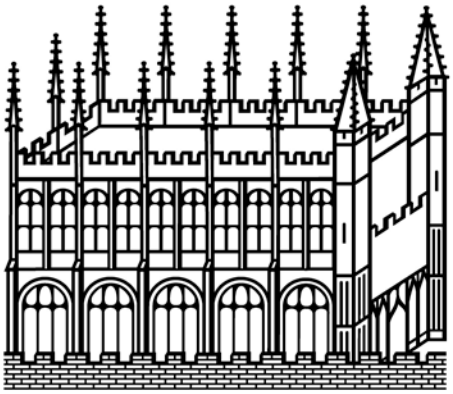


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# THE INTELLIGENCER.

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
*Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.*
Perſ.

Printed at *DUBLIN.*

*LONDON*

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TO THE

# TO THE READER.

*THE following Productions I met ſtraggling in a mean Condition, repreſenting the Poverty of their Countrey by their outward Appearance; but by their Diſcourſe they ſoon betrayed their good Birth and Education.*

*I had the ſame eager Deſire of communicating them to the Publick, that moſt of us have of introducing a Man of Wit into Company, or of the ſecond hand Merit of telling a Joke, when we have not the Senſe to make one.*

*As they wanted nothing but a more genteel Dreſs to enable them to make*

*their Fortune in* England, *I have given them the Cloathing of our own Countrey. And now, I doubt not, they will have the good Luck of being admitted to a Lady's Toilet, or the ill one of being cloſetted by a Prime Miniſter: I ſay the ill one, for they deſcribe an unalterable Something, with the Abbreviations of* T—D, *and that perhaps may be thought a Reflection on one or other of* Firſt Quality *and* Diſtinction.

*Having thus given theſe Eſſays new Birth, as it were, in a foreign Countrey, I may claim the Right over them of a ſecondary Parent: The real Parent will confirm it, I don't queſtion, with the Honour of his own Donation: So the Pope made a Gift of* Ireland *to* Henry VIII. *after the King had annex'd it to his own Imperial Title.*

THE

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THE

# THE INTELLIGENCER.

IT may be ſaid, without Offence to other *Cities* of much greater Conſequence in the World, that our Town of *Dublin* doth not want its due Proportion of *Folly* and *Vice*, both Native and Imported; and as to thoſe Imported, we have the Advantage to receive them laſt, and conſequently after our happy Manner to improve and refine upon them.

BUT, becauſe there are many Effects of *Folly* and *Vice* among us, whereof ſome are *general*, others confined to ſmaller Numbers, and others again, perhaps to a few *Individuals*; there is a *Society* lately eſtabliſhed,

who at great Expence have erected an *Office of Intelligence*, from which they are to receive weekly Information of all *Important Events* and *Singularities*, which this famous *Metropolis* can furniſh. Strict Injunctions are given to have the trueſt Information. In Order to which, certain qualified Perſons are employed to attend upon Duty in their ſeveral Poſts; ſome at the *Play-houſe*, others in *Churches*, ſome at *Balls*, *Aſſemblies*, *Coffee-houſes*, and *Meetings* for *Quadrille*; ſome at the ſeveral *Courts of Juſtice*, both *Spiritual* and *Temporal*; ſome at the *College*, ſome upon my *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen* in their publick Affairs; laſtly, ſome to converſe with *favourite Chamber-maids*, and to frequent thoſe *Ale-houſes* and *Brandy-ſhops* where the *Footmen* of great Families meet in a Morning; only the *Barracks* and *Parliament-houſe* are excepted; becauſe we have yet found no *enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their Perſons at either. Out of theſe and ſome other *Store-houſes*, we hope to gather Materials enough to *Inform*, or *Divert*, or *Correct*, or *Vex* the Town.

BUT

BUT as *Facts*, *Paſſages*, and *Adventures* of all Kinds, are like to have the greateſt Share in our *Paper*, whereof we cannot always anſwer for the Truth; due Care ſhall be taken to have them applyed to feigned Names, whereby all juſt Offence will be removed; for if none be guilty, none will have Cauſe to bluſh or be angry; if otherwiſe, then the guilty Perſon is ſafe for the future upon his *preſent* Amendment, and ſafe for the *preſent*, from all but his *own Conſcience*.

THERE is another Reſolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general Diſcontent, and is of ſo ſingular a Nature, that I have hardly Confidence enough to mention it, although it be abſolutely neceſſary by Way of Apology for *ſo bold and unpopular an Attempt*. But ſo it is, that we have taken a deſperate Counſel to produce into the World every diſtinguiſhed Action, either of *Juſtice*, *Prudence*, *Generoſity*, *Charity*, *Friendſhip*, or *publick Spirit*, which comes well atteſted to us. And although we ſhall neither here be ſo daring as to aſſign Names, yet we ſhall hardly for-

bear to give ſome Hints, that perhaps to the great Diſpleaſure of ſuch deſerving Perſons may endanger a Diſcovery. For we think that even *Virtue it ſelf*, ſhould ſubmit to ſuch a *Mortification*, as by its *Viſibility* and *Example*, will render it more uſeful to the World. But however, the *Readers* of theſe *Papers*, need not be in Pain of being overcharged, with ſo dull and ungrateful a Subject. And yet who knows, but ſuch an Occaſion may be offered to us, once in a Year or two, after we ſhall have ſettled a Correſpondence round the *Kingdom?*

BUT after all our Boaſts of *Materials*, ſent us by our ſeveral *Emiſſaries*, we may probably ſoon fall ſhort, if the Town will not be pleaſed to lend us further Aſſiſtance towards entertaining it ſelf. The *World* beſt knows its own *Faults* and *Virtues*, and whatever is ſent ſhall be faithfully returned back, only a little embelliſhed according to the Cuſtom of AUTHORS. We do therefore *Demand* and *Expect* continual *Advertiſements* in great Numbers, to be ſent to the PRINTER of this *Paper*, who hath employed a *Judi-*

*cious*

*cious Secretary* to collect ſuch as may be moſt uſeful for the *Publick*.

AND although we do not intend to expoſe our own Perſons by mentioning Names, yet we are ſo far from requiring the ſame Caution in our *Correſpondents*, that on the contrary, we expreſſly *Charge* and *Command* them, in all the Facts they ſend us, to ſet down the Names, Titles, and Places of Abode at length; together with a very particular Deſcription of the *Perſons*, *Dreſſes*, and *Diſpoſitions* of the ſeveral *Lords*, *Ladies*, *'Squires*, *Madams*, *Lawyers*, *Gameſters*, *Toupees*, *Sots*, *Wits*, *Rakes*, and *Informers*, whom they ſhall have Occaſion to mention; otherwiſe it will not be poſſible for us to adjuſt our Style to the different Qualities, and Capacities of the Perſons concerned, and treat them with the *Reſpect* or *Familiarity*, that may be due to their *Stations* and *Characters*, which we are determined to obſerve with the utmoſt Strictneſs, that none may have Cauſe to complain.

## NUMBER II.

*Occurſare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.*
Virg.

MY Deſign, in writing this *Paper*, being chiefly to expoſe ſuch *Barbarians*, who think themſelves exempt from thoſe Laws of *Hoſpitality*, which have, through all Ages and Countries, been obſerved by the beſt and moſt diſtinguiſhed Part of Mankind; I hope I ſhall, *even in my own Country*, find Perſons enough to join with me in a hearty Deteſtation of a certain *Country-Squire*, at the Relation of the following *Fact*, which I ſhall tell without the leaſt Aggravation, or Partiality.

TWO *Clergy-men* of ſome Diſtinction, travelling to the Country for their Health, happened to ſet up together in a ſmall Village, which was under the Dominion of a certain *Animal*, dignified with a *Brace of Titles*, that of a *Militia-Colonel* and a *Squire*.

One

One of theſe Gentlemen ſtanding in the Street, and obſerving a *Coach-man* driving his *Coach and four Horſes* furiouſly againſt him, turned into the cloſe Paſſage between his *Inn* and the *Sign-poſt*; but the *Coach-man*, inſtead of driving through the Middle of the Street, which was the uſual and moſt commodious Way, turned ſhort, and drove full upon the Gentleman, without any Notice, ſo that he was on a ſudden encloſed between the *fore Horſes*, and if his Friend and another Gentleman, who were in the Middle of the Street, had not ſuddenly cryed out to ſtop the *Coach*, he muſt have unavoidably been trodden under the Horſes Feet, and his Body bruiſed to Death by the Wheels running over him. His Friend, who ſaw with Terror what had like to have befallen him, full of Indignation, repaired immediately to the aforeſaid *Squire* or *Colonel* (to whom he was told the *Equipage* belonged) with a Complaint againſt his *Coach-man.* But the *Squire* inſtead of expreſſing any Concern, or offering any Redreſs, ſent the Doctor away with the following Anſwer: *Sir, I have a*

*great Regard for your Cloath, and have ſent my Coach-man to ask your Friend's Pardon; for one of your Servants this moment told me what had happened. But, Sir,* ſaid the *Doctor, do you think, that is ſufficient?* I dare venture to affirm, if the like had befallen you, within the Liberties of my Friend, and you were brought to the ſame Danger by his Servant, he would not only have him puniſhed, but at the ſame Time, he would diſcharge him his Service. Sir, (ſaid the *Colonel) I tell you again, that I have ſent my Coach-man to ask his Pardon, and I think that is enough*; which he ſpoke with ſome Sturdineſs; and well he might; for he had two *Cannons* at his Back. Good God, ſaid the *Doctor* to himſelf, (when he had got out of Gun-ſhot) what a *Hottentot* have I been talking to, who ſo little values the Life of a Gentleman, and, as it happen'd, that very Gentleman, to whom the Nation hath in a particular manner been obliged! Back he went full of Reſentment, for the ſlighting Treatment his Friend met with, and very candidly reported all that paſſed; who being

ing a Man of a different Spirit from that wretched *Colonel*, ordered one of his Servants to write the following Letter.

SIR,

*MY Maſter commanded me to tell you, That if you do not puniſh and turn off that Villain your Coach-man, he will think there was a Deſign upon his Life. I put this in Writing for fear of Miſtakes.*

*I am your humble Servant to command,*

*A. R.*

THE Superſcription was, *For Squire* WETHER, or ſome ſuch Name.

THIS *Letter* was delivered, and away went the *Travellers*. They had not rode far, before they fell into the Company of a Gentleman, a Degree above the common Level, and who ſeemed to be a Man of Candor and Integrity, which encouraged them to recount what had happened. He ſaid in Anſwer, that they had a narrow Eſcape; and it was a Wonder that the whole Town did not fall upon them at once, and worry them; for the People there, had little or no *Devo-*

*tion,*

*tion*, beſides what was engaged to the *Squire*, as an Effect of the Terrors they lay under from their *Landlord*, who rode them all down, as poor as his Fox-hunters. After this he took Occaſion with great Modeſty and Decency, to draw his *Character*, which was to the following Purpoſe. That the *Squire* had about *fifteen hundred Pounds* a Year, and lived in a *long White-Barn*, where no Man living was one *Farthing* the better for him. That his *Piety* conſiſted in Six *Pſalms* every Day after Dinner, without one Drop of Wine. That he had once reduced a certain *Reverend Dean*, plumper than any two of his *Brethren*, to be as ſlender about the Waſte as a Weazle by a Fortnight ſcouring of bad Ale, to which the *Dean* was not accuſtomed. That his *Hoſpitality* was within the Encloſure of a *Rampart*, with a Drawbridge. That if any Gentleman was admitted by Chance, his Entertainment was *lean ſalt Beef*, *ſour Beer* and *muddy Ale*. That his *Charity* was as much upon the Catch as a *Pick-pocket*; for his Method was to bring others to erect *Charity-Schools*, by promi-

ſing his Aſſiſtance, and ſo leaving them in the Lurch.

THAT without the leaſt Tincture of Learning, he was a great Pretender to *Oratory* and *Poetry*, and eminently bad at both, which (I hope I ſhall be excuſed the Digreſſion) brings to my Memory a Character given by *Julius Capitolinus* of the Emperor VERUS. *Melior quidem Orator fuiſſe dicitur, quàm Poeta; imo (ut veriùs dicam) pejor Poeta quàm Rhetor*, (viz.) *He was a better Orator than Poet; but to ſpeak the Thing more properly, He was a viler Poet than Orator.* But to give you a Specimen of his *Genius*, I ſhall repeat an *Epigram* of his own Compoſition (and I am very ſure it is every Line his own, without any Help) which is drawn by a Sign-dawber on the Croſs-board of a Ferry-boat, in Characters that have hitherto ſtood the Fury of all Weathers.

*All you that are*
*To* Andrew *Heir*,
*And you that him attend*,

*Shall*

*Shall ferry'd be,*
*O'er* Carrick *free,*
*For* Blank's *the Boat-man's Friend.*

THE Behaviour of this *Squire* being of the moſt ſavage Kind, I think my ſelf obliged out of the tender Regard, which I bear to all Strangers and Travellers, to animadvert upon him in as gentle a Manner as the Occaſion will allow. And therefore I ſhall firſt lay down a few Poſtulatums: *That every travelling Gentleman is preſumed to be under the Protection of the governing Mayor, Sovereign, Portreeff, or Squire of the Town or Village, which he happens to make his Stage. That the Laws of Humanity, Hoſpitality and Civility, oblige him, if there be no Accommodation in the Publick Houſes, fit for a Perſon of Diſtinction, to invite him to his own, or ſupply the Deficiencies as well as he can. That if any Inſult or Injury be offered either to ſuch a Stranger, or his Servants, the Squire is obliged to juſtify, vindicate, and eſpouſe their Cauſe.* This was the Method obſerved among the civilized People

People of the old *Jewiſh*, and *Heathen* World; where we find ſome of the *Patriarchs* themſelves condeſcending to waſh the Feet of ſuch Travellers as they entertained. And ſo ſacred was the Regard for Strangers among the *Heathens*, that they dignified their ſupreme GOD with the Title of *Jupiter Hoſpitalis*. Nothing was thought ſo monſtrous as to offer any Violence to Sojourners among them, which was ſo religiouſly obſerved, that it became the Glory of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Heroes, to deſtroy and extirpate ſuch as were remarkable for their Cruelty to Strangers. This it was, which added ſo much Glory to the Character of *Theſeus*, for the Puniſhments he inflicted on *Siſyphus*, *Procruſtes*, *&c.* It was owing likewiſe to a generous Indignation, that *Hercules* threw *Diomede* (the *Colonel* and *Squire* of that Age) to be devoured by thoſe Horſes, which he fed with the Fleſh of poor Travellers, and I find upon Enquiry that they were *Coach-Horſes* too. I ſhall make no farther Remark upon this, nor Application, but ſay to the *Squire*, That it is very happy for him

him the preſent Age has not one *Hercules* left, or a Week would not paſs, before he ſhould feel the Weight of that *Hero's Club*, or be thrown by Way of Repriſal under his own *Horſes* Feet. And I may farther add, that in this whole Kingdom, from one End of it to the other, another *Squire* could not be found, who would behave himſelf in the ſame Manner to the ſame Perſon; but Hundreds, who on the contrary, would have given all the Satisfaction, that Gentlemen of Juſtice, Humanity, and common Benevolence ought to do, upon the like Accident, although they had never ſeen him before. I confeſs this *Paper* contains nothing beſides a dry Fact, and a few occaſional Obſervations upon it. But in the former I told my READERS, that Facts would be the chief Part of the *Entertainment*, I meant to give them. If what I have ſaid, may have any Effect on the Perſon concerned, (to whom Care ſhall be taken to ſend this Account) or if it helps to revive the old Spirit of *Hoſpitality* among us, or at leaſt begets a Deteſtation of the like inhuman *Uſage* in others;

one

one Part of my Deſign is anſwered. However, it cannot be unſeaſonable to expoſe Malice, Avarice, Brutality, and Hypocriſy, wherever we find it.

## NUMBER III.

*——Ipſe per omnes*
*Ibit perſonas, & turbam reddet in unam.*

THE *Players* having now almoſt done with the Comedy, called the *Beggars Opera* for this Seaſon, it may be no unpleaſant Speculation, to reflect a little upon this *Dramatick Piece*, ſo ſingular in the Subject, and the Manner ſo much an Original, and which hath frequently given ſo very agreeable an Entertainment.

ALTHOUGH an evil *Taſte* be very apt to prevail, both here and in *London*, yet there is a Point, which whoever can rightly touch, will never fail of pleaſing a very great Majority; ſo great, that the Diſlikers, out of Dulneſs or Affectation will be ſilent, and

and forced to fall in with the Herd: The Point I mean, is what we call *Humour*, which in its Perfection is allowed to be much preferable to *Wit*, if it be not rather the moſt uſeful, and agreeable Species of it.

I agree with Sir *William Temple*, that the Word is peculiar to our *Engliſh Tongue*; but I differ from him in the Opinion, that the Thing it ſelf is peculiar to the *Engliſh Nation*, becauſe the contrary may be found in many *Spaniſh*, *Italian* and *French* Productions, and particularly, whoever hath a *Taſte* for *True Humour*, will find a hundred Inſtances of it in thoſe Volumes printed in *France*, under the Name of *Le Theatre Italien*, to ſay nothing of *Rabelais*, *Cervantes*, and many others.

Now I take the *Comedy* or *Farce*, (or whatever Name the *Criticks* will allow it) called the *Beggars Opera*, to excel in this Article of *Humour*, and upon that Merit to have met with ſuch prodigious Succeſs both here and in *England*.

As to *Poetry*, *Eloquence* and *Muſick*, which are ſaid to have moſt Power over the Minds

of Men, it is certain that very few have a *Taſte* or *Judgment* of the Excellencies of the two former; and if a Man ſucceeds in either, it is upon the Authority of thoſe *few Judges*, that lend their *Taſte* to the Bulk of Readers, who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good Judges in *Muſick*, and that among thoſe who crowd the *Opera's*, Nine in Ten go thither merely out of *Curioſity*, *Faſhion*, or *Affectation*.

BUT a *Taſte* for *Humour* is in ſome Manner fixed to the very Nature of Man, and generally obvious to the Vulgar, except upon Subjects too refined, and ſuperior to their Underſtanding.

AND as this *Taſte* of *Humour* is purely Natural, ſo is *Humour* it ſelf, neither is it a *Talent* confined to Men of *Wit*, or *Learning*; for we obſerve it ſometimes among common Servants, and the Meaneſt of the People, while the very Owners are often ignorant of the Gift they poſſeſs.

I KNOW very well, that this happy *Talent* is contemptibly treated by *Criticks*, under the Name of *low Humour*, or *low Comedy*;

but I know likewiſe, that the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who are allowed to have the moſt Wit of any *Nation* in *Europe*, do moſt excel in it, and do moſt eſteem it.

BY what Diſpoſition of the Mind, what Influence of the Stars, or what Situation of the *Climate* this Endowment is beſtowed upon Mankind, may be a Queſtion fit for *Philoſophers* to diſcuſs. It is certainly the beſt Ingredient towards that Kind of Satyr, which is moſt uſeful, and gives the leaſt Offence; which inſtead of laſhing, laughs Men out of their Follies, and Vices, and is the Character which gives *Horace* the Preference to *Juvenal*.

AND although ſome Things are too ſerious, ſolemn, or ſacred to be turned into Ridicule, yet the Abuſes of them are certainly not, ſince it is allowed that Corruption in *Religion*, *Politicks*, and *Law*, may be proper *Topicks* for this Kind of *Satyr*.

THERE are two Ends that Men propoſe in writing Satyr, one of them leſs Noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than perſonal Satisfaction, and Pleaſure of the Writer;

Writer, but without any View towards *Perſonal Malice*; the other is a *Publick Spirit*, prompting Men of *Genius* and Virtue, to mend the World as far as they are able. And as both theſe Ends are innocent, ſo the latter is highly commendable. With Regard to the former, I demand whether I have not as good a Title to laugh, as Men have to be ridiculous, and to expoſe Vice, as another hath to be vicious. If I ridicule the Follies and Corruptions of a *Court*, a *Miniſtry*, or a *Senate*, are they not amply paid by *Penſions*, *Titles*, and *Power*, while I expect and deſire no other Reward, than that of laughing with a few Friends in a Corner? Yet, if thoſe who take Offence, think me in the Wrong, I am ready to change the Scene with them, whenever they pleaſe.

BUT if my Deſign be to make Mankind better, then I think it is my Duty; at leaſt I am ſure it is the Intereſt of thoſe very *Courts* and *Miniſters*, whoſe Follies or Vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good Intentions: For if it be reckoned a high Point of Wiſdom to get the Laughers on our Side, it

is much more Eaſy, as well as Wiſe to get thoſe on our Side, who can make Millions laugh when they pleaſe.

MY Reaſon for mentioning *Courts*, and *Miniſters*, (whom I never think on but with the moſt profound Veneration) is, becauſe an Opinion obtains that in the *Beggars Opera* there appears to be ſome Reflection upon *Courtiers* and *Stateſmen*, whereof I am by no Means a Judge.

IT is true indeed, that Mr. GAY, the Author of this Piece, hath been ſomewhat ſingular in the Courſe of his Fortunes; for it hath happened, that after Fourteen Years attending the *Court*, with a large Stock of real Merit, a modeſt and agreeable Converſation, a *Hundred Promiſes* and *Five Hundred Friends*, hath failed of Preferment, and upon a very weighty Reaſon. He lay under the Suſpicion of having written a Libel, or Lampoon againſt a great M-------. It is true that great M------ was demonſtratively convinced, and publickly owned his Conviction, that Mr. GAY was not the Author; but having lain under the Suſpicion,

it

it ſeemed very juſt, that he ſhould ſuffer the Puniſhment; becauſe in this moſt reformed Age, the Virtues of a great M----- are no more to be ſuſpected, than the Chaſtity of *Cæſar*'s Wife.

IT muſt be allowed, That the *Beggars Opera* is not the firſt of Mr. GAY's Works, wherein he hath been faulty, with Regard to *Courtiers* and *Stateſmen.* For to omit his other Pieces, even in his Fables, publiſhed within two Years paſt, and dedicated to the *Duke of* CUMBERLAND, for which he was PROMISED a Reward, he hath been thought ſomewhat too bold upon *Courtiers.* And although it is highly probable, he meant only the *Courtiers* of former Times, yet he acted unwarily, by not conſidering that the Malignity of ſome People might miſinterpret what he ſaid to the Diſadvantage of preſent *Perſons* and Affairs.

BUT I have now done with Mr. GAY as a Politician, and ſhall conſider him henceforward only as Author of the *Beggars Opera*, wherein he hath by a Turn of *Humour*, entirely New, placed Vices of all Kinds in the

ſtrongeſt and moſt odious Light; and thereby done eminent Service, both to *Religion* and *Morality*. This appears from the unparallell'd Succeſs he hath met with. All *Ranks*, *Parties* and *Denominations* of Men either crowding to ſee his *Opera*, or reading it with Delight in their Cloſets, even *Miniſters* of State, whom he is thought to have moſt offended (next to thoſe whom the Actors more immediately repreſent) appearing frequently at the *Theatre*, from a Conſciouſneſs of their own Innocence, and to convince the World how unjuſt a Parallel, *Malice*, *Envy* and *Diſaffection to the Government have made.*

I AM aſſured that ſeveral worthy *Clergy-Men* in this *City*, went privately to ſee the *Beggars Opera* repreſented; and that the *ſleering Coxcombs* in the *Pit*, amuſed themſelves with making Diſcoveries, and ſpreading the Names of thoſe Gentlemen round the Audience.

I SHALL not pretend to vindicate a *Clergy-man*, who would appear openly in his Habit at a *Theatre*, among ſuch a vicious Crew, as would probably ſtand round him, and at ſuch

ſuch lewd *Comedies*, and prophane *Tragedies* as are often repreſented. Beſides I know very well, that Perſons of their Function are bound to avoid the Appearance of Evil, or of giving Cauſe of Offence. But when the *Lords Chancellors*, who are Keepers of the King's Conſcience; when the *Judges* of the Land, whoſe Title is *Reverend*; when *Ladies*, who are bound by the Rules of their Sex to the ſtricteſt Decency, appear in the *Theatre* without Cenſure, I cannot underſtand, why a young Clergy-man who goes concealed out of Curioſity to ſee an innocent and moral Play, ſhould be ſo highly condemned; nor do I much approve the Rigour of a great P----te, who ſaid, *he hoped none of his Clergy were there.* I am glad to hear there are no weightier Objections againſt that Reverend Body, planted in this City, and I wiſh there never may. But I ſhould be very ſorry that any of them ſhould be ſo weak, as to imitate a COURT-CHAPLAIN in *England*, who preached againſt the *Beggars Opera*, which will probably do more Good than a thouſand Sermons of ſo ſtupid, ſo injudicious, and ſo proſtitute a Divine.

IN this happy Performance of Mr. GAY's, all the Characters are juſt, and none of them carried beyond Nature, or hardly beyond Practice. It diſcovers the whole Syſtem of that Common-Wealth, or that *Imperium in Imperio* of Iniquity, eſtabliſhed among us, by which neither our Lives, nor our Properties are ſecure, either in the High-ways, or in publick Aſſemblies, or even in our own Houſes. It ſhews the miſerable Lives and the conſtant Fate of thoſe abandoned Wretches; for how little they ſell their Lives and Souls; betrayed by their *Whores*, their *Comrades*, and the *Receivers* and *Purchaſers* of theſe Thefts and Robberies. This *Comedy* contains likewiſe a *Satyr*, which although it doth by no Means affect the preſent Age, yet might have been uſeful in the former, and may poſſibly be ſo in Ages to come: I mean where the Author takes Occaſion of comparing thoſe *common Robbers of the Publick*, and their ſeveral Stratagems of betraying, undermining and hanging each other, to the ſeveral Arts of *Politicians* in Times of Corruption.

