hull represented him with great propriety; and with respect to *Osmond*, Mr. Aickin should have performed it, and not Mr. Whitfield. Credit is due to the manager for his attention in getting up this play.

TOWN LADIES.

SUCH is the present scarcity of cash amongst the higher orders of the frail sisterhood, that the public is not so frequently insulted with their meretricious appearance and behaviour, as it was last winter. Their admirers, *en militaire*, from the colonel down to the more worthy private, begin to repent of connexions, which, in a short time, have deprived them of the hard-earned wages of a seven years war.

THE Miss W——s and Mrs. M——s now aspire to the eminent distinction of public applause in their private profession, wishing, it seems, to eclipse the *Perdita* herself in the notoriety of their behaviour. Of the same *Perdita*, the *Black Crow*, the *White Swan*, and the rest of the sisterhood, who are ambitious of popularity in infamy, little has been lately said; the subject, like themselves, is grown stale, and “in the nostril smells horrible.”

IT is to be lamented that characters so prejudicial, should be permitted to join society in an admission to public places. The contagion of example has ruined many; and if the legislature could devise means for effecting the exclusion of this part of the sex from the rest, they would do infinitely more good than by framing statutes for the limitation of marriage, and enacting laws for the preservation of game.

AT present the influence of vicious example has full scope, and I know but of one antidote

against its effects, which I very earnestly recommend to my female readers: I mean a serious contemplation of the latter end of those unhappy wretches who have heretofore shone in all the splendour of prostitution. The misery they usually suffer by a transition from unbounded dissipation to extreme indigence, may be more easily conceived than described; and the contemplation of it will naturally suggest this reflection, that death is far better than such a life!

LITERATURE.

OF literary productions of excellence, this winter has been remarkably scarce; a sure sign that the next will abound more abundantly. This observation does not extend to learned men only, but, what is more remarkable, to learned women also: neither Miss More, Mrs. Brooke, nor Miss Seward having produced any thing, though remarkable for a quick succession of ideas, and speedy communications to the public. A second volume of *Essays* from the inimitable pen of Miss More, would be peculiarly acceptable, unless she is employed in the more arduous pursuits of the muse, and adding dramatic charms to scriptural simplicity. The productions of Mrs. Brooke and of Miss Seward are more adapted to the times, and are, consequently, more generally known.

SPEAKING of female writers, it is to be remarked, that the pursuits of literature have been greatly on the decline amongst the fair sex within these few years past; which I cannot help attributing to the universal prevalence of that dissipation which has ruined half our nobility, and greatly corrupted the public taste. Women are chiefly swayed by example; and it is incredible to say how much they will sacrifice to fashion rather than be thought singular. Men becoming effeminate, and affecting to despise

The man to books confin'd,

Who from his study rails at human kind;

the ladies had great reason to suppose that they should suffer similar disgrace, by similar pursuits, and, therefore, to avoid sharing the contempt of the majority, willingly sacrificed the amusive branches of science to the taste of the times!

WALKING JOCKIES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dryness of the weather, the lobbies of the Theatres were, last night, as crowded as ever with this species of public nuisance. These figures who are usually Irish fortune-hunters, Scotch bludes, Englishmen mis-bred, or pretended officers, are a real terror to all peaceable

peaceable people. With a flouched hat, a great stick, a monstrous club, and a down look, they parade all public places, particularly the Theatres, and seem in search of whom they may devour. Nothing can equal the insolence and assumed airs these fellows give themselves; and their behaviour is generally such, that I have frequently suspected them for disguised chairmen and porters. I am vastly pleased when two or three of these gentlemen quarrel; they have usually madness enough to snap pistols at each other, which always affords the comfortable prospect, as Dean Swift says, of ridding the world of a couple of scoundrels.

I CANNOT but think it equitable, and I recommend it to the attention of the managers of our theatres, that as they will not permit ladies to wear balloon-hats, even in the green boxes, they ought to oblige these same Walking Jockies to pull off their boots and leave them with persons appointed for the purpose, or with their dear friends the fruit-women, before they are permitted to enter the boxes.

I AM now in possession of the memorandum book of *Squire Morgan's Nephew*, and shall speedily send you a few extracts from it. In the mean time,

I am,

Dear SPEC!

Your faithful Deputy,

JOHN BULL.


To other CORRESPONDENTS.

If every one had the abhorrence to vice which *Exploratio* professes to have, the publication she alludes to would not long insult the town. *Modestus* may rest assured that his wishes will be complied with, except with respect to the First Number, which is this day reprinted. Attention has been put into the hands of the Printer, and he has attended to it accordingly. I am sorry to refuse a lady any thing, but the Lines on Mrs. Crawford are too imperfect for publication. Probably any of the morning prints will admit them.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. VI.

TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

All this they speak in print.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING promised an early insertion of such favours of my correspondents, as, I trust, will merit public attention, I shall dedicate this paper to their service.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have commenced an undertaking highly proper for the present era of periodical publications; and such as, I doubt not, will meet with public approbation. It is true, you have had many predecessors, who have exercised their genius on almost every subject; but one of them very judiciously remarks, that as the works of nature will always afford matter for endless contemplation, and as vice and folly perpetually vary their appearances, so fresh sources of animadversion are perpetually discovered, and the enquirer always finds novelty sufficient to avoid the footsteps of those who have gone before him. Thus, in countries where the sciences have made considerable progress, and learning and ingenuity have erected the standard of truth, the human mind, never satiated with enquiry, pursues, with all the ardour of avidity, fresh tracks of knowledge; and after having gratified its curiosity in the contemplation of the material world, and external objects, ceases at length to wander in quest of exercise, and finds an inexhaustible fountain of ratiocination in the contemplation of itself.

So when the liberty of communication accompanies the liberty of investigation; the progress of literature is proportionably rapid; for literature is nothing more than the revelations of reason, the public transcripts of private opinion, or the decisions of combined enquiry. Nothing can be more regular than the advancement of society from barbarism to refinement. After the formation of laws, for the protection of society and individuals, men begin to turn their attention to the sciences which, by expanding their ideas, presently introduce moral enquiries, refined speculations, and elegant manners.

It has been very often, and very justly observed, that liberty and literature accompany each other; that the latter cannot exist, but under the immediate protection of the former; and that a country destitute of freedom, can never be exuberant in knowledge. Tyranny is a Medusian head to the sciences; it congeals, it petrifies; it blasts the bud of knowledge, and we look for the flower in vain.

THERE is no one country in which this truth is more fully evinced than in our own; for such have been the fluctuations of power, sometimes in favour of freedom, and sometimes of tyranny, that I think a flight attention may discover, by the literature of the times, which have had the pre-eminence at different periods. It opens a field of useful speculation, which would terminate in the

the delightful contemplation of that felicity which we enjoy, but which, to other nations, is only an ideal happiness. The speculations of the thinking part of mankind, in such kingdoms, would turn on the nature of freedom, and more perfect forms of government; but that freedom being secured to us, we may indulge our minds in all the luxury of speculative disquisitions, and metaphysical enquiries. Thus, it is obvious that under the establishment of freedom, the mind necessarily expands itself; but the want of freedom contracts it in some degree to one contemplation: and that is the contemplation of that liberty of which it is deprived.

INDEED, we are not only indebted to liberty for the enjoyment of all those advantages to which, as men and as free agents we are naturally entitled; but to its influence we must also ascribe the production of all our more refined pleasures. But for the influence of this principle, we had been deprived of the sentiments of men, whose works have instructed, reformed, and amused mankind. To this influence we are indebted not only for the more voluminous productions of learned men, but also for the beautiful sentiments of an ADDISON, and a STEELE, a JOHNSON, and a MORE; and I am apt to think that the nature of the climate and of the people, has not had so large a share as the freedom of enquiry, in forming the characteristic of the English, and entitling them to the appellation of "a nation of philosophers." The qualities of the climate may, in a degree, have contributed something to natural disposition, and rendered them a thinking people; but though thought and meditation may go far towards forming an individual philosopher; yet to give a philosophical turn to people, communication must be unrestrained, the mind perfectly at liberty, and enquiry augmented by encouragement, and rewarded by authority.

If then, as a people we are doubly blessed with liberty and philosophy; with freedom of enquiry, and capacity to enquire: let us make a full, but a pleasing use of our acquisitions. Let the moments of amusement contribute to our intellectual pleasures; and I cannot conclude this letter better than by thanking you, MR. SPECTATOR, for commencing a paper conducted on liberal principles, and which may tend to the revival of a species of literature, highly advantageous to the community, in ridiculing, if not checking, the follies of the times.

I am Sir,
Your's, &c.

EDGAR.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE public having been recently insulted at the Haymarket Theatre, by being invited to see a collection of prostitutes of the first order, who, however, never appeared; and Mr. Colman, as proprietor of the house, having had some reflections cast on him in consequence; I have no doubt but your candour and impartiality will permit me publicly to observe that such censure is by no means applicable to him. It is true, that Mr. Colman is proprietor of the house, but it does not thence follow that he is to be answerable to the public for whatever may be performed in it, except during his own management. If he lets the Theatre for single nights to temporary managers, and such I understand is frequently the case, in the winter season, I cannot see what he has to do with the performers or performances which that manager may think proper to bring forward. If the audience are insulted, the redress lies with themselves. A virtuous public would have crowded the house on this infamous occasion, and by their censures have put prostitution to the blush, and corrected the impudence of him who could thus think of captivating the town with the exhibition of characters which ought to be hid from the public eye, or hooted from society.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

CHARLES L.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Norwich, March 1st 1784.

MR. SPECTATOR,

As you have declared an intention of refusing every thing in the form of poetry, which has not marks of genius to recommend it, you will, of course, seldom admit any of those compositions called Prologues and Epilogues. The following, however, is one exception against the vileness which usually pervades those wretched effusions. It was spoken at our Theatre on Saturday the 7th of last month, when the comedy of *As you like it*, was performed for the benefit of the poor. You will regard it as a proof of genius, when I inform you that on the preceding Wednesday night, about twelve o'clock, Mr. Walker, one of the Minor Canons was requested to prepare an occasional Prologue to be delivered to the person who was to speak it the next morning.

On

On this short and abrupt notice, he sat down, and finished it before he went to bed. When you have perused it, you will readily conclude that it was much applauded. I AM, SIR,
Your's, &c.

B.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

By the Reverend JOHN WALKER.

Spoken by MRS. MURRAY.

As varying seasons mark the circling year,
Thus in our mimic world by turns appear
Successive changeful scenes.—Lo! COMEDY
Like the young Spring, with laughter-loving eye,
Brightens dull thought, and bids th' enliven'd breast
Glow with pure wit, chaste humour and fair jest.
Here too, with direful storm, the TRAGIC train
In gloomy triumph fix pale Terror's reign;
Emblem of Winter wild!—Hark! the fierce blast
Shakes the dark air, and howls o'er the rude waste.

O, have your souls ne'er wept when aged LEAR
Trembles beneath the storm, and strikes your ear
With sounds of woe? Say, what the ACTED grief
To that NOW claims your pity, NOW implores relief?

Perchance within this city's ancient wall
Dwells some such hapless father, cast from all
His heart holds dear; all sad in midnight storm
With no CORDÉLIA his cold heart to warm,
No friend, no faithful EDGAR by his side,—
Ah! see, he sinks, and freezes life's red tide.

This night, by stated rule, the Comic muse
Takes her alternate reign; glad to diffuse
To this bright circle her enchanting smile,
To smooth fix'd thought, or soften honest toil.
What then, no laughing Prologue to the play?
Mid no smart couplet glitters wit's fair ray?—
Sir, Critic, ho: For ev'n our comic muse
Than laughter merely has far nobler views:
THIS NIGHT she smiles, as usual, to be sure;
But then she smiles, like angels, ON THE POOR!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

THE Theatres have, since my last, engaged so much of my attention, that I have not been able to visit other places of public amusement; and indeed there are few others worthy of notice. The *Dancing Dogs*, I have not yet seen, and of the other dancing puppets, I said enough last week, therefore begin my miscellanea, with a

PRIVATE ANECDOTE.

MISS L****, a young lady at the west end of the town, whose fortune and accomplishments are such as to attract many hearts, received the addresses of an officer of the guards, and, it

was said, she had promised him her hand. Amongst this species of gentry, it has been long remarked, that there are individuals who, though apparently accomplished, are destitute of every principle of humanity; and the most dreadful thing which can happen to a worthy private, is to incur the displeasure of a coxcomb of the Guards. Our heroine's disposition was of the tenderest kind; and she frequently lamented the hard fate of the sun-burnt soldier obliged to submit to the harsh correction of unfeeling wretches whose services were confined to the parks and the palaces of the metropolis; but she had no idea of her lover being one of those sons of inhumanity. It happened, however, a little time ago, that accidentally seeing him on duty in Hyde Park, she, with some friends, came up at the very moment he was caning an old soldier, and, on enquiry, finding it was more to indulge an inhuman propensity, than from any real fault committed by the poor fellow who was obliged to submit to the barbarity, she renounced all connection with his officer; and the intreaties of her friends, the protestations of her lover, and indeed her own prepossession in his favour, have not been able to induce her to think of entering the matrimonial state with a wretch so inhuman as to personally chastise where no chastisement is wanting; being well convinced that if age and good services receive such treatment at his hands, a brutal inhumanity must be the prevailing passion of his breast; and she has therefore, emphatically declared that “she will not link herself to a cockaded beadle, though he were sure of a staff;” justly concluding that as such a man advances in power his barbarity increases.

I AM much delighted with the conduct of this young lady, and wish I had her authority for publishing the name of her quondam lover; but she, with the spirit of genuine charity, “spareth him that spareth not another!”

FEMALE DRESS.

THIS subject is inexhaustible. The ladies vary their shapes so frequently, and with such rapidity, that, were I constantly to attend to their transformations, I should every week trouble your SPECTATORSHIP with fresh observations on modes of female dress and decoration.

— Nil fut unquam

Sic dispar fibi —

HOR.

Sure such a various creature ne'er was known!

FRANCIS.

The Balloon hat is considerably encreased in its dimensions, and the decorations over the crown, being

being spheriodical, give it a better title to the appellation: to give a brilliancy to these decorations, diamond pins are added, and the signs of the Zodiac are now seen to glitter on the heads of the ladies, in emulation of the twin stars that give animation to a beautiful form!

THE party-coloured stocking has sometimes made its appearance, but has been generally *scouted*, as having too masculine an appearance: it had the disadvantage too of being introduced by impures, who usually exhibited it in a manner calculated to excite disgust rather than admiration. That the sale may not be entirely lost, the frail sisterhood, on the requisition of certain hosiers, have promised to sport it as a spring fashion; but it is to be hoped the fashion will be confined to their own order, and not contaminate the delicate limbs of elegant innocence!—The gold and silver worked *chevaux-de-frise*,—if I may so call it—is liable to the same objections. Nothing can equal pure white for a lady's stocking, and hence, in some countries, it has received the elegant appellation of the *snow drop of drefs*!

I AM astonished that though her Majesty's virtues are so little emulated among the higher ranks of the female world, an imitation of the elegant neatness of her drefs should be equally neglected. Indeed all those of the Royal Family who honoured the Oratorio with their presence on Friday evening, if I except the Princess Royal, were well and elegantly dressed. Her Majesty wore a slight satin drefs, Saxon blue, richly trimmed with silver crape. The head-drefs consisted of a piece of plain crape gauze, pinned before, and thrown back, with great neatness and taste: on the left side, a black velvet crescent adorned with brilliant pins, terminating with a black bow, ornamented with a diamond star. Her ear-rings wore singularly beautiful, each consisting of transparent brilliants. The head-dresses of both the Princesses, were in every respect the same, except that they had each of them an elegant plume of white feathers. The Princess Royal had on a pink and silver stripe tissue, with breast-bows and sleeve-knots of the same, and trimmed like her Majesty's, but by no means well put on; her stays came remarkably high, and, with an enormous picture, hid every part of her bosom. The Princess Augusta wore a drefs of the same colour as her Majesty's, and trimmed in the same manner, and looked extremely elegant.

BULIA.

THE Bulians are remarkable for a grave and philosophic way of thinking; and, if they were not so much addicted to politics, would excel the

universe in science; but politics are at once their bane, and their delight. Even the priests, forgetting the nature of their profession, will, in the sacred temples, read—as well as they can—certain political pamphlets which they call *Nomres*, signifying pulpit discourses. Hence, it may naturally be supposed, that the literati of Bulia are chiefly politicians; too many of them indeed, are so; as they have no less than sixteen thousand books a day published on that subject in Bulia only: one half in the morning, and the other in the evening; in which the politicians write against each other with all the rancour of animosity, and the virulence of party. In these books they also give daily accounts of what passes in the Reppu and the Etanes, which the people read with the utmost avidity. Several of them will sometimes associate together, when one stroking his beard with great gravity, and, taking up one of these books, will read to the rest. Nothing can be more risible to a stranger than to hear the curious comments each of them will bestow on what is reading to them: it might naturally be concluded, that there is no such thing as virtue or vice in Bulia. At the time I visited them, you will recollect, that disputes ran very high respecting Reynardam. On the one hand, I have heard men obstinately contend that nothing could equal his virtues; and, on the other, that his vices are as numerous and as glaring as sun beams. But the Bulians have a very singular way of arguing, and discover extreme ignorance or extreme turpitude; for rather than give up the hero of their praise, they will descend so low as to endeavour to prove that his vices are virtues, and defend him in the commission of the most detestable crimes. The subtilty of their sophisms is, sometimes, amazing, and shews of what exertions the mind is capable in defence of its prejudices.

IN Bulia they speak very freely of the supreme authority, and, in plain terms, express their opinions of legislative measures. One thing very much excited our admiration: that as the vices of some were maintained to be virtues, so the virtues of others were held to be vices. Rexman the king, than whom none had a more amiable character, frequently suffered gross insults from the multitude, by the misrepresentations of political desperadoes; and, what is almost incredible, by the very men whose sole ambition it was to share his confidence! These men had the singular address, by their oratorical arts, to persuade the Bulians, that the motives to every action of the sovereign, and the consequences resulting from it, must inevitably prove detrimental to the interests.

terts of the people at large. But in all his actions the king was supposed to be advised by the Retfinim or his chief Servant, who, of course, was deemed answerable for the consequences: for the Bulians held a doctrine, that the head of the legislature had no political free-agency! In the affair of Reynardam's statute respecting the balloon merchants, Rexman, however, made it appear that his voice had some influence in the legislature, by rescuing the government from the impending danger, with which it was threatened by that statute; and yet Reynardam and his friends had the audacity to contend that the statute was framed for the public good! In this transaction, the opinion which Rexman entertained of Reynardam was verified to the world; and the king's love of his subjects, and regard to their welfare were so clearly manifested, that from thence Reynardam was held in derision, and Rexman esteemed and honoured as the faviour, as well as the father of his people.

THIS formed a grand era in the reign of Rexman; the royal authority assumed its due weight and importance in the state, and the person of the sovereign received additional respect and reverence. Nothing remained to disturb the public tranquillity, but the vain attempts of Reynardam to recover the power he had so justly forfeited by attempting to deprive the balloon merchants of their peculiar privileges; the Bulians naturally concluding that he who aims at the defeat of right in a partial degree, wants only power to extend the influence of his principles to the destruction of every thing tending to counteract his own ambitious views.

THOUGH Reynardam was artful, and penetrating, he was impatient of controul, and his thirst after power was excessive. Reynardam was well versed in the characters of men: he was, therefore, adverse to vesting Reynardam with any of those powers which could feed his ambition, and enable him to usurp improper authority. As the public, however, seemed desirous of the Retfinimship being conferred on him, the king, willing to gratify his people, nominated Reynardam his chief servant. Of his behaviour in that station, and his dismissal from it, I have already informed you. The conjectures of Rexman were formed in truth, and the eyes of the people were at length opened to the real character, and the deep designs of Reynardam. It was necessary to say thus much respecting the political principles of the Bulians, previous to the relation of some curious circumstances, which will form the subject of my future animadversions on the political situation of the Bulians. In my next letter, I

intend giving you a translation of a very short work, which has lately been read with great avidity in Niatrib, entitled the *Bulian Lovers*, founded on facts, which have lately occurred in a Bulian family of distinction.

THEATRES.

Drury Lane.

THIS theatre, since my last, has abounded in excellence of entertainment. On Tuesday *Isabella*; Wednesday, *Messiah*; Friday, by command, *Acis and Galatea*, in which Miss George appeared to much advantage. She was particularly excellent in the delightful air of "As when the Dove." Miss George has the singular quality of giving to English music all the delicacy of the Italian. A boy, from the King's chapel, was much applauded in every thing he sung, particularly in "Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?" Mrs. Kennedy was not so happy as usual in her exertions, none of the music which fell to her lot being of that kind in which she excels. Messrs. Reinhold and Norris acquitted themselves with great approbation. Crofdill played a concerto on the violincello, with peculiar taste and execution. The composition was of a kind calculated to shew his abilities, and he *did* shew them.

BESIDES the presence of their Majesties, the performance was honoured with that of the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Augusta. On his Royal Highness entering his box a partial hissing of—about *six to one*—prevailed in the house, which presently subsided, and reminded me of the old privilege claimed by the good people of these realms, of abusing their betters when they think proper.—Their Majesties were received with three cheers, as were the Princesses, and appeared well entertained with the performance. The King and Queen were particularly cheerful, and retired amidst the united plaudits of one of the most crowded audiences I have ever seen at an Oratorio.

THE tragedy of the *Countess of Salisbury* was revived at this house on Saturday, and is likely to become a prevailing piece. No play has, this season, been honoured with a more respectable audience, or more deserved applause.—Mr. Smith, in Alwin, acquitted himself with great success. His scene with Raymond was particularly excellent, and gained him singular approbation.—In Raymond, Mr. Palmer gave evident proofs that he is honoured with the favours of Melpomene, as well as Thalia.—Aickin and Farren made as much of Grey and Morton as they could; whilst Miss Kemble made me regret that there was any such character as Eleanor in the

dramatis

dramatis personæ of this play, or that the managers could be persuaded to make use of a little common sense, and not cast their plays as if they did not know their right hand from their left.—The Countess was performed by Mrs. Siddons with that correctness, chastity, and delicacy, and was, throughout the whole, marked with such peculiar excellencies, that I can speak of it only in general terms of applause, except in the scene where she is on the point of losing her child, in which Mrs. Siddons was equal to the late Mr. Garrick in any one of his most distinguished passages. I remember this tragedy was performed some years ago, in which Mr. and Mrs. Barry, now Mrs. Crawford, played Alwin and the Countess: but Mrs. Crawford, though then in the zenith of her glory, did not display those powers nor that general excellence which marks the performance of Mrs. Siddons. I have before remarked, that the difference between those two excellent actresses consists in the one exciting the warmest attention through the whole performance; and the other only in certain marked passages, in which she, perhaps, excels the former.—Mrs. Siddons made so much of the Countess, that though the tragedy is but dramatic dross, she stamps it with the value of refined gold, and the audience at the conclusion called loudly for its repetition on Monday, and when Mr. Smith gave it out for Tuesday, he received three thundering plaudits.

AFTER the tragedy the *Deserter* was performed, in which Miss Philips attracted every auditor. Besides a very beautiful person, this young lady possesses all the charms of music; an union by no means common, and, therefore, contemplated with delight. It is needless to add, that she sung her airs with exquisite taste and delicacy. Mrs. Wrighten was also excellent; Henry was decent; and the rest of the characters were played with general propriety.

AFTER the tragedy of *Hamlet*, last night, a new musical piece called the *Double Disguise* was presented; the plot of which turns chiefly on a servant assuming the title and pretensions of his lord, who, on going to pay his addresses to a lady, leaves his servants at an inn, and, under pretence of returning to London, pursues his journey, and, under a disguise, gains the affection of the lady. His servant then arrives, and creates “a whimsical confusion in the family,” which is at length cleared up by his confession. This is simply the outline of the plot, which is well suited to convey some sprightly dialogue, animated with some of the pleasantest songs, and most agreeable music I

have heard for some time. Miss Philips, with that delicacy and grace peculiar to herself, gave all her songs in the most captivating manner.—Mrs. Wrighten represented an Irish girl, and was particularly arch in the dialogue, whilst her songs were characteristically written and set, and most excellently sung.—Mr. Barrymore in the Lord, and Mr. Dodd in the servant, were very well at home, particularly the latter.—Parsons, in the father of the young lady, was as comical as ever; and Mrs. Hopkins quite respectable as an old maid.

Mr. HOOZE, in composing the music to this pretty trifle, has attended to a circumstance very little attended to amongst modern musical composers: that ballad simplicity which never fails to charm the most refined, as well as the most unpolished taste. Every one of the airs are set in this style: light, airy, fanciful, charming; and indeed the overture prepared the audience to expect such; for it is one of the most pleasing of that kind of composition which has graced the orchestra for a long time. The bassoon and the hautboy are principals in it; and there are several solo and *ad libitum* movements for each of those instruments, which charm every hearer, and do great credit to the performers as well as the composers.

THIS opera has been got up with great care, taste, and elegance; and has been decorated with several new scenes, particularly a garden scene, exquisitely rich and well fancied. It was received with unremitting applause throughout, and I am much mistaken, if it does not become one of the most popular musical pieces which has been brought forward for many years, and several of the songs will soon be warbled in the streets of this metropolis, particularly Mrs. Wrighten's humorous song of the *Irish-lad* &c.—The audience, though not very brilliant, was uncommonly crowded.

Covent Garden.

ON Thursday Aaron Hill's lukewarm translation of Voltaire's lukewarm tragedy of *Zara*, was performed at this house. *Lusignan* by Mr. Henderson, was equal to Garrick's, but inferior to the late Mr. Barry's, though the scene in which he discovers *Zara* to be his daughter, was perhaps never better played.—Mr. Wroughton should not have been permitted to spout *Osipon*; and if Mr. Whitfield would recollect that *Zara* is a tragedy, and not an opera, it would be all the better.—Mrs. Crawford's *Zara* is a highly-finished piece of acting, and it were a waste of words to attempt praising a performance which is above all praise!

IN the comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, Mrs. Abington played Estifania, for the first time, on Saturday, and acquitted herself with her usual spirit, and certainly with more dramatic success. Estifania is evidently her line of playing, and is much to be preferred to her Lady Betty Modish, and other modish trifles, about which a great deal more has been said than they merited.—Mr. Henderson, in Leon, was little, if any thing, inferior to Garrick, though it is the *fashion* to call him a copy only.—Mr. Lewis in the Copper Captain was easy and spirited; and the play, on the whole, went off with *eclat*.

THE evening's entertainment concluded with the agreeable trifle called the *Sultan*, which being a production of Mrs. Abington, it is needless to say, she played with the vivacity and gaiety for which she is remarkable.

Opera.

PACCHIEROTTI'S Benefit on Thursday, brought together a considerable audience at the King's Theatre; and was one of the best entertainments of the kind, I ever attended. The music was excellent, and if Pacchierotti had a good benefit, he shewed his gratitude by performing in a manner highly gratifying to his auditors. No efforts of the human voice can excel his second air; and his last had peculiar merit: merit worthy of Pacchierotti. Repetitions of this opera may therefore be expected during the rest of the season.

OF Lufini, and Franchi, Bartolini, and Tafca, I can only say that they seconded the great master of melody and pathos with all their powers, and the whole of the opera received, as it ought, abundant applause.

THE dances went off with usual *eclat*, and gave a very brilliant conclusion to the evening's entertainment.

THEATRICAL ORCHESTRAS.

THE "thrummers of wire and scrapers of cat-gut," who are engaged at the Theatres to entertain the audience previous to, and during the performance, seem to have an insuperable objection to the former part of the business. They by no means relish wasting their rosin before the curtain draws up. It is not, therefore, till after a vast deal of thumping with sticks, stamping with feet, hooting and shouting, that the musical gentry, who are thus the authors of discord instead of harmony, choose to make their appearance; and then they have scarcely put their instruments in tune, but—whisk!—away they go through the little door, like a duck under water, and are invisible in a moment! Then recom-

mences the music of the irritated Gods, *con spirito*: after that comes the tinkling of the prompt bell; and then open flies the little door, and—*Da Capo!*—Rosin away—whisk, and dive again!

WONDERS.

The most wonderful philosopher of the present age, the redoubted KATTERFELTO, whose philosophy consists in the *black art* and the *black cat*, has communicated to me a plan for discovering who is the greatest philosopher in the present age: and his scheme is so curious, that I shall, hereafter, with your permission, lay it before the public. At present I can only say, that Katterfelto's is the most innocent and diverting philosophy which can be studied; for though it be currently reported, that he and his black cat are *devils*, he never fails to convince his auditors that they are each of them as harmless as any house lambs in christendom. After all the noise this philosopher and his philosophy have made, his Solar Microscope is the most worthy of observation and applause. It is indeed, one of the best I have ever seen, and his collection of microscopical objects are well chosen, curious, and, what is more, instructive. Katterfelto, however, has the misfortune to be sometimes visited in the *night* for the exhibition of that which can *only be seen by the light of the sun!*

BOX-LOBBY NUISANCE.

THE Box-lobby nuisance is a nuisance only: a very harmless, but a very impertinent animal. It is sometimes a thing of fashion; but more frequently a would-be thing of fashion: each is, however, equally troublesome. It sometimes dresses in the extreme of fashion, and then it resembles Shakespeare's flower,

That smiles on every one,
To shew its teeth.

At other times it assumes the form of a *walking-jockey*, and being just arrived from *Cheapside*, expatiates very largely on the pleasures of travelling, and the delights of the country! It jostles every gentleman from the box-book, and, with an incredible bustle, examines the book, and expresses its surprise that no more of its acquaintance are in the house. It then discovers that public business may have detained them—that is, their business on the public roads—and that possibly its dear friend * * * * may stay the division—that is, the division of the booty—and it cannot think of staying the play when there is *no company* in the house; and, therefore, having in the bustle of its importance, eased some of its gazing admirers

mirers of their watches and money, it quits the house abruptly, to be also present at the division!—

ANOTHER NUISANCE.

A MORE alarming nuisance than the former, is the *Advertising Money Lender!* This is a public nuisance that, under the mask of friendship, plants a dagger in many a breast. He riots in the distresses of his fellow creatures; and, instead of removing their miseries, plunges them in ten-fold ruin!—It is impossible to conceive the variety of wretchedness to which families are daily reduced by these villains and their confederates, who thus openly, and in the face of day, under a shew of philanthropy, prey upon the ignorance, the simplicity, and the necessities of mankind. The gentry of this vocation have greatly increased in their number lately; and some of them are so honourable as to inform you in their advertisements, that they will not give you a proof of their villainy under two, or perhaps five hundred pounds, as “nothing under that sum will be advanced.”—Various are the modes of defraud practised by them for the

acquisition of goods and securities, which being once in their custody, are seldom recovered, nor any thing equivalent to their value. I would, therefore, much sooner put my life into the hands of a quack, than entrust my property with an *advertising money-lender!*

You will excuse my having dwelt so long on theatrical affairs, but the accounts given in the daily prints being usually fabricated by the partial and the interested, it is necessary, occasionally, to point out the truth.

Faithfully Your's,

JOHN BULL.

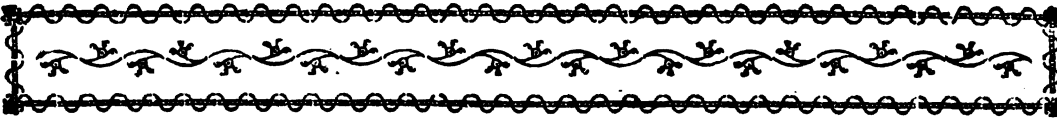
To other CORRESPONDENTS.

STANZAS on a Summer Morning, and Ignoratus are received.—The request of Modestus, respecting the mottoes, and the reprinting of the numbers already published, will be complied with.—The letter signed A. B. and the manner in which it was sent, are proofs of a very polite taste and manners: the letter will appear next week, with the real name of the author.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookseller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookseller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT'S, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E
NEW SPECTATOR;
WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. VII.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
Mutatæ quatient. Si quid mirabere, pones
Invitus.*

HORACE.

They who in Fortune's smiles too much delight,
Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight;
For if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
The frail possession we resign with pain.

FRANCIS.

OF the various kinds of knowledge, requisite to conduct human life with propriety, there seems none less understood, or at least less practised, than that which should teach us how to support our characters under the different circumstances of prosperity and adversity. It has, however, been universally acknowledged, that the duties to which we are rendered liable, and the temptations to which we are exposed, by prosperity, are the most numerous and the most difficult to encounter; for such is the perverseness, and such the weakness of human nature, that its most salutary blessings are too frequently converted into the most poisonous evils; and the prosperous are more generally remarked for their follies rather than their virtues. Adversity, on the other hand, has been called the school of wisdom; but the discipline, like that of all other schools, has different effects on different tempers and dispositions; and there are scholars as forward, perverse, and intractable in the one as in the other. The consequences of disobedience and non-compliance in these seminaries are indeed widely different; in one, we incur the displeasure of an authorized tutor, and frustrate the care

of indulgent parents; in the other, we bid a kind of defiance to the laws of providence, and excite the anger of heaven.

THE perpetual fluctuation of human affairs, and the vicissitudes to which every one is subject, have taught mankind the necessity of providing against future contingencies, by unremitting industry, and the previous exercise of that charity which seldom fails to insure the real esteem of the world and the approving smile of heaven. To the influence of such rational motives, are the poor indebted for those noble asylums from want and destruction, which, in this country, have, of late years, risen like those exhalations of the evening that, descending in beneficial dews, form the lustre of a vernal morning.

SUCH, however, is the imperfection of all human institutions, and such the irresistibility of all human passions, that the intentions of goodness are too often defeated by the intervention of folly, or the subtlety of wickedness. Hence it is, that institutions calculated for public benefit, do sometimes more abundantly redound to private emolument; and the principle that formed the basis, being abandoned in the superstructure,

what

what was meant for universal advantage, produces but a partial good, and sometimes gives rise to an extensive evil.

PREVIOUSLY informed of the nature of our laws, and of the provision made for our poor, a stranger is not a little astonished to find his charity solicited in our streets, and our highways abounding with beggars. And he cannot but conclude that we take more delight in extolling, than in executing our laws; that we form medicines, but neglect to apply them; at once exhibiting our wisdom and our folly.

EVERY well-wisher to order and economy, entertained sanguine expectations of seeing this grievance redressed, by the enacting of a statute framed for that particular purpose; but the whole attention of the legislature having been directed to objects apparently of more immediate concern, and which could be terminated only by the tedious operations of fleets and armies, or the improbable union of heterogeneous principles, the design was, if not defeated, at least deferred. How it happens that an attention to internal polity, and the exercise of foreign dominions, are incompatible, I have not sagacity enough to discover; and I am afraid the present contest for power amongst the different factions of the day, will totally preclude all thoughts of the country's benefit in the amendment or the framing of laws respecting the poor, which is matter of surprize to me, as there are several members of the lower House of Parliament that, should they fail in their views, might hereafter reap advantage from those very laws:

The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to pass it by?

Many persons have lived to enjoy the benefit of those charities which they have established for the relief of indigence.

BUT whatever institutions may be formed, there will always remain objects to whom they will be of no service; objects who have fallen from elevated situations, still contending with the elements of affliction, and disdain to seek shelter, whilst there is a possibility of braving the storm; and others, who, from a certain delicacy of disposition, languish in obscurity, and are more willing to indulge the most distant hope, than eager to solicit immediate redress; a kind of living monuments of misery and modesty. These would then be the objects of all peculiar charity; and to their support might be appropriated those casual effusions of benevolence, which are at present lavished on undeserving objects, and too frequently tend to the encouragement of idleness, and the stimulation of impudence.

ADVERSITY tries the temper of all those who bow under its influence, and nothing sooner exposes their predominant passions. I have often observed that they who by unjust means, have accumulated wealth, and have afterwards been reduced to poverty, generally discover the most violent impatience; and, rejecting that universal protection of providence, from which they imagine themselves secluded, place their future dependence on the success of new stratagems of vice, and fresh schemes of more complicated wickedness.

ON the other hand, the wealth acquired by honest industry, and successful ingenuity is often resigned with patient submission and religious resignation; with thanks of providence for past enjoyment, and firm dependence for future support. But it is, in all things, difficult to avoid extremes; and if some men place too much confidence in themselves, and neglect to implore the assistance of heaven; there are others who, imploring the assistance of heaven, lose the necessary confidence in their own abilities; and by neglecting to co-operate with benignant providence, become examples of the little effect of pious ejaculations without hearty exertions; and afford matter of triumph to the votaries of vice, who wanton in luxury, and hold in derision the expectations of dependent piety.

A DECENT, and a becoming behaviour is difficult to sustain under the pressures of adversity. Hence some are unseasonably importunate, and some unmeasurably dejected: it is, therefore, the peculiar excellence of unaffected goodness, to reflect on the imperfections of human nature, and patiently to attend to the former, and assiduously to seek out the latter; omitting no opportunity, under the conduct of prudence and propriety, of testifying that regard for the welfare of others, which we would wish, in similar circumstances, were extended to our own.

THE difficulties to which we are exposed by the possession of riches, and the depression of poverty, and which every rational man views in the same light, have rendered the *golden mean* the general object of pursuit. In holy writ we find one wishing for "neither poverty nor riches," as the happiest state of humanity; and HORACE, no unskilful judge of human felicity, has left his testimony to the same effect;

———— Bene est, cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est marm.

Then happy he whom heaven hath fed
With frugal, but sufficient bread.

FRANCIS.

Un-

Unfortunately, however, few people know when they do possess the golden mean; for that is one of those matters on which we permit inclination to decide rather than reason; and almost every man applies the term to a different quantity of wealth. But reason and conscience cannot always be stifled; and no man ever yet made an addition to his treasures, that did not immediately feel his mind filled with ideas of additional duties, though he may have rejected the performance. It cannot, therefore, be too often, or too seriously recommended to a mercantile people to recollect, that on every accession of wealth, it is their duty, and consequently their interest, to attend to the distresses of those in adversity, and to relieve their necessities, rather than to emulate those numerous follies of the prodigally prosperous, which render them contemptible, instead of ornamental to human nature.

To the NEW SPECTATOR,

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE greatest of your predecessors made it a rule to give accounts of the various clubs which, in his time, were formed in the metropolis; and some of the papers which contain his descriptions of them, are the most entertaining to be met with, and at the same time, throw no small light on the mixed character of our fellow subjects; exhibiting the serious and the risible in many points of view. I hope that in this, at least, you will follow his example, and give us some humorous descriptions of the clubs of these days, which will be very acceptable to

Your's to command,

The KING of CLUBS.

I HAVE not the least doubt but that his majesty the *King of Clubs* is a man of taste, and was I so happy as to be personally acquainted with him, probably I might be enabled to fulfil his wishes. At present, however, I know not of a single club in this metropolis which admits of description. Times are considerably changed since the days of ADDISON, and our amusements are widely different. Though society is more refined, it is less sociable; and men carry their discriminating ideas much further than they formerly did. Hence, clubs are confined to villages, whence trade by the introduction of wealth and artificial manners, has not banished equality, and the natural desire of associating for mutual entertainment. I hear but of few clubs in the metropolis that are not appropriated to gaming and drinking: to Fortune and Bacchus; unless indeed I include

the political club at the St. Alban's Tavern, which may be called the *Labour in vain Club*. For the satisfaction of his majesty, the *King of Clubs*, and such others of my correspondents and readers as wish to be acquainted with the state of clubs in this metropolis, I shall direct my Deputy, John Bull, to make a report of them and their proceedings, to be laid before the public.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

COPY.

You Spector

Beeing a grate Hadmyror of the Hould Spector I was meetely pleised to se the Hadvertymunt inn the Mourning Yearould for a Nue Spector and bote em weth grate gle but haylack thaer starke noute but bawderdashe and nounsens about Maskreds and Pleighs and Harbyloones and Squire Mawlgins Neffey and hall mannur of soleries and nounsens to pleise wimmin and I kan maik noe mannur of senn inn it and I ham shure it wil never cum to nout taik mi wurd I hundurstand gud riteing tho I ham noe grate skollar and ham shure yure Spector wil doe no gud because why why because ther his nout int about Sr Rodgurding Cobleray and Mester Hunneycumb and the Hugley clubb and hall that and wats a Spector gud for weout hall that and soe I hav sent the nummbers bak inn defyer that yue wil putt inn summet about Sr Rodgur and hall thoas haffares that I menshend and I wud hadvice yue to sa summet hansum of the Prins of Wails and Chrls Phocks that is nixnained the Mann of the peepel and the grate Horridors that spekes longe speachers inn the Nuscpaypurs about hour haffares and the Coolishon and younge Pit and hall that and then yue shud rite about Mistrifs Robbeson and her Fiffyfee and nott about Catterfelltoes Filhoffy and hall that but about Seekrit Hinsewens and nott the Makes of Honer and the Dutchaffes that dres soe at the kurt that is menshund inn the Nufe and leve hout hall thoas grate lize about the strainge nashon weth longe Beerds and Harbyloones innlited of Hoffes I hop yue wil taik mi hadvice and I shal reckumend yure Nue Spector to hall mi Friends.

A. B.

Berry Sunt Hedmunt.

THE above *literary curiosity* with three numbers of the NEW SPECTATOR, was received by the Printer last week, who, by a singular accident, instantly discovered the writer, whose name I intended to have inserted at the foot of it (as I promised in my last), had he not, in another very curious epistle, couched in terms of the most pro-

profound supplication, requested me to omit the only two words in which he discovered any knowledge of common orthography. I thought it but just to insert his epistle, and to express my satisfaction, that the NEW SPECTATOR is condemned, and I trust always will be condemned by such critics as my good friend A. B!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A MANUSCRIPT copy of the following stanzas, being in my possession, and not knowing whether they have yet been published, I trust you will think them worthy of a place in your elegant paper.

I am, Sir,
Your's, &c.
P. M.

A D I E U T O A V O N.

ADIEU sweet Avon! gentle stream!
That in majestic silence flows,
Where oft the muse has chose a theme
That sorrow's deepest tints disclose.

Adieu, sweet Avon! gentle stream!
Where trees protracted form a shade,
Excluding Sol's intensest beam,
When o'er thy banks my feet have stray'd.

Adieu, sweet Avon! gentle stream!
Where many a fragrant flow'ret blows,
Where oft some visionary scheme
Hath lull'd my sorrows to repose!

Ah! who can tell the sweets that bloom
Along thy margin's verdant side?
Or count the roses that perfume
The gale that blows o'er Avon's tide?

Ye hills, ye vales, with umbrage crown'd,
So far beyond my view outspread,
Where many a graceful villa's found,
And many a turret rears its head:

'Twas not from you affliction found
Relief in sorrow's pensive hour,
But in the silent scenes around,
That deck sweet Avon's lovely bower!

Adieu sweet Avon! gentle stream!
Accept the muse's grateful lays;
For many a soft enchanting dream
From thee deriv'd, deserves my praise!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

I AM by no means pleased with your extreme gravity, and I wish you would assume a little sprightliness, if it were only to divert the ladies, who, let me tell you, from the chief part of your readers, and who, in general, prefer a little romance to a great deal of morality. As to the gentlemen, it is the full moon with them, and they are politically mad, at least sixteen hours of the four and twenty; and consequently have few lucid intervals to bestow on the trifling concerns of morals, philosophy, or even *bon ton*. Besides the good people of these days are too wise to need instruction, and desire nothing of a periodical writer but amusement, and if you season it with a little Kyan of Scandal, it would suit the public taste much better, and your lucubrations become as relishing as a fricasee of half a dozen morning papers. But I know that to attempt persuading you from what you deem the right path, and the duty of a periodical writer, were vanity and vexation of spirit. And in my Miscellany I have determined to adhere so strictly to truth, that I have not an opportunity, if I were so inclined, of gratifying the public taste in a few ebullitions of the extravaganza, *comme le gazette Anglois!*

CARLETON HOUSE, Pall-mall.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having decorated this House in the style of Eastern magnificence, it was opened with a kind of *House warming*, on Wednesday last.

It is unnecessary, and would be tedious, to give you a particular description of the principal rooms, and of the *mouldings, cornices, frieze, pediments*, and all the *et ceteras* of architecture employed in their construction and ornament. I will simply inform you, that the principal rooms in the house are a Dining room, a State room, a Ball room, and a Saloon; and that some ingenuity and some taste have given them a brilliant and a fanciful, rather than an elegant appearance.

THE entertainment given by his Highness, is denominated, by some a *Fete*, and was highly relished by all parties, especially the ladies, great part of whom did not quit this terrestrial Elysium before eight the next morning.—To attempt a description of the supper would be useless to you, unless you was desirous of following his Highness's example, or of instructing your housekeeper in the art of setting out a table to the best advantage,

THE company was very numerous and very brilliant, particularly the ladies, who emulated each

each other in their personal decorations, and their attentions to his Highness.—Contrary to the report of some papers Mrs. H—, though long since invited, being in the country, did not add to the beauty of the assembly by her presence.

The BULIAN LOVERS.

A true Story.

Literally translated from the BULIAN language.

IN the fair city of Bulia there dwelt a man, whose name was *Edart*, remarkable for his riches, and who had several daughters; one of which was exceedingly beautiful, and was called *Aidni*, signifying brilliant and alluring. When his children arrived at a certain age, *Edart* gave them portions, and left them to their own disposal; for he entertained an opinion that the happiness of children consisted in the disposal of themselves, and that the interference of parents more frequently rendered them miserable than otherwise. The beautiful *Aidni* having received her portion, consisting of five thousand balloons, fifteen villages, and an immense quantity of jewels, and being solicited in marriage by some of the first families in Bulia, at length listened to the addresses of *Lahnedael*, a man whose riches and family honours were nearly equal to her father's. Articles, with seals dangling at them, were prepared, and the good people of Bulia began to rejoice on the approaching union of *Lahnedael* and *Aidni*, for they were both beloved by the whole city.

UNFORTUNATELY for our lovers, *Aidni*, soon after she had established her own household, and had the entire command of herself, was met at Court by one of those detestable women who make a practice of ensnaring the innocent, and reducing them to all possible distress for the most inhuman purposes. The name of this woman was *Carolo*, and her design was to prostitute the beautiful *Aidni* to no less than sixteen gentlemen of Bulia, who had all declared themselves captivated by her charms, and impatient to possess her!

INNOCENCE is seldom suspicious. A friendly intercourse soon took place between *Carolo* and *Aidni*; for the bawd was so kind and so officious, and used to give her so much grave advice, that it is no wonder *Aidni* grew fond of her company and conversation. The old hag—[I beg the reader will remember that this is a *literal* translation.]—The old hag contrived to get into all her secrets, learned all her movements, once hired all her servants, and, it is said, by certain corrupt practices, secretly gained over almost all the people in her house.

AIDNI, though a charming woman, was not destitute of female faults: she was a little expensive, and *Carolo* perceiving it, would freely offer to lend her as much money as she wanted—for *Carolo*, though poor herself, knew how to procure money on such occasions—*Aidni* would sometimes accept her offer, and, as the fortune of *Aidni* was prodigious, *Carolo*'s demands were regularly discharged as *Aidni*'s rents came in.

PREVIOUS to her contract with *Lahnedael*, *Aidni* borrowed a very large sum of *Carolo*, who no sooner heard of the intended marriage, but she immediately demanded the repayment of her money, which *Aidni* found herself unable to satisfy. Whether it arose from the real poverty of her tenants, who had certainly been at rack-rents for some years; whether she was defrauded by her stewards, or what else could be the cause, none could tell. Be that as it might, this shameful, this detestable wretch insisted on instant payment, unless the sweet girl, the charming *Aidni*, would yield herself up to the abominable purposes of *Carolo*, by prostituting herself to the sixteen *Bulians*, who had declared themselves the captivated slaves of the beautiful *Aidni*!

MORE astonished than alarmed at the infernal purposes of *Carolo*, *Aidni* treated her menaces with contempt, and to avoid immediate distress, appealed to the *Etanes* for justice. But many of the *Etanes* were privately attached to *Carolo*, and were also desirous of possessing the charms of *Aidni*; her suit, therefore, was rejected. She then appealed to the *Reppu*, who, taking her case into consideration, ordered her debts to be paid by proper instalments; her marriage contract with *Lahnedael* to be ratified; her sixteen admirers to be publicly whipped; and *Carolo* to be branded as a disgrace to her sex, to Bulia, and to the universe!

NOTHING could equal the joy of the lovers on this decision of the *Reppu*; and *Rexman* the king, being made acquainted with the virtues of *Lahnedael* and *Aidni*, honoured their union with his approbation, and all Bulia rejoiced that the wickedness of *Carolo* was frustrated, and the lovers made perpetually happy.

“ This story has a meaning, and no doubt
“ You all have sense enough to find it out.”

AIR BALLOON.

AMONGST other public amusements of this week, that of letting off an air balloon took place on Friday, in *St. George's-fields*. *Mr. Astley* having previously informed the public, that “ a large aerostatic globe, together with a tri-

triumphal car," were to make the grand aerial tour, the concourse of people was prodigious. Two very small globes were sent into the air, to the small diversion of the spectators, who impatiently waited the appearance of the triumphal car; at length the major balloon ascends; but no car appearing suspended, it was permitted to go *sans* acclamation, and was quickly out of sight.—Many people staid in hopes of seeing the triumphal car; but the society of pick-pockets were observed to make a precipitate retreat towards Field lane; leaving one of their brethren to the fury of the populace who gave him a terrible ducking. I could not help lamenting that this poor ragged wretch, was unaccompanied in his punishment by any of the *genteel* sharpers who infested the place; as Mr. B. and Co. were observed to be actively assiduous about the persons of the ladies, several of whom lost their watches and money.

With respect to the balloon itself, it went off very well, and looked very handsome; and had not the public been taught to expect seeing it attended by a *triumphal car*, would have given general satisfaction.

Such was the magical effect of this aerostatic globe, that, in various parts of the metropolis, the price of pocket handkerchiefs was reduced fifty per cent. the same day; and watches about thirty!

THEATRE.

Drury Lane.

ON Tuesday, *Every Man in his Humour*, instead of the Countess of Salisbury, which was postponed on account of the indisposition of Mrs. Siddons, was performed at a short notice, and was very well received. Mr. Palmer was particularly excellent in Bobadil.—The *Double Disguise* was performed, for the second time, the same evening, and was received with repeated plaudits, and having been performed every evening since, except on Wednesday and Friday, fully justifies the opinion I gave of it in my last. The news-paper critics, however, conceiving that the piece was written by one of their own profession, have spoken as ill-naturedly of it as they possibly could. But merit bears down all opposition, and both the words and the music of the *Double Disguise* continue to meet with the most abundant applause. I am told that the words are by Mrs. Hooke; be that as it may, they do credit to the writer, and the piece is already so well established in the public opinion, that all the malevolent efforts of pseudo-critics shall not prevail against it!

THE Oratorio of *Samson*, on Wednesday, went off with success, and was honoured with a large audience.

THE author of the comedy of *Reparation*, which was performed on Thursday, Saturday, and last night, is much indebted to the inimitable performance of Miss Farren for the support of his comedy, which is likely, on that account, to run much longer than could have been expected from the merit of the piece itself.

ON Friday, by Command, the Oratorio of *Alexander's Feast* was performed. The music, vocal and instrumental, went off with great applause, exceeded only by that with which his Majesty was received on entering his box, testifying the most cordial unanimity between the sovereign and the people. The plaudit on his appearance was—as is usual *now*—thrice *encored*!

MISS GEORGE and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Reinhold and Mr. Norris, acquitted themselves with their usual excellence; and particular praise is due to those little sons of harmony, Guest and Binns, belonging to the King's Chapel. Their exertions do them great credit, and reflect no small honour on the gentleman by whom they are intrusted: Mr. Ayrton, of the King's Chapel.

Covent Garden.

ON Tuesday Mr. Macklin's *Man of the World* was performed to a brilliant audience, and received with every mark of approbation. The more frequently this play is seen the better it is liked; and Macklin is justly regarded as a good writer, and a theatrical phenomenon!—The *Poor Soldier*, though despicable in itself, never fails to please, by the exertions of Mrs. Kennedy.

THEIR Majesties, on Thursday, honoured this House, with their presence to see the comedy of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, and the farce of the *Sultan*; in both which pieces Mrs. Abington played with more than usual spirit.—Four of the Princesses were also present; but his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales not intending to honour the theatre with his presence, his box was not fitted up.

THE music of acclamation with which his Majesty was received, drowned the harmony of all other sounds; and the Queen and Princesses received similar applause.

THE *Castle of Andalusia*, performed on Saturday, for Signora Sestini's benefit, was honoured with one of the most crowded and brilliant audiences I ever beheld. Edwin and Quick, were very characteristic, and it ought to be remarked, that this piece owes its support entirely to their exertions, for in point of composition, it is, perhaps, as wretched an attempt at writing as ever issued from the pen of Mr. O'Keefe. Sestini, Mrs. Kennedy, and Mrs. Bannister; Messrs. Bannister

Rein-

Reinhold and Brett sung their songs with their accustomed excellence.—In *Rosina*, Sestini played Phebe, and what with her broken English, and the arch manner of singing the celebrated duet with William, kept the House in perpetual laughter and good humour.

The HERO REVERSED.

THE gallant Colonel—who knows not the gallant Colonel?—whose boast was to have “killed more men, and to have ruined more women than any man in England,” has thought fit to make a precipitate retreat, *afraid* of a criminal prosecution, and of shewing himself in the metropolis.—The celebrated courtesan, whose charms have subdued many heroes, is highly enraged at the man of war, for paying so ill a compliment to her beauties. She is now on the *look out* for a fresh supply of fashionable folly, in order to recover her wonted splendour in the Cytherean hemisphere; but it is to be hoped that she is become too hackneyed to attract any attention, but that of general disgust!

Thus it is, that infamy and ruin accompany each other; and the all-accomplished foldier and his Dulcinea are examples to their respective professions, that external splendour can never shield private vice from public disgrace!

TOWN GENTLEMEN.

WHILST many writers have exerted their talents in the argumentative and the declamatory, respecting *Town Ladies*, a numerous class of beings equally respectable, and who may justly be called *Town Gentlemen*, seem to escape notice, as if they were not a nuisance equally dangerous with the sharpers of the other sex. A great deal has been said of the numbers of prostitutes infesting our streets; and when it is considered, that the number of gamblers, swindlers, money lenders, and black-legs, is perhaps superior, it may justly excite our wonder, that honest industry can make any progress, thus beset with every species of villainy. A *Town Gentleman* is one who, having no visible means of subsistence, runs the round of dissipated folly, and is always to be discovered in every place of public amusement, which he frequents on the same principle as *Town Ladies*—for the sake of reimbursing his expences, and picking up a *decent* livelihood.

He is generally supported by his success at the gaming table, which he constantly attends, in order to take in every unwary visitant. A public procession forms a kind of field day for him, and he generally retires well paid for his extrady.—Sometimes he associates with a house of mercantile thieves, who, after having procured

large quantities of merchandize, on the credit of their house, usually divide the spoil, and abscond.—In short, it is impossible to trace him in his various forms; and nothing but the most vigilant attention can secure the public from the effects of his artifices.

Now, though means may be devised for putting a stop to the baneful exertions of *Town Ladies*, I am quite at a loss what to say respecting these *Town gentlemen*, and must leave them to the correcting hand of that providence, which seldom permits such wretches to escape the halter many years together. I only wish I might be permitted to warn the public against them individually, as well as generally: I would then present a list of such names, as at present figure in the fashionable world, which, if things went right, would figure in the *black list* of Mr. Akerman! As it is, I can only advise my readers to beware of the *Box-lobby*, the *horse-racing*, in short of all those gentry, who assume the impudent airs of a man of quality, when *nobody knows who they are*; and in that kind of gentry this metropolis does abundantly abound!

HANDEL.

THE intended commemoration of this immortal musician, is likely to prove one of the most splendid musical festivals ever known in this country; and that under the immediate protection of his Majesty, who by this mark of his attention to one of the most enchanting sciences, in the act of conferring, receives immortal honour. Indeed nothing has been wanting on the part of his Majesty, since his accession to the Throne, for the utmost encouragement of the arts and sciences; and as there are few better judges of composition than his Majesty, it is no wonder that he wishes to pay particular honours to the memory of Handel.

A GALLERY, peculiarly magnificent and beautiful, is said to be preparing for the Royal Family, at the Pantheon; and directions are given to prepare Westminster Abbey for the reception of a more numerous and splendid congregation than have appeared within its walls since the coronation of our illustrious Sovereign.

WHILST the fine arts are thus countenanced by Royalty, we may entertain the most lively hopes that Britain shall more than emulate Athens and Rome in the excellence of her productions, and the happiness of her people!

I am, Dear SPEC,

Your upright Deputy,

JOHN BULL.

To

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE wish to be informed, through the channel of your entertaining paper, what advantages would result to the mathematics from a discovery of *squaring the circle*; and whether the discoverer might expect a pecuniary reward for making it public?

We are, Sir, yours, &c.

SQUARE AND CIRCLE.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

DON'T you think that since the invention of *balloon carriages* it will greatly increase the number of *castle builders*? If so, we may hope to see *Reynardum*, that great architect, Master of *Arts*, and Fellow of *Brooke's College*, at the head of the City castle, near the *Devil*, TEMPLE-BAR, where nought but wind can make his beard to wag!

Yours, &c.

POLLY TICK.

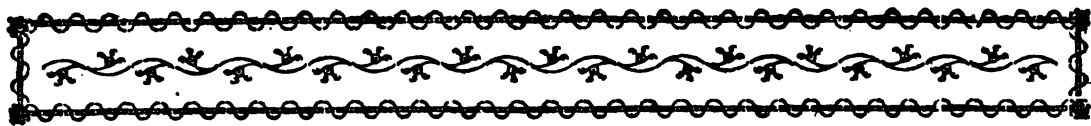
To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE writer who signs himself *Blaze*, has my thanks for his friendly hints; but he should recollect that the Opinions of *John Bull*, are introduced purposely to animadvert on such temporary matters as are either neglected, or misrepresented, in the daily prints. The Essay is what properly forms the *New Spectator*; and is appropriated to that species of composition, which I am happy to find meets with the approbation of *Blaze*, whose literary favours would be very acceptable.—The request of the Gentlewoman from *Jerico* can be complied with on no other condition than that of her setting the example she wishes me to follow. As I have no manner of acquaintance with the gentlemen she alludes to, her compliments rest with myself.—The representations of one of the *Goldsmith's company* may be very just, but his favours would probably prove more acceptable to a morning paper.—I am obliged to the gentleman who sends me the complimentary verses on the *Duchess of Devonshire*, but he will find them already printed in a certain collection of *Sonnets* entitled the *Bevy of Beauties*.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E
N E W S P E C T A T O R ;
 W I T H T H E
S A G E O P I N I O N S O F J O H N B U L L .

No. VIII.

T U E S D A Y , M A R C H 23, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus, et in cute novi.

P E R S I U S .

Such pageantry be to the people shown ;
 There boast thy horse's trappings and thy own :
 I know thee from thy bottom ; from within
 Thy shallow centre, to thy utmost skin.

D R Y D E N .

AMONGST those who aspire to the praise of leading fashions and adjusting ceremonies, it is observable that their whole conduct may generally may be reduced to a kind of science, in which affectation, either serious, comic, or *demi-carattere*, is the main spring of action. It is therefore no wonder, that of all common attainments there does not seem to be any thing less understood than politeness, or that attention to the ease and pleasure of others, by which people of refined manners wish to be distinguished. And it is remarkable that the posthumous documents of a late noble Earl have rather contributed to mislead the judgment, than to correct the manners, of his readers. He has laid down a system the observation of which involves them in a thousand absurdities, gives them false ideas of taste, and renders them liable to that ridicule which always accompanies the extravagancies of affectation, and the assumption of airs foreign to natural habits and manners.

I THINK I can perceive a wonderful change in the common behaviour of such of my acquaintance as are desirous of establishing a reputation for this enchanting accomplishment of politeness, upon his Lordship's principles. Without the

abilities and address which distinguished the noble Lord whose precepts they endeavour to follow, they, on every occasion, wish to adopt his finesse ; and, however incompatible with their natural dispositions, to put on that mask of dissimulation, that air of deception, which is the grand corner-stone of his Lordship's superstructure of politeness, but which is very apt to give way, and expose the weakness of the whole building.

THE system of manners which his lordship has so warmly endeavoured to recommend to his pupil, and those graces by which he was desirous that pupil should be distinguished, may perhaps be of some service in courts, where dissimulation and the outward shows of virtue are practised ; but are of the most pernicious consequence in the scale of general life, where they tend to break the bond of civil compact, to put virtue out of countenance, to abolish common honesty, and render every man suspicious even of the friendly deeds of his neighbour.

SINCE the publication of this much-admired system, it has afforded no small degree of entertainment to me, to observe the *graceless* manner in which many have attempted, and " spite

" of

“ of nature, and of common sense,” still do attempt to practise those graces which, in their ideas, constitute the very essence of politeness and gentility. They do nothing like other people. They are so attentive to the *manner*, that they cannot deliver a news-paper, ask a common question, or walk across a room, without impressing on the mind a strong idea of that affectation which they mistake for elegance, and which, instead of insuring the respect, never fails to excite the derision and contempt of men of sense.

THIS can never be properly called politeness. Genuine politeness is incompatible with hypocrisy and affectation; and he who practises the arts of the latter, can never possess the former, which is a flower springing from the goodness of the heart, rather than of the head; an internal perfection, rather than an external accomplishment; a pliability of disposition, which shews itself in the performance of those innumerable little kindnesses, which apparently confer no obligation, but which nevertheless constitute the chief cement of society, and endear mankind to each other.

I AM well aware that the *performance* of these sociable actions, this *minutiae* of friendly intercourse, is not considered as the object of politeness; but that its grand constituent is the *manner* in which these kindnesses are expressed; and this idea is the very fountain-head whence flow those innumerable streams of affectation and superciliousness which so abundantly water the fields of politeness and good breeding as to render them more fruitful in the rank weeds of folly, than the flowers of elegant gentility.

THAT some favours acquire a double value from the manner in which they are conferred, the experience of every man can testify. But that this manner requires very singular address, and is so difficult of attainment as the sons of politeness would have us believe, is not quite so obvious. In the action or manner of him who is heartily desirous of serving us, we shall never discover either awkwardness or affectation: the benevolence of his intention gives a life and a manner to his action indescribably pleasing, and which fashionable politeness vainly endeavours to imitate, and can never acquire. In this action, and in this manner consists that genuine politeness which so widely differs from the politeness of courts, and which courts can never teach: because the former is the product of benevolence; the latter of dissimulation; the one is the offspring of that social kindness implanted in the bosom by the hand of nature; the other, the

bungling effort of art: the wretched substitute for smothered sociableness and brotherly kindness. And hence arises the difficulty of being what the world calls polite; for the politeness of the world consists in imposing on mankind; in substituting specious professions for generous actions, and endeavouring to pass current the tinsel of art, as the bullion of nature. This artificial conduct of those who assume to themselves precedence in politeness, gave occasion to the best of all moral writers to remark, that “ he had not found among any part of mankind, less real and rational complaisance, than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting public entertainments, in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy.”

THE science of true politeness contains but few rules, and those very simple. I believe they may be reduced to two: First, always to give that preference to others which arrogance would assume to itself; and, secondly, on all occasions, to adopt that golden rule, so often praised, so seldom practised, and so unmeritedly rejected in all modern systems of politeness, which advises men, “ to do unto others as themselves would wish to be done unto;” a rule totally subversive of the noble Earl’s system, which is built on a professed violation of duties incumbent on every human being who has any regard for the good-will of good men, or the approbation of heaven. Of a system thus vitiated and depraved, it is no wonder that the followers and admirers were numerous. We always lend a willing ear to him that promises to render us amiable in the eyes of others, more especially if his instructions, at the same time, tend to liberate us from the restraints of morality, and the duties of religion.

