

C O N T E N T S.

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T H E

Gentleman's Magazine: M A Y, 1738.

That the following Account be long, we do not doubt its proving acceptable to all our British Readers in particular, because we can't help being of Opinion that every one of them must be glad to hear of and wish Success to an Undertaking that is suitably encouraged, will rescue this Nation from the Reproach hinted by Monsi. Voltaire, namely, that we are beholden to a Frenchman for the best History extant of British Affairs. We shall only add, that this Account might perhaps have appear'd to better advantage, had we made the Author privy to our Intention of making so every public, what seems to us to be only bandied privately about, there being no Place named where to send to the Undertaker; to remedy that Defect, we shall gladly forward any thing Gentlemen may have to communicate to him.

A general Account of the necessary Materials for an HISTORY of ENGLAND, the Society and Subscription proposed for defraying the Expenses thereof, and the Method wherein Mr CARTE intends to proceed in carrying on the said Work.

NOTHING can be of greater Importance, or Service to a Nation, than a faithful History of its Constitution, Laws, Affairs, Commerce, and Situation in all Ages. England in this respect is more unhappy, than most other Countries in Europe. Whether this be owing to want of Genius in our Writers, or of Encouragement, and Assurances, so liberally given to Men, and particular Persons abroad, or to any want of the extraordinary Application necessary for the due Execution of the Undertaking, we do not so certain, as the Defect itself is visible.

Some Historians indeed we have, but their Accounts are generally borrowed from old Chronicles, compiled chiefly by Monks, and other superstitious Writers; who tho' perhaps able to convey to us the Memory of Facts and Events which passed openly in the View of the World, were no way qualified to discover their more secret Springs. Hence, their Histories contain little more than Relations of Battles, Sieges, and other warlike Exploits of our Ancestors; Relations very little instructive to military Men from a-days, and which, however they may strike the Fancy, or flatter the fighting Humour of our Countrymen, are certainly much less for the Service, and not more for the Glory of the Nation, than a judicious Account of the Nature

and Wisdom of our Laws and Constitution would be for its Honour. Rapin indeed hath made some use of those Treaties with our Kings, printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*; but he is as entirely silent as any of the rest, with regard to the Negotiations preceding them, which are yet generally necessary for a clear understanding, as well of the true Meaning of such Treaties, as of the Disputes thereby determined. Writing his History abroad, he had no Opportunity either of consulting Persons better versed in our Antiquities than himself, or of searching into our Records. Being likewise a Foreigner unacquainted with our Constitution, he was in no respect qualified to give us the Civil History of this Nation; which has not as yet been attempted by any one except Dr Brady, whose Work was by his Death left imperfect: So that an History of our Constitution, Laws, Usages, Customs, and Manners, with the various, whether sudden or gradual Alterations which these have undergone in the Course of Time, the Occasions, Motives and Steps by which they were brought about, and the Effects thereof on the Nation, is a Work that yet remains to be executed.

Every Body must be sensible this is the most interesting part of our History to the Nation in general. The Rights of all Bodies of Men, Ecclesiastical and Civil, as well as of particular Persons being concerned therein. In a Civil History, founded upon authentick Records and Materials, we may expect to see stated the just Bounds of the Prerogative of the Crown, and Extent of the Liberties of the Subject, by judicious Accounts of the Exercise of the one, and the Enjoyment of the other in the best Reigns, and the Abuses of both in the worst. An History of our Laws, and Account of the Times, Authors, and Occasions of their being established, will be very useful to let us into their true Meaning, and is necessary in many Cases to prevent or correct Blunders that might arise from want of that Knowledge. The like Historical Account of our Institutions and Customs will best show us the Reason and Nature thereof, and remove Mistakes that Multitudes are still apt to fall into, for want of understanding their true Original. By such an History the People of England will see upon what Foundation their Civil Rights, Privileges, and Liberties stand, and be better enabled to support them; They will see what Changes have happened in our Courts of Judicature, in our Methods of Justice, what Alterations have been made in received Usages and Practices, that were so many Instances or Barriers of our Rights and Liberties.

by Fictions scarce exempt from the Charge of Aburdity, and by Pretences that would hardly stand the Test of cool Reason and Examination; and what Effects have followed such Deviations from old Rules; and thus by the Experience of former Ages they will be instructed how to reform what is or shall be amiss, in the safest and most effectual Manner, by returning to the old Rules, established by the Wisdom, and warranted by the Practice of their Ancestors.