THIS

THIS *Comedy* likewiſe expoſeth with great Juſtice that unnatural Taſte for *Italian* Muſick among us, which is wholly unſuitable to our Northern *Climate*, and the *Genius* of the People, whereby we are overrun with *Italian-Effeminacy*, and *Italian* Nonſenſe. An old Gentleman ſaid to me, that many Years ago, when the Practice of an unnatural Vice grew ſo frequent in *London* that many were proſecuted for it, he was ſure it would be the Fore-runner of *Italian Opera's* and Singers; and then we ſhould want nothing but ſtabbing or poyſoning, to make us perfect *Italians.*

UPON the Whole, I deliver my Judgment, That nothing but ſervile Attachment to a Party, Affectation of Singularity, lamentable Dullneſs, miſtaken Zeal, or ſtudied Hypocriſy, can have the leaſt reaſonable Objection againſt this excellent moral Performance of the CELEBRATED MR. GAY.

## NUMBER IV.

*Quando alea hos animos?* Juv.

AMONG all the *Amuſements* invented by the idle Part of Mankind to paſs away their Time, there is not one which is attended with ſo many evil Conſequences as that of *Gaming*, nor indeed any ſo much below the Dignity of human Nature, it being an Employment ſo trifling in Appearance, that a Man with a *Box* and *Dice*, is hardly diſtinguiſhable from a Child with its Rattle; or when he diverts himſelf with a few Scraps of painted Paſte-board, does he make one Whit a better Figure.

BUT ſetting Appearances of this Kind aſide, which can make even the Wiſeſt look ridiculous, I ſhall chiefly dwell upon the more ſolid Evils, that attend all intemperate Practitioners in this Way, and theſe I ſhall ſum up in the following Loſſes, *viz. Loſs of Time*; *Loſs of Reputation*; *Loſs of Health*; *Loſs of Fortune*;

*Fortune*; *Loſs of Temper*; *and what is often the Effect of it, the Loſs of Life it ſelf.*

FIRST, That it is a *Loſs of Time* is plain, becauſe our Time may be employed to more Advantage; for by ſix Hours in the twenty four, I can make my ſelf *Wiſer*, and *Better*, and *Richer*; whereas on the contrary, by *Cards* or *Dice*, I do infallibly grow more *Stupid*, and *Worſe*; and a Hundred to One againſt me, I grow *Poorer*.

SECONDLY, That it is a *Loſs of Reputation* and Eſteem in the World, is eaſily proved, becauſe no Man of *Reputation* or *Eſteem* was ever called a *Gameſter*; *Ergo vice verſa*, No *Gameſter* can be called a Man of *Reputation* and *Eſteem*. For in giving the beſt Characters to Men or Women, we never uſe the Word *Gaming* as an *Epithet*. We ſay, for Inſtance, *A great and glorious King*; *A wiſe and a good Governor*; *A learned and a pious Biſhop*; *An unbyaſſed and juſt Chancellor*; *A virtuous and a modeſt Lady*, and ſo through the beſt Degrees of Men and Women. But how odly would it ſound, if we ſhould take out the latter

*Epithet* from each of theſe, and put in their ſtead the Word *Gaming*, and ſay, *A wiſe and a gaming King*; *A learned and a gaming Biſhop*; *An unbyaſſed and gaming Chancellor*; *A virtuous and a gaming Lady*, &c. From which it is plain, that *Gaming* muſt ſtand and agree with the worſt Characters; for it ſounds very well to ſay, *A profligate, gaming Spendthrift*; *A notorious, gaming Sharper*; *A ſwearing, gaming Bully.* And the ſame *Epithet* will agree as well with *Pick-pockets*, *Rakes*, *Highway-men*, and others of that diſtinguiſhed Race of Mankind.

THIRDLY, That it is *a Loſs of Health*, follows from the ſedentary Life, to which thoſe who follow *Gaming* are confined; whence, as I am told by a knowing *Phyſician*, proceed *Dropſies*, *Gouts*, *Gravel* and *Stone* in the Men; and in the Women, *Tympanies* of both Kinds, *Hyſtericks*, *Vapours*, and a Load of bad *Humours*, for Want of thoſe Exerciſes, which produce *Perſpiration* and *Evacuations* neceſſary to invigorate, ſtrengthen and preſerve the *Animal Oeconomy*, free from thoſe numerous Diſtempers, which *Lazineſs* and *Sloth* produce. *Fourthly*,

FOURTHLY, That it is *a Loſs of Fortune* is out of all Diſpute, from the numberleſs Inſtances I could give of *Lords*, *Ladies* and *Squires*, ſome of whom have loſt their whole Eſtates, others the moſt Part, others again have laid themſelves under ſuch Difficulties, that their annual Income has fallen very ſhort to ſupply them with the common Neceſſaries of Life, ſo that they have been obliged to live upon the Credit of the enſuing Year.

AND as for Ladies whoſe Pride would not permit them to be ſo obliged to their Creditors, they either pawn their houſhold Moveables, or ſell (what next to *Gaming*, goes neareſt to their Heart) their very *Paraphernalia*; but this I muſt remark, has happened chiefly among thoſe who have been ſeduced as *Cullies* to the faſhionable *Game* of *Quadrille*. It will not be here foreign to my Purpoſe, to write down ſome few *Inventories* of *Goods*, lately hawked about by truſty *Chamber-maids*.

BELONGING to Lady FLAVIA near *Stephen's-Green*,

1 *Diamond Necklace*, 1 *Pair of Dia-*

*mond Ear-Rings, 3 Diamond Rings, and a Gold Watch with Trinkets.*

To Mrs. DORINDA of *Dawſon-ſtreet,*
*2 large Silver Cups, 3 Salvers, 2 Pair of Candleſticks, 1 Silver Sauce-Pan.*

To Madam CHLOE in *Jervice-Street,*
*2 Birth-Day Suits, 1 Piece of* French *Damask, broad green Stripe, with white Flowers, pawned for nine Pounds; 4 Damask Table-Cloaths, and a Dozen of Napkins.*

To Madam LIBERIA of *College-Green,*
*A fine wrought Coverlet of a Bed, a Picture of her Husband's Father and Mother ſet in Gold, a Gold Snuff-Box, 1 Dozen of Silver-Spoons, a Child's Bells and Coral.*

I HAVE had an Account of many more, but this is full enough to anſwer my Deſign, for I intend only by this Diſcovery, that their Husbands ſhould add a little more to their Pin-Money, and thereby enable them to pay their Debts of Honour, in a leſs ſcandalous Way.

INDEED it would not be amiſs, if Huſbands ſhould make Uſe of their Authority, at leaſt to regulate one Circumſtance, that is,

to bring their Wives to be content with two Hours Play, inſtead of twelve in the four and twenty; becauſe ſome Inconveniencies attend it, the Servants having all that Time to themſelves to intrigue, to junket, to filch and ſteal, to pawn the inferior Moveables of the Pantry and Kitchen, and laſtly, to corrupt the Children, by teaching them Curſing, Swearing, Lying and Lewdneſs, which in all Probability may bring both Ruin and Diſgrace to their Family.

IT is very well known, that among the great and faſhionable People of former Ages, they very rarely had Recourſe to *Gaming*. We read that *Artaxerxes*, *Cato* and *Auguſtus*, did ſometimes divert themſelves this Way; but I cannot recollect, that ever the *Ladies* entered into it at all, their Amuſements being rather the *Needle* and the *Loom*; for which their Perfections are celebrated by the oldeſt and beſt Poet of the World. The Men of any Conſequence, paſſed their Evenings in learned and agreeable Converſation, ſuch as tended to make them wiſer and better; for which I appeal to the *Sympoſiacks* of

of *Plato*, the *Feaſt* of *Xenophon*, and thoſe Accounts given by *Macrobius:* And to bring the Matter nearer our own Times, the People of the greateſt Conſequence in theſe *Britiſh* Iſles, have choſen rather to paſs away their Evenings in polite Diſcourſes with one another; and I ſhould think that I failed in a due Veneration for their Memories, if I ſhould paſs their Names over in Silence. The celebrated Lord *Falkland*, Earl *Carnarvan*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Waller*, Sir *John Sucklin*; and among the converſible Ladies, the Counteſſes of *Bedford*, *Carliſle*, *Devonſhire*, and ſeveral others. This Way of Improvement is elegantly deſcribed by *Horace*.

——— ——*Ergo*
*Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis;*
*Nec malè necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos*
*Pertinet, & neſcire malum eſt, agitamus: utrumne*
*Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati?*
*Quidve ad amicitias, uſus, rectumne trahat nos?*
*Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummúmq; quid ejus?*

THUS

Thus after plain Repaſt, each cheerful Gueſt,
With uſeful Converſation crowns the Feaſt;
Not trifling Chat, on this, or t'other Place,
Or *Lepos* dancing with a better Grace;
But what is more Concern to human Kind,
To mend our Manners, and improve the Mind,
On *Philoſophick Queſtions* wiſely bent:
As whether Wealth or Virtue gives Content;
What Cauſe directs us in the Choice of Friends,
Our private Int'reſt, or more noble Ends;
What Road to chuſe, what End we ſhould purſue,
And how to keep the Good ſupreme in View.

FOR my own Part I could rather wiſh, and I believe many Husbands would agree with me, that the Ladies would rather employ themſelves, as *Juvenal* deſcribes thoſe in his Time, in fighting Prizes upon a publick Stage, whereby they would at leaſt diſcover their Activity and their Courage, in a much more becoming Manner, than (according to the preſent Practice) pulling off Coifs upon a Wrangle at *Quadrille*.

THE Ancients did ſo far abhor any Ex-

ceſs in Gaming, that *Ariſtotle* in his fourth Book of *Ethicks*, at the latter End of the firſt Chapter, places *Tyrants*, *Gameſters* and *Robbers* in one Claſs, their Diſpoſitions being exactly the ſame: For who ever yet knew a right Gameſter that was not apt to inſult upon Succeſs, or to pillage all before him upon every Advantage. The Author I have now mentioned ſtyles them very juſtly αἰσχροκερδεῖς. I wiſh the *Ladies* underſtood *Greek*; we have no *Engliſh* Word expreſſive enough to explain it: The neareſt Meaning I can think of is *baſe Gainers*. And what can be baſer, than to ſit down deliberately with a Friend, either at his Houſe, or my own, with an Intention to pick his Pocket, by a lucky Throw of a Dye, or a Caſt of a Card. This has been frequently the Practice. However, I ſhall content my ſelf with a Relation of one Fact, becauſe it is ſomewhat ſingular in its Kind.

BRYANIA the *Virago*, one Evening invited the beautiful *Moriſda* to a Game of *Cards* at her Houſe, which the latter declined, as having neither Skill, nor Inclination, nor

nor Money for Play; yet by much Importunity was prevailed on to ſup with her; ſoon after BRYANIA calls for a *Pack of Cards*, and told the poor innocent Lady ſhe would inſtruct her in a Game, which a Child of four Years old might learn in four Minutes; to this the complying good natured *Moriſda* willingly conſented, upon her Friend's telling her ſhe might loſe very little by low Playing at this Game. Accordingly they fix'd upon three Pence a Counter. They had not played above three Hours, when the poor *Cully* was told ſhe had loſt about a Trifle of twenty Guineas. Being not able to command twenty Shillings in the World, ſhe took her Leave in great Confuſion and Grief, promiſing to diſcharge the Debt in a little Time. The unmerciful BRYANIA dunned her the Day following, and ſo continued for a Week. This put the poor indigent *Lady* upon trying all Friends. In the mean Time, the following Letter was written to her, which I have tranſcribed with the ſtricteſt Juſtice to the Writer.

MADDUM,

*I Donat undarſtand youar Tretmint ingiuin me they Troble off Sendin ſo offen forr that Trifil wich youe loſst too me tuther nit If youe doo nott ſende itt bye they berer I a ſhuar youe I wil rite too youar husband forr itt, Maddum I amm, &c.*

THIS terrible Letter put the poor *Lady* to her laſt Shifts (nor is it a Wonder it ſhould, her Husband being the greateſt Bear living) which was to borrow the Money of a certain *Colonel*, and this, uncharitable People did miſinterpret *for a valuable Conſideration.*

THE fifth *Loſs*, I mentioned, was that of *Temper.* If any one doubts the Truth of this Poſition, I refer him to the *Groom-Porters* and *Lucas*'s *Coffee-houſe*, where the only Virtuoſo's of the gaming Science are daily and nightly to be ſeen. If *Blaſpheming, Curſing, Swearing, Duelling, Running of Heads againſt the Wall, Throwing Hats and Wigs in the Fire, Diſtortions of the Countenance, Biting of Nails, Burning of Cards, Breaking of Dice-Boxes*, can be called a *Loſs* of Temper, they are found in the aforeſaid Places,

Places, in the higheſt Degree of Perfection. And to make out the laſt and greateſt Loſs, which is, *The Loſs of Life*,

I HAVE, according to the beſt of my Memory, heard of no leſs than ſeven or eight worthy Gentlemen of the Trade, within a very few Years, upon ſome haſty Words and Blows, given at ſome of theſe Gaming-Tables, retire from their Company, and one of them bringing in the News of the other's Death in about ſix Minutes.

UPON the whole, I cannot but remark, That Gaming proceeds from three Qualities of the baſeſt Kind, *Avarice*, *Lazineſs* and *Ignorance*; for it muſt undoubtedly be a Thirſt for Gain, which is a Motive to high Playing; and as for the Lazy and Ignorant (if they play low) I am more willing to indulge them, becauſe they have naturally better Talents for *ſitting* and *trifling*, than wholſome bodily Exerciſe, or ſpending the Evenings in a Way of Converſation, agreeable to *Rational Creatures*.

I SHALL end this Paper with a very uſeful Remark. *Plato* is my Author, that the *Dæ-*

*mon* THEUTH was the Inventor of *Dice*, (the Ladies know well enough that *Devil* and *Dæmon* are the ſame) and the Vulgar have it by Tradition, that *Cards* are the Devil's own Invention, for which Reaſon, Time out of Mind, they are, and have been called the *Devil's Books*; therefore I cannot but ſay, after this Information given, if Gameſters will not deſiſt, they are undoubtedly at the *Devil's Devotion.*

## NUMBER V.

*Deſcrib'd it's thus: Defin'd it would you have?*
*Then the World's honeſt Man's an arrant*
*Knave.* BEN. JOHNSON.

THERE is no *Talent* ſo uſeful towards riſing in the World, or which puts Men more out of the Reach of Fortune, than that Quality generally poſſeſſed by the dulleſt Sort of People, and is in common Speech called *Diſcretion*, a Species of lower Prudence, by the Aſſiſtance of which, People of

of the meaneſt Intellectuals, without any other Qualification, paſs through the World in great Tranquillity, and with univerſal good Treatment, neither giving nor taking Offence. *Courts* are ſeldom unprovided of Perſons under this Character, on whom, if they happen to be of great Quality, moſt Employments, even the Greateſt naturally fall, when Competitors will not agree; and in ſuch Promotions, no Body rejoices or grieves. The Truth of this I could prove by ſeveral Inſtances, within my own Memory (for I ſay nothing of preſent Times.)

AND indeed as Regularity and Forms are of great Uſe in carrying on the Buſineſs of the World, ſo it is very convenient, that Perſons endued with this Kind of Diſcretion, ſhould have that Share which is proper to their Talents in the Conduct of Affairs, but by no Means to meddle in Matters which require *Genius*, *Learning*, *ſtrong Comprehenſion*, *Quickneſs of Conception*, *Magnanimity*, *Generoſity*, *Sagacity*, or any other ſuperior Gift of human Minds. Becauſe this Sort of *Diſcretion*, is uſually attended with a ſtrong

Deſire of Money, and few Scruples about the Way of obtaining it, with ſervile Flattery and Submiſſion, with a Want of all publick Spirit or Principle, with a perpetual wrong Judgment when the Owners come into Power and high Place, how to diſpoſe of Favour and Preferment; having no Meaſure for Merit and Virtue in others, but thoſe very Steps by which themſelves aſcended; nor the leaſt Intention of doing Good or Hurt to the Publick, farther than either one or t'other, is likely to be ſubſervient to their own Security or Intereſt. Thus being void of all Friendſhip and Enmity, they never complain nor find Fault with the Times, and indeed never have Reaſon to do ſo.

MEN of eminent Parts and Abilities as well as Virtues do ſometimes riſe in the *Courts*, ſometimes in the *Law*, and ſometimes, even in the *Church*. Such were the Lord *Bacon*, the Earl of *Strafford*, Arch-biſhop *Laud* in the Reign of King *Charles* I. and others in our own Times, whom I ſhall not name; but theſe, and many more, under different Princes, and in different Kingdoms, were

*Diſgraced*

*Diſgraced* or *Baniſhed*, or *ſuffered Death*, merely in Envy to their Virtues and ſuperior *Genius*, which emboldened them in great Exigencies and Diſtreſſes of State (wanting a reaſonable Infuſion of this Aldermanly Diſcretion) to attempt the Service of their Prince and Country out of the common Forms.

THIS evil Fortune, which generally attends extraordinary Men in the Management of great Affairs, hath been imputed to divers Cauſes, that need not be here ſet down, when ſo obvious an One occurs; if what a certain Writer obſerves, be true, that *when a great Genius appears in the World, the Dunces are all in Confederacy againſt him.* And thus although he employs his *Talents* wholly in his Cloſet, without interfering with any Man's Ambition or Avarice; what muſt he expect when he ventures out to ſeek for Preferment in a Court, but univerſal Oppoſition, when he is mounting the Ladder, and every Hand ready to turn him off, when he is at the Top? And in this Point Fortune generally acts directly contrary to Nature; for in Nature we find, that Bodies full of Life and

and Spirit mount eaſily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy Bodies are hard to riſe, and come down with greater Velocity, in Proportion to their Weight; but we find Fortune every Day acting juſt the Reverſe of this.

THIS Talent of *Diſcretion*, as I have deſcribed it in its ſeveral Adjuncts and Circumſtances, is no where ſo ſerviceable as to the *Clergy*, to whoſe Preferment nothing is ſo fatal as the Character of Wit, Politeneſs in Reading, or Manners, or that Kind of Behaviour which we contract by having too much converſed with Perſons of high Stations and Eminency; theſe Qualifications being reckoned by the *Vulgar* of *all Ranks*, to be Marks of *Levity*, which is the laſt Crime the World will pardon in a *Clergy-Man*: To this I may add a free Manner of Speaking in mixt Company, and too frequent an Appearance in Places of much Reſort, which are equally noxious to ſpiritual Promotions.

I HAVE known indeed a few Exceptions to ſome Parts of theſe Regulations. I have ſeen ſome of the dulleſt Men alive aiming at Wit, and others with as little Pretenſions affecting Politeneſs

Politeneſs in Manners and Diſcourſe; but never being able to perſuade the World of their Guilt, they grew into conſiderable Stations, upon the firm Aſſurance which all People had of their *Diſcretion*, becauſe they were a Size too low to deceive the World to their own Diſadvantage. But this I confeſs is a Tryal too dangerous often to engage in.

THERE is a known Story of a *Clergy-Man*, who was recommended for a Preferment by ſome great Men at Court, to *A. B. C. T.* His Grace ſaid, he had heard that the *Clergy-Man* uſed to play at Whisk and Swobbers; that as to playing now and then a ſober Game at Whisk for Paſtime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digeſt thoſe wicked Swobbers, and it was with ſome Pains that my Lord *S----rs* could undeceive him. I ask, by what Talents we may ſuppoſe that great *Pr----* aſcended ſo high, or what Sort of Qualifications he would expect in thoſe whom he took into his Patronage, or would probably recommend to Court for the Government of *Diſtant Churches?*

TWO *Clergy-Men* in my Memory ſtood

Candidates for a ſmall *Free-School* in ---*Shire*, where a Gentleman of Quality and Intereſt in the Country, who happen'd to have a better Underſtanding than his Neighbours, procured the Place for him who was the better Scholar, and more gentlemanly Perſon of the two, very much to the Regret of all the Pariſh; the other being diſappointed came up to *London*, where he became the greateſt Pattern of this lower *Diſcretion* that I have known, and poſſeſſed with as heavy Intellectuals; which together with the Coldneſs of his Temper, and Gravity of his Deportment, carried him ſafe through many Difficulties; and he lived and dyed in a great Station, while his Competitor is too obſcure for Fame to tell us what became of him.

THIS Species of *Diſcretion*, which I ſo much celebrate, and do moſt heartily recommend, hath one Advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a Man ſafe through all the Malice and Variety of Parties, ſo far, that whatever Faction happens to be uppermoſt, his Claim is uſually allowed for a Share of

of what is going. And the Thing ſeems to me highly reaſonable: For in all great Changes, the prevailing Side is uſually ſo tempeſtuous, that it wants the Ballaſt of thoſe, whom the World calls *Moderate Men*, and I call *Men of Diſcretion*, whom People in Power may with little Ceremony load as heavy as they pleaſe, drive them through the hardeſt and deepeſt Roads without Danger of foundring, or breaking their Backs, and will be ſure to find them neither ruſty nor vicious.

IN ſome following Paper, I will give the Reader a ſhort Hiſtory of two *Clergy-Men* in *England*, the Characters of each, and the Progreſs of their Fortunes in the World. By which the Force of worldly Diſcretion, and the bad Conſequences from the Want of that Virtue will ſtrongly appear.

## NUMBER VI.

*O patria! O divûm domus!*

WHEN I travel through any Part of this unhappy Kingdom, and I have now by ſeveral Excurſions made from *Dublin*, gone through moſt Counties of it, it raiſes two Paſſions in my Breaſt of a different Kind; an Indignation againſt thoſe vile Betrayers and Inſulters of it, who inſinuate themſelves into Favour, by ſaying, it is a rich Nation; and a *ſincere Paſſion* for the Natives, who are ſunk to the loweſt Degree of Miſery and Poverty, whoſe Houſes are Dunghils, whoſe Victuals are the Blood of their Cattle, or the Herbs in the Field; and whoſe Cloathing, to the Diſhonour of God and Man, is Nakedneſs. Yet notwithſtanding all the diſmal Appearances, it is the common Phraſe of an upſtart Race of People, who have ſuddenly ſprung up like the *Dragon*'s Teeth among us, That *Ireland*

*was*

*was never known to be ſo rich as it is now*; by which, as I apprehend, they can only mean Themſelves, for they have skipt over the Channel from the Vantage Ground of a Dunghil upon no other Merit, either viſible or divineable, than that of not having been born among us.

THIS is the modern Way of planting Colonies----*Et ubi Solitudinem faciunt, id Imperium vocant.* When thoſe who are ſo unfortunate to be born here, are excluded from the meaneſt Preferments, and deem'd incapable of being entertain'd even as common Soldiers, whoſe poor Stipend is but four Pence a Day: No Trade, no Emoluments, no Encouragement for Learning among the Natives, who yet by a perverſe Conſequence are divided into Factions, with as much Violence and Rancour, as if they had the Wealth of the *Indies* to contend for. It puts me in Mind of a *Fable* which I read in a *Monkiſh* Author. He quotes for it one of the *Greek Mythologiſts*, That once upon a Time a Colony of large Dogs (called the *Moloſſi)* tranſplanted themſelves from *Epirus* to *Ætolia*, where

where they ſeized thoſe Parts of the Countries, moſt fertile in Fleſh of all Kinds, obliging the native Dogs to retire from their beſt Kennels, to live under Ditches and Buſhes; but to preſerve good Neighbourhood and Peace; and finding likewiſe, that the *Ætolian* Dogs might be of ſome Uſe in the low Offices of Life, they paſſed a Decree, that the Natives ſhould be entituled to the *Short-Ribs, Tips of Tails, Knuckle-Bones,* and Guts of all the Game, which they were obliged by their Maſters to run down. This Condition was accepted, and what was a little ſingular, while the *Moloſſian* Dogs kept a good Underſtanding among themſelves, living in Peace and Luxury, theſe *Ætolian Curs* were perpetually ſnarling, grouling, barking and tearing out each others Throats: Nay, ſometimes thoſe of the beſt Quality among them, were ſeen to quarrel with as much Rancour for a rotten Gut, as if it had been a fat Haunch of Veniſon. But what need we wonder at this in *Dogs*, when the ſame is every Day practiſed among *Men?*

LAST Year I travelled from *Dublin* to *Dundalk,*

*Dundalk*, through a Country eſteemed the moſt fruitful Part of this Kingdom, and ſo Nature intended it. But no Ornaments or Improvements of ſuch a Scene were viſible. No Habitations fit for Gentlemen, no Farmers Houſes, few Fields of Corn, and almoſt a bare Face of Nature, without new Plantations of any Kind, only a few miſerable Cottages, at three or four Miles Diſtance, and one Church in the Centre between this *City* and *Drogheda*. When I arriv'd at this laſt Town, the firſt mortifying Sight was the Ruins of ſeveral Churches, batter'd down by that *Uſurper*, *Cromwell*, whoſe *Fanatick Zeal* made more Deſolation in a few Days, than the Piety of ſucceeding Prelates or the Wealth of the Town have, in more than ſixty Years, attempted to repair.