THERE are few men, particularly young men, without the desire of external accomplishments. Previous to the labour of acquisition, I should wish them always to consider the real value of that which they are solicitous to obtain: candidly to weigh its advantages with its inconveniences; and if it cannot be acquired but with the sacrifice of principle, to reject it altogether, not only as contemptible, but as destructive of its own purposes. He that makes himself acquainted with external accomplishments, but with a view of laudably recommending himself, and of rendering his services the more acceptable to his fellow-creatures, has learned only that which he will soon find it necessary to unlearn; and

and if in the pursuit of such narrow fame, he has injured his innocence, will the applause of vanity and of folly, of the idle and of the fashionable, afford any recompence for the loss of that which can never be regained? He can never err, who in the pursuit of accomplishments, can assure himself that he shall not repent of his acquisitions; and who shall have so used them, as to bear their remembrance in that hour when "vanity is divested of her robes, power deprived of her sceptre, and hypocrisy drops her mask."

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

I HAVE an extensive acquaintance, know every body, and their concerns; and a few anecdotes of my companions, whose original characters may merit your attention, will no doubt entertain your readers. Yours, &c.

EDGAR HORATIUS.

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. I.]

TIMOTHY ARTIST.

"*Nul fait unquam tam dispar tibi.*"

PUNNING is a species of amusement too common with our modern *petit maîtres*, who have not sense sufficient to talk half an hour rationally without punning on every sentence and word that is repeated. Punning resembles a general flying over to the enemy, and enslaving his country. Though we approve of the *treason*, we despise the traitor. The pun we may admire, but the punster is always treated with *contempt*, from a presumption that we are, ourselves the subject of his ridicule.

TIMOTHY ARTIST is, as most little people are, vain to a proverb, and very tenacious of his own abilities, which, if we credit his own words, surpass nature! Egotism is his Pegasus, on which he rides in obscurity. I met him the other evening accidentally, at the house of a friend, where I was invited to a small card party. On my entering the room, before the usual compliments of politeness had ensued, he seized my hand, gave me a tremendous shake, and with an almost unintelligible voice asked me how I did? Then—without waiting for an answer—repeated a whole string of *devilish good puns*, as he called them, which he had made since he saw me last, and which I could not possibly attend to, from my awkward painful situation. My inattention rather chagrined him; however he permitted me, at last, to sit down.

An English pause ensued—a pause which intervenes in all companies when the gentlemen are picking their teeth, looking at their watches, or lost in the admiration of a delicate white hand which the company must not be ignorant of: the ladies, on the other side, viewing each other with insignificant smiles.—This silence remained for the space of five minutes, which my friend Timothy observing, was willing to remove; and—to the surprize of the ladies, whose blushes evinced their astonishment—he put his hand, as if inadvertently, on a critical part of the gentleman's breeches who sat next to him; perceiving his purposed error, he asked if they were not fatten? The gentleman, with a sarcastic reserve, replied No!—that they were nankeen. The words were scarcely said, when my friend Timothy exclaimed—I beg your pardon, Sir, all breeches are fat in!—He then burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which forced the laugh of the company at his folly, instead of the pun. Tea was served round. The lady of the House asked my friend if he chose *Bohea*? he replied in the negative, that he preferred *Bella-she*! Another peal of laughter succeeded—from himself—with a constant repetition of "That's very good! very good indeed!"—He always places himself at the corner of a table, and will not eat, which the company naturally observing, he then echoes their surprize with "Not eat! bless me! I am amazed at that; for I am sharp set!"—alluding to the corner of the table against his breast.

THIS is a true copy of TIMOTHY ARTIST, who is an exact image of Sancho Panza. Had he but the proverbs—instead of his puns—there is such a striking resemblance, that I should certainly have mistaken him for an illegitimate offspring of that famed hero. This Original, friend SPEC, will reflect on a sensible mind, the contempt, which it must be subject to, by repeating a string of stale, trite jokes, without time or place to recommend them!

[To be continued.]

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC,

NOT to be awed by assumed authority, nor to spare follies in compliment to the man that commits them, is the chief characteristic of John Bull. I trust, therefore, you will not reject such of my animadversions as may have the appearance of severity, when they are recommended by truth.

Truly Your's,

JOHN BULL.

BULIA.

Another story, too true!

“Learn to be wife from others’ harm,
And you shall do full well.”

IN Bulia, as in London, there are many public amusements, and, amongst the rest, theatrical exhibitions; but not to be compared with those of London. The performers are, in general, idle and dissipated; the men peculiarly irreligious, and the women peculiarly frail. In this character, however, they are not all to be included. The Bulian stage boasts of some men morally good, and of some women piously chaste.

AMONGST other actresses whose beauty of person and theatrical merit excited particular notice, and the applause of the Bulian audience, was *Ligrac*; and such was the peculiarity of her fortune, that it deserves commemoration. A London actress may not be ashamed of receiving instruction from the example of a Bulian heroine.

LIGRAC was the daughter of a Bulian tradesman. She had no other than a common education; but the sweetness of her voice determined her to embrace the profession of an actress; and indeed it would have been cruel to have deprived the Bulians of a harmless pleasure by concealing so excellent a talent. *Ligrac* was engaged, and captivated all who saw, and all who heard her.

THERE is perhaps no station wherein the fair sex are so much exposed to temptation as on the stage. *Ligrac*, of course, had many admirers; and, amongst the rest, one whose offers she thought it prudent to accept, for they were such as promised the tranquillity of retirement, and the enjoyment of affluence.

EDALI was one of those men who, without any of the accomplishments which render riches respectable, was ambitious of public regard, and the applause of an ignorant multitude; and these he endeavoured to obtain by emerging into dissipation, by purchasing large quantities of balloons, and by contributing to such of the public sports and diversions as delight the “great vulgar, and the little;” for of elegant amusement or mental recreation, *Edali* had no more conception than a Bulian joint-stool.

AGAINST the charms of beauty, however, neither ignorance nor dulness can make any forcible resistance; and as it is a principle of folly to be discontented without the possession of that which has the admiration of multitudes, *Edali* sacrificed a part of his wealth for the company of

Ligrac; and agreed to support her for life, on condition that she formed no new connexions, and attached herself solely to him.

BUT it was never yet in the power of beauty to render its influence perpetual. Though it may retain its qualities, and even grow more lovely, it can seldom conquer the opposition of novelty, or insure a lasting attachment of the human heart. Custom renders it familiar, and familiarity produces indifference. Then it is that mental accomplishments, sweetness of disposition, and propriety of conduct are to preserve that affection which beauty created, but which beauty can no longer insure. But qualities like these have little effect on the heart of him who seeks only the gratification of brutal passions. If, therefore, *Ligrac* possessed them, she possessed them in vain; for besides the natural insensibility of *Edali*, he was not only tired of *Ligrac*, but he was avaricious, and consequently desirous not only of quitting her arms, but of annulling the contract by which he was bound to support her for life.

IGNORANCE and cunning are often associated. *Edali* considered how the latter scheme might be accomplished, and at length found that confederacy was necessary, and therefore imparted his design to a man of little or no property, and who, like himself, would “circumvent heaven” for interest. It was now the chief business of these two to find out means for depriving a harmless girl of her livelihood, and to complete the ruin which *Edali* had begun.

To which of them the honour of the invention is due, I have not been able to discover, but they at length adopted a plan which had the desired effect; and shews to what baseness human nature can descend, and how soon “the wicked find fit instruments of ill.” It was proposed that the confederate, putting on the habit of a Bulian nobleman, and appearing as one possessed of more extensive property than *Edali*, should pay his court to *Ligrac*, and offer her his hand in marriage, which, as *Edali* had quitted her, it was not likely she would refuse. Thus *Edali* would be freed from the performance of his contract, and his confederate would gain a wife from whose theatrical talents he expected to derive considerable emolument.

LIGRAC received the addresses of the confederate, and the nuptials were celebrated. He had recommended himself more particularly by an assurance that she should always have at her command an ærostatic globe of peculiar magnificence and which should transport her with peculiar rapidity to whatever quarter she directed its course. A few days after their marriage *Ligrac* called for the

the globe; but no globe was to be found; and on enquiring into the reason, her husband calmly informed her of the whole deception. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of the unfortunate Ligrac. No pen can describe them;—and yet such was the goodness of her disposition, that had she fallen into other hands, she had been reconciled and happy. But alas! what happiness could she expect in the arms of one capable of thus deceiving her? She not only abandoned him, but her country, her father, and her friends. Thousands of leagues did she go, and at length found herself in Aidni, breathing perfumes, and living in the luxuries peculiar to that country.

HERE she formed a new connexion, and was blessed with an infant. Having acquired riches, and desirous of revisiting her native country, with her lovely infant in her arms, she, with many others, entered a balloon destined for Bulia, and with a panting heart bade adieu to Aidni! It was a journey of many months; a journey which the hapless Ligrac never accomplished; for the travelling machine had not been many days launched into the air, before it came over an immense confluence of waters, and, some of its materials giving way, made a rapid descent into the midst of the waves where Ligrac, her infant, and all her companions perished.

SUCH was the end of the lovely, the unfortunate Ligrac!—Her body was afterwards found by some Bulian mariners, and what is remarkable, her infant was clasped in her arms. The sight touched even the hard hearts of mariners; with tears in their eyes, they committed the bodies to the earth, and a Bulian poet inscribed this verse over Ligrac's grave:

“ Let coxcombs flatter, and let fools adore,
Here learn the lesson to be vain no more!”

POETRY.

THE following stanzas were written by the immortal Sir *Philip Sidney*, a lover, and a hero in the glorious reign of Elizabeth; and are communicated to me by a lady who probably thought the instructions they contain necessary for my conduct in the article of

W O O I N G !

FAINT am I!—what, dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall?—Or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?

Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge?—A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide? 'Tis to shew it,
That thy coldness makes her do it.

Is she silent? Is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick? Why then, be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with No?
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.

Doth she call the faith of men
In question? Nay underfoot, she loves thee then;
And if e'er she make a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.

He that after ten denials,
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire!

THE following truly poetical effusion reflects honour on the author, and consequently needs no apology for insertion.

INVOCATION.

Addressed to Mrs. MARTYR.

ANTEROS swift thy secret arrow aim!
To which Creusa fell Medea's prey;
And pierce the heart my eager soul wou'd claim,
Prevent the danger of a Syren's sway!

Then wou'd stem Ate, on her crimson throne,
Arise and smile amid her bloody crew;
Leander, own that love with justice shone,
Idalia then her tempting light renew!

EDGAR H.....

THEATRES.

WHILST, in the daily prints, praise and censure are so partially bestowed on public performances, I cannot refrain saying something, to counteract the prevalence of misrepresentation; and though I should not trouble myself with a perpetual review of theatrical affairs from an idea of their importance, yet I am excited by the love of truth, and stimulated by indignation at its continual abuse, to remark on such exhibitions as I find thus misrepresented by the artifice of avarice, the partiality of friendship, the zeal of ignorance, or the heat of resentment.

Drury Lane.

FOR this fortnight past this theatre has been disgraced by a dance which is usually introduced between the play and the farce, and is called the *Sportsman's Return*, in which a man fires a gun to the

the great terror of the ladies, and to give some colour to the name of the dance. It is tediously long and disgusting; and though Mr. Hamoir displays some merit in his performance, the *Sportsman's Return* is a miserable example of his skill in composition. I have never been present when it has not completely wearied the patience of the audience, except such of them as might never have seen a stage dance before.

BUT indeed, whilst the opera house is open, it is not to be expected that dancing should succeed on the English stage. There is no vestige of comparison.

JUDAS MACCABEUS, by command, on Friday, brought a polite audience, and went off with great spirit.—His Majesty was received, as usual, with reiterated marks of loyalty. The Queen and Princesses never fail of similar tokens of popular affection and esteem.

THE *Double Disguise* continues to increase in reputation, and verifies my predictions concerning its success.

Covent Garden.

IN *Rule à Wife and Have a Wife*, Mrs. Abington has received so much news-paper applause, that it is needless to say any thing of her excellence. The extravaganza of puffing, however, considerably hurts her; because, after reading such accounts, she always falls short of expectation, even in *Estimonia*, the only character in which she can pretend to more than general excellence. Her forte is low comedy, but she is so ambitious of representing a fine lady, that she grows giddy with dress, flutters on the stage, is ogled by coxcombs—as every woman is, that puffs for it—and then is called a fine actress!—Excellent criticism!—I shall next expect to see her stiled a beauty!

THAT praise is seldom well grounded which is exaggerated; and I should wish to rescue the reputation of Mrs. Abington out of the hands of her critics, who instead of shewing her in delicate colours, bedaub her in such a manner with fulsome panegyric, and artificial compliments, that she resembles nothing in the shape of humanity.

Mrs. COWLEY'S comedy called *Which is the Man?* was performed on Tuesday to a crowded audience. The comedy itself is intitled to very slender praise; and nothing could have saved it from oblivion, but the comic powers of Mr. Quick and Mrs. Mattocks, who, in the *outré* *Pendragons*, usually excite much laughter. The fable exhibits no skill, for we very early discover *which is the man*; and of the principal female character, Lady Bell so much is said previous to her appearance, and expectation raised so

high, that we are disappointed. Lady Bell by no means answers her description; her person and manner, represented by Miss Younge, are indeed charming; but the promised exuberance of wit, and sprightliness of dialogue are seldom to be discovered. Most dramatic writers have policy enough to afford unexpected gratification; but, in this instance, Mrs. Cowley has reversed the rule. The performers are not wanting, on their parts, to do the comedy ample justice.

ON Thursday, the *Merchant of Venice*. Enough, yet not too much, has been said of Macklin's Shylock. There may be many Shylocks in the world; but on the stage it will probably be many years before we see another.—Miss Younge's Portia has been equalled, but never excelled.—Jessica was personated by Miss Wheeler of Drury-Lane Theatre, in such a manner as to make me regret that she is not brought forward as she merits.—It may be said of Miss Wheeler, that when her theatrical abilities shall equal the excellence of her private character, she will be the best actress this kingdom ever produced.

ISABELLA, by Mrs. Crawford, on Saturday, has completely established the reputation of Mrs. Siddons. It were invidious to make comparisons; and it ought to be some consolation to the friends of Mrs. Crawford that she plays *Isabella* no more.—Henderson's *Biron*, like the Drury-lane *Isabella*, soars above all praise.—The inferior characters merited the applause they received. The *Epithalamium*, instead of decorating, disgraced the whole.

The QUEEN of GOLCONDA.

King's Theatre.

TO the new entertainment of *La Regina di Golconda*, "The Queen of Golconda," performed on Thursday, it is difficult to assign an appellation: in the bills it is miscalled an *opera*. It is a kind of *dramatic hodge-podge*: it is not an opera, for the better part of it consists of dancing; it is not a ballet, for it is intermixed with singing. We are told it is after the French style, and I trust it is, for it is by no means worthy of any other stage.

THE fable, like most of the Italian fables, is trifling and foolish. Indeed any thing, in that respect, conceived by genius, or dictated by elegance, is, I believe, never expected in these regions. I have always regarded the Poet of the Italian opera, as the maker of a nauseous pill, which another is obliged to gild, before it can be administered to the patient. The fable and the language of *La Regina di Golconda* has given me no occasion to alter my opinion.

OF

Of the Music, respecting which no small sum has been spent in *puffing* it in the news-papers, it may be said in general to be pretty, and would have done Rauzzini credit had it been his own. But the prettiest parts of the pretty have been borrowed: neither of the duets, which excited general applause,—though I cannot say they so singularly merited it—neither of the duets are originally from Rauzzini. Still there was something to commend.

THE want of principal singers was a disagreeable circumstance, and might have been avoided. Rauzzini heretofore, may have sung well: at present he scarcely boasts of mediocrity, and yet he sung—for it was singing—that which should have been better sung by Pacchierotti! Signora Carnevale, might pass well enough for the Queen of Golconda; if we suppose her Majesty no exquisite singer. Carnevale was pleasing in one Air; but Cramer's Violin, in the accompaniment and particularly the symphonies, got, as it deserved, all the applause. Carnevale's powers are very limited.

You will perhaps little regard the opinion of *John Bull*, respecting an Italian opera. However, I will venture to deliver an opinion, in which I doubt not but that three-fourths of the audience on Thursday night would agree with me, were they honest enough to let truth take place of affection. Know then, good Mr. SPECTATOR, that Miss Philips would have sung Rauzzini's airs as much better than Rauzzini as he than Barrymore! And Miss George as much superior to Carnevale, as Allegranti to Miss George. I mean in the opera before us: let Miss Philips represent Albert, and Miss George the Queen of Golconda, and if they do not sing the airs with more taste, and bestow on them additional graces, I will be content to be tossed in a blanket! I know that every one will *publicly* pronounce this opinion high treason against taste; and *privately* confess it is the truth and nothing but the truth!

If any particular praise is due, the scene-painter deserves it. The first scene in the second act, and the last in the piece, are particularly beautiful.

OF the dances which, in this piece, are strangely jumbled with the singing—after the *French* stile though, remember that—Of the dances, need I say any more than that they were performed by Le Picq, Vestris, Slingsby; Theodore Simonet, and her two daughters, Roffi, &c?—The names of the performers are the best recommendation of the dances, which are composed by Monsieur D'Auberval; but have very

little in them of the excellence of Noverre.—D'Auberval is not a good dancer, and is a worse composer.

CONTRARY to most of the public prints, whose accounts, like those of the other Theatres, are supplied by the interested and the prejudiced, thus much for the entertainment. It remains next to speak of

The AUDIENCE.

And of the Audience it may be said that it was as numerous and brilliant as any the Opera House can boast since the famous benefit night of the famous Vestris. The whole house, however, was in mourning; and the head-dresses of the ladies were pretty equally divided between the Balloon-hat and white feathers; and the diminutive fancy cap.—Of the frail sisterhood, the *Bird of Paradise* and the *White Crow* were most conspicuous; for the house was not contaminated with the more influencing example of the *Perdita*, or her equally attractive admirer.—That the house might not, however, be destitute of something particularly offensive, the performers were obstructed in their entrances and exits, and the effect of some scenes entirely deranged by some forty or fifty of the gentry who ought to have been seated in the Pit, and where there was room enough to have stowed double the quantity. But we are told in the Bills that, *By their Majesties Command no person can be admitted behind the scenes*; which at once accounts for the nuisance; for a coxcomb is never in his element, but when he is violating some command. It were to be wished, that the managers would render their *Majesties Commands* a little more efficacious by shewing these gentry into their proper seats, and not permit them to exhibit their rudeness by a disagreeable interruption of the performers, and exciting the disgust of the more regular part of the audience.

I SHOULD not have dwelt so long on the subject of this Theatre, but that the entertainment has been represented in the daily prints, with such exaggeration of panegyric as it by no means merits, and that I might give my voice against such accumulated falsehoods.

SCHOOL for SCANDAL.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad!

MR. SHERIDAN has not yet published this matchless comedy. Some years ago, a wretched political thing made its appearance under the title of the *Duenna*, by way of extracting gold from dross; and the like miserable attempt has lately been made with respect to the School for Scandal!—*Verbum sapientia.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HODGES.

It has been said in some of the morning prints, that this lady is retired to Weybridge, *for the benefit of her health*. I am happy to assure you, that she is by no means indisposed. Mr. Hodges has an estate in the neighbourhood of, and a house at, Weybridge.—Peace Viper!—

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

THIS young gentleman has lately taken one of the best houses near that of his uncle, who is yet abroad. He has a numerous train of servants; and being good-natured and affable, lets them have too much of their own way. Hence their characters are naturally diversified, and consequently easily discriminated. The most important amongst them is Master *Jelly*, who may be called chief amongst the chief; for a more consequential man scarce ever existed. He is one of those who are unwilling to let their importance escape notice; and if every body does not tell him that he is a *great man*, he takes care to tell every body himself. As he ranks high in the estimation of his master, he expects servility

from those beneath him. But it is the curse of arrogance to be frequently reminded of former obscurity.

JELLY, one morning, walked through his master's court-yard, and passing a bricklayer, who, intent on his business, paid no regard to Jelly, he, with all "the insolence of office," exclaims, "Don't you know *me*?"—"Yes, says "the bricklayer, I remember when you used to "lie naked a bed, whilst your shirt was washing."—Finding the man's memory better than his manners, Jelly, like a lion, snuffing the rising storm, "grumbling to his den return'd!"

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE letter signed Ignoratus is laid before a *Bulian Sage*, eminent for his knowledge of the constitution of *Niatirb*.—EMMA, a Sentimental Tale, in my next.—EDGAR H. will find a line addressed to him as he directed.—The critique on the Haymarket Oratorios came too late for insertion; but the Choruses deserve infinitely more than the critic has expressed.—The lines on Miss Farren are inadmissible; as are those on Mr. Packer, whose private character is irreproachable.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.

THE
NEW SPECTATOR;
 WITH THE
 SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. IX.

TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
 Nutrit; Et urticae proxima saepe rosa est.*

OVID.

“ Our bane and physic the same earth bestows,
 And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.”

ENQUIRING after the reception of my lucubrations amongst my friends, I find they are deemed deficient in a requisite very essential to all species of composition: namely, *spirit*; and out of sixty-nine letters I have already received, I find forty-four *harp upon one string*. I shall publish a few for the inspection of the curious in modern literature.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. NEW SPECTATOR,

YOUR writings would do well enough, if they were not quite so grave. *Merry and Wise*, is my motto; and if you give us a droll story now and then, you may depend upon it your reputation would increase.

Your's, as you're merry,
 TIMOTHY MERRYMAN.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPEC,

I BELIEVE you may be a well-meaning man, and your deputy, John Bull, right honest, but you neither of you go the right way to have your works read. You fall foul on the fashionable amusements of the times, and give no sort of countenance to the harmless recreations of the

Bon Ton. If you would yourself associate with that order of people, and transfuse into your manner of writing something of the *smartness* that prevails in every thing which they do, you would be much better relished.

Your partial admirer,
 SAMPSON SMART,

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. GRAVITY DULNESS,

YOU, and your bluff Deputy, are two splenetic, psalm-singing, sermonising writers, I mean scriblers; and the sooner you have done the better. What business had you to vilify *Squire Morgan's Nephew* and the *divine Perdita*?

Keep a good tongue in your head.
 COLONEL RENOWN.

CARD.

MISS N**** presents compliments to the NEW SPECTATOR, and to his sagacious Deputy, Mr. Bull, and as she is obliged, by the command of parents, to read their joint productions before the whole family, begs they will let brevity mark the future numbers, for however the old folks may relish them, they never fail to give her the vapours.

Grosvenor Square.

SUCA

SUCH is the general complaint against the NEW SPECTATOR and Co. that unless I alter my mode of writing, I am likely to reap little benefit from the favours of my correspondents. No less than eight formally address me with *Reverend Sir*, apprehending, from my gravity, I suppose, that I am *imphely orders*. And by some *cards* I have received from Portman Square and the neighbourhood of St. James's, I find several ladies of high rank have enjoined their daughters not to read a line of such an *old-fashioned moralist* as I am; and have been cruel enough to insinuate that I am an *old bachelor*, past all manner of mischief; a charge sufficient to set all the young ladies in the world against me.

To have the gay and the lovely part of the sex against me is a very mortifying circumstance; yet I cannot bring myself to use that species of writing, which is now so generally adopted by, and received amongst men from whom better things might naturally be expected. I must confess I have no knack at *double entendre*, by which some periodical writers amongst us, get wonderful applause. Nor have I any propensity to bestow those encomiums on folly and dissipation which are due only to sense and decency. I cannot think of praising the Royal Family of England, and at the same time speaking well of the English nobility; for can light and darkness be more opposite than the general conduct and characters of each? When the public taste is become vitiated with immoral productions and loose wit, the writer has little chance who endeavours to stem that torrent of corruption with which such literature, by its general dissemination, deluges the land. Though his observations, and his fame may be confined to small circles, he will have the consolation of reflecting that his works will never rise in judgment against him.

THE most dangerous member of any community is an immoral writer; he not only corrupts his contemporaries, but, if he is a man of genius, the baneful influence of his works extend to posterity. The multiplicity of obscene and indelicate books and prints daily obtruded on the public, is to be equalled only by the avidity with which they are purchased. Their effects on manners are visible and obvious. Private conversation is perpetually tinged with *double entendre*, to which our women are now so much accustomed as to listen to this most contemptible of all wit, not only without discovering the indignation of insulted virtue, but even without the least symptom of disapprobation; whilst, in public, they vie with each other in assuming all

those impudent and meretricious airs by which the common prostitute endeavours to attract attention. I should be sorry if there were not many undeserving of this censure: I speak generally.

SUCH of my contemporaries as have meanly forsaken the standard of MORALITY—I am not sanguine enough to look for CHRISTIANITY amongst them—and by their writings feed this flame of dissipation, meet with a short-lived praise, flattering their vanity, which soars not to future applause, unless future infamy may be called applause, and earn their daily bread by shewing that countenance to vice which may give encouragement to its votaries, and afford a kind of literary sanction to the most diabolical crimes.

NOVELS, originally intended as pictures of life, and incentives to virtue, have now just the contrary effect; for though some common moral is generally aimed at in the catastrophe, yet vice throughout the tale is mostly represented in such pleasing colours as cannot but excite the admiration, rather than the detestation of the youthful reader, whose principles are as commonly undermined by this pernicious amusement, as by the influence of example. Of this kind of mixed composition it may justly be said that “the depraved disposition of mankind is pretty sure to drop the morality and carry away the ribaldry.”

WEIGHING, therefore, all that can be said for and against the mode of writing so much recommended by my correspondents, I am inclined to persevere in my present unfashionable route, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; though I will cheerfully give place to any smart production I may be favoured with, provided the wit be inoffensive and the satire wholesome; but may the labours of the NEW SPECTATOR never be read if they raise one blush on the cheek of modesty, or an indelicate thought in the bosom of innocence!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

As you appear to be quite impartial in your Theatrical observations, and not to be influenced, as you have expressed it, by the “the artifice of avarice, the partiality of friendship, the zeal of ignorance or the heat of resentment;” I trust you will give me leave to observe, that the conduct of the managers of Old Drury is not only inexplicable in itself, but insulting to the Town, in giving the parts of *Alicia, Almeria, Portia, Imoinda, Imogen, Eleanor, &c. &c.*

to

to the Miss Kembles, who are universally allowed to be very incompetent to the sustaining any of those characters, when there are several ladies in the same company by whom they would be supported, at least with decency.

I WILL at present mention only a few names in confirmation of what I have advanced; and shall be glad to know by what *secret influence*, or wretched system in dramatic politics, we are debarred the pleasure of seeing the incomparable Siddons seconded by her *theatrical*, instead of her *natural* sisters?

PREVIOUS to the engagement of the Miss Kembles, Miss Farren was making a considerable progress in the Tragic line, and filled several characters with honour to herself, and pleasure to her auditors.—Mrs. Bulkley is, no doubt, remembered to have been seen with great satisfaction in both tragedy and comedy; and there is wanting nothing but practice and encouragement to render Mrs. Wells a respectable servant of Melpomene, as well as of Thalia. It may be remembered that, at the latter end of last season, this lady played *Jane Shore* with such propriety as to gain a thundering plaudit, thrice repeated, at the end of the performance. If, therefore, she and Miss Farren, and Mrs. Bulkley play first-rate characters *decently*, might it not be supposed they would support inferior characters *reputably*? And if so, why is the Town to be as you once said, served with *Perry* instead of *Champagne*?

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

THEATRICUS.

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. 11.]

Miss VERJUICE LEADAPE.

Plus vident oculi quam oculus.

THIS Original, Mr. SPECTATOR, is a lady who has passed the *meridian* of beauty, and whose *pride* overbalances the precepts of nature. So much is her *aversion* to that kind benefactress, because it is *natural* to wear one's own hair, she had her head shaved, and sports an enormous wig, which being *elastic*, and by constant wearing has so contracted the skull as to *force* the brain to forsake its habitation. She exclaims against nature as a rebellious usurper, as a destroyer of politeness and good manners, and as a *nuisance* to a civilized nation!—A natural blooming healthy

colour is as *execrable* as *two eyes*!—Miss Verjuice having but *one*—the consequence of an overbearing disposition in her youth. White teeth have a masculine appearance, which if *she* possessed, a person would be employed to *disfigure* them. How horrid to have *white teeth*!

WHATEVER the fashion is, this *unnatural* lady is just the reverse. When short stays are worn, she admires the reign of our Elizabeth, when stays—extended from the chin to the knee—were the *sole* defenders of virtue!

WHEN a long petticoat is the *ton*, so *averse* is my dear Miss Verjuice to *fashion* and *nature* that on a windy day, with attentive speculation, the pious *motto* on her garter may be easily perused. “Fix your thoughts on things above!”

THE conversation of this Original is equally absurd with her dress. She is the *true* offspring of Eve. Contradiction is her only *food*. However strange, Mr. SPECTATOR, this *food* may appear to you, I really know a family of *fifteen* sisters, who *exist* entirely on that delicious *food*. Why not?—It was the *ambrosia* of the gods!—It was this *food* alone that gave *immortality* to Jupiter, Juno, Vulcan, Venus, &c. I knew a lady that died suddenly in an assembly room, because *one* evening she had her *own way*! Miss Verjuice Leadape is the most complete virgin of *fifty-six*, that 1784 can boast of. Her knowledge is extensive: there is not a *rape*, *murder*, or *robbery* committed in the metropolis that she is ignorant of!

I MET her the other day in Pall Mall, and went up St. James's-street to avoid her. No sooner had I reached Piccadilly, but I found her ready to receive me. I hastily crossed the way, went into *George's*, staid some time, but on going down the Hay-market, to my surprize and mortification, who should I meet, full *butt*—quoting her own phrase—but Miss Verjuice Leadape!—She seized my arm—the impression remains still—and forced me to accompany her. At last we arrived at the auction, where after being the subject of the whole room, I took a convenient opportunity and left her.

MISS VERJUICE receives company every Thursday to tea and cards. All Westminster is invited, save the *respectable* men and ladies of *character*. She keeps the pool at Quadrille to a *fish*, and is never better pleased than in a party of *tabbies* whose unfeeling souls are steeled with insensibility, and whose *satisfaction* is to hear of the *downfall* of their acquaintance. To make any more reflections on this Original would be needless,

less, I shall therefore conclude with a friendly admonition to the female beauties of the creation. —Let their pride be as a conveyance to support them above condescension and meanness, and never to embrace false delicacy as it is a total destroyer of every union!

[To be continued.]

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC,

THOUGH you have very properly excluded from the NEW SPECTATOR all political subjects; yet surely it would be a difficult thing for *John Bull* to forbear saying a word on so important a subject as a dissolution of Parliament. Our family ever delighted in politics. On this occasion, however, great as it is, I wish only to recommend to the serious attention of every elector in Great Britain the following speech of a certain *Knight Errant*, who happening to pass through a Borough Town at a general election, by the oddity of his appearance, presently attracted the notice of the electioneering mob, and being elevated above the rest, spoke as follows.

“Countrymen, Friends, and Fellow-Citizens!

“You are this day assembled to determine a point of the utmost consequence to yourselves and your posterity; a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the basis of that excellent constitution which hath long flourished the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the inestimable privilege of choosing a delegate, properly qualified, to represent you in the high court of Parliament. This is your birth-right, inherited from your ancestors, obtained by their courage, and sealed with their blood. It is not only your *birth-right* which you should maintain in defiance of all danger, but also a *sacred trust*, to be executed with the most scrupulous care and fidelity. The person whom you trust ought not only to be endued with the most *inflexible integrity*, but should likewise possess a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legislature. He must be well acquainted with the history, the constitution, and the laws of his country; he must understand the forms of business, the extent of the royal prerogative, privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connexions that subsist amongst the different powers of Europe; for on all these subjects

the deliberations of a House of Commons occasionally turn. But these great purposes will never be answered by electing an *illiterate savage*, scarce qualified, in point of understanding, to act as a country justice of peace; a man who scarce ever travelled beyond the excursion of a fox-chace; whose conversation never rambles further than his stable, his kennel, and his barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; mistakes rusticity for independence; ascertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph on feats of drinking; who holds his estate by a factious tenure; professes himself the *blind slave of a party*, without knowing the principles that gave it birth, or the motives by which it is actuated, and thinks that *patriotism consists in railing indiscriminately at ministers, and obstinately opposing every measure of the administration*. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be used as a *dangerous tool* in the hands of a desperate faction, by scattering the seeds of disaffection, embarrassing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy. Such a man may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither so mischievous nor so detestable as the *wretch who knowingly betrays his trust*, and sues to be the hireling and prostitute of a weak and worthless minister; a fordid knave without honour or principle; who belongs to no family, whose example can reproach him with degeneracy; who has no country to command his respect, no friends to engage his affection, no religion to regulate his morals, no conscience to restrain his iniquity, and who worships no god, but mammon; an insinuating miscreant, who undertakes for the dirtiest work of the vilest administration; who practises national usury, receiving by wholesale the rewards of venality and distributing the wages of corruption by retail. When such a caitiff presents himself to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of disinterested love; for what should induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whose persons he is an utter stranger? Alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. *He wants to buy you at one market, that he may sell you at another*. Without doubt his intention is to make an advantage of his purchase, and this aim he cannot accomplish but by sacrificing, in some sort, your interest, your independency, to the wicked designs of a minister, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful discharge of his duty. But even if he should not find an opportunity

portunity of selling you to advantage, the crime, the shame, the infamy will still be the same in you, who, baser than the most abandoned prostitutes, have sold yourselves and your posterity for hire, for a poultry price, to be refunded with interest by some minister, who will indemnify himself out of your own pockets; for after all, you are bought and sold with your own money; —the miserable pittance you may now receive is no more than a pitcher full of water thrown in to moisten the sucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom! Let me, therefore, advise and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the opposite extremes of the ignorant clown and designing courtier, and choose a man of honesty, intelligence and moderation, who will" ———
Cetera defunt.

P O E T R Y,

E M M A.

A Sentimental Tale.

THE orient Sun had sunk beneath the west,
And lovely Nature seem'd inclin'd to rest,
Stillness prevail'd: except the gentle breeze,
Which fann'd in sportive gales the verdant trees,
Luna's pale rays reflected in the stream,
Where Sol before, had shot his scorching beam;
Sad Phil'mel's note re-echo'd thro' the wood,
And beauteous Naiades rose above the flood;
The bubbling brook in softest murmurs flow'd,
And Flora all her various sweets disclos'd:
When lovely EMMA from her cottage stray'd,
To taste the sweet recesses of the shade,
To hear the turtle's melancholy moan,
And sympathize with sorrows like her own.
Sweet peace of mind ne'er with young EMMA dwelt,
Nor soft repose her hapless bosom felt;
The god of love had pierc'd her tender breast,
Disturb'd her joys, and robb'd her soul of rest.
She came—of cruel fortune to complain,
EDGAR she lov'd—but lov'd, alas, in vain!
Her auburn hair, dishevell'd with the wind,
Flew like her garments, loose, and unconfin'd;
From her bright eyes soft roll'd the crystal tear,
While on her face sat grief, and stern despair.
At length the fair in a deep shade reclin'd,
Thus in soft accents spoke the anguish of her mind:

In vain for me, ye fragrant zephyrs, blow,
For me, in vain, ye limpid riv'lets flow;
In vain sweet bird of night! you tune your throat,
And sweetly raise that soft melodious note;
In vain, delusive hope! you chase my fears,
And try to stop the current of my tears;
Tears that will flow in spite of ev'ry art
To calm my mind, or heal my wounded heart!
In all the many charms of earth combin'd,
Pleasure, nor peace can wretched EMMA find!

Only can EDGAR dissipate my grief,
Sooth my deep woe, and grant me wish'd relief;
But, ah! the perjur'd youth forsakes my arms,
Neglects my love, and slights my fading charms;
Forgetful of his broken vows, and sighs
Regardless of my tears—he distant flies!
For once lov'd EMMA now no more he cares,
But from his breast her long-loath'd image tears;
Some other nymph, more lovely and more kind,
Hath fix'd his heart, inconstant as the wind.
What do I say?—alas!—She cannot be
More kind than EMMA, or more lov'd than he!

How oft when seated in yon flow'ry vale,
Lis'ning attentive to my EDGAR's tale,
He'd swear by all the mighty powers above,
That nought on earth should e'er decrease his love!
Then to his bosom was I fondly prest!
How sweetly flatter'd!—how supremely blest!
The peaceful hills did with our lays resound,
And bright-ey'd joy diffus'd itself around:
But now alas! the dear delusion's o'er,
And love's soft voice salutes my ear no more.
The flow'ry meads no longer charm my view,—
All charms are fled since EDGAR is untrue!
Conflicting passions tear my troubled soul,
The flowing tears in liquid torrents roll.
Oh!—that a draught of Lethe I could take,
Or drown my sorrows in the Stygian lake!
Then should I cease for ever to complain,
And murmur to the winds increasing pain.

She stop'd:—nor could proceed—but rose to go,
And trembling sunk, beneath her weight of woe.
Alas! at length the icy hand of Death,
Had seiz'd her soul, and grasp'd her fleeting breath.
Adieu, ye nymphs, ye woods, and groves, she cried:
Then fainting fell, clos'd her bright eyes and died!

All nature seem'd to mourn the hapless maid;
Sweet Phil'mel ceas'd her song, each flower droop'd
its head!

E D G A R H

M O R N I N G P A P E R S .

It is impossible to speak of these diurnal rhapsodies without involving one's-self in politics. The dissolution of Parliament, and the consequent establishment of the present ministry will entirely blast the hopes of those wretched tools of party, whose prospect of gain was founded on the probability of the *great* characters returning into office who, on the prospect of official emoluments, were mean and despicable enough to evade newspaper indignation, and to insure newspaper applause, by the sacrifice of some pelf, the administering of a plentiful potion of promises, and saving the Editors a great deal of trouble by writing panegyrics on themselves and their friends, in strings of paragraphs, which the readers

ers little imagine are written by the *immaculate* characters themselves, or such of their dependents as have a *knack* at that species of composition, and the reputation of being far better employed. But, to the honour of the people, they were not to be thus deceived. Judging for themselves, the paragraphs written even by members of parliament, and *notorious wits* were of no avail. Truth is immutable; and men know a *wolf* from an *elephant*.

THE *Whirling Post*, finding nothing more to be had under the banners of the Coalition, or from the prospect of Indian munificence, has given another proof of its propensity to *tergiversation* (a most delightful word), by a declaration that it is to be an *impartial* paper, that is, a paper of no principles at all—and with great violence directly espouses the cause of the present ministry! So much for news-paper consistency!

OF the other papers I have not time to speak. Their *tergiversations*, *reciprocities* and *coalitions* deserve some notice, and shall have it.

BULIA.

MY sagacious friend, who accompanied me in my aerial tour to Bulia, is now, I trust, in that capital. On his return I make no doubt but that he will communicate some curious intelligence respecting the political concerns of that strange people.—I particularly requested him to bring some Bulian books, especially a volume of their statutes, which are replete with great wisdom, and remarkable for their brevity.

HAVING on our first visit, left behind us a few news-papers, some of the Bulian literati had translated them, and on his second visit, the translation was presented to my friend, requesting him to answer the *Queries* that were subjoined to it: Of these queries and of my friend's answers, I here send you an extract.

To the learned *Seer* from a certain world called the Earth, the Bulian House of Science, *Sendeth Greeting*.

WHEREAS we have employed four of the most learned of our House to translate into the Bulian Tongue certain Earthly pieces of literature, left in our metropolis by you and your friend bearing the name of John Bull. And whereas there are certain phrases contained therein, which our said learned men cannot comprehend; and which, therefore, we request your *Seership* to explain in such a manner as that we may give an account thereof in our next edition of the translation herewith presented. For that purpose we earnestly beseech you to answer the following *Queries*.

Signed by order of the House of Science,

LANCAM, Secretary.

BULIAN QUERIES, and ENGLISH REPLIES.

What is the meaning of the word COALITION?—Union. The very sound of this word has a wonderful effect on Englishmen. Several senators have foamed at the mouth in attempting to explain its consequences. Some have said that it ruined, and some that it saved the British nation. The fact is, that it did neither.

What is the meaning of the phrase MODERN PATRIOT?—A man who, under pretence of rendering services to his country, is aiming at the acquisition of power to gratify his ambition or his avarice. The most dangerous man in the state.

What is the meaning of a HASTY SKETCH?—It sometimes means a tedious and dull account of long speeches, without the answers; and sometimes of answers without the speeches. At other times, it implies a selection from the *breakfast materials* of others, to form a kind of *literary hasty-pudding* for gross feeders and patient politicians!

What is the meaning of BON TON?—Dissipation in the extreme, and a total disregard of every thing sacred. A violent attachment to trifles. To be one of the *Bon Ton* is to be envied by beaux, protected by belles, admired by folly, and condemned by common sense.

What is the meaning of the word PERDITA?—Perdita, is the *advertising* name of a notorious prostitute.

What is the meaning of the phrase POLITICAL CONSISTENCY?—Acting directly in contradiction to strong professions and promises. Speaking one thing to day, and contradicting it to-morrow.

What is the meaning of the phrase SECRET INFLUENCE?—It is a political bugbear used by some men to alarm others: as we frighten children by crying *raw-head and bloody-bones!*—So when a man attempts to do any thing for the public good, and to save his country from the ruin in which others wish to involve it, they endeavour to frighten him by shouting *Secret Influence!*

What is an ALDERMAN?—A voracious animal, in the human form, that devours fish, flesh and fowl, and possessing some degree of human reason. He is generally chained.

What is an AMIABLE WOMAN?—One who by unbounded dissipation, and the apparent contempt of all religious order, renders herself conspicuous. By an amiable woman (in news-papers) is more generally understood an extravagant prostitute.

What is a MAN OF THE PEOPLE?—A good House-Dog, of the Fox breed.

What

What is a Lord High CHANCELLOR?—Except one, the greatest man in Great Britain, if his name happens to be THURLOW.

What is a LORD?—A LORD is a TEMPLE which the people decorate with laurels.

What is the CRIME OF YOUTH?—To be eminently virtuous, and to possess the wisdom of old age. To refuse associating with public plunderers, black legs, and sharpers.

THUS far, dear SPEC, I have extracted for your amusement; and shall hereafter give you some account of the strange notions the Bullians entertain of this world, and particularly of this country.

THEATRES.

Drury Lane.

Mrs. SEDMONS, after an illness which confined her a considerable time, on Thursday appeared in *Isabella*; and seemed to be perfectly recovered from an indisposition which deprived the public of the chief attraction of this House.

THEIR Majesties honoured the theatre with their presence on Friday, having commanded the Oratorio of *Judas Maccabeus*, which went off with considerable applause.—His Majesty, having lately paid the people the greatest compliment ever paid them by an English monarch, was received with more heartfelt applause than ever!

Covent Garden.

NOTHING material has occurred at this theatre since my last, except Mr. Henderson playing *Comus*, and giving the town a proper idea of Milton's powers and his own.

Hay Market.

ELIZA.

IT must afford no small pleasure to the admirers of the late Dr. ARNE, that this popular serenata is revived at the Haymarket Theatre, and performed with good success. Eliza must always be a favourite with an Englishman. The poetry is greatly superior to most pieces of the kind, and the music so nicely adapted that he must have no ear who cannot discover its excellence.

To Messrs. Arne and Barthelemon, names pretty well known in the musical world, I understand the public is indebted for the performance of oratorios at *play-house prices*. To render an entertainment of this kind more common, is to be a friend to the community. The moral effects of music are much greater than is generally imagined, and to extend those effects by thus reducing the prices, is a circumstance that demands public approbation, and merits public support.

OF Eliza I can only say that it was performed throughout with singular happiness of expression and peculiar delicacy of execution. Mrs. Bar-

thelemon's powers are well known, and the songs given to Mrs. Arne were received with much approbation. Mr. Arrowsmith is considerably improved. Mr. Wilson's voice is so like Mrs. Kennedy's that in the higher notes they are hardly to be distinguished; his voice is of great extent and sweetness; and Mr. Angier is making a rapid advancement in the line of Reinhold.—The chorusses received every adequate support, and went off with singular *accol.*—Of Mr. Arne's Organ Concerto it is needless to say any thing; his taste, fancy, and execution are too well known to receive any additional commendation from my pen.—The same may be said of Mrs. Barthelemon's concerto on the violin, than which I never heard a more finished performance.—I trust that this spirited conduct of the managers, in giving such exquisite performances at play-house prices, will meet with the success it merits!

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. CUYLER's benefit at the Haymarket Theatre was honoured by the presence of the *Perdita*, who having been previously indisposed, as it is generally understood, by the administration of white lead and mercury, and being perfectly recovered, was received with evident marks of envy and chagrin by those of the sisterhood who happened to be present; and with warm applause by the respectable society of petit maitres then in the house. An event of such singular importance to the community, it was highly necessary to render public; an advertisement, in the form of a paragraph, accordingly appeared in a morning paper of last week, in which the Editor kindly informs us, that she is in excellent condition to see company; that she is a very lovely creature; that she is a lady of exquisite sensibility and delicate sentiments; and, in short, that she is the most amiable woman in the British dominions.

I beg, friend SPEC, that I may be permitted to corroborate every word of this account. I was also present, and saw the *Perdita*; and if white and red paint can make her look beautiful, she is indeed beautiful, for she was "painted an inch thick." If exquisite sensibility and delicate sentiments consist in a perpetual frown, and can reside in a bosom rendered callous by public prostitution, she is indeed a truly amiable woman; and it reflects no small credit on the Editor of the paper in question to single out this immaculate piece of purity, as one worthy of peculiar commendations and of public support in her profession. And surely some attention should be paid to the *Woman*, as well as to the *Man of the People!* Yours, in haste,

JOHN BULL.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

J. S. PLAGIARY takes this opportunity of acquainting authors and writers in general, that his *Paper* is on an entire *new* plan, which will deserve the encouragement of the public. As a *specimen* look at Wednesday's *Morning Herald*, March 24th, Poet's corner, and you will find an Invocation addressed to Miss Philips, and signed *Horatio*—That identical Invocation first appeared in the *New Spectator*, No. VIII, Tuesday, March 23, addressed to Mrs. Martyr, signed EDGAR H..... The change of the name to whom it was addressed, and the alteration of the signature had thrown it into such a different light that the author was at a loss to know his own Invocation. This example will be sufficient to convey to the public the utility of the present scheme.

N.B. No effusions, but what possess true poetical merit, will find admission in the manner described. Pope, and the rest of the English poets, will appear soon under *filitious* names.

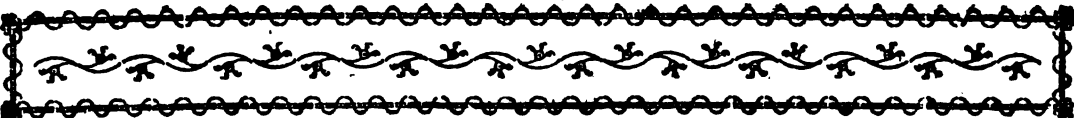
To other CORRESPONDENTS.

I HAVE received a list of the sums paid to the Editors of six of the morning papers for the paragrammatical support of a certain unpopular measure, but I have reason to think it erroneous in more instances than one. I believe the fourth paper mentioned in the list received Three hundred guineas, and not Five hundred pounds. If a Detester of Corruption can procure a list, which may be relied on, I will certainly publish it.—The religious observations of J. C. do credit to his heart; but they are too inaccurate for publication.—Brutus is received.—The lines on Mrs. Bannister's inanimation are too insignificant for insertion—Bob Ouzel's remarks should be confined to his Counting-house.—The Merry Companions is under consideration.—The Piccadilly Beauty shall be attended to.—The letter signed a Dancing Dog is written by a sad dog indeed.—The Scandalous Anecdotes by Tom Crazy, are inadmissible; and the Private Memoirs of Lady R..... apparently by a waiting-maid, are unintelligible.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 25, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookseller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookseller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the *New Spectator*, to be left at Mr. SWIFT'S, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. X.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? Quando
Major avaritiæ patuit finis? Alea quando
Hos animos.*

JUVENAL.

What age so large a crop of vices bore;
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown?

DRYDEN.

THE accumulation of knowledge is vain if it does not reform the manners and amend the heart. The education of that man is but half accomplished, who, "though he understand all languages and all sciences," should yet harbour principles destructive of those moral duties, the observance of which constitutes the individual and general happiness of mankind. It is, therefore, the chief business of letters to recommend virtue, and to expose vice; and I believe no language can boast of so many productions as the English, written solely with that view, and which, I doubt not, make proper impressions. But it is a hard thing to eradicate a favourite passion; and there is, perhaps, no vice against which literature has levelled the injunctions of morality and the sallies of ridicule, with less success than those she has employed against GAMING. To whatever causes it may be ascribed, certain it is, that this passion, of all others, is the most difficult to eradicate from the mind. It is, therefore, extremely dangerous to indulge a propensity to play, even by way of pastime: the passion gradually gains ground, and steals imperceptibly on the heart; it raises emotions to which the mind has not been accustomed,

and seldom fails to affect the temper. But it is not my intention in this essay to point out the natural effects of gaming. They have been abundantly exemplified by lively, and by moral writers, and with great success exhibited on the stage.

GAMING seems to have had the greatest influence, and to have been carried to the highest pitch of extravagance, in an age and in a country one could least have expected to hear of it. Many centuries ago, in the woods of Germany, TACITUS informs us, this passion produced the most fatal effects. The ancient German would play away his personal property, his cattle, his houses, his lands, and at last stake even his liberty, and voluntarily become the slave of his more successful adversary. He was, one day, the happy master of a happy home; had flocks grazing around him, and a family smiling in domestic tranquility. The next day saw him a slave, laboriously cultivating, for another, the land which a few hours before entitled him to independence. These are circumstances which, but to reflect on, excite indescribable sensations; what then must have been the feelings of the poor gamester at the moment he was about to barter liberty for slavery!

WRETHBR

WHETHER the Germans of these days are particularly addicted to this vice I know not; it certainly is not, like some other crimes, peculiar to any country; it may, however, be remarked, that its baneful influence has, of late years, been considerably extended in this kingdom; and its fatal effects are every day confessed to be nationally and individually alarming.

VARIOUS causes have concurred to produce this effect, amongst the foremost of which we may rank the consequent luxury of an unbounded commerce; and a subsequent war, the expences of which have obliged us, unwillingly, to sacrifice some of those luxuries which, from long enjoyment, we began to consider as necessaries.

THAT ridiculous vanity which prompts people in the middling and lower ranks of life to imitate their superiors in external parade, and the gratification of desires that ought to be repressed, urges them to support an idle distinction at the expence of their own peace, and the welfare of their families, by having recourse to other means than industry and frugality, the only lawful means by which wealth can accrue to people in dependent stations.

BUT it is difficult to exterminate habit, and irksome to banish enjoyment. Hence it too frequently happens that he who has experienced the smiles of fortune in trade, without laying up against the day wherein the fickle goddess shall turn her wheel, has recourse to the gaming table; choosing rather to depend on chance than industry, on hope rather than frugality, on uncertainty rather than certainty for those supplies which are necessary to support him in the enjoyment of a fancied and ridiculous pre-eminence, or the gratification of passions which ought never to have been indulged. To this cause I cannot but attribute, in a great measure, the alarming progress which gaming has made of late years, and particularly subsequent to the commencement of the late war.

THE encouragement given to gaming by State Lotteries is another evil that ought not to be overlooked. A licence to game, by parliamentary authority, excludes the idea of criminality; and weak minds, not deeply impressed with the importance of moral duties, and incapable of judging for themselves, no longer consider that as a vice which has a legislative sanction. Much indeed, has been said for and against State Lotteries. They have been found convenient in governments for raising money; an object to which all other considerations are too frequently

sacrificed; they have therefore been too generally adopted, and have given the people a taste for gaming more fatal in its consequences to the state itself than the money raised by it ever proved advantageous; for, however little it may now be attended to, certain it is, that its morality is of infinite more consequence to a state, than its riches.

IT cannot indeed be supposed that parliament could foresee those effects which lotteries have produced, and towards which the mere disposal of tickets could contribute but little. The legislature was not aware of the complicated evils of Insurance, which, by enabling the lower classes to sport their money, at length rendered gaming so universal, and its consequences so alarming as to call for the aid of parliament in the suppression of an evil so extensively prejudicial. Surely the fountain head cannot be clear whence originate such streams of corruption as pollute the whole land through which they flow.

THE man who ventures to sport that money in a lottery which ought to be appropriated to other uses, is but too apt to fly to the private gaming table, in hopes to regain the property he has lost, by fresh sacrifices at the altar of chance. He is then on the brink of destruction, for he is then on the point of becoming a professed gamester; and though he may sometimes float in a sea of wealth, yet he never knows that peace of mind, that sweet tranquillity which constantly attend the enjoyment of the comparatively small wealth acquired by industry and integrity; and perhaps the mere turn of a wheel, or the plucking of a straw, deprives him of his gold in a moment, and leaves him as wretched, as friendless, and as penniless as ever!

THE instant a man commences gamester, he loses a great share of his moral rectitude. He may be said to be under the immediate influence of a demon; he is no longer his own master; he is happy or miserable, rich or poor, just as chance directs. To day he wallows in extravagance; to-morrow he is the poorest of beggars, for, amongst his other wants, he wants that contentment for which common beggars have sometimes been envied. Having perverted to the worst of uses the goods committed by Providence to his care in this world, he dies without a shadow of hope for the enjoyment of those blessings promised to temperance, patience, and benevolence, in the world to come.

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. III.]

Miss DINAH AMAZON PRIMROSE.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.
P. ARR.

THIS Original is of that sect of Dissenters, which first gave rise to the important decision of *aye* and *no*.—Her whole life is one scene of gaiety and dissipation; save when domestic business claims her attention, such as cleaning the rooms, scouring the stairs, washing, ironing, and a thousand other family employments, which our modern females are entire strangers to. She changes her appearance as often as a camelion does its colour. At nine she rises, and is the house-maid till twelve; then assumes the cook-maid till three. At four, as if by magic inspiration, she is metamorphosed into the mistress of the house! At five, the hairdresser is waiting for commands. At eight, such a sudden change appears in her whole frame, that ocular demonstration is doubtful. Her dress is equal to the first duchess's in the metropolis. Such are the contrasts exhibited by Miss Dinah Amazon Primrose!

SHE knows every body, that is, every body knows her—She gains her acquaintance as other people generally lose them—by scandal.—Our first interview was at a concert. Being alone, and seeing her with a number of ladies, without a gentleman, I wished to join her: with that intent I moved forward, and sat next to her. Five minutes had scarce elapsed, when she, with a *smiling* smile, and an *affected* blush, asked me how my friend Frank Tattle did? I declared my ignorance of his acquaintance—Not know Frank Tattle!—vociferated Miss Dinah—Bless me! Is it possible? He is very conspicuous, Sir, and you must certainly have seen him.—My sister will have it that he resembles a toad;—only think, Sir, a toad! He is nick-named the Spy; and can give you the life, character, and behaviour of every family in Westminster. It is some consolation, however, to the world, that whatever he repeats is treated with contempt, the natural consequence of deviating from truth—Not know Frank Tattle!—If you will favour me with your company next Wednesday, Sir, I received company that evening, and Tattle will be present. A card was then drawn out of a red morocco pocket-book, and presented me with— I shall depend on seeing you, Sir.—A gentleman then approached, with whom, after several farcastic reflections on the fingers and company, he left the room.

THE adventure was so sudden, that it prevented a serious investigation. What could I think? However, at the time appointed, after traversing Gracechurch-street half an hour, I arrived at the house. The servant announced my presence, which Miss Dinah repeated to the company, with the strong recommendation of being her friend. The rust of politeness did not wear off for some time.—Scandal being the word of command, given by Polly Demure, as if by instinct, every body spoke at once; but Frankey Tattle's voice soon over-powered the rest, and the whole produced such a "complication of sweet sounds" as could be equalled only by the sagacious builders of the Tower of Babel: Frankey's voice being predominant, he was at length indulged in a *soliloquy*, and did not cease till he was treated with the silent contempt of three-fourths of the company. His modesty on the occasion obliged him to retire. The door was shut. Poor Frankey Tattle was the *shuttle-cock* of sixteen ladies, and as many gentlemen. What a situation!—Every person, after they made their exit, was a subject of scandal for a quarter of an hour.—Knowing that by rotation it would be my turn next, I bowed respectfully to the remaining party, and cut up myself in the severest manner I could, and quitted the house, with a determination never to enter it again!

THIS, Spec, is a sketch of Miss Dinah Amazon Primrose, whose only pleasure is to hear, and to repeat scandal.

HER house is the resort of trifling characters of all denominations; and her acquaintance—such of them as she does not know herself—a set of the most contemptible wretches that ever nature formed!—This Original must convey to those ladies, who possess too much levity, an idea of the consequences which generally arise from inviting strangers, forming connexions, and disseminating opinions, which they often repent ever after, either from the duplicity of the men, or the doubtful character of the women.

[To be continued.]

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

As I am fully persuaded it is the object nearest the heart of every one possessed of those truly noble sentiments, which your writings evince you to be, at all times to impart knowledge to the unformed; permit me to request your opinion on a subject, with which I must confess, I am so wholly unacquainted, that the consideration of it, has always led me into a greater

greater labyrinth, than I have ever been able to extricate myself from. What I mean to refer to is, respecting the BULIAN Government.

PRAY, good Sir, did you or your friend ever understand, that it was a prerogative of *Rexman's* to create an individual one of the *Reppu*, if contrary to his inclination?—I have heard many arguments made use of in support of this right; but the impropriety of it strikes me in such a forcible manner, and on the contrary, my friends opinions create in my mind so many doubts, that I shall think myself highly honoured by your reply to this question, as I am confident there is no one I can apply to, who is better versed in the constitution of Bulia than yourself.

To apologise for this liberty, Sir, would, I am sensible, with a gentleman of your candour and politeness, be but to raise an impediment to your acquiescence with my request, and therefore I beg leave to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect,

SIR, Your most obedient,
humble Servant,
IGNORATUS.

THE *Balloon friend* of my deputy, John Bull, is daily expected to return from Bulia, and to bring with him, *inter alia*, an answer to the above letter, signed by a Bulian sage of distinction, and whose determination may be relied on, as speaking the language of the Bulian constitution.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I do not pretend to be a poet, I have some trifles by me which I wish to see in your elegant repository. The following stanzas were written some years ago, when I was a young man,

On receiving a BREAST BUCKLE,
from a Lady.

PRETTY spangler! welcome hither,
Welcome to this faithful breast;
Glowing emblem of my passion!
Here for ever ever rest!

Whilst I gaze upon thee sparkling,
Food to feed my flame I find;
Thy delicacy—Laura's frame;
Beaming chrysal—Laura's mind!

Whilst I wander far from Laura,
My companion thou shalt be;
Of her merit and her beauty,
Sweet discourse I'll hold with thee!

So to the cross the pilgrim pious
Turns a supplicating eye,
And, in fancy's sweet illusion,
Communes with his deity!

EDWARD.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

DEAR SPEC,

As I have heard little for many days past, but certain electioneering phrases and exclamations, it cannot be supposed that, respecting the public, I should have much to say, unless I were to indulge the family propensity to politics. But as politics are your abhorrence, I shall avoid them as much as possible; though I cannot prevail on myself to omit saying a word or two respecting

The POLITICAL DUCHESS.

THIS lady has long been distinguished as an ornament to her sex, and celebrated for her domestic virtues. We are now to contemplate her as a female politician; divesting herself of female delicacy so far as to run round the town, with a parcel of hot-headed fellows, shouting, *No Secret Influence! The man of the people for ever!*—and, by her presence, securing her fellow-labourers from those electioneering favours which canvassers sometimes receive against their will; for who can be brutal enough to abuse a woman, and not only a woman, but a Duchess, and not only a Duchess, but the Duchess of *****?

To carry a handsome woman about, by way of securing the support of those who are influenced by the momentary condescension of greatness, is an artifice that I have known to be practised with success. It is an artifice similar to that of placing a handsome girl in the bar of a Coffee-house; it generally insures the support of a certain number of coxcombs who, otherwise, would never come near the house. And though I think neither of the situations becoming a woman, many excuses suggest themselves in favour of this lady *at the bar*, which will not hold with respect to the lady who has nothing to do but to render herself respectable in her conduct as well as her situation; which however, can never be done by parading the streets with a *mob of gentlemen*, and violating the dignity and delicacy of the female character, and making herself busy in those things in which, of all others, women have the least concern. But the love of fame,

fame, and the affectation of singularity have powerful effects on the female mind. My sister, *Anna Maria Bull*, contends that a fine lady, like the King, *can do no wrong*; and that it would be a very hard thing if a Duchess could not do as she likes. To be sure any woman may do as she likes; but her situation, however exalted, can never confer propriety on those actions which are incongruous; and a woman in the character of a *vote-buyer*, previous to an election, is as ridiculous as Hercules with the distaff, or a Duchess ridling cinders!—I am, therefore, happy to find that the example of the Duchess in question, though of great influence, has not been openly followed in the metropolis, except by

MISS TITUP

Who, I am told, at the request of the *Platonic Earl*, was content to devote her eloquence and personal attractions to the same worthy cause, and in conjunction with the amiable Duchess, to shew that the *Man of the People*, however averse to *Secret*, is no enemy to *Petticoat Influence*!

EVERY one knows that it is a breach of privilege in a peer to interfere in an election for a commoner. But a peer's wife is not a peer, though she has probably more influence than his lordship. The most *fashionable*, and I am told, the most successful way, is for his lordship to take a favourite actress of one of the theatres, and, accompanied by her, to visit the shops of such tradesmen as have votes and interest; buy something at each to a considerable amount, and when it is packed up, let the actress speak thus: "Mr. ———, tell me the amount of the goods, and I will pay you *ready money* for them, on condition that you vote for Mr. ***: if you do not think fit to comply with the condition, you may replace the goods in your shop."—This I am told is a recipe *probatum est*. For further particulars, I refer the curious to the *silversmiths* and *linen-drappers*.

THOUGH this may be the fashionable mode of procuring temporary friends, I can by no means recommend the practice of it to actresses, who, above all people, ought to avoid politics and party, and, like the inimitable *Farren*, canvas only for public approbation!

TEMPLE of TASTE.

ONE of the morning papers has sported an idea, that a Temple, consecrated to Taste is building in one of the gardens of a certain *Royal Personage*, and that a statue is to be placed in the centre of it. Now if I were to ask you, what elegant personage, peculiarly distinguished by Taste,

that statue was to represent, you would directly reply, the Queen. But you would be mistaken. The Princess Royal?—No! The Princess Elizabeth?—No! The Duchess of Devonshire?—No! Of Rutland?—No! Any of the enchanting Waldegraves?—No! The goddess of this intended Fane,

"Hear it not ye stars!

And thou, pale moon, turn pale at the sound!"

The goddess of this intended Fane, is Mother *Abington*!—Would you desire a better *Satire* on TASTE?

SLAVERY.

THE most inhuman of all traffic is that of Slavery; and the most inhuman of all wretches are those who encourage it. Nothing, indeed, hardens the heart like the lust of gain. The Queen of Portugal has rendered her name immortal by abolishing in her dominions, this infernal traffic; and I have hopes that her example will be followed by every nation that is guilty of this crime, except Britain, for of Britain I have no hopes. Reason, christianity, conscience, every thing pleads in vain with a British Merchant, when his interest is at stake. He is at once one of the greatest and one of the meanest characters in existence! Though his mind is enlarged; his principles honest; his religion, as he falsely imagines, christian, in short, though he prides himself on his character, and lives in the eighteenth century, he traffics in blood, and boasts of those riches which are acquired by means too horrible to mention, and which but to think of makes humanity shudder!

If the New Parliament wish to do *one* action worthy of remembrance, let them give liberty to the slave, and abolish a traffic which disgraces the realm; is a curse to those that follow it; the greatest bar to the progress of christianity; the greatest scandal to human nature. If instead of the ridiculous Tests proposed to candidates, they were sworn to support particular bills for the redress of notorious grievances, the meeting of a New Parliament would become an object of universal good, and the salutary regulations of a British House of Commons be felt in the remotest parts of the world!

BULIA.

The Contest!