It must be confessed, that the composing of such a Civil History is a Work of no small Difficulty. Besides a Love of Truth, Impartiality, and Exactness, Qualities essentially necessary to an Historian, it requires a large Fund, and Extent of Knowledge and Learning of various Kinds, (various as the Subjects which make up the Matter of an History, and the Occasions of Disputes which arise in a long Succession of Ages) a clear Head to digest the great Variety and Abundance of Materials on each Subject, and a continual Exercise of the Judgment in the Use of them. It is a Work of infinite Labour, and cannot be executed with the Accuracy that it deserves without painful Searches into Antiquity, and a large Correspondence with learned Men, nor without travelling thro' a prodigious Number of old Records, not easy to be read, nor always to be understood, and applied to their proper Uses, without a constant Attention and careful Observation. Whoever undertakes a Work of this Nature, must not be encumbered with any other Business; his Time must be entirely dedicated to this Purpose, or he can never propose to see an End, nor others hope to reap the Fruit of his Labours. Men of Business, employed in publick Affairs, and endowed with that Knowledge, and those Qualifications which have in all Ages been deemed necessary for such Employments, and used to Negotiations and Matters of State, are certainly fitter than any others to write History, (of which we have a Specimen in Sir *Wm Temple's Introduction to the History of England*) but they have generally the least Leisure of any for such a Work. It is however absolutely necessary that an Historian should have some Knowledge of the World, and of human Nature, as well as of Books and Records; and should likewise be acquainted with the History, Constitution, Antiquities, and Usages of other Countries, whose History is interwoven with that of their Neighbours, and whose ancient Usages serve in many Instances to illustrate those of our own Country.

Whatever Reason has hindered Writers properly qualified from undertaking the Civil Part of our History, it certainly could not be the Want of Materials; the Cotton Library alone containing more, as well relating to our Constitution and Customs, as to Treaties and Transactions with foreign States, than any other Nation can boast of. Our Records are generally kept in better Order, and more easy to be consulted, than those of other Countries; and a small Number of Instruments preserved in our Archives, discover more of the Genius of a Prince and the Manner of his Government, and would give a much clearer Light into some of the most remarkable Transactions in several Reigns, than

all the Histories of *England* hitherto published. — *Rymer* indeed has printed several Volumes of Records enrolled in *Chancery*; but not one of the *Exchequer*, where are many of more greater Importance to the Subject than most of his Collection, and where likewise are Abundance of Treaties with foreign Princes; and being the Court in which most Kings of *England* used antiently to enrol such Treaties. *Pocock's* *his Repertory of Records*, gives us a List of the contracting Powers, Dates, &c. of above 400 Treaties of our Kings with foreign Princes, which are not in *Rymer*. *The Rolls of Parliament*, the *Journals of both Houses*, and the *Journal of the Privy Council*, will give great Light to the Historian in many Cases of the highest Consequence; the most weighty Affairs, being usually debated and transacted in those Assemblies. *The Paper Office*, besides great Numbers of Original Treaties under Seal and other valuable Papers, contains the Letters of all our Embassadors to foreign Courts, and the Dispatches of the Lords of the Privy Council, the Clerks of the Council, and the Secretaries of State to those Embassadors, in a constant Series from the Time of *Edward IV.* down to the Revolution, in a regular Order. These will fully instruct us in the Negotiations and Transactions we have had with foreign Princes, of which no Historian hitherto has ever pretended to give us any Account. The Archives of *Durham*, and other antient Cathedral, are preserved a great Number of Charters of our Kings, and other Records of great Antiquity than any that are to be seen in *Tower*. In the *Tally Office* are kept a prodigious Number of publick Papers relating to the Revolution and Reigns of *Hen. VIII.* *Edw. VI.* *Q. Mary* and *Q. Elizabeth*. Abundance of Grants, Orders of our Kings, and other Instruments entered in the Office of the *Privy Seal*, which never passed the Great Seal: And in the *Household or Greencloth Records*, are preserved the most antient Letters of Correspondence between our Kings and foreign Princes, reposed there before the *Paper Office* was erected. Besides these Materials hitherto untouched by any, there are vast Quantities of others in the Hands of private Persons, and in different Libraries of this Kingdom.

Another very considerable Body of Materials very proper, if not necessary, must be sought for in foreign Parts. There is always a continued Intercourse of friendly or hostile Transactions between adjoining Countries; for which Reason the Records of all Nations furnish abundance of Materials for the History of their Neighbours. This I have observed particularly in *France*, where in my Searches for some Years together, I made Abstracts of above a thousand Instruments of Treaties and Transactions between the two Kingdoms; scarce any of which appear in *Rymer*. I have there likewise seen the Letters and Negotiations of *French* Embassadors in *England*, much better Accounts of our Country of the Characters of great Men about it, and of Transactions in this Kingdom, than I have ever seen in any of our Historians. These are the more to be relied on, because Embassadors