PERHAPS the Inhabitants, thro' a high Strain of Virtue, have, in Imitation of the *Athenians*, made a ſolemn Reſolution, never to rebuild thoſe ſacred Edifices, but rather leave them in Ruins, as Monuments, to perpetuate the deteſtable Memory of that helliſh Inſtrument of Rebellion, Deſolation and

Murther. For the *Athenians*, when *Mardonius* had ravaged a great Part of *Greece*, took a formal Oath at the *Iſthmus*, *to loſe their Lives rather than their Liberty, to ſtand by their Leaders to the laſt, to ſpare the Cities of ſuch Barbarians as they conquered.* And what crowned all, the Concluſion of their Oath was, *We will never repair any of the Temples, which they have burned and deſtroyed, that they may appear to Poſterity as ſo many Monuments of theſe wicked Barbarians.* This was a glorious Reſolution; and I am ſorry to think, that the Poverty of my Country-Men will not let the World ſuppoſe, they have acted upon ſuch a generous Principle; yet upon this Occaſion I cannot but obſerve, that there is a Fatality in ſome Nations, to be fond of thoſe who have treated them with the leaſt Humanity. Thus I have often heard the Memory of *Cromwell*, who has depopulated, and almoſt wholly deſtroyed this miſerable Country, celebrated like that of a Saint, and at the ſame time the Sufferings of the Royal Martyr turned into Ridicule, and his Murder juſtifyed even from

from the Pulpit, and all this done with an Intent to gain Favour, under a *Monarchy*; which is a new Strain of Politicks that I ſhall not pretend to account for.

EXAMINE all the Eaſtern Towns of *Ireland*, and you will trace this horrid Inſtrument of Deſtruction, in defacing of Churches, and particularly in deſtroying whatever was ornamental, either within or without them. We ſee in the ſeveral Towns a very few Houſes ſcattered among the Ruins of thouſands, which he laid level with their Streets; great Numbers of Caſtles, the Country Seats of Gentlemen then in Being, ſtill ſtanding in Ruin, Habitations for *Bats*, *Daws* and *Owls*, without the leaſt Repairs or Succeſſion of other Buildings. Nor have the Country Churches, as far as my Eyes could reach, met with any better Treatment from him, nine in ten of them lying among their Graves, and God only knows when they are to have a Reſurrection. When I paſſed from *Dundalk* where this curſed *Uſurper*'s handy Work is yet viſible, I caſt mine Eyes around from the Top of a Mountain, from whence I had a

wide and a waſte Proſpect of ſeveral venerable Ruins. It ſtruck me with a Melancholly, not unlike that expreſſed by *Cicero* in one of his Letters which being much upon the like Proſpect, and concluding with a very neceſſary Reflection on the Uncertainty of Things in this World, I ſhall here inſert a Tranſlation of what he ſays. *In my Return from* Aſia, *as I ſailed from* Agina, *towards* Megara, *I began to take a Proſpect of the ſeveral Countries round about me. Behind me was* Agina; *before me* Megara; *on the right Hand the* Piræus; *and on the left was* Corinth; *which Towns were formerly in a moſt flouriſhing Condition; now they lye proſtrate and in Ruin.*

*Thus I began to think with my ſelf: Shall we who have but a trifling Exiſtence, expreſs any Reſentment, when one of us either dies a natural Death, or is ſlain, whoſe Lives are neceſſarily of a ſhort Duration, when at one View I behold the Carcaſſes of ſo many great Cities?* What if he had ſeen the Natives of thoſe free Republicks, reduced to all the miſerable Conſequences of a conquered People,

ple, living without the common Defences againſt *Hunger and Cold, rather appearing like Spectres than Men?* I am apt to think, that ſeeing his Fellow-Creatures in Ruin like this, it would have put him paſt all Patience for philoſophick Reflection.

As for my own Part, I confeſs, that the Sights and Occurrences which I had in this my laſt Journey, ſo far tranſported me to a Mixture of Rage and Compaſſion, that I am not able to decide, which had the greater Influence upon my Spirits; for this new Cant, of *a rich and flouriſhing Nation*, was ſtill uppermoſt in my Thoughts; every Mile I travelled, giving me ſuch ample Demonſtrations to the contrary. For this Reaſon, I have been at the Pains to render a moſt exact and faithful Account of all the viſible Signs of Riches, which I met with in ſixty Miles riding through the moſt publick Roads, and the beſt Part of the Kingdom. Firſt, As to Trade, I met nine Cars loaden with old, muſty, ſhriveled Hides; one Car-Load of Butter; four Jockeys driving eight Horſes, all out of Caſe; one Cow and Calf driven

by a Man and his Wife; ſix tattered Families flitting to be ſhipped off to the *Weſt-Indies*; a Colony of a hundred and fifty Beggars, all repairing to people our Metropolis, and by encreaſing the Number of Hands, to encreaſe its Wealth, upon the old Maxim, that People are the Riches of a Nation, and therefore ten thouſand Mouths, with hardly ten Pair of Hands, or any Work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flouriſhing People. Secondly, Travellers enough, but ſeven in ten wanting Shirts and Cravats; nine in ten going bare Foot, and carrying their Brogues and Stockings in their Hands; one Woman in twenty having a Pillion, the reſt riding bare Backed: Above two hundred Horſe-Men, with four Pair of Boots amongſt them all: Seventeen Saddles of Leather (the reſt being made of Straw) and moſt of their Garrons only ſhod before. I went into one of the principal Farmer's Houſes out of Curioſity, and his whole Furniture conſiſted of two Blocks for Stools, a Bench on each Side the Fire-Place made of Turf, ſix Trenchers, one Bowl, a Pot,

Pot, ſix Horn-Spoons, three Noggins, three Blankets, one of which ſerved the Man and Maid Servant; the other the Maſter of the Family, his Wife and five Children; a ſmall Churn, a wooden Candleſtick, a broken Stick for a Pair of Tongs. In the publick Towns, one third of the Inhabitants walking the Street bare Foot; Windows half built up with Stone, to ſave the Expence of Glaſs, the broken Panes up and down ſupplied by brown Paper, few being able to afford white; in ſome Places they were ſtopped with Straw or Hay. Another Mark of our Riches, are the Signs at the ſeveral Inns upon the Road, *viz.* In ſome, a Staff ſtuck in the Thatch, with a Turf at the End of it; a Staff in a Dunghil with a white Rag wrapped about the Head; a Pole, where they can afford it, with a Beeſom at the Top; an Oatmeal Cake on a Board in a Window; And, at the principal Inns of the Road, I have obſerved the Signs taken down and laid againſt the Wall near the Door, being taken from their Poſt to prevent the ſhaking of the Houſe down by the Wind. In ſhort, I ſaw

not one ſingle Houſe, in the beſt Town I travelled through, which had not manifeſt Appearances of Beggary and Want. I could give many more Inſtances of our Wealth, but I hope theſe will ſuffice for the End I propoſe.

IT may be objected, What Uſe it is of to diſplay the Poverty of the Nation, in the Manner I have done. In Anſwer, I deſire to know for what Ends, and by what Perſons, this new Opinion of our flouriſhing State has of late been ſo induſtriouſly advanced: One Thing is certain, that the Advancers have either already found their own Account, or have been heartily promiſed, or at leaſt have been entertained with Hopes, by ſeeing ſuch an Opinion pleaſing to thoſe who have it in their Power to reward.

IT is no doubt a very generous Principle in any Perſon to rejoice in the Felicities of a Nation, where themſelves are Strangers or Sojourners: But if it be found that the ſame Perſons on all other Occaſions expreſs a Hatred and Contempt of the Nation and People in General, and hold it for a Maxim----

*That*

*That the more ſuch a Country is humbled, the more their own will riſe*; it need be no longer a Secret, why ſuch an Opinion, and the Advancers of it are encouraged. And beſides, if the Bayliff reports to his Maſter, that the Ox is fat and ſtrong, when in Reality it can hardly carry its own Legs, is it not natural to think, that Command will be given, for a greater Load to be put upon it?

## NUMBER VII.

*——Probitas laudatur & alget.*

CORUSODES an *Oxford* Student, and a Farmer's Son, was never abſent from Prayers or Lecture, nor once out of his *College* after *Tom* had toll'd. He ſpent every Day ten Hours in his Cloſet, in reading his Courſes, Dozing, clipping Papers, or darning his Stockings, which laſt he performed to Admiration. He could be ſoberly drunk at the Expence of others, with *College* Ale, and at thoſe

thoſe Seaſons was always moſt Devout. He wore the ſame Gown five Years, without dragling or tearing. He never once look'd into a Play-book or a Poem. He read *Virgil* and *Ramus* in the ſame Cadence, but with a very different Taſte. He never underſtood a Jeſt, or had the leaſt Conception of Wit.

FOR one Saying he ſtands in Renown to this Day. Being with ſome other Students over a Pot of Ale, one of the Company ſaid ſo many pleaſant Things, that the reſt were much diverted, only *Coruſodes* was ſilent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry Companion aſide, and ſaid, *Sir, I perceive by your often ſpeaking, and our Friends laughing, that you ſpoke many Jeſts, and you could not but obſerve my Silence. But, Sir, this is my Humour, I never make a Jeſt myſelf, nor ever laugh at another Man's.*

CORUSODES thus endowed got into Holy Orders, having by the moſt extreme Parſimony ſaved thirty four Pounds out of a very beggarly Fellowſhip, went up to *London*, where his Siſter was waiting Woman to a Lady, and ſo good a Sollicitor, that by her

her Means he was admitted to read Prayers in the Family twice a Day, at fourteen Shillings a Month. He had now acquired a low, obſequious, awkward Bow, and a Talent of groſs Flattery, both in and out of Seaſon; he would ſhake the Butler by the Hand; he taught the Page his *Catechiſm*, and was ſometimes admitted to dine at the Steward's Table. In ſhort, he got the good Word of the whole Family, and was recommended by my Lady for Chaplain to ſome other Noble Houſe, by which his Revenue (beſide Vales) amounted to about thirty Pounds a Year. His Siſter procured him a Scarf from my Lord (who had a ſmall Deſign of Gallantry upon her;) and by his Lordſhip's Sollicitation he got a Lectureſhip in Town of ſixty Pounds a Year; where he preached conſtantly in Perſon, in a grave Manner, with an audible Voice, a Style Eccleſiaſtick, and the Matter (ſuch as it was) well ſuited to the Intellectuals of his Hearers. Some time after, a Country Living fell in my Lord's Diſpoſal, and his Lordſhip, who had now ſome Encouragement given him of Succeſs in his Amour,

Amour, beſtowed the Living on *Coruſodes*, who ſtill kept his Lectureſhip and Reſidence in Town, where he was a conſtant Attendant at all Meetings relating to Charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious Exhortations. If any Women of better Faſhion in the Pariſh happened to be abſent from Church, they were ſure of a Viſit from him in a Day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

HE had a ſelect Number of Poor, conſtantly attending at the Street Door of his Lodgings, for whom he was a common Sollicitor to his former Patroneſs, dropping in his own Half-Crown among the Collections, and taking it out when he diſpoſed of the Money. At a Perſon of Quality's Houſe, he would never ſit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the Corner of the moſt diſtant Chair. His whole Demeanor was formal and ſtarched, which adhered ſo cloſe, that he could never ſhake it off in his higheſt Promotion.

HIS Lord was now in high Employment at Court, and attended by him with the moſt abject

abject Aſſiduity, and his Siſter being gone off with Child to a private Lodging, my Lord continued his Graces to *Coruſodes*, got him to be a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in due Time a Pariſh in Town, and a *Dignity in the Church.*

HE paid his *Curates* punctually, at the loweſt Sallery, and partly out of the Communion-Money; but gave them good Advice in Abundance. He married a Citizen's Widow, who taught him to put out ſmall Sums at *ten per Cent*, and brought him acquainted with Jobbers in *'Change-Alley.* By her Dexterity, he ſold the Clarkſhip of his Pariſh, when it became vacant.

HE kept a miſerable Houſe, but the Blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his *Books*, or viſiting the Sick, or doing other Offices of Charity and Piety in his Pariſh.

HE treated all his Inferiors of the Clergy with a moſt ſanctifyed Pride; was rigorouſly and univerſally cenſorious upon all his Brethren of the Gown, on their firſt Appearance in the World, or while they continued meanly

meanly preferred; but gave large Allowance to the Laiety of high Rank, or great Riches, uſing neither Eyes nor Ears for their Faults: He was never ſenſible of the leaſt Corruption in *Courts*, *Parliaments* or *Miniſtries*, but made the moſt favourable Conſtructions of all publick Proceedings; and Power, in whatever Hands or whatever Party, was always ſecure of his moſt charitable Opinion. He had many wholeſome Maxims ready to excuſe all Miſcarriages of State; *Men are but Men*; *Erunt vitia donec homines*; and *Quod ſupra nos, nihil ad nos*; with ſeveral others of equal Weight.

IT would lengthen my Paper beyond Meaſure to trace out the whole Syſtem of his Conduct; his dreadful Apprehenſions of Popery; his great Moderation towards Diſſenters of all Denominations, with hearty Wiſhes, that by yielding ſomewhat on both Sides, there might be a general Union among Proteſtants; his ſhort, inoffenſive Sermons in his Turns at Court, and the Matter exactly ſuited to the preſent Juncture of prevailing Opinions. The Arts he uſed to obtain

tain a Mitre, by writing againſt Epiſcopacy, and the Proofs he gave of his Loyalty, by palliating or defending the Murder of a martyred Prince.

ENDOWED with all theſe Accompliſhments, we leave him in the full Career of Succeſs, mounting faſt towards the Top of the Ladder Eccleſiaſtical, which he hath a fair Probability to reach, without the Merit of one ſingle Virtue, moderately ſtocked with the leaſt valuable Parts of Erudition, utterly devoid of all *Taſte*, *Judgment* or *Genius*, and in his Grandeur naturally chuſing to hawl up others after him, whoſe Accompliſhments moſt reſemble his own, except his beloved Sons, Nephews or other Kindred be not in Competition, or laſtly except his Inclinations be diverted by thoſe who have Power to mortify or further advance him.

EUGENIO ſet out from the ſame Univerſity, and about the ſame Time with *Coruſodes*; he had the Reputation of an arch Lad at School, and was unfortunately poſſeſſed with a *Talent* for *Poetry*, on which Account he received many chiding Letters

from his Father, and grave Advice from his Tutor. He did not neglect his College Learning, but his chief Study was the Authors of Antiquity, with a perfect Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Roman Tongues*. He could never procure himſelf to be choſen Fellow; for it was objected againſt him, that he had written Verſes, and particularly ſome wherein he glanced at a certain Reverend Doctor, famous for Dullneſs; That he had been ſeen bowing to Ladies as he met them in the Streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private Family with half a Dozen of both Sexes.

HE was the younger Son to a Gentleman of a good Birth, but ſmall Fortune, and his Father dying, he was driven to *London*, to ſeek his Fortune: He got into Orders, and became Reader in a Pariſh-Church at twenty Pounds a Year, was carryed by an *Oxford* Friend to *Will's Coffee-Houſe*, frequented in thoſe Days by Men of Wit, where, in ſome Time he had the bad Luck to be diſtinguiſhed. His ſcanty Sallery compelled him to run deep in Debt for a new Gown and Caſſock,

ſock, and now and then forced him to write ſome Paper of Wit or Humour, or preach a Sermon for ten Shillings, to ſupply his Neceſſities. He was a thouſand Times recommended by his Poetical Friends to great Perſons, as a young Man of excellent Parts, who deſerved Encouragement, and received a thouſand Promiſes; but his Modeſty and a generous Spirit, which diſdained the Slavery of continual Application and Attendance, always diſappointed him, making room for vigilant Dunces, who were ſure to be never out of Sight.

HE had an excellent Faculty in Preaching, if he were not ſometimes a little too refined, and apt to truſt too much to his own Way of thinking and reaſoning.

WHEN upon the Vacancy of Preferment he was hardly drawn to attend upon ſome promiſing Lord, he received the uſual Anſwer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very Day before. And he had only this Comfort left, that every Body ſaid, it was a thouſand Pities, ſomething could not be done for poor Mr. *Eugenio*.

THE Remainder of his Story will be diſpatched in a few Words: Wearied with weak Hopes, and weaker Purſuits, he accepted a Curacy in *Derby-Shire*, of thirty Pounds a Year, and when he was five and forty, had the great Felicity to be preferred by a Friend of his Father's, to a Vicaridge worth annually ſixty Pound, in the moſt deſert Parts of *Lincoln-Shire*, where, his Spirit quite ſunk with thoſe Reflections that Solitude and Diſappointments bring, he married a Farmer's Widow, and is ſtill alive, utterly undiſtinguiſhed and forgotten, only ſome of the Neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable Man in his Youth.*

## NUMBER VIII.

*Par coeatque pari.*

HAVING lately had an Account, that a certain Perſon of ſome Diſtinction ſwore in a publick Coffee-Houſe, that Party ſhould never dye whilſt he lived (although it

it has been the Endeavour of the beſt and wiſeſt among us, to aboliſh the ridiculous Appellations of *Whig* and *Tory*, and entirely to turn our Thoughts to the Good of our *Prince*, and *Conſtitution in Church and State)* I hope thoſe who are Well-wiſhers to our Country, will think my Labour not ill beſtowed, in giving this Gentleman's Principles the proper Embelliſhments which they deſerve, and ſince mad *Mullinix* is the only *Tory* now remaining, who dares own himſelf to be ſo; I deſire I may not be cenſured by thoſe who are of his Party, for making him hold a Dialogue with one of leſs Conſequence on t'other Side. I ſhall not venture ſo far as to give the *Chriſtian Nickname* of the Perſon chiefly concerned, leſt I ſhould give Offence; for which Reaſon I ſhall call him *Timothy*, and leave the reſt to the Conjecture of the World.

MAD MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

*M.* I OWN 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter?

Why ever in theſe raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites?*
When, if you ſearch the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *Prieſts* and *Fryers.*

*T.* 'Twixt you and me, G —— Damn the Lyars.

*M.* The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over,
To our Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover.*
From all their Conduct this is plain,
And then----

*T.* G--- Damn the Lyars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

*M.* Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets! *(aſide.)*

*T.* Did not an able Stateſman
This dang'rous horrid Motion diſh up
As *Popiſh* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender?*
Whoſe Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon.*

*M.* In

*M.* In every A— you run your Snout,
To find this damn'd *Pretender* out,
While all the ſilly Wretch can do,
Is but to friſk about like you.
But, *Tim*, convinc'd by your Perſuaſion,
I yield there might be an Invaſion,
And you, who ever f—— in vain,
Can f—— his Navy back again.

*T.* Z——ds, Sir.

*M.* But to be ſhort and ſerious,
For long Diſputes will only weary us;
Theſe brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are ſtale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
The Wrong is certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing;
Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy Fools as you;
But you, when all the Show is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out the laſt;
Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song was done.
When all the *Bees* were gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your Brazen Kettle.
The Leaders whom you liſted under,
Have dropt their Arms, and ſeiz'd the Plunder,

And when the War is paſt, you come
To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
*Therſites* (he was your Relation)
Was more abhor'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his Foes;
So thou art grown the Deteſtation
Of all thy Party through the Nation;
Thy peeviſh and perpetual Teazing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treaſon;
Thy buſy, never-meaning Face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up Front, thy State grimace,
Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
Thy Whiſp'rings foiſted in all Ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonſenſe wrapt up in a Stink)
Have made thy Preſence, in a true Senſe,
To thy own Side ſo damn'd a Nuiſance,
That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

*T.* My good Friend, *Mullinix*, forbear,
I vow to G—— you're too ſevere:
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,

It

It ſhou'd be yours: But, D—— my Blood,
I muſt purſue the publick Good:
The Faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious*:
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* Friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a Creature can be found,
To prance with me the Statue round:
The publick Safety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital Breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe and rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge and Flail.
*M. Tim*, you miſtake the Matter quite,
The Tories! you are their Delight;
And ſhould you act a different Part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their Heart:
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taſte I know,
And often ſee a Puppet-ſhow;
Obſerve, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene:
But when they hear his ruſty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice!

And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cauſe,
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*,
Nor liſten to the Witch of *Endor*;
Shou'd *Fauſtus*, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the Stage, they never mind him;
If *Punch*, to ſpur their Fancy, ſhews
In at the Door his monſtrous Noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again,
O what a Pleaſure mixt with Pain!
You, ev'ry Moment, think an Age,
'Till he appears upon the Stage;
And firſt his Bum you ſee him clap
Upon the Queen of *Sheba*'s Lap:
The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
*Punch* roaring ran, and running roar'd;
Reviles all People in his Jargon,
And ſells the *King of Spain* a Bargain;
St *George* himſelf he plays the Wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the *Dragon*;
He gets a thouſand Thumps and Kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh Tricks;
In every Action thruſts his Noſe,
The Reaſon why, no Mortal knows;

In

In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
*Punch* comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd;
While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
How well are the Spectators pleas'd!
Who in the Motion have no Share,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no Concern for *Sabra*'s Sake,
Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jeſt)
Be ſoundly mawl'd, and plagues the reſt.
THUS, *Tim*, Philoſophers ſuppoſe,
*The World conſiſts of Puppet-ſhows*;
Where petulant, conceited Fellows
Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;
So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*,
*Tim*, thou'rt the *Punch* to ſtir up Trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
To interrupt all ſerious Matter,

Are

Are grown the Nuiſſance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you, to a Man;
But then, the Lookers on, the *Tories*,
You ſtill divert with merry Stories;
They wou'd conſent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Coyl what haſt thou got?
If *Tories* muſt have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at *Court*.
*T.* Got? D—— my Blood, *I frank my Letters*,
Walk by my Place before my Betters,
And ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in Time to be a P——
Got? D—— me, why I got my Will!
Ne'er hold my Pace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill;
I f—t with twenty Ladies by;
They call me Beaſt, and what care I?
I bravely call the *Tories*, *Jacks*,
And Sons of Whores— behind their Backs;
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile, and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
With

With ſuch a conſtant, loyal Zeal,
To ſerve my ſelf and Common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
I did but loſe my precious Breath,
And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game,
Conſume my Vitals, they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo,
I'd rather hang my ſelf by half,
Then give thoſe Raſcals Cauſe to laugh.
BUT how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little Boys and Girls to cry,
*There's nimble* Tim *a paſſing by.*
No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up *a Party Hatred.*
Will none the *Tory Dogs* purſue,
When thro' the Streets I cry *Hollooe?*
Muſt all my D—mee's, Bl—s, and W—ds,
Paſs only now for empty Sounds?
Shall *Tory* Raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And when I roar, *a Plot*, *a Plot*,
Will our own Party mind me not?

So

So qualify'd to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a Spy?
Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you ſee the Caſe is nice:
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to pleaſe this thankleſs Town!
Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging Parts,
To win the truant School-Boys Hearts!
Thy Virtues meet their juſt Reward,
Attended by the *Sable-Guard*,
Charm'd by thy Voice the 'Prentice drops
The Snow-ball deſtin'd at thy Chops;
Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
Allure the Cinder-picking Fair.

*M.* No more—In Mark of true Affection,
I take thee under my Protection:
Your Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my Counſel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your Habit to your Phiz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* ſays, *optat Ephippia*;
There's *Latin* too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr.——

I have

I have a Coat at home, that you may try,
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by Geometry.
My Hat has much the nicer Air,
Your Block will fit it to a Hair:
That Wig, I would not for the World,
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd,
'Twill be ſo oily, and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a Week!
You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
The Figure of *Toupee* and *Snake:*
Thus dreſs'd alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which, 'tis hard to know,
When firſt in Publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear:
Be careful as you walk behind,
Uſe all the Talents of your Mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly Motion, Mein and Gate;
Mark my Addreſs, and learn my Style,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile,
Nor ſputter out your Oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your Swearing to the laſt.
Then at your Leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City:

The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our Motions aping.
Your Converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome Friends of mine,
*Choice Spirits*, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by uſeful Arts;
Some cleanſing hollow Tubes, to ſpy
Direct the *Zenith* of the Sky;
Some have the City in their Care,
From noxious Steams to purge the Air;
Some teach us, in theſe dang'rous Days,
How to walk upright in our Ways;
Some whoſe reforming Hands engage,
To laſh the Lewdneſs of the Age;
Some, for the publick Service go,
Perpetual Envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able Heads ſupport the Weight,
Of twenty M——rs of State:
We ſcorn, for Want of Talk, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber*;
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for Manours, who for Hire;
Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind;

The

The various Scenes of mortal Life,
Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;
Or how the Bully at a Stroke
Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke;
One tells the Riſe of Cheeſe and Oatmeal,
Another when he got a hot Meal;
One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a Scold;
One ſhews how bravely *Audouin* dy'd,
And at the Gallows all deny'd;
How by the *Almanack* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

*T.* DEAR *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious Time, ſo long miſpent,
By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
O, introduce me to your Friends!
For whom, by Birth, I was deſign'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
I give my ſelf intire to you,
G—— d—— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

## NUMBER IX.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the Courſe and Method of educating Youth in this and a neighbouring Kingdom, with the general Succeſs and Conſequence thereof, I am come to this Determination, That Education is always the worſe in Proportion to the Wealth and Grandeur of the Parents; nor do I doubt in the leaſt, that if the whole World were now under the Dominion of one Monarch (provided I might be allowed to chuſe where he ſhould fix the Seat of his Empire) the only Son and Heir of that Monarch, would be the worſt educated Mortal, that ever was born ſince the Creation; and I doubt, the ſame Proportion will hold through all Degrees and Titles, from an Emperor downwards, to the common Gentry. I do not ſay, that this hath been always the Caſe; for in better Times it was directly otherwiſe, and a Scholar may fill half his *Greek* and *Roman* Shelves with

Authors

Authors of the nobleſt Birth, as well as higheſt Virtue: Nor, do I tax all Nations at preſent with this Defect, for I know there are ſome to be excepted, and particularly *Scotland*, under all the Diſadvantages of its Climate and Soil, if that Happineſs be not rather owing even to thoſe very Diſadvantages. What is then to be done, if this Reflection muſt fix on two Countries, which will be moſt ready to take Offence, and which of all others it will be leaſt prudent or ſafe to offend?