DURING our residence in Bulia, my friend and I were witnesses of a contest between two of the Bulians, for the honour of a seat in the *Etanes*, Rexman, in spite of the menaces of *Reynardam*, who had impudently insinuated that the *Sovereign* dared not to dissolve the meeting of the *Etanes*

Etanes, issued his fiat, and put an end to their dissentions, blasting all the hopes Reynardam had entertained of becoming Retfinim.

As no man can fit in the Etanes without the concurrence of the people, they are usually solicited previously to the day of determination, to support particular persons. It was the fate of Reynardam to be opposed by a man of singular probity, and whose talents, though not splendid, were respectable; and, what is better, were never perverted to accomplish sinister views. His name was *Seslra*.

No arts were left untried by Reynardam for persuading the Bulians to elect him, amongst others, to represent them in the Etanes; and the Bulian mob, admiring his talents, gave him every mark of their approbation, by bestowing opprobrious epithets on his opponent. In this they were assisted by the conductors of the political papers of the Bulians. Reynardam, or rather his friends, had presented a sum of money to every one of these paper gentry, to induce them to support his pretensions by crying up his talents, and misrepresenting his character. And it was curious enough to read the egregious falsehoods and wretched nonsense that were fabricated. But the pretensions of Reynardam were too well known, and his enmity to Tipwill, the favourite of the people, too much resented by the Bulians, for the hierlings of Reynardam to effect any purpose but that of exposing him and themselves to public contempt.

As Reynardam deemed his success on this occasion, the criterion of his future hopes, every instrument was put in motion for the accomplishment of his wishes. To render his opponent odious in the opinion of the Bulians, he was represented as having forfeited the friendship of Reynardam, which he once possessed, because he would not give his support to measures calculated for the oppression of the people, nor abet those designs by which Reynardam hoped to render himself superior in power to Rexman himself; for the ambition of Reynardam knew no bounds.

In the neighbourhood of Bulia, there stands a famous building, sacred to *Valour*, inhabited by those who have distinguished themselves in the defence of their country, and who, by age or infirmities, are rendered incapable of future services; who can only wish that good they are no longer able to perform. The institution is noble, the building elegant, and the inhabitants numerous. But the design is abused. Amongst the bees are many drones, who, in idleness, de-

vour that which was meant for the support of the retiring hero; the panders, parasites, lacquies, and time-serving slaves of higher slaves, who have waded through infamy to profits and distinctions. Hence many a Bulian, well entitled to the comforts of this refuge, was left

To beg his bread thro' lands his valour sav'd!

whilst these imps were rioting in luxury on the hard earned property of the unfortunate fugitives.

ABUSES so abominable could not fail of attracting the attention of an humane heart, and *Seslra* complained of them to the Etanes; demonstrating that by abolishing the institution, appropriating with propriety the sums squandered on the worthless, and adopting new regulations, the present inhabitants would not only live infinitely better, but double the number might enjoy the same benefits, at that time kept from them by the cormorants of office.

BUT the art and impudence of Reynardam were matchless; and it was openly declared, that *Seslra* meant to turn out the superannuated heroes, and expose them to the distresses experienced by their unfortunate brethren!—A report, dictated by the heart of malice, and propagated by the tongue of slander. It alienated the affections of many from *Seslra*; but, indeed they were of the ignorant mob, who, so far from thinking for themselves, are incapable of thinking at all.

ANOTHER artifice employed by Reynardam to undermine the interest of *Seslra* will shew in still more striking colours the complexion of his conduct, and to what baseness ambition will descend to accomplish its purposes. To render his opponent unpopular, he orders a certain number of his own friends personally to abuse each other, and to represent themselves as having been injured by the adherents of *Seslra*, and prevented testifying their regard for Reynardam.

THUS Reynardam contrived to disgrace his adversary, and it was once thought that he would have accomplished his ends. The thoughtless Bulians wavered in their opinions; when in the midst of the confusion, a balloon merchant arose, and with great gravity demanded a hearing; being elevated above the rest, and the people silent, with reverence he addressed himself as follows:

“O BULIANS, renowned for victory in war, and skilful in the arts of peace! Reject the suggestions of passion, and attend to the voice of reason. Reynardam solicits from you a trust of importance; he solicits to be the protector
of

" of your property, your liberty, and your rights;
 " he solicits that which should be conferred only
 " on integrity of heart and rectitude of manners.

" THE abilities of Reynardam are known in
 " other regions; his fame is extended far beyond
 " the limits of Bulia. But in contemplating his
 " abilities, forget not his defects. Recollect that
 " eloquence cannot accomplish all things; and
 " that it is more frequently exerted in the sup-
 " port of selfish principles than the public good.

" REMEMBER what is required of him that
 " aspires to join the Etanes, and try Reynardam
 " on the test of other qualities than that of
 " eloquence.

" IT is required of every one of the Etanes, that
 " he be possessed of wealth sufficient to keep
 " him independent. Of what wealth is Rey-
 " nardam possessed? Is he possessed of wealth
 " sufficient to fill a single balloon with inflamma-
 " ble air?—No. Can it be supposed that he will
 " be a competent guardian of the property of
 " others who has none of his own?

" WITH respect to your rights and liberties,
 " can they find a protector in any man whose
 " sole aim is to become Retfinim, and so to exert
 " his authority as to violate the constitution by
 " rendering one branch of it impotent? And
 " has not a bosom friend of Reynardam declared,
 " that when Reynardam is Retfinim again, ONE branch
 " of the Bulian constitution would be so trammelled
 " and hampered as that the people should not know it
 " were in existence? And can any man be a
 " friend to the people who is an enemy to the
 " constitution?

" IF Reynardam is desirous of shewing his
 " public virtue, demand of him to seek redress
 " for your wrongs, to support your king, and
 " not a faction, and to unite in the endeavour to
 " discover who it was that employed a banditti
 " to murder Tipwill; who it was that"—

THE last words were scarcely uttered when an
 universal cry of execration prevented the mer-
 chant from proceeding; and the Bulians became
 so outrageous, that my friend and I made a pre-
 cipitate retreat to our place of residence..

BROOKES'S.

" No game at dice or chance has been played
 " in this House this winter." Thus says a
 morning paper, and if it is not a mere attempt
 to wash the blackmoor white, that is, if there is any
 truth in the assertion, it is to be attributed to a
 want of money, which is said to have been very
 scarce in that quarter for some time past.

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

THIS hero improves daily. He is become a
Bon Vivant, only somewhat too much addicted
 to Bacchus. I met him last Wednesday at a
 music meeting, so gloriously drunk, that the
 Frenchman who accompanied him, was obliged
 to call for additional support. Nevertheless he
 behaved with great decorum, and seemed highly
 delighted with some passages on the Bassoon
 which he mistook for the Violincello!

I HAVE very great hopes of his being an or-
 nament to the family, for he is lately become a
 great economist. In conjunction with Master
Jelly, he has contrived an excellent scheme for
 saving his best wines. When his company
 amounts to above six, the common wine is pushed
 about. But no sooner is the majority gone, than
 the favourite party is regaled with the best wines,
 and *To all our noble selves!* is the word!—O, I
 have great hopes of Squire Morgan's Nephew!

He has got a very curious way of judging of
 the goodness of *Candles* and *Shoes*. He one day
 last week, sent for a Tallow-chandler, and asked
 him, whether he did not think a *Fox* preferable
 to a *Rabbit*? No, says the chandler. "Why
 " then you shall make no candles for me!" was
 his Worship's reply. O he's wonderfully saga-
 cious!

CRISPIN was asked the same question, and
 after some consideration, confessed that he
 thought a *Rabbit* infinitely preferable to a *Fox*.
 "Why then, says the Squire's Nephew, you know
 no more how to make a pair of shoes than I do,
 and so bring in your bill.—Why here's *Jelly*
 swears that even the tongue of a *Fox* is pre-
 ferable to a haunch of venison!" O, that *Jelly*'s
 a fine fellow!

POLITICAL THEATRE.

Covent-Garden Church.

LORD HOOD, Sir Cecil Wray, and Mr. Fox
 were yesterday honoured with a very numerous
 audience at this theatre. At the opening of the
 piece—which, like the ancient *Mysteries*, con-
 tinues for several days—the principal performers
 were received with repeated bursts of applause;
 whilst the second-rate characters exhibited them-
 selves to wonderful advantage!

THE female characters were represented by
 several ladies of distinction, and impures of *ton*,
 particularly the famous *Perdita*, who was ad-
 mirably painted and dressed for public exhi-
 bition!

THE

THE performance lasted till four in the afternoon, when the public applause was decidedly in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in the following proportion :

Huzzas for Lord Hood	3262
Huzzas for Sir Cecil Wray.....	2985
Huzzas for Mr. Fox	2868

THIS decision having taken place, and the Society of Pickpockets who honored the Theatre with their preference, having withdrawn, the company retired highly delighted with the entertainment they had received.

SCANDALOUS REPORTS.

VARIOUS scandalous reports having lately been propagated in this metropolis, it is but just that they be refuted.

1. IT is not true that Mr. Fox is an enemy to the King. But there is no persuading the people to the contrary.

2. IT is not true that the Duchess of Devonshire canvassed for Mr. Fox. She was much better engaged.

3. IT is not true that the Prince of Wales canvassed, in a jacket and trowsers, for Mr. Fox; his Royal Highness knows that he has no business to interfere in elections.

4. IT is not true that Mr. Fox bribed the editors of all the morning papers to support his India Bill. The Editors, seeing the error of their ways, became suddenly converted to principles which they had long execrated.

5. It is not true that these vile reports have any truth in them.

Yours, in the spirit of truth,

JOHN BULL.

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

CURIOSITATIBUS is referred to the First Number of the NEW SPECTATOR.—The poem addressed to R. B. Sheridan Esq; on his being re-elected for Stafford, is libellous.—Anna Maria Bull's complaint against her brother John is received.—The Pupil of Lucifer, or the Private Life of Perdita, is too indecent for publication.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goadge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT'S, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.

THE

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XI.

TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Ipsa quoque affluo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen: neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur.*

OVID.

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can stem by art, or stop by power,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour;
But wave by wave pursu'd, arrives on shore,
And each impel'd behind, impels before:
So time on time revolving we decry;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

TO contemplate the natural shortness of human life, and the innumerable accidents by which it is frequently rendered still shorter, seldom fails to excite diligence, and stimulate resolution. But if we look around us, we shall be apt to conclude that our fellow creatures are seldom actuated by contemplations such as these. We shall see the young apparently destitute of all thought, and the aged pursuing plans of life, fit only for the contemplation of youth.

LIFE may be compared to a wave of the sea which, impelled by gentle gales, may roll along the surface of the deep till it reach the shore, and calmly expire. But how frequently shall its course be obstructed by rising tempests and impetuous whirlwinds; and how exceedingly improbable that it should escape the hidden rocks

with which the deep abounds, and the various accidents of time and chance!

A wave of the sea, or a bubble of the air, is not more liable to be broken, than life is likely to be lost, ere we have seen half the allotted time of "threescore years and ten." Thus the frequent contemplation of death becomes a duty incumbent on youth as well as on age, and unless it be indulged, subjects us to much immediate uneasiness, and the more dreadful idea of future misery.

A PERPETUAL, or at least an habitual contemplation of the hour which, sooner or later, must come, affords a kind of tranquillity to the mind which can be equalled only by the consciousness of being well prepared to meet it, and by which a young lady I knew was once particularly distinguished. She was of a disposition

exceed-

exceedingly cheerful, and would join with pleasure in the innocent amusements of the gay; and yet I believe she never laid her head on her pillow, but that she could safely say, she was prepared, should her sleep prove the sleep of death. She died upwards of four years ago; and I am sorry that my acquaintance with the sex is so confined, as that I know not one whose cha-

rafter exhibits so many virtues, intermixed with so few blemishes; for perfection is not the lot of human nature. She deserved a lasting monument to record her virtues, not so much in honour of herself, as a memento to the youth of her own sex, to teach them how, like her, to live and to die, happy and beloved. If I were asked to inscribe her Tomb, I would write thus:

O T H O U,

Whom contemplation or curiosity shall excite

To peruse this Inscription,

Believe, what thou shalt read;

For know,

That simple truth will reflect the highest praise,

And best becomes a Tomb made

Sacred to the memory of

M A R Y B*****

A person whose singular

Goodness of heart,

Excellency of understanding,

and

Propriety of conduct,

Entitled her to the most friendly esteem

Of the world in general,

And the most sincere affection

Of those who personally knew her,

In an age

When vice and luxury had tolerated female levity,

And dissoluteness of manners was no crime,

She preserved the native dignity of her sex;

Before Her

Vice stood abashed, and

Virtue became more enamoured of herself.

In her person she resembled the myrtle,

Never splendid, but ever elegant.

Her mind was adorned with

The beauty of holiness,

And the beatitudes of

Humility and meekness;

And the virtues which others praise,

She failed not to practise.

In her attachments she was sincere,

For they were formed by prudence, and

Sanctified by virtue.

In her private life,

and

In her public deportment

She was remarkable for a

Beautiful simplicity of manners;

And was

Without levity, easy;

Without affectation, modest;

Without pride, prudently reserved.

In

In her conversation
 She was cheerful and friendly;
 And discovered
 A delicacy of sentiment,
 Solidity of judgment
 and
 Elegancy of expression,
 But too seldom cultivated amongst her sex.
 Her philosophical adherence to the
 Precepts of morality;
 Her knowledge and steady faith in the
 Sublime doctrines of christianity;
 But above all,
 Her firm and constant reliance on
 The providence of heaven,
 Were eminently conspicuous;
 And at once evinced
 The soundness of her education,
 And her natural disposition
 To the investigation of Truth.
 By her filial piety, and fraternal affection
 She was no less endeared to
 Her parents, her brothers, and her sisters,
 Than to such as were
 Witnesses, by her example,
 How sweet a thing it is
 To honour the former,
 and
 To live in unity with the latter.
 Though her virtues were many,
 And such as would have honoured old age,
 They were acquired in the morning of life,
 And rendered that life happy,
 Which was terminated by a consumption,
 At the age of Twenty-five years,
 On the fifth day of October,
 In the year of our Lord
 MDCCLXXIX.

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. IV.]

SIR JOHN CORDIAL

Plus apud me ratio valet, quam vulgi opinio.

Ha! ha! ha!—You must really excuse me, friend Spec, for I must give vent to my mirth, at the ignorance of my companions who will have it that Jacky Cordial is a man of gallantry!

Gallantry, if we draw the reference from our forefathers, is bravery, generosity, &c.—and not duplicity, which, whenever embraced, denegates the name of man. How sacred was that name a few centuries ago; and of how little value, if we

judge by appearances, does it seem now; when effeminacy is the predominant passion! How much farther the *once* supporters may degenerate, is past my foresight; but at present two thirds of our *modern* men, convey to our ideas, that *late* discovered species called *semi-females*.

JACKY CORDIAL is a young fellow who has acquired knowledge by the experience of his own *villainy*; for such I must call it when he can sacrifice honour and sincerity for the fleeting gratification of polluting innocence, which has rendered many a worthy family wretched for ever. His mind is contaminated with dissipation, and his soul with pusillanimity: it renders his company and conversation disagreeable and odious: the

former

former, because his affectation disgusts you, and the latter, as he can only boast of destroying unprotected virtue. No less than fourteen young, beautiful females are now flourishing in the zenith of *Cyprian* pleasures by his *initiation*. Why will inexperienced females embrace credulity, when they may behold such *true* characters of villainy displayed every hour? Jacky Cordial is—but I will give you a *just* idea of him in relating the following fact:

CHARLOTTE E***** was about nineteen when she was doomed by adversity to quit her parents and enter into some business. A small sum of money was given her for the encounter, with which she bought articles of perfumery, took a shop at the west end of the town, and settled there for some time. Every advantageous expectation that she had formed was realized. Innocence was her guide, and the attainment of a future competency to support her aged parents was her only wish. Every flower in the field, however tender, is open to the danger of the rude last, so is every woman open to the wiles of designing man. Jacky was passing by the shop one evening, and seeing a young girl, just entered into the meridian of her beauty, with a dazzling complexion, and well shaped, he was determined to begin his usual attack and claim an acquaintance. He knew the *general* failing of the sex, and talked love to one to be introduced to another. Thus far he succeeded. But now—the person that introduced him was his *only* obstacle, and which he must remove at all events. There was no scheme but what his villainy could bring about; nor any condescension, however *mean*, but he would embrace to support the deception. Accordingly he *obliged* a quarrel to ensue between the two females, and divided their intimacy that he might urge his passion without a possibility of interruption. Every thing was now ripe for the intended declaration. Many of her acquaintance, perceiving what would in future happen, instead of advising, forsook her, and her friends were too far off to protect her. Jacky soon framed her mind as he wished. He rendered her blind to his scheme, by attention, and feigning an esteem which only true honor could have been susceptible of. When in her company he *affected* dulness, which she observing, with her natural sympathy and unsuspecting simplicity, asked the reason of such a sudden change in his spirits? That was the criterion which he instantly embraced. With all the distress of apparent sincerity, he declared what had been so long in embryo. Charlotte, being a stranger to such complicated artifice, soon believed what proved

her destruction. A *promise* of marriage soon formed a *connexion* which proved fatal to Charlotte and her family. After living with her lover ten months, she proved pregnant by him, and claimed his *promise* of marriage, which Jacky, as he *intended*, denied, and left her. Such was the situation of poor Charlotte! forsaken by the man who seduced her, and neglected by all the world. She was brought to bed, and produced a living emblem of her shame. Her parents came and beheld her with tears and commiseration: But, such was their christianity and noble dispositions, that they disdained *reproach*, and generously administered every comfort in their power. She related the circumstances of her folly, with the *promise* of marriage. The joy of her Parents at the last sentence was inconceivable. They were determined that Charlotte should have every satisfaction that law and equity could give.

A WARM prosecution was then commenced against Jacky, and he immediately absconded to France. His flight produced many evils; the prosecution was delayed. Charlotte, reflecting on his duplicity, soon gave way to despair. A severe fit of illness, created by constant fretting, ensued, and she died.

JACKY, on hearing this *agreeable* news, returned from the Continent, on the wings of impatience, and laughed off the circumstance, as the natural consequence of female weakness.

THOUGH Jacky Cordial, friend Spec, may not be quite so *original* a character, as some of my *Bevies*, yet I think, he is a proper object to convey to your readers, how *contemptible* such a person appears.

CAN there be a more *despicable* wretch, than a man who is always ensnaring unprotected innocence? Such is the *just* description of Jacky Cordial, who deservedly merits the detestation of the *virtuous* female part of the world.

[To be continued.]

POETRY.

THE VISION.

A Rhapsody.

Addressed to Mrs. MARTYR, on hearing of her Husband's Death.

LOST in the maze of dark suspense,
Somnus, his fable curtain drew;
Harmonious sounds my senses charm'd,
The muses' god appear'd in view.

A laurel crown adorn'd his head;
His left hand bore the harp of Fame;
A vestment azure careless hung,
He graceful spoke, and nearer came.

Arise

Arise, dull youth, and follow me;
I rose with extacy, and bow'd;
Thro' scenes of bliss, and pleasure led,
My soul with mystic transports glow'd.

Ambrosial sweets! aromatic shrubs!
And Flora's beauties form the scene;
One view of joy, my thoughts inspir'd,
'Twas paradise!—illusive dream!

But, further led—the starry lights,
Trembling like leaves, when zephyrs play,
The sickly moon with head half rais'd,
Throws here, and there, a glimmering ray.

The dismal landscape's horrid view,
A pale, sad, influence reign'd around;
Saving, when specks of light dawn forth,
Which cheer'd the sable silent ground.

Erect above the verdant green,
A grassy pedestal arose,
It bore an urn—a form flood by:
A widow weeping o'er her woes!

A radiant lustre in her eyes,
With silent melancholy shone!
Her panting bosom rais'd desire,
While pity smil'd, and heard her moan!

My soul on wonder's hinges hung!
My senses lost in deep surprise;
I caught the sympathetic tear!
The crystal drops bedew'd my eyes.

Distress presid'd o'er her mind;
Lost in the labyrinth of grief!
With plaintive looks to heav'n she sigh'd,
With hands united, asked relief!

Then as the distant gurgling rill,
Meanders harsh o'er pebbles slow,
Whose gliding noise, feigns music's sound,
While listning swains with rapture glow:

Or as the warbling bird of eve,
With pleasing carol joys resign;
She rais'd her voice—my soul inflamed,
And sang an elegy divine!

Sweet echo heard the tender song,
And told the softest tale of love!
Expressive sound!—enchanting fair,
Away!—from this dull scene remove!

She ceas'd—and with attentive look,
As if her mind had known no care,
Propitious smil'd!—my bosom beat:
I eager ran—embraced the fair;

Who, gentle as a summer morn,
Kindly return'd the soft embrace;
Sweet as Aurora, blushing views
The dawn, and rides her wonted race.

The scene was chang'd; no urn appeared
To claim the sympathetic sigh!
But, rapid flow'd forgetful streams,
Where mortals e'er froth misery fly.

Transported with excess of bliss!
Arriv'd at Pleasure's tempting sleep,
We bow'd submissive to her will,
And instant plung'd in Lethe's deep.

Sotinus, his magic spell withdrew,
No more the dazzling beauty's seen;—
O! Venus aid a suppliant's prayer,
And realize thy votary's dream.

EDGAR HORATIUS.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC,

THE last week being *Passion Week*, and every place of public amusement shut up, except the Political Theatre in Covent Garden, the attention of the metropolis has been wholly directed to the exertions of Lord Hood, Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. Fox, the contending candidates for the honour of representing the city of Westminster in Parliament. Party spirit never appeared in more odious colours. The mob were not a jot more distinguished by *Blackguardism* than several *gentlemen* who appeared on the Hustings, and exerted themselves like so many bullies, endeavouring, like some wretched, but nevertheless popular counsel at the bar, to confound the electors, and make them vote for *Black* instead of *White*. Yet when I consider what a wretched tool a dependent on party is, I am not astonished at the conduct of men who are ambitious of figuring in the *Red Book*, and whose bread, perhaps, depends on the return of a particular member. Nor is their conduct so culpable, or at least so absurd as that of a

FEMALE CANVASSER,

Who laying aside the decorum due to her sex, sticks at nothing to gain a vote!—Laudable ambition of female patriotism!—Who is there amongst the admirers of the soft, the gentle, and the delicate sex, that is not enraptured at the lovely *condescension* of a Duchess saluting a Chate-market Butcher?—Who, but must adore a lady of *exquisite fine feelings*, and an ornament of the court, exerting her *divine influence* on an Irish Chairman for the honour of his vote?—Is not there something peculiarly *great* in such *amiable condescension*?—You will say perhaps that such *greatness* is incompatible with *amiableness*. But then I must tell you, that you are a *breadless*
young

young man, an enemy to the fair sex; and, above all, no true patriot, for true patriotism consists in bestowing your time and cash on unqualified candidates, bawling for *Liberty*, and permitting your wife or your sister to go through the dirty drudgery of an election for the honour of a party! — There is something so delicate, so feminine, so fascinating in a *Female Canvasser*, decked with the proper ensigns, bidding defiance to all *vulgar decency*, and assiduous only in serving her friend, that it is no wonder the character has been so lavishly praised in some morning papers!

IMPUDENT OLD FELLOWS.

Besides a confounded sight of impudent young fellows, several of my female friends inform me, that this metropolis abounds in no small quantity of impudent old fellows, who are perpetually dangling after young girls in the vicinity of the Hay-market, and are said to have brought on the Town, as the phrase is, most of those poor creatures that are seen parading those parts every evening. I have the names of two or three old goats which I promise to publish very speedily, unless they desert their attacks on the fair milliner, just come from Lancashire, whose business frequently calls her into Pall Mall. I particularly assure the *gentleman in the white wig*, that the next time he drags the said milliner towards an infamous house in James-street, his behaviour, name, and connexions, all now well known, shall find a place in the *NEW SPECTATOR*. There is nothing sure so odious as the libidinous pursuits of old men. When age indulges itself in the follies of youth it loses all reverence, and a *street-walking old goat* is the most detestable of all public nuisances! He knows no bounds; but is in perpetual pursuit of his own disgrace. Hence Shakspeare has well remarked that

“The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
“As gravity’s revolt to wantonness.”

BULIA.

The Contest!

My friend and I were not a little chagrined at the folly of the mob, whose outrage interrupted the *Balloon Merchant*, and prevented us hearing the conclusion of a speech, which seemed to meet with popular applause. The contest, however, continued till the friends of Reynardam began to lose all hopes of his success. The public voice was decidedly against him. The arguments he used against his opponent became “stale, flat, unprofitable,” and false. He perpetually vilified the Bulian court; but the Bulian court had

lately saved the public from evils of an extensive magnitude. The interest, therefore, of the court and of the people was one; and the eloquence of Reynardam could not divide it. To speak virulently against the higher powers, and to flatter the people; to point out imaginary grievances, and to foment disunion, were artifices so hackneyed, that even the meanest of the people despised them; and began to develope the characters that used them. Therefore, when Reynardam attempted to speak, his voice was drowned in shouts of interruption and hisses of execration.

FINDING his popularity in the wane, and that he was likely to prove unsuccessful in his opposition to Sefitra, Reynardam had recourse to another scheme.

SELAW, the eldest son of the king, captivated by the eloquence and external accomplishments, though a stranger to the heart of Reynardam, associated with him, and delighted in his conversation. The influence of Selaw was considerable; his friends were, therefore, the friends of Reynardam; and amongst them was a lady of distinction, whose name was *Noveda*, who had rendered herself popular by an affectation of affability, and having a pleasing person and much wealth, was a subject of panegyric for those who always discover peculiar graces in parade and splendour. Her accomplishments were superficial, and the company of Selaw was not calculated to improve them; for he had the encomiums only of the gay and the dissipated; and his attachment to Reynardam had rendered him unpopular amongst the people.

To a lady of such general estimation as *Noveda*, Reynardam concluded the *Bulians* would refuse nothing. He knew that

“Men give like gods what women sue.”

And *Noveda* was readily persuaded to solicit the *Bulians* in behalf of Reynardam. But, alas, such was his character, and such the spirit of the *Bulians*, that *Noveda* frequently met with gross insults, indecent liberties were taken with her, and she was several times obliged to shelter herself from the fury of those of the *Bulians* who regarded neither her smiles nor her frowns, who knew that such affairs belonged not to women, and who detested Reynardam.

SOME particular friends of Reynardam met every night during the contest, in order to give their opinions on the success of the day, and to arrange plans for the morrow. To them *Noveda* communicated her adventures, and finding that her reception was very ungracious, they deter-

mined that it was proper for Reynardam to drop the contest. This, however, he flatly refused, and thus addressed himself to his friends :

“ Gentlemen of the Select Assembly.

“ Though the popular voice is evidently against me, and though the lovely Noveda has exerted her influence to little purpose, yet I hold it necessary to continue the contest for the accomplishment of another object which I have in contemplation.

“ It is well known that many Bulians have given their voices on both sides, who have no right so to do; and my friends chiefly consisting of the lowest class of people, the unauthorised names which appear on my behalf are much more numerous than those on the other side. Should I succeed, my opponent will demand redress of the Estates; the expence attending which will nearly involve him in ruin; a circumstance which could not but afford infinite pleasure to the gentlemen of this select assembly; and in order to accomplish it, we must continue the contest, and solicit the support of all ranks of people, whether they have authority to give their suffrage or not.

“ For this purpose, I must request you to exert yourselves with spirit, for your interest in this determination is more deeply concerned than mine. You will not only have spent an immense sum of money in supporting me, for you know I have none myself, but we shall become subjects of ridicule to all Niatirb—The influence of greatness combined with beauty, is astonishing; and I have no doubt but that if the charming Noveda will condescend to visit the dregs of the people, we shall exceed our opponent in numbers; to which he must submit; or otherwise involve himself in ruin, to counteract the operation of that decision.”

This speech was received with wonderful applause, and the next morning Noveda, in violation of all female delicacy, again sallied forth the championess of Reynardam!

MORNING PAPERS.

The sagacious conductors of these daily rhapsodies are terribly alarmed at seeing the tide of popularity run against Mr. Fox, whose election for Westminster seems beyond all probability, the numbers, last night, standing thus :

- For Lord Hood 5464
- Sir Cecil Wray..... 4995
- Mr. Fox 4677

I believe some of the news-paper gentry are nearly as much interested in the event of this election as the candidates themselves. They, however, who are always boasting of their impartiality,

never fail to worship the rising sun; and another paper, last week, has given broad symptoms of rejecting their principles, and reassuming some degree of decency towards the Throne. I expect in less than a month the rest of the *Targification Club* will follow the example of the *Morning Post*.

The papers which continue in the pay of the expiring faction, abound in little more than ridiculous panegyric on persons who have long had “ no character at all,” and on others who are driving, Jehu-like, into the same predicament.

COVENT GARDEN.

It is rather unlucky that the Westminster election should happen to run into the Easter holidays. Though I doubt not but that the peace of Covent Garden, and its environs will be kept free from any outrageous molestation by the active vigilance of Sir Sampson Wright, who is, happily, resident in the neighbourhood. The band of sailors, I understand, is pretty well dispersed, and as the mob are now headed by a few ladies of distinction, I am in hopes it will not be necessary to read the *Riot act* again; a chapter on *Female Decency*, instead of it, would come with peculiar grace from the Duke of Devonshire, who is said to be a capital orator on that subject!

PERSONALITY.

I FIND several readers object to my opinions, because they are *too personal*. But that is a strange kind of reasoning. Example, it has often been repeated, has more influence than precept; in order, therefore, to shew the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice in more lively colours, the best way is to adduce examples. It is true that in doing this, you are writing panegyric or censure on some particular characters. But let it be remembered, that it is equally true, those characters merit that panegyric or that censure. If any harm could result to society, by being *too personal*, I should not wonder at complaints against personality. The contrary, however, is the case. If any one suffers, it is the party; and does not the party deserve it? And if any one is stopped in the career of folly, or prevented pursuing fashionable vices, by my exposing the principles or persons of those that set the example, my purpose is answered. Therefore, notwithstanding all that has been, or may be said against *personality*, you may rest assured that, *No respect of persons*, being my motto, and vice and impropriety being fair game, whether in a prince or a peasant, whether in a duchess or a street-walker, they shall not escape the censure, nor shall modest merit want the support of

Your faithful Reporter,

JOHN BULL.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is a certain gentleman in this kingdom nick-named Oliver Cromwell. I beg you will recommend to his attention, in particular, and to the attention of all men who wish to distinguish themselves as true patriots and good men, the following lines of the best poet Europe ever saw.

CROMWELL, I charge thee, fling away AMBITION;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
CORRUPTION wins not more than HONESTY.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be JUST and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy COUNTRY'S,
Thy GOD'S and TRUTH'S; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

These are the sentiments, and this the language of
Shakespeare, Truth, and Christianity!

Yours, &c.

WOLRUTH.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

NOT being much conversant with the Bulian language, I cannot understand the meaning of the celebrated word *Perdita*; pray is it not *Perdition* in plain *English*?—Put me right if I am wrong, and you will oblige,

Your constant reader,

Good Friday.

BOB SHORT.


To other CORRESPONDENTS.

A PRIVATE letter is left at Mr. Swift's for R. B.—The request of G. J. is complied with.—The lines on the Dukes of Devonshire, signed A Fox Tail, have some wit, but are indecent.—The list of Town Authors, with an estimate of the abilities of some modern dramatic writers, are under consideration.—The stanzas on Katterfelto's Black Cat, are fit only for the perusal of the said Cat.—The French verses sent by a lady, who desires a translation, shall appear in my next.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT'S, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E
N E W S P E C T A T O R ;
 W I T H T H E
S A G E O P I N I O N S O F J O H N B U L L .

No. XII.

T U E S D A Y , A P R I L 20, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Aliena negotia centum
 Per caput, & circa saliant latus—*

HORACE.

An hundred men's affairs confound
 My senses, and besiege me round.

FRANCIS.

THOUGH I am daily honoured with the favours of numerous correspondents, they have of late, turned so much on electioneering, that I am obliged to reject many, on account of their relating solely to politics. It is true that the politics of these days by exhibiting some characters in different points of view, and shewing, by striking examples, the influence of ambition in one, and meanness in another, afford ample scope for the moralist; and to such letters of my correspondents as are likely to have any influence on the manners as well as the politics of my readers, I shall give place; and shall therefore make no further apology for inserting the following epistle from a gentleman who tells me that its contents are grounded on truth.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

My wife is gone mad!—and, what is worse, politically mad! Now, of all madness, I hate your political madness. Ever since the commencement of the Westminster election, my wife has been intoxicated with politics, my servants with strong beer, myself with vexation, and my house has resounded with nothing but

Fox for ever! It would have been some consolation had she confined her folly to her own house, but alas! she has been making a fool of herself all over the town! She has been canvassing, with a vengeance! And what with palming one fellow, kissing another, and coaxing with thousands, has driven me almost horn-mad!

PREVIOUS to her marriage, my wife was remarkable for delicacy of sentiment and elegance of manners; and afterwards was looked up to as the arbitress of fashion, and a leader of female taste. She then plunged into excess of dissipation and of dress; by the former she drained my purse, and by the latter deprived me of an heir. I have been a considerable time in lopping these follies, and had brought her mind to taste the sweets of domestic tranquillity, and now she is electioneering mad!

It is true that an election cannot last for ever; but that is a small consolation for the loss of that delicacy and of those graces which rendered her amiable in the eyes of others, and doubly dear to me. Her reputation is indeed unimpeached, and I believe her present conduct arises solely from that singularity she always assumed, and

which.

which is her chief, if not her only fault. But she should remember that female reputation is of slender contexture; and that

"To her belongs

The care to shun the blast of scandalous tongues."

This, however, is impossible so long as she interferes in matters which, by no means, concern her or her sex.

WHEN I read, in the daily prints, of the meannesses to which she stoops; of the wagers she is perpetually betting, in the style of a New-market jockey; of the bribes she receives from all moderate spectators; when I think on the plaudits bestowed on her in common with some of the most infamous women of the age, in such of the morning papers as are famous for extolling the meretricious airs and pursuits of what they term the *Cyprian corps*; when I see her return home bespattered with dirt, frowning with vexation at public insult, and biting, in anger, those lips which once were sacred to nuptial love and me, the equanimity of my temper almost forsakes me: I stand astonished at the havoc cursed politics have made, and am almost tempted to challenge the mob of voters, for seducing the attention of my wife to the very object which must render her despicable in the eyes of all judicious men, and women of common sense.

SUCH, good Mr. SPECTATOR, is my situation. I have reasoned with her in vain. She is encouraged by the idle and the worthless in all her pursuits. She reads your paper, and probably your animadversions may tend to shew her how deformed she is become, and induce her to retire into the country with me, and learn once more to seek her chief happiness in the attention of a fond husband, and the fascinating smiles of a lovely infant.

I am, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Yours, &c.

Piccadilly.

THIS gentleman very justly calls himself a *fond* husband: he is indeed too fond and too indulgent in permitting his wife to disgrace herself, by a conduct so highly reprehensible. He says he has "reasoned with her in vain." If reasoning fails, he should have recourse to remonstrance; and should that also fail, he should hurry her into the country and by taking her from the scene of action, endeavour to reclaim her.

It has, of late years, been too much the vogue amongst the fashionable fair to imitate in every

thing the example of the other sex; particularly in modes of dress, and matters of amusement. These circumstances have been sufficiently reprobated and ridiculed by writers of every class; but, unluckily, without any visible effect. There are some women who have a peculiar veneration for the maxim, that it is as well to be, out of the world, as out of the fashion, and who, therefore, "catch the manners living as they rise," and however, absurd, immediately adopt them.

THE wife of my correspondent indeed seems not to be content with following the fashions of others; but is ambitious of leading the van of female folly; and boldly commences a female canvasser on a contested election. This is a character so totally repugnant to all ideas of decency, that she who assumes it must have no small share of impudence to continue it. The buffoonery and obscenity of the vulgar, to which she is perpetually exposed, let the party she espouses be what it may, must at the very onset shock her in a high degree. If she continues the pursuit, she bids defiance to decency, and to every thing feminine in the female character. She becomes the pity of her friends, the reproach of her enemies, the scorn of the moderate, and the admiration of a mob.

To conclude. I cannot but think it a duty incumbent on my correspondent, if his wife be, as he says, a leader of fashions, to put an immediate stop to her electioneering perambulations, lest her example should influence others to follow the same ungracious pursuits.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

PARTICULAR praise is due to Lady M——, Lady W——, Lady G——, and the indefatigable Duchess for their late patriotic exertions in which, I understand, they have received no small help from the influence of the Perdita, and two other ladies who having passed for Duchesses, have been essentially serviceable to the good cause. I desire therefore that you will dedicate a number or two of your entertaining paper to these female patriots, to whom the public are daily indebted for singular favours.

Your humble Servant,

Covent-Garden.

BON TON.

THE

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. V.]

BARBARA EAST.

Familiarité engendre mépris.

FORTITUDE generally arises from a liberal education, or philosophic principle, imbibed at an early age, but Miss *Barbara East* is always in possession of tranquillity, though a stranger to the latter, and in want of the former. Her soul is only susceptible of one passion. Indifference is her hobby-horse, which always goes *one pace and one road*. She never experienced the effect of sorrow, or the satisfaction of joy. The singular conduct of this original, I sincerely think, arises from the *extremity* of affectation, which is an attendant friend on our modern females. Chance led me into the company of Miss *Barbara*. On my entering the room there was a general moving to receive the customary salutations which are naturally used when a stranger first enters into any society; but *Barbara insisted* that every one should sit down and not make such a fuss about nothing. This reflection, from a lady whom I had never seen, excited my surprise, which was soon annihilated by ten minutes conversation.

AFTER the company were re-seated Miss *Barbara* began with—"I'm amazed that people will give themselves so much trouble as to sacrifice tranquillity for politeness. How horrid to use ceremony!—Bless me!—I have left my watch at home!—What shall I do!—Dear Sir—" at that instant taking *me* by the hand with as much freedom as if she had known me from my infancy—"if you will step to my house the servant will give it you—I hate formality, Sir; it is freedom alone that creates my admiration."

THAT politeness which she despised, obliged me to be wet to the skin, as it rained the whole period of my going for Miss *Barbara's* watch. So lost in indifference is this Original, that she will employ a whole company merely out of freedom! Her affectation even extends so far as to permit her to sit a whole comedy, or opera, without missing the least admiration at the performance of an Abington, or the singing of a Martyr.

THOUGH insensible to the passions of nature, yet, to the astonishment of her acquaintance, she has her gallant!—This very circumstance proves that our ancient authors knew nothing of that sublime passion Love; as they represented it to be created by beauty, youth, and sense. Now, Miss *Barbara*, though on the verge of six-and-thirty, pitted with the small pox, and possessing not the

least share of beauty, has her lover, and indeed she inwardly glories in the conquest of *Tommy Sapwell*, though, to appearance, his attachment only merits her indifference. When in company, *Tommy* is treated as an attendant, and obliged to obey her orders, however absurd. If he declares his passion, *Barbara* takes half an hour on the subject of formality; protesting that a declaration of love is almost as execrable as going to be married. Such are the effects of affectation and freedom.

LAST summer she was invited to spend three months out of town, to which she readily acquiesced. When she arrived at the place of invitation, the mistress of the house received her with friendship, but seemed rather surprised at her coming to remain three months, without bringing *sums* baggage with her; to which Miss *Barbara* replied—"I know you hate formality, therefore I will make free, and what I want, during my stay, ask you for. A friend of mine is coming down to stay a month with me, but I need not make an apology; you know me; I hate ceremony." The result of hating ceremony was—that Miss *Barbara*, during her residence in the country, was the mistress of the house, and had every thing in her own way; drank the best wines, wore the best clothes, because "you know I hate ceremony!"

THE consequence which must arise from such an affected mean conduct is, that a second invitation never ensues. If the visit is attempted to be repaid, and Miss *Barbara's* friends call to see her, she is very sorry that she is engaged, but an apology is unnecessary, as they know she hates ceremony. These are the true outlines of Miss *Barbara East*, who was once in possession of a set of worthy and agreeable friends, but which she has lost by disdaining ceremony. When freedom extends beyond its compass, it is disgusting, and only creates derision.

[To be continued.]

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

PRAY is the liberty of the press in danger? I see by the Irish papers that such an idea is entertained on that side the water. But so long as I see the *print-shops* in London, I shall never despair of the liberty of one kind of press, however. But the press they merit in one respect they lose in another. Let them banish *obscenity*, and receive the thanks of the community.

Yours, &c.

L. A.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is something so very pretty in the following Stanzas, that I shall be glad to see them in the NEW SPECTATOR, in hopes that some of your correspondents will favour the public with a poetical translation which may amuse some, and will particularly oblige

Yours, &c.

MARIA.

AUX JEUNES AMANTES.

Par M. CUINET D'ORBEIL.

JEUNES beautés, la vie est peu de chose :
Ah! de ce peu tâchez donc de jouir,
Ne craignez point que la sagesse en glose,
Elle se tait à la voix du plaisir.

Mais gardez-vous succomber sans gloire ;
Fuyez plutôt l'amant qui vous poursuit,
Avant l'instant marqué pour la victoire,
Si vous cédez, votre empire est détruit.

L'amour n'est rien sans la délicatesse ;
N'épuisez point les traits de son carquois ;
Qu'un seul amant flatte votre tendresse :
Ne lancez point deux fleches à la fois.

S O N N E T,

To the RED-BREAST.

By Mr. BAMFFYLDE.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sit'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay Thrush sings loud from covert dim ;
But when pale winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim ;
And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song ;
Sweet bird ! sing on ; for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleas'd the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full may a tale have told and ditty long.

E X T E M P O R E,

On seeing a Print of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN as a
SPARTAN BOY.

By FOX the Spartan Boy with honour stamp'd his name ;
And thou by FOX art "damn'd to everlasting fame !"

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

DEAR SPEC,

I BELIEVE there will be no end of this same electioneering. Every artifice is used to procure votes, and the minds of the people continue agitated by two monosyllables: Wray and Fox. With respect to the contest, the *Black-legs* of Covent Garden, bet "Ten Guineas to Ten Shillings, that Mr. Fox will not be a fitting member for Westminster." For my own part, I interest myself only in contemplating the moral effects of this election; and am truly shocked when I hear of the great number of perjuries which it has produced, and is likely still to produce.

THE administering of an oath, is now become so common, that many regard it as a *matter of form*, and would do much more than take a false oath to serve a party. Ignorant wretches in abundance, influenced by violent zeal, or unlawful interference, have, I understand, been giving their voices at Covent Garden, totally destitute of any right so to do. These transactions have a visible effect on the moral character of the people. Guilty of perjury in their public transactions, villainous principles will soon pervade their private dealings. I trust, therefore, that if any enquiry is made into the legality of votes, every perjured man will be made to suffer the punishment due to his offence, and that a crime which some of the savage Indians punish with death, will not escape with impunity in a country which boasts of the purity of its religion, and the excellence of its laws.

T H E A T R E S.

Drury-Lane.

ON Thursday the *Countess of Salisbury* was performed to an uncommonly crowded audience. It is indeed a despicable play, but nevertheless exhibits Mrs. Siddons to peculiar advantage. There are transitions in the character of the Countess wonderfully adapted to Mrs. Siddons's mode of playing; and I know not of any character in which she appears to more advantage. — Mr. Kemble appeared for the first time, in *Salisbury*, and rendered that character interesting which, in the hands of Mr. Smith, has nothing in the world to recommend it, but its being essential to the piece. This you will naturally conceive when I tell you that it requires some *feeding*, and of Smith you may as well require the pathos of *Pacchierotti*! Palmer did all he or any body else could do with *Raymond*. He ought to be doubly paid for his trouble; for the character is so vilely written, that it is up-hill work,
all

all the way, and I would advise him to transfer it as soon as possible.—Miss Kemble was as great as usual!

R O B I N H O O D.

Covent-Garden.

A NEW comic opera under this title, could not but attract general notice, and accordingly this Theatre, on Saturday evening, was filled with company, at a very early hour.

THE scene lines in Sherwood forest, and the plot is taken from Goldsmith's beautiful ballad of Edwin and Angelina, *Turn gentle hermit of the dale*. Vide the Vicar of Wakefield. Robin Hood and Clorinda, Scarlet and Stella, Allen a Dale and Margaret, are all lovers in whom there is nothing interesting. Edwin and Angelina are drawn in water-colours, or at least they appear such after the admirable portraits of Goldsmith; and the discovery of Edwin is not managed so as to raise any of those emotions which accompany the reading of the ballad. Indeed there cannot be a more difficult task than giving stage animation, if I may so call it, to characters which have been finished by the muses. The ballads from which Shakspeare borrowed many of his plots were such as admitted of amplification and refinement; but Edwin and Angelina admit of neither. To amplify is to spoil it; to refine it, is to burn paper. It admits of nothing but music, and perhaps there is no musician living capable to do it justice.

THIS opera is said to be written by Mr. Mac Nally, the author of *Retaliation*, a dramatic after-piece which does him much credit. I am sorry I cannot say so much of Robin Hood. The wit is thinly scattered, and is too frequently cousin-german to the pun. It is very remarkable that Mr. Mac Nally, who, I am told, is called to the Bar, never omits an opportunity to lash the gentlemen of the law; his reflections on judges and juries, in the present performance, are, however, illiberal and vulgar. Of sentiments he is very sparing. In saying that virtue flourishes more in England than any where else, I am afraid he is flattering his audience; the exclamation against bull-baiting was well conceived; and I do not recollect any other sentiments worth notice.

THE new music is by Shield; and, except in the opening, and one movement of the overture, adds nothing to his reputation. It is pleasing, but wants variety and novelty. I do not recollect a single air that is likely to become popular. The duet between Robin and Edwin (Bannister and

Johnstone) gave the most general satisfaction, because melody and simplicity were happily united. The music is Harrington's. I wonder the old song of "As blithe as the linnet," with the old music, was not introduced.

THE characters were well supported, and well dressed. Mrs. Martyr, as Clorinda, looked and sung charmingly, and merited a brisker lover than Mr. Bannister, who looked and is drawn too serious to give an idea of the *bonny* Robin Hood. Mrs. Kemble played the *artfully simple* Stella to advantage. Quick, in Little John, and Edwin, in the Tinker, were as comical as usual.

B U L I A.

The Contest continued!

SAMOT and IRAM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the artifices of Reynardam, and the infamous interference of Noveda, Sefira continued to have the advantage, and the friends of his opponents were nearly driven to desperation. Reynardam harangued the Bulian mob; Noveda distributed her favors with a liberal hand; but all would not do. Reynardam was beheld with detestation; and Noveda regarded as an unexampled instance of female folly.

THE public and private evils attending this contest were innumerable. Amongst the chief of the latter may be reckoned the misfortunes of *Samot* and *Iram*.

IRAM, beloved by Samot, was the youngest daughter of a man of fortune. Samot was the remaining branch of an honourable family. She was chaste and he was valiant. The day was fixed on for their union. Unfortunately the Bulian contest intervened. The father of Iram had long been the declared enemy of Reynardam. Such, however, were the revolutions in Bulian politics, that he was now become his firm friend. Samot, who had hitherto agreed with the father of Iram, in a determined opposition to the principles of Reynardam, could not be prevailed upon to regard him as worthy of his attachment who so well merited the opposition he had met with. This so exasperated Iram's father, that he refused to give the hand of his daughter to Samot.

THE distress of the lovers may readily be conceived. Samot would have been unworthy of the heart of Iram, had he sacrificed his principles to his affection. He would have sacrificed any thing but principle. In proportion as Sefira advanced in the contest, and as Reynardam became more execrated, the father of Iram

was

was more exasperated against Samot, though he did not at all interfere in any thing relative to the contest.

It is a hard thing for a man of fortune in Bulia to escape the imputation of being a partizan. The friends of Reynardam like himself, the outcasts of fortune, conceiving that Samot was his enemy, took every opportunity to insult him. Indeed many of the friends of Reynardam depended much on his success. Those idle and dissipated young fellows, who had squandered their patrimony in the excesses for which Reynardam had rendered himself famous, or rather infamous; those despicable tools of faction, who prostituted the little wit wherewith heaven, in its anger, had cursed them, in vile endeavours to mislead the public opinion; those abandoned women with whom these men associated, and who mutually ruined each other; all these depended on the good fortune of Reynardam, for future honours, and some of them for future subsistence; and all these were, of course, the enemies of Samot.

AGAINST such complicated vices, what virtue can stand secure? They not only leagued themselves against the best and greatest of the Bulian people, but sowed division in families, and spread discord throughout Bulia. Such wretches live only in confusion, and, enemies to subordination, trample under-foot all order and decency. It was well known that Samot loved his king, revered the laws, and detested sedition. He was, therefore, marked by the opposite party as an object worthy of their peculiar malice. He was assulted by some of the dregs of the people, and his life endangered. Report proclaimed his death, and Iram, unprepared for such fatal intelligence, swooned away, and revived no more. Samot recovered of his wounds, and erected a stately mausoleum to the eternal memory of Iram, and the everlasting disgrace of the Bulian faction.

FEMALE DRESS

Has been at a dead stand since the dissolution of Parliament. The ladies have been so deeply engaged in the important business of canvassing for members, that they have had no time to attend to alterations of dress. Half-boots, the treble-caped great coat and belt, and the hat half-balloon, half-Bridgman, with blue ribbons inscribed Fox, has been and, notwithstanding the warm weather, still continue the electioneering livery of the fashionable frails of the metropolis. Sad com-

plaints amongst the milliners and mantua-makers who have already received their spring dolls, dressed at Paris, and cannot prevail on the ladies to think of any thing but Fox bows, Fox muffs, Fox tails, Fox every thing!

Yours, in haste,

JOHN BULL.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM very much astonished and enraged at that vile fellow John Bull, whom you call your sagacious deputy, who has the impudence to abuse the most lovely creature in the universe. Give me leave to tell you MR. SPECTATOR, that your predecessor never abused people as you do; and had always a particular regard for the *fair sex*. Follow his example, or dread the repentment of

Yours, &c.

KITTY DOWNRIGHT.

KITTY DOWNRIGHT entertains the general opinion, that personality is nowhere to be found in those delightful papers, the Spectator. It is true that at this distance of time the particular persons alluded to are not known; but it is far from being true, that MR. SPECTATOR was not, now and then, very personal.

INDEED there is much difference between the manners of those days and of these. The ladies were then under some awe of public censure. But the fashion is now to set public opinion at defiance, and Mr. Addison never had the mortification to see the meretricious airs, and imprudent follies of women of quality defended, patronised, and applauded in the news papers of those days.

MR. ADDISON indeed always touches the faults of the ladies with a gentle hand. Enormity of offence did not then dare to raise its head. The disease was in its infancy, and required not those rough applications, which it now demands. To censure the pursuits of particular persons is in itself disagreeable; but sometimes it is no less necessary. To spare vice is to countenance it.

IF, therefore, Kitty Downright is an admirer of the Old Spectator, she must cease to admire those Ladies who render themselves objects of public reprehension; and I would recommend it to her to follow the precepts contained in the Old Spectator, rather than the example of those Ladies she so much admires, and who have rendered

dered themselves liable to the censure of my sagacious Deputy John Bull.

FOR my own part, having little to do in the fashionable world, I do not pretend to judge of the particular personages my said Deputy may allude to. But of this I am confident, that John Bull is too honest to censure or to praise those who do not richly deserve reprehension or commendation.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IF you are not very squeamish, give me leave to tell you a story of a rape. As the ladies are particularly fond of hearing trials of that kind, I hope you will indulge me with relating a circumstance that once occurred at Lincoln, on the trial of a man for that offence, before the late Sir Richard Aston.

It happened that many ladies were present to hear the trials, and particularly on the day the *impudent fellow* was to be brought up. Before he was put to the bar, the Judge very properly informed the ladies of the nature of the man's offence, and advised them to quit the court. Out of about forty, three departed, who, by the bye, were strongly suspected to be old maids. The indictment was then read, which stated, that this man being possessed of a *turnip field*, he caught the woman in the fact of stealing his turnips, and in revenge, committed the rape. The indictment being read, the Judge again exhorted the ladies to depart, and two more went, as discreet women as any in Lincoln.

THE woman was then called, and previous to her examination, his lordship remonstrated rather warmly with the ladies on the subject of their presence. But not another could be prevailed upon to stir.—The man was acquitted, with this admonition from the judge; "You ought to be thankful that you have escaped this time; and that you may never involve yourself in a similar situation, I advise you never to sow that field with turnips again, for if you do, you may depend upon it, that all the Ladies of Lincoln will come to steal your turnips!"

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

AN OLD JURY-MAN.

I HOPE the London ladies will not arrogate to themselves a superiority of delicacy over the ladies of Lincoln. The conveniencies at the latter place have rendered the hearing of trials a fashionable amusement.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE following Oath is transmitted to me by a gentleman, who says it is necessary to be administered in order to qualify the young virgins, widows, and old maids of Great Britain, that desire to be well married, for their being presented by their friends to those who may request them in marriage.

Yours, &c.

A BACHELOR.

The FEMALE OATH.

I DECLARE that I never take up above two hours at my toilet and looking-glass; nor, when I am dressed, review myself above seven times a day, and then I will not spend above three minutes at a time.

I SOLEMNLY profess, I will never drink above one gallon of tea on a visiting day, nor above a quart on any other day. I vow, that I think from my heart, that above a pint of coffee in four and twenty hours, is an excess; and that more than two dishes of chocolate is an unpardonable debauch; and we ought to drink those two but very seldom, for fear of heating our constitutions, especially towards the opening of the summer. It is a very great abuse, to pretend a fit of the head-ach above once a week, for the sake of a dram of strong waters; and to complain of an illness in one's stomach any oftener, that one may have the benefit of swallowing a cordial.

I vow and protest that it is a very ill custom to go abroad in a hackney coach on mornings, to make little purchases, as cheapening tea, buying china, &c. with no body but one's self and a maid, wrapped up in loose gowns, without stays; that it is highly tending towards ill manners, and is, without a great crime, impracticable by any one that hath ever been instructed in the rules of decency.

RECREATION I allow of, and applaud, except where it is not allowable and praise worthy. I forswear all high play at cards; and it is my judgment, that the woman is extremely to blame who ventures any such sum as that the loss of it should create any uneasiness in her; or the winning of it give her too much pleasure.

I PROTEST and vow that these are my opinions, and that I will strictly act according to every article as I desire the favour and help of Hymen, and as I hope to be well married.

* * Many articles more are only to be known to those to whom the oath is offered.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr- SPECTATOR,

MANY people having expressed their astonishment at the intimacy subsisting between *Squire Morgan's Nephew* and *Master Jelly*, I beg you will inform those whom it may concern, that the said *Jelly* during the minority of the said *Squire*, and on the particular emergency of a run of bad luck at play, lent him Five hundred pounds, more or less, as the lawyers say; and ever since that time, the young gentleman, out of pure gratitude, and to encourage the attachment of so useful a man, has shewn *Jelly* such particular favour that he is called the *High Priest of Necessity!*

Yours, &c.

PALL MALL.

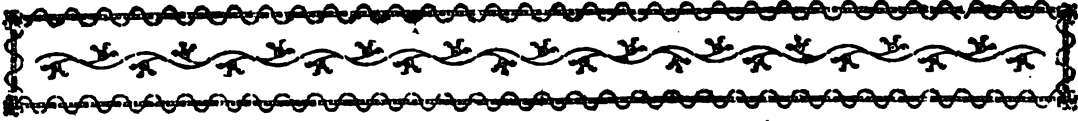
To other CORRESPONDENTS.

I AM extremely obliged to R. B. who will perceive that I have already availed myself of his friendship. It is with pleasure that I comply with his request.—A Father's advice to his Son, is received, and shall appear as soon as convenient.—I have not yet been favoured with the promised information from G. J.—The numerous writers on the conduct of a certain *Duchess*, cannot all be obliged; that their favours have been rejected by the morning papers is no wonder, as it is a rule of conduct with them to reject every thing in favour of decency, when they are paid to trumpet the charms of indecency.—The letter signed the *Seven Stars* is somewhat too sublime for my comprehension.—A.B.C may be a very witty man, but he has certainly no pretensions whatever to common sense.—L.F. is received.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XIII.

TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

GOLDSMITH.

AN author to whom this country is much indebted, speaking of the maxim, assented to by all good divines and philosophers, "That no man whatever can do evil for evil's sake," expresses his sorrow that one of the greatest objections that can be made to this universal problem, should lie at the door of my countrymen; and I cannot but join him in this censure against them; but I trust the new parliament will make it an early business to take off the stigma.

WHAT I am now speaking of, relates to the insolvent debtors with whom our gaols are crowded. The ungenerous world is come to that pass, that the strong will not stand by the infirm; the rich will not help the needy; the fine-dressed gentlemen overlook, and are ashamed of the ragged, and will not cloath the naked; persons wallowing riotously in luxury, voluptuousness, and all sorts of unwarrantable pleasures, will not give meat to the hungry, nor spare time to cast down one glance of pity on honest necessity and innocent want. I should think myself inexcusable, living in a christian age, and in a country whose purity of doctrine in religion teaches it to be the most zealous in points of charity, were I to omit reprimanding those who by a general defection from the laws, both of god and man, by an universal degeneracy both in grace and humanity, deny food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, cloaths to the naked, a visit to the sick,

and the imprisoned, and comfort to the comfortless of heart; especially since these are the corporal works of mercy, by the measure of which mankind is to be finally judged, to be eternally saved or condemned.

To a man living in all temporal blessings, indulging himself in the affluence and pomp of wealth, and triumphing, as it were, over fortune, with infinite gladness, sober and serious reflections of this nature, may perhaps seem a little preposterous; but I must beg leave to tell him this unwelcome truth, that such an unchristian and even inhuman consideration of the infelicities of his fellow-creatures, which he only owes to providence that he never felt, proceeds from a giddiness of thought, caused by undigested meals, the fumes of wine, and shameful luxury.

SUCH a man must be made to know, that many of those wretches who are now in prison, were not always so; that many who now would be thankful for a cup of cold water, have been able to drink wine as well as he; that many who now rejoice and leap at the product of common charity, could once afford to keep as plentiful a table as he; that many who are now glad of a patched and party-coloured garment to cover their nakedness, have formerly made great appearances, and shone in far different apparel; that many who now lie upon straw, or perhaps stretched on the cold ground, have enjoyed as many golden

slum-

slumbers, and sunk as deeply in downy beds as he; that many who are now kept within the compass of four bare walls, have rattled through the streets in carriages, as magnificent as himself.

He is, in the next place, to be informed, that they had THEN as good security to remain in that splendour as he has now; that the fault of their breaking was in necessity, and not in their will; particular instances he will adduce to the contrary; but, comparatively, few, very few indeed. He is then to be told, that ONE out of a thousand unprovided mischances, out of a million unforeseen accidents, may, in one fatal day, reduce him to the like variety of wretchedness. And therefore, all that I beseech and implore of any such man, is, to spare from his pleasures one virtuous look into his own bosom, to make the case his own, and then, after asking himself the question, what a tenderness of behaviour he would imagine due from his fellow-creatures? let him be guided in his conduct by the answer his reason would give him.

How different is this honest spirit, from the spirit of a cruel creditor! How is he by himself deprived even of the nature of man, when he speaks real vengeance for crimes purely imaginary, and framed by his own wild and outrageous fancy, upon the head of an innocent and well-meaning debtor, whom unavoidable casualty, has made insolvent, and rendered the causeless object of his wrath!

IN order to have a clear idea of this matter, let us imagine we now see what, in such a trading and populous city, we may every day behold if we will be at a little trouble for the observation: let us, I say, place before us some honest, generous and wealthy merchant, with a large, good, and happy family round him, high in the esteem of all his neighbours, and of those that he deals with; to whom the news is just arrived of all his ships being lost; one surpris'd in a sudden tempest, and snatched away from him in a whirlwind; a second dashed to pieces against "merchant-marring rocks;" a third staved and sunk by water-spouts bursting from a cloud; and the last drowned and swallowed up within sight of his own shore, by bulging fatally on a land. Let us behold the good honest man supporting himself under this load of calamity, by the props of a heavenly resignation, stopping the heart-breaks that gape to let out life, and would make a shipwreck of his person too, when the tears of a dearly beloved wife, and the cries of the pledges of their loves, who, by being their children, are grown the orphans of good fortune, swell up the ocean of his misery, and distract the tide of hope.

Let us behold him stemming a sea of troubles, struggling and grappling in a hurricane of fate, sweating and toiling beneath a weary life, and just sinking under the burden of heavy debts, which it is impossible for him to discharge, otherwise than by a pious resolution to do it as soon as he is able, and to make himself able as far as his strongest endeavours would let him. Let us behold him weathering through the storm for a time, with the cheerfulness of a good conscience, and never fighting at his own misfortunes but when he fights that they were the cruel causes of those disappointments, with which he is not willing, but is forced to disoblige his creditors. And shall we not, after placing all this scene of unavoidable woe before our eyes, be melted into compassion for such a man? And shall we not, with uncommon wrath and indignation, rise up against any barbarous purse-proud creditor, that breaks in roughly upon his prayers and tears, to insult his wants, and mock and aggravate his sorrows; that interrupts his honest labours and intentions to pay his debts, on purpose to make him an everlasting debtor? It is because these creditors have the world on their side, and the specious colour of infamous laws to justify their cause. Shall they not be told that the extremity of rigour in the law is frequently the extremity of injustice? And that it as often happens that what is nationally legal is not only not religiously lawful, but, on the contrary, conscientiously examined, very criminal?

IN this view, and it too often happens to be a true one, the debtor is an innocent sufferer, but loaded with reproach that claims all the aid and assistance we can bring him; and the creditor is by so much more barbarous a villain, because, vested with the authority of the law, he makes his power his will, without any consideration or mercy for his fellow-creature, and out of a lust of rage, prosecutes, with premeditated malice, a man for being innocently and unfortunately guilty, not of a voluntary, but of a necessary crime against him.

IN this case not the debtor, but the creditor is the unjust man; and if ever it lies honestly in their way to do it, all men are obliged to moderate the severity of the law, when it is so flagrantly inconsistent with humanity. I must own, for my part, I would step in between such a ruined debtor, and such an enraged creditor, as soon as if I beheld a man falling from a window, breaking his own limbs, and only jostling another in his fall; I would defend him as he lay on the ground, from the rashness of a person who would be only like the creditor, if he went

to

to stab him as he lay helpless on the earth, for giving him an affront which was only caused by the same accident that made the poor creature break his limbs, and put him in danger of his life, without the additional calamity of being inhumanly butchered,

THE parallel is just, and the case I have stated is the case of most of those debtors who are really insolvent. With respect to those who are not really insolvent, some further considerations will be necessary, when I shall resume this subject.

It will, perhaps, be remarked that the particular instance I have adduced of a merchant reduced to distress, is the case of a very few of the insolvent debtors in this kingdom; and perhaps the remark may be just. But I have no doubt that the cases of at least two thirds of the poor wretches that now linger in prisons, if truly stated, would prove them to be as much more honest as they are less fortunate than those who sent them there. And nothing can justify a creditor depriving an honest debtor of his liberty.

THE attaining the age of twenty one years by a Prince of Wales has generally been celebrated by the liberation of all prisoners for debt, by an act of the legislature; and it is no wonder if, previous to a period so well known, many should voluntarily become prisoners, with an intent to defraud their creditors. Such men doubtless deserve an almost perpetual continuance of that punishment, which they have solicited; and if they could be identified should be precluded all benefit arising from that act by which the honest insolvent would regain his freedom.

MANY objections arise against acts of this nature which, however, may be easily obviated by particular clauses to prevent fraud and collusion. If instead of the debt being entirely done away, the debtor was restored to liberty, on condition of repayment, according to his ability, in a given time, five years for instance, I have no doubt but that every debtor would gladly sign an instrument to that purpose, and that creditors would at length be repaid those demands which, under common circumstances, many have little reason to expect. I trust some such mode will be adopted; that our prisons will be cleared of their present inhabitants; and that the community will reap benefit from the labours of those who are now deprived of their liberty and means of subsistence, by the operation of ridiculous laws, and the caprice of unfeeling creditors.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

As you seem desirous of preserving in your valuable miscellany, those poetical pieces of former days, which are not generally known; and yet are highly worthy of remembrance; and as I think the following poem comes under that description, I hope to see it in the NEW SPECTATOR.