BUT there is one Circumſtance yet more dangerous and lamentable: For if, according to the *Poſtulatum* already laid down, the higher Quality any Youth is of, he is in greater Likelyhood to be worſe educated; it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the Verge of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

RETRACTING therefore that hazardous *Poſtulatum*, I ſhall venture no further at preſent than to ſay, that perhaps ſome additional Care in educating the Sons of Nobility and principal Gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with Soft-

neſs enough, I muſt for the future be ſilent.

IN the mean time, let me ask only two Queſtions, which relate to a neighbouring Kingdom, from whence the Chief among us are deſcended, and whoſe Manners we moſt affect to follow. I ask firſt, how it comes about, that for above ſixty Years paſt, the chief Conduct of Affairs in that Kingdom hath been generally placed in the Hands of *New-men*, with very few Exceptions. The Nobleſt Blood of *England* having been ſhed in the grand Rebellion, many great Families became extinct, or ſupported only by Minors. When the King was reſtored, very few of thoſe Lords remained, who began, or at leaſt had improved their Education, under the happy Reign of King *James*, or King *Charles* I. of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of *Ormond*, and the Earl of *Southampton*. The Minors have, or had, during the Rebellion and Uſurpation, either received too much Tincture of bad Principles from thoſe fanatick Times, or coming to Age at the Reſtoration, fell into the Vices of that diſſolute Reign.

I DATE from this Æra, the corrupt Method of Education among us, and the Conſequence thereof, in the Neceſſity the Crown lay under of introducing *New-men* into the chief Conduct of publick Affairs, or to the Office of what we now call Prime Miniſters, Men of Art, Knowledge, Application and Inſinuation, merely for Want of a Supply among the Nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good Birth, ſometimes younger Brothers, at other Times ſuch, who although inheriting good Eſtates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with Learning; ſuch under that King, were *Hyde*, *Bridgman*, *Clifford*, *Coonuley*, *Osborn*, *Godolphin*, *Aſhley-Cooper*: Few or none under the ſhort Reign of King *James* II. Under King *William*; *Sommers*, *Montague*, *Churchil*, *Vernor*, *Harry Boyle*, and many others: Under the Queen; *Harley*, *St. John*, *Harcourt*, *Trevers*, who indeed were Perſons of the beſt private Families, but unadorn'd with Titles. So in the laſt Reign, Mr. *Robert Walpole*, was underſtood for many Years to be Prime Miniſter, in which

Poſt he ſtill happily continues: His Brother *Horace* is Ambaſſador Extraordinary to *France*. Mr. *Addiſon* and Mr. *Craggs*, without the leaſt Allowance to ſupport them, have been Secretaries of State.

IF the Facts have been thus for above ſixty Years paſt (whereof I could with a little further Recollection produce many more Inſtances) I would ask again, how it hath happened, that in a Nation plentifully abounding with Nobility, ſo great Share in the moſt competent Parts of publick Management, hath been for ſo long a Period chiefly entruſted to Commoners, unleſs ſome Omiſſions or Defects of the higheſt Import, may be charged upon thoſe, to whom the Care of educating our Noble Youth hath been committed? For, if there be any Difference between human Creatures in the Point of natural Parts, as we uſually call them, it ſhould ſeem that the Advantage lies on the Side of Children, born from noble and wealthy Parents; the ſame traditional Sloth and Luxury which render their Body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer Motion

Motion to the Spirits, beyond what can be expected from the groſs, robuſt Iſſue of meaner Mortals. Add to this, the peculiar Advantages, which all young Noblemen poſſeſs, by the Privileges of their Birth. Such as a free Acceſs to Courts, and a univerſal Deference paid to their Perſons.

BUT as my Lord *Bacon* chargeth it for a Fault on Princes, that they are impatient to compaſs Ends without giving themſelves the Trouble of conſulting or executing the Means: So perhaps it may be the Diſpoſition of young Nobles, either from the Indulgence of Parents, Tutors and Governors, or their own Inactivity, that they expect the Accompliſhments of a good Education, without the leaſt Expence of Time or Study, to acquire them.

WHAT I ſaid laſt, I am ready to retract; for the Caſe is infinitely worſe; and the very Maxims ſet up to direct modern Education, are enough to deſtroy all the Seeds of Knowledge, Honour, Wiſdom and Virtue among us. The current Opinion prevails, that the Study of *Greek* and *Latin* is loſs of

Time; that publick Schools by mingling the Sons of Noblemen with thoſe of the Vulgar, engage the former in bad Company; that Whipping breaks the Spirits of Lads well born; that Univerſities make young Men Pedants; that to dance, fence, ſpeak *French*, and know how to behave your ſelf among great Perſons of both Sexes, comprehends *the whole Duty of a Gentleman.*

I CANNOT but think this wiſe Syſtem of Education, hath been much cultivated among us by thoſe Worthies of the Army, who during the laſt War returning from *Flanders* at the Cloſe of each Campaign, became the Dictators of Behaviour, Dreſs and Politeneſs to all thoſe Youngſters, who frequent Chocolate-Coffee-Gaming-Houſes, Drawing-Rooms, Opera's, Levees and Aſſemblies; where a Colonel by his Pay, Perquiſites and Plunder, was qualified to outſhine many Peers of the Realm; and by the Influence of an *exotick* Habit and Demeanor, added to other foreign Accompliſhments, gave the Law to the whole Town, and were copyed as the Standard-Patterns of whatever was refined

refined in Dreſs, Equipage, Converſation, or Diverſions.

I REMEMBER in thoſe Times, an admired Original of that Vocation, ſitting in a Coffee-houſe near two Gentlemen, whereof one was of the Clergy, who were engaged in ſome Diſcourſe that ſavoured of Learning; this Officer thought fit to interpoſe, and profeſſing to deliver the Sentiments of his Fraternity, as well as his own (and propably did ſo of too many among them) turning to the Clergyman, ſpoke in the following Manner, *D---n me, Doctor, ſay what you will, the Army is the only School for Gentlemen. Do you think my Lord* Marlborough *beat the* French, *with* Greek *and* Latin. *D---n me, a Scholar when he comes into good Company, what is he but an Aſs? D---n me, I would be glad by G--d to ſee any of your Scholars with his Nouns, and his Verbs, and his Philoſophy, and Trigonometry, what a Figure he would make at a Siege or Blockade, or rencountring—— D----n me*, &c. After which he proceeded with a Volley of Military Terms, leſs ſignificant, ſounding worſe,

and harder to be underſtood than any that were ever coyned by the Commentators upon *Ariſtotle*. I would not here be thought to charge the Soldiery with Ignorance and Contempt of Learning, without allowing Exceptions, of which I have known many, and ſome even in this Kingdom; but however, the worſe Example, eſpecially in a great Majority, will certainly prevail.

I HAVE heard, that the late Earl of *Oxford* in the Time of his Miniſtry, never paſs'd by *White's Chocolate-Houſe* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers, and noble Cullies) without beſtowing a Curſe upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *Engliſh* Nobility. I have likewiſe been told another Paſſage concerning that great Miniſter, which, becauſe it gives a humorous Idea of one principal Ingredient in modern Education, take as followeth. *Le-Sac*, the famous *French* Dancing-maſter, in great Admiration, asked a Friend, whether it were true, that Mr. *Harley* was made an Earl and Lord-Treaſurer? And finding it confirmed, ſaid; *Well, I wonder what the Devil the Queen*

*Queen could ſee in him; for I attended him two Years, and he was the greateſt Dunce that ever I taught.*

ANOTHER Hindrance to good Education, and I think the greateſt of any, is that pernicious Cuſtom in rich and noble Families, of entertaining *French* Tutors in their Houſes. Theſe wretched *Pedagogues* are enjoyned by the Father, to take ſpecial Care that the Boy ſhall be perfect in his *French*; by the Mother, that *Maſter* muſt not walk till he is hot, nor be ſuffered to play with other Boys, nor be wet in his Feet, nor daub his Cloaths, and to ſee that Dancing-maſter attends conſtantly, and does his Duty; ſhe further inſiſts, that the Child be not kept too long poring on his Book, becauſe he is ſubject to ſore Eyes, and of a weakly Conſtitution.

BY theſe Methods, the young Gentleman is in every Article as fully accompliſhed at eight Years old as at eight and twenty, Age adding only to the Growth of his Perſon and his Vice; ſo that if you ſhould look at him in his Boy-hood thro' the magnifying End of a Perſpective,

ſpective, and in his Manhood through the other, it would be impoſſible to ſpy any Difference; the ſame Airs, the ſame Strutt, the ſame Cock of his Hat, and Poſture of his Sword (as far as the Change of Faſhions will allow) the ſame Underſtanding, the ſame Compaſs of Knowledge, with the very ſame Abſurdity, Impudence and Impertinence of Tongue.

HE is taught from the Nurſery, that he muſt inherit a great Eſtate, and hath no need to mind his Book, which is a Leſſon he never forgets to the End of his Life. His chief Solace is to ſteal down, and play at Span-Farthing with the Page, or young Black-a-moor, or little favourite Foot-Boy, one of which is his principal Confident and Boſom-Friend.

THERE is one young Lord in this Town, who, by an unexampled Piece of good Fortune, was miraculouſly ſnatched out of the Gulph of Ignorance, confined to a publick School for a due Term of Years, well whipped when he deſerved it, clad no better than his Comrades, and always their Play-fellow

on

on the ſame Foot, had no Precedence in the School, but what was given him by his Merit, and loſt it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many Mutinies were bred at this unpreſidented Treatment, what Complaints among his *Relations*, and other *Great ones* of both Sexes; that his Stockings with Silver Clocks were raviſhed from him; that he wore his own Hair; that his Dreſs was undiſtinguiſhed; that he was not fit to appear at a Ball or Aſſembly, nor ſuffered to go to either: And it was with the utmoſt Difficulty, that he became qualified for his preſent Removal, where he may probably be farther perſecuted, and poſſibly with Succeſs, if the Firmneſs of a very worthy Governor, and his own good Diſpoſitions will not preſerve him. I confeſs, I cannot but wiſh he may go on in the Way he began, becauſe I have a Curioſity to know by ſo ſingular an Experiment, whether Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Temperance, Courage and good Senſe acquired by a *School* and *College* Education, may not produce a very tolerable Lad, although he ſhould happen to fail in one or

two

two of thoſe Accompliſhments, which in the general Vogue are held ſo important to the finiſhing of a Gentleman.

IT is true, I have known an Academical Education to have been exploded in publick Aſſemblies; and have heard more than one or two Perſons of high Rank declare, they could learn nothing more at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, than to drink Ale and ſmoke Tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added ſome hundred Examples from my own Obſervation in one of thoſe Univerſities; but they all were of young Heirs ſent thither, only for Form; either from Schools, where they were not ſuffered by their careful Parents to ſtay above three Months in the Year; or from under the Management of *French* Family-Tutors, who yet often attended them to their *College*, to prevent all Poſſibility of their Improvement: But, I never yet knew any one Perſon of Quality, who followed his Studies at the Univerſity, and carryed away his juſt Proportion of Learning, that was not ready upon all Occaſions to celebrate and defend

that

that Courſe of Education, and to prove a Patron of learned Men.

THERE is one Circumſtance in a learned Education, which ought to have much Weight, even with thoſe who have no Learning at all. The Books read at *Schools* and *Colleges*, are full of Incitements to Virtue, and Diſcouragements from Vice, drawn from the wiſeſt Reaſons, the ſtrongeſt Motives, and the moſt influencing Examples. Thus, young Minds are filled early with an Inclination to Good, and an Abhorrence of Evil, both which encreaſe in them, according to the Advances they make in Literature; and, although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the Temptations of Youth, and the Opportunities of a large Fortune, into ſome Irregularities, when they come forward into the great World, it is ever with Reluctance and Compunction of Mind, becauſe their Byaſs to Virtue ſtill continues. They may ſtray ſometimes out of Infirmity or Complyance, but they will ſoon return to the right Road, and keep it always in view. I ſpeak only of thoſe Exceſſes, which

which are too much the Attendants of Youth and warmer Blood; for, as to the Points of Honour, Truth, Juſtice, and other noble Gifts of the Mind, wherein the Temperature of the Body hath no Concern, they are ſeldom or never known to be mild.

I HAVE engaged my ſelf very unwarily in too copious a Subject for ſo ſhort a Paper. The preſent Scope I would aim at is to prove, that ſome Proportion of human Knowledge appears requiſite to thoſe, who, who by their Birth or Fortune, are called to the making of Laws, and in a ſubordinate Way to the Execution of them; and that ſuch Knowledge is not to be obtained without a Miracle under the frequent, corrupt and ſottiſh Methods, of educating thoſe, who are born to Wealth or Titles. For, I would have it remembred, that I do by no Means confine theſe Remarks to young Perſons of Noble Birth; the ſame Errors running through all Families, where there is Wealth enough to afford, that their Sons (at leaſt the Eldeſt) may be good for nothing. Why ſhould my Son be a Scholar, when it is not intended that

that he ſhould live by his Learning? By this Rule, if what is commonly ſaid be true, that Money anſwereth all Things, why ſhould my Son be honeſt, temperate, juſt or charitable, ſince he hath no Intention to depend upon any of theſe Qualities for a Maintenance?

WHEN all is done, perhaps upon the Whole, the Matter is not ſo bad as I would make it; and God, who worketh good out of Evil, acting only by the ordinary Cauſe and Rule of Nature, permits this continual Circulation of human Things for his own unſearchable Ends. The Father grows rich by Avarice, Injuſtice, Oppreſſion; he is a Tyrant in the Neighbourhood over Slaves and Beggars, whom he calls his Tenants. Why ſhould he deſire to have Qualities infuſed into his Son, which himſelf never poſſeſſed, or knew, or found the Want of in the Acquiſition of his Wealth? The Son bred in Sloth and Idleneſs, becomes a Spendthrift, a Cully, a Profligate, and goes out of the World a Beggar, as his Father came in: Thus the former is puniſhed for his

for his own Sins, as well as for thoſe of the latter. The Dunghil having raiſed a huge Muſhroom of ſhort Duration, is now ſpread to enrich other Mens Lands. It is indeed of worſe Conſequence, where noble Families are gone to Decay; becauſe their Titles and Privileges outlive their Eſtates: And, Politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the Publick, than a numerous Nobility without Merit or Fortune. But even here, God hath likewiſe preſcribed ſome Remedy in the Order of Nature, ſo many great Families coming to an End by the Sloth, Luxury, and abandoned Luſts, which enervated their Breed through every Succeſſion, producing gradually a more effeminate Race, wholly unfit for Propagation.

## NUMBER X.

*Magnas componere lites.*

*Lucas's Coffee-houſe, July* 4.

Mr. *Intelligencer*,

I Am deſired to return you the Thanks of this Houſe, for that ſeaſonable Dialogue between *Timothy* and *Mullinix*. You have entirely reconciled them both by it, and thereby given the finiſhing Stroke to a Party, which gives univerſal Joy and Satisfacti- to all Well-wiſhers of our Conſtitution. It was very much lamented, that Men of their extraordinary Talents, and who might by their united Intereſt contribute very much to the good of our Country, ſhould not have a better Underſtanding between them; becauſe the perpetual Feuds and Animoſities which they raiſed, had like to have proved of the moſt fatal ill Conſequence to this unfortunate, poor, divided Nation. Now

the Clouds which hung over us, are diſpelled; Things begin to clear up; and we have the beſt Reaſon to think, by this Union, that we ſhall be a great and a flouriſhing People. We are now in a profound Peace. Trade flouriſhes.—Plenty, which fled from hence to *Scotland*, is returned.—You ſee Joy and Fatneſs in every Countenance, eſpecially in thoſe of the Natives.—— The younger Sons of Gentlemen, who languiſhed, loitering at Home, for want of Buſineſs, are now in a fair Way of Employment. Arts and Sciences begin to revive in our Univerſity; that great Nurſery of the beſt Education! which annually ſupplies the Pulpit, Bench and Bar, and every other uſeful Office. All our Nobility and Gentry, who fled to *Great-Britain*, to avoid the Civil Broils occaſioned by *Tim Cæſar*, and *Mullinix Pompey*, are now returning to live quietly at Home, and to bring a Bleſſing to their native Soil, by reſiding in it; which will be a Means to keep our Money at Home; to encourage Agriculture, eſpecially Tillage; and then, *Sing, O be joyful*, we ſhall all wallow

wallow in Wealth, becauſe by this we ſhall have nine hundred thouſand Pounds a Year more in this Nation: Theſe and numberleſs Advantages beſide, we owe to your excellent Paper, which *Tim* himſelf allows to be written with a very good Intention, although it places him in a ludicrous Light; but he is a Man of ſuch excellent Taſte and Temper, that a Jeſt, when it is finely couched, never gives him the leaſt Offence. This encourages me to let you know, he is very angry at Mr. *Gay*; for he thinks the Fable of the *Monkey*, which had ſeen the World, is levelled at him. If you have Leaſure to write ſomething merry upon the Occaſion, let us have it immediately, and anſwer this Letter another Time. For, you muſt know, we are very great Jokers in this *Coffee-Houſe*. There is a little dapper Lord, an Acquaintance of *Tim*'s, will laugh and teize him into his Chair, and home again.

## TIM *and the* FABLES.

MY *Meaning will be beſt unravell'd,*
*When I premiſe that* Tim *has travell'd.*
In *Lucas*'s by Chance there lay
The *Fables* writ by Mr. *Gay.*
*Tim* ſet the Volume on a Table,
Read over here and there a *Fable*;
And found, as he the Pages twirl'd,
The *Monkey*, who had ſeen the World.
(For *Tonſon* had to help the Sale,
Prefixt a Cut to ev'ry Tale.)
The *Monkey* was compleatly dreſt,
The *Beau* in all his Airs expreſt.
*Tim* with Surprize and Pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the Glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet Figure with the Print,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry Feature in't;
The Twiſt, the Squeeze, the Rump, the Fidge an' all,
Juſt as they lookt in the Original.
By—— ſays *Tim* (and let a F——t)
This Graver underſtood his Art.

'Tis

'Tis a true Copy, I'll ſay that for't,
I well remember when I ſat for't.
My very Face, at firſt I knew it,
Juſt in this Dreſs the Painter drew it.
*Tim*, with his Likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Wou'd read what underneath was written,
The merry Tale with Moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave;
*The curſed Villain! now I ſee*
*This was a Libel meant at me;*
*Theſe Scriblers grow ſo bold of late,*
*Againſt us Miniſters of State!*
*Such Jacobites as he deſerve,——*
*Dammee, I ſay, they ought to ſtarve.*
Dear *Tim*, no more ſuch angry Speeches,
Unbutton and let down your Breeches,
Tear out the Tale, and wipe your A——,
I know you love to act a *Farce.*

## NUMBER XI.

*---Ut dehinc ſpecioſa Miracula promat.* Hor.

Mr. *Intelligencer*,

HAVING but lately met with the following *Propoſals* in a Letter to the Author of the *London Journal*, bearing Date *March* 30, 1728, and having the greateſt Veneration and Eſteem for the *Writer* of it, as well as the beſt Opinion of his *vaſt Abilities* for the Undertaking; I hope, I do not come too late, in giving *a helping Hand* to ſpread it abroad for the *Author*'s Advantage, and Benefit of the *Learned World*, by giving it a *Poetick Dreſs*, which I think would have been much better from *his own Pen*, had he been in a Humour of *verſifying*; for he has the moſt *extraordinary Talents* that Way of any Man now living, except *A. P.* There is a Turn and Beauty of Language, as well as Thought, carried on with the greateſt Perſpicuity thro' the

the Whole, much in the Manner of *Voiture.* This I own has been of ſingular Advantage to me; for the *Eaſineſs* and *Politeneſs* of his *Proſe*, contributed much to the *Smoothneſs* and *Muſick* of my *Verſes*, purely owing to my transferring as much of his Expreſſion, as I poſſibly could, into my Performance. From this elegant *Specimen* of his the World will ſee what they are to expect from him; at leaſt a vaſt Deal of *Orthodox Divinity*, *Critical Remarks*, *ſolid Argument*, *wholeſome Inſtruction*, *clear Information*, with an *entertaining Beauty of Style*, peculiar to the great and learned *S---d---y.* And now I have named him, I need ſay no more to recommend the Work but what follows.

*Your great Admirer and Well-wiſher,*

A. B.

*To the Author of the* LONDON JOURNAL.

*Church Street, Soho.*
March 30. 1728

SIR,

I HAVE publiſhed the *Specimen* of a Book entitled, *An Univerſal View of all the eminent Writers on the Holy Scriptures; being a Collection of the Diſſertations, Explications, and Opinions of learned Men in all Ages, concerning the difficult Paſſages and obſcure Texts of the Bible; and of whatſoever is to be met with in profane Authors, which may contribute towards the better Underſtanding of them.*

I BEG the Favour of communicating to the World, by Means of your Paper, what I think at preſent neceſſary to ſay towards the unfolding my Deſign in this Work, and to anſwer the Objections which I have heard made againſt it.

MOST of the Articles whereof I treat, are at one Time or other made the Subject of common Diſcourſe; and too many Perſons who debate in Private on theſe Points, are

are unfurniſhed with proper and rational Materials for ſuch Converſation.

THESE Obſervations occaſioned my forming a Deſign, to collect into *one View* the chief Sentiments of the beſt Authors in moſt Languages on thoſe Subjects, for the Benefit only of common Diſcourſe and Inſtruction. But when I came to reflect more cloſely on the Matter, I found, beſides my obliging the Generality of Readers, and my enlarging the Fund of Scriptural Knowledge amongſt the unlearned, that I was in a fair Way of doing Service to the learned and more intelligent Part of my Countrymen likewiſe; becauſe by Means of this Work they wou'd ſave Abundance of Time, which is now loſt, in turning over from Book to Book, and from Page to Page, the numberleſs Authors which I ſhall quote; and if any of them are inclined to conſult the Originals, I promiſe to refer them faithfully to the Line and Page. And I began further to conceive, that I ſhould oblige many amongſt the learned, by ſaving them Abundance of Coſt and Expence in purchaſing ſeveral

Books, which it will be ſufficient for them to ſee and hear of, in the Quotations of my *View.*

THE Reader is deſired to obſerve, that there is no *Bibliotheque*, no Collection of this Kind, ſo compleat, now extant, in any Language, as I ſhall ſhew in my general Preface to the Whole; and it muſt not be forgot, that the *Engliſh* want ſuch a Collection, more than moſt other Chriſtian Nations.

ALL the Objections which I have heard, will be anſwered by what follows; whereby thoſe Perſons, particularly, will find themſelves miſtaken, who imagine that the *Immenſity of the Work* ought both to terrifie them from encouraging, and me from undertaking it. For I ſhall not go thro' the whole Bible Verſe by Verſe, as in the *Specimen.* MOSES's firſt Chapter is an entire Piece on the *Creation*, and I could not omit one Line of it; but my ſubſequent Articles will be taken from Books, Chapters and Verſes, very diſtant often from one another: Nay, I ſhall leave whole Books of the Bible untouch'd,

untouch'd, *viz.* ſuch as are Moral or Poetical only, or merely Hiſtorical; and I ſhall take Notice of no Parts of thoſe Books, but ſuch as are very curious and intricate, and have occaſioned ſomething extraordinary to be ſaid on them. Beſides, it muſt be conſidered that I ſhall omit numberleſs Authors, on every Subject; and that, without any Dread of Diſpleaſing, or Hopes of pleaſing any Sects or Parties of People; and I ſhall only collect from the moſt received Authors on every Article, and ſuch as none ſhall except againſt for Learning or Abilities, whatever they may do for Opinion.

THE Sentiments of the *Fathers* and antient *Commentators*, will be ſufficiently anſwered for out of POOLE's *Synopſis*; for it would be an endleſs, idle and duſty Work, to contract all their heavy and voluminous Writings; but whatever may be ſtill thought wanting of theſe Antients, will be ſupplied even to Satiety, from PETAVIUS, CALMET, and others. Further, nothing could be ſo diſagreeable either to me or to the Reader, as to give a full Detail of all the

Stuff

Stuff that was publiſhed Abroad about the Time of, and a long while after the *Reformation*; and it wou'd be more nauſeous ſtill to revive what was writ at Home, from the Beginning of the laſt Century till towards the End of it, and indeed for ſome part of the Century before it.

BUT, God be thanked, there wanted not great Genius's, who wrote in ſeveral Places at the ſame Times; and if I raiſe the Work to two large Volumes in *Folio*, with what the learned and bright Part of Mankind alone have left us, I may reaſonably expect Forgiveneſs, for not ſwelling my Labours into Four or more *Folio*'s, by interſperſing tedious Obſervations, and ridiculous, wild and low Expoſitions.

I SHALL print the two Volumes within a reaſonable Time after my Subſcriptions come in; for I have my *Additions and Amendments*, that are to compleat the *Specimen*, ready and prepared: Which *Specimen* being to be reprinted for the Body of the Work, will, together with what Collections I have by me for ſucceeding Articles, give me all imagi-

imaginable Advantage of the Printer, who cannot work at the Preſs ſo faſt as I can ſupply him with Copy. Beſides which, I have procured the Aſſiſtance of ſome learned Perſons to *collect* for me, and have got ſo diligent and expert an *Amanuenſis*, to tranſcribe for the Preſs, that it can never ſtand ſtill.

I BEG Leave to remark, that beſides the Benefit which every *Engliſh* Reader of common Senſe, will reap by this Undertaking, it will be of more ſpecial Service to *young Divines*, who may hereby at the ſame time, procure Variety of Learning, and indulge a ſtudious *Curioſity* at a ſmall Expence; and who by Means of this Collection, will be ſufficiently furniſhed with *a Bibliotheca Sacra*; to which, if they add only POOLE's *Engliſh Annotations* on the *Old*, and HAMMOND's *Expoſition* of the *New Teſtament*, they will need few other Books for ſome Years, unleſs it be a Concordance to underſtand Scripture.

AS to thoſe who object, that ſuch a Variety of Opinions on one Subject, as I ſhall always

always produce, will rather confound than ſatisfy People, I beg leave to diſagree with them: Becauſe every intelligent Perſon can judge for himſelf; and becauſe thoſe of meaner Capacities, may conſult others of better Underſtanding; every Thing being laid before them in plain *Engliſh*.

AND, in Truth, I cannot but eſteem ſuch a Work to be, in juſtice, due to the Inhabitants of our Iſlands. Monſieur CALMET gives the following Reaſon for publiſhing nine Volumes in Folio, containing not only his own Comments, but *Variety of Opinions*, concerning the difficult Parts of the Bible, *viz.* that his Country-men might now read in their *own Language*, what has hitherto been conceal'd from them in *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*.

A NOBLE *Attempt in a Papiſt!* And his Work is ſo well executed, that I wiſh Encouragement were given to have it all tranſlated into *Engliſh*.

HOWEVER, tho' CALMET's Religion, and the Laws of his Countrey, would not permit him to quote ſo freely as he ought; yet,

yet, thank God, we have that Liberty here; and, I hope, the uſe I make of it won't want Encouragement, ſince my Deſign is the ſame with CALMET's, *viz.* publick Information.

HIS Religion, indeed, has no way to ſubſiſt, but by the Benefit of *unknown Tongues*; but the *Truth of Holy Scripture*, and of the *Proteſtant Religion*, want no *learned Veils* or *Foreign Couvertures*. *Engliſh Popery is much more abominable than the Romiſh!*

I WOULD now have it remembred, that I ſhall produce nothing but what has been publiſh'd already in ſome Language or other; unleſs, perhaps, ſome private Piece, very new and extremely curious, ſhould fall in my Way. And I would have thoſe Perſons, who are too fearful of my encouraging *Scepticiſm* by theſe Books, believe, that I ſhall inſert no Opinions which give Offence either to *Natural* or *Reveal'd Religion*; my Intent being to eſtabliſh *Truth*, which can only be done, by comparing different Sentiments on the ſame Subject.

To let the Reader further into the Nature of my Deſign, I here preſent him with the Titles of my Articles, from the *Creation*, to *the Deluge*; by which he may form a Judgment of the reſt.

1. Of the *Creation.*
2. Of the *Sabbath.*
3. Of the *Paradiſaical-State.*
4. Of the *Fall.*
5. Of *Sacrifice.*
6. Of *Cain* and *Enoch.*
7. Of the *Depravity* of *Men*, before the *Flood.*
8. Of the *Deluge.*

I CANNOT make an End, without obſerving, that I ſhall neither oppoſe, nor interfere with the Propoſals of Dr. INNES. The Doctor's Work (as I am told) is wholly *Moral*; mine is wholly *Critical:* He deſigns to make Men better; my Aim is to make them Wiſer.

THE Doctor reſolves, (as I hear) to paſs by whatever has, hitherto, been written, in the *Moral Way* on the Bible, and to moralize

ralize anew on it himſelf. I am in a quite different Train: I ſhall publiſh little or nothing of my own, nor ſhall I produce any one Author in the Doctor's Way of Proceeding.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your humble Servant,*

JONATHAN SMEDLEY.

YOU that would read the Bible, turn all
To *April* 6. the *London* Journal;
And by a Letter there you'll ſee
How much the Text will owe to me.
Five thouſand Years and more — 'tis odd
None cou'd explain the Word of GOD!
Of all the *Learned*, in all Ages,
Thro' all their long, laborious Pages,
'Till I, the Top of IRISH DEANS,
Have made it out with wond'rous Pains.
I've read the Dev'l and all of Books,
The World may read 'em in my Looks:
Above ten Waggon Load at leaſt,
Within my Skull in Order plac't;

From thence to ſally forth anew,
*One Univerſal ſingle View.*
I've likewiſe ranſack'd Books prophane
Which I ſhall muſter, to explain
Whate'er is hid obſcure, perplext,
As plain as Pike-ſtaff, ev'ry Text.
Moſt Articles, whereof I treat,
Heve been the Subject of Debate
Full often o'er a Pot of Ale,
When I was *Rabby* at *Kinſale:*
But then, for want of ancient Learning
The Scripture Senſe not well diſcerning,
Our Nights were paſt in great Confuſion,
No Mortal making one *Concluſion.*
To find a Remedy for this
I hope it will not be amiſs,
To furniſh my Aſſociates *quondam,*
(That they no more diſpute at random)
With choice collected *Diſſertations,*
*Anſwers, Rejoinders, Replications,*
That each may have enough to ſay,
And hold the Scripture his own Way.
*Profectò legi plus quam ſatis,*
More Languages than *Mithridates:*
All which I learn'd (as will appear

Since

Since I left *Ireland)* in one Year;
Where ſuch, as knew my Stock, can tell,
I ſcarcely cou'd read *Engliſh* well:
In this one Book I've done much more,
Than all the World has done before;
No *Bibliotheque* that is now extant,
Has half ſo well explain'd a Text on't;
With ſo much Eaſe I can command it,
The greateſt Dunce may underſtand it.
If any thinks the Work too long
For one Man's Head, I'll ſhew he's wrong;
Becauſe the Way, which I intend,
Will bring it quickly to an End.
In *Chapters* here and there I'll dip,
Whole Books not worth the reading skip,
Whate'er's *Poetical*, or *Moral*,
To them I have a mortal Quarrel;
What merely is *Hiſtorical*,
I ſhall not touch upon at all;
You'll ſee me ſuch a *Bible-trimmer*,
That I'll reduce it to a Primmer.
As for the *Fathers*, they are all met,
In *Pool*, *Petavius*, and *Calmet*:
I've read 'em Page by Page, and find
No gleaning Work for me behind.

And when I cut one Folio ſhort,
Will not the Reader thank me for't?
For I have ſo much *ancient Lore*,
I could have ſwell'd 'em into four.
We wait Subſcriptions coming in,
*We're juſt beginning to begin*;
'Tis this the Printer's ſole Pretence is,
We've *Paper*, *Types*, *Amanuenſis*,
And all but what few Pence are owing,
To ſet the *Preſs* and me a going.
One Thing I beg Leave to remark ——
For *Young Divines*, who're in the dark;
And *Engliſh Readers*, who are ſtraining
In every *Chapter* for a Meaning;
For *Men* of *Letters*, and good Senſe,
Here's Learning at a ſmall Expence;
They'll find my Books, when well examin'd,
Will do by Help of *Pool* and *Hammond*;
And if the Parſons can afford once
A *Bible* with a large *Concordance*,
I know not any Thing they lack
Except it be an *Almanack.*
In my Compilement they ſhall ſee
Opinions, great Variety!
That every *Schiſmatick* with eaſe,
May find a *Gloſs* himſelf to pleaſe.

Now

Now Monſieur *Calmet* (like an *Olio)*
Diſht up nine Tracts of his in Folio;
To all his Countrey Men reveal'd,
What *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *Greek* conceal'd,
So plain in *French*, that every Peaſant
Breaks out with Rapture in the Praiſe on't.
O what a glorious learned Heap is't:
*A wond'rous Author for a Papiſt!*
I wiſh in *Engliſh* 'twere tranſlated,
And mine to wipe his Rev'rence fated.
To what Perfection had he brought
His Books, with Liberty of Thought!
But all along he's crampt I find,
And therefore durſt not ſpeak his Mind;
For had he ſaid a Word 'gainſt *Pop'ry*,
The Laws wou'd turn his Neck with Rope 'wry.
Thus Foreign *Pop'ry* is a Curſe,
But *Engliſh Popery* is worſe,
Remember all, before you're told,
That what I write for New, is Old;
If any Man of Reading looks,
He'll find it all in other Books;
As I'm an Orthodox *Divine*,
I've ſtol'n my *Comments* ev'ry Line.

There's all the wrangling Tracts I know
Collected here both *con* and *pro*,
So well diſpos'd of, ev'ry Man
May find the Truth out, if he can.
From the Creation to the Flood
(To ſhew you that my Work is good)
I've drawn a Sketch, as I thought beſt,
To form a Judgment of the reſt.
A Word or two before I cloſe all;
One Doctor *Innis* makes *Propoſal*,
A poor inſipid *moral* Tool,
He'd have the World to walk by Rule.
He thinks I've nought to do, but noſe him,
I'd ſee him hang'd e'er I oppoſe him.
He ſtrives to make Men *good*, but I, Sir,
Reſolve to make them *worſe*, and *wiſer*.
It ever was my Way to love
The *Serpent*, rather than the *Dove*.
The Doctor, by a vain Pretenſion,
Depends upon his own Invention;
But I, who always liv'd on Loan,
Shan't write a Sentence of my own.

*SIR*

*SIR*,

" I Have inſerted your *Poem*, and think " you have done your ſelf great Honour, " by ſhewing ſo much Regard to a Perſon " remarkably Eminent; beſides a moſt lau- " dable Zeal in recommending a Work, which " is likely to prove of the greateſt Advantage " to our Church in general, in this degene- " rate Age of Prophaneneſs and Infidelity.

*I am with due Reſpect Your's*, &c.

*The* INTELLIGENCER.

## NUMBER XII.

SINCE our *Engliſh* Friends have done us the Honour to publiſh to their Countreymen, ſome of the Pieces from this *Paper*; we think ourſelves oblig'd in Juſtice to return the Favour, by making the following *Tale* from the *Countrey-Journal*,

dated the 3d of *Auguſt* 1728. the Subject of this Day's Entertainment.

*From my own Chambers.*

WHEN I was a young Man, I was very curious in collecting all the occaſional *State Tracts*, or Pieces of *Poetry*, which were publiſh'd at that Time; and, upon looking them over, I find ſome, which I believe my *Readers* will think not altogether *mal à propos* at preſent. The following *Verſes* are of this kind, which appear plainly enough to be levell'd at ſome *Penſionary Parliament*; but as the *Author* of this little Piece hath not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed the *Characters*, which he deſigned to expoſe, by any particular Marks; ſo my Memory will not enable me to explain the Sentiments of the Publick on that Occaſion. However, as it ſeems to contain *a good, general Moral*, I have ventur'd to give it to my Readers; and if it ſhould happen to meet with any Succeſs, I may, perhaps, communicate others, which are not to be met with in any of the *publick Miſcellanies* of thoſe Times.

*The*

## *The Progreſs of* PATRIOTISM. *A TALE.*

*Vendidit HIC Auro Patriam.*

SIR *Ralph*, a ſimple, rural Knight,
Could juſt diſtinguiſh Wrong from Right,
When he receiv'd a Quarter's Rent,
And almoſt half in *Taxes* went:
He rail'd at *Places*, *Bribes* and *Penſions*,
And *ſecret Service*, new Inventions;
Preach'd up the true old *Engliſh* Spirit,
And mourn'd the great Neglect of *Merit*;
Lamented our forlorn Condition,
And wiſh'd the Countrey would *petition*;
Said, he would firſt ſubſcribe his Name,
And added, 'twas a burning Shame
That *ſome Men* large Eſtates ſhould get,
And fatten on the *Publick Debt*;
Of his poor Countrey urg'd his Love,
And ſhook his Head at *Thoſe above.*

THIS Conduct, in a private Station,
Procur'd the *Knight* great Reputation;
The Neighbours all approv'd his Zeal,
(Though few Men *judge*, yet all Men *feel*)

And

And with a general Voice declar'd
Money was ſcarce, the Times were hard;
That what Sir *Ralph* obſerv'd was true,
And wiſh'd the *Gallows* had its due.
THUS bleſt in popular Affection,
Behold! there came on an *Election*,
And who more proper than Sir *Ralph*
To guard their Privileges ſafe?
So, in Return for Zeal and Beer,
They choſe him for a *Knight o'th' Shire.*
BUT mark how *Climates* change the Mind,
And *Virtue* chops about like Wind!
Duly the *Knight* came up to Town,
Reſolv'd to pull *Corruption* down,
Frequented Clubs of the *ſame Party*,
And in the Cauſe continued hearty,
Broach'd his Opinions, wet and dry,
And gave ſome *honeſt* Votes awry.
AT length, in that *old ſpacious Court*,
Where *Members* juſt at Noon reſort,
Up to our *Knight* Sir *Blueſtring* came,
And call'd him frankly by his Name;
*Smil'd* on him, *ſhook him by the Hand*,
And gave him ſoon to underſtand,
That

That though his Perſon was a Stranger,
Yet that in Times of greateſt Danger,
His faithful Services were known,
And all his Family's here in Town,
For whom he had a great Affection;
And wiſh'd him Joy of his Election,
Aſſur'd him that his Countrey's Voice
Could not have made a better Choice.

SIR *Ralph*, who, if not much bely'd,
Had always ſome Degrees of Pride,
Perceiv'd his Heart begin to ſwell,
And lik'd this Doctrine mighty well;
Took Notice of his Air and Look,
And how familiarly he ſpoke;
Such Condeſcenſions, ſuch Profeſſions
Remov'd all former ill Impreſſions.

THE *Stateſman* (who, we muſt agree,
Can far into our *Foibles* ſee,
And knows exactly how to flatter
The *weak blind* Sides of human Nature)
Saw the *vain Wretch* begin to yield,
And farther thus his Oil inſtill'd.

SIR *Ralph*, ſaid he, all Forms apart,
So dear I hold you at my Heart,

Have

Have ſuch a Value for your *Worth*,
Your *Senſe* and *Honour* and ſo forth,
That in ſome Points, extremely nice,
I ſhould be proud of your Advice;
Let me, good Sir, the Favour pray
To eat a Bit with me to Day;
Nay, dear Sir *Ralph*, you muſt agree ——
*Your Honour's Hour?* —— exactly three.

THESE Points premis'd, they bow and part
With Hands preſs'd hard to either Heart:
For now the publick Buſineſs calls
Each Patriot to St. *Stephen's* Walls;
Whether the *preſent Debts* to ſtate,
Or on ſome *new Supplies* debate,
Would here be needleſs to relate.

FROM thence, at the appointed Hour,
The *Knight* attends the *Man of Power*;
Who, better to ſecure his Ends,
Had likewiſe bid ſome courtly Friends,
His Brother *Townly* and his *Grace*,
Great *Stateſmen* both, and both in Place:
Our *Britiſh Horace*, fam'd for Wit,
Alike for *Courts* and *Senates* fit;
Sir *William* from his early Youth,
Renown'd for *Honour*, *Virtue*, *Truth*;

And

And *Bubble*, juſt reſtor'd to Favour,
On Pardon ask'd for *late Behaviour*.
The *Stateſman* met his *Convert-Gueſt*,
Saluted, claſp'd him to his Breaſt,
Then introduc'd him to the reſt.

WHILST he, with Wonder and Amaze,
The Splendour of the Houſe ſurveys;
Huge China Jars and Piles of Plate,
And *modiſh Screens* and Beds of State,
Gilt Sconces, of ſtupendous Size,
And coſtly Paintings ſtrike his Eyes,
From *Italy* and *Flanders* brought,
At the Expence of Nations bought;
Yet doth not one of theſe relate
The tragick End of R—— s of State;
Although ſuch Pictures might ſupply
Fit Leſſons to the *Great Man's* Eye:
But *o'ergrown Fav'rites* dread to think
From whence they roſe, and how may ſink.

DINNER now waited on the Board,
Rich as this City would afford,
(For every Element ſupplies,
His Table with its Rarities)
The Gueſts promiſcuous take their Place,
*Pro more*, without *Form* of *Grace*;

There might the *little Knight* be ſeen
With *Ribbons blue*, and *Ribbons green*,
All complaiſant and debonair,
As if the King himſelf were there.
Obſequious each conſults his Taſte,
And begging to be ſerv'd the laſt,
Points round by Turns to every Diſh;
*Will you have* Soop, *Sir* Ralph, *or* Fiſh?
*This* Fricaſee *or that* Ragouſt?
*Pray, Sir, be free and let me know.*
THE Cloth remov'd, the Glaſs goes round,
With loyal Healths and Wiſhes crown'd;
*May* King *and* Senate *long agree!*
*Succeſs attend the* Miniſtry!
*Let* public Faith *and* Stocks *increaſe!*
*And grant us, Heav'n! a* ſpeedy Peace!
DISCOURSE enſues on *Homebred Rage*,
That rank Diſtemper of the Age;
And inſtantly they all agree,
They never were ſo *bleſs'd*, or *free*;
That all *Complaints* were nought but *Faction*,
And *Patriotiſm* mere *Diſtraction*,
Though

Though full of *Reaſon*, void of *Grace*,
And only meant to *get in Place*.
SIR *Ralph* in Approbation bow'd;
Yet own'd that with the giddy Croud,
He formerly had gone aſtray,
And talk'd in quite another Way,
Poſſeſs'd with Jealouſies and Fears,
Diſpers'd by reſtleſs Pamphleteers,
In Libels *weekly* and *diurnal*,
Eſpecially the * *Country Journal*;
But as he felt ſincere Contrition,
He hop'd his Faults would find Remiſſion.
DEAR SIR, reply'd the *Blue-ſtring Knight*,
I'm glad you think Affairs go right,
All Errors paſs'd muſt be excus'd,
(Since the beſt Men may be abus'd)
What's in my Power you may command:
Then ſhook him once more by the Hand,
Gave him great Hopes (at leaſt his *Word*)
That he ſhould be a *Treaſury-Lord*,

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* From hence it appears, that a Paper was publiſhed under *that Name*, long before *this*, in which we are at preſent engaged.

And to confirm his good Intention,
At preſent order'd him a *Penſion.*
BY theſe Degrees, Sir *Ralph* is grown
The ſtancheſt Tool in all the Town,
At *Points* and *Job-work* never fails,
At all his old Acquaintance rails;
Holds every Doctrine now in Faſhion,
That *Debts* are Bleſſings to a Nation;
That *Brib'ry* under *Whig Direction,*
Is needful to diſcourage Faction;
That *ſtanding Armies* are moſt fitting
To guard the Liberties of *Britain*;
That *F——e* is her ſincereſt Friend,
On whom, ſhe always ſhould depend;
That *Miniſters*, by *Kings* appointed,
Are, under them, the *Lord's anointed*;
*Ergo*, it is the ſelf-ſame Thing,
T' oppoſe the *Miniſter* or *King*;
*Ergo*, by Conſequence of Reaſon,
To cenſure *Stateſmen* is *High Treaſon.*
In Fine, his *ſtanding Creed* is this;
That *right* or *wrong*, or *hit* or *miſs*,
No Miſchiefs can befal a Nation,
Under ſo *wiſe a Miniſtration*;

That

That *Britain* is Sir *Blue-ſtring*'s Debtor,
And *Things did ſurely ne'er go better!*
So the plain Country Girl, untainted,
Nor yet with wicked Man acquainted,
Starts at the firſt leud Application,
Though warm perhaps by Inclination,
And ſwears ſhe would not with the King,
For all the World do *ſuch a Thing:*
But when, with long, aſſiduous Art,
*Damon* hath once ſeduc'd her Heart,
She learns her Leſſon in a Trice,
And juſtifies the pleaſing Vice,
Calls it a natural, harmleſs Paſſion,
Implanted from our firſt Creation,
Holds there's no Sin between clean Sheets,
And lies with every Man ſhe meets.

## NUMBER XIII.

*Sermo datur cunctis, animi ſapientia paucis.*
Cato.

THERE is one Kind of Converſation, which every one aims at, and every one almoſt fails in; it is that of *Story-telling*. I know not any Thing which engages our Attention with more Delight, when a Perſon has a ſufficient Stock of Talents neceſſary for it, ſuch as *Good Senſe*, *true Humour*, *a clear Head*, *a ready Command of Language*, and *a Variety of proper Geſture*, to give Life and Spirit to what he ſays. If any of theſe be wanting, the Liſtners, inſtead of being diverted, are diſobliged; but if the Perſon be utterly void of them all, as it is very often the Caſe, he becomes a Nuiſſance to the Company, and they are ſo long upon the Rack as he ſpeaks. It has ſometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man whom

whom I never offended, has laid me under the Perſecution of a long Story, and compell'd me to hear, what neither concerned himſelf, nor me, nor indeed any Body elſe, and at the ſame Time he was as much in Earneſt, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he ſaid. A Humour very unaccountable! That a Man ſhall be letting off Words for an Hour or two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his beſt, only makes me uneaſy, and himſelf contemptible.

THIS natural Infirmity in Men is not only confined to *Story-telling*, but it appears likewiſe in every Eſſay whatſoever of their Intellectuals. As for Inſtance; if one of theſe be a Preacher of GOD's Word, by far fetched Criticiſms, numerous Diviſions, and Sub-diviſions, incoherent Digreſſions, tedious Repetitions, uſeleſs Remarks, weak Anſwers to ſtrong Objections, Inferences to no Premiſes, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he ſhall draw you out a Diſcourſe for an Hour and

a Quarter, unequally diſpenſing Opium and Edification to his Flock, there being ſeven Sleepers for one Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he ſhall, by an uncommon Way of Amuſement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in two Minutes, and dilate upon it two Hours, with ſuch a Volubility of Tongue, ſuch Affluence of Expreſſion, with ſomething ſo like a good Style, and Manner of Thinking, that the Judges and Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there was a continued Chain of true Reaſoning and ſolid Argument. If he be a Member of the Upper or Lower Houſe, he does not proceed four Sentences, before the reſt know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean Time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent, till the Gentleman has done. I could give many more Inſtances, but that I think theſe ſufficient for my preſent Purpoſe; beſide, leſt I ſhould incur the like Reproach my ſelf, I muſt, in a few Words, divide the *Story-tellers* into *the ſhort*, *the long*, *the marvellous*, *the inſipid*, and *the delightful*.

THE

THE *ſhort Story-teller* is he, who tells a great deal in few Words, engages your Attention, pleaſes your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, *Macrobius*, among the Ancients. *Ex. gr.*

WHEN the *Nepheli* of *Ariſtophanes*, a Satyr upon *Socrates* was acting, his Friends deſired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, ſaid *Socrates*, I will ſtand up here, where I may be ſeen; for now I think my ſelf like a good Feaſt, and that every one has a Share of me. *vid. Feaſt of Xenophon.*

BRASIDAS the famous *Lacedæmonian* General caught a *Mouſe:* It bit him, and by that Means made its Eſcape. O *Jupiter*, ſaid he, what Creature ſo contemptible, but may have its Liberty if it will contend for it? *vid. Plutach, de profect. virtut.*

DIOGENES having ſailed to *Chios*, while it was under the Dominion of the *Perſians*, ſaid in a full Aſſembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building Temples, ſince the *Perſians* would not allow them the Privilege of making their own *Prieſts*,

*Prieſts*, but ſent them over the moſt Illiterate of their *Magi*.

AUGUSTUS while he was encamped with his Army ſome where near *Mantua*, was diſturbed three Nights ſucceſſively, by the Hooting of an *Owl*. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the Offender (ſo that he might be brought to Juſtice) ſhould have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Purſuit of this *Bird*: At laſt, one more vigilant than the reſt, found him in a hollow Tree, ſo brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who ſaw him with the greateſt Joy, but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, ſo far below his Expectation, that he let the *Owl* fly away that Inſtant. So true a Senſe of Liberty run through the very meaneſt of the *Romans*. *Macrob. Sat.*

THE *long Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words, for this many among the Moderns are famous, particularly the *French*; and among our ſelves in this Kingdom we have a vaſt Number of the better Sort. As well as I

can

can recollect, there are ſix Deans, four Judges, ſix and thirty Councellors at Law, ſixty five Attorneys, ſome few Fellows of the College, every Alderman through the whole Nation, except one. All old Gentlemen and Ladies, without Exception, five of the College of Phyſicians, three or four Lords, two hundred Squires, and ſome few People of Diſtinction beſide.