Yours, &c.

Strand.

K.

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS to his SON.

Written about the Year 1684.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,

Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,

Or noise the solemn scene invaded,

Save some afflicted muse's moan:

A swain, t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending,

Sat forrowing, at the close of day,

By whose fond side a boy attending,

Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,

But on the smiling prattler hung;

Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,

These accents trembled from his tongue.

' My youth's first hope! my manhood's treasure!

' My prattling innocent, attend;

' Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure,

' A father's loveliest name is friend.

' Some truths, from long experience flowing,

' Worth more than royal grants, receive;

' For truths are gifts of heaven's bestowing,

' Which kings have seldom power to give.

' Since, from an ancient race descended,

' You boast an unattainted blood,

' By your's be their fair fame defended,

' And claim by birth-right to be good.

' In love of every fellow creature,

' Superior rise above the croud;

' What most enables human nature,

' Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

' Be thine the generous heart that borrows

' From other's joys, a friendly glow;

' And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,

' Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

' This is the temper most endearing,

' Though wide proud pomp her banner spreads;

' An heavenlier power, good nature bearing,

' Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

' Taste not of Fame's uncertain fountain,

' The peace-destroying streams that flow;

' Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain

' Look down upon the world below.

' The

' The princely pine on hills exalted,
 ' Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
 ' By winds long brav'd, at last assaulted,
 ' Is headlong hurl'd in dust to lie.

' While the mild rose, more safely growing,
 ' Low in its un aspiring vale,
 ' Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
 ' Exchanges sweets with every gale.

' Envy not beauty's darling features,
 ' Moulded by nature's fondling power;
 ' For fairest forms 'mongst human creatures,
 ' Shine but the pageants of an hour.

' I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
 ' At noon, a gay narcissus blow
 ' Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 ' Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

' By noon-tide heat its youth was wasted:
 ' The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd;
 ' At eve its glory all was blasted,
 ' And not one former tint remain'd.

' Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory,
 ' Lead you from wisdom's path astray:
 ' What genius lives renown'd in story,
 ' To happiness who found the way?

' In yonder mead behold that vapour,
 ' Whose vivid beams illusive play;
 ' Far off it seems a friendly taper,
 ' To guide the traveller on his way.

' But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
 ' Tread where the faithless meteors glow,
 ' He'd find too late, his rashness ruing,
 ' That fatal quicksands lurk below.

' In life, such bubbles nought admiring,
 ' Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
 ' Do you from pageant crouds retiring,
 ' To peace in virtue's cot repair.

' There seek the never-wasted treasure
 ' Which mutual love and friendship give;
 ' Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
 ' And blest'd and blessing you shall live!

' If heaven with children crown your dwelling,
 ' As mine its bounty does with you;
 ' In fondness fatherly excelling,
 ' The example you have felt pursue!"

He paus'd, for tenderly caressing
 The darling of his wounded heart,
 Looks had means only of expressing
 Thoughts language never could impart!

Now night her sable mantle spreading,
 Had robed with black the horizon round;
 And dank dew from her tresses shedding,
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground:

When back to city follies flying,
 'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd;
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying
 The true complexion of his mind.

For seriously around surveying
 Each character in youth and age;
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage:

Peaceful himself, and undefigning,
 He loth'd the scenes of guilt and strife;
 And felt each secret wish inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life!

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
 Obediently he bow'd his soul;
 For what all bounteous heaven created,
 He thought heaven only should controul!

JOHN BULL

To his friend, the NEW SPECTATOR,
 Greeting:

WHEREAS, in obedience to your SPECTATORSHIP'S commands, I have, for the last ten days, made it my business to attend most places of public resort in this metropolis, and, have been enabled to draw no other conclusion than one, made some centuries ago by a famous writer of those days: that there is nothing new under the sun. I am glad, however, to find that amongst the most fashionable pastimes, are to be reckoned

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS,

which, as the stage is now tolerably chaste, and as tragedy has, in some measure, regained her empire, may tend to improve, rather than to injure the morals of the people. It, therefore, gives me no small pleasure, at a well-played tragedy, on casting my eyes round the theatre, to observe those of others bedecked with the sympathetic pearls which indicate hearts feeling for the distresses of others. And my feelings, in this respect, were amply gratified on Saturday evening, at Drury-lane Theatre, when the tragedy of

TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA

was performed, for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons, in which that lady played Sigismunda, and Mr. Kemble Tancred, with such happiness of expression, as to leave few, if any, dry eyes in the house. It was well, indeed, that the strength of the piece rested on those two characters, for the others were but indifferently supported.—The play is well got up; and Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are the only performers in London who can do justice to Tancred and Sigismunda.

THE

THE politics of the times interfere with all our amusements. When Tancred declares,

Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave!
In this will be a king! in this my people
Shall learn to judge how I will guard THEIR rights,
When they behold me vindicate my OWN!

the house clapped him three times: and when, presently afterwards, he says

There is,
Can be no PUBLIC, without PRIVATE virtue,
the hearts and hands of the audience confirmed the justice of the sentiment.

COVENT-GARDEN Theatre, since my last, has produced nothing material.

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

I HAVE for some time past had by me a few leaves of this young gentlemen's private memorandum book, for the year 1783; and, in order to give you some idea of his notions and manner of passing his time, the following is an extract of one week.

SUNDAY.—Went to church. There is something more than priestcraft in religion. The lovely R. always told there was not, and she has sense.—Mem. not to trouble myself about the matter.—Dined with the family; all cheerful.—Going to town, detained at Kew by a pair of bright eyes. Proves to be a Windsor milliner. A good deal of the starch of virtue about her. Patience.—Accompany C. to M's—Both drunk—Return home at twelve.

MONDAY.—A pathetic lecture from Mater.—Sorry to disoblige her, but what is life without women and wine?—Letter from R.—Curfed sick of her.—Money, money, money.—Why don't you she get into keeping with ****? Threatens to shew my letters. Not so bad as my uncle's neither.—Send her 50l. and have done with her.—Try on a hunting frock.—Look well in boots and leather-breaches.—Order six frocks of the same sort and colour.—Write to Charles about *l'argent*.—Dine with uncle and aunt.—Uncle not a good judge of women.—His claret good.—Drunk.—Who can help it?—Go privately to the play.—Best company in the two shilling gallery.—See a girl to Water-lane.—Sober.—Sup.—Drunk.—Go to bed.

TUESDAY.—Head-ach.—Determined never to be intoxicated again.—Drink strong tea.—Better.—Read a page of Voltaire's *Candide*.—Description of the summer-house lined with mirrors, delightful.—Mem. To have one myself when I have a garden of my own; but the sofa to be light blue sattin.—Ride.—Meet R.—Well dressed;

looks like Diana, but nothing *nouvelle*.—Shake hands, and give her a 10l. note.—Very badly spare it.—Return.—Dress.—Charles dines with me.—Can get no cash.—Consult about ways and means.—Charles a rake half reformed, and an honest fellow.—Play billiards.—Lose 700l.—His instructions worth half the money, and his company the other half.—M. and I. come.—Drink deep.—New knee buckles come; exquisite taste.—These make my bill 875l.—Order two pair more to give away.—Tea.—Burgundy.—Claret.—Mixing liquors the devil.—L. sings and throws M. and I asleep.—Sup.—Scotch ale.—Drunk.—Go to bed.

WEDNESDAY.—Ride out early.—Breakfast.—No head-ach.—Skim the papers; d---d impudent; abuse poor R. about her poverty; must do something to set her straight.—Order a new dress.—Letter from Mrs. C. offering her services.—Stick to the little milliner.—Ride with Pater.—See a distressed family; Pater gives them all his ready money. Give a guinea myself.—Mem. Generally costs me something when I go with him.—Return.—Dress.—Hair looks vilely.—Dine with Mater.—Talk of the poor family.—Tears in her eyes.—Sends them ten guineas.—Mem. Mater the best woman living.—Sister plays a lesson, Bach's, on the harpsichord.—Plays well five minutes, and then carelessly.—A private ball to morrow evening.—Mem. To keep sober.—Coffee.—Sister reads *La Fontaine* very well.—Gives me a pair of worked ruffles.—Visit M.—His wife handsome.—Sup there.—Drink too much.—Go to bed.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast.—Read an Epistle from *Florizel* to *Perdita*. Not genuine.—Music master. Practise on the Violincella. Certainly improved.—Ride.—Dress.—Dine.—Play billiards with L.—Tea.—Dress for the ball.—Dance with M. She dances very well.—Pleasant evening's amusement.—Accompany M. home ***** Go to bed.

FRIDAY.—Card from D. for tea and cards.—Not so handsome as her sister; too masculine; unmeaning face; mouth always open.—Will attend.—Breakfast, and read the pamphlet Charles sent me. Don't understand it.—Ride.—Meet Charles; go to a billiard-table; win 70l.—Dress and dine.—Dally an hour with little E.—Visit D. A room full of ladies.—Aunt the handsomest amongst them.—Lose 19 guineas at quadrille.—Tea and chatter.—L. M. and C. come in and join us at cards.—Lose 36 guineas.—Determined to be revenged on the lovely M. Think no woman can withstand me.—Sup.—Take formal leave of the company, and go to mother ***** with Charles.—Drunk.—Go to bed.

SATURDAY.—Hunt. Very good sport.—Buy a fresh hunter.—Give out to Charles, who returns it, having no stable to keep it. Would keep it for him, but Pater would be angry.—Mem. Pater don't not like Charles.—Dress.—Dine.—Go to the opera; Pacchierotti inimitable; Theodore a flying devil.—Mem. To enquire after the figurante that nodded to L. in the pit, and to have her as cheap as possible.—Sup.—Half seas over.—Go to bed.

SUCH, friend SPEC, are the memorandums of this young gentleman; by which you will perceive that he was, at that time, something too much addicted to Bacchus; but I am told, that he has, in a great measure, renounced the jolly god; in which case, I have no doubt but that he will become a valuable member of society.

You will perceive that his engagements are of such a kind, and with such people, that they preclude all possibility of mental improvement, unless he had virtue enough to renounce his bottle companions, as well as Bacchus himself. But he is perpetually told that it is time enough for him to think of grave affairs; and it is a kind of fashion for young men to pass their early years in such a manner as to provide sufficient matter of repentance for many years to come.—This gentleman's disposition is naturally good; and he has nothing to dread but the bane of Falstaffe, & villainous company!"

BULIA.

WE had been repeatedly informed that in no place more than in Bulia, was the influence of example more discernible. And, respecting infamous example, we found it so. The King and Queen of Niatirb were the most amiable of the Bulians in their public and private conduct, and the example of royalty usually extends through the subject realms. But here it failed. It requires some virtue to follow virtuous example, and the Bulians were too deeply emerged in gross pursuits to let virtue generally predominate over vice. The King and Queen, therefore, stood alone. The Court was apparently adorned with graces, but, alas! they were the external graces of polluted minds; the mere semblance of goodness.

SELAW, the eldest son of the king, vain, giddy, and ostentatiously affable, had set an example to the rising nobility very different from that of his parents. He was courted by youth and age, and flattered, because his ideas were similar to those of the Bulians—who centred all good in present enjoyment; who renounced all religion as an idle ceremony; and who willingly sacrificed every thing to passion and interest.

ALARMED at the rapid and increasing progress which manners subversive of all human felicity was making through the land, and trembling for the honor and the future happiness of her son; the Queen called him before her, and, with that grace and complacency by which female wisdom is ever distinguished, addressed him as follows:

"IF thou art influenced by any consideration for thine own honour and happiness; by any regard for my peace, the affection of the king, or the respect of the people; attend, O Selaw, and do not despise the admonitions of maternal love.

"WITH an aching heart have I beheld thy pursuits, and marked thy connexions with deep distress. It becomes not thee, my son, like base-born souls, to emerge into dissipation, and waste thy precious time in folly. The mind of Selaw should be actuated by noble views. Thy public and thy private conduct should be the reverse of that by which the minions of these days are distinguished. Believe me, Selaw, thy associates are such that 'tis a vice to know them.' Guard thine own heart, and believe not the tongue of flattery, lest it lead thee to destruction. Let not the lovely propensity of thy soul to oblige universally, tempt thee to sacrifice to others the conduct of thy own life, for that will lead thee to disgrace. Neither be persuaded that those actions can be pardonable in thee, which bring dishonour on others. Elevation of dignity aggravates crimes.

"LET a determined resolution to discountenance vice, in all her forms, mark thy general conduct. Thy pleasures resulting then from virtuous pursuits, shall acquire stability; and thou shalt soon discern the vast difference between the transient flushes of dissipated merriment, and the inextinguishable glow of moral happiness. To renounce pleasure is difficult to an ignoble mind; but, O my Selaw, let Bulia see that thy mind, like thy station, is elevated. Whilst I with tears, Bulia with indignation, views thee the sport of every gale of passion; unsteady in thy purposes; quitting good for evil, and, like folly, pursuing the phantoms of delusion. Turn, nobly turn; free thyself from public scorn, and me from public pity.

"IT becomes not me to interfere respecting thy political conduct. Ridicule always, and sometimes infamy attends the female politician. The club of Hercules ill becomes the hand of Diana. In this, act as becomes a man and a prince. Remember that thy father's interest is

" thy

“ thy own ; and that his enemies can never be
 “ thy friends. For even thy father, virtuous as
 “ he is, has his enemies : but, believe me, Selaw,
 “ they are the enemies of virtue as well as of
 “ Rexman. Let their crimes receive no coun-
 “ tenance from thee, and the truly good will love
 “ thee. Involve not thyself in the mazes of
 “ political controversy. It becomes not a prince
 “ to be a pedagogue in politics. Act nobly, and
 “ the Bulians will defend both thee and thine.
 “ They are not more tenacious of their own li-
 “ berties than zealous for the rights of their kings.
 “ Act as becomes thyself, my Selaw, and they
 “ will love thee ; cherish that love, and they will
 “ die to serve thee.

“ LET me conjure thee to renounce such of
 “ thy connexions as are calculated to disgrace
 “ thee : men addicted to drunkenness, and wo-
 “ men to lasciviousness. Indulge not in excess
 “ of wine, and forbear the wanton touch of har-
 “ lots. Let thy pleasures have a nobler source ;
 “ let them not taint the purity of thy mind, nor
 “ the honour of thy family.

“ ABOVE all things, be punctual in the per-
 “ formance of thy religious duties. I am sorry
 “ to remark that a visible decline in this respect
 “ has taken place amongst all ranks of people in
 “ Bulia. Let not thy example increase the gene-
 “ ral depravity. On the contrary, use thy utmost
 “ endeavours to recover to religion its due influ-
 “ ence. The people will be wretched in pro-
 “ portion as they are irreligious, and thou wilt
 “ be unhappy in proportion as they are wretch-
 “ ed. Reflect then, how much depends on thy
 “ religion ; thy own most essential felicity ; the
 “ happiness of thousands, ambitious of following
 “ thy example ; the safety, in a great measure of
 “ the state : for what state can long subsist with-
 “ out religion ? and the honour of thy God.
 “ Beware of those doctrines which would teach
 “ thee to regard religion as a system of priest-
 “ craft, or an engine of government to keep the
 “ multitude in awe. Kings and princes are sub-
 “ ject to its ordinations and decrees ; and how
 “ much soever they may disregard them here,
 “ doubt not, my son, they, as well as the mean-
 “ est, shall be judged by them hereafter.

“ LOOK on me, my dearest Selaw, not as thy
 “ mother only, but as thy friend. My happiness
 “ is wound up in thine. I love thee with more
 “ than maternal fondness ; and I trust the decline
 “ of my days will be gilded by the sunshine of
 “ thy glory. Dedicate the remainder of this day
 “ to domestic felicity and me. Come ; thy sisters
 “ wait for thee. We shall have a private concert

“ of such music as is calculated to sooth the
 “ troubled mind to rest, and the smiles of Selaw
 “ shall make his mother happy.”

· FROM this speech, friend SPEC, you may form
 some judgment of the Bulian queen. I did in-
 tend to draw her character ; but she is so faultless,
 that it would seem rather a string of panegyric.
 I wish your fair readers may adopt her senti-
 ments ; and that every English youth may derive
 advantage from the moral instructions of the Bu-
 lian queen !

RANELAGH.

THE proprietors of this Summer-scene of
 gaiety, have very foolishly opened it for the
 reception of company at this early period, when
 the weather forbids all approach to summer
 amusements, and the evenings of the ladies are
 dedicated to the more important business of
 canvassing. I have not yet observed it frequented
 by above three-score people, who, sauntering
 about, seem to ask each other, “ what are we
 come here for ? ” Even the ladies of easy virtue,
 that is, of no virtue at all, apprehensive of being
 money out of pocket, wisely stay at home.

OF the musical entertainment it would be un-
 fair to say any thing, as I doubt not but the
 proprietors mean to increase its excellence, as the
 season advances ; and in order to reinstate
 Ranelagh in the line it formerly held amongst
 places of public amusement, it would not be
 amiss to engage Madame Mara, subsequent to the
 closing of the Pantheon. Her demand would
 doubtless be enormous, but, I think, the profits
 arising to the proprietors would be proportiona-
 ble. And it should be remarked that as Ranelagh
 is perpetually the same, and as the people of
 these realms delight in nothing so much as novelty,
 the proprietors should guard against a sameness of
 entertainment, as the only way to secure the
 future visits of those who have so often visited
 this elegant place of elegant amusement.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

I INTEND, on the close of this violent contest,
 to insert the characters I have received from
 different correspondents, of certain members of
 law, physic, and divinity, who have rendered
 themselves marvellously conspicuous on this im-
 portant occasion ; for you must know, that in-
 famy of conduct in the business of electioneering
 is not confined to the ladies. Several gentlemen
 have exerted themselves in a manner highly be-
 coming their characters, and have added fresh
 laurels to those wreaths of fame with which they
 have for some time been decorated.

Ex-

EXHIBITION.

Somerset-House.

THE annual exhibition of paintings, &c. of the Royal Academy, was opened yesterday. In the morning papers you will, for some time to come, be entertained with the remarks of men who by an affected use of technical terms, endeavour to persuade the Town that they are scientific critics; taking especial care to steer clear of censure on great names, lest their judgment should be called in question.

OF Painting I knew nothing scientifically; I judge from my feelings, and as I am not personally acquainted with any of the mighty masters of the pencil, names cannot influence my judgment. If, therefore, as I suspect, my sentiments should differ widely from those of other people, you must recollect that I am no adept in the science, and that the honest effusions of John Bull are never likely to coincide with those of incorrigible prejudice or supercilious affectation. In my next I will commence this business.

CARD.

THE NEW SPECTATOR presents compliments to *Curiositatibus*, Secretary to the *Curious Club*, and takes the liberty of informing him, that unless the said club think fit to comply with the conditions necessary to be observed for the gratification of their curiosity in the instance alluded to, they are likely to retain their curiosity, and their club the propriety of its appellation.

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE translation of the French Stanzas from *M. Cuinet D'Orbeil*, by C. V. Esq. in my next.—The Bevy of Originals, No. VI. also in my next.—*Ignoratus is in remembrance.*—Both the letters of G. J. were received at the same time. She will hear from me in a day or two.—The Bullies of Covent Garden, a poem in *Hudibrastic verse*, is under consideration.—A Vindication of the Piccadilly Patrole, is a gross reflection on a once amiable Ducheſs; and is too severe even for a fallen spirit.—The Bevy of Blockheads is received.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKART, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.

THE

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XIV.

TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Accipe nunc, victus tenuis, quæ quantaque secum,
Adferat.*

HORACE.

Now mark what blessings flow
From temperate meals:—

FRANCIS.

I AM favoured with the following reflections by an unknown hand; and I sincerely wish that at this time, when the virtues are a good deal discountenanced, they might receive some support from the arguments of so elegant a writer.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE advantages which arise from regulating the several appetites to the health of the body, have been too repeatedly insisted upon to require any further animadversion. My present remarks shall be confined to temperance of diet in particular, and to the advantages which occur from it to the health of the mind.

How far the intellectual faculties are connected with the animal economy, is a disquisition which rather belongs to the natural philosopher than to the moralist. The experience of every individual must convince him of their alliance, so far as that the mind and body sympathise in all the modifications of pleasure or of pain.

ONE would imagine, that the stoical apathy was founded on a notion of the independence of the mind on the body. According to this philosophy, the mind may remain, as it were, an unconcerned spectator, while the body undergoes

the most excruciating torments. But the moderns, however disposed to be stoics, cannot help being afflicted by a fit of the gout or stone.

IF the mind suffers with the body in the violence of pain, and acuteness of disease, it is usually found to recover its wonted strength, when the body is restored to health and vigour.

BUT there is some kind of sympathy, in which the mind continues to suffer even after the body is relieved. When the listless languor, and the nauseous satiety of recent excess is gradually worn off, the mind still continues for a while to feel a burden, which no efforts can remove; and to be surrounded with a cloud, which time only can dissipate.

DIDACTIC authors who have undertaken to prescribe rules for the student in the pursuit of knowledge, frequently insist on a regularity and abstinence in the articles of food and wine. It is indeed a fruitless labour to aim at increasing the stock of ideas, and improving the powers of penetration, without a strict observance of the laws of temperance.

IT has been remarked, that the founders of colleges, who spared no expence in the embellishment of the buildings, have not been so liberal in providing food for the inhabitants.

Perhaps

Perhaps those no less judicious than pious patrons of learning were sensible of the utility of frequent fasting and temperate meals, in promoting literary, as well as moral and religious improvement. Nature's wants they took care to satisfy, and nature wants but little.

HORACE, in a satire, in which he professedly enumerates the advantages of temperance, observes, with a beautiful energy of expression, "That the body, overcharged with the excess of yesterday, weighs down the mind together with itself, and fixes to the earth that particle of the divine spirit."

THAT Aurora is a friend to the muses, is almost proverbial, and, like all those aphorisms which are founded on experience, is a just remark; but if an adequate cause were to be assigned for this effect, I know not whether it might not justly be attributed as much to fasting, as to the refreshment of sleep. The emptiness of the stomach it is which tends to give to the understanding acuteness, to the imagination vigour, and to the memory retention.

It is well known that the principal meal of the ancients was the supper; and it has been matter of surprise that they, whose wisdom was so generally conspicuous in the several institutions of common life, should adopt a practice which is now universally esteemed injurious to health. It is, however, not unreasonable to suppose, that they were unwilling to clog their intellects by satisfying the cravings of hunger in the day-time, the season of business and deliberation, and chose rather to indulge themselves in the hour of natural festivity, when no care remained, but to retire from the banquet to the pillow.

Too much, indeed, cannot be said in praise of temperance; and, with your permission, I shall take some future opportunity of making a few observations on the conduct of some modern friends of this amiable virtue.

I am, Sir,
Your's, &c.
ANTI-EPICURUS.

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

RALPH CROTCHET.

[No. VI.]

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

—I ALWAYS glow with indignation at such ignorance.—Indeed SPEC, I cannot keep my temper to see a man sit in company, and be at a loss for conversation: When I say conversation, I mean a proper subject, as the intellects of a man of sense are ever extended to improvement,

and knowledge. There are many men who have not an idea above their business, or profession—*Ralph Crotchet*, for example, cannot possibly repeat a story, or even a sentence, without introducing some musical expressions. He is ever boasting of his erudition, abilities, and knowledge; but I can only refer you to the above motto, *parturiunt montes, &c.*

I WENT with a friend to a club, one evening, where Crotchet was president. It consisted of demi-gentlemen, and respectable musicians. At the bottom of the table, were six members, overheated with the force of opposition, talking politics, and *peremptorily* settling the affairs of the nation. On the left, were eight more, engaged in deep conversation about religion, and revealing the mysteries of its different sects, the consequence of which, generally ends with the loss of friendship, a perpetually enmity, and a violent quarrelling. On the right, were a group of members, making, and breaking laws, for the better regulation of society, which could not be *finally* settled, on account of the several divided opinions.

ORDER was called. Crotchet rising, silence ensued. "Gentlemen, says he, as this society is dedicated to music, it ought to be the nursery of rising genius. Though I am a professor of that noble science, *now*, so averse was my inclination to it when young, that a famous Greenwich organist was obliged from my inattention, to tie me to the Harpsichord."

BEFORE he had finished his sentence, a general hissing ensued, and order was heard from every corner of the room. Crotchet demanded silence for five minutes, assuring the members, that the history of his conduct, from his *infancy* merited their hearing, as it proved how people *mistake* their genius. He then produced a large manuscript—"This, gentlemen, is some music that I have composed, entirely for your future amusement, and which I will beg of you to play over now." Instruments were produced, and the music handed about. Though there were professors present, the composition possessed such *harmonious flights*, that it was incomprehensible to a common genius, as it attempted to prove that the theory of that science was quite useless, and that any person, however ignorant of music, might compose; in short, he referred you to his own composition, as a specimen, and proof of what he urged. The manuscript was so lost in the labyrinth of discord, that the musicians declared they would not attempt to perform *that*, which

which they did not understand. After a *severe* reprimand to Ralph Crotchet on the insult, a new president was elected, and the Lodge closed.

A FEW days after, I happened to meet with Crotchet, at a stall in Parliament-street, cheapening some music, for the instruction of his scholars—he recollected my features, and, after some conversation, he insisted that I should go home with him. He used so many harmonious words that I was obliged to acquiesce. When we arrived in — street, he led me into a back room, up one pair of stairs;—where he introduced me to his wife, as he called her. *This*, says he, is Mrs. Crotchet.—A mutual smile ensues between me and the lady, as we happened, two years ago, to have been *intimately* acquainted.

AFTER remaining in the awkward situation of doubt, fear, and apprehension half an hour, I was relieved by a message coming to Ralph demanding his immediate attendance.—Politeness obliged me to make an *attempt* at going, which he refused; insisting, at the same time, that I should remain till his return.—As soon as he had shut the door I gave vent to my surprize!—“Bless me, Louisa! exclaimed I, with astonishment, “where is Captain *****? Is it possible that “you have left him for such an ignorant, illiterate man as Ralph Crotchet?”—After drawing her chair nearer to mine, she replied, “Our sex will be fickle. Captain ***** went “abroad, leaving me an annuity, with a *promise* of “marriage on his return. The chance of storms, “waves, and shipwrecks being uncertain, and “as we cannot account for *affections*, you may “banish your surprize.—However, I am not “married.”—*This* was my *cue*; and as she was not united to Crotchet I was pleased with the renewal of a *former* connexion.

THE mysteries of love were unravelled, but no Crotchet came home. I then bid Louisa adieu, with a sincere promise of waiting on her often. Fate intervened. By some unfortunate accident, our discourse was overheard, and the whole of our conduct seen, which was instantly conveyed to Crotchet, who assumed the prerogative of a husband, and the next morning sent me a musical, interesting, harmonious, laughable, and nonsensical letter, which you will find transcribed in a future number of the *Bevies*.

[*To be continued.*]

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

AT the Chapter coffee-house, a few days ago, I had the pleasure of hearing myself heartily abused for speaking disrespectfully of great names. I have since that time, been seriously considering the influence of names, and am sorry to find that any name can be rendered respectable but by eminent virtue. This is matter of surprize and regret to me. Poets have been inspired, moralists have written, and divines have preached in vain, if they have not been able to root out of the mind the paltry prejudices in regard to the situation of individuals, and do not judge of man as he acts. No other consideration, however, shall rule my opinions of persons; as I have long since learned to pay more respect to an honest tradesman than a titled rascal. Names, therefore, have no influence on me; nor do I trouble myself with observing the advice of Horace:

Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, saepe caveto.

Take heed of whom you speak, and what it is,
Take heed to whom—

I beg, therefore, that the gentleman in the brown coat and black-collar, and him in the claret frock and striped waistcoat, will take notice that John Bull is always ready to “speak his mind,” when by so doing, he can honour the good, or disgrace the bad.

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

—*Hæ nugæ serâ ducunt
In mala.*

These toys will once to serious mischiefs fall.

THIS sagacious gentleman appeared at the Hanover-Square Concert, on Wednesday; his hat decorated with *laurel*. Enquiring into the reason of that peculiar ornament, I was told that his worship had gained a complete victory over one Common Sense, with whom he had been at war a considerable time; but I was assured, that as this was the first, so it would be the last time we should ever see his worship's head decorated with *laurel*.

FASHION.

THE commencement of Spring necessarily introduces new fashions in dress amongst the beaux and belles. Such of the former as do not choose to sport new uniforms, distinguish themselves by putting a black velvet collar to their half-worn coats, that being the *ton*; and, doubtless, a black velvet collar is quite charming for a Spring coat,

SUCH

SUCH of the beaux as choose to put themselves in the entire livery of Fashion, sport a colour something darker, and, if possible, something more horribly ugly, than the *Boue de Paris*. This, however, Fashion has ordained to be a charming Spring colour; and, should the Spring be attended with the gloom and the dirt of December, I think it vastly well adapted.—A regulation in the important article of hair dressing has not yet taken place; but it is thought the large club will be rendered completely enormous, by way of keeping the back of the neck warm, and of bearing, as it were, some affinity to the colour of the coat, which seems to promise a retention of every particle of heat.—To contemplate the figure of of a beau dressed in his *Spring* uniform, one would imagine *Christmas* was at hand.

THE ladies, ever the best judges of dress, have began by laying aside their dark colours, their winter fattins, and comfortable cottons, and exhibit themselves in the lawns and mullins of Spring. The favourite Fox-coloured muff and fur-cloak are carefully deposited till the ensuing winter. Their faces assume a more delightful bloom from improved cosmetics, and they appear like the “eldest daughters of the Spring.” Thus arrayed, they parade the parks, “seeking whom they may devour,” and wound their admirers with as much certainty, and at as great a distance as *Mellor's* guns which are sure to kill “without aiming!”

P O E T R Y.

I DOUBT not but *MARIA*, who favoured you with the French stanzas of *M. Cuiet D'Orbeil*, will feel herself much indebted to *C. V. Esq.* for the following poetical translation, which reflects honour on the translator.

T O Y O U N G L O V E R S . .

From the French of *M. CUIET D'ORBEL*.

As life is but a transient joy,
With pleasure every hour employ;
Nor fear that wisdom should complain:—
She hides herself from pleasure's train.

But still preserve your power with art,
And well resist the poignant dart;
For if too quick its force you own,
Your boasted empire's then o'erthrown.

But what is love unless sincere?
Then spare the oft repeated dart,
And if your lover's worth appear,
Resign, well pleas'd, your vanquish'd heart.

THE following singular production has already been published. There is something so extremely poetical in it, and it is so little known, that I cannot but wish to see it preserved in the *NEW SPECTATOR*.

Vale, longum vale! VIRGIL.

ONCE more, my lute, and then be still!
Since after this another end
Its destined measure must fulfil,
Ere to those blissful bowers we tend—
Once more, my lute, and then be still!

Once more, my lute, and then be still!
To warn the world to count their days,
Lest they their sacred leisure spill,
In evil works, and evil ways;
And now, my lute, thou may'st be still!

Once more, my harp, and then be still!
To which I sang of Israel's wrongs,
When the proud foe who wrought their ill,
Demanded one of Zion's songs;—
Once more, my harp, and then be still!

Once more, my harp, and then be still!
To warn the world how they transgress
Against the lord of Zion hill,
Who loves his chosen flock to bless—
And now, my harp, thou may'st be still!

Once more, my pipe, and then be still!
Attuned to dead *TIMEUS'* praise,
Who taught his bard, with heavenly skill,
Sweet *LUCON'S* monument to raise!
Once more, my pipe, and then be still!

Once more, my pipe, and then be still!
To warn the world how they affect
Things all too high, with stubborn will,
And stable joy for man expect!
And now, my pipe, thou may'st be still!

My pipe, my lute, my lyre, be still!
Yet silent shall not be your fate!
When to oblivion's dusky rill
Retire the little and the great
My harp shall sound when I am still!

B U L I A .

Evil, be thou my good!—SATAN.

DURING the contest between *Sesilra* and *Reynardam*, the *Bulians* received many corroborating proofs of the justice of their opinion respecting the character of the latter. *Reynardam*, whom nature intended for a great man, by his vices and debaucheries, had rendered himself despicable. He was a professed gamester, and the most infamous character amongst the *Bulians* was that of a gamester. He omitted no opportunity of exercising his abilities in his profession, even at a
time

time when one would least have expected it; and he became doubly anxious respecting the fate of his contest with Sefilra, because he had betted considerable sums that he should prove successful. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he should use every effort and every art in his power to recover his situation in the Etanes, the loss of which would entirely have ruined him. I have already informed you that a Bulian lady of distinction had rendered herself conspicuous by soliciting the mob in his defence. But Noveda did more: she not only solicited but bribed; she corrupted the indigent; and gave liberty to those prisoners who promised to give their voices for Reynardam. All Bulia stood astonished at her conduct. She lavished immense sums of money on the people, who, in return, derided her; she suffered her reputation to be questioned by the ignorant and the assuming; she became a by-word amongst wretches who had been taught to look up to her with reverence; and all this for a notorious gambler; a man scouted from the society of the good; who subsisted by noise and clamour, and depended on his impudence and his cunning for his daily support.

IN defence of this precious fellow, the lovely *Noveda*, as she was called, assisted by some of the most infamous amongst the men, and of the most abandoned amongst the women, for such only were the friends of Reynardam, stood chief champions; and as the success of Reynardam became more apparent, it was discovered that her influence had been the more extensive.

YOU will probably be much surprised, when I inform you that *Noveda* was married, and that her husband had the proper use of his faculties; that he was neither bed-ridden nor blind, and was reckoned "a good sort of a man." This, however, was actually the case. *Ekud*, for that was his name, was held in as great esteem amongst the virtuous, as Reynardam was amongst the vicious, of the Bulians. But it was the misfortune of *Ekud* to be a political partisan; and nature never designed him for a politician. Reynardam was artful; *Ekud* simple. Reynardam was active; *Ekud* indolent. Reynardam was poor; *Ekud* rich. Reynardam was ambitious, and had skill enough to render *Ekud* the tool of his ambition. So that between the folly of the husband and the affectation of the wife, Reynardam found himself well supported in his contest with *Sefilra*, for many of the Bulians who wished to retain the favour of *Ekud* appeared under the banners of Reynardam.

THE exertions of *Noveda* at length had the desired effect. A superiority of numbers appear-

ed on the part of her hero; and it was expected that he would have proved victorious. And it was natural to suppose so. In Bulia, as in London, the worthy part of the community cannot boast of numbers equal to the unworthy and the careless. In support of Reynardam appeared all those of Bulia, who, in this metropolis, would be distinguished by the vulgar appellation of "Blackguards;" an innumerable train!—headed by *Noveda*, some common prostitutes, and a few characters who called themselves *gentlemen*, and who by their professions were entitled to the appellation; but who, by their conduct on this and some other occasions, discovered that they were neither very *gentle*, nor really *men*; but were characterised by a peculiar phrase in the Bulian tongue which I cannot very well translate, tho' the word *Bully* conveys a faint idea of its meaning. These latter gentry were the tools of Reynardam, and would have been the tools of any one from whom they could reasonably expect present reward, or future emolument.

ON the personal influence and bribery of *Noveda*, the flattering impudence of the prostitutes, the activity of the abovementioned *gentlemen*, and his own perseverance, Reynardam relied for support, and apparently, relied not in vain. But I shall hereafter inform you of the exultation of virtue over vice, and of the downfall of Reynardam. Meanwhile, accept of the following translation of his *private* address to his friends.

REYNARDAM to his FRIENDS.

[PRIVATE.]

YOUR assembling in my favour, does me great honour. Let it, however, be recollected that your interest in the present contest is more deeply concerned than mine. The society of *Blacklegs* is particularly interested. Should I not regain a seat in the Etanes some honest fool, like *Sefilra*, may introduce laws tending to the abolition of gaming, and the institution of that order in society upon the breaking of which depends our very existence. If we cannot plunder the weak, cheat our rich friends, and bilk our creditors, we shall be totally undone. These are the liberties and privileges which I trust you will endeavour to preserve inviolate, and which you may depend shall receive every public and private support that I can give them. I am exceedingly sorry, that my attempt on the Balloonmerchants of *Aidni* was not attended with success. Had I obtained their wealth, you should have shared my happiness, and it would have enabled us to have introduced that system of government without

without which we must sink to insignificance and ruin, if we do not previously meet a more ignominious fate. But, aided by your exertions, doubt not, my friends, that I shall be able to accomplish the great purposes I have sworn to see established; and that nothing can finally prevail against the determined perseverance of my dear friends, the *Black-legs*, the *Prostitutes*, the *Sharppers*, and the *Bullies* of *Bulia*. I have given the necessary orders to upwards of three hundred *Bulian Blackguards* for defending my own cause and person, and who will take care to assail the adherents of my opponent in such a manner as to prevent their appearance in his behalf a second time. I conclude with wishing that your daily toils in my behalf, may be succeeded by nocturnal success, whether it be on the high-way, or at the gaming-table, in picking locks, or in picking pockets. But your virtues and your dexterity are unrivalled, and will, doubtless, be crowned with success.

MASQUERADE.

Kings Theatre.

THE Masquerade of Thursday night was unexpectedly attended by upwards of eight hundred people; amongst which were many gentlemen of rank, and a few ladies of fashion. In the train of *Venus* the *Watsons* led the van; the noted *Perdita* being so terribly reduced as not to have a spare guinea; and being engaged on a private committee at the *Shakespeare*. *Corbyn*, the *White Crow*, the *White Dove*, and other *White Devils* in abundance, graced the scene.

THE characters were very few, and of those few, not above two were decently supported. A good deal of low wit was sported amongst the political gentry, but it was not my fortune to hear any thing worth recording.

THE Prince of Wales was present, and seemed struck with the appearance of several *Fox-brushes* entwined with *laurel*, which the political folly of some had induced them to wear as badges denoting the particular *lunacy* with which they were unhappily affected. His Highness appeared extremely sorry for the poor wretches that were thus distinguished, and, unable to bear the sight of such egregious folly, quitted the rooms in less than an hour.

THE usual assortment of norgay and orange girls, pastoral nymphs, milk-maids and nuns, gave some relief to the black dominos, which formed a more numerous body than ordinary.—The supper rooms were well served, and the wines good.

HARMONY prevailed through the whole, that is, the company were as dull as might reasonably be expected at an English masquerade; and having had a tolerable supper for their guineas, departed highly satisfied with themselves.

EXHIBITION.

Somerset-House.

I AM now going to give you my sentiments on some of the paintings exhibited in the Royal Academy. But I will first premise, that I judge of each piece from its effect, and not from peculiar perfections or imperfections in its *minutia*. Being neither a painter nor a connoisseur, I have an advantage on my part, which I should be sorry to lose; for it has been well and justly remarked, “that the painter and connoisseur are often in danger of having their sensibility deadened, or their natural taste corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutia* of the art, so far as to throw the balance (of right judgment) towards the side of the common spectator.”

THE Exhibition of this year produces very few paintings which discover genius as well as imitation; and it must be matter of regret to all lovers of this delightful art, that the names of some of its greatest ornaments are not to be found in this year's catalogue: *Gainsborough*, *Romney*, &c. &c.

OUT of the fifteen pieces exhibited by Sir *Josua Reynolds*, no less than fourteen are mere portraits, unless I except that of *Mrs Siddons* which has already received more commendation than I can subscribe to. We are told that it represents that inimitable actress as the *Tragic muse*; a circumstance which, in the picture itself, is to be discovered only by the awkward figures on each side of her, the one bearing a bowl, and the other a dagger. Sir *Josua* is the first painter, I believe, that ever attempted to exhibit the *Tragic muse* sitting, if the strange position in which he has placed her, may be called sitting. The bowl and dagger gentry stand like two pillars, both of a height, and about equal distances from the muse, and by being brought forward, take a good deal from the effect of the principal figure. It is a great pity that they were not otherwise disposed of.

WITH respect to the likeness, I cannot say much in its favour. There is indeed a likeness, but it is by no means an happy one. I was standing by the side of *Mrs. Siddons*, on Wednesday, at the time I was examining this picture, and could not help remarking that there is a softness,

softness, a delicacy, something indescribably pleasing in her countenance of which neither that picture, nor any other that I have yet seen of her, conveys any adequate idea. Of this celebrated picture, then, my opinion is briefly this; that the position of the muse is bad; the likeness of Mrs. Siddons not good; the attendant figures awkward, and vilely placed; and the colouring in Sir Joshua's usual style—whether that is good or bad,

“ Who shall decide when Doctors disagree ?”

Remember, that this is the critique of *John Bull*. Your *amateurs* and *connoisseurs* will perhaps point out innumerable beauties in this *sublime* picture; and, by discrimination, doubtless they may very justly commend it. But it is my business to judge of the whole; and, judging of the whole, I think nothing but the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds could confer celebrity on this piece; and it may be remarked, that those who have already been lavish in their praises of it, have carefully confined themselves to general commendation, without pointing out any particular instance wherein either the sublime or the beautiful is strikingly predominant.

THE picture No. 81, and called in the catalogue. “ The apotheosis of Prince Alfred and “ Prince Octavius,” is, by far, the most pleasing picture in the Exhibition. It is painted by Mr. West; and represents the guardian angel introducing the princes to each other in the regions of the blessed. The design is ingenious and elegant. The likenesses of the princes are very happily preserved. The divine sweetness of the angel's countenance, and the delightful simplicity of the children are, beyond expression, charming. The colouring is lively and beautiful. I do not recollect ever seeing a more happy effusion of the modern pencil.

As the present Exhibition boasts of few historical pieces, I shall not trouble you with many animadversions; for, with respect to portraits, he can but badly judge of the pictures who is a stranger to the originals.

THE portraits of Mr. Fox and Miss Kemble, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are as good as any in the room. The likenesses are strong, and, what is extraordinary, the colouring is good; and it is with much pleasure, that I observe this painter to have rejected, in some measure, that rough, coarse manner of laying on his colours for which he has been so universally admired, and which, to a connoisseur, may be very fine, but which never fails to disgust a common spectator.—It is

remarkable, that every pupil of the pencil can produce a likeness of Mr. Fox; and that scarcely one has given us a tolerable face of the Siddons.—But of painting and of painters, more hereafter.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS Theatre, ever embracing *novelty*, and *variety*, will on Monday next, offer to the public for their *decision*, a *New Comic Opera*, called *TOO LOVING BY HALF*, from which great expectations are formed. I am amazed that the Author, who at this period flourishes in the zenith of literature, should choose a Benefit night, for its *first* representation; but, I must acknowledge that Mrs. Martyr's *melodious* powers, and attention to the Theatre, are worthy of the obligation, which the manager and author has bestowed on her.

I am, Dear SPEC,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN BULL.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

PERHAPS the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone would not have made more noise than the invention of the Air-Balloon, which, however, is not so new as we have been taught to believe. The principle was known two thousand years ago. There is a remarkable passage in Aulus Gellius which confirms me in this fact. He tells us, l. 10. c. 12, that Archytas, a disciple of the famous Pythagoras, made a wooden pigeon to fly by means of air confined within it, and on the motion being somewhat rarified, kept afloat, whilst certain wheels within set it forward.

PROBABLY Monf. Mongolfier never saw this passage, or if he did, could reap but little benefit from it; for he found-out the principle purely by chance; having thrown the conical paper cover of a sugar-loaf into his chimney, he observed it to remain suspended by the smoke; and from this circumstance Monf. Mongolfier took the first hint of his Air-Balloon, which, notwithstanding the ridicule thrown on it by the ignorant, is likely to be productive of many important discoveries.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

FAVONIUS.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

A CERTAIN lady of fashion, whose father is lately dead, has her black gown decorated with bows of blue ribbons, and as she is said to be a leader of female taste, I desire to know whether the bows of blue are the decoration of fashion, or marks of insanity in the lady? She reminds me of *Ophelia*, who, in her distraction for the loss of her father, decorates herself with straws: probably the lady in question, from the same principle, may express her distraction by a fantastical use of coloured ribbons. If this be the case, I recommend her to the care of *Monro*, and sincerely wish her better.

Yours, &c.

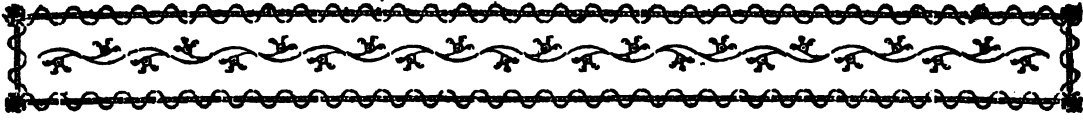
PROPRIETY.

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

I AM very much obliged to Mr. K. for his friendly intimation, which shall be attended to; and I shall cheerfully acknowledge his future favours.—The Curious Club do me much honour; and I shall be glad to be favoured with the laws of their institution.—The lady who signs herself *Euphrasia*, is mistaken in her conjecture, and must be referred to *Doctor Katterfelto*.—The verses, said to be written by a young lady, on Spring, have already appeared in a magazine, and having nothing particular to recommend them, are inadmissible.—The Political Prebend, a Satire, is received, and shall have due attention.—The addition to the *Bevy of Blockheads*, is also received, and the whole shall appear at a convenient opportunity.

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to be left at Mr. SWIFT's, in Charles-Street, St. James's-Square, where a LETTER-BOX is affixed for their reception.



T H E
NEW SPECTATOR;
WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XV.

TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Servetur ad unum
Qualis ab incerto processerit; & sibi constet.*

HORACE.

From first to last a due proportion keep,
Let all the parts agree——

SO far as our observation enables us to form an idea of the actions of others, it never fails to impress on our minds some sense of their propriety and rectitude; but if this be more closely examined, it will, I am persuaded, be found strictly to regard propriety and rectitude, in the plain meaning of the words, no further than to strangers; for among our friends and acquaintance the reference or comparison does not so much depend on real rectitude, as a conformity with that line of conduct they have generally pursued, and which constitutes what is usually termed character. Now if a person acts conformable to that, we never, in common transactions, scrutinize every particular action according to the rigid rules of strict propriety; for we may observe, that we form as instantaneous, and, in general, as just an idea how any one would act, either in saying, doing, or suffering, as we do of their supposed articulation, or accent in pronouncing any word we do not recollect ever to have heard them use. This being the general standard or criterion by which we measure, or try the words, or actions of others, is the reason why the smallest deviation, either to the right or the left, equally surprises us: to observe

a person remarkable for loquacity, sitting silent in a circle of convivial friends, or to hear another of austere gravity, burst into an uncommon loud fit of laughter at a trifling incident, or common turn of wit, affects us equally as to hear an illiterate person use a scientific word with the utmost propriety both in sense and accent, or a person of known erudition, accidentally misplace or misapply one. And to observe an abandoned person, whose corrupted heart places its felicity in low wit and obscenity, remain silent when a favourable opportunity offers of introducing one of his favourite common-place puns, or a person of exemplary sanctity and purity of manners, betrayed by a sudden gust of passion into actions or expressions far beneath himself, surprises us still more; but in either case the person does not lose his reputation; the one is an agreeable, and the other a very disagreeable surprise, and among people of confined intelligence, is an inexhaustible source of conversation; from whence we may observe, that we form our opinion of a person's conduct, rather from what we suppose he will do, than what he does. Now respecting a stranger, of whom we have no rule to judge by, we are more apt to try their actions, and form an opinion

opinion of them by the nicer models of propriety and rectitude; and as in the former case, our expectation amounts almost to a certainty of their acting in conformity with their own character: so in this (as we always are wishing to see that perfection, we feel our own, and see our friends deficiency in) our hopes awaken our expectation of seeing them act up to this model, to almost as great a degree of probability as the other approaches to certainty; and in proportion as we find ourselves repeatedly disappointed, do we withdraw our confidence, and form in our own minds an idea of their character as of others: feeling at each disappointment of this kind, and in proportion as our expectations were raised, a something which does not displease us, at each new instance of human fallibility; adducing such fresh arguments in defence of our own vices as we can deduce from their conformity therewith, or presuming on our own fortitude or prudence when in any weakness to which we are not addicted.

Now as we, after many years experience, are apt to feel ourselves hurt on one side, and rather apt to arrogate on the other, by the fallibility of those from whom nothing but our curiosity had taught us to expect any thing exemplary; I have reflected, and that with the deepest concern, on the precarious situation of children in this respect, and how careful every one concerned in their welfare or tuition, ought to be, not to act contrary to the documents and advice they give; for as every one is more than stranger to them, what we experience in our expectations of strangers, is more than doubly felt even with regard to their own parents; and as the love of liberty, even more than that of credulity, is inherent in our very nature, any deviation in us from the rules we prescribe, helps more and more to confirm the suspicion their hopes had flattered them with of our fallibility, and consequently inspires them with hopes that the restraint they lie under originates in, and will end with, parental authority, and that nothing but a few years are wanting to leave them at liberty to gratify every wish (wants they have few, did they but know their happiness); and, strangers to the idea of slavery to sin, and the resistless impulse of ill habits and gratifications, they in the height of expectation, construe every deviation from the rules prescribed them, to be the result of cool deliberation in their superiors, and consequently that there must be some hidden secret pleasure, which it can be no harm for them to partake of, any more than another, whose superior years

give them a claim to preference in understanding which they think would induce them to refrain, if there was that danger in those practices which has been represented unto them: and while this is the case, while superior discernment will pusillanimously suffer itself to be drawn into low, vulgar, enjoyments, thereby blasting by keen remorse that happiness their own soul informs, assures, and convinces them, is within their reach; it will be impossible for the most pathetic language experienced piety can adopt, to restrain inexperienced minds; impelled by these considerations on one side, and flushed with some little exhilarating successes on the other, they push off from shore in pursuit of pleasure, and calmly think that the voice of experience sympathetically warning them of the danger they run, is pretty well rewarded if it come off without contempt; any hazard the sage adviser may have run, or any instances he may adduce of premature pain and infirmity, in consequence of youthful pleasure, seem rather to them to imply some palpable defect in the juvenile understanding, to result from some ill chosen connections, which their superior prudence is to prevent, or from a petulance of disposition towards those pleasures which he can no longer enjoy.

B.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE influence of superstition on weak minds is astonishingly great; and a few centuries ago, the learned as well as the ignorant of this kingdom, could not resist its sway.

AMONGST the variety of instances mentioned of the interference of the Holy Virgin, there is one preserved in a record lodged in the Tower, worthy of investigation. It is dated in the 31st. of Edw. III. 1347, and the copy of the record is as follows:

“ THE King, to all bailiffs and other his liege subjects, to whom these presents shall come,
 “ Greeting: Be it known unto you, that, where-
 “ as *Cecily* who was the wife of *John Rygeaway*,
 “ was lately indicted for the murder of the said
 “ *John*, her husband, and brought to her trial
 “ for the same, before our beloved and faithful
 “ *Henry Grove*, and his brother judges at *Not-*
 “ *tingham*; but that continuing mute, and refus-
 “ ing to plead to the said indictment, she was
 “ sentenced to be committed to clove custody,
 “ without any victuals or drink, for the space of
 “ forty days, which she miraculously, and even
 “ contrary

“ contrary to the course of human nature, went
 “ through, as we are *well* and *fully assured of*,
 “ from persons of undoubted credit. We do,
 “ therefore, for that reason, and from a principle
 “ of piety to the glory of God, and of the blef-
 “ sed Virgin Mary, his mother, by whom it is
 “ thought, this miracle was wrought, out of our
 “ special grace and favour, pardon the said Ce-
 “ cily from the further execution of the sentence
 “ upon her; and our will and pleasure is, that
 “ she be freed from the said prison, and no fur-
 “ ther trouble given her upon the account of the
 “ said sentence. In witness, &c.”

As I do not recollect having read any account of this extraordinary transaction, which must, doubtless, have caused much speculation at that time, I shall be greatly obliged to any of your correspondents who can inform me of any further particulars respecting this matter, and am,

Yours, &c.

ANTIQU.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

I AM a great admirer of new maxims, and contemplate with pleasure the progress of fashion in sentiment, as well as in dress. I am, therefore, very much delighted to find the ridiculous maxim, so repeatedly inculcated in former times, “ Not to praise thyself,” is now become obsolete, as are many others of the same kind, which are, no doubt, justly rejected, as not being founded on nature, for, to pursue the dictates of nature, is now the *ton philosophic*. It is to be observed, that this pursuit of mere nature is confined to the actions and passions of mankind, and not to their arts or sciences; any thing relating to those, must now be regulated in opposition to nature, otherwise the effects of the *sublime* and *wonderful* are lost. Thus modern poets and modern musicians are too polite and too fashionable to attempt agitating your mind, by exciting the passions, and wish only to raise a gentle emotion of *surprize*; and I cannot but acknowledge, that they have carried this piece of delicacy to the very pinnacle of perfection.

ONE improvement, like one misfortune, is generally the mother of another; so the rejection of the old maxim, “ Not to praise thyself,” was, conformable to the dictates of nature, immediately followed with the rejection of another, “ Not to speak against thy neighbour;” the abolition of which last maxim has evidently many advantages attending it; for men, by extolling themselves, might sometimes be tempted to impose on credulity, and endanger the interest of their

fellow-creatures, but by the abolition of the last maxim, this effect is, in a great measure, happily defeated.

ALL old systems have their partizans. I believe there are people who secretly favour the Ptolomy system, in opposition to that of Copernicus; and I am not unacquainted with some families, who obstinately adhere to the old division of time, and dine at one o'clock in the day, instead of five; go to bed at ten, and rise at six, and so invert the very order of nature. And thus it happens respecting the before-mentioned maxims, they of the old party, call speaking in praise of ourselves, *vanity*; and exposing the defects of our neighbours, they call *scandal*. However, it is thought that as the old party is very weak, it will shortly be brought over, for every one of its adherents is already suspected of a latent affection, for the new system.

THE rejection of two rules, which hung like dead-weights upon the tongue, has given to conversation a freedom which constitutes its spirit, and is indeed its chief ornament, and has afforded mankind the means of knowing each other much better than they could otherwise have attained. Some, indeed, do not scruple to assert, that they know their neighbours as well as, perhaps better than, themselves.

THESE are considerations which I earnestly submit to your SPECTATORSHIP's mature deliberation, and wish to be favoured with your sentiments on the old and new systems alluded to by

Yours, &c.

FOSTER FASHION.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

TOO LOVING BY HALF!

MR. SPECTATOR, *Covent-Garden.*

PERMIT me to make a few observations on the comic opera, performed, for the first time, last night, for the benefit of Mrs. Martyr. It is the production of Mr. *Horatio Robson*, who, from the unlimited, and deserved applause, which *Too Loving by Half*, experienced last night from a respectable and numerous audience, I have no doubt, will again delight the public with a specimen of his comic powers. Some part of the music was judiciously compiled, in particular an Italian air, by Mrs. Martyr, in which she gave repeated testimonies of the excellency of her voice. A Duet, by Brett, and Mrs. Bannister, beginning with “ Sweet is the breath of love,” and a Trio, by Dibdin, were beautiful. Altogether it was light, and pretty. But, why should the new music, as some
 time

time ago, advertised, by a *favourite* composer, be laid aside? Whether *that* disappointment arose from the false judgment of the author, affectation of the performers, or *idleness* in the band, I have not been able to discover; but it is a reflection on all *three*, and it is what every manager ought to prevent. An *entire compilation*, not only deprives the public of variety; but destroys every effort of rising genius.

THE dialogue is natural, easy, and sprightly, and kept the house in a perpetual laugh. The characters of Quick and Wewitzer, are ably written, and were particularly well supported; indeed the latter, especially, never appeared to so much advantage. Some of the performers were rather imperfect in their parts, but on the whole, did the piece justice. Mrs. Martyr, in the plain dress of a waiting-maid, looked as lovely, and sung as charming as ever.

THE manager will do himself, the town, and the author much injustice if he does not present it as an after-piece.—From this specimen, the public may reasonably expect much future entertainment from the pen of Mr. Robson.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Bedford-Arms.

THEATRICUS.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I am no great friend to *Irregular Odes*, or indeed modern odes of any sort, there is something in the following which pleases my fancy, and which therefore I wish to see in the NEW SPECTATOR.

Yours, &c.

R.

ODE to MELPOMENE.

AMIDST the source whence pity draws
Her sacred stream, by nature's laws,
To mitigate the scene of ill,
Some drops of pure delight distil.
The conscious heart, that throbs and yearns,
Upon itself observant turns;
With honest pleasure glows to find
Humanity within enshrin'd:
And counts each drop of that blest shower,
An offering worthy of the power.

Thou moist-ey'd muse, whose footsteps loves,
Not in the gaudy day,
Nor where the painted minions of the Spring,
Their fascinating fragrance fling;
But late in shades, and cypress groves,
Beneath o'er hanging rocks to stray;
Or those deserted glades to seek,
Where tombless ghosts glide by and shriek

Hence the chaste thrillings which enhance
Thy scenes above mirth's festive dance.
Hence to thy sad and solemn frowns,
Thy strongly imitated woes,
In search of pure delight,
The good and tender flock to weep:
In Pity's balm their bosoms sleep,
And buy with tears the consciousness of right!

Go, the soul's mistress! teach the gay
Whom stern misfortune hath not taught,
To feel and pity as they ought.
Shew them that life has clouds and storms,
A sun that burns as well as warms,
And eyes that ache with grief while they unconscious play.
But ah! sad goddess! go not nigh
The haunts of real misery.
The soul that's wounded ill can bear
The pictur'd image of despair:
And wounds which lenient time has heal'd,
Or dull oblivion's veil conceal'd,
Will bleed afresh when thou art view'd:
Nor let thy visions all too rude,
On love's sequester'd walks intrude.

What can'st thou teach the gentle breast,
By that soul-softening power possess'd,
But frantic fears and ten-fold care,
Heart-rending horror and despair?

Whatever fatal tale is shown,
The anxious lover views his own:
In that dark glass his fortune reads,
And sinks beneath a fancy'd doom;
His nymph, and not Monimia bleeds,—
'Tis she that groans in Juliet's tomb!

Here then, Melpomene, forbear; thy lore,
Tho' it shou'd teach, would torture more;
They who with passion burn, or droop with woe,
Have feelings but too quick, and tears too apt to flow!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

DEAR SPEC!

AMONGST the variety of matters which engage the attention of those who daily perambulate this metropolis, there is none which more forcibly strike my mind than the general prevalence of

BALLOON FASHIONS!

Every thing is *a la balloon*; and though the famous aerostatic machine of Monf. Mongolfier is become a stale article, yet the balloon is likely to pervade every part of our summer dresses, especially amongst the ladies, who lately confined themselves to balloon hats and caps, but have now gowns called balloon, from their colour, as if a balloon should necessarily be of any particular colour; the petticoat, which was formerly fringed, is now furbelowed and puffed, *a la balloon*; even the shoes are decorated with balloon roses,

roses, and I am credibly informed that the balloon garter will shortly make its appearance.—The balloon hat has considerably extended its dimensions; its circumference is equal to that of a common-sized umbrella, and, I suppose, it is meant to answer the same purpose. A lady, in one of these, looks as if she had got a round tea-board on her head, with an enormous sloop basin, and two dozen of cups and saucers.—The balloon cap has assumed no regular form; and though a part of the dress which one would imagine well calculated to be rendered balloonish, the milliners fail in all their attempts on the subject.

I HAVE here a fine opportunity of being very witty on the subject of *inflammable air*; and might amuse myself with thoroughly dissecting the dress of a woman of fashion, were I not apprehensive of encroaching on the prerogative of those admirable writers who furnish our libraries with *Light Summer-reading for Ladies, &c.*

THE Balloon has not only pervaded every part of dress, but it has found its way into the heads and shops of confectioners: and Balloon biscuits and sweetmeats are now as common as sugar-plumbs; whilst instead of *Hot Spice Nuts*, the barrow-man vociferates, *Fine Balloon-Gingerbread, smoking hot!*

WHAT is still more remarkable than all this, the balloon has found its way to the bar and the pulpit. When a man has been at law for a certain time, and is at length *non-suited*, the gentlemen of the long robe have found it extremely difficult to make their clients understand that term, and have, therefore, wisely adopted the word *Ballooned*, which certainly conveys their meaning better by half. When a man is *non-suited*, he neither knows what is done, nor what he is to do; but the most ignorant man knows that when he is *Ballooned*, it is his business to fly.

WITH respect to the pulpit it has of late been too much infected with inflammable air; and too many of the clergy too much resemble an air balloon: the people see them exalted like a balloon, and many pay for seeing them who cannot discover their use.

BUT of all the learned professions, Physic has made the most wonderful progress in the balloon manufactory. There is scarcely one of the faculty who does not daily send men and women on *aerial* expeditions, not only into other countries, but into other worlds; and they have brought their balloons to such perfection that many of their customers lose sight of the earth in a few minutes.

THUS almost every branch of business has its balloons, and happy is the man that can fly the highest!

EXHIBITION.

Somerset-House.

AMONGST the landscapes in this year's Exhibition, are several by Louthborough, and executed with his usual skill. His view of "Brather Bridge, which divides Westmoreland from Cumberland," is a noble painting, admirably picturesque, and highly finished. His "Dove-dale in Derbyshire," and "Matlock High-Torr," are pleasing pictures, and exact representations of those romantic scenes.—"A sylvan scene, taken at the top of a cascade in Westmoreland," by Thompson, is a delightful subject, and well executed. Such scenes, indeed, are fit for the contemplation of genius.

"MOSES receiving the law on Mount Sinai," painted by Mr. West, for his Majesty's chapel in Windsor Castle, is the principal picture in the Exhibition; and a piece in which the painter has discovered great genius in the design, and no less skill in the execution. The figure of Moses is extremely striking: he is represented standing with a table in each hand, the left being extended into the cloud over his head, where the finger of the deity is supposed to inscribe on that table a part of the law. Mr. West has judiciously omitted attempting that which, admits not of delineation: and of which no human being can have any conception: the figure of the deity. He has endeavoured to convey an idea of the presence of God, by the grandeur and awful solemnity of the scene: the venerable group, which fills the lower part of the piece, consisting of Aaron and the elders, are covered, as it were, with light, and appear sensible of the presence by declining their heads, being unable to bear the splendour with which the deity is surrounded. Joshua, who accompanied Moses to the top of the mount, is, with great propriety and beauty, represented by a young man, holding a scroll, prostrate on the mount.

WHILST the effulgence of the light, and the noise of the thunder visibly affect Aaron and the elders of the people, Moses is seen in the midst of the cloud and whirlwind with firmness looking into the blaze of light.

IN this excellent production, Mr. West has happily united the exertions of genius and the powers of painting. The light and the shade, the distribution of colours, the amazingly expressive characters of the heads, and the beauty of the draperies, all contribute to stamp immortality on this picture.

THE

THE picture No. 121, representing the Prophet Isaiah, at the moment of his inspiration, is peculiarly expressive of that inimitable sublimity, which is the characteristic of his writings. And the picture No. 135, which represents the call of the Prophet Jeremiah, is equally expressive of that humility, modesty, and meekness, which pervade his writings. The figure of Jeremiah is peculiarly beautiful. These two are proper companions for that of Moses receiving the law, and are by the same excellent hand.

THE portrait, No. 70, of his Highness the Prince of Wales, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is admirably painted, but the likeness is not good. His Highness is represented standing, with a drawn sword, by the side of a horse, in a forest, and seems to have had the misfortune to lose his hat, for upon carefully examining the picture, I could not discover it, and it cannot be supposed he would amuse himself with the diversion of riding without his hat.—The horse is delineated in a strange position; but the head is most beautifully painted, and the whole picture, in the execution, discovers the hand of a master.—Of the Nymph and Cupid, by the same great master, I shall say something in my next.

BULIA.

THE climate of Bulia is of that happy temperature which is productive of considerable and proportionable degrees of valour and genius. Hence they boast of able warriors, eloquent orators and good poets. The history, therefore, of such a country, cannot but be peculiarly amusing and instructive. Their manners and habits are striking, and they have been regarded by the neighbouring planets as a people worthy of imitation. I have read some of their ancient books with inexpressible pleasure, especially the works of several of their poets. But at the time we visited them, they appeared to have degenerated in their poetry, though considerably improved in their prose. They seemed more attached to the sciences than formerly, and had made considerable progress in several branches of philosophy. They particularly excelled in physic, and gave such wonderful accounts of their skill, confirmed by the oaths of many Bulians, that we should never have believed them subject to be conquered by any of the evils of mortality, had not several of them happened to die during our stay amongst them.