I SHALL here inſert a Fragment of a long Story, by Way of Example, containing a hundred and twenty nine Words, which might have been ſaid in theſe ten following, *viz. nine Years ago I was to preach for a Friend.*

I REMEMBER once, I think it was about ſeven Years ago—No I lye—It was about nine Years ago; for it was juſt when my Wife was Lying-in of *Dicky*, I remember particularly, the Mid-wife would have had me ſtay, to keep her Company, and it was the heavieſt Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever ſaw before or ſince, but becauſe I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday* I could not defer

it to the next Morning, though I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three Hours, I bought him of a Neighbour one Mr. *Maſterſon*, yet becauſe I would not put my Friend in a Fright, *&c.* Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story laſted an Hour, ſo that upon a fair Computation he ſpoke 7740 Words inſtead of 600, by which Means he made Uſe of 7140 more than he had Occaſion for. If a right Application were made of this Hint which I have given, it would be of admirable Effect in the Diſpatch of publick Buſineſs, as well as private Converſation; nay, in the very Writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate Treatiſes, written by the learned Mr. *H——n.*

THE *Marvellous*, is he who is fond of telling ſuch Things as no Man alive, who has the leaſt Uſe of his Reaſon can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers, and the vain-glorious, but very pardonable, becauſe no Man's Faith is impoſed upon, or if it ſhould be ſo, ill Conſequence attends Perſons

ſons ſeriouſly extravagant, expecting another ſhould give Credit to what he knows impoſſible for the greateſt Dunce to ſwallow.

ONE of theſe, who had travelled to *Damaſcus*, told his Company, that the *Bees* of that Country were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, ſaid a Gentleman (begging Pardon for the Queſtion) how large were the Hives? The ſame Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very ſtrange, ſaid the other. But how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Buſineſs, I Gad let them look to that.

ANOTHER, who had travelled as far as *Perſia*, ſpoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning home, telling him, how neceſſary it was, that a Traveller ſhould draw Things beyond the Life, otherwiſe he could not hope for that Reſpect from his Countrymen, which otherwiſe he might have. But at the ſame Time, *John*, ſaid he, whereſoever I ſhall dine, or ſup, keep you cloſe to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct my ſelf. It happened

pened on a Day, that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who ſhall be nameleſs, where he affirmed, that he ſaw a *Monkey* in the Iſland *Borneo*, which had a Tail threeſcore Yards long. *John* punched him. I am certain it is fifty at leaſt. *John* punched again. I believe to ſpeak within Compaſs, for I did not meaſure it, it muſt have been forty. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I remember it lay over a Quickſet-Hedge, and therefore could not be leſs than thirty. *John* at him again. I could take my Oath it was twenty. This did not ſatisfy *John*. Upon which the Maſter turned about in a Rage and ſaid, Damn you for a Puppy, would you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all?

DID not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whoſe Hiſtory is much of the ſame Stamp with his Travels, affirm that he ſaw an *Elephant* play at Ball? And that grave Gentleman *Yſbrant Ides* in his Travels through *Muſcovy* to *China*, aſſures us, that he ſaw *Elephants*, which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tigers*, and to mimick the

the ſounding of a Trumpet; but their higheſt Perfection, as he relates it, was that of ſinging like Canary Birds. However this is not ſo marvellous (for *Pliny* relates wonderful Things of their Docility) as what a Gentleman told a full Company, in my hearing within this Fortnight. That he had ſeen a Show at *Briſtol*, which was a *Hare*, taught to ſtand upon her hind Legs and bow to all the Company, to each Perſon in particular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat ſeveral Marches on the Drum. After this a *Dog* was ſet upon the Table. His Maſter, the *Show-man*, made many grievous Complaints againſt him, for High Crimes and Miſdemeanors. The *Hare* knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Paſſion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if ſhe had been his Wife, ſcratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

THERE is a certain Gentleman, now in *Ireland*, moſt remarkably fond of the Marvellous, (but this through Vanity) who among

mong an infinite Number of the like Rarities, affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond, by it ſelf, which has for twenty Years paſt ſupplied him and his Friends with a very good Diſh of Fiſh, when they either came to dine or ſup with him. And the Manner of it is thus. The Cook-maid goes with a large Kitchin-knife, which has a Whiſtle in its Handle; ſhe no ſooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice and turns up its Belly, till ſhe cuts out as much as ſhe has Occaſion for, and then away it ſcuds. The Chaſm is filled in a Day or two, and the *Carp* is as ſound as a *Roach*, ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook-maid took the moſt ſolemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the moſt ſanctified *Quaker* ſhould ſay YEA to it, which is made equal to any Prelate's Oath, I would no more give Credit to them, than I would to the *Colonel*, who ſaid he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majeſty King *William*, of glorious Memory, loſt the Day: And this *Colonel*, being in the utmoſt Confuſion, fled among the reſt: He ſwore he had gal-

loped

loped above two Miles, after his Horſe's Head was ſhot off, by a Cannon-ball, which he ſhould not have miſſed, if the poor Creature had not ſtooped at a River Side to drink.

I SHOULD be glad to ſpend an Evening with half a Dozen Gentlemen of this uncommon Genius, for I am certain they would improve upon one another, and thereby I might have an Opportunity of obſerving how far the Marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

THE *inſipid*, who may not unfitly be called *Soporifick*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts: You ſhall have an Account from ſuch a Perſon of every minute Circumſtance, which happened in the Company where he has been, what he did, and what they did, what they ſaid, and what he ſaid, with a Million of trite Phraſes, with an *and ſo* beginning every Sentence; and *to make a long Story ſhort*; and, *as I was ſaying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a moſt dreadful Thing, when Men have neither

neither the Talent of Speaking, nor the Diſcretion of holding their Tongues, and that, of all People, ſuch as are leaſt qualified, are commonly the moſt earneſt in this Way of Converſation.

THE *Delightful Story-teller* is one, who ſpeaks not a Word too much, or too little, who can, in a very careleſs Manner, give a great deal of Pleaſure to others, and deſerves rather to divert, than be applauded; who ſhews good Underſtanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit in every Thing which comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the Hiſtory of a Child and its *Hobby-horſe*, than one of the *Soporificks* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Perſon is not unlike a bad Reader who makes the moſt ingenious Piece his own, that is, dull and deteſtable by only coming through his Mouth. But to return to the delightful *Story-teller*, I cannot deſcribe him by any Words ſo well as his own, and therefore take the following Story to ſhew him in the moſt agreeable Light.

A MOUN-

A MOUNTEBANK *in* Leiceſter-Fields *had drawn a huge Aſſembly about him; among the reſt a fat unwieldy Fellow, half ſtifled in the Preſs, would be every Fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here! pray good People give Way a little! bleſs me! what a Devil has raked this Rabble together? Zounds, what ſqueezing is this? Honeſt Friend remove your Elbow. At laſt a Weaver that ſtood next him could hold no longer. A Plague confound you, ſaid he, for an overgrown Sloven, and who in the Devil's Name helps to make up the Crowd half ſo much as your ſelf? Don't you conſider (with a Pox) that you take up more Room with that Carcaſs than any five here? Is not the Place as fit for us, as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reaſonable Compaſs (and be damn'd) and then I'll engage we ſhall have Room enough for us all.*

THIS I have tranſcribed from a moſt celebrated Author, with great Pleaſure, and do earneſtly recommend it to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of *Story-telling* both as to Style, and Manner, and every Thing requi-

requiſite not only to pleaſe the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. And for the Time to come, be it enacted, that if any Perſon, of what Rank ſoever, ſhall preſume to exceed ſix Minutes in a Story, to *hum* or *haw*, uſe *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digreſſions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story when he has done, or ſpeaks one Word more than is neceſſary, or is a Stammerer in his Speech, that then it ſhall, and may be lawful for any one of the ſaid Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, to make Uſe of broad Hints, or Inuendo's for him the ſaid *Story-teller*, to break off, although abruptly; otherwiſe he is to have a Glove, or Handkerchief, crammed into his Mouth for the firſt Default, and for the ſecond, to be kicked out of Company.

## NUMBER XIV.

*Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret.*
Hor.

THERE is an old Heathen Story, that *Prometheus*, who was a Potter in *Greece*, took a Frolick to turn all the Clay in his Shop into Men and Women, ſeparating the fine from the coarſe, in Order to diſtinguiſh the Sexes. The *Males* were formed of a Mixture *Blue Red*, as being of the toughest Conſiſtence, fitter for Creatures deſtined to Hardſhips, Labour, and difficult Enterprizes; the *Females* were molded out of the moſt refined Stuff, much of the like Subſtance with *China-ware*, tranſparent and brittle; deſigning them rather for Shew and Beauty, than to be of any real Uſe in Life, farther than that of Generation. By the Tranſparency he intended the Men might ſee ſo plainly through them,

that they ſhould not be capable of *Hypocriſy*, *Falſhood* or *Intrigue*, and by their Brittleneſs, he taught them, they were to be handled with a Tenderneſs ſuitable to their Delicacy of Conſtitution.

IT was pleaſant enough, to ſee with what Contrivance and Order, he diſpoſed of his Journey-men in their ſeveral Apartments, and how judiciouſly he aſſigned each of them his Work, according to his Natural Capacity and Talents, ſo that every Member, and part of the humane Frame, was finiſhed with the utmoſt Exactneſs and Beauty.

IN one Chamber you might ſee a *Leg-ſhaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-ſtretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*, for each Workman was diſtinguiſhed by a proper Term of Art, ſuch as *Knuckle-turner*, *Tooth-grinder*, *Rib-cooper*, *Muſcle-maker*, *Tendon-drawer*, *Paunch-blower*, *Vein-brancher*, and ſuch like. But *Prometheus* himſelf made the *Eyes*, the *Ears*, and the *Heart*, which, becauſe of their nice and intricate Structure, were chiefly the Buſineſs of a *Maſter-Workman*. Beſide this, he com-

pleated the Whole by fitting and joining the ſeveral Parts together, according to the beſt Symmetry and Proportion. The Statues are now upon their Legs. *Life* the chief Ingredient is wanting, *Prometheus* takes a *Ferula* in his Hand (a Reed of the Iſland *Chios* having an Oil-Pith) ſteals up the Back-ſtairs to *Apollo*'s Lodgings, lights it clandeſtinely at the Chariot of the *Sun*, ſo down he creeps upon his Tip-toes to his Ware-houſe, and in a very few Minutes, by an Application of the Flame to the Noſtrils of his *Clay Images*, ſets them all a ſtalking and ſtaring through one another, but intirely inſenſible of what they were doing. They looked ſo like the latter End of a *Lord Mayor*'s Feaſt, he could not bear the Sight of them. He then ſaw it was abſolutely neceſſary to give them *Paſſions*, or Life would be an inſipid Thing, and ſo from the Super-abundance of them in other *Animals*, de culls out enough for his Purpoſe, which he blended and tempered ſo well, before Infuſion, that his Men and Women became the moſt amiable Creatures, that Thought can conceive.

LOVE was then like a pure Veſtal-Flame not made up of ſudden Joy, Tranſports and Extaſies, but conſtant, friendly and benevolent.

ANGER did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent Emotions of the Breaſt, and Diſtortions of the Face; but preſerved a Dignity of Reſentment in the Countenance, commanding a reverential Awe in the Offender.

FEAR did not in the leaſt encroach upon the Bounds of Fortitude, by a ſlaviſh Dejection of Spirits, nor was it ever ſeen upon any Occaſion, but as a Monitor, to prevent the doing of any Action, which might be attended with Diſgrace or Repentance.

IN the ſame Manner was every Paſſion and Appetite under the beſt Regulation and Dominion of Reaſon. The World would have been a moſt delightful Scene had People continued in this Situation; but alas! there can be no Happineſs here without a Mixture of Miſery.

PROMETHEUS is apprehended for his Theft and Preſumption, bound faſt in Chains to a Rock, with a *Vulture* to prey upon his Liver.

His

His Journey-men get Drunk for joy they were now their own Maſters, during which Interval, they fall to Man and Woman making with exceſſive Precipitation and Hurry. Now you might ſee a ſmall Head ſet upon a pair of broad Shoulders; a Noſe too long, too ſhort, too thick, too ſmall, or awry on the Face; a large heavy Carcaſs rear'd upon a ſmall Pair of Spindle Shanks, by which means they became bandy; a long Chin to a ſhort Face; one Arm longer than the other; Eyes too big for their Sockets; Mouths three Times too wide or too narrow, every Part and Limb almoſt choſen and put together at random. But to conclude the Farce, when they came to the Paſſion-Work, inſtead of blending, and tempering them in true Proportion, they took them from the worſt of *Animals* ſimply, and by gueſs. To one was given the Rage and Fury of a *Wolf:* Hence came a moſt virulent, perſecuting malicious Villain; from whom has deſcended thoſe boiſtrous and outragious Peſts of Society, who are every Day diſturbing our Peace; the only Bleſſing we can enjoy upon

Earth. To another the Poyſon and Rancour of a Toad; from whom ſprang the revengeful, who upon the leaſt Touch of Offence, are ever upon the Watch, to ruin the Inadvertent. To another the Subtilty and Cunning of a *Fox*; from whom we trace the *Politician*, who turns all the Motions of his Soul to *Seducing*, *Betraying*, *Surprizing*, *fair Promiſes with foul Intentions*, *perpetual Stratagems to his own Advantage*, *under the ſpecious Appearance of the publick Good.*

To another the Alertneſs of a Monkey: He begat a large Family of Jibbers, Buffoons, and Mimicks; theſe are a numerous Breed and diſperſed over the Face of the whole Earth. The chief Buſineſs of their Lives is to make People laugh at one another, and not to ſpare even their neareſt Friends; who while they are copying the Imperfections of others, bring themſelves to be *Originals*. You may diſtinguiſh this happy Race by their Hawk-noſes, one Eye leſs than t'other, and a perpetual Sneer, which by repeated Habit, becomes inſeparable from their Faces. To another the Pride of a *Peacock*:

He

He turns *Beau*, ſtitches all the Tinſel about him that he can, hangs a Tayl to his Head, and ſo walks through the World. To another the Gluttony, Lazineſs and Luxury of a *Hog*: From him are deſcended your pamper'd Citizens, and others, whoſe chief Exerciſe conſiſts in Eating and Drinking: They are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the Plumpneſs and Rotundity of their *Dewlap*, the *Toroſity* of their *Necks* and *Breaſts*, and the *Prominence* of their *Abdomen*. Numberleſs are the Inſtances might be given of the Predominance of Brutes, thus occaſioned in Men, but that I haſten to give a ſummary Account of the *Animals*, chiefly choſen by theſe Journey-men, to give proper Accompliſhments to the other Sex, *viz. Cats, Ferrets, Weazels, Vipers, Magpies, Geeſe, Wagtails, Rats, Stoats, Rattle-Snakes, Waſps, Hornets*, and ſome few others. It is needleſs to inform the Reader, what Qualities were infuſed from theſe, when he can behold them ſo plainly in one half or more of his Female Acquaintance. And I dare venture to ſay, that you can hardly go into a

Family, where you may not diſtinguiſh ſome one Lady eminently remarkable for a lively Reſemblance to one or more of the aforeſaid *Animals*. Upon the whole, I ſhall make this Remark, that the Handy-work of *Prometheus* and their Progeny, are to be diſtinguiſhed with the greateſt Eaſe, from that of his Journey-men; his being all *Humane*, *Benevolent*, *Eaſy*, *Affable*, *Good-humoured*, *Charitable* and *Friendly*; whereas thoſe of his Journey-men are *Cruel*, *Malicious*, *Turbulent*, *Moroſe*, *Ill-natured*, *Snarling*, *Quarrelſome*, *Pragmatical*, *Covetous*, and *Inhuman*, which we daily experience among the *great Vulgar* and *the Small*, nor can all the Power of Art, or Education, intirely waſh away the Dirt of the Journeyman's Palm, or quite aboliſh, or refrain that Exuberance of wrong Paſſions which are owing to the Cauſe already aſſigned. And I will ſay farther, that I know nothing elſe in Nature, but what may by *Cultivation* or *Chymiſtry* change its Nature, ſuch Perſons only excepted, who have had a wrong Impreſſion at firſt, and *human Excrements*;

*crements:* But this being of too foul a Nature, to bear a Diſſertation in *Proſe*, I ſhall tranſcribe it, as it was cooked up in *Verſe*, for the Taſte of the Polite, being a very fit Emblem, to explain this great and uſeful Maxim, *That there is no Method, as yet found out, to change natural Inclination.*

## *The TALE of the* T——D.

A PASTRY-COOK once moulded up a
T——d
(You may believe me when I give my
Word)
With nice Ingredients of the fragrant kind
And *Sugar* of the beſt, right double refin'd.
He blends them all; for he was fully bent
Quite to annihilate its Taſte and Scent.
With out-ſtretch'd Arms, he twirls the
Rolling-Pin,
And ſpreads the yielding *Ordure* ſmooth
and thin;
'Twas not to ſave his Flow'r, but ſhew his
Art,
Of ſuch foul *Dough* to make a ſav'ry *Tart.*

Of

He heats his Ov'n with Care, and bak'd it well,
But ſtill the Cruſt's offenſive to the Smell.
The *Cook* was vext to ſee himſelf ſo foil'd,
So works it to a *Dumpling*, which he boil'd:
Now out it comes, and if it ſtunk before,
It ſtinks full twenty Times as much, and more.
He breaks freſh *Eggs*, converts it into *Batter*,
Works them with *Spoon* about a Wooden-Platter,
To true Conſiſtence, ſuch as *Cook-maids* make
At *Shrovetide*, when they toſs the *pliant Cake*.
In vain he twirls the *Pan*, the more it fries
The more the nauſeous, fetid Vapours riſe.
Reſolv'd to make it ſtill a ſav'ry Bit,
He takes the *Pan-Cake* rolls it round a *Spit*,
Winds up the *Jack*, and ſets it to the Fire,
But roaſting rais'd its pois'nous Fumes the high'r.

Offended

Offended much (although it was his own,)
At length he throws it where it ſhou'd be thrown,
And in a Paſſion, ſtorming loud, he cry'd,
*If neither bak'd, nor boyl'd, nor roaſt, nor fry'd,*
*Can thy offenſive helliſh Taint reclaim,*
*Go to the filthy Jake from whence you came.*

## *The* MORAL.

THIS *Tale* requires but one ſhort Application,
It fits all upſtart Scoundrels in each *Nation*,
Minions of Fortune, wiſe Mens Jeſt in Pow'r,
Like Weeds on *Dunghills*, Stinking, Rank and Sour.

## NUMBER XV.

Lamentations, *chap.* ii. *ver.* 19.

*Ariſe, cry out in the Night: in the beginning of the Watches pour out thine Heart like Water before the Face of the Lord: lift up thy Hands towards him, for the Life of thy young Children that faint for Hunger, in the Top of every Street.*

I Do remember to have read an Account, that an Ode which *Pindar* writ in honour to the Iſland *Delos*, was inſcribed in the Temple of *Minerva* at *Athens*, in large Letters of Gold. A publick and very laudable Acknowledgment for the Poet's Ingenuity, and for no more than a bare Compliment! Such was the Encouragement given by the great and publick ſpirited *Athenians*. Had the ſame Poet, inſpired by a noble and heroick Ardor, by another Ode awakened

awakened and rouzed their whole State againſt an invading Enemy; or opened their Eyes againſt any Secret and wicked Contrivers of their Deſtruction, they would have erected him a Statue at leaſt. But alaſs that Spirit is fled from the World, and long ſince neglected. Virtue is become her own Pay-maſter. My *Countrey-men*, I hope, will forgive me, if I complain there has been ſo little Notice taken of a ſmall, but moſt excellent *Pamphlet*, written by the DRAPIER. It is intiled, *A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND.* There never was any Treatiſe yet publiſhed, with a Zeal more generous for the univerſal Good of a Nation, or a Deſign more ſeaſonable, conſidering our preſent lamentable Condition; yet we liſten not to the Voice of the Charmer. Whereas it ſhould have been inſcribed in Capital Letters (as glorious as thoſe of the Poet) in the moſt publick Part of every *Corporation-Town*, through this whole *Kingdom*, that People might behold the ſeveral unprovoked Cauſes of their Poverty, our Offences towards Heaven excepted.

Nay,

Nay, I will proceed farther, and ſay, that every Head of every Family, ought to inſtruct the Children ſo far in this moſt *incomparable Pamphlet*, that they ſhould not only underſtand, but be able to repeat by Heart every ſingle *Paragraph* through the whole. This was the Method laid down by the wiſeſt Law-giver that ever the World produced, to gain the Hearts of the People, by working upon their Memories.

Deut. *ch.* vi. *ver.* 7. *And thou ſhalt Teach them diligently unto thy Children, and ſhalt talk of them, when thou ſitteſt in thine Houſe, and when thou walkeſt by the Way, and when thou lieſt down, and when thou riſeſt up.*

8. *And thou ſhalt bind them for a Sign upon thine Hand, and they ſhall be as Frontlets between thine Eyes.*

9. *And thou ſhalt write them upon the Poſts of thy Houſe, and on thy Gates.*

And where would be the great Trouble ſince we have little elſe to do, if every Man would read a Lecture of the *Short View* every Day in his Family after reading Prayers? Nor do I think the Expence would be extravagant,

travagant, if he ſhould have every Page of it re-printed, to be hung up in Frames, in every Chamber of his Houſe. That it might be as evident as the *Hand-Writing on the Wall.*

AND ſince I have ventured thus far to praiſe and recommend this moſt inimitable Piece, let me ſpeak a few Words in favour of its AUTHOR.

I WOULD propoſe to my *Countrey-men* before all their MONEY goes off, (it is going as faſt as poſſible) to convert it into a few Statues to the DRAPIER, in thoſe memorable Parts of this Kingdom, where our Heroes have ſhone with the greateſt Luſtre, in Defence of our *Liberty*, and the PROTESTANT RELIGION over all *Europe:* At DERRY, at ENNISKILLEN, at BOYN, at AUGHRIM. Nor would it be amiſs, to ſet up a few more about our *Metropolis*, with that glorious Inſcription LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

IF our MONEY were metamorphoſed upon ſuch a good Occaſion as this, it would not

not be in the Power of any * *Cypſelus*, to get it into his own Coffers, and it would be the only Method to prevent its being carry'd off, except our *Viceroys* ſhould act like the *Roman Prefects*, and run away with our very Statues.

COURTEOUS READER, mark well what follows.

I AM aſſured, that it hath for ſome Time been practiſed, as a Method of making Mens Court when they are aſked about the Rate of Lands, the Abilities of Tenants, the State of Trade and Manufacture in this Kingdom, and how their Rents are payed; to anſwer, that in their Neighbourhood all Things are in a flouriſhing Condition, the Rent and Purchaſe of Land every Day encreaſing. And if a Gentleman happens to be a little more ſincere in his Repreſenta-

* *Cypſelus*, a Governor of *Corinth*, who contrived a Tax, which brought all the Money of that State to himſelf in ten Years Time. *Vid. Ariſtot. polit.*

tions, beſides being looked on as not well affected, he is ſure to have a dozen Contradictors at his Elbow. I think it is no manner of Secret why theſe Queſtions are ſo cordially asked and ſo obligingly anſwered.

BUT ſince with regard to the Affairs of this Kingdom, I have been uſing all Endeavours to ſubdue my Indignation, to which indeed I am not provoked by any perſonal Intereſt, being not the Owner of one Spot of Ground in the whole *Iſland*, I ſhall only enumerate by Rules generally known, and never contradicted, what are the true Cauſes of any Countries flouriſhing and growing Rich, and then examine what Effects ariſe from thoſe Cauſes, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

THE firſt Cauſe of a Kingdom's thriving, is the Fruitfulneſs of the Soil, to produce the Neceſſaries and Conveniencies of Life, not only ſufficient for the Inhabitants, but for Exportation into other Countries.

THE Second is the Induſtry of the People, in working up all their native Commodities, to the laſt Degree of Manufacture.

THE Third is the Conveniency of ſafe Ports and Havens, to carry out their own Goods as much manufactured, and bring in thoſe of others as little manufactured, as the Nature of mutual Commerce will allow.

THE Fourth is, that the Natives ſhould, as much as poſſible Export and Import their Goods in Veſſels of their own Timber, made in their own Countrey.

THE Fifth is the Liberty of a free Trade in all foreign Countries, which will permit them, except to thoſe who are in War with their own Prince, or State.

THE Sixth is, by being governed only by Laws made with their own Conſent, for otherwiſe they are not a free People. And therefore all Appeals for Juſtice or Applications for Favour or Preferment to another Countrey, are ſo many grievous Impoveriſhments.

THE Seventh is by Improvement of Land, Encouragement of Agriculture, and thereby encreaſing the Number of their People, without which, any Country, however bleſſed by Nature, muſt continue Poor.

THE Eighth, is the Reſidence of the Princes, or Chief Adminiſtrators of the Civil Power.

THE Ninth is the Concourſe of Foreigners for Education, Curioſity or Pleaſure, or as to a general Mart of Trade.

THE Tenth, is by diſpoſing all Offices of Honour, Profit or Truſt, only to the Natives, or at leaſt with very few Exceptions, where Strangers have long inhabited the Country, and are ſuppoſed to underſtand, and regard the Intereſt of it, as their own.

THE Eleventh is, when the Rents of Lands and Profits of Employments are ſpent in the Country, which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen, where the Love of our native Country prevails.

THE Twelfth is by the publick Revenues, being all ſpent and employed at Home, except on the Occaſions of a Foreign War.

THE Thirteenth is, where the People are not obliged, unleſs they find it for their own Intereſt or Conveniency, to receive any Monies, except of their own Coynage, by a pub-

lick Mint, after the Manner of all civilized Nations.

THE Fourteenth is a Diſpoſition of a People of a Country, to wear their own Manufactures, and import as few Incitements to Luxury, either in Cloaths, Furniture, Food, or Drink, as they poſſibly can live conveniently without.

THERE are many other Cauſes of a Nation's thriving, which I cannot at preſent recollect, but without Advantage from at leaſt ſome of theſe; after turning my Thoughts a long Time, I am not able to diſcover from whence our Wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the mean Time, I will here examine what Share falls to *Ireland* of theſe Cauſes, or of the Effects and Conſequences.

IT is not my Intention to complain, but barely to relate Facts, and the Matter is not of ſmall Importance. For it is allowed, that a Man who lives in a ſolitary Houſe far from Help, is not wiſe in endeavouring to acquire in the Neighbourhood, the Reputation of being Rich, becauſe thoſe who come

for Gold, will go off with Pewter and Braſs, rather than return empty; and in the common Practice of the World, thoſe who poſſeſs moſt Wealth, make the leaſt Parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing elſe to bear them out, in ſhewing their Faces on the *Exchange*.

As to the firſt Cauſe of a Nation's Riches, being the Fertility of the Soil, as well as Temperature of Climate, we have no Reaſon to complain; for although the Quantity of unprofitable Land in this Kingdom, reckoning Bog, and Rock, and barren Mountain, be double in Proportion to what it is in *England*, yet the native Productions which both Kingdoms deal in, are very near on Equality in Point of Goodneſs, and might with the ſame Encouragement be as well manufactured, I except Mines and Minerals, in ſome Point of Skill and Induſtry.

In the Second, which is the Induſtry of the People, our Misfortune is not altogether owing to our own Fault, but to a Million of Diſcouragements.

THE Conveniency of Ports and Havens, which Nature beſtowed on us ſo liberally, is no more Uſe to us, than a beautiful Proſpect to a Man ſhut up in a Dungeon.

AS to Shipping of its own, this Kingdom is ſo utterly unprovided, that of all the excellent Timber cut down within theſe fifty or ſixty Years, it can hardly be ſaid that the Nation hath received the Benefit of one valuable Houſe to dwell in, or one Ship to trade with.

IRELAND is the only Kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern Story, which was denied the Liberty of exporting their native Commodities and Manufactures wherever they pleaſed, except to Countries at War with their own Prince or State; yet this by the Superiority of mere Power, is refuſed us in the moſt momentous Parts of Commerce; beſides an Act of Navigation to which we never conſented, pinned down upon us, and rigorouſly executed, and a Thouſand other unexampled Circumſtances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the reſt.

IT is too well known that we are forced to obey ſome Laws we never conſented to, which is a Condition I muſt not call by its true uncontroverted Name, for Fear of my L—C—J---*W*---*d*'s Ghoſt with his LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM, written as a Motto on his Coach, as it ſtood at the Door of the Court, while he was perjuring himſelf to betray both. Thus we are in the Condition of Patients, who have Phyſick ſent them by Doctors at a Diſtance, Strangers to their Conſtitution, and the Nature of their Diſeaſe: And thus we are forced to pay five hundred *per Cent.* to decide our Properties, in all which we have likewiſe the Honour to be diſtinguiſhed from the whole Race of Mankind.

AS to Improvement of Land, thoſe few who attempt that, or Planting, through Covetouſneſs or want of Skill, generally leave Things worſe than they were, neither ſucceeding in Trees nor Hedges, and by running into the Fancy of Grazing after the Manner of the *Scythians*, are every Day depopulating the Country.

WE are ſo far from having a King to reſide among us, that even the Viceroy is generally abſent four Fifths of his Time in the Government.

NO Srrangers from other Countries make this a part of their Travels, where they can expect to ſee nothing but Scenes of Miſery and Deſolation.

THOSE who have the Misfortune to be born here, have the leaſt Title to any conſiderable Employment, to which they are ſeldom preferred, but upon a political Conſideration.

ONE third Part of the Rents of *Ireland* is ſpent in *England*, which, with the Profit of Employments, Penſions, Appeals, Journeys of Pleaſure, or Health, Education at the *Inns* of Courts, and both Univerſities, Remittances at Pleaſure, the Pay of all ſuperior Officers in the Army, and other Incidents, will amount to a full half of the Income of the whole Kingdom, all clear Profit to *England*.

WE are denied the Liberty of coining Gold, Silver, or even Copper. In the Iſle of *Man* they coin their own Silver, every petty Prince, Vaſſal to the *Emperor*, can coin what Money

Money he pleaſeth. And in this, as in moſt of the Articles already mentioned, we are an Exception to all other States or Monarchies that were ever known in the World.

As to the laſt, or Fourteenth Article, we take ſpecial Care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole Courſe of our Lives. Both Sexes, but eſpecially the Women, deſpiſe and abhor to wear any of their own Manufactures, even thoſe which are better made than in other Countries, particularly a Sort of Silk-Plad, through which the Workmen are forced to run a Sort of Gold-thread that it may paſs for *Indian*. Even Ale and Potatoes in great Quantity are imported from *England* as well as Corn, and our foreign Trade is little more than Importation of *French* Wine, for which I am told we pay ready Money.

Now if all this be true, upon which I could eaſily enlarge, I would be glad to know by what ſecret Method it is, that we grow a rich and flouriſhing People, without Liberty, Trade, Manufactures, Inhabitants, Money, or the Privilege of Coining, without Induſtry, Labour or Improvement of Lands, and with more than half

half of the Rent and Profits of the whole *Kingdom*, annually exported, for which we receive not a ſingle Farthin; and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the Linnen of the *North*, a Trade caſual, corrupted, and at Mercy, and ſome Butter from *Cork*. If we do flouriſh, it muſt be againſt every Law of Nature and Reaſon, like the Thorn at *Glaſſenbury*, that bloſſoms in the Midſt of Winter.

LET the worthy *C—rs* who come from *England*, ride round the Kingdom, and obſerve the Face of Nature, or the Faces of the Natives; the Improvement of the Land; the thriving, numerous Plantations; the noble Woods; the Abundance and Vicinity of Country-Seats; the commodious Farmers-Houſes and Barns; the Towns and Villages, where every Body is buſy and thriving with all Kind of Manufactures; the Shops full of Goods wrought to Perfection, and filled with Cuſtomers; the comfortable Dyet; and Dreſs, and Dwellings of the People; the vaſt Numbers of Ships in our Harbours and Docks, and Ship-wrights in our Seaport-Towns;

Towns; the Roads crowded with Carriers laden with rich Manufactures; the perpetual Concourſe to and fro of pompous Equipages.

WITH what Envy and Admiration would theſe Gentlemen return from ſo delightful a Progreſs? What glorious Reports would they make when they went back to *England?*

BUT my Heart is too heavy to continue this Irony longer, for it is manifeſt, that whatever Stranger took ſuch a Journey, would be apt to think himſelf travelling in *Lapland* or *Yſland*, rather than in a Country ſo favoured by Nature as ours, both in Fruitfulneſs of Soil, and Temperature of Climate. The miſerable Dreſs, and Dyet, and Dwelling of the People; the general Deſolation in moſt Parts of the Kingdom; the old Seats of the Nobility and Gentry all in Ruins, and no new Ones in their Stead; the Families of Farmers who pay great Rents, living in Filth and Naſtineſs upon *Butter-milk* and *Potatoes*, without a Shoe or Stocking to their Feet, or a Houſe ſo convenient as an *Engliſh* Hogſty to receive them: Theſe indeed may be comfortable Sights to an *Engliſh* Spectator,

who

who comes for a ſhort Time, only *to learn* the *Language*, and returns back to his own Country, whither he finds all our Wealth tranſmitted.

*Noſtrâ miſeriâ magnus es.*

THERE is not one Argument uſed to prove the Riches of *Ireland*, which is not a logical Demonſtration of its Poverty. The Riſe of our Rents is ſqueezed out of the very Blood, and Vitals, and Cloaths, and Dwellings of the Tenants, who live worſe than *Engliſh* Beggars. The Lowneſs of Intereſt, in all other Countries a Sign of Wealth, is in us a Proof of Miſery, there being no Trade to employ any Borrower. Hence alone comes the Dearneſs of Land, ſince the Savers have no other Way to lay out their Money. Hence the Dearneſs of Neceſſaries for Life, becauſe the Tenants cannot afford to pay ſuch extravagant Rates for Land (which they muſt take, or go a Begging) without raiſing the Price of Cattle, and of Corn, although they ſhould live upon Chaff. Hence our Increaſe of Buildings in this City, becauſe Workmen have nothing to do, but employ one another,

and

and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily Increaſe of *Bankiers*, who may be a neceſſary Evil in a trading Country, but ſo ruinous in ours, who, for their private Advantage, have ſent away all our Silver, and one third of our Gold; ſo that within three Years paſt, the running Caſh of the Nation, which was about Five Hundred Thouſand Pounds, is now leſs than Two, and muſt daily diminiſh, unleſs we have Liberty to coin, as well as that important Kingdom the Iſle of *Man*, and the meaneſt Prince in the *German Empire*, as I before obſerved.

I HAVE ſometimes thought that this Paradox of the Kingdom growing Rich is chiefly owing to thoſe worthy Gentlemen the BANKIERS, who, except ſome Cuſtomhouſe Officers, Birds of Paſſage, oppreſſive thrifty 'Squires, and a few others that ſhall be nameleſs, are, the only thriving People among us: And I have often wiſhed, that a Law were enacted to hang up half a Dozen *Bankiers* every Year, and thereby interpoſe, at leaſt, ſome ſhort Delay to the further Ruin of *Ireland*.

YE *are idle, ye are idle*, anſwered *Pharoah* to the *Iſraelites*, when they complained to his MAJESTY, that they were forced to make Bricks without Straw.

ENGLAND enjoys every one of theſe Advantages for enriching a Nation, which I have above enumerated, and into the Bargain, a good Million returned to them every Year without Labour, or Hazard, or one Farthing Value receiv'd on our Side: But how long we ſhall be able to continue the Payment, I am not under the leaſt Concern. One Thing I know, that *when the Hen is ſtarved to Death, there will be no more Golden Eggs.*

I THINK it a little unhoſpitable, and others may call it a ſubtil Piece of Malice, that, becauſe there may be a Dozen Families in this Town able to entertain their *Engliſh* Friends in a generous Manner at their Tables, their Gueſts, upon their Return to *England*, ſhall report that we wallow in Riches and Luxury.

YET I confeſs, I have known an Hoſpital, where all the Houſhold Officers grew Rich, while the Poor, for whoſe Sake it

was

was built, were almoſt ſtarving for want of Food and Raiment.

To conclude: If *Ireland* be a rich and flouriſhing Kingdom, its Wealth and Proſperity muſt be owing to certain Cauſes, that are yet concealed from the whole Race of Mankind, and the Effects are equally inviſible. We need not wonder at Strangers, when they deliver ſuch Paradoxes; but a Native and Inhabitant of this Kingdom, who gives the ſame Verdict, muſt be either ignorant to Stupidity, or a Man-pleaſer, at the Expence of all Honour, Conſcience and Truth.

## NUMBER XVI.

*Sed virum verâ virtute vivere animatum addecet,*
*Fortiterq; innoxium vocare adverſum adverſarios.* Enn.

Mr. INTELLIGENCER,

IT may appear to you perhaps a Thing very unnatural to receive a Complaint from a *Son* againſt his *Father*; but the Treatment, which I meet with from mine, is of ſuch a Nature, that it is impoſſible for me not to complain.

YOU muſt know there are three Brethren of us, *George*, *Patrick*, and *Andrew*; I am the ſecond, but the laſt in Affection with my *Father*, for which I call Heaven and Earth to Witneſs, I never committed any Fault to incur his Diſpleaſure, or to deſerve his Neglect. But ſo it is, that the beſt of Men have often Times been miſled in the Choice

Choice of their Minions, and very undiſcerning in conferring their Favours where they ought.

IF Parents could but once bring themſelves to be impartial, it would beyond all doubt produce a delightful Union in their Children, and be the moſt binding Cement, that could be thought of, to preſerve their Affections; becauſe an equal Diſpenſation of Favours would entirely remove all Cauſe of Murmuring, Repining, or Envy; and, what is of the greateſt Conſequence, would ſecure the Love and Eſteem of their Children; whereas a partial Behaviour in Parents, muſt neceſſarily produce the contrary.

BUT to ſtate my Caſe, in the beſt Manner I can, and with an unbiaſſed Regard to Truth, I think it firſt neceſſary to give you our Characters, with an Account of my *Father*'s Behaviour, that you may be the better able to give me your *Advice*.

FIRST then, to begin with my Brother *George*. He was ever a great Lover of his Belly, and formerly uſed to cram himſelf with *Beef*, *Pudding* and *White-Pot*; but for

ſome Time paſt, he has taken more Delight in new-fangled *Toſs-ups*, and *French Keck-ſhaws*. This high Feeding does naturally diſpoſe him to be haughty, ſtubborn, cholerick and rebellious, inſomuch, that beſide his Inſults towards others, he is ready, upon all Occaſions to fly in his own *Father*'s Face, and apt to deſpiſe every Body, but himſelf.

HE is ſo various in his Opinions, that he is of as many *Religions*, as there are, and have been *Sects*, ſince the Beginning of *Chriſtianity*; but the *True* and *Reformed Church*, *as by Law eſtabliſhed*, is what he chiefly frequents. He was once a great Admirer of ancient Learning, but he has long ſince quitted this, for the Reading of *News-Papers*, *Pamphlets* and *Modern Languages*. In his younger Years, he was fond of manly Exerciſes, ſuch as *Fencing*, *Leaping*, *Boxing*, *pitching the Bar*, *Wreſtling*, *Hurling*, *Foot-ball*, *Hunting*, *&c.* But of late he has fallen into a ſtrange and unaccountable Effeminacy, and ſeems to take Delight in nothing, but *Maſquerades*, *Plays* and *Italian Opera's*. He is very fond of *Italian* magnificent Buildings, although entirely inconſiſtent

ent with our Climate, extravagant in the higheſt Degree, in purchaſing fine Paintings and Statues, and no leſs expenſive in vaſt extenſive Parks and Gardens, by which Means he has almoſt run out all his Fortune.

MY youngeſt Brother, *Andrew*, who has Cunning enough to outwit the *Devil*, joined with Brother *George* ſome Years ago, and they manage ſo dextrouſly together, that whatever they ſay is a *Law* with my *Father*; however, they are not without their Quarrels now and then; but Brother *Andrew* ſtill comes by the worſt, although he is cautious enough to go always armed, for Brother *George* wears a longer Sword. Brother *Andrew* is not very nice in his Food, but loves fine Cloaths. This I ſuppoſe he has learned abroad; for he is a great Traveller. His chief Studies are *Mathematicks* and the *Civil-Law*, in both which he has made a conſiderable Progreſs. As for his *Religion*, although he openly profeſſes himſelf a moſt rigid *Fanatick of the Kirk*, yet he is ſhrewdly ſuſpected to have a Hankering after *Popery*. He has one eminent bad Quality, which is, that he cannot eaſily

forgive and forget. I remember I was once ſo unfortunate, as to tell a fair Lady, (a Miſtreſs of mine) before his Face, that I would ſtand by her againſt him, and all her other Adverſaries, which he took heinouſly ill, and has not forgiven me to this Hour, but lies upon the Watch, to do me all the ill Offices he can.

I COME now to my own Character, in which I ſhall not conceal nor gloſs over my Vices, Errors or Failings, but at the ſame Time, I ſhall not think it inconſiſtent with Modeſty, to tell you my Virtues.

I HAVE but a ſmall Fortune, can hardly keep Soul and Body together, yet out of a Regard to my Family, which is very Ancient, I love to make, what they call, a Figure, upon extraordinary Occaſions. And now and then I furniſh my Table with Victuals and Liquors of the beſt Kinds, which makes my *Father* and Brother *George* think I have got the World in a String. I am kind and hoſpitable to Strangers, although they frequently rob my Houſe, and turn my Children to lye in the Barn.

I AM

I AM ſo fond of Learning, that I put them to the beſt School in the Kingdom, and I plainly ſee, they will be only the Wiſer, but never the Richer for it, becauſe my *Father* uſes all his Intereſt for Brother *George*'s Sons, and the greateſt *Dunce* among them ſhall be better provided for, than the moſt Ingenious of mine. And, I muſt ſay, I have ſome who are equal in Learning to the beſt of his. I had a Deſign once, to follow *Merchandiſe*, that I might be the better be able to provide for my poor Children; but Brother *George* having a Mind to make a *Monopoly*, prevailed upon my Father, to join againſt me, and ſo at laſt they contrived it, that I ſhould ſell nothing but a few of my Cattle, and ſome Linen Cloth, which is all the Support I have; whereas Brother *George* can ſell every Thing he has, all the World over; and ſo cruel is he to me, that he will not let me have, even a Bit of his Dirt, if he thinks it will be of any Advantage to me. My *Religion* is of three Sorts, the *Eſtabliſhed*, *Popiſh*, and *Presbyterian*, but I have a greater Share of the Firſt in me: I think it is beſt,

becauſe it encourages Obedience to my *Father*, more than either of the other two. It is not long ſince Brother *George* and *Andrew*, were in a Confederacy againſt my *Father*, with an Intent to turn him out of his Houſe, and give another the Poſſeſſion; at which critical Juncture, I muſtered up a great Number of my Sons and Servants, to his Aſſiſtance, and, for ought I know, ſaved both his Life and Fortune.

SOON after this, I had like to have been ruined by a Project; for one of my Brother *George*'s Family endeavoured to perſwade my *Father*, that *Gold* and *Silver* were of no Uſe to me, and deſired Leave to furniſh me with a few *Counters*, in Lieu thereof; and I fear, I ſhould have been ſo weak, as to accept of them, had it not been for the ſeaſonable Remonſtrances made by ſome of my own *Houſe*.

THESE are a few of the many Hardſhips I have ſuffered, notwithſtanding all which, I am willing to continue a *Paſſive Obedience*, to my Dear *Father*; for I have Reaſon to believe, that his Unkindneſs to me, is owing to

to ill Adviſers, who have prejudiced him againſt me and my Children; but I hope before long he will be able to diſtinguiſh his moſt faithful Son. In the mean Time, I do humbly entreat the Favour of you to write a Letter to my *Father*, which he may ſee in Print, for I fear all my Letters to him hitherto have been intercepted.

*SIR,*

YOU have not told me your *Father's* Name, nor his Quality, and therefore I am at a Loſs in what Manner I ſhould addreſs him. But in common Humanity (becauſe I think your Caſe deplorable) I will give you what Comfort I am able, together with my beſt Advice.

YOU are not the only Inſtance of *ſuffering Innocence*, and therefore it ought not to ſurprize you, that *Providence* (for Reaſons unaccountable to us) has laid two great Tryals in your Way, *Oppreſſion* from your *Brethren*, and *Unkindneſs* from your *Father*, this too without any Fault on your Side. If you did not meet with theſe Afflictions, you would

want an Opportunity of ſhewing your Humility and Reſignation, as I underſtand you do not by your Letter.

LET me adviſe you to conſider that your Condition is not quite ſo lamentable, as that of *Joſeph*, who triumphed in GOD's own Time over all his Misfortunes and Sufferings, and at laſt had the Pleaſure of doing good, even to his Perſecutors; but indeed there is this Difference, that his Grievance was chiefly from his *Brethren*; for had his Father joined in the Cruelty, the Wounds would have pierced nearer to his Heart.

I DO not in the leaſt doubt but there are ſome about your Father, who do you ill Offices, (I hope ſome Time or other they will be detected:) You may find a convenient Opportunity of getting fairly at him. State your Caſe and expoſtulate with him concerning your own and your Childrens Sufferings. When he hears your Story, and beholds your Sincerity, you may be ſure of his Compaſſion and a Redreſs; for there is no Heart ſo hard as not to ſympathize with real Woe, no Advocate ſo powerful as Innocence.

cence. In the mean Time, let me conjure you not to turn aſide to the Right or to the Left, from that indiſpenſable Duty, which the expreſs Laws of GOD enjoin you, for let me aſſure you that Ingratitude to a Parent is, no leſs than Rebellion, like the Sin of Witchcraft.

I COMMIT you to his Care and Direction, who is beſt able to govern the unruly Affections of Men, to turn the Hearts of the Malicious, and to relieve and ſupport thoſe who ſuffer for the Sake of Righteouſneſs.

*I am your faithful Friend,*

*The* INTELLIGENCER.

## NUMBER XVII.

*Quantum ſtagna Tagi rudibus ſtillantia venis*
*Effluxere decus! quanto pretioſa metallo*
*Hermi ripa micat! quantas per Lydia culta*
*Deſpumat rutilas dives Pactolus arenas.*

Claudian.

Mr. *Intelligencer*,

HAVING lately, with great Candour and Impartiality, peruſed ſome of your *Papers* upon the Diſtreſs and Poverty of this *Iſland*, which you take Care to deſcribe in the moſt pathetick Manner, you muſt forgive me if I differ from you, and think it one of the moſt flouriſhing and wealthy Kingdoms in the whole World. And to ſupport my Opinion, I will venture to affirm, that there never was ſuch Affluence in ready Caſh as at this preſent Juncture: For have we not more *Bankers* than ever were known among us? And whether the *Money* circulates

lates in *Specie* or *Paper*, it is the ſame Thing to us, ſince thoſe who would rather have *Caſh* than *Paper*, can (as is well known) have their Choice, whenever they pleaſe. It is to be preſumed that no *Banker* gives a NOTE before the *Money* is firſt laid down on his *Counter*; then of Conſequence there is as much *Money* as there is *Paper*; and that we have a great deal of *Paper* is moſt certain, therefore a great deal of *Money*. But But I will proceed farther, and prove that we have much more *Money* than *Paper*, becauſe there are Multitudes who keep their own *Money*. This appears from the great Number of *Iron Cheſts* imported from *Holland* within theſe laſt *ſeven Years*; for what Uſe can they be of, but to lodge *Money*? They are at leaſt two hundred. We will ſuppoſe that theſe, one with another, may contain *two thouſand Pounds* a piece, then the Sum total, amounts to *four hundred thouſand Pounds*, which is ſo much ſuperfluous and unneceſſary *Caſh*.

IF this *Iſland* were not very wealthy, it is ſtrongly to be preſumed, that ſo many *wiſe* and

and *able* Heads, Men of great Learning and ſuperior Talents, whoſe Reputations reach'd us from diſtant Regions, long before they came among us, ſo well diſtinguiſhed in their own *Countries* for their great Knowledge in their ſeveral Profeſſions, and here more eſpecially remarkable for their ſpeaking in publick, and their profound Skill in Religion, Politicks and Law: I ſay that Men of ſuch Accompliſhments would never quit their own Native Soil, where ſo many great Eſtates are daily made, if they were not ſure that this *Iſland* muſt, on account of its greater Wealth, afford them Opportunities of making larger Acquiſitions than they could at home.

HAVE not almoſt all the Gentlemen thro' this *Kingdom*, for ſome Years paſt, declined all profitable Employments, and left them to be filled by others? Can there be a ſtronger Argument of their Wealth, than their chuſing to live at their Eaſe, out of Office, rather than be at the ſmall Trouble which attends the Diſcharge of a beneficial Employment?

COULD

Could ſo many eſtated Gentlemen through the North of *Ireland*, afford to keep ſo much of their Lands waſte and untenanted, if they had not *Money* enough by them to live without Tenants; and would not the Tenants likewiſe be glad to take this waſte Land to plow and ſow, but that they have ready Money enough to buy *Bread Corn* and other Neceſſaries from all the World beſide?

As another ſignal Mark of our Riches, there is ſcarce a Gentleman who does not educate his Sons at our UNIVERSITY *(which, as the World ſees, wants not its due Encoument)* where they live at vaſt Expences, take Degrees, return to their Fathers, who, without ever troubling *Law* or *Goſpel*, maintain them afterwards at Home, like Gentlemen.

Do not many of our Nobility through Wantonneſs and Superfluity, reſide conſtantly in another *Kingdom*, where it is well known they make a better Figure, as to *Houſes*, *Coaches* and *Equipages*, than their Neighbours? And do not our young *Peers*, and *Gentry*, who go thither to *ſee the World*, *Game*, *Race*, *Drink*, &c. beyond any in *Great-*

*Great-Britain*, of the ſame Age and Quality? Which they could not poſſibly do, if their Agents here had not an *undrainable Fund to ſupply them.* For as the *Philoſopher* ſays, *Nemo dat quod non habet:* Or as the *Jugler* very elegantly expreſſes it, *Where nothing is, there nothing can come out.*

IF it be true, (I know it is confidently reported) that a great Number of *Engliſh Robbers* are come over; that likewiſe is a very ſtrong Argument of our Wealth; for they would never quit the *Engliſh Streets* and *Roads* for ours, unleſs they were ſure to find an Advantage by the Change. It is moſt certain we never had ſuch a Number of *Robbers* as at this very Juncture; from whence we may conclude, that they could not poſſibly multiply thus, if they did not find Houſes and People enough to rob, for all Profeſſions and Trades encreaſe according to the Encouragement they meet with.

ARE not whole Streets adding every Day to our *Metropolis*, when one would think it large enough already? Some entire Streets and many Houſes, I muſt confeſs, are waſte

and

and uninhabited. But does not this ſhew the Wealth and Wantonneſs of the Inhabitants, who, not content with their preſent Dwellings, change them for others more coſtly and expenſive?

Do not great Numbers of our Inhabitants, daily go off to *America?* Will any Man ſay, this can be done with empty Pockets? Can any Man think otherwiſe, but that it muſt be the Effect of vaſt Superfluity, when People wantonly take ſuch long Voyages, and Journeys, to go where they have no Buſineſs.