IN Bulia, as in every other place, the climate and the mode of living contribute to the formation and strengthening of several diseases that

seem to mock the skill of art; but such were the amazing powers of the Bulian physicians, that by several papers they had published, it appeared that even these diseases were subject to their controul, and must infallibly be cured were their patients strictly to observe the directions prescribed to them. For my part, I could not help regarding, with peculiar veneration, a set of men who seemed to have the absolute command of life and death, and should certainly have been tempted to have paid them divine honours, but that they themselves were perpetually dying.

THE gentlemen of this fraternity were exceedingly strict in admitting others to exercise the privilege of prescribing medicines for the sick, and regarded him as an impostor who attempted to cure the diseased, without being a member of their society. This, my friend and I attributed to that patriotic principle which is supposed to pervade every Bulian breast, and of which every Bulian boasts. Yet, I know not how it happened, some men who were not of that society, discovered wonderful skill in these matters, and restored many of the blind and the lame, who had been deemed incurable by the said society, for though that society professed to cure every thing, yet it frequently happened that they declared some things incurable!

IT reflects no small praise on the Bulian physicians that, though they are continually attending in the families of the great, very few have been known to have abused the confidence reposed in them, by endeavouring to commence amours with ladies of distinction. We heard but of one instance of that kind, which had happened a considerable time ago; the circumstances of which were as follow.

ZELA, the daughter of a Bulian nobleman, at the age of fifteen, was seized with a fever which threatened her with the loss of life, and Lareu, an eminent physician, attended her. He prescribed such things as were usual, in cases of the like nature, but all to no purpose. His attendance gave birth to a passion which he dared not to reveal, but which could not escape the observation of Zela. One day, when her fever was abated, and she was capable of conversing with her attendants, she sent for Lareu, and whilst he was gazing on her with "ineffable delight," she said, "I see, Lareu, that passion has got the better of your prudence, and that in you I view a lover as well as a physician." Lareu was confounded, but falling on his knee, he entreated her to spare his confusion, and that though she had

had rightly judged of his heart, he was so far from presuming to declare his passion, that he intended to have opposed it with all the philosophy he was master of; "But since, added he, you have discovered the secret of my heart, since it is true, that I love"—At that moment entered the father of Zela. He was haughty, and implacable, but loved his daughter to excess. Having heard the last words of Lareu, and finding him in a supplicating position before Zela, he called the genii of Bulia to witness, that if Lareu did not effect the cure of Zela in ten days, without seeing her, he would not only expose him to Bulia, but take away his life; whereupon Lareu was permitted to depart, and Zela communicated to her father all that had passed.

HAVING in vain tried all the means prescribed by the regular practice, for the recovery of Zela, and her father having called in the aid of every other eminent physician in Bulia, all whose efforts proved ineffectual, and the tenth day being at hand, Lareu was determined, in opposition to the regular practice, to adopt an idea prompted by nature and common sense. He, therefore, sent to the father of Zela, a large quantity of a liquid which, so far from appearing to have any medicinal taste or smell, seemed totally destitute of both. With this, however, he sent a message, importing, that if when the lady's fever was at its height, she drank of that liquid, without success, he would resign all pretensions to her cure. A consultation was immediately held by the other physicians, who, after tasting the liquid, and using many learned arguments, declared themselves ignorant of its nature, and advised, that it should not be given. To this the father of Zela consented, who wisely held, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. The liquid, however, was secretly conveyed, by a faithful attendant to the delirious Zela, who, impatient to drink any thing that came in her way, took great part of it at once. It alluaged the heat of her body, and threw her into a sound sleep, from which she awoke in a calm and tranquil state of mind. Lareu secretly supplied her with more, and in a few days she perfectly recovered, and throwing herself at her father's feet, implored his blessing, and intreated him to save the life and honour of him who had restored her to health. Having got his promise to that effect, Lareu was sent for, and, contrary to his hopes, received the hand of his lovely patient, from her father, who swore, by the genii of Bulia, that having saved the life of his daughter, he deserved her heart, and with it the blessing of

a man who honored genius more than riches, and delighted to raise merit to eminence. They were soon united; and thus Lareu gained his mistress, by deserting the regular practice, and permitting his patient, in a high fever, to drink a bottle of icy cold water!

RESPECTING other Bulian matters, as I am assured of the arrival of my friend from that country this week, I will give you his annotations in my next. Mean time I am,

Dear Spect, Yours,

JOHN BULL.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR animadversions on the posthumous letters of a late noble Earl, are extremely just. Looking over some papers, I found the following *Monumental Inscription*, which, as it coincides with your sentiments, I send you for publication, and am,

Yours, &c.

W.

HERE rest the remains of P—S—,
EARL of C—,

Who, in his life time, was justly admired
As a man of wit, an orator, and
A statesman.

In his posthumous letters to his son,
Written solely for his instruction, we search,
But search in vain
For the parent, the moralist, the religious man,
And the philosopher.

But parental tenderness we see
Almost wholly absorbed in an
Unbounded ambition.

His morals, alas! we find convey
A cool, deliberate plan to prosecute
Genteel adultery!

His religion was the worship of the graces,
At whose shrine he sacrificed, without success,
The virtues of the man,
And the citizen.

His philosophy consisted in a supposed,
But superficial knowledge of human nature,
Drawn from courts,

And illiberal censures of woman, as woman,
Without distinguishing characters,
Or investigating truth:

Which general censures were so trite, injudicious,
And unsupported by experience,
As would disgrace the understanding
Of a school-boy.

Reader, beware!

Let not the blaze of glittering talents,
Nor the pomp of sounding titles,
Mislead thy understanding,
Or corrupt thy heart!

To the NEW SPECTATOR

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SOME time ago we heard a great deal about regulating the police of Westminster. I trust that, whatever the members for that city may do, the new Parliament will take it into consideration, and form such laws and regulations on the subject as may prevent those scenes of riot and iniquity which are daily exhibited, and encouraged by men who boast of being friends to the people. These *wordy* friends are generally the worst enemies.

Yours, &c.

P A X.


To other CORRESPONDENTS.

The several accounts received of the riot in Covent-Garden, last night, are so contradictory, that I am under the necessity of rejecting them all.—The poem on the late appearance of various dead men in this metropolis, at the instigation of a notorious sorceress, is too long for the NEW SPECTATOR.—The lines on Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Prince of Wales, are too inaccurate for publication.—The last epistle of Curiositatibus is under consideration.—The Budget of Fashion, by a young lady, is received.—The critique on Mr. Robson's *Too Loving by Half*, signed Dramaticus came too late for insertion. It is, however, nearly similar to that signed Theatricus, in the third page.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

. CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



THE
NEW SPECTATOR;
WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XVI.

TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Gratis anhelas, multa agendo nihil agens.

PHADRA.

Puffing hard, and making much ado about nothing!

EVERY nation has its peculiar excellencies; and it has frequently been remarked, that our neighbours, the French, are more happy in their inventive faculties than ourselves, but that we exceed them in judgment; and, possessed of a basis, raise such superstructures of improvement, as sometimes to excel the merit of the invention itself.

AMONGST the numerous arts imported from the continent, I know not any one in which my ingenious countrymen have so well succeeded as in the *Art of Puffing*; some branches of which have been happily elucidated in the dramatic piece of the *Critic*, in which it is plainly proved that Puffing is reduced to a system, and that, like the *Complete Letter-Writer*, it contains certain forms "adapted to most occasions in life."

IN this excellent art, I say, my worthy countrymen have made wonderful progress, of which our public prints offer the most incontestible proofs; for we there find many names and many things puffed into public importance, whose virtues must, otherwise, have remained known only to a "select few," and the world in general have been deprived of their advantages.

THIS necessary art had long been confined to *Quack Doctors*, who very handsomely lived on

extolling themselves; till at length the *Surgeon-Barber*, emulous of the like importance, and conscious of scientific abilities, asserted his right to public attention, and became the author, publisher, and vender of the puff of *self-approbation*.

It was now discovered, that medical itinerants had no exclusive right to exercise the art of *Quackery*; and this discovery, like that of electricity, gave rise to innumerable experiments, and we have now Quacks of all denominations, from the Quack minister at St. James's, to the Quack cobbler in St. Giles's.

THE art of *Puffing*, then, is the art of *Quackery*, thus universally improved, and extended to all manner of professions. The terms of the science are thus happily brought into common use, and we are now told, that "Mr. *****," "Pastry-cook, having a correspondence with "Monsieur *****," of Paris, they have, by "the joint exertions of their united *professional abilities*, brought *apple-puffs* to an amazing degree of perfection, by a new and *scientific construction* of the paste, never before attempted "in the known world!"

THE *Puff patriotic* has a wonderful effect on the good people of these realms. The political
Quack,

Quack, is a very curious animal; he sometimes administers to his patients, pills of such strange qualities, as to throw the whole frame into violent convulsions. As he is the most specious, so he is the most dangerous of all Quacks. He has some of the qualities of *Circe*; by uttering certain phrases, and administering to the people large quantities of a certain liquid, he converts them into brutes, and renders them the mere pack-horses of his will. Whilst they remain in this state, they commit all manner of outrages, even murder itself, and openly care for the very man, through whose machinations they are brought to the gallows!

BUT the most successful adepts in the art of puffing, are the ladies; for I deem every article of unnecessary ornament, the *puff direct*; so that a lady in full dress is little else than a puff from top to toe. The cap, if she wears any, is puffed with gauze puffings, puffed ribbons, and puffed flowers. The hair puffed up with puffed cotton, puffed with powder, from the powder-puff of a puffed friseur. The cheeks delectably puffed with carmine, and the neck and arms puffed with artificial alabaſter. The rest of the body is puffed with an extensive hoop-petticoat, puffed with flounces and furbelows before, and a gown of puffs upon puffs behind. This, with the puffed robe on a small foot, is the puff of temptation, and there "the regular confusion ends!"

A FRIEND of mine, unacquainted with the extensive influence of puffing, an art more wonderful in its deceptions than *Katterfelto* himself, lately married a lady of the above description; but he protests, that, except when she is full-dressed, he has only half of what he bargained for:—"I was never more astonished in my life, says he, than when I first saw her undressed; and could not help applying to her *Falstaff's* description of *Slender*, that he resembled a cheese-paring after supper, or a forked radish with a "curious head fantastically carved!"

BUT the ladies do not confine the art of puffing to externals only; they also use a variety of *mental puffs*, and, as *Hudibras* tells us,

They daub their tempers o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces.

This, I apprehend, is effected by the *puff sentimental*, which has been long in vogue, but is now on the decline, for the puff sentimental, like the puff patriotic, is the vilest of all puffs when the trick is found out, by reason of its near affinity to *hypocrisy*.

I CANNOT but observe, that the puff sentimental is dangerous; for I have little doubt but that it is to an improper and too extensive use of this puff, that we are to attribute the misfortune of the ladies, so universally complained of, that though they can catch birds, they cannot make cages. Before marriage, though you are permitted to contemplate their *personal* beauties in an *undress*, their minds are always tutored to the occasion, and they fail not to play off their whole artillery of sentimental puffs: they are sentimentally modest, sentimentally humane, sentimentally delicate. But after the nuptial knot has been tied, the lover too frequently discovers that his mistress has an *undress of the mind*, as well as of the person, and he has perhaps the double mortification of finding his undressed wife like "a forked radish" in her person, and her mind, instead of the invariable star, resembling an elusive vapour.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I RELY on that humanity with which it is apparent from your writings, your breast abounds, for the insertion of the following letter, to a gentleman who, I know, is a reader of the NEW SPECTATOR, and with whose address I am unacquainted, otherwise I should not have troubled you on this occasion.

To R—— C——, Esq.

SIR,

THOUGH that man is seldom esteemed wise, who interferes between husband and wife, yet I am willing to forego the reputation of wisdom, to gratify the impulse of humanity.

HAPPENING, a few evenings ago, to be at Covent-Garden Theatre, I entered into conversation with a lady whom I found to be the *widow'd* wife of Mr. C——, and afterwards accompanied her to her residence, where I found one of your beautiful children. Mrs. C—— was by no means reserved on the subject of her situation; but I could not discover the exact ground on which a hasty, and seemingly unpremeditated separation had taken place between her and yourself. Nor was I curious in a matter which concerned not me. But my feelings were "tremblingly alive" to the unpleasant situation of Mrs. C——, and the obvious danger of her charming child, hurried into scenes of fashionable folly, at an age when the deepest impressions are made on the mind: at an age when the twig bends

bends under every imprefure, and when it should be watched with the moſt guarded attention, and preſerved from every baneful influence.

THE conduct of Mrs. C——, I am little acquainted with, but have every reaſon to believe that ſhe has not yet injured her huſband. I ſay yet, for were ſhe to remain in her preſent ſituation, it is poſſible ſhe may be liable to the ſeduction of deſigning men, and form connexions by no means compatible with female honour.

I HAVE already ſaid, that I know not on what grounds you have parted from her; but it is ſurely a matter of almoſt infinite moment, that this ſeparation is made with the utmoſt precaution, and not on any light grounds, ſeeing that the happineſs of a ſweet little family is, in a great meaſure, involved in the conſequence. But, indeed, it is preſumption in me to diſtate to your feelings on ſo important, ſo delicate a ſubject; and, though a ſtranger to his perſon, I know I am writing to a gentleman whoſe feelings and ideas are alive to parental tendernels, as well as family honour, and who knows how to indulge the one, and to value the other.

MR. C—— perceives the purport of this letter. An unknown friend, from the mere deſire of gratifying his own feelings, for the ſecurity of domeſtic felicity, takes the liberty to recommend to Mr. C——'s ſerious conſideration, the preſent ſituation of his wife and family; a wife, whom the tongue of ſlander has not yet calumniated, and whom it is at preſent in his power to preſerve from impending danger; and an infant family, who look up to him for ſupport, protection, education, and happineſs; the ſituation of all parties diſagreeable and dangerous, whiſt their fate hangs on your determination, which muſt remove the dark cloud at preſent o'erſhadowing their felicity, or render it ſtill darker by rejecting thoſe feelings which plead in your own boſom, for the return of conjugal happineſs, and parental tendernels.

BUT ſhould your boſom be quite cold to the endearments of connubial affection, let, at leaſt, the parent triumph in your heart; and though you ſhould, from motives beſt known to yourſelf, reject all future intercourſe with Mrs. C——, take under your protection that infant daughter who, if permitted to remain in her preſent ſituation, will, I fear, too ſoon experience what it is to be unhappy. It is needleſs to ſay more on this ſubject, and I wiſh only to add, that from the converſation I have had with Mrs. C——, I have little doubt but that a kind invitation from you, whom ſhe ſpeaks of in the

higheſt terms of panegyric, would induce her to quit a ſituation diſgraceful to your family, and return to that domeſtic felicity, which has been interrupted, perhaps by ſomething too trifling to merit ſo great a ſacrifice, and which I truſt, will be quite forgotten in the firſt embrace of returning affection.

HAPPY in myſelf, I cannot bear the ſight of miſery in others; but where a whole family, a ſmiling infant family, is involved—it is too much—my humanity gets the better of the ceremony of cuſtom, and I, perhaps impertinently, ſty to relieve, if I can, if not, at leaſt to adviſe or to conſole with thoſe in whoſe happineſs, as a fellow-creature, I feel myſelf intereſted. Could I be bleſſed enough to become the mediator of peace between yourſelf and Mrs. C——, my happineſs would be much augmented; but as I know not of any means whereby I could make myſelf the inſtrument of ſo much good—of “a conſummation ſo devoutly to be wiſhed,”—I can only wiſh you will treat this addreſs, as the effuſion of a mind delighting in univerſal happineſs, and if it ſhould tend to re-unite Mr. and Mrs. C—— in connubial felicity, it will greatly add to the pleaſure of

SIR, Your moſt obedient,

THEODORE.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Old SQUARE-TOP,

As your deputy, John Bull, ſeems, by his writings, to be a good, ſerious, funny ſort of a man, I wiſh in my heart, you would enjoin him to compoſe a new prayer book, without any commandments at all. And as the very name of devil makes my ſides ſhake, don't let John mention a word of him in the book, as you value the future correſpondence of

Yours, as you like it,

JACK CARELESS.

I HAVE no doubt, but that this Jack Careleſs, as he calls himſelf, is a ſad young fellow; though it is plain he is not ſo careleſs as he would inſinuate, otherwiſe his ſides would never ſhake at the name of the devil, or any thing elſe.

I BELIEVE my ſagacious deputy is little qualified for compoſing a book of common prayer; and as little deſirous of altering that already eſta- bliſhed; for John is as firm a friend to the Church of England, as to the civil rights and liberties of Engliſhmen.

T 48

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. VII.]

Miss BLAB WOU'D-BE.

"She's all that FOLLY can express,
"Or angry lovers fancy, when betray'd!"

CRITICISM, when extended beyond its compass, is illiberal, and proves an envious weakness. It was embraced in former ages by *men* of the most sound knowledge and erudition; but, now, every *woman* that has read fifteen novels—which, by the bye, are mighty silly books—and subscribed nine months to Bell's, Swift's, or Hookham's circulating library, assumes the prerogative of decision, and passes judgment for the whole town. Miss *Blab* is one of these *new-born* critics, who, ten months ago was flourishing in her native ignorance, and so weak were her intellects, that an idea above the price of a silk gown, or the complexion of the weather would so impress her *nonsense*, that a total loss of memory would ensue for three days.—Woman, ever communicative, and *despising* secrecy, as a destroyer of generous minds, cannot embrace Folly herself, but must instruct the *whole sex*. Miss *Blab*, for want of amusement, one morning,—when *Polly Talkall* came in, was diverting herself with that interesting game, entitled *Push-pin!*—As some of your readers may be ignorant of that *paradisical holy* game, I will, in a future number, if demanded, fully explain it, as handed down to us from the *ancients*. *Polly* was much surprised at seeing her friend play the *single game!*—"Bless me! Miss *Wou'd-be*, ha, ha, ha!—this reminds me of a print in the last *Magazine Diabolical.*" Indeed! replied Miss *Blab*; how I should like to see it! Sympathy intervened.—A dozen of pamphlets was drawn out of *Polly Talkall's* pocket, at the same time, declaring her fear of being discovered, when the door was fastened, and the table brought forward, they *went at it!*—I mean looking over the pamphlets. After *attentive* speculation, two hours, a mutual satisfaction ensued. The strings of both their hearts were in unison, and they have remained *demi-friends* ever since!—Those very pamphlets have saved Miss *Blab* from total ignorance, and have led her to an investigation of *maturer subjects—men and things*, which blended with a perusal of a few indifferent novels, she has commenced poetess and critic. It is some satisfaction, however, that her writings are so void of grammar and unconnected, as not to be understood.—She writes two thirds of those scandalous paragraphs that appear successively in the morning papers, beginning with *A correspondent informs us, &c.* in which she gives full scope

to her envy, and revenge, not only on the *modest* part of her own sex, but on the sensible of the other. The basis of her criticisms are so weak, that she reflects on the judgment of a *Bensley*, and the performance of a *Siddons!* She even treats the beauties of *Johnson*, as sarcasms on nature, and the simplicity of *Sterne*, as chapters of indifference and trifles. She writes on the topic of love and friendship, though insensibility has steeled her soul against both. The *double entendre* she excels in, saving that she steers *too* near the point. I have been in company when Miss *Blab's innuendos* have raised the *blushes* of sixteen ladies, while *she*, quite unconcerned, began playing another tune on the same instrument: for the pleasure of a double insinuation, she will at any time deviate from the precepts of delicacy. A *SUBLIME* and *BEAUTIFUL* Author, writing on that subject, says, "It is not the oak, the ash, or the elm, or any of the robust trees in the forest, which we consider as beautiful:—it is the delicate myrtle, orange, almond, jessamine, vine, which we look on as vegetable beauties. The beauty of women is considerably owing to their weakness or *delicacy*, and is even enhanced by their timidity, a quality of mind analogous to it."—I sport this quotation merely to counteract the opinions of Miss *Blab Wou'd-be*, who *insists* that a woman may say what she will, *ad placitum*, as well as the men. Don't think, *Spec*, that I describe this original, because she is a female writer. No! it is because her poems and writings are too indecent even for a private perusal.—I admire the effusions of women, and with a proper cultivation, they would rise to perfection. As for the sex in general, I sincerely think with *Otway*—

"There's in them all that we believe of heav'n.
"Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
"Eternal joys, and everlasting love!"

[To be continued.]

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM commanded by a respectable society of ladies, all virgins, on what is vulgarly called the wrong side of forty, to request your SPECTATORSHIP will inform the society, whether or not you are married; and if not, to assure you, that you will be welcome to join this society, on entering your name in the book, and taking the Bachelor's oath; as the said ladies doubt not but that your age and gravity will be highly ornamental to their society.

Yours, &c.

TABITHA BRUNT.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

AMONGST other causes of public rejoicing, the peace, the dissolution of the last parliament, and the universal rejection of improper members in the new one; amongst these, and similar causes of general good, may reckoned the intended self-banishment of several

TOWN WOMEN,

who having for two or three years past, astonished this metropolis, by the splendour of their appearance, are at length, reduced to those extremities which, sooner or later, never fail to encompass unbounded dissipation. There is a political, as well as moral and natural cause for this revolution; and sorry I am, that the chief offices of state in this country, should ever be in the hands of wretches so combined and connected with vice, as that they should make it a point to provide for the most abandoned characters, male and female, which, however, they are impelled to, by *gratitude*, as well as by inclination.

THE *Bird of Paradise*, *Dally*, and others, illustrious in their profession, are spoken of as visitors of other climes, if, peradventure, they can safely escape the watchful eye of the cormorants of the law. The *Perdita* would gladly accompany them, but that she is under some urgent necessity for continuing amongst us. She intends speedily to adopt a new mode of renovating her charms, and to advertise herself under a new appellation, in the *Morning Herald*.

THE public cannot but rejoice in the banishment of women who, by the infamy of their example, add daily to the list of prostitutes, those of their own sex who are not proof against the fascination of artificial happiness, and the glare of meretricious splendour.

P O E T R Y.

THE following verses are beautiful, and merit preservation. They were occasioned by Mr. Sheridan meeting Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan, at the entrance of a grotto, in the vicinity of Bath, and taking the liberty of offering her some advice, with which apprehending that she was displeas'd, he left in the grotto, the next day, the following

S T A N Z A S,

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence fought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did she confess her repentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, filly leaves, so she did, I allow;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She sigh'd, but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe;
I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I see:
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so;
She was not, she could not, be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong;
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain:
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid;
If Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus tofs
Thy branches so lank o'er the slow-winding stream;
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more---may my Delia still give you her charms,
Each evening, and sometimes the whole evening long;
Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms,
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her song.

R A N E L A G H.

THIS region of taste was visited on Friday evening, by a great number of *tasty* people indeed. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Duncannon, Lady Archer, &c. &c. amongst the great folks, attracted general notice. Round their box, there was a perfect *mob of female gentry*, to contemplate "the glass of fashion," and to admire

admire the Prince. "The glass of fashion," however, being in mourning, had not decorated her charms with any thing *outré*; and the Prince's hair was dressed so very frightfully, that the ladies could not help tittering. Scarcely a lady appeared without a Balloon hat, and the generality of them were wond'rous fine. Of the entertainment, it may be said, that the instrumental music was, as usual, *moderato*, a song or two of Wilson's *bravissimo*, and the tea—sixteen shillings a pound.

WILSON is he of whose vocal powers, I had occasion to speak with much pleasure, in Mr. Bartholomew's Hay-market Oratorio. The opinion I there advanced, seemed to be universally agreed to, on Friday, for I could hear several remark, that, whilst Wilson is singing the voice of Mrs. Kennedy vibrates on the ear. I must, in justice add, that his is the only part of the entertainment worth attending to.—Besides a plentiful assemblage of *doubtful characters*, the Rotunda was pretty well stored with vile obscenity!

BULIA.

REXMAN, having re-assembled the Reppu and the Etanes, addressed himself to them in the following speech:

"HAPPY am I, O Buliens! to behold you once more assembled under this venerable roof, which is rendered sacred by your presence, and the wisdom of your deliberations. I am happy also to find that far the greatest part amongst you, are friends to Rexman and the public weal. Protected by your councils, I doubt not but that Bulia will experience the advantages of universal commerce, and the blessings of a general peace. Indeed, we have nothing to fear but divisions amongst ourselves; and I trust that the power of those is a good deal weakened, if not totally annihilated, who make it their chief business to create distrust between Rexman and his people. I say the power of those, for their inclination, I fear, will always remain the same.

"It grieves me, Buliens, to be under the necessity of requesting pecuniary assistance in the time of peace; but the efforts of faction have rendered it necessary. The conduct of my Retinim you will find honourable to the state; and in him you may repose confidence. He has every qualification necessary for his important office. He is destitute of the chicane of Thron, and the insidious ambition of Reynardam. His private character is universally admired, and his public principles every where

approved. Nothing is objected to him, except his youth; but youth adorned with wisdom and gravity, is far preferable to age disgraced by vice and folly. Besides, my friends, will he not have your maturer councils to assist him? I trust he will. Whatever, therefore, you entrust to his care, will be a sacred deposit, which no views of his own will tempt him to misapply. Happy had it been for us, had my former servants been swayed by the like principles. Our wealth had not then been drained by foreign wars, nor squandered at home in disgraceful luxuries.

"HAVING wisely rejected from your august body, many who were inimical to the true honour of Bulia, and sought only their own advantages; I trust that your conduct will be distinguished by every patriotic effort for the renovation of Bulitan felicity. And I particularly recommend to your attention unanimity, in the first instance, and a determination to enforce those laws that more immediately tend to curb licentiousness, and to frame such others as may operate to a revival of true religion, and moral honesty, which, I am sorry to observe, have of late greatly declined amongst us. It were well to enquire into the cause of this general dereliction of principle, the more effectually to countermine its effects. For my own part, I will be free to confess, that, in my opinion, it originates in that spirit of gaming by which all ranks are distinguished, and which, of all other vices, is the most detestable, as it leads to the commission of every crime human nature can be guilty of, as you well know from the example of several who have disgraced this House. Let your laws then be such as may pluck up this vice by the roots; and fail not inflict the punishments on those of your own body as are found guilty; for it ill becomes one of the Etanes, a guardian of rights, to add himself to a vice which may tempt him to sacrifice not only his own, but the property of every man, entrusted to his care.

"I AM the more anxious respecting the revival of moral honesty amongst my people, because nothing but a departure from its sacred laws can involve this kingdom in ruin. Of this I am confidently assured; and I am equally certain, that nothing but villainous example can hurt the principles, or influence the conduct of my people, whose hearts are naturally good, and whose goodness wants only the aid of encouragement to put it beyond the reach even of example.

"I RE-

" I rejoice in the happiness of my people.
 " I have no private views incompatible with
 " their good, for their happiness constitutes the
 " very essence of my own. Every measure,
 " therefore, which you can adopt to preserve
 " or augment the general felicity, will receive
 " my hearty concurrence."

REXMAN, having thus delivered his sentiments, retired. The Reppu and Etanes then deliberated on certain laws for the preservation of the public good, of which I may hereafter give some account, and of the opposition made to them by a faction, distinguished by the appellation of the *Defferaders*.

DEAD MEN.

I AM very happy to inform you, that the termination of the Westminster election, has greatly quieted the minds of the inhabitants, respecting certain apparitions; for, you must know, friend SPEC, that within this month past, various *dead men* have appeared at mid-day before the hustings in Covent-Garden, to the great terror and amazement of many bye-standers. I have been told, that the said dead men have been heard to utter divers things which are known to be false, and have thereby greatly injured the living inhabitants of the city of Westminster. These dead men have been observed to retire under the ground soon after their said appearance, and, contrary to the custom of all good spirits, to intoxicate themselves with a certain pernicious liquor called gin, and, being so intoxicated, to deny themselves to be dead men, though it is well known that they were buried long ago. In addition to all this, I am told, that the said dead men, not having the fear of corporal punishment before their eyes, and infligated by one of the principal imps of Satan, called *Party*, have laid violent hands on several of the good people of Westminster, and when cited to appear before the proper tribunal, have been found to be dead to all intents and purposes, and to have returned to their respective graves.

As we do not hold the doctrine of transmigration of souls, I have enquired particularly into the truth of these affairs and find them confirmed by the testimony of many respectable people, who have assured me, that they have observed dead druggists, grocers, linnen-draper, and other respectable dead tradesmen appear in the form of Irish chairmen, hackney-coachmen, Spital-field weavers, and daily labourers, to their utter discredit, and the great consternation of all their living friends.

THOUGH I am not superstitious, I had no doubt but that this must have been effected by magic; and a very grave well-looking apothecary assured me, in confidence, that these wonderful transformations were effected by a certain magician, whom he calls *Father Black-beard*, and a sorcerer whom he describes to have been heretofore a handsome woman, but is now under a kind of transformation. *Father Black-beard*, I understand, utters certain incantations, which are said to be very potent; and the sorcerer sprinkles a kind of *gold dust* over the dead men, which never fails not only to give them the power of speech, but, by a sort of necessity, obliges them to speak only what the magician shall dictate.

THIS, my dear SPEC, is modern magic, and is at least as curious as *Kattefello's Perpetual Motion*, which, like *Father Black-beard's dead-men*, goes or stands still at pleasure!

POLITICAL THEATRE.

Covent Garden Church.

THE grand *Mystery*, or Farce which has taken near seven weeks performing, was, last night, concluded by a grand procession of a very curious nature. In the front appeared R. B. Sheridan, Esq. and the Reverend Henry Bate Dudley, in *blue and buff*, by way of *Scouts*, who having prepared the way, were followed by a party of *butchers*, armed with battle-axes, and the bones of animals they had formerly slain, with which they made a hideous noise, intending to express a kind of savage joy. To them succeeded various inhabitants of the several parishes of Westminster, with white wands and cockades. After which appeared upwards of Three hundred cavalry, all clad in *blue and buff*, preceded by a variety of flags, with displayed different inscriptions, followed by the mob. Then came the *Man of the People*, also in *blue and buff*, exalted in a chair decorated with laurel and garlands in such a manner that he was no bad representative of *Jack in the Green*. His carriage, adorned with laurel, preceded those of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, also adorned with laurel, both empty, having each six horses, and each horse having on his ears fox-tails. To these carriages succeeded the menial servants of the noble houses, on horseback, and the whole procession was covered by another party of *blue and buff* cavalry, followed by the rabble.

OPPOSITE Devonshire House, the procession halted. A certain gentleman from *Caston House*, peeping over the wall, gave them three cheers, in which he was joined by the *Duchesses*

of Devonshire and Portland, and Lady Duncannon.—And in this order having carried the *Man of the People* till they were tired, the mob at length dispersed, highly delighted with what they had seen, and what they had done.—I beg leave to assure you, that it is not true, that the Prince of Wales was seen on horseback along with the *blue and buff* gentry that write *Anagrams, &c.* in imitation of Sir Cecil Wray.

AMONGST other flags, exhibited on this occasion, was one inscribed, *The Liberty Boys of Newport Market*; and another, of pure virgin white, inscribed *Sacred to Female Patriotism!* The several divisions behaved themselves with great decency, and the night concluded without riots, illuminations, or other demonstrations of public joy.

THIS procession will doubtless be remembered for many years to come; and indeed so it ought.

It was done to grace a man who is to figure in the Parliamentary annals of this country, and of whom posterity will hold as various opinions as we do of *Oliver Cromwell*.

I am,

Dear SPEC,

Ever Yours,

JOHN BULL.


To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE observations on Mr. Locke's principles, respecting innate ideas, shall appear next Tuesday.—Deborah Wilkins Sprightly is answered in the negative.—I am very much obliged to Veritas for his judicious animadversions, and shall pay particular attention to any favours he may think proper to communicate.—The conclusion of the critique on the Exhibition, is unavoidably postponed till next week.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XVII.

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Discite Jusitiam moriti—

Hear, and be just.

VIRGIL.

AMONGST the variety of speculative subjects which have engaged the attention of mankind, there seems to be none which affords a larger field for metaphysical controversy than that on which the following letter is written. As I have nothing more ardently at heart, than the investigation of truth, I shall very gladly give place to any future speculations on the same, or similar subjects; as also to the candid animadversions of such of my readers as may entertain different sentiments.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IT was universally admitted before the days of Mr. Locke, that there were innate virtues and ideas, and scarce a moral or philosophical subject was published by any writer, however great his talents, but strong references were made to such virtues and ideas; and on their actual existence, rested the whole strength of the argument. Whether philosophers gave themselves the trouble to examine human nature in the operations of the intellectual faculties, and thereby experimentally adduced their positions; or whether they took it for granted there were innate virtues and ideas; the contrary seeming upon the very face of it to be impossible;

I shall not pretend to determine; but this every reader knows, that as soon as Mr. Locke sent his laborious essay on human understanding into the world, in which, by the time and pains he took to demonstrate the negation of innate virtues and ideas, it was evident the matter was even to him, sceptical and intricate, rather than clear and conclusive; the learned, with a modesty by no means peculiar to them, gave up their doctrine of innate ideas, and took Mr. Locke's word there were none; for he was never opposed, except by the Bishop of Worcester and Dr. Clarke, at that time, though an errant sophist, most undoubtedly the next writer to Locke, and copied his way, as those who have read the works of both will acknowledge; for neatness of expression, harmony of well-turned periods, grandeur of diction, and classical elegance, they exactly resemble each other; but Locke was too great a logician for Dr. Clarke.

AFTER the defeat of the Bishop and the Doctor, the assent to Locke's doctrine became universal, which, however, I do not attribute to general conviction, but want of talents to oppose so great a writer. It may be asked, do I mean to oppose him? Certainly not. Though I shall, in the course of this speculation, give my reasons for believing there are innate virtues, yet I shall

not

not presume to directly oppose the works of so great a master. This I know, that the learned are very improper persons to decide on these matters, as they only associate with each other, and despise mankind, from whom knowledge is only to be had; one learned man copies, transposes, extracts, and deduces what he calls an opinion of his own, from the works of another learned man; some other learned man serves his book the same, and so on to the end of the groupe. The unlearned who write from bits and scraps, picked up here and there, from the works of their masters, cannot properly be said to write about any thing. Who then is to prove there are innate virtues? Why he who blends experience with natural genius; for innate ideas, being knowledge intuitive, can only be demonstrated by him who possesses such intuition.

GREAT learning and great parts are very distinct: great learning consists entirely of knowledge by tuition, and it does not follow that a learned man has any intuitive knowledge; great parts imply a self-existing or intuitive knowledge. Mr. Locke grounded his proof of there being no innate ideas on the following dogma, viz. "If, says he, there are innate ideas, every one must have them alike, and be enabled to give a satisfactory account of their origin." As no man breathing could give any account of the origin of an innate idea, so it was insisted on one side, and on the other admitted, that there were none. I shall hereafter prove the fallacy of this argument.

Mr. Locke's elegant works were no sooner published, but they were circulated all over Europe, translated into all languages; and the learned, like the penitent ass in the fable, acknowledge their former transgression, and promise faithfully, that in all their works for the future, they will not presume to advance an opinion of their own; so that it has been very common for speculative philosophers, since the days of Locke, to read a sort of recantation of their former dogmas, and begin by a test something like the following—"I, A. B. do acknowledge, that all our ideas proceed from sensation and reflection; that we know nothing but what is attained through the medium of the senses, impressed upon them by external objects; and that there is no manner of difference between Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, provided Sir Jeffrey pleases to look about him as much as Sir Isaac did; and finally, that there are no innate ideas; and

any doctrine tending to prove their existence is conformable to general experience, and therefore absurd, unlearned, and ridiculous." This is the test Helvetius, Lord Bolingbroke and many other great philosophers subscribed to, e'er they could run on smoothly; but as I am not a learned man, I am entitled to an opinion of my own, and may accede or dissent, as I see the matter most conformable to fact and experience.

It is of infinite consequence to the commonwealth of letters, though of none to any other commonwealth, to know rightly, whether there are, or are not innate ideas. If there are innate virtues and ideas, then it follows, as I shall hereafter demonstrate, infinitely beyond mere matter of opinion, that all that part of fine writing called ethics or morality, is so much classical erudition responsive to no human purpose, unless to promote idleness, by misapplying the time of those young or old folks who are so unfortunate as to read it.

THE very evil Mr. Locke wanted to remove, was increased to an infinite error; for I insist on it, that less nonsense would be written under the title of morality, if innate virtues were allowed, than if they were not. It is very laudable in any man to render human knowledge more certain, clear, and conclusive; as in such case, works would be concise, books few, and well-written, and every writer being obliged to deduce his argument from experience, or risk his reputation, and lie under the lash of pointed ridicule, if he dwelt on idle and imaginary hypotheses, his works would be a sort of matter of fact. This was Mr. Locke's intention; he thought, if philosophers would agree with him there were no innate ideas, which, alas, he deduced from a fund of learning, and not of experience, much useless writing would be stifled in the bud. The contrary has happened since his days; for if all moral and speculative philosophers were to begin their works on one of the two hypotheses, "If there were, or were not innate virtues and ideas," they must of necessity write less and better, by admitting the first; as in such case, the origin of evil, the *summum bonum*, the regulation of the passions, man's free agency, *cum multis aliis*, could no longer be reckoned matters of speculation.

I TRUST, Mr. SPECTATOR, that you will deem this subject of importance sufficient to engage the attention of at least some of your readers; and that to render just conceptions of the operations of the human mind, more general,

neral, is an object worthy of encouragement. With your permission, therefore, I shall hereafter continue my animadversions on the matter in question; and, in the mean time,

I am, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Yours, &c.

C.

POLYDION.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

I MUST give vent to my grievances, or shall burst with despair. Though I am in my three and twentieth year, I must be guided by a father and mother, who stop the current of all my INNOCENT pleasures. If I stay out past ten at night, they suspect me of going with naughty women, and I am sure *without a cause*. What barbarous parents, to cramp my genius over weights and scales, and to oblige a person of my figure to deal out *tea and sugar retail*!

BUT do, SPEC, recommend me to the ladies! for I don't know how it is, I have not *audacity* enough to introduce myself. This diffidence may proceed from not knowing the world; however, I don't much regret it, as I am in possession of THAT which is always pleasing to the ladies, *Sentiment*. I always sport *sentiment*, by which means I draw them into perpetual *snarcs*. Though I embrace such *hypocrisy*, and wind them up to the pitch of submitting to my will, I don't know how it is, but I cannot ask the QUESTION! This delicacy SPEC, I want to be annihilated; therefore must trouble you to inform me, how I must commence this great undertaking? But in the mean time, acquaint me of the most certain method to *secure* the propitious smiles of the *fair ladies*; and when you describe me to them, say, that it is a young man of some LITTLE education, pitted with small-pox, which add sensibility to his appearance, and is *rather short*, but when a conversation ensues, his *smallness* of stature is entirely forgotten; and, as a stronger recommendation say, that he was *never drunk*;—and what else you please.

I am, friend SPEC,

Sincerely Yours,

Souchong.

GEORGE CROSS.

FOR this correspondent to gain his wishes, I must entreat him to peruse, and study Lord Chesterfield. "Graces! graces!" They form the ladies talisman; and as for *sentimental hypocrisy*, a *sensible* woman will always treat it with *contempt*. I could not possibly do more justice in a description of his person than inserting his own letter to me, and which I *hope* every FAIR lady will read attentively.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

I AM now going to rouse up the feelings of attention, and give your readers a short, but true sketch from history; which, to sympathetic sensibility, will excite commiseration for majesty in misery.

Yours, &c.

NOSBOR.

Ad MARIAM Illustrissimam Scotorum Reginam,
GEORGII BUCHANANI Epigramma.

NYMPHA, Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ

Missa per innumeros sceptrâ tuæ avos:

Quæ sortem antevenis meretis, virtutibus annos,

Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus:

Accipe (sed facilis) cultu donata Latino

Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.

Illa quidem, Cyrrha procul & permesside lymphæ,

Pæne sub Arctoi fidere nata poli:

Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere fatum

Nec mihi displiceant, quæ placere tibi.

Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequibant,

Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.

THUS fung BUCHANAN, the great, the impious poet of the Scotch, a most surprising genius; remarkable—and will be to all ages remarkable—for his learning, his wit, and his ingratitude; who, after he had said these fine things to his Queen, in her prosperity, not only forsook her in her adversity, but, by his poisonous writings, inflamed his infatuated countrymen against his sovereign, while living, and by his most infamous history, blasphemed her unblemished honour when dead. Alas! poor Rose of Yarrow! that so fair a queen should have so foul an herald!—How melancholy is the remembrance, that a princess, admired for the qualities of her mind, and adored for the beauty of her person, should be ignominiously executed upon a scaffold, for an incorroborated charge of treason, when she ought to have sat upon the *British throne*!

THIS was the fatal end of MARY STEWART, who was so handsome, that it has been well observed, even to this day, among her countrymen, that the name of *Mary* was only another name for beauty. But this wretch, George Buchanan, was an abject creature of the Earl of Murray's, the unhappy queen's *professed* enemy; but such a writer, so mercenary and so merciless, that the states of Scotland justly condemned his works, and ordered them to be burnt, as the learned *Camden*, an honest historian, very well observes.

WHEN

WHEN her son, who was afterwards King James the first, implored mercy for his mother, her cruel cousin, Elizabeth, told *Pompone de Be-sierre*, who solicited, but vainly solicited, her life in behalf of France, "That as the heavens did not contain two suns, so neither could England endure two queens, or two religions."

THIS excellent princess, was the most unfortunate at one time, and the most miserable at another. She was born, as it were, phoenix-like, from the funeral of her father died in the forty-sixth year of her age, eighteen years of which she had been a prisoner in England: When she was an infant, she was an exile; she was a wife without joy, a widow without liberty, a queen without power, a prisoner without guilt, accused without evidence, and murdered without proof.

Poor royal Scot! thy merit was thy crime;
Thou PALAS, and thou VENUS of thy time!
Unhappy time! tho' some score years are fled,
Since she fell and depriv'd thee of thy head,
My mournful muse shall shed a pitying tear,
And with unfeigned sorrow bathe thy bier!

THE following epigram was written by the same unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, and sent to her faithless cousin, Elizabeth, Queen of England, with a large diamond cut in the form of a heart:—

*Quod te jam pridem fructur, videt. Et amat absens
Hæc pignus cordis gemma, et imago, mei est.
Non est candidior, non est hæc purior illa
Quamvis dura magis, non magis firma tamen.*

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

MANY poets have exercised their talents on the subject of Melancholy, none of which have been able to succeed like Milton, in his inimitable *R Penseroso*. The following lines, however, have merit sufficient to entitle them to a place in the NEW SPECTATOR.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

EDGAR.

Ode to MELANCHOLY.

GODDESS of the solemn hour!
Let me feel thy penance power.
Shun my walk, vain noise and folly;
Welcome, pleasing Melancholy!

Hark! the signal of the shrouds
Whistles through yon ruin'd tower;
From the ivy, climbing high,
See the boding night-bird fly,
Hooting, from its omen'd breath,
Sounds of horror, sounds of death!

Hark! the thunder from on high,
Grumbles o'er the vaulted sky!
See the gleamy lightnings play,
Flashing momentary day!
Now the winds the forests bend,
Now the mighty storms descend!
How! the winds in dreadful song,
Yon temple's shadowy ailes among.
Hail, sweet horrors! dreadful bliss!
What calm can bring a joy like this?
The wind's distress, the thunder's roll,
Is music to a life-sick soul;
The ruin'd vault, the time-worn tower,
More grateful than a roseate bower,
Far sweeter than a lover's dream,
By myrtle grove or purling stream,
And can more calm reflections bring,
Than all the tributes of the Spring.

Now at length those horrors cease,
The elements are hush'd to peace!
See, the moon, with silvery light,
'Dorns the sadly pleasing night.
Step we on where yonder tower,
With iron tongue proclaims the hour;
With turf verdure, lightly prest,
The fathers of the village rest:
Many a sprightly maid and swain,
Whilom favourites of the plain,
Forego their toils, and spotless love,
To join in guiltless throngs above.
Here the milk-maid, wont to greet
The dew-rob'd morn with carols sweet,
No more the vocal vales repeat
Her sylvan love in ditties sweet;
Death triumphs o'er her rosy bloom,
And oxers bid the decent tomb.

Here a youth, in early pride,
Late another victim died.
Oft around the may-pole tall,
Has he led the rural ball;
From the lofty mountain's view
Oft he stole the morning dew;
Rang'd the hay-cocks with his hand
In a goodly seeming band;
The new-wash'd sheep his sheers have shorn,
His sickle level'd fields of corn;
Vain boast of sylvan toils, I ween,
Since Death's sharp sickle levels him!

Now along the vaulted sky
Midnight sprites for mischief fly;
Wicked imps, the foes of man,
Scatter down their mortal bane.
See pale Hecate grimly smile
At her antic sister's toil!
Hear the instruments of hell
Muttering harsh their horrid spell!
Now they mock the wretches' moans,
Now the charm-rai'd spirits groan,
Now the air-play'd cymbals sound,
Now they dance their magic round;

Swift

Swift upon the wings of night,
 Now they take their gambol'd flight,
 To their foggy caverns borne,
 Sickening at the breath of morn!
 For, lo! behold a distant ray,
 O'er yonder hill, of grey-cy'd day!
 The early lark forsakes his bed,
 The sparrow quits the cottage shed.
 The twittering swallow leaves her bower,
 And dew-drops glaze the morning flower.

Goddess of the pensive mien,
 Grant me still this solema scene;
 Day will wake the sons of folly,
 Shade me still, sweet Melancholy!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC,

AS YOU are now in the country, I shall not neglect informing you of the progress of any thing in London, tending to elucidate the manners or principles of the times, in the conduct of the great, the little, or the middling folks who are induced, by choice or necessity, to remain in the metropolis.

NOTHING, I am confident, can give you more pleasure, than to be told, that circumstances so fall out, as to bring to that disgrace they have long merited, a knot of

S W I N D L E R S,

who have infested the metropolis, and lived in a kind of gentleman-like splendour for some time past. They have at length quarrelled amongst themselves. It is needless to mention their names. They are the identical *corps* of *men of honour*, so much admired lately, who come from nobody knows where, and exist nobody knows how; the nuisance of public places, and the terror of the modest part of mankind; a kind of second-rate rascals, who depend purely on chance and their own impudence for present support, and future subsistence.

THIS was a kind of *Coalition*, as dangerous to the private, as another was to the public interests of the good people of old England. Both, however, are on the decline, if not totally broken, and their annihilation ought to be celebrated with as much solemnity as the gunpowder plot.

BUT of all the species of swindling which has lately infested us, the worst is that by which many, otherwise, harmless, good sort of people, have been swindled out of false oaths, and who to the crime of supporting "damnable doctrines," add that of perjury; and this too by the machinations of a very remarkable *Female Swindler*;

who, like the original Eve, with a temptation in her hand, has been corrupting the honesty, and subjecting to "the death," those who, like herself, had not the fear of public shame before their eyes. The success of this lady has been wonderful, and shews us the weakness of mankind in resisting *female* temptations. As all such things should turn out, however, the lady has exerted her talents, and squandered her money in vain. The purpose she aimed at, is not, nor ever will be accomplished; she has, therefore, brought disgrace and poverty on herself, and infamy on such of her adherents as have been deprived by her of their moral honesty. "Who steals my purse, &c."

THUS, "all things working together for good," some benefit is likely to accrue from the evils we have suffered; and we may always discern enough of consequences to comfort honesty and moderation,

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

We will give you the Feathers!

THE TEMPTER.

EVERY one knows that *Feathers* are in high vogue; and that not only ladies of fashion, but tradesmen are ambitious of sporting the feathers. A *Duchess* who, by her exertions for the *public good*, has lately rendered her name immortal, in her application for a vote to a respectable *Son of the scales*, received no satisfactory reply; but the next day, he waited on her grace, into whose presence, after he had been examined by the porter, the footman, the steward, &c. he was at length admitted, and informed her, "That when great folks ask favours, little folks have a right to expect some return. That he was inclined to vote for Mr. —, but that he would first ask a favour of her grace, which he hoped she would not deny him. That he was a man of ambition, though he wore an apron, and therefore hoped to have the *Feathers*!"—At this moment, in came his Grace, and enquiring into the circumstance, observed, that he did not see why the gentleman should not have the *Feathers*, for, added he, "I do not know any body that has more influence than your grace in that quarter."—The man of ambition, therefore, voted for Mr. —; but whether he yet sports the *Feathers*, I know not.

NOTHING so much shews the tempers and dispositions of men as a contested election. If they can unite their interest with their principles they think it well; but they are frequently under the necessity of sacrificing their principles, if they

they have any, to their interest; and there is no means to which they will not stoop to secure the latter. I am glad, however, to have it in my power to except from this general censure, some tradesmen who, by resigning the favours of the *great vulgar*, have given proofs of independent principles, and a hearty support of moral rectitude!

B U L I A.

NOTHING could equal the confusion prevailing in Bulia, during the contest between Sefira and Reynardam; and nothing could equal the schemes practised by the friends of the latter (the adherents rather, for he had no friends), to procure him the victory. Besides the influence of Noveda, that of many private persons was employed in a still more shameful manner, to effect this grand purpose. To shew to what degree of madness many people were driven by the specious arts of this pedlar in politics, I shall relate a circumstance, which *actually* took place in a private family on this occasion, and may convey to you some idea of the spirit of that party, and of those who, sympathetically, joined it.

A LADY, whom I shall here call *Sophia*, was possessed of property sufficient, had she been of our sex, to have entitled her to give her voice for a Bulian candidate; and she detested the name of Reynardam. She had an uncle whom I shall call *Gregory*, who, on the contrary, as greatly admired him, and would do almost any thing to promote his interests, but whose property lying in a different part of Niatirb, gave him no right to interfere respecting the Estates of Bulia.

URGED, however, by the spirit of party, the prospect of ingratiating himself with Reynardam, and the hope of future emolument, should Reynardam again acquire the Retiniment, for he knew not that Reynardam was an ingrate, he waited on his niece, and requested her to let him have her house for a certain term of years; which would entitle him to give his suffrage for Reynardam. As he was very importunate, his niece was prevailed upon to grant his request; and a Bulian counsellor had his directions to prepare what in this country would be called a *lease*.

THE directions he had given, however, were of a very different tenour, to those agreed on between *Sophia* and *Gregory*. The counsel, according to the directions given him by *Gregory*, prepared a complete conveyance to him of *Sophia's* estate, and, in consideration of a *conscientious fee*, or a fee for quieting the conscience,

read the instrument to *Sophia*, as though it had been simply a lease, according to their agreement. She could have no idea of deception from the hand of an uncle, and had not skill enough to read the *professional hand*, in which the writing was prepared. She, therefore, signed it, and was thus duped out of an estate which was her chief subsistence, by an uncle, for the sake of serving a wretch whom she regarded as a public nuisance, as too many of those distinguished by the appellation of *Bulian patriots*, certainly were.

GREGORY took no notice of the advantage he had gained of his niece, for some time, and probably would have let it rest in secret till the death of one of them should have revealed it, had not the approaching nuptials of *Sophia* brought the matter to light.

SHE had long been addressed by a man of probity and honour, who at length prevailed upon her to give him her hand. Prior to which, however, he was desirous not only to give her a maintenance, should she survive him, but also to settle her own estate in such a manner, as that she should enjoy the exclusive benefit of it.

BUT now *Gregory* puts in his claim. The astonishment and vexation of *Sophia* are indescribable. She was not so much alarmed at her own loss, as at the infamy of her uncle, and the apprehension that her lover might imagine she had previously disposed of her property, for some secret uses. Her lover had too good an opinion of *Sophia*, and when he was informed of the intimacy subsisting between her uncle and *Reynardam*, he was not at all astonished at *Gregory's* conduct. He knew it was the spirit of party; and when he considered *who* and *what* the heads of *that* party were, he only lamented that his *Sophia* should, unhappily, have fallen into such hands.

THE delicacy of *Sophia*, however, retarded the nuptials. She appealed to the Bulian laws for relief, and obtained it. The *Chief Justice*, a man venerable by his years, his wisdom, and the uprightness of his conduct, caused *Gregory* not only to restore her property to *Sophia*, with ample retribution for the injury she had sustained, but he inflicted such other punishments on him as the Bulian laws had ordained; and the counsel who had been assisting in the fraud, he banished for ever from all the courts of law.

In this, the *Chief Justice* did right to himself as well as to *Sophia*; and vindicated his own character against those *infamous insinuations* which the friends of *Reynardam* had thrown out; they
having

having industriously reported throughout Bulia, that this good, this venerable man was an adherent and a friend of Reynardam. A report calculated to give weight to the character of the latter, and to persuade the people that there was at least *one good and wise man* in his interest, which, however, was not the case; this venerable dispenser of the law holding in utter contempt, men and principles so diametrically opposite to every thing good, great and respectable.

THIS business having been settled, the nuptials of Sophia were privately celebrated, and she now enjoys the fruit of that moral rectitude and delicacy of sentiment, by which I wish every British lady was as amiably distinguished as the *Sophia of Bulia*!

INSTRUMENT.

If there is any truth in the assertion, that a reform bill, under the auspices of the Earl of Mansfield, is to be speedily brought in, for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, on debtors giving up their whole property, to their creditors, as in cases of bankruptcy; it will tend in a great measure to restrain that luxury and prodigality by which this country is enfeebled. Care will be taken to whom credit is given, and the idle and the dissolute will be compelled to seek other means of subsistence than that of preying on the public, by the specious arts of swindling, which enable half the *sine fellows* we are taught to admire, to escape the gallows!

It will also be more congenial to the spirit of the British constitution; and be the means of abolishing certain seminaries of vice, into which many go honest men, and come out complete knaves, from the instructions and example of pensioning attorneys, and cheating town-bellies.

PRINT-SHOPS.

THE liberty of the press is amply supported by the Print-shops, who, fearless of libels, expose villainy, however exalted, and ridicule follies, however patronised. I am glad to find, that the leading partizans of the principal knaves who are thus exposed, are hurt by seeing their friends suffering under public ridicule. This kind of punishment is something similar to that of hanging in effigy. Three or four *tremendous fellows* have lately taken upon them to harangue the shopkeepers, who thus expose certain characters, on the subject of *scandal*, desiring, it seems, to monopolize that commodity to themselves; and their eloquence proving ineffectual, they have threatened to break the windows, containing

scandalous exhibitions of their dear friends; but as considerable advantages would necessarily result to those whose windows should be so broken, and as these men make it a rule *never* to do good, if they can possibly avoid it, the business of breaking windows is postponed till *proper tools* can be found to effect the goodly work!

UNACCOUNTABLE CHARACTERS.

IN this numerous class, are to be ranked, those ladies who have the reputation of chastity, without any of its *external* forms. At the head of this society, therefore must be placed a lady who, within this month past, has rendered herself celebrated by her masculine avocations, and has afforded a fresh subject for the malevolence of slander. The bane of this woman is affectation, which, like an *ignis fatuus*, has led her through almost every scene in which she could render herself conspicuously ridiculous, and at last engaged her in a service, which has deprived her of all the respect due to her situation in life.

SOME years ago, she was remarkable for her excess and dissipation in dress, a circumstance which always indicates a narrow mind. She then plunged into the abyss of gaming, one of the grand vices of the times, and associated with Squire Morgan, and other characters that are *not* unaccountable. Snatched from that pit of destruction, by parental authority, and conjugal affection, she lived according to the rules of common sense for some time, when another fit of folly seized her, and she became the drudge of a sharper, and exhibited herself as a modern patriot in petticoats!

SUCH has been the conduct of this lady, whose reputation is unblemished, and who, notwithstanding all these things, is a tender mother, a dutiful wife, a true christian, and—a lady of fashion; the very quintessence of which is to have such qualifications as may stamp her an *unaccountable character*!

WITH respect to the *unaccountable*, among the gentlemen, I shall hereafter notice them.—I shall be told, that these things are *personal*. They are so; and I never yet read a character, unless it were in a modern tragedy, that was not *personal*. If the characters I draw, were not *personal*, my labour would be in a great measure lost. I wish I could say, they were *singular* too. But this, alas! I cannot say. I believe if I were to draw a human picture ever so ridiculous, or detestable, scarce one of my readers would fail in finding an original,—provided it were not themselves!

LEST

L O S T,

In Mr. Fox's Procession, last week,

A VERY small quantity of common sense, which the owner has been much in want of ever since. Also several ounces of moderation, and two grains of decency, both a little sophisticated, and something worse for wear. A considerable quantity of very bright hopes, not a pin the worse for wear. The advertiser's pocket was picked of this article the moment the High Bailiff quitted the vestry room. His common sense, he suspects to have left in the pocket of his old coat, which was sold about an hour after he had put on his *Blue and buff*, in which pocket were also left, by mistake, the heads of a *Treaty of peace between a Dutch pedlar and a Clare-market butcher*, witnessed by an *Irish chairman*. At the same time, was also lost several drams of equanimity, and high spirits, on which the advertiser has lived for several years, and without which he is apprehensive of falling a prey to all the calamities of mortality.

He begs leave to inform the public, that the extraordinary quantity of *assurance* observed to be in the possession of a gentleman near Mr. Fox in the procession, did not belong to the advertiser, who is happy in retaining every particle of his

original quantum of that inestimable treasure. Whoever finds any of the above articles, and returns them safely to the owner, shall be handsomely rewarded by a peck and a half of as fine promises as ever were made; and whosoever shall find, and not return them, may keep them at their peril.

THE case of this unhappy gentleman I very much deplore; and if, friend SPEC, you know of any plain, good natured man that has a little common sense to spare, I conjure you, recommend the advertiser as a purchaser, whose address may be known by applying to *Paddy Bludgeon*, under the *Piazzas*, Covent-Garden.

I am, Dear SPEC,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BULL.

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *Vision*, a poem, shall appear next week.—Ignoratus is informed, that the *Balloon* arrived from *Bulia* last night, and a translation of the dispatches will be laid before the public on Tuesday. With respect to the latter part of his letter, Ignoratus is answered in the affirmative.—Tony Wilacre seems to be the *Gentlewoman from Jerico*, in disguise.—I shall gladly give *Rusticus* and his friends the accounts they require.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XVIII.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,
The feast, or bath by day, and love by night.

POPE.

B EING retired from the hurry and bustle of London, I am at leisure to indulge myself in such amusements and company as I have ever delighted in. Of both which, I shall hereafter give some account to my readers. Mean time I cannot help reflecting, on the truly ridiculous ideas, certain classes of the worthy citizens of the metropolis entertain respecting what is called the *country*, and its inhabitants. These same citizens have a wonderful propensity to dislike every thing which they do not understand; and to ridicule all human beings who, happily, are unlike themselves. A man, born in a wood, nursed in a cave, and educated in a village, the most remote from civilized communication, has not, generally speaking, more contracted ideas than those *spruce wags*, those *monstrous genteel* and *wery polite* GENTLEMAN so orderly ranged behind every counter between Charing-cross, and Shore-ditch.

But these same gentlemen having, by reading the Parliamentary debates, and other *learned lumber* of the times, become passionate admirers of *logic*, will expect that I should, first, secondly, and thirdly, shew whence, wherefore, and why (for they are *mightily* fond of a labyrinth of *indistinguishable distinctions*), I advance a proposition so contrary to the general opinion of *mankind*,

i. e. of the said citizens themselves, and on what grounds I support that proposition. Now, as I am not such an adept in their species of logic, I shall assign my reason, for I have but one, without the solemnity of logical formality, and it is simply this: "That a villager never laughs at a stranger." Probably this reason may not be so comprehensive as they could wish; it may, however, afford them an opportunity of exercising their powers of ratiocination; and I will venture to assure them, that it is fundamentally as true as the Forty-seventh proposition of the first Book of Euclid, for the discovery of which a certain philosopher thought proper to sacrifice a *hecatomb* of oxen to the blue-eyed *Mimerva*.

BUT this distinction between the inhabitants of cities and those of villages, discovers itself most in the conduct and behaviour of the fair sex; so much indeed that I have sometimes been half tempted to believe them of different species.

SOPHIA is the daughter of an eminent merchant, on the wrong side of Temple-bar. She has received what is called a *genteel education*, that is, she can strum a tune on a guitar, dance alamode, understands the tambour, has a confused idea of the English and French languages, out of which

which, with the addition of a few vernacular phrases, she forms a very pretty language of her own; and with these accomplishments, regulated by the necessary pride of her sex, that is to say, a thorough contempt for those who are unlike, but especially for those who are beneath, herself, Sophia is a city toast, and aspires to the character of a *fine lady*; and what so enchanting as to be thought a *fine lady*? These qualifications, however, are but little conducive to the formation or strengthening of the filial and social duties, which it is the chief business of education to inculcate in the hearts, and impress on the minds of such as are intended for dutiful daughters, faithful wives, and prudent mothers. Whilst external accomplishments are eagerly pursued, the heart is neglected; and Sophia with her *feigned* qualifications, has a mind as un-tutored as that of an Arab, and a heart unsusceptible of all those soft emotions, those delicate feelings which distinguish the *Clarissa* of the sentimental RICHARDSON from the *Molly Seagrim* of the humorous FIELDING. Sophia has therefore the *natural*, but not the *tender* affection of her parents; the compliments but not the good will of her neighbours; an extensive acquaintance and not one friend.

SUCH is Sophia; and such, from the modern mistaken mode of female education, are the generality of city daughters; and such will they continue to be so long as that mode of education shall prevail; and I must confess, that the more I revolve the subject in my own mind, and consider the nature and extensive influence of the cause producing the effect, the less reason have I to entertain any hopes of a change, unless peradventure, it be for the worse.

IN my next paper from this place, I shall present the reader with a slight sketch, by way of contrast, of a *female villager*, born, educated, and now living in a part of the world of which my good friends in the metropolis, conceive the most romantic ideas, but have no other conception of the inhabitants than as of the children of barbarity, and the inheritors of contempt.

THERE cannot surely be an object of more general concern, of more national consequence, of more immediate importance, than female education. An insensible relaxation from its former strictness, an ill-judged deviation from its former principles, have been productive of more evils to the community at large, as well as to individual felicity, than can readily be conceived, tending at once to undermine the pillars of national glory, and to sap the foundations of domestic tranquillity.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPIC,

DURING the vacation at the winter theatres, those Thespian ladies, who have not summer engagements, have collected themselves together, and formed a CLUB, which they call the NEOTERIC, DELECTABLE, CRITICAL SOCIETY. They not only mean to make the Managers know their consequence, for their better engagements next season, but have actually become CRITICS! and every night of meeting they give their opinions concerning the Performers and new Pieces, which may ensue every week; which the secretary is to make a minute of, as the majority of opinions decide. Now, sincerely SPIC, I have an extended idea of this Society, as it contains a number of sensible women. Every Sunday they meet, and on the Monday I will transmit to you the purport of the Meeting, by which means you will be able to give your readers an impartial and genuine Critique, on every new actor, actress, or performance throughout the whole season of the Haymarket theatre, which is more than any morning paper can, as a *weighty* argument can bias their judgment.

THE reason why you will be able to give so impartial and genuine Critiques, is merely this, because every critique will be the effect of a serious investigation, and decided by a majority of opinions, which must certainly adhere more to truth, than the opinion of ONE, who has no opinion of his own. A letter is drawn up and signed by the members, signifying their intention, and is going to be sent to their good-natured friend and manager, George Colman, Esq; for his permission.

EVERY thing was ripe for execution, and the day appointed for meeting; but lo! there was no president!—nor could the tragi-comic heroines appoint one—among themselves. Ambition intervened. Who shall take the chair?—As they could not bring matters to an amicable conclusion they formed themselves into a committee, and it passed *nem. con.* that I should be sent for, and requested to be their legislator. Accordingly I received the following card:—“The Neoteric, Delectable, Critical Society, present their respectful compliments to OITAROM, and that as *Zara Graveairs* has proposed you our Legislator, which was unanimously agreed to; you are requested to attend on Sunday the 9th instant, at seven o'clock, when you will receive the sincere thanks of this society.”

PEGGY BRITTLE, Secretary.”