THE laſt Argument I ſhall offer for the Wealth of this Kingdom, is the great Number of Beggars in which it abounds; for it is a common Obſervation, that Riches are the Parent of Idleneſs, Sloth, and Luxury; and are not theſe naturally productive of Want and Beggary?

I COULD offer many more Arguments, but that I hope you and your Countreymen are ſufficiently convinced, by what I have ſaid, that *Ireland* is a Place of great Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty. Therefore let me adviſe you, the next Time you put Pen to Paper,

per, not to dreſs up *Hibernia* in Rags and Dirt, but cloath her in *Scarlet* and *fine Linen*; for ſhe can very well afford them. Draw the *God* of Riches, hovering over your *Iſland*, ſhaking ten Thouſands of Golden Feathers from his Wings, much more than the Inhabitants can gather. And thus will your Countrey-Men who have retrenched upon your laſt groundleſs Alarm, return to their former Hoſpitality, and we ſhall ſee *Halcyon*, that is, *Iriſh* Days once more.

SIR,

I *HAVE peruſed your Arguments, and thus I anſwer them. You were certainly faſt aſleep, and writ them all in your Dream; nor do I in the leaſt doubt, when you awake from your golden Slumber, but you will find your ſelf as much miſtaken, as the Man in* Æſop, *who dreamed the Devil ſhewed him a Treaſure. I wiſh you may not likewiſe be in the ſame Pickle, and prove a Gold-Finder between your own Sheets.*

Your's,

*The* INTELLIGENCER.

## NUMBER XVIII.

*Hic dies anno redeunte feſtus.* Hor.

*My Dear Countrymen,*

IT has been the Cuſtom of all wiſe Nations, not only to confer immediate Honours upon their Benefactors, but likewiſe to diſtinguiſh their *Birth-Days*, by Anniverſary Rejoycings. This was a moſt generous Inſtitution, to tranſmit thoſe Heroes to Poſterity, who gloriouſly ſignalized themſelves in the Defence of their Country, that others being ſpirited up by their Example, might endeavour to deſerve the ſame Encouragement. It is for this Reaſon that I recommend Saint *Andrew*'s Day unto you, to be celebrated in a moſt particular Manner, being (as I am very well informed) the DRAPIER's Birth-Day. But before I ſhall make out the great Obligations we have to him, I think it firſt neceſſary to relate unto you a Paſſage,

untouched upon before, by thoſe who writ againſt *Wood's* Half-pence, which I have read in an *Engliſh* Hiſtorian of great Probity and Truth.

HIS Name is *Fines Morriſon.* He was Secretary of State to the Lord *Monjoy*, our chief Governour, in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, and therefore had the beſt Opportunity of knowing the State of this Nation at that Time. He tells you that the Queen had received an Account of the *Iriſh* being up in Arms (though to ſpeak the Truth, it was the *Engliſh* rather; for the *Giraldies*, the *Tools*, the *Cavanaghs*, and the *Byrns* who were the Ring-leaders, were all of *Engliſh* Extraction.) She called a Council, where, after ſeveral Schemes had been propoſed for reducing the Rebels, it was at laſt agreed upon, as the beſt Expedient, to make a baſe Coin current among them; for this, it was thought, would quickly ſubdue their ſtubborn Spirits, by introducing Poverty, the great Humbler of Families and Nations.

ACCORDINGLY this Expedient was ſet on Foot, and it had the intended Effect; for the

the poor Merchants, who, generally ſpeaking, conſider nothing but their own private Advantage, imported vaſt Sums of this baſe Coin, every hundred Pounds of which ſtood them not in above Forty, for ſo they bought it from the *Dutch*, who thruſt their cloven Foot into all Affairs. This being diſcovered, the Rates of Things were raiſed to ten Times their Value, the Middle Rank of People were all ruined by it, and the Poor, through this whole Kingdom reduced to Famine, inſomuch, that all the publick Roads were ſtrowed with dead Carcaſes of miſerable Wretches, whoſe Mouths were green (as the Author expreſſes it) with their laſt Meal of Graſs.

HE likewiſe gives a Relation of a very horrible Fact; too horrible indeed to mention! That a poor Widow of *Newry*, having ſix ſmall Children, and no Food to ſupport them, ſhut up her Doors, died through Deſpair, and in about three or four Days after, her Children were found eating her Fleſh. He ſays farther, that at the ſame Time, a Diſcovery being made of twelve Women, who made a Practice of ſtealing Children to

eat them, they were all burned by Order of Sir *Arthur Chicheſter*, then Governor of the *North* of *Ireland*. He likewiſe tells us, that the poor Butchers, and other Tradeſmen, who could not afford to part with their Goods, at ſuch Rates as the Army would have them, were daily dragooned by them: That the poor Soldiers were alſo ruined; for, not being able to buy their Cloathing here, they were obliged to be ſupplied from *England* at double Rates.

AFTER many more Evils enumerated, the good natured and compaſſionate *Author*, who all along deplores the miſerable Condition of the poor Natives, tells us, their Caſe was repreſented in ſuch deplorable Circumſtances, that the *Queen* quickly recalled her Grant, and put a Stop to the baſe *Coin*. And he concludes one *Paragraph* thus (as well as I can remember:)

WE *her Majeſty's Officers, who thought to make our Fortunes by our Employments, loſt what we had, and we loſt our Hearts therewith.*

I HAVE now finiſhed my melancholy Extract, from whence I ſhall infer, that as like Cauſes ever have, and ever muſt produce like Effects, that villainous Project of *William Wood*, might have intirely ruined this Kingdom, and have converted it into one large poor Houſe, had not the DRAPIER (whom I ſhall honour while I live) prevented that by his PEN, which perhaps *twenty Thouſand* Swords could not have done. Some very great Men, whoſe Names I am loath to mention, were ſo angry with the DRAPIER, for ſaving his *Country*, and diſobliging their Friend *William Wood*, that they ordered a good Sum of *Money*, as a Reward to any one, who ſhould diſcover which of the Town DRAPIER's it was that durſt be ſo impudent, and had it been found out, it is highly probable, they would have ſeized all the *Goods* in his *Shop*, and have *impriſoned* and *pillored* him into the Bargain, to make him an Example to all PATRIOTS.

CONSIDER then, my dear *Countrymen*, the Hazard which this noble ſpirited

DRAPIER did run for your Sakes: How like the old Hero *Camillus* he flew in ſuddenly to our Reſcue, when *Wood's* Halfpence were, like the brazen Bucklers, thrown into the oppoſite Scale by our Enemies, to fill their Pockets more plentifully with our *Gold* and *Silver:* That he has done his beſt Endeavour to ſave us from Poverty and Slavery, and conſequently has the ſtrongeſt Title to our Gratitude.

LET us not act then, in a Chriſtian Country, like the barbarous Heathens, who frequently, when their greateſt Deliverances were wrought, either ſlighted, or baniſhed, or poiſoned, or murthered the *Benefactors*, or the *Heroes*, or reduced them to the Neceſſity of dying by their own Hands.

So fell the great Patriots, *Demoſthenes*, *Cicero*, *Socrates*, *Phocion*, *Themiſtocles:* And *Dion* of *Syracuſe*, who was moſt inhumanely given up to be butchered by ſome *Zacynthian Ruffians*, after he had recovered the ungrateful *Sicilians* their Freedom. We ought likewiſe to conſider, that we may poſ-

ſibly

ſibly ſtand in Need of a DRAPIER's Aſſiſtance another Time.

AND it muſt be an uncommon Strain of Virtue in any Man, to ſerve thoſe People, who will not at leaſt offer him their Thanks, or own their Obligation to him.

WHAT makes the *Soldier*, and conſecrates the *Hero*, but Rewards and *Honours?*

LET a Prince be ever ſo great a *Soldier* himſelf, if he fails in this ſingle Point, of giving Valour its due Encouragement, he will find his *Soldiers* but very ſlack in their Duty and full as looſe in their Loyalty.

IT is even ſo in all other Profeſſions; let Men pretend what they will, as to Conſcience and Duty, they are but *Hypocrites*, when they ſay, they act with a View to theſe alone. Proper Encouragements have ever been expected by the beſt of Men, and it is very juſt they ſhould have their Due, as well as *Cæſar*.

I DARE venture to engage for the DRAPIER, that he expects no more for his great Services, but that Love and Regard, that Reſpect and Eſteem, which every *Iriſhman*,

who has any Virtue left, ought to have for ſo great a Benefactor. I have my ſelf, one Way or other, *five hundred Pounds a Year*, and I am certain I make the Computation in my own Favour, when I ſay that I owe him four hundred and fifty Pounds *per Annum.* Let others in Proportion to their Fortune, make Uſe of the ſame *Arithmetick*, how much will the Nation owe him?

AND can any one after this, refuſe a few Compliments to his BIRTH-DAY, when *Furze* and *Candles* are ſo cheap; eſpecially ſince our Houſes can never be better adorned, than by Illuminations, in Reſpect to thoſe who enable us to keep them?

I WISH, my dear *Countrymen*, I could caſt a Veil over one Piece of Ingratitude, which you have been guilty of to one of your Deliverers; I mean to the Great and Glorious King *William*, that for two Years paſt, you have laid aſide his Anniverſary-Dinner at the *Tholſel*, forgetting that he did not only ſave us from *Popery* and *Slavery*, but did in a very particular Manner, diſtinguiſh and reward the Gentlemen of this Kingdom

Kingdom, both of the *Gown* and the *Sword*, and made the People in general ſo much his peculiar Care, that there was *no complaining in our Streets.*

I WOULD not here be underſtood to approve of the *Bumper-Loyalty*, of getting drunk to the Memory of the Dead, but to have an annual Meeting, to ſhew a decent Reſpect for thoſe who have been our true Friends and Benefactors, either living or dead, and to exclude all others, who are not ſo, even from our Flattery.

## NUMBER XIX.

*Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis oves.*
Virg.

*Having on the* 12th *of* October *laſt, received a* LETTER *ſign'd* Andrew Dealer, *and* Patrick Pennyleſs; *I believe the following* PAPER, *juſt come to my Hands, will be a ſufficient Anſwer to it.*

SIR,

I AM a Country Gentleman, and a Member of *Parliament*, with an Eſtate of about 1400 *l.* a Year, which, as a *Northern* Landlord, I receive from above two Hundred Tenants, and my Lands having been let near twenty Years ago, the Rents, till very lately, were eſteemed not to be above half Value; yet by the intolerable Scarcity of *Silver*, I lye under the greateſt Difficulties in receiving them, as well as in paying my

my Labourers, or buying any Thing neceſſary for my Family from *Tradeſmen*, who are not able to be long out of their *Money*. But the Sufferings of me, and thoſe of my Rank, are Trifles in Compariſon, of what the meaner Sort undergo; ſuch as the *Buyers* and *Sellers*, at *Fairs* and *Markets*; the *Shopkeepers* in every *Town*, the *Farmers* in general; all thoſe who travel with *Fiſh*, *Poultry*, *Pedlary-ware*, and other Conveniencies to ſell: But more eſpecially *Handycrafts-men*, who work for us by the Day, and common Labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both theſe Kinds of People I am forced to employ, till their Wages amount to a *Double Piſtole*, or a *Moidore*, (for we hardly have any *Gold* of lower Value left among us) to divide it among themſelves as they can; and this is generally done at an *Ale-houſe*, or *Brandy-ſhop*; where, beſides the Coſt of getting *drunk*, (which is uſually the Caſe) they muſt pay *ten Pence* or a *Shilling*, for changing their *Piece* into *Silver*, to ſome *Huckſtering Fellow*, who follows that *Trade*. But what is infinitely worſe, thoſe poor Men for want

want of due Payment, are forced to take up their *Oat-meal*, and other Neceſſaries of Life, at almoſt double Value, and conſequently are not able to diſcharge half their Score, eſpecially under the Scarceneſs of *Corn*, for two Years paſt, and the melancholy Diſappointment of the preſent *Crop*.

THE Cauſes of this, and a Thouſand other Evils, are clear and manifeſt to you and all other thinking Men, though hidden from the Vulgar: Theſe indeed complain of hard Times, the Dearth of Corn, the Want of Money, the Badneſs of Seaſons; that their Goods bear no Price, and the Poor cannot find Work; (but their weak Reaſonings never carry them to the Hatred and Contempt, born us by our Neighbours and Brethren, without the leaſt Grounds of Provocation, who rejoice at our Sufferings, although ſometimes to their own Diſadvantage; of the dead Weight upon every beneficial Branch of our Trade; of half our Revenues ſent annually to *England*, and many other Grievances peculiar to this unhappy Kingdom, except for our Sins, which keep us from enjoying

joying the common Benefits of Mankind, as you and ſome other Lovers of their Country have ſo often obſerved, with ſuch good Inclinations, and ſo little Effect.

IT is true indeed, that under our Circumſtances in general, this Complaint for the Want of *Silver*, may appear as ridiculous, as for a Man to be impatient about a *Cut Finger*, when he is ſtruck with the *Plague*; and yet a poor Fellow going to the *Gallows*, may be allowed to feel the Smart of *Waſps*, while he is upon *Tyburn* Road. This Misfortune is too urging, and vexatious in every Kind of ſmall Traffick, and ſo hourly preſſing upon all Perſons in the Country whatſoever, that a hundred Inconveniencies, of perhaps greater Moment in themſelves, have been timely ſubmitted to, with far leſs Diſquietude and Murmurs. And the Caſe ſeems yet the harder, if it be true, what many skilful Men aſſert, that nothing is more eaſy than a Remedy; and, that the Want of *Silver*, in Proportion to the little *Gold* remaining among us, is altogether as unneceſſary, as it is inconvenient. A Perſon of Diſtinc-

on aſſured me very lately, that, in diſcourſing with the *Lord Lieutenant*, before his laſt Return to *England*, his *Excellency* ſaid, *He had preſſed the Matter often, in proper Time and Place, and to proper Perſons; and could not ſee any Difficulty of the leaſt Moment, that could prevent us from being eaſy upon that Article.*

WHOEVER carries to *England* twenty ſeven *Engliſh* Shillings, and brings back one *Moidore* of full Weight, is a gainer of nine Pence *Iriſh:* In a *Guinea*, the Advantage is three Pence; and two Pence in a *Piſtole.* The BANKERS, who are generally Maſters of all our *Gold* and *Silver*, with this Advantage, have ſent over as much of the latter, as came into their Hands. The Value of one Thouſand *Moidores* in *Silver*, would thus amount in clear Profit, to 37 *l.* 10*s.* The *Shopkeepers*, and other *Traders*, who go to *London* to buy Goods, followed the ſame Practice, by which we have been driven into this inſupportable Diſtreſs.

To a common Thinker, it ſhould ſeem, that nothing would be more eaſy, than for the

the *Government* to redreſs this Evil, at any Time they ſhall pleaſe. When the Value of *Guineas* was lowered in *England* from 21 *s.* 6 *d.* to only 21 *s.* the Conſequences to this Kingdom were obvious, and manifeſt to us all; and a ſober Man, may be allowed at leaſt to wonder, though he dares not complain, why a new Regulation of *Coin* among us, was not then made; much more, why it hath never been ſince. It would ſurely require no very profound Skill in *Algebra*, to reduce the Difference of *nine Pence* to *thirty Shillings*, or *three Pence* in a *Guinea* to leſs than a *Farthing*; and ſo ſmall a Fraction could be no Temptation, either to *Bankers* to hazard their *Silver* at Sea, or Tradeſmen to load themſelves with it, in their Journeys to *England.* In my humble Opinion, it would be no unſeaſonable Condeſcenſion, if the *Government* would Graciouſly pleaſe to ſignify to the *poor loyal Proteſtant Subjects* of *Ireland*, either that this miſerable Want of *Silver*, is not poſſible to be remedy'd in any Degree, by the niceſt Skill in *Arithmetick*; or elſe, that it doth not ſtand with the good Pleaſure of

*England*, to ſuffer any *Silver* at all among us. In the former Caſe, it would be Madneſs to expect Impoſſibilities; and in the other, we muſt ſubmit: For, Lives and Fortunes are always at the Mercy of the CONQUEROR.

THE Queſtion hath been often put in *printed Papers*, by the DRAPIER and others, or perhaps by the ſame WRITER, under different Styles, why this Kingdom ſhould not be permitted to have a *Mint* of its own, for the *Coinage* of *Gold*, *Silver* and *Copper*, which is a Power exerciſed by many *Biſhops*, and every petty *Prince* in *Germany*: But this Queſtion hath never been anſwered, nor the leaſt Application that I have heard of, made to the *Crown* from hence, for the Grant of a *Publick Mint*, although it ſtands upon Record, that ſeveral Cities and Corporations here had the Liberty of *Coining Silver*. I can ſee no Reaſons, why we alone of all Nations, are thus reſtrained, but ſuch as I dare not mention; only thus far, I may venture, that *Ireland* is the firſt Imperial Kingdom, ſince *Nimrod*, which ever wanted Power, to *Coin* their own *Money*.

I KNOW

I KNOW very well, that in *England* it is lawful for any Subject to petition either the *Prince* or the *Parliament*, provided it be done in a dutiful and regular Manner; but what is lawful for a Subject of *Ireland*, I profeſs I cannot determine; nor will undertake, that your *Printer* ſhall not be proſecuted, in a *Court of Juſtice*, for publiſhing my *Wiſhes*, that a poor Shop-keeper might be able to change a *Guinea*, or a *Moidore*, when a Cuſtomer comes for a *Crown*'s worth of Goods. I have known leſs Crimes puniſhed with the utmoſt Severity, under the Title of *Diſaffection:* And I cannot but approve the Wiſdom of the *Antients*, who, after *Aſtrea* had fled from the Earth, at leaſt took Care to provide *three upright Judges for Hell.* Mens Ears, among us, are indeed grown ſo nice, that whoever happens to think out of Faſhion, in what relates to the Welfare of this Kingdom, dare not ſo much as complain of the *Tooth-ach*, leaſt our weak and buſy Dablers in Politick, ſhould be ready to ſwear againſt him for *Diſaffection.*

THERE was a Method practiſed by Sir *Ambroſe Crawley*, the great Dealer in *Iron-works*, which I wonder the Gentlemen of our Countrey, under this great Exigence, have not thought fit to imitate. In the ſeveral Towns and Villages where he dealt, and many Miles round, he gave *Notes* inſtead of *Money*, from *two Pence* to *twenty Shillings*, which paſſed current in all Shops and Markets, as well as in Houſes, where Meat or Drink was ſold. I ſee no Reaſon, why the like Practice may not be introduced among us, with ſome Degree of Succeſs, or at leaſt may not ſerve as a poor Expedient, in this our *bleſſed Age of Paper*, which, as it diſchargeth all our greateſt Payments, may be equally uſeful in the ſmaller, and may juſt keep us alive, till an *Engliſh Act of Parliament ſhall forbid it*.

I HAVE been told, that among ſome of our pooreſt *American* Colonies, upon the Continent, the People enjoy the Liberty of cutting the little *Money* among them into Halves and Quarters, for the Conveniences of ſmall Traffick. How happy ſhould we be in Compariſon of our preſent Condition,

on, if the like Privilege were granted to us of employing the Sheers, for want of a *Mint*, upon our *foreign Gold*; by clipping it into *half Crowns*, and *Shillings*, and even lower Denominations; for Beggars muſt be content to live upon Scraps; and it would be our Felicity that theſe Scraps would never be exported to other Countries, while any Thing better was left.

IF neither of theſe Projects will avail, I ſee nothing left us, but to truck and barter our Goods, like the *wild Indians*, with each other, or with our too powerful Neighbours; only with this Diſadvantage on our Side, that the *Indians* enjoy the Product of their own Land, whereas the better half of ours is ſent away without ſo much as a Recompence in *Bugles* or *Glaſs* in return.

IT muſt needs be a very comfortable Circumſtance, in the preſent Juncture, that ſome thouſand Families are gone or going, or preparing to go from hence, and ſettle themſelves in *America*. The poorer Sort, for want of Work, the Farmers whoſe beneficial Bargains are now become a Rack-Rent too hard to be born. And thoſe who

have any *ready Money*, or can purchaſe any, by the Sale of their Goods or Leaſes becauſe they find their Fortunes hourly decaying, that their Goods will bear no Price, and that few or none, have any *Money* to buy the very Neceſſaries of Life, are haſtening to follow their departed Neighbours. It is true *Corn* among us carries a very high Price; but it is for the ſame Reaſon, that *Rats*, and *Cats*, and dead *Horſes* have been often bought for *Gold* in a Town beſieged.

THERE is a Perſon of Quality in my Neighbourhood, who twenty Years ago, when he was juſt come to Age, being unexperienced and of a generous Temper, let his Lands, even as Times went then, at a low Rate to able Tenants, and conſequently by the Riſe of Land ſince that Time, looked upon his Eſtate to be ſet at half Value: But Numbers of theſe Tenants, or their Deſcendants are now offering to ſell their Leaſes by Cant, even thoſe which were for Lives, ſome of them renewable for ever, and ſome Fee-Farms, which the Landlord himſelf hath bought in at half the Price they

would

would have yielded ſeven Years ago. And ſome Leaſes let at the ſame Time for Lives, have been given up to him, without any Conſideration at all.

THIS is the moſt favourable Face of Things at preſent among us, I ſay, among us of the *North*, who are eſteemed the only thriving People of the Kingdom. And how far, and how ſoon this Miſery and Deſolation may ſpread is eaſy to foreſee.

THE vaſt Sums of *Money* daily carried off, by our numerous Adventurers to *America*, have deprived us of our *Gold* in theſe Parts, almoſt as much as of our *Silver*.

AND the good Wives who came to our Houſes, offer us their Pieces of Linen, upon which their whole Dependence lies, for ſo little Profit, that it can neither half pay their Rents, nor half ſupport their Families.

IT is remarkable, that this Enthuſiaſm ſpread among our *Northern* People of ſheltring themſelves in the Continent of *America*, hath no other Foundation than their preſent inſupportable Condition at home. I have made all poſſible Enquiries, to learn what

what Encouragement our People have met with, by any Intelligence from thoſe Plantations, ſufficient to make them undertake ſo tedious and hazardous a Voyage in all Seaſons of the Year; and ſo ill accommodated in their Ships that many of them have died miſerably in their Paſſage; but could never get one ſatisfactory Anſwer. Somebody, they know not who, had written a Letter to his Friend or Couſin from thence, inviting him by all means to come over; that it was a fine fruitful Countrey, and to be held for ever at a *Penny* an Acre. But the Truth of the Fact is this: The *Engliſh* eſtabliſhed in thoſe Colonies, are in great Want of Men to inhabit that Tract of Ground which lies between them and the *wild Indians* who are not reduced under their Dominion. We read of ſome barbarous People whom the *Romans* placed in their Armies, for no other Service than to blunt their Enemies Swords, and afterwards to fill up Trenches with their dead Bodies. And thus our People who tranſport themſelves, are ſettled in thoſe interjacent Tracts as a

Screen againſt the Inſults of the *Savages*, and may have as much Land as they can clear from the Woods at a very reaſonable Rate, if they can afford to pay about a *hundred* Years Purchaſe by their Labour. Now beſides the *Fox*'s Reaſons, which inclines all thoſe who have already ventured thither, to repreſent every Thing in a falſe Light, as well for juſtifying their own Conduct, as for getting Companions in their Miſery; ſo the governing People in thoſe Plantations have wiſely provided, that no Letters ſhall be ſuffered to paſs from thence hither, without being firſt viewed by the Council, by which our People here are wholly deceived in the Opinions they have of the happy Condition of their Friends gone before them. This was accidentally diſcovered ſome Months ago by an honeſt Man, who having tranſported himſelf and Family thither, and finding all Things directly contrary to his Hope, had the Luck to convey a private Note by a faithful Hand to his Relation here, entreating him not to think of ſuch a Voyage, and to diſcourage all his Friends from attempting

ing it. Yet this, although it be a Truth well known, hath produced very little Effects, which is no Manner of Wonder; for as it is natural to a Man in a *Fever* to turn often, although without any Hope of Eaſe; or when he is purſued to leap down a Precipice, to avoid an Enemy juſt at his Back; ſo Men in the extremeſt Degree of Miſery and Want, will naturally fly to the firſt Appearance of Relief, let it be ever ſo vain or viſionary.

You may obſerve, that I have very ſuperficially touched the Subject I began with, and with the utmoſt Caution? For I know how criminal the leaſt Complaint hath been thought, however ſeaſonable or juſt, or honeſtly intended, which hath forced me to offer up my daily Prayers, that it may never, at leaſt in my Time, be interpreted by Innuendo's as a falſe, ſcandalous, ſeditious and diſaffected Action, for a Man to roar under an acute Fit of the *Gout*, which beſide the Loſs and the Danger, would be very inconvenient to one of my Age, ſo ſeverely afflicted with that Diſtemper.

I WISH

I WISH you good Succeſs, but I can promiſe you little, in an ungrateful Office you have taken up, without the leaſt View, either to Reputation or Profit. Perhaps your Comfort is, that none but *Villains* and *Betrayers* of their Countrey, can be your *Enemies*. Upon which I have little to ſay, having not the Honour to be acquainted with many of that Sort, and therefore, as you eaſily may believe, am compelled to lead a very retired Life.

I am SIR,

*Your moſt Obedient,*

County of *Down*,
*Dec.* 2, 1728.

*Humble Servant,*

A. NORTH.

*FINIS.*