My intimacy in the green room, and inclination to oblige the ladies in general, banished every distant idea of a refusal. On Sunday evening, according to appointment, I went, and after ascending three pair of stairs, which were as dark as the subterraneous passage of the banditti, in *Gil Blas*, I entered a back room, appropriated for the use of the Society.

FIRST MEETING.

A GENERAL moving ensued. After a speech of thanks from *Peggy Brittle*, *Miss Ogle*, and *Mrs. Tattoo*, led me to a vacant chair, at the head of a table, where they told me, I was to act as my superior judgment thought proper; that they had invested every decision in my power, and that I was now their president, and legislator. The rules of the society were then ordered to be read by *Peggy Brittle*, which were as follows.

I "THAT every altercation, contention, difference, or division in sentiment shall be finally decided by OITARON, legislator of this society.

II "THAT want of clothes be no apology for not attending every night; as with a proper application, the society will find them at the expence of the public.

III "THAT no member, or members, on pain of being expelled, shall, after the chair is taken, be seen with tobacco liquor, &c.

IV "THAT no members whatever shall fight, till the period of investigation is expired, on forfeiture of ninepence halfpenny, and afterwards, to be decided by ballot, or the holding up of hands.

V "THAT *Oitaroh*, the legislator of this society, shall have free access to

HERE, *Miss Sprightly* rose, and declared that the reading of the rules throughout, was not only tedious, but unnecessary, and especially when a discussion of more consequence ought to ensue. *Mrs. Racket* seconded the motion, but was for having every rule as concise, and clear as possible, which the fifth rule, at present, was not; owing to an interruption, therefore she proposed an amendment, which was recorded; and was this: "That OITARON, have free access to every private, as well as public meeting."

THE rules were passed up in several parts of the room. Order was called, and *Peggy Brittle* read as follows.

FRIDAY last, May the 28th, was opened the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, for the Summer season, but no material alteration has

taken place. Some new performers are engaged. *Miss Farren* & *Miss Kumble*, *Mrs. Bates*, &c. The new Prelude called, "*The Election of the Managers*"—is postponed. I then called to order, interrogating, whether this society thought it generous to the public, after advertising a new Performance to withdraw it? After this question, *Zara Graveairs* rose, and said, that she did not mean to encourage any disappointment to the public, but to relate to the society the true cause, why it was not performed. The Lord Chamberlain, had chosen to refuse his license; on what terms she knew not; but declared that she saw nothing in it at rehearsal to deserve prohibition. Where is the merit of an author, without he "shoots folly as it flies?"—*Acertain Duchels*, whose late condescension, has excited derision, was the principal object in it, which would have been inimitably well played, by *Miss Farren*.

POLLY ATALL then rose; "Legislator, I must submit my poor judgment to your superior knowledge; but I always understood that the power of the licenser extended thus far;—to prohibit such and such pieces, that were blasphemous, libellous, or treasonous—this, Legislator, is all I have to offer."

IN answer to *Zara Graveairs's* query, concerning the power of the Lord Chamberlain forbidding the representations of plays, I referred her to *Gay's* opera of *Polly*. This being sufficiently investigated, the secretary made a minute of it, and informed us that the theatre opened with the comedy of the *Spanish Barber* and the *Agreeable Surprise*.—*Miss Smeer* informed the society, that the house was very full, and that the comedy went off with applause, as usual. When *Lingo* appeared in the *Agreeable Surprise*, he was received, as his performance in general merited, but I may say with *Le Sage*—"He is one of those spoiled actors, in whom the pit pardons every thing; and, indeed, this player did not speak one word, nor perform one gesture, without attracting applause. The audience made him too sensible of the pleasure they had in seeing him on the stage; and he abused their favour accordingly. I perceived that he sometimes forgot himself in the middle of a scene, and put their prepossession in his behalf to too severe a proof; for they would often have done him justice, had they hissed, instead of extolling him to the skies."—Here it passed *nem. con.* that *Lingo*, though an excellent comic actor, would too often abuse the audience with some nonsense of his own, which was only adapted

adapted to the judgment of the *One shilling gallery*. Miss *Sneer* continued her critique thus: The next evening, Miss *Farren* re-appeared in the *Separate Maintenance*, to the satisfaction, and pleasure of a genteel audience. She then concluded with a promise to give the society at our next meeting, a correct list, with anecdotes, of all the new performers engaged for the season.

THE minutes being taken down, the society book was closed for the evening, a general conversation took place, and the society adjourned.

Now, friend *Spec*, I must leave you to your private speculations till after our next meeting;—Between you and I, we shall have several rare anecdotes soon, for some trifling innuendos have already occurred, which originate in this—*Peggy Brittle*, and *Miss Ogle* are rivals; and are both steering after the “* magnet of admiration.” O *Spec*! if a quarrel does but ensue—you shall have their whole life, character and behaviour, which I have no doubt, but will be truly entertaining—O! if they do but quarrel!

Yours,
OITAROH.

* Mr. P. l. m. r.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear *Spec*!

I CANNOT but think you rather unfortunate in absenting yourself at a time when the metropolis was capable of completely gratifying your musical taste in the

COMMEMORATION of *HANDEL*, which has been nobly attended, and, except in some instances, well executed.—The instances I allude to, are the giving of some songs to performers who could execute them *decently*, whilst others were auditors that would have sung them *divinely*. I believe there is a kind of fatality attending the management of all these affairs, and, as at the Theatres, so here, a want of judgment, or some other cause operated to prevent the performances being *absolutely* complete. On the whole, however, they went off with distinguished approbation; and ought to be recorded as a most honourable testimony of the love his Majesty bears to the sciences. It may be truly said, that he is the only *MECENAS* of the time; his patronage of the arts being one of the good qualities in which his nobles do not choose to emulate him.

THE absence of the Prince of Wales on this occasion, is regarded with utter surprize and regret by the kingdom in general, and the mu-

sical world in particular. Doubtless his Highness has his *private* reasons for thus denying that honour to *Handel*, which his illustrious Sire has thought fit to patronise, and which will add lustre to the name and memory of the Sovereign as well as of the artist. It is not my intention here to enter into a minute discussion of the various excellencies of these august performances; but as they are to be continued this week, I shall give you a list of the whole in my next, that so memorable a Jubilee may stand properly recorded in the *NEW SPECTATOR*.

P O E T R Y.

THE following is an *Occasional Prologue*, on the opening of the *Capel-Street Theatre* in *Dublin*, for *Operas*; intended to have been spoken by *Mr. Young*, and written by *Mr. Horatio Robson*, author of “*Too Loving by Half*, &c. which possesses the *true* poignant, *attic* *fall*, that produces dramatic effect, and which claims a place in the *NEW SPECTATOR*,

MELPOMENE avant!—no Siddons here
To raise your feelings by the STUDIED tear!
No hideous dagger, Jaffier's passions prove,
“Behold the ALBINO of a false husband's love!”
Oft have I heard the sympathetic sigh,
The senses gaping,—with Reflection fly,
To deep INSTRUCTION'S cell: where nature's ore
Dazzles, resplendent on neglected Shore!

How! says old Quill-drive, looking at our bill
With eager eye, Opera!—a nauseous Pill!
Some grand dame's story (no dramatic fire!)
Of Theban walls! the power of Amphion's lyre,
And dancing brutes: but I foresee much evil!
What! charm men, with THAT which charm'd
the Devil!

Zoilus, a critic, and of great renown,
For news, in secret wanders through the town;
Taking his usual walk some brothers meet
With stiff, and formal salutations greet;
Twisting the button, and—have you heard
About this opera-work?—pshaw!—absurd
To banish tragedy for sing-song fare!
And place Apollo in the vacant chair.
But I'm determin'd!—so am I, and I,
To night we'll damn; OUR will's its destiny.
A true Hibernian, honest in his heart,
Overheard their talk, and nobly took our part,
“Once in an age a genius may arise,
“With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wife;”
So sung your poet; then why his theme disclaim?
If genius sues, applause is merit's claim!
First see, then act; let candour lead the way,
And as your judgment wills, for we'll obey,
'Tis Honour's voice! injustice you disclaim,
When merit's prov'd the sure reward is fame!

Such

Such is the structure of our hopes to night;
 Variety we boast, to give delight;
 Young Females here,—who ne'er the Stage have trod,
 Tremble with fear, and dread the critic's rod!
 Avert suspense! a kind support bestow!
 Our souls, with lasting gratitude will glow:
 Now we submit our genius to, YOUR laws,
 And hope to gain a generous applause!

THE following spirited equivoque on a *Saddle*,
 by *Constance*, will no doubt be acceptable to your
 readers.

Maigre dos est la porte,
 Il porte chair, est chair le porte;
 Ah! le pauvre maigre dos:—
 Qui n'a ni, chair, ni sang, ni os!

B U L I A.

MY venerable friend, who accompanied me
 in my tour to Bulia, arrived from thence last
 week, and has brought with him, several Bulian
 pamphlets, out of which we are busied in ex-
 tracting such intelligence as may be entertaining
 to your readers; the translation of which is pre-
 paring with all expedition, and shall form a
 part of my miscellany of next week. And I
 am further induced to postpone my own ob-
 servations, to give room to some of your cor-
 respondents who, during your residence in the
 country, hope to see their favours particularly
 attended to.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

SINCE your SPECTATORSHIP left Town, I
 have received many favours from your cor-
 respondents, besides those to which I have
 this week given place; particularly a letter,
 with a *double postscript*, much longer than the
 letter itself, signed, with great propriety, a *Poor
 Chimney Sweeper*, the subject of which is too
 dark for my comprehension. I shall, therefore,
 reserve it for your SPECTATORSHIP'S
 perusal.—A card from a person who calls him-
 self *Veritas*, and seems to be in a state of insanity,
 requires no answer.—The poem of the *Vision*, is
 reserved for next week.—The gentleman who
 entitles his essay, *The Heads of the Covent-garden
 Banditti dissected*, would deserve well of the
 public were his animadversions a little less vio-
 lent, though it is difficult to restrain indignation on
 such a subject.—The *Lamentation of Newgate*, on
 the privilege of Parliament, and the *Cries of the
 Church*, are libels on two theatrical writers, and
 are inadmissible.—The *Private anecdotes of the
 private life of a certain young Gentlemen*, are also
 inadmissible, on account of the infamy of ex-

ample, which I am sure your SPECTATORSHIP
 would not wish to encourage.—The *Travels of
 January and May*, seem to reflect on a young
 Duke, and a Lady of distinction, and perhaps
 with justice; but a regard to truth prevents the
 insertion of unauthenticated facts.

I am, dear SPEC,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BULL.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT will be necessary to premise that whether
 there are or are not innate virtues and ideas can-
 not be demonstrated as a fact; the question
 being in metaphysics, of equal profundity with the
 "being and attributes of God;" only with this
 difference, that no satisfactory account can be had
 concerning the being and attributes of God,
 either *a priori* or *a posteriori*.—Nothing can be
 proved *a priori*, though the people calling them-
 selves philosophers, have been vain enough to
 idle away a long life in the attempt. If this was
 a proper place, or the subject was worthy of
 discussion, or in any wise blended with, or ob-
 truded itself upon my argument, I should not
 pass over the puerilities advanced, concerning
 the attributes of God, as I am not above enter-
 ing into a refutation of the doctrine of any
 writer, however absurd he may be.—But the
 existence of innate virtues and ideas, seems
 pretty manifest *a posteriori*, and, what is by no
 means unfavourable to the argument of the
 proudest philosopher, it is the general opinion
 of all mankind; whereas the sensation and re-
 flection way of getting at virtues, ideas, prin-
 ciples, and the whole summit of human know-
 ledge, is admitted by the learned only, who,
 every man is sensible, may be made to believe
 any thing, especially if we are allowed to judge
 of their thoughts by their writings.

I MUST confess that any argument I ever
 heard to prove the negation of innate virtues and
 ideas, is in favour of their actual existence; as
 no proof can be given, where an individual
 has by application, acquired chastity, being by
 nature fallacious, and possessing innate principles
 constituted and blended with the inherent fa-
 culties diametrically opposite to such a virtue.—
 No proof can be given of acquired courage,
 acquired modesty, fortitude, constancy, gene-
 rosity, honesty, or any moral or social virtue
 whatever. You must prove these acquirements,
 nature acting reverse, or you write and argue to

no purpose. You will say, forcing the coward to take the mulquet, and mix with the brave, in the vanquishment of the enemy, has in time, worn out his pusillanimity; and what was force at the beginning, has at length become desire, natural inclination, and principle. This method of proving is too barefaced, mean, and pitiful to rank with philosophy. The man remaining in the field of battle, or actually possessing courage whilst there, is no proof of his cowardice not being innate, or that his courage was acquired; unless force is to pass for acquirement, which, I know, even philosophic severity will not insist on.—Discipline, hardship, fear and shame will keep him apparently courageous, whilst with the general in the field; but this is most evidently forcing nature, and not nature herself. To prove properly what he is, would be to let him live indiscriminately with other men; meet the same casualties, and oppose, or cringe, in his own natural way. I will allow you to cram him with as many books, and as much conversation about courage as you please; nay, I would give you these little advantages into the bargain, Take your coward, y'clep'd man of courage, from the hardy feats of the brave, and he will most assuredly relapse, or more properly speaking nature will be herself again.

Naturam expelles furca usque recurret.

For nature, driven out with proud disdain,
All-powerful goddess! will return again.

WATER may be made to run with great rapidity up Highgate-Hill; but take away the artful contrivance, and nature will shew her abhorrence of such retrogradation.—Trees are made to unbend at the top, and in that manner grow downwards; but have trees themselves any inherent faculty to grow downwards? It is necessary to distinguish between what is purely natural, and what is not, e'er we can have such satisfaction, as is only to be come at, to ascertain if men have innate virtues and ideas; and it is necessary, as we write not for the schools, and presume not on the province of the learned, but wish to be read and understood by plain men, of plain capacities like our own, that we go plainly to work. Logic proves the force of reason; but the same logic may be made to confound reason. We will, therefore, have nothing to do with it. Experience shews us, in a thousand instances, that we have innate virtues and ideas, and demonstrates unequivocally, that we are incapable of acquiring any virtue, though virtue may be, as I said, forced upon us.—A girl tied hand and

foot, and confined in a dungeon, has the principles of lewdness taken away, as it were, and you may, if you please, make it a reasonable argument to prove she is chaste, because forcibly deprived of every human means to be otherwise. All acquired, or pretendedly acquired virtues, are of equal respectability: nature drawn from her purpose, so that she is necessitated to act retrograde, or not to act at all.

I KNEW a philosopher who had a son—the reader may stare, but I say again, and for the honour of philosophers, am willing to prove it, I knew a philosopher that had a son—and as the philosopher was like no body else, he was determined his son—*this* son I mean—should resemble none but himself. *This* son was to be a stoic, and to enure him to pain, he every now and then made the boy undergo the operation of having one of his double-teeth drawn, and by always rendering the punishment, if he flinched, or gave any signs of sensibility under the pangs of so cruel an operation, more severe than the operation itself, the poor child was terrified into a patient submission. He was punctuated, mutilated, and half starved, to perfect his stoicism; and yet after all, in the father's absence, I never saw a more timid, cowardly boy. This same philosopher forced Greek, Spanish, and Italian, and all metaphysical subjects, however abstruse, upon the poor child at the early age of ten; and yet I declare I never saw any person so stupid in my life, except the father. It is needless to premise that this *Martinus Scriblerus* of a father, by his frequent attempts, as ignorant as unmanly, to render his boy a stoic in body and mind, and also the extreme fatigue and confusion upon the intellects at so early an age, drove him into his grave, where his tender and affectionate mother, dying of a broken heart, soon followed. The father notwithstanding the palpability of two such enormous murders, was too little of a man, and too much of a philosopher, to shew the least concern or contrition.

I HAVE been forced to behave well in good company, and study the graces, to laugh when others laughed, and seem very happy; and, though nothing can be more opposite to my nature, put on a handsome address, spoke pretty things to the ladies—for so they said, and hoped they should see me again—but does it follow that these accomplishments were acquired, because they demonstrated themselves in my person at that time? But philosophers will say, long habit to certain virtues, vices, failings, and accomplishments, will render them as permanently

yours,

years, as if they were innate. Philosophers may attempt to persuade such silly people as the reader, and I, into a belief of these things; but experience, and the monitor within, boldly defy the doctrine.

C.

I am, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Yours, &c.

POLYDION.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AMONG the many ridiculous customs daily in practice, none is, in my opinion so completely impertinent as the present fashion among the gentlemen, of viewing people through a glass. I should be glad to know, Sir, whether this is to spy our faults, or view our perfections; or whether the gentlemen are all purblind? That some of them are so, does not admit of a doubt;—to them I would recommend the use of spectacles; but for those who can see clear, to make use of these glasses, is certainly very absurd; for beside learning themselves to squint, it is absolutely enough to put a modest woman out of countenance.

In the park, the playhouse, and public places, it is impossible to avoid these criticising mortals, and I blush to say, that even at church, ladies, as well as gentlemen, seem to take more pleasure in looking through a glass, than in their devotion. Now, Sir, if some of your correspondents will be so obliging as to inform me of what use these glasses are, I shall be fully satisfied; but till then, or till the gentlemen have perfectly recovered their eye-sight, I can never think of appearing in public, without a veil or a mask, as I would not with my face, which is none of the handsomest, to undergo so nice a scrutiny.

By inserting this in your paper, you will greatly oblige,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

FANNY FORESIGHT.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I UNDERSTAND your paper is vastly much read, so I shall make bold, with your permission, to tell you a bit of my mind: I don't like London; no, nor the people neither. Bless my soul!—How I do laugh at them. But,

I want a guide. I am always committing some mistake or other. As I was going up that long lane, which so much resembles a Fair, ay, the Strand,—so seeing a fine handsome young lady, as I thought, in a habit, I spoke to her, squeezed her hand, and told her my mind; in return, she *comed* me, which I thought rather odd, for they never told me of this in the country.—A great number of people came up, and persuaded me to strike again. No! says I, sooner than strike a woman, I would be *bribed* at an election. There I touched them *home*, for I understand there has been rare bribery here lately. Every body laughed.—An old gentleman came up to me, and whispered, that I was mistaken, for the person who *comed* me was a man! What! such a little, delicate thing as that, a man! Well, well, if he is, he is. I then pulled off my coat, and asked him to turn out, which he refused, with begging my pardon, but nothing could stop my revenge, so I threshed him well with his own cane, and left him to be hooted at by the whole mob. I am always committing such mistakes as these. However, I thought as how, that I should know a man again when I saw one. I had not gone many yards, before I met with a young masculine girl in a habit, round hat and cane. To be sure I thought this must be a man; so being a stranger, I wished to be acquainted with London; but she led me where I was again convinced of my mistake, and where she proved herself a real woman.—What times are these we live in, Mr. Spectator, when the feminine are masculine, and the masculine neuter? The noble dictates of nature are perverted. Would you think it? I went to a public garden the other evening; when I saw three ladies by themselves, drinking negus, and in the next box, four men drinking tea! I lost my temper, and patience at one time, and left the garden in a passion, with a determination of quitting London as soon as possible; I relate these circumstances to you, Mr. Spectator, because as how, you know the world, and that I would wish to be certain of what I have seen, and not go home again as ignorant as I came from it; therefore, you will oblige me, by certifying whether what I have seen, and met with, are common incidents in London, or whether it was only done to flout, and jeer an ignorant country man?

I am, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Yours, &c.

HODGE REAPWELL.

T

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Hark you, my jewel,

THERE is a small bit of a mistake in the seventeenth number of your snug little daily paper, that is published by Mr. John Bull every Tuesday, you know, concerning my tight little cousin, honest *Paddy Bludgeon*, who, to be sure, is as well known in Covent-garden, as the prettiest *Blue and buff* lad amongst them;—but I must take upon me to tell you, honey, that you took a little too much liberty, so you did, in popping my cousin's name into the poor devil's advertisement in the last page—for, upon my conscience, he has turned his back upon him and the whole tribe a long, long while ago.

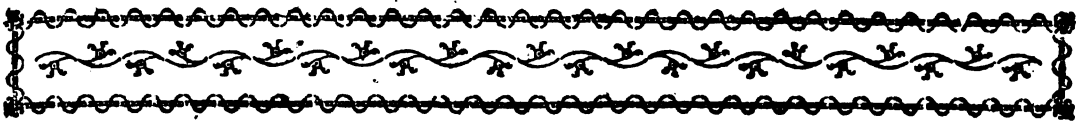
PERMIT me to tell you, Mr. SPECTATOR, that *Paddy Bludgeon* is as true a hearted Hibernian as ever breath'd in the sweet county of Kilkenny; for the moment he found himself out to be engaged in a roguish piece of business, where honour and honesty had nothing at all to do, he took an oath, by holy St. Patrick, never to be seen in the face of day again with a *blue coat* and a *buff waistcoat*!

AND moreover, Mr. SPECTATOR, while they continue to 'make promises upon their honour and conscience, without any intention of fulfilling them, the devil burn me, honey, if any mother's son of them all shall ever be entitled to the smallest favour from the family of the Bludgeons. Yours, tetotally,
Covent-garden. PATRICK O'BLUDGEON.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICHARDSON, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRET, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XIX.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

O Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!

VIRGIL.

O happy! if they knew their happy state!

MY present residence is in the Peak of Derbyshire. The polite visitants of Buxton and Matlock Baths, in that romantic region, well know, that for several miles around the former, the eye is presented with the joyless views of barren, uncultivated hills, walls formed of unhewn stone, to mark the division of property which seems scarcely worth dividing; and that the only marks a traveller can discover of the residence of human beings in so dreary a country, is the distant smoke arising from scattered lime-kilns, the goodness of the roads, and the consequent impediments of turnpike gates.

THE country around Matlock, on the contrary, is delightfully variegated with barren rocks and hanging woods, sounding cataracts, and rivers that, like the ancient Arethusa, after refreshing flowery vallies, murmur through subterraneous caverns, and in other vallies unexpectedly meet again the eye of the wondering traveller; scattered cottages add life to the scene, and the pleasing view of distant hamlets and of village spires, gives relief to the wandering eye, and terminates prospects which naturally draw the mind to contemplate the wonders of creation, and to acknowledge, that

“ Let proud Philosophy boast all it can,
“ These little things are great to little man!”

IN the mid-way, between these two districts of the Peak, at the bottom of a dell, defended from the north by a rocky prominence, covered with shrubs, open to the sun-beams of the morning, and the oblique rays of the evening, stands a small village, the residence of MARIA, the daughter of a respectable yeoman; respectable at least in this neighbourhood, for beyond its limits he is “ nothing known.”

MY morning visits are usually paid to MARIA, who, making allowances for my age, and bearing with patience the freedom of my animadversions, generally welcomes me with a smile, and treats me with that respectful familiarity which is always pleasing to old age.

MARIA, though well proportioned, is not what the world calls handsome; but she has that indefinable agreeableness about her which is more permanent than beauty, and seldom fails to insure longevity to friendship, and durability to affection. Though destitute of a genteel education, she has had a very rational one, for which she is chiefly indebted to a neighbouring curate who keeps a village school, partly from a motive of philanthropy, and partly to fill those hours with something more than amusement, which might, otherwise, have been spent amiss; for it has been well observed, that, “ there is but

“ but one step from a speculative, to an idle life,
“ and nothing more easy than to make that
“ step.”

MARIA is now in her eighteenth year, with a sufficient share of *useful* learning, and so much of the *ornamental* as serves to give agreeableness to leisure, and to render her mind a stranger to that vacancy which, in her sex, is too frequently filled with folly and vanity, and which never fails to give their characters an unfavourable cast in the eyes of all but themselves; for folly and vanity ever defeat their own purposes. And it is this article, and this alone, which constitutes the grand distinction between the SOPHIA of the *city*,* and the MARIA of the *Peak*.

THAT part of Maria's education which I call the *ornamental*, at the same time that it improves the taste and enriches the understanding, tends also to strengthen principle, and to meliorate the heart; and by storing her mind with ideas, at once chaste and elegant, her conversation never tires the ear, for her words are “ like apples of gold set in pictures of silver.”

THUS by being secluded from the world, and consequently from improper connexions; by conversing with none but the virtuous living, or “ the more illustrious dead;” by pure precept, and by innocent example: MARIA is happily ignorant of that species of knowledge, and of those qualifications so much at present sought after, but which, when gained, evidently render conversation insipid, by banishing sincerity, and substituting dissimulation; give a meretricious air to female manners, ill exchanged for genuine modesty and simplicity; and expose reputation to the shafts of slander, the whispers of envy, and the machinations of malice. MARIA would not be a little astonished, were she told, that the fashionable of her sex esteem those as *graces* to which she has been taught to give the appellation of *vices*; and that her fair sisters hope, by *sporting such graces*, to conciliate affection, and create esteem, would far exceed her belief, and appear a mystery indeed!

NOR is the ornamental share of MARIA's education confined to books. Music and dancing are not unknown in the vallies of the Peak; though it must be confessed, that *present* taste is there in so jejune a state, that *Corelli* is preferred even to *Giardini*, whose compositions are thought to be more puzzling than pleasing; and some of the lighter airs of *Handel* and those of *Dr. Arne*, partaking of the Caledonian spirit, are

* See the last number.

there in higher estimation than the most admired strains of the Italian School! The same perversity of taste prevails in their dancing; for though these simple people are not destitute of grace in their minuets, nor of spirit in their country dances, yet are they totally ignorant of the *cotillon*, and as unacquainted with the *scientific motions* of the *Vestris*, as he can be with the perpetual motion of the philosophers. Respecting the authors they read, and the conclusions they form, I shall speak hereafter.

SUCH, however, is MARIA! and such the outlines of the general character of her female associates, such their pursuits, and such their accomplishments, and such will they continue to pursue, till *modern improvements* shall have found their way into the recesses of those romantic mountains, which hide them from the world and all its follies!

ADIEU, Maria! may'st thou continue happy in the ignorance of those *accomplishments* “ whose all is but an outward show,” and retain that firm attachment to principle, and that simplicity of manners, which give sweetness to thy conversation, and propriety to thy conduct; for, as yet,

Thou appear'st
Like a fair tree, the glory of the plain,
The root thy honour, and the trunk thy friendship,
From whence branch out a thousand different boughs,
Candour, humility, and angel truth,
And every leaf a virtue!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOUR insertion of a few stanzas of mine in No. X, of the NEW SPECTATOR, induces me to send you the following

V I S I O N.

To hear the evening echoes of the plain,
Whilst Phœbus sets behind the woodland hill;
His flocks secure, to see the musing swain,
Heedlessly wander by the tinkling rill:

Are rural pleasures, which the love-taught mind
Enjoys enraptur'd—and, with fancy's aid,
Hears dulcet voices in the passing wind,
Sees sportive fairies in the dusky glade:

What time the moon had shed her silver dew,
As COLIN homeward whistling went his way;
Strange and unusual scenes appear'd in view,
Augustly bright, and rivalling the day.

A stately

A stately edifice first rear'd its spires
Amid the clouds, which skim'd unheeded by,
Or gaily skirted with ethereal fires,
That seem'd to wave their wanton curls on high.

Amaz'd he stands: "What palace this, he cries,
"What mighty dome obstructs my evening road?
"O say, what power has bid this wonder rise,
"Some great magician, or some sportive god?"

When, quick as lightning from the burbling cloud,
A form ethereal flood before the swain;
A milk-white mantle from his body flow'd,
And in his hand he held a silver chain.

"Hear and attend!" the sacred form begun,
"Behold the vanity of human schemes!
"Man's vain fantastic measures strive to shun,
"And pass not life in soft illusive dreams.

"Seems not the basis of this fabric fair,
"Firmly to stand upon the rising ground?
"Yet lo! 'tis nothing more than fleeting air!
"It vanishes! and not a wreck is found.

"So glittering follies catch the eyes of some,
"And so are they deceiv'd with pomp and show;
"And many a son of folly leaves his home,
"In search of wealth, and proud unwieldy woe.

"Revere the mandates of th' immortal powers,
"And self consent with what the gods shall give:
"Then smiling peace shall crown thy future hours,
"And envy'd, bless'd, and happy shalt thou live.

"In sign whereof receive this magic chain,
"This magic chain shall strictest artus unfold:
"Tho' bright, each vice a link with black shall stain,
"Each virtuous act shall turn a link to gold!

"With actions meet then let thy life be crown'd,
"So shall that chain thy happiness unfold;
"And when for heavenly regions thou art bound,
"Mark that each link outshines the burnish'd gold!"

This said, the airy form let drop the chain,
Borne on his plumes, he floated far on high;
The vision fled, and desert was the plain,
While twinkling stars illumin'd all the sky.

Ah, COLIN! how did then thy fancy rove!
And how did then thy panting bosom glow!
In haste thou seek'dst thy own sequester'd grove,
And sett'st thy post all that thou dost know!

And now thou tun'st thy pipe, a mellow strain!
Of love and friendship I will help thee sing;
Thou smil'st to see how yellow turns thy chain,
And in thy bosom blooms eternal spring!

Ye worldly wife! from hence your interest learn;
Alas, your boasted wisdom is but small!
Contented COLIN, if I right discern,
Is happier far, and wiser than ye all!

EDWARD.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

You herewith receive an account of
the further proceedings in our theatrical club.

Yours, &c.

OITAROH.

THE NEOTERIC, DELECTABLE,
CRITICAL SOCIETY.

Second Meeting.

THE instant I entered the room there was a
general cry of *chair*, which after I had taken,
and *Peggy Brittle* had read the minutes of the
last meeting,

WILHELMINA BLUNT rose, "Legislator,—as my
summer engagement, last season, prevented my
seeing the comedy of the *Fox*, I was determined
to see it the first opportunity. It being adver-
tised for Monday the 31st of May, I went, and
some time before the curtain drew up, as I
like to look about me, in the upper boxes on
the king's side, I observed our old friend, *Mrs.*
C...., who I understand goes regularly every
evening and ogles at but, for what
purpose I cannot learn. Some time after, a
GREAT noise was heard in the next box
to that lady, where a man in livery kept
places. Great were the expectations of the
house at this crisis, when after loud talking,
laughing, &c. who should enter, but *Farrin-*
nelli, and her worthy mamma!

"THE condescension that ensued will surprise
you!—*Mrs. C....* and *Farrinelli* entered into
FAMILIAR conversation, and were friends a
whole evening! The door-keeper came up,
informing the latter that my Lord was below
demanding admittance, which he could not
possibly acquiesce to, without her order. Pen
ink and paper were brought into the box,
where she, once more granted the admission
of her favourite little Earl, who soon entered
the seat, and thanked her in person, for saying
him FIVE SHILLINGS! which is such an enor-
mous sum, that the condescension is most cer-
tainly excusable"—*Miss Blunt* concluded
with assuring the society, that she never remem-
bered the comedy of the *Fox* so well got up, or
so well performed.*

PEGGY BRITTLE then got up, saying "That
she need not remind the society, that last
Wednesday, June 2, was performed the new
Prelude of the *Election of the Managers*, as she
saw many of the worthy members in the
house."—OITAROH! Chair! Legislator!

was

* For Issuer. JOHN BULL.

was vociferated a dozen times—I got up, declaring how impolitic it would be in me, who perhaps, might bias some of their opinions, to deliver my sentiments on a subject which demanded an attentive investigation; and not only the decision of *one*, but the opinion of *all*.

Mrs. TATTOO then rose, and delivered her sentiments as follows:—"To bring *politics* on the stage, when party and opposition run so high, is not only dangerous, but impolitic; the former, as it must create enemies; and the latter, as it cannot coincide with the extravagant expectations of opposition. Now, Legislator, the *Election of the Managers* is so judiciously wrought up, by the fertile pen of George Colman, Esq; that it steers between two points, without touching either, and is suspended in such a critical position, that the small weight of a straw would over-balance it, and render it a *party piece*. It is an exact resemblance of a late election. *Holly and Ivy*, of the winter theatres, oppose *Little Bayes*, of the summer; the catastrophe ends in noise and confusion, and as they cannot agree among themselves, it is to be ultimately determined by the decision of the *House*. Several striking characters are happily introduced, and met with the applause of the audience. Miss Farnen, as Mrs. *Dimple*, was a close imitation of a certain *graceless* electioneering lady, who is having a ring made, the device of which is to be formed with the hair of her upper lip, and sent to *Bulia*, as a present to *Reynardam*. Mrs. Webbe and Edwin, brought to our remembrance Mrs. *H—rt*, and *Sam House*, both of which were characteristic and well supported; the latter in particular, who is drawn as a meddling ignorant fellow, hurrying, promising, ranting, roaring, at a contested election, without knowledge to form his judgment, how to decide. The meeting of Mrs. *Dimple* and Mrs. *Buckram*, opposite parties, had a good effect. The scenes are exceedingly well adapted, in particular that from *James-street*, *Covent-garden*, and the last scene of the *hustings*. The banners were well chosen, and conveyed to the audience a late parade, and *burlesqued* procession of the disappointed constituents, who were positively determined, as they could not obtain a return for their candidate, to chair him through the public streets, and convince the world in general how sincerely they took it to heart; which was observed in every countenance.—The piece was preceded by an excellent prologue, written

by Mr. Colman; the two first lines of which, from Pope, proved the real sentiments of the writer—

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe!

It was admirably well spoken by Mr. Palmer, who gave it its full force and meaning."

FOG BLINKHORN, Mrs. *Racket*, *Jenny Pringle*, and several others delivered their opinions, which were exactly the same; and when put to the ballot the motion "That this piece is an excellent piece," passed without a division.

CHARLOTTE FORBSIGHT moved for an amendment in the critiques, "That no insinuation, or reference, unless *dramatic*, shall be admitted." An altercation ensued, and lasted some time, when *Peggy Brittle* rose, and begged to be heard: "Legislator, as secretary to this society, I rise to encourage freedom, the structure which this institution was founded on, and if once deviated from, a dissolution must ensue. I therefore move, that every member may have the privilege of making such comments and reflections as they think proper."

A DIVISION took place, when a majority of 17 appeared in favour of *Peggy Brittle's* motion.—*Statira Frightful* remarked that "the time grew late, and no member had delivered a critique on the appearance of Mr. *Kippling*; therefore"—*Jenny Pringle* then rose, and thanked the attentive member that spoke last, for her insinuation, and that she was ready to give her free opinion with pleasure; which was requested, and *Jenny Pringle* began as follows.—"On Saturday, June the 5th, was performed a piece in one act, called the *Tobaccoist*, altered from Ben Jonson's *Alchymist* for the appearance of Mr. *Kippling*, who performed the part of *Abel Druggier*. His stature is rather short, his voice adapted to the character, but not strong enough, which I have no doubt, but he will remedy, when brought forward in another part. He went through the character with judgment, and understood his author, which was proved by his not making an improper * emphasis, or attempting to throw the character in a new light, to excite attention by singularity. Upon the whole, considering the present disadvantageous situation of the *Alchymist*, from its being managed to reduce it to one act, he went through the scenes with great justness, and had a num-

* HAMLET. Vid. Drury-Lane.

ber

ber of genteel friends in the house. After the Tobacconist, were given the *Election of the Managers*, and *Gretna Green*. Just before the first act of the latter piece was over (Mr. Wilson and Mr. Egan being on the stage), the house was alarmed by one of the greatest insults ever offered to the public, which was occasioned by a Mr. *Sanguinetti*, jumping from the third seat of the king's box, between four ladies on the stage, and seizing Mr. Wilson, with whom he went off. Soon afterwards Mr. Wilson came forward—apologising in a submissive manner, that he should be the cause of interrupting the performance. He then pledged his honour and the future favours of the public, that he would relate the whole truth. He then described his private situation; saying that he had been drawn in by a Jew (who I believe most of the Theatrical people know), and a man who had taken a false oath, in colleague with his enemies, on purpose to betray him.—He appealed to Mr. Jewell, the treasurer, if he had not already made over his salary for the payment of his creditors, and thrown aside every idea of emolument for himself. He thanked the audience for their indulgence in hearing his story, and was ready to go on with the entertainment; at which some little opposition ensued, but was soon over-ruled, and he went through with his character very well, which after such an accident, not a little astonished the audience.—Here *Peggy Brittle* rose, wishing to be informed, whether the manager could not prosecute, and recover damages of Mr. *Sanguinetti*, for forcing his way over the stage box, entering his premises, and interrupting the performance? She then declared that it was such an insult to the whole town, that Mr. Colman ought to notice it in a particular way; and not only do justice to the public, but to himself; and that if such a scandalous proceeding was passed by unnoticed, the public would be often insulted in the same manner, and their entertainments frequently interrupted.

An adjournment was then moved for, and passed *nem. con.* when Miss *Sneer* closed the second meeting, by hinting to the society, that she thought it highly imprudent for the *Sidonian Tiburina* to be so lavish of her praises of the Young Quaker, when two of her rivals were in the next box.

It was so late, *Spec*, when the adjournment took place, that there was not time for private insinuations or inuendos; but I foresee—a time will come!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear *SPEC*!

I AM very glad to find that even so remote a spot in the kingdom as the Peak of Derbyshire, can already feel the good effects of our late political changes. The peculiar excellency of our constitution becomes its bane when the reins of government are in the hands of the worthless. At present we are freed from every apprehension of abuse; and his Majesty having convinced his subjects that their welfare is as dear to him as his own honour, and that nothing can be dearer to him than both, you will not be surprized when I inform you, that the

BIRTH-DAY of the KING

was celebrated on Friday, with unusual splendour. The drawing-room was never more crowded with nobility. Her Majesty was in uncommon good spirits, and diffused universal cheerfulness. All that is great and good was present. The room was not disgraced with the *party-coloured* slaves of the day. Very few gamblers and black-legs were seen; consequently few pockets were picked. "*Pharoah* and his host," overwhelmed, spiritless, fallen, hunted by the blood-hounds of the law, and spurned from all honest society, were, happily, lurking in holes and corners; and, deserted even by their best friend, *Impudence*, contaminated not "the presence-chamber of the king."—Vice and virtue being so opposite, it is no wonder that the example and patroness of the latter, was, as I have said, in uncommon good spirits.

WITH respect to the ladies, there was in their appearance much elegant neatness, much real dignity and splendour. Indeed the "*enquiring eye of gallantry*," searched in vain for the Political Duchesses who is seldom wanting in the article of exhibition. Her Grace, it seems, was deeply engaged with her milliner in forming true-love knots of buff and blue, and other amusements of a like nature. The "*enquiring-eye of gallantry*" was, therefore, lent on its own natural vacancy.

I SHALL not trouble your SPECTATORSHIP with any particulars respecting the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen that were present. Suffice it to say, that they were ladies of character, and men of property. I have already told you that none of the *party coloured squad* were to be seen; previous notice having been given to the nobility, to beware of contact, and of their pockets.—Small encouragement for the appearance of the knights of the procession!

IN

IN the evening the ball room, was very crowded, exhibiting an assemblage of peculiar brilliancy; nothing unbecoming, nothing tawdry; and you may remember, SPEC, what *fighths* we are heretofore seen there—married coquettes from Piccadilly, and sharpers from Brookes's!

THERE was the usual display of ease, taste, and elegance in the minuets, which were began by the Prince of Wales, with the Princess Royal; and the country dances were equally distinguished for taste and spirit.

A REAL internal joy was apparent through the whole room; and every heart seemed to vibrate with the wish, that the 4th of June might be long, long thus celebrated.

THE *impure Squad*—the best, and now almost the only friends of the *blue and buff* junto—were, as usual, ranged so as to see and be seen in St. James's-Sreet, like vermin haunting the outer walls of palaces, and seeking whom they might devour. In this miserable train the first, and the most ambitious to be seen, was the declining *Perdita*, who, like the expiring snuff of a candle, seems unwilling to quit her hold of darkness. Ladies G. and W. The Bird of Paradise, the profligate Sisters, &c. &c. formed a kind of procession, similar in character to that of *Pharoah*.

BULIA.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

MY friend, who is lately returned from Bulia, has brought me a good deal of valuable intelligence, with some of which I shall now acquaint you, previous to giving you any translation of his literary curiosities.

REYNARDAM, he assures me, is quite chopp-fallen, and is never again likely to be noticed in Bulia, but as a monument of disappointed ambition. Respecting him, therefore, I shall trouble you no more. Let the blustering storm that is spent, be forgotten! But of his abettors and supporters, male and female, my friend has many things to recount, by way of elucidating the depravity of human nature; a theme which he delights to dwell upon, having suffered much from the knavery of his fellow-creatures.

THE friendship between Selaw and Reynardam continues. For Selaw is ambitious of patronising merit in distress; and the merit of Reynardam is notorious.

BULIA, fairly rid of its intestine troubles, and no longer oppressed with the dread of ambitious

men and measures; resembles honest John Buzyan when the burthen dropped from his back. Bulia is become more glad and lightsome.

THE new Retinim, favoured by the king, and respected by the people, enjoying the friendship of Wolruth, and destitute of all improper and dangerous ambition, continues, and is likely to continue, to superintend the national concerns of Bulia.

THE Reppu and the Etanes assembled to deliberate on important concerns, previous to my friend's departure, in which they were a good deal interrupted by the vociferations of Reynardam, who complained that he had been carried about the streets of Bulia, and exposed to the ridicule of all decent people, by the perverse obstinacy of several *Bulians*, who called themselves his friends. The Etanes consoled with, and laughed at him, at the same time, which not a little mortified him. Independent of this ridiculous intrusion, the business of the Etanes proceeded in the ordinary course.

EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition being closed for this year, I shall only just remark, that, independent of the scripture pieces of West, there was little worthy of memory, except some of the portraits which, however, amongst so many, it were almost in vain to discriminate. The Nymph and Cupid of Sir Joshua Reynolds, displayed some fancy, and some good painting; but this master seldom finishes in the graceful manner of West or Gainborough.—The *marble* works of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, are very highly finished, and remind one of Mrs. Macauley's writing—Mr. Brown's exhibition of the *Duchess of Devonshire* as *Minerva*, in regard to the thought and execution, is good; but the character is rather *malapropos*. It is strange, that no lady has yet been painted as *Vibilia*.—The exhibition of this year, has not been honoured with a royal visit.

MANUEL.

THE jubilee in commemoration of this immortal genius, concluded on Saturday. This has been a musical festival which will be remembered and talked of for many years to come. The band consisted of 575 performers.

Violas - - -	50	Double Basses	18
Second ditto -	52	Trumpets -	12
Tenors - - -	39	Trombones -	8
Oboes - - -	36	Horns - -	12
Violincellos -	30	Drums - -	4
Bassoons - -	25	Double ditto	2
Double ditto -	1		

THE

THE managers were the Earls of Exeter, Sandwich, and Uxbridge, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and Sir Richard Jebb, Barts.

It is long since Westminster Abbey before contained a "polite and crowded audience;" and it may be said of his Majesty, that he has done that which few other kings would be able to accomplish; he has sent the chief part of his nobility to church, full-dressed, by nine in the morning!

THOUGH this jubilee was under the immediate patronage of his Majesty, the Prince of Wales did not honour any one of the performances—"There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—The Duchefs of Devonshire, I believe, was also absent.

VERY few of the *blue and buff* heroes were to be seen within those sacred walls. They have taste, and so "Bring us the marrow-bones and cleavers."—They were also in close attendance on their friends at the Old Bailey. The audience, therefore, consisted chiefly of the good and great.

THE profits amount to upwards 20,000*l.* and are said to be promised to the fund for the support of the families of the decayed musicians, and the Westminster Infirmary. So that the reports of this great sum being appropriated to the relief of various distressed charities, seem to be groundless.—Thus his Majesty has added fresh laurels to his brow; has countenanced science; has relieved the distressed.

These are imperial works, and worthy kings!

ANTI-PROCESSION.

No member having been returned for Westminster, and the famous *Blue and Buff* procession, being consequently *all wrong*, that respectable body have been advised to *undo* what was done amiss, and to have a kind of *retrograde procession*, with proper banners, &c,

THUS, the *Scouts*, clothed in deep mourning, are to precede the respectable society of marrow bones and cleavers, to be hung with crape and black velvet, that they may ring a *dumb peal*, by way of expressing their penitence for former offences, all *walking backwards*. Then two hundred gentlemen on *foot*, also in deep mourning, are to follow the said marrow-bones and cleavers, likewise walking backwards. No horses to be admitted in the anti-procession, not having erred against common-sense; and being in the former procession, very much ashamed of their company. Proper banners made of black silk. The

principal, in a chair hung with black velvet, carried backwards, preceded and followed by a proper quantity of chimney-sweepers, and such others as can dress in the fable uniform. The carriages of the female patriots, hung with black, and pushed backwards by black footmen, followed by other friends, to close the whole,

SUCH is the scheme that has been recommended to the lovers of procession, but it is thought it will not be adopted. If it should, I shall give you a particular detail.

THEATRE.

I AM now going to give you an instance of theatric benevolence: Mr. WILD having sustained amazing loss by his former play, which happened the very day that Mr. Fox was chaired, Mr. Harris and Mr. Colman, as well as the different performers, have granted him their free assistance, which will ever reflect honour on them all; and on Thursday, June 10, will be performed, for his benefit, *The Merchant of Venice*. Shylock by Mr. Macklin, and Portia by Miss Younge; with the favourite Masque of Milton, in which Mr. Henderson will play *Comus*. I shall here transcribe the names of the performers, which, by the bye, are the first in estimation with the public, who I doubt not will be glad to meet them on this occasion.

Mr. Macklin,	Mr. Bentley,
Mr. Wroughton,	Mr. Bonner,
Mr. Reinhold,	Mr. Brett,
Mr. Davies,	Mr. Fearon,
Mr. Henderson.	
Miss Younge,	Mrs. Bates,
Mrs. Martyr,	Mrs. Morton,
Mrs. Bannister.	

BETTER AND BETTER!

I AM told, that bonds for the payment of thirty thousand pounds, in four years, have been given by a young gentleman, who, it seems, has lately spent that sum in the support of particular friends. An instance of philanthropy scarcely to be matched in the annals of modern friendship!

LANGUAGE of the HOUSE.

THE lawyer, the physician, the divine, and the merchant have all their technical phrases, and what is more extraordinary, the club of St. Stephen's have their technical terms, from which they have not liberality enough to depart; so that they are obliged to abuse each other by rule. I have it in contemplation to *review* their vocabulary,

lary, and to substitute new phrases for "The honourable gentleman *in my eye*"—"The honourable gentleman *laft on his legs*;"—"The noble lord in the *blue ribbon*," &c. &c. And for this piece of service, I expect to be handsomely rewarded by the said club.

PRO PUBLICO BONO.

AMONGST other works of public utility, I am informed, that the author of the *School for Scandal* is employed in writing a *farce* called *The Proceffion*; and that the ingenious author of the *Saucepan* is on the point of publishing an ironical *Defence of the conduct of Sir Jeffrey Dunstan*, written with such keenness of satire, that it is thought Sir Jeffrey will certainly lose the borough of *Garret* at the next election; for this author, "without any great flattery, may be said to have seldom exerted his abilities "without effect!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

MOST of the letters I have received since my last, are particularly addressed to your *SPECTATORSHIP*, which I forward herewith.—The correspondent who advises me to say nothing about a certain duchess, because "enough has been already said," seems not to be aware of the influence of pernicious example; and notorious deviations from female delicacy in persons of high rank, cannot be too severely censured. It is true, the subject is getting stale; and nothing but a regard to female propriety could induce me to have noticed it at all.—The *Ode to the Right Hon. William Pitt* is too incorrect for the public eye.—Miss Seward's poetical novel being published, will speak sufficiently for itself, without the comments of H. L.

I am, Dear SPEC,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the *NEW SPECTATOR*, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.

T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XX.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

*Credebant hoc grande nefas, & mortepiandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non affurrexerat—*

JUVENAL.

Had not young men the hoary heads rever'd,
Or boys paid reverence when a man appear'd,
Both worthy death were thought—

SINCE my leaving town, I have received several epistles from correspondents, some of which are very anxious to have their favours printed; I suppose in order to accomplish private views of their own. The following letter abounds with reflections that do credit to the writer, and I am happy that in publishing it, I can at once serve the author and the public.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is my misfortune to be under forty, and to have a round, untroubled countenance, which, in my present situation, is a great grievance to me. I now pay my addresses to the daughter of a man of business, who is so cruel as to threaten to marry the young lady to a contemporary of his own. I mean a man of his own years. He says no young man can be good for any thing but filling a house with children, without being wise enough to know how to provide for them.

Now as I am to succeed in love, as I can argue my intended father-in-law into an opinion of my ability for business, give me leave to print in the *NEW SPECTATOR*, my thoughts concerning the prejudices which men in one stage of life have to those in another.

THE utmost inconveniencies are owing to the difficulty we meet with, in being admitted into the society of men in years, and adding thereby the early knowledge of men and business to that of books, for the reciprocal improvement of each other. One of fifty as naturally imagines the same insufficiency in one of thirty, as he of thirty does in one of fifteen; and each age is thus left to instruct itself by the natural course of its own reflection and experience. I am apt to think, that before thirty, a man's natural and acquired parts are at that strength as, with a little experience, to enable him, if ever he can be enabled, to acquit himself well in any business or conversation he shall be admitted into.

As to the objection, that those who have not been used to business are consequently unfit for it, it might have been made, one time or other, against all men that ever were born; and is so general a one, that it is none at all. Besides, he that knew men the best that ever any one did, says, that "Wisdom cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise;" and the great Lord Bacon observes, that those governments have always been most happy, which have been administered by such as have spent part of their life in books and leisure; and instances in the governments of Pius Quintus,

tus, and Sixtus Quintus, about his own time; who, though they were esteemed but pedantic friars, proceeded upon truer principles of state, than those who had their education in affairs of state, and courts of princes. If this rule holds in the dispatch of the most perplexed matters, as of public politics, it must, of necessity, in that of the common divisions of business, which every body knows are directed by form, and require rather diligence and honesty, than great ability in the execution.

A GOOD judgment will not only supply, but go beyond experience; for the latter is only a knowledge that directs us in the dispatch of matters future, from the consideration of matters past of the same nature; but the former is a perpetual and equal direction in every thing that can happen, and does not follow, but makes the precedent that guides the other.

THIS everlasting prejudice of the old against the young, heightens the natural disposition of youth to pleasure, when they find themselves adjudged incapable of business. Those amongst them, therefore, whose circumstances and way of thinking will allow them such freedom, plunge themselves into all sensual gratifications. Others of them, of a more regulated turn of thought, seek the entertainment of books and contemplation, and are buried in these pleasures. These pursuits, during our middle age, strengthen the love of retirement in the sober man, and make it necessary to the libertine. They gain philosophy enough by this time to be convinced that it is their interest to have as little ambition as may be; and considering rather how much less they need, to live happily, than how much more, cannot conceive why they should trouble themselves about raising a fortune, which in the pursuit must lessen their present enjoyment, and in the purchase cannot enlarge it.

I CONFESS that the impious and impertinent way of life and conversation of youth in general, exposes them to the just disesteem of their elders; but where the contrary is found among any of them, it should be the more particular recommendation to their patronage. There are some observations, I have by chance met with, so much in favour of young men, that I cannot suppress them. As sincerity is the chief recommendation, both in public and private matters, it is observed, that the young are more sincere in the dispatch of business, and profession of friendship, than those that are more advanced in years: for they either prefer public reputation to private advantage, or believe it is the only way

to it. They are generally good-natured, as having not been acquainted with much malice, or soured with disappointment. The less disposed to pride or avarice, as they have neither wanted nor abounded. They are unpractised in the way of flattery and dissimulation, and think others practise those arts as little as themselves. This arises from their boldness, as having not been yet humbled by the chances of life, and their credulity, as having not yet been often deceived.

I SHALL conclude by saying, that it is very hard upon we young fellows, that we are not to be trusted in business and conversation with those in years, till due age, together with its consequences, ill health and ill humour, have marked us with a faded cheek, a hollow eye, a busy ruminating forehead, and, in short, rendered us less capable of serving and pleasing them, than we were when we deemed unable to do either.—I beg your pardon for so many serious reflections, with which, notwithstanding the great age of your SPECTATORSHIP, I trust you will not be offended, and am, with all possible respect,

MR. SPECTATOR,

Yours, &c.

S.

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. 12.]

DOCTOR GOOGLE,

The Political Prebend, &c.

Calum ipsum petimus fultitia—HOR.

By the courtesy of England, lawyers and physicians are allowed to dabble in politics; but a personal interference in politics so ill becomes the divine, that very little respect is paid to those sons of the church, who make it their business to attend more to the election of a commoner than the cure of souls. It implies such a predilection for temporal interests, that I have never read of a divine dabbling in politics, that did not render himself despicable.

AMONGST the many notorious instances of political clergymen with which the church is at this time infested, I know of none more highly censurable than DOCTOR GOOGLE, who has the honour to hold a prebendary in one of our most ancient cathedrals. The Doctor has a handsome estate and a pleasant country residence, at a small market-town in the north of England, which giving him considerable interest at a county election, he is, at such a time, as busy as any blockhead

blockhead in the county; and woe to the poor wretch over whom he has, or can possibly obtain any influence, that votes in opposition to the Doctor!

IN his person he is an epitome of all that is agreeable in a son of the church. He is short and fat, of an Egyptian complexion, and a countenance that would have become Leo when he was pronouncing judgment against Luther. Over a full-bottomed grizly wig, he usually puts a broad lam'd greasy hat, and, mounted on a mule, value forty shillings, resembles a modern *church-errant* in quest of a tithe pig. Like the knights errant of old, he is usually attended by his *squire*, who, for any thing I know, may be as good a man as ever Sancho was, though it is certain he does not follow so good a master.

THE abilities of the Doctor are very slender, nor does he trouble the world with frequently exerting them. He abominates *residence*, and it was not till lately that he ever went near one of his principal livings; but a neighbouring squire at length compelled him to visit it once a month, for which, no doubt, he has the charitable prayers of the Doctor, every time he is under the necessity of taking a journey so disagreeable, and performing a service so irksome to one of his disposition.

AVARICE is not his hobby-horse. It is the ambition of tyrannising over others; of being feared, and of being regarded as a *great man*.—Every step, however, that he takes towards acquiring that distinction, has a direct contrary tendency. Those who, unhappily, are *under his thumb*, do indeed fear and hate him. Those who regard alike his smiles and frowns, despise and detest him.

ADDED to his other acquisitions, he is in commission for the peace, and, as far as I can understand, a very able magistrate, and a man of exceeding great penetration, for when a supposed culprit is brought before him, his guilt or innocence is immediately discovered by the Doctor, the moment he is informed on which side the man voted at the last election; or if, peradventure, he did not vote at all, such is the Doctor's skill in physiognomy, that he would condemn or acquit a man by the marks of his countenance; and, to his great credit be it said, he seldom traces the matter further; so excellent is knowledge by intuition! But respecting his skill in *justicehip*, I shall tell you more in a future number.

FROM a Christian divine we expect placability of temper; but the resentment of the Doctor knows no bounds. He pursues with unremitting

vengeance the wretch that happens, however lightly, to offend him; but especially in the grand article of an election.—Of humility and meekness he knows only the names; and his breast is a total stranger to humanity; for of all the diversions to which he is addicted, the principal is *cock-fighting*; and his supreme delight is to see two harmless birds tear each other to pieces. In this his savage disposition is clearly seen; for none but savages can bear, much less encourage, a diversion which must wring the heart that is not steeled against all feeling; attended by such hellish language as must shock the ear of every one, but fox-hunting squires, borish innkeepers, and a reverend Prebend!—Of one of these infernal meetings, and of the characters of a fox-hunting sot, and an unfeeling publican, who are both reckoned *good sort of men*, I shall give you a particular account, to shew what brutes men may be, and yet have the reputation of being *good sort of men*!

IT is no wonder, friend SPEC, that the clergy of the established church should be held in such disrepute, when wretches like Doctor Goggle are permitted to hold pluralities and dignities. You will naturally observe that there is nothing very original in the character of Doctor Goggle. " 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." The character is too common. *Electioneering parsons* are to be found in every county, and men living in idleness on the fruits of the church, who ought not to live at all!

[To be continued.]

THE NEOTERIC, DELECTABLE,
CRITICAL SOCIETY.

Third Meeting.

OITARON being called upon, I took the chair, and having received thanks from the society for my attention;

STATIRA FRIGHTFUL rose, and declared that she was one of the performers engaged to play at the Paris Theatre; but things had so unfortunately intervened, that she was not only deprived of seeing France, but also of obtaining any engagement, as the different companies were all full when the disappointment took place. She, therefore, moved, that a petition be drawn up, for the relief of those performers who, like herself, had been disappointed in the Paris scheme, assigning a reason why that scheme was not put into execution. The motion not being seconded, she sat down, as little satisfied as when she got up.

FAG BLINKHORN, insinuated that she had been at the rehearsal of the new comedy, *Two to One*,

One, which is to be performed next week. The music, she said, was by Dr. Arnold, and the comedy written by Mr. Colman, jun. who, if she might judge from this specimen, promises that the name of Colman shall lose nothing in dramatic celebrity.

Mrs. TATTOO rose, acquainting the society, that on Tuesday evening, June the 8th, at the close of the *Agreeable Surprise*, a violent cawing, like that of a raven, was heard in the house; but it was soon discovered to be one of the Synagogue, and wife to Sanguinetti (the music feller in Long-Acre, who, some few days ago leaped from the stage box, on the stage, with a pistol in his hand to secure a performer), attempting to raise a noise in the house, but was soon prevented, to the honour of the Theatre, and the satisfaction of the audience.—She concluded with observing, that on Wednesday, their Majesties honoured the Theatre with their presence, for the first time this season.

THEOBOSIA HINTWELL, then got up with, “Legiflator, as Mrs. Tattoo does not finish the critiques, by your leave I will continue them. On Saturday June, 12th, were performed the *Separate Maintenance*, and the *Election of the Managers*. The former, went off with its usual applause, saying that the comedy was weakened by the indisposition of Mr. Aickin, which prevented his playing. I never saw any thing so characteristic, as the meeting of Mrs. C...., and Mrs. L...., in that scene, where the author makes jealousy overbalance reason; the force of which obliges both to embrace—con—descension, and enter into low abuse. In short, it was quite in *character*: the sneers that ensued were *truly genuine*, for—*entre nous*—these two very *gentle* ladies, no longer ago than last Thursday, had a violent *private* quarrel, in their respective dressing-rooms at the Theatre, where they talked *loud* enough for the whole house to hear them. They not only spoke the *vulgar tongue* to a miracle, but were such adepts in the demirip language, that their invectives created the unaffected blush in the cheeks of the women, and raised the contempt of the men.—Just as the *Election of the Managers* was finished, a Mr. B—r, from the front boxes, vociferated *Off! off!* which was echoed by two more, one of whom had a cockade in his hat, but his language disgraced that noble ensign. The other pretended to be a young man of fashion. These three heroes endeavoured to prevent the performance, nor could the drollery of Edwin pacify them:—*Off! off! off!* was

“the treble cry, when some gentlemen from the boxes and pit interfered, and a party of the latter came into the boxes in order to turn them out. A scuffle ensued, and the whole house was alarmed. Capt. T—, of the navy bade the performers go on; upon which the *young fashionable hero* took fire, and blows succeeded words. The collar of the latter’s shirt was torn entirely off.—Mr. B—r, and his *cockaded* friend, came up to Capt. T—, and pushed him about, demanding his name and residence, which he offered for the address of the person with whom he fought, which being refused, he judiciously denied his. It so intervened, that Capt. T— was left, unprotected, to the three *heroes*, who all went into the lobby, and really *bullied* him, for such language from gentlemen, as they called themselves, I never heard. Mr. B—r dared any man to fight him. His cockaded friend, who, by the bye, had a pretty, effeminate, black patch, at the corner of his mouth, to hide a pimple, or through affectation, was in a conversation equally sublime. A gentleman persuading Captain T— to go out, he asked him, if he wished to have a *clout* of the head? However, some gentlemen thinking it very improper that Captain T— should be left in that situation, forced him out, and advised him not to return to *those* from whom he could expect no satisfaction. The three men that produced the whole of this disturbance, remained in the lobby half an hour after Captain T— went out, quarrelling and offering to “*clout*” any body that opposed their opinion. Some noblemen were for calling the constable of the house, and settling the matter speedily; they then assumed drunkenness, and left the lobby, continuing their noise as they went along.”—Miss Hintwell having finished her account, an adjournment was moved for, and passed *nem. con.*—I shall have a rare joke for you in my next, for just as we had broke up, some poignant insinuations escaped from Miss *Morrice Loveall*, and *Skylight Brazen*; and our next meeting will discover,

“What females say, when jealousy’s the theme!”

You perhaps may think it strange, that I mean to recount the private amours of these ladies, but they are carried on in such a *style* as I trust cannot but be amusing to your readers. The keenness of the *sarcasms* and *retorts* which pass between them, is sometimes such as to excite much risibility, as you will have occasion to observe.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC,

THE important business of the Westminster election being as good as settled, those, who can afford it, are very wisely following your example, and quitting town with all possible expedition. And truly the haste with which they travel, would induce one to think that they were flying from Sodom and Gomorrah. Though the late Lord Chesterfield tells us, that it is very ungenteeled to walk fast, lest a man should be supposed to have any business on his hands, and surely it must be very ungenteeled for a man to be useful, the rule, it seems, does not extend to riding; for by their mode of travelling, one might venture to conclude, that the nobility and gentry were the only people vulgar enough to have any business at all.

The town, however, is yet pretty full; and indeed if all the titled people were out of it, the bustle of London would be little abated, though the infamy of example would be somewhat restrained. Therefore, though I like conviviality and good fellowship, I am very well pleased to remain in town during the summer months, when peace and silence pervade those parts of it which, in the winter, are perpetually disturbed by the unmeaning bustle and irregularities of people of fashion.

P O E T R Y.

THIS season of the year is very favourable to the writers of pastoral, and I have received numerous poetical essays in that stile since May-day. I shall here present my readers with two of the best that have come to my hands.

PASTORAL STANZAS,

By C—— V——, Esq.

IN my lonely cot obscure,
E'ry comfort distant far,
What misfortune I endure,
Doom'd by cruel fate to bear!

But if, DELIA, thou would'st dwell
With thy tender faithful swain;
Pleasure then would grace my cell,
Distant e'ry illsome pain.

From my labour in yon field,
Sweet returning ev'ry night;
E'ry night would transport yield,
Blest wish thee, in love's delight!

With my flock on yonder plain,
Sweetest joys I'd constant prove;
Tune my pipe in cheerful strain,
Singing of our mutual love!

S O N G,

The Lass of the Dee.

Tune, "Kate of Aberdeen."

Now all the groves in verdure gay,
Are deck'd to hail the Spring;
My fleet care securely play,
The birds melodious sing;
Ye blooming nymphs and jocund swains,
Assemble round this tree,
And join with me in rustic strains,
To praise my Lass of Dee.

The myrtle green, and mossy rose,
I'll cull with nicest care,
And form of every sweet that blows,
A chaplet for her hair;
For sure there's not on all our lawns,
A shepherdess like she,
Where virtue reigns, and beauty dawns,
As in my Lass of Dee.

When wanton zephyrs sport around,
We stray beside the stream;
And listen to the bubbling sound,
Or talk, and love's but theme;
But if the breeze withdraws its aid,
And Sol too scorching be,
I leave the banks, and seek the shade,
With my dear Lass of Dee.

Here well content I tune my reed,
My happiness so near;
Before my grot my lambskins feed,
The fillings of the year;
Then take, ye rich, your idle wealth,
Let pride its wishes see;
Grant me but these paternal fields,
And say I lov'd my Lass of Dee!

T. H.

WESTMINSTER JUBILEE.

THE various reports concerning the sums of money, received at the Jubilee in Westminster-Abbey, are amazing. I am therefore, happy to have it now in my power, from good authority, to inform my readers, as near as possible, the whole of the expence and profit. The fact is, very little more than 12,000 pounds have as yet come to the directors hands, and the expence of that stupendous performance will exceed 5,000*l.* and it is expected, that about the same sum will be presented to the musical fund, for whom the whole sum was originally intended, but the Bishop of Rochester, being a governor of the Westminster Infirmary, and Dean of Westminster, solicited a part for that Hospital.

I am not clear from this information, that the profits arising from the entertainments at the Jubilee, are included.

JOHN BULL.

DEBATES.

THE parliamentary debates are as warm as ever, except on the part of the premier, who notwithstanding his youth, has given the house the most convincing proofs of his steadiness, and of the inefficacy of opposition declamation. I trust that he will acquire the reputation his father gained, as I am confident his abilities in parliament are already greater. But it is not parliamentary abilities only that can make a minister. Had that been the case, Mr. Fox would perhaps, always be a minister. To shew what a minister ought to be, I will here transcribe the character of the late Lord Chatham, as it is finely drawn, in the manner of *Robertson*, to whom it is generally attributed, but I believe it was not written by him.

“ THE Secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed even Majesty itself. No state chicanery; no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive and impracticable, his object was England; his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age un-animous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect not England, not the present age, only, but Europe and posterity.—Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate; the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

“ The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, those sensations which soften and allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unswayed by its intercourse, he occasionally came into our system to counsel and to decide.

“ A CHARACTER so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the incon-

“ sistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

“ NOR were his political abilities his only talents; his eloquence was an era in the senate: peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom: not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he like Townsend for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed!

“ UPON the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder; and to rule the wilderness of free minds, with unbounded authority. Something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.”

PARABLE *against* PERSECUTION.

THE late Lord Kaimes tells us, that the following Parable against Persecution, was communicated to him by Dr. Franklin, of Philadelphia. The historical style of the Old Testament, his Lordship observes, is here finely imitated; and the moral must strike every one who is not sunk in stupidity and superstition. It is at the particular request of a lady, that it finds a place in the NEW SPECTATOR.

—1. AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way.

4. And the man said, Nay; for I will abide under this tree.

5. But

5. But Abraham pressed him greatly. So he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name: for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and cloathed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant: Lo, I have sinned, forgive me; I pray thee.

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and diligently sought for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

V I S - A - V I S.

THE *Woman of the People* has at length been obliged under execution, to part with her *Vis-a-Vis* for the trifling sum of 170*l.* little more than the original price of the hammer-cloth! Thus the envy of the frail sisterhood is done away, and the glory of this woman is eclipsed. Let my fair country-women learn from her example to avoid prostitution, gamblers, and black-legs of every denomination, and never be seen canvassing at a general election! *Sic transit, &c.*

B U L I A.

I HAVE been requested by several ladies to inform them of the manner in which the Bulians make love. I shall hereafter take an opportunity of gratifying my fair readers in that respect. At present I shall relate to them a circumstance which happened in a Bulian village some years ago.

THEODORE, the son of a wealthy gentleman, paid his addresses to *Juliana*, the only daughter of another wealthy gentleman, in the same neighbourhood. The amour was carried on clandestinely, and Theodore was made happy in the embraces of *Juliana*. Knowing it would be in vain to solicit the consent of their parents to ratify their union, they carried on an illicit amour for a considerable time, till the father of Theodore had prevailed on a city merchant to give his daughter to Theodore, with a very large portion. When this circumstance was communicated to Theodore, he was at a loss what to do. The city lady was sent for into the country, and proved exceedingly handsome. Theodore, previous to being introduced to her in form, honestly acquainted *Juliana* with his situation, and consulted with her, what steps they should take. They would instantly have left the country, had Theodore known in what manner to procure the means of subsistence. At this meeting, therefore, nothing was determined between Theodore and *Juliana*, except that they would meet the next evening in the grove, which had been the chief scene of their amorous dalliances.

As if it had been ordained by providence, that the illicit commerce between Theodore and *Juliana* should be speedily punished, the demon of jealousy whispered her, that Theodore meant to deceive her; and perhaps the charms of her rival had been praised in her hearing. The idea of separation from Theodore, of resigning him to the arms of another, was more than *Juliana* could bear. She was anxious for the next interview with Theodore, and the moment he entered the grove, drawing a pistol from her pocket, *Juliana* laid him dead at her feet, and immediately ran into the village, telling every one she met what she had done. In vain did her friends advise her to fly; she remained fixed in a determination of suffering the judgment of the law, by which she was accordingly condemned to lose her life.

THE fatal day being arrived, she dressed herself, as for a wedding-day, in great splendour, and mounting the scaffold, bade an eternal adieu

to her friends. The executioner was preparing to do his office, when suddenly, brandishing a dagger she had concealed, she exclaimed, "I am impatient to join my Theodore," and plunged it in her bosom.

FROM causes which I have not now time to adduce, illicit amours amongst us, do not often meet with such dreadful catastrophes; but it is certain, that though the Theodores and Julianas of Britain may seldom suffer after this manner, they nevertheless suffer much longer, and much more, and have always reason to repent of forming connexions which cannot meet with the concurrence of conscience.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMONGST other favours received this week, I have one from Miss *Frankly*, alias *Frantic*, who, however she may flatter herself, is certainly in want of "an agreeable companion;" and if books and casual conversation will not guard her against *ennui*, I have nothing else to recommend.—*Lucy* and *Peggy Tawdry* are too well versed in the fashions of the day, to need my advice.—The parody on Mr. Fox's last common-place address to the electors of Westminster, is as miserable and as far from the purpose, as the address itself.

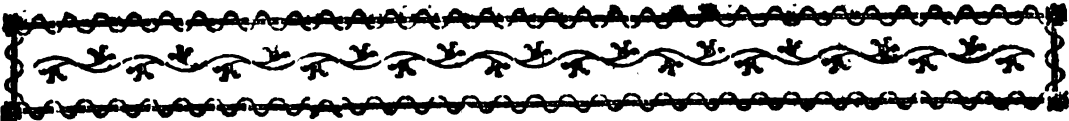
I am, dear SPEC, Yours, &c.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETTE, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

*** CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE

SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XXI.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Quantula cunq̄ue estis, vos ego magna voco.

How small to others, but how great to me!

NOTHING can be more agreeable to my nature, than the present situation of my residence. In this part of the Peak of Derbyshire, there is a kind of primeval simplicity. The lawns are so broken by rocks, the hills so interspersed with woods, and the whole so beautifully arranged by nature, that the attempts of art can scarcely improve the scenes that rise around me.

It is true, I have two miles to ride to a church; but when I come there, I am not offended with the careless inattention of the preacher, or of his flock. They all seem properly to understand the nature of their business there; a circumstance I have not been witness to, for several years past. Declining age may here indulge its devotional taste, without interruption from the gaudy appearance of its juniors; and youth may here learn the importance of religion, from the attention of the aged.

NOTWITHSTANDING the minister takes tithes in kind, he retains the affection of those who pay him: a rare circumstance in a country village! But this is owing to his great skill in the pulpit. He has been able to convince them of the necessity, and the importance not of religion only, but of christianity; and with those of christian principles, it is easy to live in harmony.

I WAS last week present at the wedding of a young farmer with the daughter of a neighbouring yeoman. It was a merry day with the whole village; for these people participate in the felicity of each other. The three bells of the church scarcely ceased ringing all day. The May-pole was decorated with fresh garlands; and all the young men and women danced round it, to the music of a fiddle, played by the clerk of the parish, who is the very Orpheus of these parts.

IN the midst of this diversion, I was joined by the worthy parson of the parish, and we sat down under the shade of a large tree. The situation was truly delightful. Before us was the May-pole, surrounded with a group of dancing villagers; on our right, a pleasant river murmured along at the foot of a woody mountain; to the left was the village, with the church at a small distance, and a grove of tall elms formed the back-ground of the scene. The good man told me, that he was happy in the union of the bride and bridegroom, who, it seems, had been lovers even from their infancy. When I expressed the pleasure I felt in the good order and management of the village, and of his particular excellence in so forming his flock, that they were at once cheerful and religious; he assured

me,

me, that more was due to their situation, than to any exertions of his own. That, being excluded all communication with what is called the polite world, their principles remained untainted, and their manners such as must please an ingenuous mind. It very fortunately happened, he said, that their residence was at a considerable distance from any road leading to either of the Baths; for there was nothing he so much dreaded as the example of the visitors to those scenes of dissipation.

WHILST we were thus discoursing, word was brought him, that a young woman, at his own house, was desirous of seeing him. He requested me to sup with him, and I accompanied him. When he approached the door, the young woman came out of the house to meet us, but at his sight fainted away. He instantly exclaimed, "Good heaven! this is my daughter!" and taking her in his arms, burst into a flood of tears. There was a dead silence for some time, till we were surrounded by several neighbours, and Lucy was so much recovered as to fix her eyes attentively on her father. She was immediately carried into the house, and such things administered to her comfort, that she presently revived.

"DOUBTLESS you will wonder," said the reverend man, addressing himself to his neighbours, "to hear me call this unfortunate girl my daughter; never having heard that I was married, But the earlier part of my life was chequered with variety of fortune; and I never knew what happiness was, till I retired amongst these mountains. It was here I devoted myself to true religion, and obtained that peace of mind which nothing in this world can give, and which, I trust, providence will not take away. To see my daughter once more, when I had been assured of her death; to embrace my Lucy, when I imagined she was mingled with the dust, is such an addition to my felicity as I little expected. But she is weary, and wants repose; and though I am impatient to know to what favourable turn of providence, I am indebted for this happiness, I must not impose the task on my dear child at so unfavourable a moment."

Lucy was left with her father, and the next day I called to enquire after her health, when I was not a little pleased to find her in the company of Maria, whose character I endeavoured to sketch in my first essay from this place, and whose attention and conversation seemed to form much of the happiness of Lucy. The old gentleman being out, they were engaged in reading Thomson's *Spring*, in which I would not inter-

rupt so accurate a reader as Maria. As soon as the venerable man returned, we took tea together, and he related to us the most striking circumstances of his life, with which I was so much entertained, that I think the relation will not prove unacceptable to my readers; and I shall therefore give it in my next paper.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEOTERIC,
DELECTABLE, CRITICAL SOCIETY.

Fourth Meeting.

THE society being assembled, and OITARON having taken the chair, a violent contention took place between Morrice Loveall and Skylight Brazen. The cause of which I shall hereafter relate. This contention ended in a motion for expelling Skylight Brazen, but the consideration of the question was adjourned *fine die*.

DINAH FERRET then rose, and addressed herself as follows: "Mr. Legislator, on Wednesday, the *Election of the Managers* was selected in the bills for representation, which drew a crowded and respectable house. The three *heros*, who, on Saturday the 12th, were defeated in their attempts to obstruct its conclusion, collected a party of *men of fashion*, *semi-gentlemen* and *clerks*, to the amount of about a dozen, and previous to the commencement of the after-piece, placed themselves in the front boxes; and soon after the curtain drew up, the signal being given by a young man of fashion (as he wishes to be thought), the opposition began, when it appeared to be the full sense of the house, independent of these *jack-a-dandies*, that this offensive performance should go on, and it did go on, amidst the continual hootings and howlings of this *owl-like choir*, which were continually opposed by the plaudits of the rest of the audience, and thus the piece was performed; and though not one word could be heard, the performers were encouraged to proceed till the scene of the *hustings*, when the howling party removed into the stage-boxes, with a view of *awing* the performers by their more immediate presence; but all would not do. The piece was amply supported, and the appearance of every performer in it, received with such repeated applause as to entirely drown the howling of the opposition, whelps so that it was not till the chief part of the audience was gone, that these gentry could pronounce the sentence of *damnation*, which

" was

“ was opposed and laughed at by those remaining
 “ in the house; till the lights were let down,
 “ and the puppets were left to *howl in darkness!*
 “ —I thought it very proper, Mr. Legislator, to
 “ give you a particular detail of this transaction,
 “ as, I believe, it is the first instance of a piece
 “ running *nine nights*, and an attempt made to
 “ *damn it on the tenth!* The majority of the
 “ audience, who came, perhaps solely, to *hear*
 “ *as well as to see the Election of the Managers,*
 “ was thus shamefully disappointed by the bruta-
 “ lity and caprice of a parcel of fellows, who,
 “ whatever their situations in society may be,
 “ certainly merit a situation in the pillory, as
 “ disturbers of the peace and entertainment of a
 “ respectable audience.—I could acquaint you
 “ with the names of several of these gentry;
 “ but as their *chief aim* seems to be that of
 “ making their names *vanishing*, and rendering
 “ themselves the objects of public conversation,
 “ I shall not contribute, so much to their wishes,
 “ by mentioning their names, though it were
 “ only to expose them.”

MISS FLUTTER rose, and observed that on
 Friday the 18th, the Prince of Wales was pre-
 sent at the performance of the *Young Quaker* and
 the *Agreeable Surprise.* His Royal Highness sat
 in the box next to the gallery, (made out of the
 slips that were) which is fitted up for his Highness
 to come *incog.*—No sooner had Miss Flutter sat
 down, than

BRIDGET STEADY got up, and addressing
 herself to me, said “ If I should stir in my cri-
 “ ticism, and deviate from true judgment on that
 “ which I am going to speak of, I beg I may be call-
 “ ed to order; and if any partiality is discovered
 “ in my critique, that I may not be permitted to
 “ speak again.”—Here the Members applauded
 Bridget exceedingly, and she went on.—“ Last
 “ Saturday was performed, for the first time, a
 “ new comedy, with songs; called

“ TWO TO ONE,

“ written by George Colman, Esq. Jun. But
 “ why a comedy, *legislatively* with songs? Why
 “ not a musical comedy? Why not an opera
 “ which it really is? There are no less than twenty-
 “ one songs in it, and yet it is called a comedy
 “ with a new *prologue* and new *aperture.* These
 “ terms may seem improper, but the impropriety
 “ will vanish when I inform you, that the lan-
 “ guage of *Two to One* is too *found for an opera*
 “ (which in general consists of light sentiments),
 “ and it possesses every requisite of comedy; the
 “ characters are *strongly drawn*, and it abounds
 “ in wit. The dialogue, like that of most

“ operas, does not seem written to introduce the
 “ songs, but the songs seem introduced to grace
 “ the dialogue.—After the curtain drew up, Mr.
 “ Palmer made his entrance. The sigh of sym-
 “ thy escaped him, and the eager look of ius-
 “ tence was easily discovered in his countenance.
 “ Then, after surveying the house, with looks
 “ that implored their protection, he delivered a
 “ pathetic prologue, which reflected *sensibility* on
 “ the writer, Mr. Colman, sen. and displayed
 “ great *judgment* in the speaker. The purport
 “ of it was to introduce Mr. Colman jun. as a
 “ candidate for public favour, commenting on
 “ his youth, and this first attempt, &c. Every
 “ line told, and truly merited the applause which
 “ it received. After Mr. Palmer had made his exit,
 “ the orchestra struck up the overture, which
 “ was entirely new, composed by Dr. Arnold;
 “ the satisfaction of the audience, was soon
 “ proved by repeated plaudits.—The comedy be-
 “ gan with a new air, sung by Mrs. Bannister,
 “ and I must acknowledge that not only her taste
 “ in singing, but in dress is very much improved.
 “ The comedy is written in a strong, bold,
 “ elevated style. There is no intricacy in the
 “ plot, which may boast of some novelty, and
 “ was perfectly intelligible to the audience. The
 “ character of Capt. Dupely, a *modern man of*
 “ *honour*, was new, and had a good effect; but he
 “ should, by all means, have been dressed in
 “ *blue and buff.* The part of Dicky Ditto was
 “ well drawn, and lasted the credulity of
 “ tradesmen, who lose their property for the
 “ sake of a little *attention* and *politeness*; it was
 “ short, and well-played by Mr. Edwin, who
 “ *looked* the character inimitably. The per-
 “ formers did great justice to their respective
 “ parts, and well deserved the ample applause
 “ which they received; it would, therefore, be
 “ invidious in me to be lavish in the praise of
 “ individuals. The *double entendres* that were
 “ interspersed throughout the piece, were so
 “ managed as not to offend the ear of modesty,
 “ and marked the pleasant, humorous dispo-
 “ sition of the author, who, from the success of
 “ *Two to One*, which will doubtless have a long
 “ run, I hope will be induced to treat the
 “ public with more amusement of the same kind.
 “ —The new airs were beautifully composed by
 “ Dr. Arnold, and prove his superiority in his
 “ profession. Those selected were popular tunes
 “ and characteristic. Several of them were en-
 “ cored, as was the *finale*, which, I suppose, is a
 “ circumstance that never happened before, and
 “ was owing to its peculiar sprightliness, and the
 “ characters dancing the hays. The curtain
 drop.

“dropped amidst the greatest plaudits, which
 “were continued a considerable time. *Momus*
 “was triumphant, and every one was eager to
 “repeat what they had seen and heard. This,
 “Legislator, is a just critique, but I submit it to
 “the decision of the society.”—The members
 immediately, without dividing, acknowledged
 the justice of Bridget’s remarks. Several motions
 were made, but an alarm of fire ensuing,
 we adjourned the business of that evening till our
 next meeting, to see into the cause of the alarm,
 which was no more than Miss Leadape’s cap on
 fire, but all further mischief was prevented by
 the taking off her wig.—So you see, SPEC, that
 wigs, in certain cases, are equal to rope ladders,
 and why not as well as fire-ropes—fire-wigs?

C A R D.

THE NEW SPECTATOR presents compliments
 to *Curiositatibus*, and on his return to Town, and
 on receiving the necessary information, will do
 himself the honour to attend the *Curious Club*,
 when they assemble at *Abigail Hall*; or on *Curiositatibus*,
 as Secretary to their Inquisitive
 Worships, being first informed where the said
 Secretary may be found.

Peak of Derbyshire.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

BUT that I expect *Ottarok* to give you a
 circumstantial account of the disturbance at the
 Hay-market Theatre, on Wednesday evening,
 it would be the first circumstance I should ad-
 vert to, on account of its singularity. I am very
 happy you was not present. Your great age,
 and love of peace, have disqualified you for all
 such turbulent scenes; and as you cannot bear
 puppies, your patience would have been put to
 the test.—Happy old man! that can retire to
 those calm and tranquil scenes which sooth de-
 clining age, and give a foretaste of perpetual
 serenity. Happy too must that family be, under
 whose peaceable roof you now reside; your
 morning admonitions, and evening cheerfulness,
 like the alternate sunshine and the dew, me-
 liorate and enliven all who enjoy them.—I am
 very sorry to find, that my information on
 several topics, yields you so little satisfaction;
 but you know the situation of this o’ergrown
 metropolis; that, in one shape or other, Folly
 is ever triumphant.—And with respect to

that wherein she is most triumphant, *Fashion*,
 several minute variations have taken place since
 your departure; not, however, in the dresses of
 the ladies or the gentlemen so much, as in their
 persons; for you are to understand, that a
clumsy uncle is now in much esteem; a *pug nose*
 is said to be in great repute; and the ladies are
 making such rapid advances towards the mas-
 culine gender, that the *beard* is in high request
 amongst them, as well as the *whiskers* which
 were held in such estimation amongst the neuter
 gender, *alias* the beaux of last year. Amongst
 the ladies, a *wide mouth*, and a *vacant stare*, are
 certain recommendations to all those men that
 are distinguished by wearing a *party-coloured*
livery; for as those are modifications of the
 features that infallibly denote *idiotism*, so the
 said party-coloured gentry expect from such
 ladies the most liberal attention to their *merits*;
 and, to the great credit of those ladies, it must be
 allowed that they do not deceive such expecta-
 tion.

P O E T R Y.

I do not think the *measure* of the following
 lines suited to the occasion; but the imagery is
 delightful; and probably Parnel is the only poet
 who has succeeded in painting serious objects in
 light measure.

N I G H T - P I E C E.

’Tis night, and flows the south’rly gale,
 Dusk rolls the billows on the lake;
 The whirlwind sweeps, descends the rain,
 The torrents echo to the plain.

Here sounds an oak, here spreads a plain,
 Above, the rock descends the rain;
 The murmuring rill o’er pebbles flies,
 The wind along the bramble sighs.
 A fox is howling on the rock,
 A screech-owl on a blasted oak.
 The passing meteor lights the vale,
 A spirit whispers in the gale,
 Or, beckoning, longs to sweep its race,
 And ghastly horror rides the air.

A ruin!—’twas of old the seat
 Of heroes, now resign’d to fate;
 Where often mirth relax’d the soul,
 And midnight crown’d the rosy bowl;
 Where sprightly music swell’d the sound,
 While blooming beauty tript around.
 With every blast the fragments fall,
 The winds are blustering in the hall.

Go, on the stone inscribe thy name,
 And to the marble trust thy fame;

Did

Bid half the mountain form thy tomb,
 The wonder of the times to come!
 The mound shall sink, the stone decay,
 The sculptur'd figure wear away.
 The bust that proudly speaks thy praise,
 Some shepherd's future cot may raise;
 While smiling round, his infant son
 Admires the figures on the stone.

A tomb its dreary honours shows
 Three stones exalt their heads of moss.
 A bust half sunk in earth appears,
 The rude remains of former years;
 Dry tufts of grass around it rise,
 The wind along the brushwood sighs;
 Now peeping from the cloudy pole,
 The moon has silver'd o'er the whole.

THE author of the following elegant trifle wrote it some little time after the death of *Marian*. He had just embraced tranquility, when fate awakened his feelings to a painful remembrance of his lost *Marian* by the village clock striking the *once-envied* hour of their meeting.

To MARIAN.

THE clock strikes eight!—No friendly feet explore
 The gloomy passage to the mourner's door;
 In vain your well known step does fancy hear,
 In vain I wait—no MARIAN comes here;
 The darkling lamp emits a dying light,
 And sympathizes with me as I write.

When ORPHEUS played the list'ning shades among,
 Stern, ruthless PLUTO, melted as he sung;
 Oh happy poet! had but I thy skill,
 My dear EURYDICE had blest me still;
 But since her loss I must for ever mourn,
 Since the grim king admits of no return,
 These painful hours your presence may beguile,
 And make my melancholy mansion smile.

EDGAR.

BULIA.

You ask me to give you a general character of Bulian literature. It is like the literature of all other countries verging to refinement: there is amongst them much good writing, and much more bad. Having already informed you something of the nature of their government, which admits of much freedom, you will, of course, conclude that, as every man may give his opinion freely, they abound in writers. There are indeed writers in abundance, but it is not one in five hundred that produces any thing out of common way.—An ingenious Bulian made an

estimate of the abilities of the people, and classed them in the following manner. He divided them into a hundred parts, thus:

Pedants	15
Persons of common sense	40
Wits	15
Fools	15
Persons of wild, uncultivated taste	10
Persons of original taste improved by art	5
	<hr/> 100 <hr/>

From this proportional chart, as I may call it, you may form some idea of Bulian literature. For my own part, I am apt to think that there is a greater portion of "persons of wild, uncultivated taste;" at least I am sure there is in this country. In other respects, it strikes me, that this estimate might suit London as well as Bulia.

You seem very much astonished that the Bulians should have upwards of sixteen thousand political pamphlets distributed among them daily, for their amusement; but were I to inform you of the manner in which these are produced, your astonishment would cease. And this I may do hereafter. At present I shall inform you of the means used by some of the fabricators of these daily productions, to insure their success.

EVERY one of them makes it a point either to extol, or to revile the king and his ministers; for these writers know no medium. And if they can, to use a phrase of their own, *write a minister down*, they have a chance of being, if they have not already been, well rewarded by his successor. So that these men are destitute of all political principles, and sometimes of all other principle, for that requires but another step in depravity; and it is a matter of indifference to them what measures are pursued; their opinions of such measures are regulated by the good or ill will they bear to the men who propose them; and thus they frequently revile the best, and praise the worst measures that can be proposed.

ACCORDING to the strength of the party which they espouse, the sale of their productions is regulated. But they will at any time, quit their party for an immediate advantage. Thus previous to introducing his famous law respecting *Aidni*, which he knew was in itself infamous, *Reynardam* thought proper to bribe every one of these writers to prevent their exposing him to the people at large, and in order to trumpet his mock patriotism; and those who for years before had made it their business daily to *cut him up*, as a man of the most abandoned principles, now extolled him in such a manner, as convinced the people

people that there was no placing confidence in the principles or opinions of men whose principles and opinions were to be changed without any *apparent* reason; for the people at large knowing that Reynardum was miserably poor, had no conception of his being able to bribe any body!

BUT such of these writers who are not very *tender of conscience*, and who stick at nothing to accumulate wealth—and there are such amongst them—take a nearer road to riches than waiting for political changes; and learn individuals to purchase their own peace, by arts which one would imagine no human being could be cruel enough to use. This is done, by attacking *private* reputation with the shafts of slander, in such a manner that the object and the pretended crime are half-exposed, which, exciting the public attention, are the next day further revealed; and the object *pointed at* in public places. If it happens to be a lady, or a gentleman who wishes to avoid a dirty squabble, the writer is prevailed upon to *contradict* his assertions, on being *handsomely paid*; but if it is a man of spirit who knows no mode of resenting an injury but by the sword, this produces a challenge, and perhaps a duel, which makes a great noise; the writer is admired for his spirit, as well as his literary skill, and his pamphlets increase in their sale in proportion as he increases in reputation.

SUCH my dear friend, are the modes used amongst the Bulian pamphleteers to acquire riches, and to inform their good neighbours how the world is going on!

P U P P Y I S M.

ON Saturday evening at the Hay-market Theatre, there was a grand display of puppyism.—The front boxes were very much crowded with heedless young fellows, clad in the habit of the order, namely, in green and light-coloured coats, with black velvet collars, nankin breeches and boots. Unfortunately for me, they were joined by several *demi-rips*, and talked so loud, that I did not hear Abel Druggier at all; and from their conversation I could learn nothing, but that the Knights of this order, are the only people that have any idea of sense, taste, or spirit. The conversation was interlarded with many *damnes* by the knights, and many affected fits of laughing by their Dukineas.—Of all the orders of human beings, this surely is the most despicable! Last week they had an opportunity of enjoying themselves, even to extasy, by visiting *Ascot Races*, which are usually honoured by the presence of

some of the highest, and many of the lowest cock-combs in London; particularly the Knights of this order, who, on such occasions, are usually distinguished by the appellations of *men of honour*, *blacklegs*, and *sharpers*, all which words, if we may believe old Dupely in *Two to One*, mean the same thing.

How very different these meetings, my dear SPEC, from those which we visited in our younger days!—Gentlemen then *appeared as gentlemen*; and a notorious gambler was avoided as a pick-pocket. But now, alas! gentlemen are gamblers, and gamblers are gentlemen. The whole country is over-run with blacklegs and sharpers. On the stage, at the bar, in the pulpit, and in both houses of parliament are these pests of society to be found. But indiscriminate railing avails nothing. I will, therefore, quit this subject with a hearty wish, that our virtuous Premier, may make it an object to rid the State, at least, of such characters, and endeavour to introduce such laws for their extirpation from society, that the rising generation may no longer be misled by the examples of wretches to whose vices this country owes half its distresses; for half, if not the whole of its distresses are owing to a relaxation of that moral discipline, by which the good people of these realms were once distinguished, but which is now an object of ridicule with those who aspire to be ministers and legislators; but whose principles I trust will providentially bar them from every public employment, but that of keeping the pillory, and canvassing at elections without success!

The new COMEDY.

IN this *musical comedy*, Mr. Colman, jun. has given evident marks of genius, and I trust it will encourage him to give us a comedy without songs; not that I disapprove of the songs in this piece; they certainly are ornamental to it, though it had little need of such ornament.

THE music in general is such as to engage the attention; though I cannot but wish that Miss George's songs were better adapted to her mode of singing. It is impossible for her to sing amiss; but she is certainly much superior to any other performer in such airs as are given to Mrs. Bannister. I know some of the professional men find fault with Miss George, because she sings English songs in the Italian stile. But such judges do not recollect, that it is to her *stile* of singing that Miss George is indebted for that reputation and that superiority she has acquired over every singer on the English stage.

I could

I could not but remark with great pleasure, on Saturday evening, that though Miss George sings in the Italian stile, she has an excellence which few English singers can boast of, and which none possess in a greater degree than Mrs. Kennedy; I mean, she sings so as to let one understand every word she says.—It has also been said, that Miss George has no pretensions to *playing*. I was glad to find that most of the people near me on Saturday, agreed that she plays very well, and is likely to become a good actress as well as a good singer. But you know, my dear SPEC, your professed critics are always unwilling to grant merit to rising genius, unless it is accompanied with much self-sufficiency; which is by no means the case with this performer, who seems not to know her own value; who in singing, seems to be merely amusing herself; and who, because she has none of the affected and disgusting airs of a Signora, or an Abington, is supposed to possess an inferior degree of merit.—I trust, that nothing will induce her to break herself of that mode of singing in which she excels. In proportion as she addicts herself to ballad singing, so she will decline in that branch of music, for which her voice is more properly calculated. For, in my opinion, it is much the same thing as employing Giardini to play country-dances, when the concert is over!

In these reflections I do not mean to censure either Dr. Arnold or Mr. Colman. The former was obliged to transpose and adapt his music to the part of a chambermaid; and the latter could find none in his company capable of playing that chambermaid like Miss George.

I CANNOT omit saying a word or two of Mr. Bannister sen. who in the character of Cap. Dupely gave a just exhibition of all those gentlemen of whom I have heretofore said so much: men of honour, without property, and who, as he says, get into Parliament to evade the payment of their debts. It is impossible on seeing such a character, not to make personal applications. "I am sorry," said a tradesman near me, "that I have many Cap. Dupely's in my books; and I much fear, they will always remain there."

WITH respect to other matters, I must refer you to the *Neoteric Society*, with whose opinions you are favoured by OITAROH, the President, whose remarks are generally grounded on truth and reason, and who, I doubt not, is faithful in relating the sentiments of that respectable dramatic corps!

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMONGST other correspondents, who have since my last favoured me or you with their sentiments, are several intimating, that you would do well to give them a little *light summer reading*; and for my own part, I have always endeavoured to be as light as such readers could reasonably desire; but it seems they are not yet satisfied; something in the stile of *Tom Thumb* would probably be very acceptable, and as such, I recommend it to your SPECTATORSHIP'S attention.

I CANNOT help admiring the sagacity of such of your correspondents as abominate you for being a *party writer*; though I have not been able to discover a single passage in the *NEW SPECTATOR* which has the least reference whatever to party.

DICKY SQUIS would certainly be a great wit, if he could be understood.—It is incredible to tell what a number of your correspondents I am unable to understand.

Blaze is received, and is under consideration. I wish he had been somewhat more brief.

Philario has my thanks for his intimations respecting an apparent revolution amongst the morning papers.

I CAN by no means agree with I. S. respecting the game laws. They certainly disgrace the statute book; and I, Sr I suppose in the land of some petty manor, in which he may be assured, there never will be so much game as if those laws did not exist.

TASTE.

THAT part of my last, which your friends in the country so much admire, and which was written by the famous Franklin, the Parable against Persecution, has disgusted many here, because it was in the *scriptural stile*. Many of them were much alarmed, lest I should copy any part of the Bible, a book which they cannot bear to look at, and which the celebrated Monf. de Voltaire, Lord Bolingbrooke, Hume, and other fashionable writers have so totally *written down*, that a man or woman of fashion would not, for the world, be thought to have a predilection for any work of the kind—We are constantly told of the instability of fashion, and have lived to see the Ruffs of Queen Elizabeth decorate the charms of modern beauty; and who knows but that ere long the sacred writings may regain favour, and Monf. de Voltaire, my Lord Bolingbrooke and Mr. Hume get kick'd down stairs?

The

The New Spectator, &c.

It is very strange, SPEC, that the readers of this paper cannot make a distinction between the SPECTATOR, and the OPINIONS of JOHN BULL! Since your absence, I have received several letters, intimating that you are partial, personal, &c. &c. &c. and railing at you, because you do not copy the old Spectator. If these wonderfully sagacious gentry, were to accuse me of all these high crimes and misdemeanours, I should have some patience with them. But they cannot separate the *Opinions of John Bull* from the *New Spectator*; and they will abuse you for my wri-

ting; though you have strictly followed your intention, by adhering to the plan of the old Spectator in your *own* productions: and though I have constantly declared, that in *mine*, I would never let folly escape censure, and that when it was necessary, I *would* be *personal*. I wish, therefore, once for all, that those good people who cannot bear personality, and who wish to confine their reading to moral essays, would read the *New Spectator* only; and never trouble themselves about

The SAGE OPINIONS of

JOHN BULL!

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR;

WITH THE
SAGE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

No. XXII.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1784.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every TUESDAY.

Nemo in sese teniat descendere!—

PERSIUS.

None, none descends into himself!

DRYDEN.

WISHING to give every encouragement to all enquiries that may tend to elucidate truth, and render every species of knowledge more extensively beneficial, I shall postpone the story of the village curate, to give place to the continuation of my correspondent's observations on the subject of innate ideas.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AN innate idea is the root from which all our other ideas proceed. A man without an innate idea would be incapable of acquiring any.—Without intuitive knowledge he could have no intuitive. As all intuitive knowledge is acquired by the strength of the intuitive, or innate ideas, those only are changelings or naturals, who have no innate ideas; but to doubt the existence of an innate idea, because its origin cannot be traced, is more absurd than to doubt your own existence, the origin of which, though no man pretends to trace, yet no man is ridiculous enough to call in question; indeed you had an idea (I mean an acquired fleeting idea), ten years ago, at eight o'clock in the morning, or any other time of that day, no doubt; yet, what account can you give the inquisitor of such idea? *ergo*, you had no idea. But will fair argument admit such

sylogistical sophisms? A man of forty must have existed at twenty, fifteen, or five years of age, but is most probably as unacquainted with what happened at those periods as if he had not existed; so that at this rate of arguing, to prove or remember the origin or existence of any thing, existing at any antecedent time, to substantiate the truth of its actual existence now, a man of forty did not exist at twenty, fifteen, or five. Nay, if he was admitted on oath in behalf of himself at the Old Bailey to tell *the truth* and nothing but the *truth* concerning his existence thirty-five years ago; could he give the learned judge any satisfaction on that head? Undoubtedly not; he would therefore be committed as an impostor, for attempting to prove that he existed at the fifth year of his age! But if a man was obliged to prove the origin of himself, as to substance and figure; or to prove the origin of the innate idea, from whence such knowledge of himself must be derived, he would be more puzzled at the latter, as an innate idea bringing with the knowledge of its origin, the knowledge also of himself (a knowledge I am confident no man possesses), it is demonstrable, that the idea must have been more than coeval for the idea being actual, though to our senses imperceptible and unsubstantial, must have been to all eternity, must

must also make up the knowledge of the man's self in another state, or return to its almighty owner! But as to the man's self, I mean his mere form, substance and vital being; that is adventitious, changeable, and finally perishable, for being produced by the strength of the idea implying a power of creation or knowledge of himself, is an infinite idea, out of the grasp of finite power. For to have a knowledge of an infinite idea, you must also have a knowledge of yourself, a knowledge incompatible with the existence of any thing that is created; such a knowledge would be nothing less than a knowledge of the creator.

It is very proud and insulting in man to pretend that all he knows is acquired, and yet deny the existence of the very power by which it is acquired; the word acquire, pre-supposes a capacity to acquire, without which, we are confident no man can acquire any thing, though all the arcana of human knowledge lay unravelled before him.

This capacity to acquire, is the innate idea we are contending for; the ideas multiplied, or got by sensation and reflection, are finite knowledge, and to be plainly accounted for; but the grand idea, or ideas, that acquired the finite ideas, is, or are, infinite, essential, actual, unknown; for to know an innate idea, implies an antecedent knowledge, or a prior idea to that; as an idea cannot in itself involve a knowledge of that idea, you must have one foregoing idea, even among acquired or finite ideas, to comprehend the present idea, as idea cannot judge of idea, any more than self can elucidate or judge of self.

As it is incompatible with the creator's dignity for a created being to have any knowledge of himself, so would a man's life most probably be very painful, if he had any the least idea of himself; as to the origin of innate ideas, from whence would inevitably proceed a knowledge of his properties, functions, powers, and very essence; a knowledge so infinite, and consequently incompatible with a finite being, that I cannot imagine, even in another state, that a man will have any idea of himself. Of this I am confident that without an actual participation of God's power and glory, or being, as it were, an unannihilated component part of himself, he must for ever remain dependent and stupid as he undoubtedly is at present, being impelled by his innate or intuitive knowledge, and most

commonly in the dark, as to the consequences which will result from the next moment's operations.

I CANNOT conceive, for my part, why philosophers should so much adore the acquired knowledge, and pride themselves in it, even to the exclusion of the very existence of the innate idea, or intuitive faculty. What has this faculty done? Why, it puts a great man in mind of his arbitrary existence, and momentary dependance. Is a great man any less a great man for owing his great parts to the power of the intuitive faculty, or, in other words, is a great man less so, because, he was ready made to his own hands, and not put to that trouble that other men are, to make themselves great by acquirement? An innate idea in man is exactly the same, as the constituent and inherent properties to produce leaves, branches, vines, arteries, and a prodigious body, is in the acorn; so that it is the acorn we wonder at, and admire, and not the mighty tree! For any child can account for the leaves, branches, and body, but who must not remain ignorant of the properties in the acorn to produce all this? But the greatest sophism to prove this affair of innate ideas is, "Suppose, says the philosopher, a man is born blind, has he any idea of colours? Suppose a man born deaf, has he any idea of sound? If a man is born in a desert, what idea has he of property or honesty, where there is nothing to steal, and no one to defraud?" Lady M. W. Montague might well say, she had rather be the harmless unsuspecting milk-maid, than a Locke or Newton. That a bishop or a learned doctor, the assistant, pupil, and continuer of the great Newton's system against Leibnitz, and the expounder of hard sentences in scripture, should have nothing to write against such sophisms, but to fret and blubber, "How could the great Mr. Locke serve me so!" Could they not see the futility of proving there were no innate ideas, by depriving a man of his senses? I am sure there is not a man breathing who could hesitate a moment to pronounce it the most sophistical, illiberal, and pitiful method to prove the impossibility of having any innate idea of sound, by first depriving a man of his ears; and so on as to his other senses, the mediums through which all ideas must be conveyed.

Your's, &c.

C.

POLYDION.

THE

THE BEVY OF ORIGINALS.

[No. X.]

Miss CASSANDRA PEDANT.

Arcus nimis incensus rumpitur.

A MEDIUM in every sphere of life is commendable; but an "extravagant extremity" is not only contemptible, but disgusting. Miss PEDANT has had the *misfortune* of having a liberal education. There are but few languages that she does not know something of, at least a *quantum sufficit* to confuse you with her *quotations*. Not a sentence can be repeated in her company but she must display her erudition, which she does by repeating a few lines of French, Italian, and Latin.

SHE called on me one morning, inviting me to accompany her to a *card party*. I was in my study, examining the beauties of ancient poetry. My room door suddenly flew open, and in came Cassandra Pedant, voiciferating, "Bless me, OITARON!—what, in a brown study? Where are your thoughts?"—She then interrogated me about the subject of my contemplation. I informed her, I was about a very serious undertaking, which I thought I could never fulfil, to preserve the true unadulterated simplicity in the translation of a few *ancient reliques*. She answered, "Never fear, for *Chi ha attività e cervello trova poche cose impossibili.*" I replied, your observation is very just, Cassandra, for there are indeed "*Molte cose difficile in idea, mettiti a farle e le farai facil mente.*"—My knowledge in the Italian language not only created her surprise, but prevented the sporting of her learning any more in my company. She then insisted that I should attend her in the evening, which I promised to do, and she left me. I passed over the translation (which in a future number shall be inserted in the NEW SPECTATOR) for that day, and went out to pay a few morning visits, after which I came home and dressed for the evening.

ABOUT eight o'clock, Cassandra called for me in her carriage, which I entered, and the coach drove to Lady Flysnap's; during our ride, love was the topic, which the sensible Miss Pedant, though well acquainted with grammar, could not for her part *desist*. The coach stopped in Berkeley-square, we entered the drawing-room, when the servant announced Miss Pedant and OITARON. I was introduced to Lady Flysnap and the company, who received me with the *customary* politeness of fashionable people. Tea was brought in, which the ladies were glad of, as it always affords conversation; but they were disappointed: Cassandra Pedant was there! Several Subjects

were attempted, but were all overpowered by the force of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. Would you believe it, reader,—Cassandra silenced nineteen women!—She talked two hours without stopping; prevented every one from speaking, and then sat down to Quadrill, quarreling about Spadill, and red Ace, the whole evening; quoting deep maxims which nobody understood, to prove that a *senprendre a vole*, cannot possibly be obtained, without a declaration before the seventh trick!

At ten, cards were banished, and young master Edmund introduced. This boy was about seven years old, son to Lady Flysnap, who informed us that little Edmund was a miracle of nature!—for that he talked French, and *spit* at the servants.—Sagacious child!—This was the time for my friend to display her knowledge: "Indeed," replied Cassandra, "I see nothing so amazing as you insinuate in Master Edmund. Did not Torquato Tasso speak plain at six months old? at three years went to school; at seven he understood Latin and Greek; before twelve he finished his discourse of Rhetoric, Poetry, Logic, and Ethics; at seventeen he received his degree in Philosophy, Laws, and Divinity, and then printed his Rinaldo!"—Lady Flysnap ordered Edmund to be taken out of the room, saying "to be sure he was not a Torquato Tasso." Cassandra still continued her prodigies!—"Did not Cardinal Du Perron read over the Almagest of Ptolemy in thirteen days, before he was eighteen years old?—Did not Grotius, at eight years old, make verses and perform his public exercises in philosophy, and before fifteen publish his Comment upon Martianus Capella? At sixteen he pleaded causes. At seventeen he produced his Comment on Aratus.—Did not Lipsius write his Books *Variarum Lelionem* at eighteen years old? "*Ingenium habuit docile, & omnium capax præter musces: memoria non sine præceptorum miraculo etiam in puero, quæ in senectute non deficit.*"—During this long and learned oration, the company had entirely quitted the room. Another story was begun, but Lady Flysnap pleaded an engagement, and left Cassandra and me the only persons in the room abruptly.

THE consequence of Miss Pedant's so universally sporting her knowledge is, that she is forsaken by all the world. She, moving in the circle of high life, and having ideas above common sense, those in that sphere, misconstrue her erudition for madness, and, more than once, have endeavoured to confine her. Others, conscious of their inability, and ignorance, avoid her

presence,

4
 preference, so that at this period, Spec, OITAROH is the only friend and acquaintance that Cassandra Pedant can boast of.

By this Original every reader will see the advantages of mediocrity. Learning, without judgment to exercise it, will experience more disasters than folly; the latter only creates commiseration; but *pedantry* will always be treated with contempt; and those that embrace it will find themselves deceived by an *ignis fatuus*!

[To be continued.]

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEOTERIC,
 DELECTABLE, CRITICAL SOCIETY.

Fifth Meeting.

OITAROH having taken the chair, and the minutes of the last meeting being read over by Peggy Brittle, SELINA GRADUS began as follows:—"OITAROH, as the Haymarket Theatre can afford but few critiques this week, I beg leave to offer a few words which will be truly interesting to some worthy members I have in my eye, who are subject to the *cacoethes scribendi*.

"I COULD on this subject, Legislator, rouse up the feelings of sensibility to much commiseration of authors in general. But of all writers, the dramatic writer experiences the most difficulties—and always plays a hazard.—In the course of a man's life, especially an author of merit, he must have some few enemies—who to a certainty come to the first night's exhibition of your piece, and, nine times out of ten, succeed in damning of it. Next, if an author exposes the reigning foibles or vices, embraced by particular individuals,—it is thought an insult; and a party of jolly friends is made up on purpose, and the piece is annihilated by brutal clamour.—But, throwing aside every opposition obstacle, and supposing the piece answers every sanguine expectation of the public, and becomes a favourite, yet, I am sorry to say, Legislator, that it is a fashionable but shameful example to treat with indifference the man who has exerted his genius, and succeeded in giving general satisfaction. This circumstance was proved by the third representation of *Two to ONE*.—It being the author's night,—and a cruel custom, nobody went.—It is a very rare circumstance indeed, Legislator, that an author, however great his merit, can boast of a good night. What will future times say of the no-

"bility of this age?—when a shower of rain has more force than sterling merit?—Last Saturday was the sixth and author's night of *Two to ONE*, which, as chance directed it, was a rainy dull evening, and I scarcely ever remember the house to have been so full or so brilliant!

FAG BLINKHORN rose with some warmth; she could assure them that the long insinuation given by that innocent member, Selina Gradus, was as feelingly spoken, as it was true; for to her knowledge, every allurement had been thrown out to secure the affections of the above author; as being out of every engagement, the son has certainly great interest with his fire. A general cry of order ensued, and Wilhelmina Blunt rose, hinting that private jealous piques, should not be exhibited before the society. After a dead silence,

Mrs. Tattoo got up, saying, "No member has acquainted the society, that a new after-piece is to be performed next Saturday from a *Mogul tale*, in which is to be introduced a balloon.—Well may it be said, Legislator, that Mr. Colman's theatre is the nursery of rising genius; for no less than three after-pieces, and a full one (an opera), will be launched this season. It is no wonder, that a *Summer* theatre answers when *Varietas* is the motto."—Here the business of the society closed, and Peggy Brittle took down the Minutes.—Conversation was now free, and Statira Frightful informed us, that *Farrinelli*, *Mamma*, and a *Constant Admirer*, sported their conspicuous, and tremendous presence in the upper boxes on Friday last.—Sympathy intervened; her eyes were upon the whole house, and the eyes of the whole house were upon her;—whether it was for her *deshabille* or triumphant coquetry, Statira could not tell: but that she never remembered her to come in public so shabby before. There is something so *outré* in a dirty negligent dress, that it will doubtless, in a short period, be the reigning fashion.—Bedgowns and night-caps will soon be as common in the boxes as footmen and servant maids in the two shilling gallery.—The reflection of the lights (she sat directly over the stage box) and a natural perspiration suffused the face of the envied *Farrinelli* with a warm vermilion heat.—A sagacious little author, well known for his wit and writings, asked a friend that sat next to him, if *Farrinelli* was not a *Foxite*?—being answered in the affirmative, he replied:—"I thought so, by —, for she looks as greasy as if she had been hissing a whole regiment of butchers!" The society adjourned—laughing.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE following is an original poem, and such as, I trust, will not discredit the author, or the NEW SPECTATOR. It is on a subject which owes nothing to fiction, and is yet capable of poetical embellishment.

Yours, &c.

L. S.

THE EMIGRANT,

An ECLOGUE.

Written at the time of the frequent Emigrations from the Highlands of Scotland.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That gurgling wander'd down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
And eyed the ocean flood that foam'd below:
Where gently rocking on the rising side,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride,
Unwonted well I wot, for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore:
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining locks were silver grey,
And his rough face had seen a better day;
Around him, bleating, fray'd a scanty flock,
And a few goats, o'erhung the neighbouring rock,
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove with many a trick to cure his care;
While o'er his furrow'd cheek the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic pipe, and thus began.

Farewel, farewell, dear Caledonia's strand!
Rough tho' thou be, yet still my native land;
Exil'd from thee I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country to behold no more!
By hard oppression driven, my helpless age
That should e'er now, have left life's bustling stage,
Is doom'd the ocean's boist'rous breast to brave,
In a far foreign land to seek a grave.
And must I leave thee then, my little cot
Mine and my father's poor, his happy lot
Where I have spent, in sweet content away,
Year after year, till age has worn me grey,
Thou dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!
Twas here you rear'd with fond maternal pride,
Five comely sons; three for their country died,
Two yet remain, sad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour but their scars,
Yet live to see their fire denied a grave
In lands his dear lov'd children died to save!

Yet still in peace and safety, did we live,
In peace and safety, more than wealth can give;
My two remaining boys, with sturdy hands,
Rear'd the scant produce of our rugged lands;
Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd,
Nor more from us, our generous lord requir'd.

But oh, sad change! those happy days are o'er,
And peace, content, and safety charm no more.
Another lord now rules this wide domain;
The avaricious tyrant of the plain!
Far, far from hence he revels life away,
In guilty pleasures, our poor means must pay.
For him, the mossy plain, the mountain's brow,
Must now be tortur'd by the toiling plough,
And spite of nature, crops be forc'd to rise,
Which to these northern climes wife heaven denies.
In vain with sweating brow and weary hands,
We strive to earn the gold our lord demands,
While cold and hunger midst a dungeon's gloom,
Await our failure as its certain doom.

To shun the ills that threat my hoary head,
I seek in foreign lands precarious bread;
Forc'd, tho' my helpless age from guilt be pure,
The pangs of banish'd felons to endure,
And all because these hands in vain have try'd
To rear by art what nature has denied!
In vain of richer climates I am told,
Of lands whose mountains glow with gems and gold,
Let youthful hearts, whose mad ambition reigns,
Pant with the hopes of those fair promis'd plains,
I am contented here; I ne'er have seen
A vale more fertile, or a hill more green;
Nor would I leave this sweet, this humble cot,
To reach the richest monarch's envied lot.
Ah! would to heaven the alternative were mine,
Abroad to reign, or here in want to pine!
Full quickly would I chuse; but e'er the sun
Shall o'er my head another journey run,
I shall be robb'd by what they justice call;
By boist'rous ruffians of my little all:
My sweet possession to some stranger given,
And I, and mine by force unpitying driven,
To cold and hunger, nakedness and grief,
Without one pitying heart to give relief!

Then come, O sad alternative to chuse!
Come banishment: I will no more refuse,
Go where I may, nor billows, wrecks, nor winds
Can add one pang to those that tear my mind.
On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,
No LORDS can use me harder than my own.
E'en they who eat the limbs and drink the gore
Of helpless strangers:—what can they do more?
For thee, insatiate chief! whose ruthless hand,
Unpitying drives me from my native land,
For thee no greater curse I leave behind
Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind,
Unless it's harder to a soul like thine,
To feel from cruelty, thy wealth decline.

For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale;
Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
Soon may our king, whose patriot bosom glows
With tenderest feelings for his people's woes,
Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
To ease your sorrows stretch the helping hand;
Else soon, too soon your helpless fate shall be,
Like me to suffer, and to fly like me.

On

' On you dear native land, from which I part,
 ' Rest the best blessings of a broken heart!
 ' When in some future hour the foe shall land,
 ' Her hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
 ' May the not beat the alarming drum in vain,
 ' Or miss our banish'd thousands on the plain.
 ' Still may she conquer, without aid of those
 ' Who fly their friends, but never fled their foes!

' Feed on, my sheep! for tho' depriv'd of me,
 ' My cruel foes shall your protectors be,
 ' For their own fakes shall pen your straggling flocks,
 ' And save your lambskins from the rav'ning fow
 ' Feed on my goats! another now shall dream
 ' Your streams, that heat distaste and soften pain;
 ' But oh, no stream shall ever ever flow,
 ' To heal your master's heart, or ease his woe.

' Feed on, my flocks! in health and safety feed,
 ' The worst that ye can suffer is to bleed;
 ' Oh! that the butchering knife were all my fear,
 ' How gladly would I stay and perish here!
 ' Come, come, my dog, they call me from the vale,
 ' And lo, the vessel spreads her swelling sail:
 ' Farewell!—Farewell! while his hands be wrung
 And o'er his staff in silent sorrow hung,
 Then casting many a lingering look behind,
 Down the steep mountain's brow begins to wind,

To the New Spectator.

Dear SPEC!

I was, a few evenings ago, in company with what is called a *genteel fellow*; and we had much discourse about love, a little about matrimony, and a little less about religion. There is some difference between a *genteel fellow*, and a pretty fellow. The *genteel fellow* has the advantage. He can discourse of any thing, though indeed his conversation is generally common place; whereas your pretty fellow can discourse on very few subjects, and those the most trivial you can conceive. It is astonishing how few people think for themselves, or, thinking for themselves, contradict their own sentiments, in order to retail those of others, who, blessed with a little more impudence, contend, that they are never in the wrong.

From the conversation of this *genteel fellow*, I presently learnt that he considered *real love* as a thing quite out of nature; matrimony as a bore; and religion as priestcraft. To support these opinions, he quoted or pretended to quote Voltaire, and his numerous followers, and adduce examples from *genteel life* to illustrate his positions. When I contended, that it was out of the sphere of *genteel fellows* to judge of true

love, and began to adduce my examples (and I had some to adduce from *genteel life* too), he laughed at me; and said he suspected he was in company with a poet. With respect to matrimony, it was an offspring of religion; and the obligations of religion ought never to be mentioned to a man possessing the least *liberality of sentiment*. Thus, my dear SPEC, instead of a blessing, this *liberality of sentiment*, so much talked and boasted of, is one of the greatest mental curses that could befall this country. The man who regards not the obligations of religion, but as they are enforced by human laws, setting aside those laws, would regard no obligations at all. He would act in the manner he now argues, that is, according to the dictates of his own reason; and he would seldom be at a loss to find a reason for doing many things which, as times go now, would presently bring him to the gallows.—I believe the whole matter may be resolved into an affectation of singularity; and I am firmly persuaded, that did the bulk of the people, commonly called the *vulgar*, profess these *liberal ideas*, as they are called, Voltaire's works would directly become as unfashionable as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and nothing would disgrace religion so much as the general conduct of the *liberal minded clergy*!

But I must not pursue any further a subject on which four-fifths of my readers and I shall never agree; and which nine-tenths of them care nothing about.—I shall only add, it is a matter much to be lamented, that in order to be a *genteel fellow*, a man must entertain ideas derogatory to heaven and to himself.

The Letter U.

It is at the particular request of an American gentleman, that I insert the following petition, which is not only ingenious in itself, but exactly meets my idea on the subject, and is the production of a gentleman now resident at Boston in New England.

To the Right Worshipful Company of CRITICKS.

The humble petition of discarded U.
Sheweth,

THAT whereas from time immemorial your petitioner hath found sufficient employment for himself and numerous family, in the service of authors of all ages and all degrees, whether ancient or modern, lively or dull, serious or comical; all of whom have, till lately, testified the utmost approbation of his faithful

scr.

services; and whereas your petitioner hath always demeaned himself in an humble and submissive manner to all those with whom he has been connected; and though he is, by virtue of the most unquestionable authority, one of those five captains* appointed to command the numerous companies into which the Alphabetical Regiment is divided, yet has he never usurped the rights of his brother officers; nor intruded himself into those divisions where he has not always been invited. Your petitioner here begs leave to remark, that though he may have been frequently seen, and heard, in the undistinguishable corps of Cambro-British pronouns †, yet has he always been rudely thrust in, against his own judgment and inclination, and therefore in such cases, presumes he will be considered (to speak the language of the times) as a pressed man, and not as a volunteer. Your oppressed petitioner is now, without the least provocation on his part, banished from *favor*, divested of *splendor*, and deprived of his share of *honor*: nor is this all; his enemies endeavor, at every opportunity, to abate his ardor, and to cast a damp on his fervor: his labors have been represented as useless, and his pretensions to candor construed into impertinence; even his demeanor, which he has always endeavoured to regulate by the strictest rules of propriety, has been branded with presumption and affectation. Your petitioner would appear tedious, were he to enumerate the many injuries he has lately received from reforming pedants and innovating coxcombs; not to mention the whole tribe of scribbling females, and illiterate men of fashion: he therefore humbly hopes that your worships will take these premises into consideration, with your usual candour, and endeavour to reinstate the persecuted U in the lawful possession of the favours and honours he formerly enjoyed. Your petitioner will then exert himself with the utmost vigour and ardour to afford general satisfaction, and hopes that the fervour of his labour, added to the modesty of his demeanour, will enable him to counteract the humour of the whimsical, to frustrate the rigour of the envious, and to moderate the rancour of the malicious.

With a full assurance that your worships will graciously condescend to grant the request of the much-injured U, your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c. &c. &c.

* The five vowels.

† Alluding to the Welch orthography and pronunciation of *hur*.

BULIA.

LAST night arrived an Air Balloon Extraordinary from Bulia, with dispatches for your SPECTATORSHIP, which are forwarded herewith. From some verbal conversation I have had with my long-bearded friend, I find that the state of Bulia improves daily; of this I trust the dispatches will give you the particulars, and that you will make them known to your readers. The Retinim entreases in estimation amongst the people, who regard him as an instrument of providence intervening between them and destruction, and preserving them from the machinations of the *Desperadoes*.

Of this I am very glad to hear, as I mean speedily to revisit Bulia myself; and wish to find it divested of that confusion which reigned in it during my former residence there. Reynardam, it seems, has been imposing new doctrines on the Etanes, respecting Rexman's right of putting a period to their deliberations; by which it is further discovered what were his designs on the Bulian constitution, had he retained that power which he so strangely acquired, and his loss of which yet affords matter of rejoicing to every Bulian who loves his country!

CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAVE received several letters from persons who justly supposing your Spectatorship to be a great casuist, propound some pertinent, and many impertinent queries. Amongst the former, a gentleman seriously enquires your opinion respecting

WITCHES,

and contends that there must be such; because laws have been made against them. I shall leave it to you to answer him; and shall only give him the opinion of a very learned lawyer on the subject.

“THE law against witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the malice of those people, that use such means, to take away men's lives. If one should profess that by turning his hat thrice, and crying *Buz*, he could take away a man's life (though in truth he could do no such thing,) yet this were a just law made by the state, that whoever should turn his hat thrice, and cry *Buz*, with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death.”

HANDSOME WIFE.

THE gentleman who complains of the anxiety he suffers on account of his wife's beauty, would do

do well to reflect that it is a tax he must necessarily pay, if he has been imprudent enough to marry for beauty only.—The author I have already quoted speaks well on this subject.

“ He that hath a handsome wife, by other men
 “ is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon
 “ her, and be in her company; but the husband
 “ is cloy'd with her, We are never content
 “ with what we have.—'Tis reason a man that
 “ will have a wife, should be at the charge of
 “ her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on
 “ him. He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit
 “ he should pay for the glasses he breaks.”—I
 think it needless to add any thing to such reasoning as this: P. T. must, therefore, make the best he can of a bad bargain.

THE second part of the *Political Prebend* is under consideration. The author has been somewhat too severe on the *Fox-hunting Squire*, who, notwithstanding his brutality, is at least, an honest fellow.—The same observation may be applied to the *Borish Innkeeper*; but of these hereafter.

THE modern Duellist, a poem, contains many good sentiments, but too inaccurately expressed for publication.

I TRUST your SPECTATORSHIP will favour us with such particulars respecting the present amusements at Buxton and Matlock Baths, as may be worthy of notice; and that you will as speedily return to Town as your health and avocations will permit. I am,

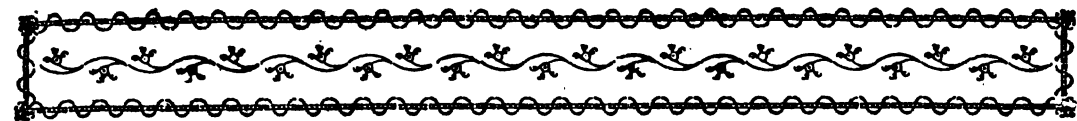
Dear Sir: Your faithful,

JOHN BULL.

LONDON: Printed by T. RIGSBY, No. 15, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goodge-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of any of the above-named Publishers.



T H E
N E W S P E C T A T O R ;
 W I T H T H E
 S A G E O P I N I O N S O F J O H N B U L L .

No. XXIII. S A T U R D A Y , J U N E 4 , 1 7 8 5 . Price Three-pence.

To be continued every SATURDAY.

— *Aliena negotia centum*
Per caput, et circa saliant latus —

An hundred men's affairs confound
 My senses, and besiege me round.

HORACE.

FRANCIS.

THE publication of this number of the **N E W S P E C T A T O R** has been postponed to the present time for a variety of reasons, which my good friends, the Public, have nothing to do with; and, therefore, I shall not trouble them with a recital of transactions, the perusal of which can afford them neither profit nor amusement.

It has, indeed, been intimated to me, that I should apologize for my neglect, and resume my labours with a handsome introductory address; but where no injury has been sustained, no apology can be necessary; and prefaces, introductions, dedications, and complimentary addresses are quite out of my way. It is sufficient to say, that I quitted the public stage only for a time; "we have our exits and our entrances;"—a little longer, and I and my readers must make our final exit: before the curtain of fate shrouds me from the world, I would add something to my labours, and take a friendly farewell.

At present, I must direct my attention to my correspondents, all whose favours now lie before me, and remind me of the tongues at Babel, such is the variety of their languages, though they all mean to speak good English. From these

letters I am enabled to judge of the objects of general attention: my male correspondents dwell chiefly on balloons and politics; my female friends on love and fashions. With balloons and politics I have very little to do; with fashions still less, but with love a great deal; and surely at my age, I ought to know something of the matter.

THE lady who signs herself **EXPLORATIO**, has my warmest acknowledgments for communicating a practicable scheme, the adoption of which would certainly tend to the relief of the most unfortunate part of her own sex; and I shall take the earliest opportunity of laying it before the public, with such observations as may occur to me on the subject.

SENTIMENTAL epistles, on a variety of subjects, are received from **CAROLINE**, **SOPHIA**, **MARIA**, &c. &c. I can only inform these ladies, that I think myself honoured by their correspondence; and seriously recommend to them the *practice* of those virtues which they praise so elegantly.

I AM much amazed at the receipt of a letter, in a female hand, complaining of **Signor LUNARDI**, whom I have always understood to be a great favourite

favourite amongst the ladies. If this gentleman, as the lady avers, is ignorant of the science of ærostation, his courage is the greater; and courage is always entitled to the smiles of the fair; and it too frequently happens to receive nothing else. If he is not ignorant, the lady's objection falls to the ground; and to accuse that man of ignorance in the science of ærostation, who first experimentally shewed us what a balloon is, does not, in my opinion, indicate much wisdom in the accuser. The lady should recollect, that all human contrivances are liable to the accidents of time and chance; and that when we judge of others, we should take the favourable side of the question, that if we do err, it may be an error of the head, and not of the heart.

AMONGST other female epistles, I have one, signed LINDAMIRA, to which I cannot help paying particular attention: it is written in a neat Italian hand, but so very delicate, that, in addition to my spectacles, I was obliged to use a magnifying glass. The subject of this epistle is as delicate as the hand-writing; and I should wrong my fair correspondent not to give her my sentiments on that subject, which is simply, "Whether, on being earnestly asked by a gentleman for a lock of hair, a positive refusal can be construed into a want of civility, or a compliance into an act of imprudence?"

It gives me no small pleasure to find that there are young ladies who duly consider the consequence of conferring favours; and it having been customary to exchange locks of hair, as tokens of friendship, and not on slight occasions, the lady's question is natural and proper; though it will not admit of an easy solution without the knowledge of some particulars, which, probably, LINDAMIRA may not be inclined to communicate. I mean the real character of the gentleman who requests the favour; the nature of his connexion with the lady; and the extent of her regard for him.

MR. POPE'S *Rape of the Lock* has, perhaps, given additional consequence to favours of this kind; every female reader of Pope, may fancy herself a BELINDA, and prize her locks accordingly; and, indeed, she cannot estimate the value too highly, if she regards that favour as an earnest of future kindness, or as an indication of peculiar attachment; and, from the serious manner in which LINDAMIRA proposes her question, she, doubtless, considers it in this view: in that case, she cannot be too cautious in conferring a favour, on which she may set more value than the receiver himself.

It remains, therefore, with LINDAMIRA to "let her own discretion be her tutor;" and to have an impartial regard to the character of the gentleman. There is a sort of gallant gentry, who solicit petty favours from every woman with whom they happen to converse, "to be dress'd in an opinion" of being "well with the ladies." Of all coxcombs, these are the most dangerous and the most numerous. They are to be seen in all public places, and seldom appear without the ensigns of their vanity, in the forms of lockets, breast-buckles, hair-pins, and pictures, which they as studiously expose as if the trinkets were intended for sale; generally with a view to excite enquiry, and to have an opportunity of insinuating upon what good terms they are with the givers:—"that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."—If I may judge from the contents of LINDAMIRA'S letter, I shall readily conclude, that she is not solicited by any being of this description, to whom I am confident she would give a flat negative; and which could not "be construed into a want of civility."

IF LINDAMIRA cannot read the heart of her admirer, she can at least read his character; doubtless she has good sense and discernment sufficient to discover his principal motive for requesting the favour; if it be from a friendly and sincere regard for her, independent of passion, that friendly and sincere regard will restrain him from making any improper use of it: he will preserve it as a *memento* of that elegant friendliness which has sweetened his leisure hours, and induced him to make the request. If a refusal, in this case, might not "be construed into a want of civility," I am afraid it would favour too much of that species of rigid prudence which, bordering on affectation, and so difficult to be distinguished from it, is no recommendation to a girl of polished manners and liberal sentiments.

ADMITTING for a moment, that the gentleman is a passionate admirer, and that he solicits this favour as a lover, then must LINDAMIRA act with caution; then must she "commune with her own heart," and weigh seriously the consequence of gratifying the request of an ardent lover, in a manner which may imply an approbation of his passion; and which if she does not approve, it would be wrong even thus far to encourage. If, on the other hand, that approbation is not wanting, a compliance with the request cannot be construed "into an act of imprudence;" for I have too high an opinion of LINDAMIRA'S discretion,

discretion, to suppose that she would shew any partiality where it is not merited, and where there is a possibility of her confidence being abused.

I HAVE dwelt thus long on a subject, which many of my readers will think of little importance, because nothing gives me greater pleasure, than to encourage sentiments of delicacy, and to gratify laudable curiosity. From my total ignorance of the character of LINDAMIRA's friend, and the nature of her connexion with him, I am not able to give a more decided opinion: when the lady shall think proper to repose more confidence in me, she may rest assured of every service and instruction in my power; and it will give me singular satisfaction to hear of her welfare.

I MUST not here omit an opportunity which naturally presents itself, of addressing my female readers, on the subject of LINDAMIRA's letter. It is upwards of half a century since I began to observe the influence of general manners on the conduct of individuals. In proportion as the ideas expand, and people embrace more liberal sentiments, they are apt to neglect those *minutiae* which stamp with propriety the common occurrences and domestic transactions of life; so that refinement of manners does not always accompany liberality of sentiment; for we daily observe, that men of the most liberal sentiments are generally distinguished for incongruity of action. Hence it is, that what in one age has been deemed important, has, in another, been disregarded. It seems to be the fashion of the present day to hold in contempt those ceremonious manners by which the higher ranks of society were heretofore distinguished; and an *easy negligence* is the test of gentility. Constraint and formality are extremely disgusting, and there are many who cannot distinguish between formality and ceremony. There is, however, a certain degree of ceremony highly serviceable to the interests of virtue; and it is much to be feared, that in rejecting its exterior forms, propriety itself is sometimes sacrificed; and modish folly, under new names, usurps the authority of genuine politeness.

THE female part of the world being generally captivated with "outward shew and ornament," and the first to adopt new fashions and new notions, as if truth and propriety were not always the same, and their conduct, being at the same time, the object of general criticism, it is no wonder that the present laxity of manners exposes them to innumerable inconveniencies, of which

none but those of extreme delicacy can have any conception, and from which they would be preserved by a strict attention to propriety, and an uniform adherence to some principles and modes of conduct, which I am sorry to find have been supplanted by slimy acquisitions, and a kind of artificial graces that, along with constraint and formality, have banished that strict propriety and that elegant *minutiae* of manners, if I may so express myself, which should always adorn the female character, and which cannot better be secured, than by preserving the native dignity of their sex; and that is easily done by permitting none to approach them, but with that respect which is always due to female decorum; so true is the remark of an old writer: "Ceremony" says he, "keeps up all things; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water: without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.—" Of all people," adds he, "the ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they take themselves to be slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world."

WHILST so much of female consequence depends on the external signs of respect, it is surely the first interest of my fair readers to cultivate those habits, and that mode of conduct which may tend to establish the favourable opinion they may have raised in the minds of others; a task which requires nothing but resolution to stem the torrent of fashion, and to reject these slipshod airs and that pretended ease so much in vogue, and to substitute such qualities as will not only adorn the spring, but add a grace to the winter of life.

I MAY be accused of the partiality of old age to old manners; and I should have suspected my judgment might have been biased, was I not a daily witness of the good effects resulting from that line of behaviour I have chalked out, and of the evil consequences arising from a contrary conduct.

HAVING, in this essay, noticed a part of my female correspondents only, I shall take a future opportunity of paying particular attention to the favours of those gentlemen who have honoured me with their sentiments on a variety of subjects.

P O E T R Y.

THE following stanzas are the production of a young lady. I do not offer them as a perfect composition; but must acknowledge myself highly pleased with them; and I am confident that those of my readers who are blessed with a poetical taste, will join with me in the hope that the lady will continue her correspondence with the MUSES, and with the NEW SPECTATOR.

O N W I S H E S.

By M A R I A.

To sooth the poignant anguish of the soul,
The lurking snares of pleasure to expose;
The dang'rous tide of passion to controul,
And blunt the poison'd dart that fortune throws:

In humble poverty to smile serene;—
This, fair philosophy! is all thy part;
Ne'er, sacred guide! hath thy commission been
To chill the virtuous feelings of the heart.

And who each soft emotion wou'd forego,
Or lose the lux'ry of one tender thought,
For all that cold indifference can bestow?
For all that pompous learning ever taught?

Thro' busy life, in all its changeful round,
Some anxious WISH its empire shall assume;
'Mid noisy mirth shall heave the sigh profound,
And steal thro' contemplation's thickest gloom.

Ev'n in that hour, when death shall claim his prize,
And nature's tend'rest union shall invade,
And ev'n those softer, more endearing ties,
By choice, by sympathy, a virtue made:

In that dread hour, when summon'd to depart,
Some trembling WISH the spirit shall detain;
Some darling image still shall warm the heart,
And strive to keep its precious hold—in vain!

Thus, the poor miser, shipwreck'd and forlorn,
Whilst grim destruction howls in ev'ry blast;
From hope, from life, from years of comfort torn,
Grasps his beloved treasure to the last!

Thus wretched Carlos,* in the fatal scene,
Decreed by fate, and barb'rous Philip's pride,
Held the fair image of his much-lov'd queen,
And view'd the dear resemblance—till he died!

Ah! who shall say the scene is clos'd on earth,
And heav'n here marks its fav'rites by success,
When guilt oft triumphs o'er ingenuous worth,
And virtue oft must languish in distress?

* Don Carlos, son to Philip II, of Spain, doomed to death by his father's jealousy.

Think not the WISH that suff'ring patience frames,
Or that which helpless pity shall bestow;
Nor the loud Wish that gratitude proclaims,
Nor one benignant spark in vain shall glow!

The gen'rous WISH that fortune here denies,
The WISH of pure disinterested love,
Shall mount like purer essence to the skies,
And swell the immortal registers above!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH every one of the passions affords ample scope for metaphysical investigation, I believe none of them has so much employed the thoughts of moralists and philosophers, and perhaps of almost every other species of writers, as that of *Love*. Whether this be an argument of its excellence or consequence to mankind, I shall not pretend to determine.

If we would altogether credit the graver part of the world, we should believe that scarce any degree of love were justifiable. The stoics, who, among other of their hopeful tenets, considered the passions in the same light in regard to the mind, as we do distempers with respect to the body, have in a particular manner levelled their invectives against love: but whatever views they might have in so doing, they have been so far from doing mankind a service by this sort of doctrine, that instead of teaching them the most exalted degree of virtue, they have only contributed to extinguish that fine sense of humanity and tenderness, from which only worthy and virtuous actions are to be expected. To be unmoved at the distresses of the unfortunate, and regardless of the ties of nature, is certainly heroic enough in conscience;—but it is, I think, carrying the jest a little too far, to declaim against a passion upon which not only the welfare, but the continuance of our species so immediately depends.

OUR countryman, Mr. OSBORN, in his advice to a son, could afford it no other appellation, than that of the child of idleness; and a much greater author than he told us, “That amongst all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory remaineth, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love;” and then infers, that “great spirits and great business keep out this weak passion.”

THE Poets, on the other hand, who indeed have reason enough to be advocates for it, since it

it is love that first inspired what has made most of them famous, have considered it as the only thing that can make life desirable, and have urged all that their fertile imaginations could ever suggest in its defence.

THE opinion of this latter sort of men, however extravagant it may seem, is of the two the more eligible, as it tends to promote, as well as the more obvious advantages, a mutual benevolence; whereas the other arraigns the wisdom of the power that made us: However, it were to be wished that those gentlemen, the poets, had been less industrious in inflaming the imaginations of their readers, than in correcting their understandings; the affections of youth are generally prompt enough of themselves, and stand more in need of a bridle than a spur.

NOTHING has in a greater degree contributed to give us wrong notions of love, than the manner in which it is represented to us on the stage and in novels, the chief business of which for several years past, instead of recommending innocence and inculcating virtuous principles, has been to infuse into people's minds a love of libertinism, and a spirit of intrigue and stratagem. Even an honourable amour to persons of this temper, if there are in it none of these plots and contrivances to cheat the old folks, as they are called, with which most modern comedies abound, is the most insipid thing in the world. Such people generally like each other they know not why; they encounter a thousand difficulties to get married, and for ever after are quite indifferent to each other. I do not doubt, but that, amongst many other things, the frequent examples of this sort which France might produce, occasioned, M. St. Evremont's saying, "that true love resembled ghosts and apparitions, because every one was talking of it, but few or none had ever seen it."

THE only incentive to, and the best preservative of love, I mean that sort of it which is worth the obtaining, is merit; and as this is one of those truths which carries demonstration with it, the worth of beauty is perhaps less than we imagine it to be. The opinions and inclinations of persons, are as different as their faces; and beauty, be it ever so perfect, can never have the same influence on all; whereas merit is an universal claim, and, besides, it is always sure to make the deepest impressions on the most worthy. In short, in matters of love, beauty alone is not to be trusted to; and she who thinks to secure the esteem of a husband, with no other claim to it, than what a fine skin or a genteel air can give,

will, to her cost, find, that as these abate that will diminish.

I CANNOT, on this occasion, omit mentioning the advice which a Lady, who understood the world, gave to her daughter on her marriage. "You are now become the partner, for life, of a person whose even temper and exact breeding are the least of his many good qualities; and though perhaps you are handsome enough to gain an absolute dominion over a man of less discretion, yet neither the love nor the complaisance of your husband will suffer him to esteem you for what the pictures in his gallery, or the statues in his garden possess in as eminent a degree as yourself: Believe me, who am acquainted with the world, and have seen husbands in a few months time cease to be lovers, believe me, I say, when I tell you, that it requires no small share of virtue and good—I had almost said—politic management, to keep alive any tolerable degree of passion for thirty or forty years, in spite of age, sickness, and other calamities to which human life is incident: The love of a person of merit is well worth the striving for, and this you may lay down as an infallible rule, that there is no way so effectual to attain it, as to deserve it."

WE who inhabit the more Western parts of the world, and value ourselves much above the rest of mankind, on account of our superior attainments, have but little reason to boast of our capacity for, or our behaviour in love, since there are greater and more frequent instances of it to be found amongst people wholly strangers to our modern refinements, and those empty theories which we have formed of it. What is reported, and so well attested of the women of Narsinga, in the East-Indies, will sufficiently justify this assertion; and at the same time shew that flattery, dissimulation, and the many other arts that the politer Europeans practice to procure and support love, are nothing when compared with that natural innocence and simplicity which, the more is the pity, is the effect of ignorance alone.

THAT ingenious Lady, the Marchioness de Lambert, whose thoughts are faulty only in that they are somewhat too refined—for, alas! there are but few Abelards and Eloises now a days—tells us, "that those whose souls are of a grave and serious cast, are of all others, the most susceptible of love;" those of a more volatile fancy are apt to have their affections diverted by every new object they meet with; but that refined and soothing kind of melancholy, so natural to persons of this temper, is continually suggesting to their imaginations a thousand pleasing reflections,

which

which serve to administer fuel to their fires, and of which none but themselves are capable. As success in love, to this latter sort of people, is the highest degree of human felicity, so is disappointment the greatest calamity that can befall them. There are but few other kinds of distress, which the more ordinary amusements of life will not in a short time alleviate; but this has need of all the assistances of reason, philosophy, and patience, and it is not often that those prove effectual. One cannot, without the utmost concern, reflect on those unhappy persons, whose distresses of this kind have ended in their total destruction; many have been deprived of their reason, others have sacrificed their fame, wealth, and all that they held dear, for the gratification of their passions, and not a few have committed the most violent outrages on themselves.

If these observations on this universal passion, should meet with your approbation, I shall, in some future essays, add a few others, that have occurred to me on the subject. I am,

MR. SPECTATOR,

Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC.

THOUGH the folly and extravagance of modern refinement have justly excited your resentment, I have remarked, that you entertain no mean illiberal prejudice, relative to the abilities and understanding of us deserted females; therefore, if I am presumptuous, and obey the dictates of inspiration, which may hereafter be rewarded with indignant contempt, ambition must be my protector, and plead my cause.

I HAVE bade adieu to novels and romances these three months; not a circle of admirers, tho' attentive and gallant, can afford me satisfaction; my pen lies useless; scandal is insipid; and fashion is no longer despotic. In short, SPEC, I am on the verge of rendering my name immortal, and securing that fame which mercenary man is daily endeavouring to monopolize. England was the place of my nativity, and for her honour I have prepared an *aerostatic machine*, on a construction peculiarly scientific, with which I mean to soar into the bosom of *Aether*, and by that courage, which our first aerial traveller inspired me with, prevent the future growth of *foreign weeds*. I acknowledge myself a balloon enthusiast, and positively mean to persevere in that juvenile science

till *stage-coaches* and *ships* are totally forsaken, which, in the course of a few years, I hope will be the case.

THE cause of all this trouble, SPEC, is owing to my ignorance in chemical preparations.—*Quere*. Can inflammable air be extracted from *paste*, *custards*, or *tarts* of any kind? What ascensional power will a cubit foot of *puffs* produce? What quantity of *rope* must be procured, and of what nature, supposing that I should wish to return to the *very spot* from whence I *set out*? Can I obtain any help in that way from the study of *anatomy*? Will not a man, after *disssection*, be of more utility than *zinc*, or steel filings, and prove less expensive? When you have answered all these questions, SPEC, and made a few observations of your own, that I may blend your judgment with mine, consequently make a deliberate choice relative to the process, you shall behold the wonder of the age! the *female Lunardi*, and the *ne plus ultra* of *balloonists*!—Immortality will attend me, and all the world exclaim, *happy woman*!

I am, dear SPEC,

Yours sincerely,

KITTY LUBLANSADHARPARN.

P. S. As I mean to take up my own *family* only, I shall be glad of your company. I mean to set off about midnight, that I may make observations on the *moon* and its *inhabitants*, likewise to discover from what corner the *sun* rises.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Dear SPEC!

As you thought proper to "rest from your labours," for so long a time, I am at a loss whether to give you a summary account of the transactions that have engaged the attention of this metropolis since your temporary abdication; and shall be glad to have your instructions on that head.—Meanwhile, I shall proceed to give you a *hasty sketch* of such things as occur to my recollection.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

I MENTION the first, because they seem to be the principal object of attention amongst the good people of this metropolis; but as your correspondents will necessarily engross much of your room, I shall not at present dwell on any particulars respecting the amusements. I shall only observe, that, instead of improving, they have dwindled into mere puppet-shows. Would you think it, friend SPEC?—The *rage* at present is for

for the dancing of dogs, the running of foxes, the yelping of curs, the tumbling of monkeys, and the grunting of pigs!—Men and women are but a kind of second-rate performers, and the quadrupeds, like the children in Elizabeth's time, have got the town on their side, and run away with all the applause!

The ITALIAN OPERA

Was never at so low an ebb as at present; both the theatres furnish much better fingers of both sexes, and the performers of no sex at all have not much to boast of. The dances are, of course, the primary object, and some of them are worth seeing.

The WINTER THEATRES

ARE just closed, and have exhibited but little novelty. Mrs. Siddons has made an attempt in comedy, but is greatly inferior to Miss Younge. Mother Abington has gone through the regular routine of her insipidities, and has, as usual, been puffed beyond all measure, though it must be confessed *she* has not written so much in favour of herself as she did the preceding winter, whence I conclude her private hours have been better employed.—She is eternally the same: in all her characters you discover nothing but Mrs. Abington, who by her dress, her bustle, and the odd cackling monotony of her voice, always reminds me of an *offended turkey* when it spreads its tail, struts and frets, gabbles its speech, and runs away again!—And yet there are people who fancy this woman plays well!—"God rest you merry Gentlemen!"

THE same wretched system continues to pervade both houses in respect to casting their characters: Brereton, at Drury-Lane, and Wroughton, at Covent-Garden, play first-rate characters;—need I say any more?

The SUMMER THEATRE

Is opened with its usual supports, and will doubtless receive its usual encouragement. We are taught to expect that no less than *five* new pieces will be brought forward at this Theatre: viz.

The *Turk and no Turk*, a musical comedy, by Mr. Colman, jun.

I'll tell you what, a comedy.

The *Siege of Carzola*, an opera.

The *Beggar on Horseback*, a farce.

Here and there, and every where, an *Olio*.—Truly, here is variety in the extreme, and "good entertainment for man and beast"—though learned pigs and conjuring horses may not be so readily

satisfied as a two-legged critic.—But respecting all these matters you will receive fuller information from the pen of OITARON, the learned legislator of the *Neoteric, Delactable, Critical Society*, which continues to assemble as usual.

RANELACH.

HAS been nearly deserted this season, owing to a want of novelty in its entertainments, and to the public taste for more dissipated scenes.

Vauxhall

Is poened with some improvements, and will doubtless be the summer rage with all ranks of people, if the admission of the nymphs from Catherine-street, and the hundreds of old Drury does not tend to drive away the more decent part of the community; the said nymphs having already given convincing proofs of their intention to contribute to the *spirit* of the entertainment.

EXHIBITION.

SOMERSET-HOUSE is a house so much divided against itself, that some think "it cannot stand." The exhibition of this year is still worse than the last: little more than a collection of portraits, to which the President has contributed no less than fourteen, out of sixteen pieces he exhibits. The picture on which Sir Joshua has been complimented this season, is a *Venus*, which, had it been painted by any one else, would have been mentioned as a burlesque on the Goddess of Beauty; indeed, all that his admirers venture to praise in this picture, is a certain wantonness in the eyes of this recumbent lady: from her colour one would be apt to take her for an unwashed nymph of St. Giles's; but it is painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is consequently *very fine*!—Several of the portraits of this Gentleman are beyond all praise, and will redound to his credit a century hence, provided the figures do not assume life, and *fly off*!—I may, perhaps, take a future opportunity of reviewing the few pictures in this exhibition worthy of notice.

SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW.

I HAVE great hopes of amendment in this young Gentleman; he is lately become a very "good liver," and seems determined to persevere in such laudable habits as may endear him to his friends, the *Blue and Buff* heroes. His amours do not excite public curiosity so much as they formerly did, because his attachments are more general, and not confined to one, or indeed to one hundred. He has lately, however, been more than ordinarily attentive to a Lady in the vicinity

vicinity of Pall Mall, remarkable for her obliging disposition, and the excellency of her taste, in providing for his entertainment at all hours and on all occasions. As these *private virtues* should not "go unsung," I shall in my next record some transactions between Squire Morgan's Nephew and Madame * * * * that may convince you of his philanthropy, and her credulity; with a short dissertation on "the art of money-catching," and a brief description of the extraordinary virtues and wonderful qualifications of Master Jelly, the Squire's boon companion, and the other convivial associates of this surprising young gentleman!

FASHIONS.

THIS being his Majesty's birth-day, all that is good, great, and elegant will be exhibited at St. James's; and as I wish to be present, I shall now take my leave, with assuring you, that in my next I shall endeavour to give you such *Fashionable Intelligence* as may prove acceptable to your fashionable readers.

I am, Dear SPEC,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BULL.

To the READERS and CORRESPONDENTS of
The NEW SPECTATOR.

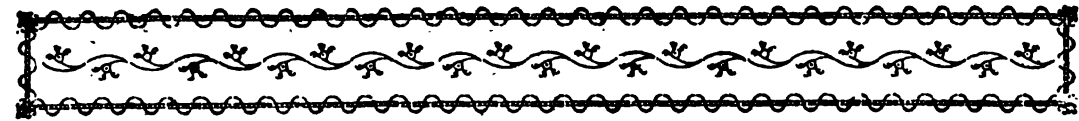
THE publication of this paper was commenced at a time when the morning prints abounded in little but politics and scurrility; and when it was apprehended that a periodical paper, chiefly devoted to polite literature,

and rendered various with such intelligence as respected the amusements and fashions of the times, would not prove unacceptable to those readers who might not wish to confine their literary enquiries to parties, politics, and national concerns. The number of those readers has been very considerable, and the number of my correspondents proportionable; and under the present plan it is impossible to admit so many of their favours as I could wish. My worthy friend JOHN BULL, whose honesty cannot be excelled, only by his good nature, has intimated to me, that many of my readers wishing to become correspondents, he will be happy to resign his office of DEPUTY SPECTATOR, in order to make room for the favours of such correspondents; and though I shall be sorry to part with so faithful a servant as honest JOHN, I shall, for the future, lay this paper open to the casual correspondence of the public, with an assurance that every piece, void of indecency, shall find a place, or sufficient reasons assigned for its rejection. Under the idea of indecency, I do not include personality; for I have hitherto held it as a maxim, that it is necessary, in many instances, not only to be personal, but to be severely and pointedly so, in proportion to the influence of example. My next paper will, therefore, be published on SATURDAY next, under the single title of the NEW SPECTATOR, and I trust will meet with a continuance of that approbation the former papers have experienced. The Old Spectator was served up at breakfast; but times are so altered, and breakfast hours so various and uncertain, that the NEW SPECTATOR will, for the future, be sent up with tea in the evening.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRET T, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Googe-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of the Printer.



T H E

NEW SPECTATOR.

No. XXIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1785.

Price Three-pence.

To be continued every SATURDAY.

*Uxorem, posthume ducis?
Dic, quâ Tiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?*

JUVENAL.

A sober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury could possess thee with a wife?

DRYDEN.

HAVING promised to pay some attention to those gentlemen who have favoured me with their sentiments, I shall select the following letter, containing an account of whimsical distrefs, as are not destitute of entertainment; and from which I hope some old bachelors may reap advantage.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Friend SPEC,

I AM a physician, and as my case is very extraordinary, I mean to publish it for the benefit of the public. When a man lives, as I did, unmarried till he is sixty-one, he had better never marry at all. There are more ways by which a woman may torment her husband, besides being jealous of him. To give you some idea of my situation, take the general outlines of my history: The earlier part of my life I spent at college in the study of physic, and, I don't know why, acquired the character of an odd learned fellow. When I arrived at the age of forty, a vacancy happened in the neighbourhood of my birth. I was invited by my uncle to take upon me the infirmities of all the folks within the circle of twenty miles. Before I set out I ordered the college barber to make me, what

the wags called a Lion or a Pompey, literally, nothing more than a good physical wig; under the shadow of which, by the assistance of a handsome cane, properly applied to the immovable muscles of my face, and a very few significant shrugs and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician. Fees came in a pace; so that in the course of twenty years I had laid up more money than I really knew what to do with. Whether it was my learning, my person, or my money, I can't say; but a lady in the neighbourhood took a vast liking to something belonging to me. I was not so blind but I saw the conquest; for she would often come and spend a week together with me: in short, I married her. I was past the years of discretion, and so I married her. O what a condescension! A lady of her family, rank, and fashion in life! As for age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself; and for fortune, if she ever had any she had spent it; and yet I was such a fool, as to be convinced, she was conferring the greatest obligation in the world upon me.

No sooner did she take upon her the management of my family, than adieu for ever to all order, peace, and comfort. She began with discharging poor Jonas, because he made so queer a figure

a figure in a queue and white stockings, which she insisted upon his wearing, though the poor fellow could not but laugh at himself. The same day with Jonas my old wig was discarded. It must be confessed it grew rather the worse for wear. From long acquaintance, it had contracted such a connection and familiarity, that it no longer kept that respectful distance from each side of my face, which had at first so much distinguished it. I had, however, still continued it in service, purely from this reflection, the older it grew the less occasion it had for combing. A new wig has been immediately put on the stocks, with a feathered top and a forked tail; since the arrival of which I am never able to stir out, let the occasion be ever so pressing, before it is combed and powdered. Our prig of a new footman is so long twisting, and tickling it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees have been lost, ere I was able to set out to receive them. My snuff-coloured suit had been reinstated every other year, from a pattern that was left in the hands of an honest taylor on the neighbouring heath. He, poor fellow, was forbid the house; because, according to my directions, he made my cloaths easy. A more fashionable operator was charged with preparing a new suit with gold button-holes. He made them to fit so exactly, that I dare not bring my hands to meet before me, for fear of laying open my spinal bone.

My hat is not to be flapped any more, even though the sun shines full in my face.

I AM no longer suffered to wash my face, according to custom, every morning, at the pump in my back-yard, though nothing was more refreshing; nor any thing more handy than the towel, which revolved on a roller at the back of the kitchen door.

ON my returning home the other day from visiting a patient, I found the maid had set my study to rights, as she called it, but the confusion which the regularity has occasioned, is almost inconceivable. My toe-pin, my shoeing-horn, and tobacco stopper, are lost forever; my papers are disposed in such order, that I know not where to recur to any thing I want.

Two pair of old Manchester velvet breeches, which I left on the back of a chair, have disappeared; and instead of the easy slippers which I had made out of an old pair of shoes, by cutting the straps off, I found a new pair of red leather, adorned with white stitches round the edges, and made so tight, that I can't bear to walk in them.

MY woollen night-cap is condemned, in company with my brown hose, to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists that I wear one of linen flounced on all sides, and adorned with a black ribband, which, tying together the aperture within an inch and a half of the top, carelessly flows down on the side. I took such a violent cold the first night, that it brought a defluxion of humours into my right eye, which very nearly deprived me of sight.

THE stair-case and floors are all waxed; it saves the expence of mops, indeed; but I have such falls that I have almost dislocated every joint about me.

MY neck is stretched out in such a manner, that I am apprehensive of having my throat cut with the pasteboard.

WHEN I remonstrate on any of these articles, she stops my mouth by a kiss, and says—"My dear angel—we must have some little regard to appearances."

SHE is, as I told you, but six years younger than myself; yet she dresses, dances and drives about, as if she was but five and twenty.

THIS, however, and much more, I could bear; I deserve it—I am contented she shall consume six and thirty yards more than my maid Hester in the spinnings of her gown—she may play a shilling a fifth at quadrille; she may do, aye, she may do what she pleases, let me have but my study to myself; let my night-cap and my slippers be restored, and I will submit to wear the new coat and the wig every Sunday.

I long to take poor Jonas again, he used always to ride before me; and, drunk or sober, he knew the shortest way all over the country.—What signifies, whether one's footman wears a wig or his own hair? 'Tis true he never blacked either my boots or his own.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

As your labours are directed to moral and religious, as well as to more common enquiries, I trust the following observations will not prove unacceptable.

THE connexion between RELIGION, SUPERSTITION, and INFIDELITY, is as curious, as it is a useful subject of enquiry; and yet it has so far escaped the attention of mankind, as to be but little understood, and, for any thing I know, may continue to be so as long as the world shall endure.

IT

IT has been generally supposed that Religion and Superstition are the nearest related. I am at a loss to discover by what evidence this hypothesis is supported. But it is an undoubted truth, that their being relations has never made them friends; unless we may allow as an instance of it, that Superstition will sometimes call Religion by the name of her best friend—an *Infidel!*

IT is my opinion, that Superstition and Infidelity have the clearest right to claim as relations. There is no room to dispute their being strongly united by friendship and interest in the same cause; although, to save appearances, in order the better to carry on their scheme, they sometimes abuse each other by *calling names*.

IF you think you can find patience enough to go through it, I will give you a sketch of my thoughts upon this subject.

THERE is an essential difference between Religion and Superstition; and I presume you understand the distinction. If you do not, you have something to learn which will be well worth your trouble.

RELIGION is founded in the very nature of man, as he came out of the hands of the Supreme Sovereign of the Universe. Superstition owes its being to man's whim and folly; if I say, to his vice and avarice, it will be as true, and perhaps more obvious.

I VERY well know that the generality of mankind, who are not very careful in their enquiries after truth, and consequently so much the less accurate in their judgment about it, confound these two. Nay, some have run so far out of the way, as to deem Religion and Superstition one and the same thing. It is very unfortunate for them when it so happens, because these two things are as different in their effects as they are in their origin. Religion is a friend to man, and an ornament to his nature. Superstition is often mischievous, and always a disgrace to him.

I NEED not inform you, of the horrid mischief Superstition, when left at large, has spread over the world, in the devastation of mankind, and in the murder of the guide which God appointed to lead him through this world—his understanding! But I say, farther, that it is also chargeable with the murder of man's best friend—Religion!

TRUE Religion and Superstition are so opposite in their natures, that they cannot subsist together, and so different in their tempers, that they can never agree. And yet mankind are so

disposed, that one or the other will always bear the rule, and the usurper will reign until the lawful Prince is restored to the throne.

SUPERSTITION, however, has been artful enough to charge the murder of Religion upon Infidelity; and Infidelity, in return, may retort the charge upon Superstition. But the truth is, there never were friends more heartily engaged in any business, than these two are in this.

IF you will attend, with this hint in view, to the history of the world, from age to age, or take notice of what may pass under your observation, you will soon see, that they are as nearly allied as *great wit* and *madness*; and both are such avowed enemies to Religion, that they agree together to play the game alternately, into each other's hands, to keep Religion out. This was the foundation of the old aphorism, that Infidelity and Superstition beget each other. And indeed they appear so truly the consequence of the same principles, that is, a man's neglect of the use of his understanding, that I think the aphorism will stand good. The difference between them is little more than the change of fashion in an outside garment.

THIS may, perhaps, justify our going a step further, in asserting, that Infidelity is no other than Superstition herself out of Bedlam. However, if this be not allowed, we may with confidence say, they are both of the same family, and bear the family likeness; but have not *God* for their father.

I DO not mean to trouble you with a dissertation upon this subject, but only to throw out a few hints to be improved by your own reflection.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

THEÓDOSIUS.

P O E T R Y.

THE following Burlesque on a well-known subject, is given as the production of a *passable rhimester*.

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

SAGE Orpheus, musician great,
Whose match old Time can't boast of late,
Had such great powers in musick,
With charms of sound he'd cure or kill,
And was he here, and I was ill,
Cou'd make me well, and you sick.

Inspire

Inspire me, all ye powers divine,
To tell how trees, how geefe, how swine,
To him wou'd dance a minuet;
How young and old, and even such as
Old time had brought down to their crutches,
Wou'd hobble to continue it.

Eurydice, his dearest wife,
To drown the cares of human life,
And be as blithe as can be;
Tho' liquor's all the poet's wealth,
She in the cellar got by stealth,
And drank off all his brandy.

But, O my friends, 'tis not a jest,
To tell what wrath fill'd Orpheus' breast,
That all his drink should go so;
What soul alive but wou'd complain?
So Orpheus sung, and play'd a strain,
Hell fire O! furious!

Eurydice ah! well-a-day!
Was almost fit to swoon away,
That thus her spouse shou'd chide her;
To scream in D in all she try'd,
But broke a vein—in short she dy'd,
And went to hell to hide her.

When she was gone he changed his tone,
Thro' woods and groves he made his moan,
Wou'd call her back but cou'd not;
He storm'd, he rav'd, (mind what I tell)
He swore by heaven! he'd go to hell—
And d—n him if he wou'd not!

He straight resolv'd to take his flight,
And go to hell that very night;
So on love's nimble pinions,
Away he flew, and quickly found,
His harp and he were safe and found,
In Pluto's drear dominions.

When in he look'd—the Lord knows how—
He scratch'd his head, and made a bow,
And heav'd a heavy groan!
O heavens! says Proserpine, my dear,
We've got in hell a harper here—
I will have Bob and Joan.

He first began a solemn strain,
Whilst listening hell forgot its pain;
Bold Orpheus, seeing that,
Struck louder yet, when in a trice,
Hell's monarch sung the three blind mice,
In key of gamut flat.

He next began a martial strain,
For here thought he I can't be slain,
These furies can but scold me;
Forth from his seat old Pluto sprung,
He stamp'd, he raged, he swore, he sung,
I am mad Tom! behold me!

He play'd a jig, the furies danced,
E'en Proserpine herself advanced,
From off the seat she sat in;
She catch'd old Pluto by the thigh,
We mortals call a breeches string,
And danced in Jack a Latin.

She skipt it here, she tript it there,
In short she tript it God knows where;
Play on, says Proserpine, Sir,
Cries hell's grim god—What is't you want?
A wife—says Pluto that I'll grant;
In short I'll give you mine Sir.

Says Orpheus, No—Eurydice—
My dear—give her once more to me—
Ay, that I will; says Pluto;
But belch'd out brimstone, storm'd and swore,
And look'd as black as hell all o'er,
From th' crown o' th' head to th' shoe toe.

For gentle readers you must know,
He wanted Proserpine to go;
But Orpheus refusing her,
He straightway broke into a sweat,
Spit fire, and in a raging heat,
He scarce cou'd help abusing her.

Then cry'd enraged: this is your lot,
You shall not see her 'till you've got
Free from the realms of hell;
Agreed, says he, and so with that,
He op'd the door, put on his hat,
And said, old god farewell.

But Orpheus now began to think,
He never more shou'd keep his drink,
Since hell had scorch'd her liver;
Fired with this thought, he changed his mind,
So wifely cast one look behind,
And lost his wife for ever.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPEC,

If you think the following merits
a place in your publication, by a speedy insertion,
you will much oblige a constant reader,

H.

AN EMBLEM of a LAW CASE.

WILLIAM having received a letter from Sarah,
written by Charles, shewed the same to Roger;
who, upon perusal said, he wondered that Rich-
ard should be so indiscreet as to quarrel with
James about Abigail, who was so extremely
ugly: Because that Edward had refused, tho'
asked, to go to the play with Catharine.—
Where-

Whereupon Philip, falling into a passion with Titus, swore he would be revenged on Patrick; and therefore called Thomas rogue, rascal, &c. Stephen, who 'tis thought was an eye or rather an ear witness to the abuse, and being Christopher's friend slyly tripped up Rowland's heels, and broke Jeremy's head. Cuthbert, on this, drew his dagger on Edmund; and Archibald, trembling, with much ado, recovered his fright; resumed his natural intrepidity, and, in a cold sweat, snatched Gilbert's pistol from Lawrence, and cocked his blunderbuss at Paul. Whereat John being amazed, secretly advised Samuel to apply to Leonard, with the help of George, privately to make an affidavit against Arthur, to take out a writ against Henry and Rachel, at the suit of Timothy, executor of the last will and testament of Jacob; but Peter objected to that, wisely alledging, that Robert, being sick, had sent word to David, who was lately married to Hannah, to desire Jeffery, who had been taken in bed with Mark's wife, to send his grandson Ralph to his cousin Bridget, earnestly to intreat his nephew Joshua to go along with his brother Frank, to make up the matter amicably with his aunt Susan. But she refused to go with Jack; yet, nevertheless, recommended Frederick and Humphrey to Andrew, Simon, and Luke; who, after a long and grave consultation, ordered the music to play brisker, and then went unanimously to Bartholomew. So that having drank plentifully at Ned's, till they were intoxicated, having nothing to pay the shot with, they drew their swords at Dick, the landlord stabbed Robin, fell upon Lancelet, lamed Isaac, and had it not been for Solomon, had slain Cornelius! Thereat Nat rushed forward, and swearing at Marmaduke, who had been asleep all the time, in Sally's lap, so incensed Walter and Martin, that Miles and Zachariah, without any regard to Matthew, threw bottles, glasses, &c. at one-another's heads. At which Abraham, being enraged, took Benjamin civilly by the throat, kicked Theophilus gently down stairs, picked Abel's pocket, while he was making his addressee to Nell; and at the same time, in the highest fury imaginable, smiling calmly, sent Barnaby, Toby, and Giles, to the round-house. At which Anthony, half drunk, having first reeled two or three times round the room, put on an important wise look, made a fine speech but nothing to the purpose, and then asked what was the matter? Whereupon Bryan in a low voice, loudly whispered Aaron; and, perceiving that Alexander was strangely astonished at their silent

noise, told Francis that his great grandfather Joseph was dead! At which unexpected news Nicholas awoke, and being in an ill-humour, wrote a soft love-song, whistled an opera air, and then withdrew to drink a dish of chocolate with Dudley. Which exasperated Job in such a surprising manner, that every one was alarmed; however Allen run undesignedly to the gaol, in order to let the aforesaid prisoners out; and having, without any noise, broke open the door, freed Gerrard, Margaret, and Betty; who being apprehended at King's, by the timely assistance of Bernard, were carried next morning before Hugh Noodle, Esq; a traving justice in St. Giles's, and upon paying one shilling apiece, the whole affair was happily determined; which is the most exact account that can be given thereof, by,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER PUZZLECAUSE.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Though most poets have had their admirers, the late *Birth-day Ode* seems to be read with general dissatisfaction; and I cannot help thinking that, if Mr. WARTON is so very partial to the *mysterious*, and continues to sport his *hieroglyphics*, without a *key*, the *excellence* of his future productions will be ascribed to *inattention* or *inability*.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

ANTI-SHADWELL.

Hail! happy Poet—able to compose
Nonsense, or low, or high; or both to join
In the same wond'rous piece! O for a fight
Of thy rare secret!—But I must restrain
My forward wishes, for *thy* excellence
Consists in *darkness*. Then go on, and spread
Darkness around thee each revolving year.
Let others boast of perspicuity:
Thine is the praise to be completely dark.
Cimerian darkness was a proverb once;
Wartonian darkness is a proverb now.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I CANNOT but subscribe to the doctrine respecting the passion of LOVE, laid down by your correspondent FREDERICK, in your last paper; yet I wish to observe, that the *Marchioness de Lambert* was not the original author of the sentiment, "That those whose souls are of a grave and serious cast, are, of all others, the most susceptible of love." She seems to have read the great Lord Bacon, who was an excellent judge of human nature, and long since observed that

Grave men are most constant;

Gay men are most amorous;

Serious men most loving.

I recommend these three fundamental maxims to the attention of your female readers, who, I am persuaded, seldom read the works of the sagacious Lord Verulam.

I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

FERDINAND.

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

FROM your preceding papers, I entertain a very favourable opinion of your good sense and humanity, and I trust you will exert them both in my behalf.

I HAVE a disagreeable affair on my mind at present, and have no friend to apply to in such an extremity; therefore hope you will give your advice candidly on the subject.

IN the first place, I have a friend, and a female one, which may surprise you; and what is more, we agreed in every respect, as I always endeavoured to form my sentiments to correspond with her on all occasions, from an idea that her judgment was much superior to mine; in consequence of which we lived in great harmony, till our happiness was interrupted by a young Gentleman's paying his addresses to me, which met with every return that was consistent with prudence. Thus things went on for a time very well, till fortune, envious of our happiness, dashed it all at once by an unexpected stroke: my friend insensibly lost her health, and grew worse every day, which greatly alarmed me. I thought her

dangerous, and at last found it was love; but little did I think of the object, as she made me her confidante in every respect; but what I am afraid will prove most conducive to her happiness; for had I known it sooner, I would have summoned all my little philosophy to have conquered my passion in its first rise, which I am afraid will not be so easy at present; yet something must be done directly, or that dear amiable girl will be lost past recovery, which would put an everlasting period to my happiness; though I were to gain a kingdom, I cannot bear the reflection that I should occasion a moment's concern to a person to whom I have professed so sincere a regard.—Alas! it would be an ill proof of my friendship, to fail on the first trying occasion. I really am in a cruel situation: obliged to give up my lover or my friend. I know not which I can the more readily part with; however, as I never had an opportunity to converse with her, my professions were not mere empty words. I must make this sacrifice: I may then keep a friend in each; and have the pleasure of seeing her recovered and happy, which will be some atonement for the loss I shall sustain.

I CAN look back without any circumstance to alarm my pride, as I only resign to superior charms, and one every way worthy; therefore have concluded to retire till time has effaced the knowledge that I ever loved.

THIS is not the first unfortunate circumstance in my life; I can, therefore, support it with more fortitude than one that has never experienced distress. My age is just twenty, my friend is a few months younger; our fortunes are not worth mentioning, but they are equal.

Now, good MR. SPECTATOR, which way am I to act for the best? If I lose a husband, I keep her affection, though at a dear expence, for we had partly fixed the day for our intended union; but fate has ordered it otherwise; therefore we must submit, and instead of me, he must take one more worthy in every respect, except her love—and yet,—O, MR. SPECTATOR!—what,—what shall I do?—Advise, admonish, teach me; and rest assured, I will follow your instructions.

EUPHELIA:

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

PROCEEDINGS of the NEOTERIC, DELECTABLE,
CRITICAL SOCIETY.

SIXTH MEETING.

THE day being announced for the closing of the Winter Theatres, *Peggy Brittle*, Secretary to the Society, summoned the Members, when, to the regret of all present, only one-third of the usual number appeared, in consequence of their summer engagements. This disappointment was unavoidable, and what the Society must be ever subject to.

OITAROH having had a letter sent him, previous to their Meeting, he attended, and being unanimously called upon to take the Chair, he did, with many compliments to the Society for the honour conferred; after which, a mature investigation ensued, relative to their future plan. Several new schemes were proposed, but without success; however, a final determination took place, and it was agreed on, that the Society should meet as usual in every respect, saving that a new oath should be administered, to prevent the members from disclosing the *secrets and minutia* of the Lodge, several interesting forms having been established. A clause was, however, made, as an exception to that general article, which was, that the *Neoteric Delectable Critical Society* should still convey their opinions on *Theatrical Incidents, Performers, New Pieces, &c.* to the NEW SPECTATOR, though in a different manner, for the only purport of their meeting was, to hold the mirror of *Nature to Absurdity*, and repress to *Merit* the reward which fame has allotted; therefore, in future, the sentiments of this Society may be distinguished under the appellation of — THEATRICAL CRITICISMS; — and notwithstanding the grand law of Secrecy, shall frequently contain some *broad hints*, and *private anecdotes*.

MAUD WELLTOP,

Under SECRETARY.

By Order of the LEGISLATOR.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

THE novelties of this season commenced last Thursday, with the appearance of Miss *Langrish* and Mr. *Meadows*, as *Rosetta* and *Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*. On what account Miss *Langrish* quitted *dancing for singing*, it is difficult to determine, as her voice is by much too

weak to excel in that line, or rise above mediocrity, especially when the syren *George* is in the same piece, and is the avowed nightingale of the theatre; however an audience will ever be prepossessed in favour of a pretty face, and upon the whole, the performance of *Rosetta* was characteristic. The business of the stage seemed too familiar to Miss *Langrish* to suppose it a first attempt; we rather suppose the knowledge is derived from some country theatre, by practice, and must freely intimate that she may make a pretty actress, but will never attain the epithet of a good singer.

MR. MEADOWS came forward as *Thomas*, and the gardener's habit was so well adapted, that we only thought him disguised when he entered as a gentleman. His merit, as an actor, is beneath all criticism; vulgarity and ignorance shine forth in every sentence, which added to the pantomimical display of a white handkerchief, too often repeated, rendered the whole ludicrous and laughable. There was much labour and preparation in the whole of his singing, which was tolerable and frequently excellent. When he has more feeling and comprehension his acting may prove a support to his voice, and render him worthy of an engagement at a theatre royal; — a little more of the country would have done him no harm.

MR. EDWIN wants consequence in the Justice, consequently many scenes fall short of their usual applause: whether this circumstance proceeds from affectation or misconception, is best known to himself; however he soon claimed the universal laugh of approbation by the original manner of his singing *When I follow'd a lass*, &c. in which he displayed true humour and merit.

A Worcester lady is to make her first appearance in London this evening, as *Clarissa* in the *Confederacy*. She is patronized by an amiable Duchess, and has extensive and genteel connexions. Her cast is genteel Comedy, in which she so excels, in short, to such a degree of merit, that in Worcester Mrs. *Nunn*, was distinguished by the appellation of a second *Abington*!

To the NEW SPECTATOR.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM literally a *female Park-walker*; and know almost all those who make a practice of perambulating St. James's every evening. You will say I am of the peripatetic school, and so indeed I am; for though I am a woman, I have a spice of philosophy about me; and heaven help her that has not, now-a days!

Now

Now, grave Sir, I fancy I met you in the last evening's promenade. Don't you wear a black coat, with buttons to the bottom, like a woman's Joseph; a bushy wig, little shoe-buckles, and worsted stockings?—And did not you accidentally tread on a Lady's train, and afterwards put on your spectacles that you might see not to do so again? I am pretty confident it was your worshipful Spectatorship; and, therefore, I am surprised that you do not give us your own opinions on the objects that present themselves.

PRAY tell us what you think of those enormous flouched hats, tied under the chin, which are called Lavinia hats? I saw you stand to examine one through your spectacles, and I think you shook your head; and indeed nothing can be more preposterous; they were taken from a picture of Thomson's Lavinia, and though they remind one of old age and ugliness, we all wear them; I say we, for I have one. "Out of fashion, out of the world," you know, Mr. SPECTATOR. But I should not quote proverbs, should I?—Or, do Lord Chesterfield's rules extend to men only?—I never saw that same Lord Chesterfield, but I fancy he was as queer as yourself, only in a different way. Well, I look best in a small hat, and I desire you will write the Lavinia out of fashion; let it be confined to haymakers and reapers, in the name of all that's frightful.—I have not gained a conquest since I wore it.

You know (for I suppose you know every thing), that the Duchess of Devonshire affects singularity as well as affability; and appeared at one of the theatres some time ago in her *night-cap*. I know not how it happened; whether it was the effect of singularity or forgetfulness; but the wise-acres of our sex have taken it into their heads to wear their *night-caps* at all times and on all occasions ever since. The most fashionable is called the Billingsgate mob, being made exactly in the form of those that are sported by the heroines of Billingsgate, and which they frequently assist each other to demolish. The term, however, not suiting the west end of the town, it is now called the Devonshire mob, and really looks charming in a morning; but in an evening is as absurd as a black stuff petticoat under a white lutestring.

THE tall lady in the *child's frock*, whom you examined so much, is a particular favourite of the bloated Adonis, and borrows her stile of drefs from Mrs. Abington, which is the reason she appears so very taudry. The charming Adonis, by the frequency of his visits to this lady, and by eating *three suppers* between eight in the evening and eight in the morning, reduced the lady to such extremities, that she was under the necessity of quitting town for a time, and is yet in needy circumstances; Adonis seldom chusing to give his female friends any thing more than the honour of his company, which he wisely fancies is as good as currency; but within the last twelve months its value is wonderfully diminished.

As you are a very grave odd sort of a man, I suppose the large handkerchiefs that are now worn must please you; for my part, I cannot bear them; for though they hide the bosom, they are put on in such a manner, as to convey an idea of monstrous bosoms, and though they are fashionable, they are neither elegant nor delicate; but I have some, for all that, Mr. SPECTATOR; these handkerchiefs were introduced by Lady ——, who, you know, has a crane neck.

WELL, after all, I believe you are a good old soul, and we have all our foibles. But a truce with reflection. I wish I could see you at a tea-table, that I might have an opportunity of exerting my raillery at your Queen Ann-coat, your diminutive buckles, and your full-bottomed wig! Adieu, adieu, old Gentleman!

Your admirer,

ELIZA SWEETHILL.

To other CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged to MANLY for his most excellent hint, relative to Pretty Jemmy, or the Westminster what d'ye call it?—but as we have not, at present, a Bevy of Blockheads in this publication, he must come under the denomination of Originals, where he shall appear either in No. XXV or XXVI, and we have no doubt but he will make a truly ludicrous Bevy.—"The conduct of a Town-Bully" is received, and shall be attended to, with an historical sketch of the Piccadilly Hero.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; by P. BRET T, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church in the Strand; and by W. THISELTON, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 37, Goose-Street, Rathbone-Place.

* * * CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address their favours to the NEW SPECTATOR, to the care of the Printer.



THE

NEW SPECTATOR.

No. XXV.

T U E S D A Y, JANUARY 17, 1786.

Price Three-pence.

Vale! longum Vale!
Farewel!—a long farewel!

SINCE all human pleasures and pains must have an end, it is of some moment for every man to prepare for the hour when transitory hope and fear, and misery and happiness shall become empty sounds; and when retrospection shall appear like the injured ghost of a murdered friend, or the angel of comfort in the moment of distress.

BETWEEN the PUBLIC and the NEW SPECTATOR the hour of eternal separation is at hand. Though their intimacy has been short, it has been productive of kindnesses to the latter, which it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge; nor can he think of leaving his associates without taking a friendly, and a long adieu.

THE publication of these papers has been more than once interrupted by causes which it is unnecessary to particularize; and resumed again as the author saw convenient, or, perhaps, as caprice dictated. Having, however, totally quitted the great sphere of action, and retired to the rustic shades of retreat and obscurity, the fittest haunts for meditative age, treading the brink of futurity, he is determined that this number shall close the lucubrations of the NEW SPECTATOR, and put a period to all connexion between him and the public.

IN the concluding essays of most periodical writers who have preceded me, care has been taken to impress on the mind just ideas of the value and importance of time, and the more awful concerns of futurity: most authors of this class, regarding the resignation of their literary labours as a sort of final quitting with the world. And, indeed, to abandon the cares and anxieties attending periodical literature, in the pursuit of which a man has necessarily, as it

were, business with the whole world, is, perhaps, as near an approach to the dissolution of mortality, as can be conceived. In respect, therefore; to that particular species of morality usually conveyed in concluding essays, it is impossible for me to give it additional force, or adorn it with new colours.

IT is some pleasure to me to reflect, that, at a time, when the tide of fashion, even in literature, was in favour of vice; when men of acknowledged talents devoted them to the service of infidelity, and men who imagined they had talents, became the diurnal panegyrist of splendid prostitution in its various forms, I admitted not a single article in these papers that could tend to ridicule religion, or to palliate infamy. For this reason, I have not been so general a favourite with the public as I might have been; as he who reproves, is never so welcome as he who flatters. For this reason too, out of upwards of three hundred letters I have received from correspondents, I have not been able to insert half a score: nevertheless those correspondents are entitled to my thanks. They conceived that amusement was the principal object of this publication, because they read it with no other end in view; but they forgot, that amusement does not necessarily countenance the follies, much less the vices of the times.

IN order to render this publication as extensively useful as possible, I admitted the lucubrations of JOHN BULL, who took upon him to decide on theatrical and other public amusements, and even descended to the minutiae of fashionable dress, that *aurora borealis* of the gay world, perpetually varying its colours, and displaying

playing the fleeting vapours of vanity. The public always love to be deceived: Hudibras says,

— The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.

And I found John's observations not much relished, simply because they happened to be true; particularly, I remember, with respect to certain theatrical performers, who with a small degree of merit, and that only of one kind, had been puffed by the managers, and repuffed, even to satiety, by themselves, till every third paragraph in the daily papers conveyed no other intelligence than that the Abington, the Crawford, the Wroughton, and all the *the's* who were either past playing, or never could play, *did* play with their usual excellence. John, it seems, excepted to the word *excellence*, insinuating, they had none to entitle them to more than ordinary commendation. I must confess, that this honest man sometimes expressed himself with too much acrimony on these and other occasions; but, at the same time, I must allow, that it arose from a virtuous impulse, and the desire of propagating truth. I mentioned this the last time I saw him, and, telling him that I was on the point of writing a farewell paper, asked him, whether he had any recantation to make, or apology to offer: "Friend *Snee*," he said, "I think I have written with great moderation; as much, however, as can be expected from any human being who can distinguish between ingenuity and ignorance; I have, therefore, no recantation to make, no apology to offer. Only this, I have to say, that it is well I am not under the necessity of giving my thoughts on these subjects any longer, for *the Holman*, and *the Pope*."—I saw he was flying out, and changed the conversation, or he would have talked till now on the decline of the Theatre, and that it was infected with nothing but school-boys and dunces. Now, I see plainly enough, that John is mistaken respecting these two young men; because I every day read in all the news-papers, that they are *inimitable*, and that the very house shakes with applause when the curtain drops. Besides, I am neither so old, nor so superannuated as not to know, that the manager is on such good terms with the writers of these papers, and of so obliging a disposition, as to tell them what to say on such occasions, that they cannot be mistaken, for if the *manager himself* does not know, who should? Therefore I am of opinion, that my friend John has seen *Messrs. Pope* and *Holman* only in *four* or *five*, or at most half a dozen characters, which they per-

form but indifferently; and, of course, I must subscribe to the more ripened and impartial judgment of the manager and his friends.

I HAVE been censured for admitting John Bull's description of *BULIA*, by some who pretended to discover in it an allusion to this island, and have had ingenuity enough to point out the particular persons meant by certain *Bulian* characters. All readers have a propensity to this way of shewing their shrewdness; but surely they pay an ill compliment to their own country who imagine it to contain such monsters as *Selaw*, *Reynardam*, and the desperate gang of factious and unprincipled men, so strongly reprobated by honest John. I have a much better opinion of my own country than to suppose it productive of such beings, and am of opinion, that those readers who imagine such a thing, are guilty of thinking a libel against human society. If men will twist meanings in this manner, it would be dangerous to publish a new play, or even "Jack the Giant-killer," since one body or other, would be so ingenious as to point out a living monster, and perhaps swear that he was alluded to in the character of a giant. Nay, I do not know, but, at this rate, a man might incur a penalty for saying a *Bulian* lady had an intrigue with half a dozen noblemen, when she had conferred that honour only on a footman. In short, if people read and apply in this manner, no writer would be safe; and I am confident honest John had no evil meaning in any thing he communicated to me.

FOR the BEVY of ORIGINALS, I am indebted to the pen of a gentleman who may hereafter distinguish himself in theatrical composition; he has a happy talent in drawing characters: he has nothing to do but to give them language and situation, and I will venture to promise him more reputation than is acquired by those numerous mushrooms of the season, that are puffed into notice one day, and forgotten the next; deceiving one, like a pompous procession promising something, which when we approach, instead of discovering a demi-god or a hero, we see nothing but a coffin. I have a right to draw this conclusion in favour of this gentleman, since it is to him I am also indebted for the humorous accounts of the NEOTERIC SOCIETY, or Club for discussing theatrical affairs.—For the several poetic pieces, under the signature of *Enoch*, my readers are likewise indebted to the same pen; to say nothing of other compositions, of a lighter nature. For these favours he will accept this public acknowledgment, and thanks.

AMONG

AMONG my female correspondents, an apology is particularly due to EXPLORATIO, for the seeming neglect of her first letter. I say "seeming" neglect, as I fully intended to give it a place, with the additions she requested. I afterwards thought it advisable to take other steps towards correcting the evil she complained of; and shall be happy to see her on the subject, if she would favour me with her address, no matter whether real or fictitious, by leaving it with the PRINTER. The circumstance she alludes to is of real consequence to society, and is worthy of public attention.

To the delicate, the charming LINDAMIRA, what shall I say? Her verses should certainly have found a place even in this last paper, had she not expressed so strong a desire to have them returned. Admiring and loving, as I do, the utmost degree of delicacy in her sex, yet I can conceive it may be carried to excess. The idea conveyed by her lines, is delicacy itself; and I am extremely sorry to be obliged to reject what would, perhaps, have delighted some particular person to read, to say nothing of poetical readers in general. She may rest assured, that her memory will be cherished, and her virtues adored even by an old man, in a country cottage. Musing over his evening fire, he will think of her with the tenderness of youth, and in his prayers he will not forget her.

THE author of a letter, signed an INVISIBLE SPECTATOR, is certainly blessed with a considerable degree of that knowledge which it is useless to have, and not a less share of impertinence in troubling me with his remarks. Supposing every thing he says, to be true—what then?—The person he alludes to, may direct him to Horace:

Search thy OWN bosom, mark with honest care
What seeds of folly nature planted there.

There is a great number of people in this world whom it is perpetually necessary to remind of the most common rules in life: and I can only say to the INVISIBLE SPECTATOR, "mind your own business." From what little I know of the circumstances he writes about, I believe I may safely say, he mistakes both the characters and connections of the several persons who are the objects of his animadversion.

THE ingenious gentleman who sent me the BEVY OF BLOCKHEADS, No. I. has my warmest thanks for his intended assistance, which I should have been proud to have availed myself of. His design was so extensive, that I recommend it to him, to make a distinct work of it. I am con-

fidant that the metropolis, independent of the country, will supply him with ample materials for as many volumes as the State Trials, especially if he includes Members of Parliament; and I think he may exceed even the Statutes at Large by adding to his BEVY OF BLOCKHEADS, a CALENDAR OF KNAVES; and for the latter he need go no further than London. I can promise him another thing; that he may amuse himself all the days of his life by writing *Supplements and Addenda*.

I DO not forget that I am under obligations to R. B. and am sorry to inform him that, by particular care, as is often the case, I have mislaid his last letter, and do not sufficiently recollect its contents to answer it here. If he is living and in health, as I hope he is, and will favour me with a line, to be left with the Printer, I will very gladly give him a private answer.—Such others of my correspondents as may be desirous of the like attention, may command it by having recourse to the same mode.

THE gentleman who, in the course of these papers, favoured the public with his thoughts on *Innate Ideas* has my thanks. The subject is extremely curious and important; and I should wish to see his arguments at large, and in another form. Surely, it is advisable to submit them to the public in a small volume. The lovers of metaphysical enquiry would receive them with thanks; and this is an age which prides itself in investigating the properties and principles of the human mind.

RESPECTING the intrigues, gaming, and other dissipated courses of SQUIRE MORGAN'S NEPHEW; I can only say, they are to be lamented as evils which all his real friends feel now, and which he himself will feel hereafter. If he disregards shame, as several of my correspondents inform me, nothing but the want of means to pursue, will stop him in his career. If he will not listen to the suggestions of paternal authority, nor regard the entreaties of maternal tenderness, he can only be pointed at as an object whose principles are to be detested, and whose example is to be shunned.

To the Editors of news-papers, particularly of the morning prints, I am under obligations in common with all other periodical writers, whose lucubrations they are so obliging as to disseminate under new titles and signatures, and giving us a consequence to which we never aspired. Thus, the BEVY OF ORIGINALS has appeared in a daily paper, under the inviting title of AINSI VA LE MONDE, and were read "with universal applause." Several of the poetical pieces have been taken under the protection of persons with

with whom they had no connexion, who have kindly assumed the characters of parents, and ushered them into the world as their own children. A single compliment applicable, perhaps, only to one lady, has been served up to many; and the author, whilst his imagination was fixed on a peculiar object, little supposed that he was afflicting beaux in their complimentary amours with those ladies who are to be addressed only through the medium of fancy.—I look on myself with great complacency, when I reflect what services I have done my country, by having my opinions made more generally known, and my sentiments more authoritatively inculcated in the daily prints, by CATO, BRUTUS, ARISTIDES, and other illustrious characters, who have been so obliging as to rise from the dead simply to retail my lucubrations, to the great comfort and edification of his Majesty's lineage subjects.—In the common-wealth of news-paper literature all things are held in common: what would be reckoned plagiarism in others, is deemed compliment in them; and, contrary to the law of Lycurgus, when they steal, it is with an immediate intention to reveal the theft. For want of knowing on what liberal principles these diurnal publications are conducted, many authors are offended at seeing their productions mutilated, and retailed through this medium; but they should recollect, that if their works have any merit, this is one way of exciting general desire to possess the whole.

To my friend FREDERICK, who has favoured me with many observations and sentiments in the course of this work, I cannot but recommend that retirement which he so lavishly praises in his last favour. I am well aware, that solitude is not the proper sphere of a young man: but I think there is no impropriety in giving encouragement to the desires of FREDERICK, because I am confident he will render himself more useful to society by withdrawing from it, than by mixing in the bustle of the metropolis, for which he seems so little calculated, and in which, according to his own account, he has met with nothing but vexation and disappointment. FREDERICK, I perceive, has that love for literature, and that spirit of independence, which frequently induce men, who possess them, to be guilty of the high crime of IMPRUDENCE, than which nothing can be more shocking to the generality of mankind: the most profligate and abandoned characters, say, I may justly say, murderers, provided they are not IMPUDENT, shall be caressed and esteemed, admired and applauded; their villany shall

be called a knowledge of the world, and their success ascribed to their peculiar skill in the exercise of arts and practices of which a good man can form no conception, and from the pursuit of which he would shrink with horror. By IMPRUDENCE, is here understood, that species of conduct by which a man is induced to reject, perhaps with contempt, those pecuniary, and other worldly advantages which he might obtain by sacrificing a small portion of his fame, his spirit, his feelings, or his sentiments, and rendering him an object of contempt, to himself, all the days of his life. This is that IMPRUDENCE so highly condemned by the world; and of which, from his own words, I pronounce my friend, FREDERICK guilty. Luckless young man!—had he been guilty of the seven deadly sins, his chariot might have eclipsed that of a Prince's prostitute; his fame might have rivalled that of an opposition pamphleteer; he might have been exalted to the pillory, and rewarded with a pension. But to sacrifice all these golden advantages, and to incur the contempt of the world; to sink into obscurity, and to devote his talents to the "noble few:" what is this but IMPRUDENCE? Indeed, that is too soft a term; I believe nine-tenths of the world will call it *madness*!—I am glad, however, to find, that FREDERICK disregards the malevolent censures of dulness, with whose votaries, or else with his own feelings, he must be perpetually at variance. Like other young men, he seems to have set out on the journey of life, with an idea of reconciling profit and fame, and of acquiring, at once, the friendship of genius, the respect of ignorance, and the love of mankind; the most difficult and the most dangerous of all pursuits, and generally found impracticable. "The gifts of imagination, bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or inviolable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet difficult as nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dulness and of folly to point with Gothic triumph to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue which has its origin in what is really their disgrace."—I would not here be understood as the apologist of ACTUAL IMPRUDENCE; it is the mother of want and disgrace, which

which never fail to conclude the procession of its innumerable follies. The IMPRUDENCE I allude to, is that VIRTUE which renders poverty the state of envy, and which confers real splendour on elevated dignity; as its opposite, that PRUDENCE so universally admired, and so strongly recommended by general practice, is the offspring of unprincipled baseness, decked in the borrowed plumes of Virtue; a PRUDENCE which dare not examine its own principles, and prefers the possession of temporary prosperity, gained by undermining artifice and petty villany, to the real respect of mankind, and the plaudit of heaven!—I am astonished, that FREDERICK should discover such inveteracy against those who censure his conduct: I never yet knew an instance in which a man, who sacrificed a particle of his interest to the gratification even of the most laudable designs, that was not more censured than pitied, and every action imputed to the worst motive. So true is it, that the unfortunate man is viewed

— Through the dim shade his fate casts o'er him:
A shade that spreads its evening darkness o'er
His brightest virtues, while it shews his foibles
Crowding and obvious as the midnight stars,
Which in the sun-shine of prosperity
Never had been descrid —

I again recommend to him that retirement he so much admires; and I trust his hours will be

devoted to such pursuits as may strengthen in him a contempt of that world, a friendship with which is “enmity with God.”

I HAVE dwelt the longer on the subject of FREDERICK's letter, as I have reason to suppose his case is by no means uncommon; and I wish that all, in a similar situation, may have virtue enough to act in a similar manner.

HAVING now made those acknowledgments which were due from me, nothing remains, but that I address myself to my readers in general. After giving them my thanks, I cannot but recommend to them, the practice of that duty I am now performing: this is the season usually dedicated to the settling of all accounts between man and man; let the duty be extended a little further: prepare the account for the last audit!—A little time, and the hand that now writes, crumbles into dust; the eye that now reads, shall sleep the sleep of death;—let not the hand write, nor the eye read in vain. Resolve, then,

Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears.

And now, take my last, my farewell wish: may every succeeding year bring new felicity, and retrospection wear the smile of endless peace!
Once more,

Vale! vale! longùm vale!

T H E E N D.

LONDON: Printed by T. RICKABY, Duke's-Court, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

Sold by T. AXTELL, No. 1, Finch-Lane, Cornhill, and at the Royal Exchange; by W. T. SWIFT, Bookfeller, Charles-Street, St. James's-Square; and by P. BRETT, Bookfeller and Stationer, opposite St. Clement's-Church, in the Strand.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Digitized by Google