write Truth to their Masters, and relate Things nakedly as they pass without Disguise or Reserve. In these are to be seen very curious Accounts of verbal Conferences and Treaties of those Ministers with our Kings; their Privy Council and Secretaries, which being either heard by our Princes, or verbally related to them are not here committed to Writing, and are therefore now where to be found, but in the Relations thereof sent to foreign Princes. These Relations are very useful, not only to give us just Accounts of publick Affairs, but also a true Notion of the Character, Genius, Capacity and Judgment of our Kings. Thus, e.g. how great soever *Q. Elizabeth* appears in her Actions, or is represented in History, she appears still greater in the Negotiations of those Embassadors. The *Comte de Beaumont* was Ambassador here, from *Henry IV.* in the two last Years of her Reign; he was obliged to have frequent Conferences with her Majesty, the Lords and Committees of Council; about Matters of Commerce and State between the Crowns; and in his Relations thereof, (whether it was owing to their being cramped by Instructions, or to her greater Experience,) She discovers even in the decline of her Life a Penetration, Capacity and Judgment, far superior to all her Ministers. The same Ambassador continued here the three first Years of her Successor; and in his Account of the like Conferences with that Prince, *K. James I.* shews indeed a great Sagacity, Clearness, Honesty, and Sincerity, in every Part of his Treating; but the trifling Part of his Character is still free to betray itself, he continually interrupting the most serious and important Debates, by some Question or Complaint about a Sermon preached at *Charenton*, a Book of some Fault, or a Thesis maintained in the *Sorbonne*. I have by me some Transcripts of those Negotiations; I have read others; and as the *French* are careful to preserve in their Families all the Acts of their Ancestors, it will not be difficult to procure them for at least 200 Years past: And so many of them consist of several Volumes, (e.g. the *Comte de Beaumont's* of three, *M. d'Effiat's* of four, *M. du Bellay's* of five, and *M. de Noailles's* of six,) the Copies thereof, with the vast Number of Treaties and Pieces, to be transcribed from the *French* Records, will probably take up near 200 Volumes in Folio.

Besides all this, it will be necessary to make Use of an infinite Number of printed Books, relating as well to our own History and Antiquities, as to those of adjoining Kingdoms, and of the Northern Nations, from whom we derive our Origin, or who by Force settled themselves in this Country. There must be a very great Expence in the procuring of these. The Transcripts of the *French* Negotiations and Records alone, would (if all were necessary to be copied) at the Rate of 5*l.* a Volume in Folio, cost 1000*l.* In the Search of our Records in all the different Offices above-mentioned, if one Instrument in five hundred were to be copied, entire, there would several Thousands of them be transcribed. The Manuscripts in private Libraries cannot be transported thence, their Rules hindering the Communication of them at a Distance. Private Persons that have Negotiations

of their Ancestors and other Memoirs, and are ready to communicate them, may yet be unwilling to trust them out of their Houses: And in such Case it will be necessary to travel thither, (as it must always be in the Case of Records of Cathedrals) with at least one Amanuensis to make the quicker Dispatch in copying entire Pieces, at the same Time that Extracts are making of others. There will be likewise continual Employment for other Amanuensis; for tho' every Work, be it never so great, must ever be done by one Man, and every Material viewed and considered by him; yet he cannot be too well supplied with Assistants to ease him of the dry Labour of Transcripts. For the Accommodation of himself and these Amanuensis, as well as for arranging and keeping the vast Quantities and different Kinds of Materials in a proper Order, he must have an House conveniently seated near the *Canon Library*, Paper-Office, and the Records at *Westminster*; which, with the Necessity of living in *London* whilst those Repositories of publick Papers are searching, and of corresponding with learned Men both at Home and Abroad for the clearing up of ancient Customs and Usages, will be another Occasion of great Expence.

From these Considerations it is manifest, that we never can have a good and instructive History of *England*, without the Use of the Materials beforementioned; that those Materials cannot be procured without a vast Expence, too great for any private Purse to defray; and that as a Man of the best Capacity on Earth cannot execute a Work of that Nature without being supplied with those Materials, so it would be ridiculous in any one to attempt it without a proper Assurance of being supported in the necessary Expence. There is no Reason therefore to imagine it will be ever set about till such Assurance be given; and yet Materials, (at least those in private Hands,) are every Day decaying and perishing, being subject to Fire, and various other Accidents: So that the sooner publick Encouragement is given to the Undertaking, the more likely will it be to be well executed; and in all Cases what is absolutely necessary to be done, cannot be done too soon. For these Reasons it is proposed, to the Nobility and Gentry, and to all Corporate Bodies and Societies within the Kingdom, to contribute to the Charges of a Work, in which all their Interests are concerned, and which, by a Proposal for removing the Impediments of writing an History of *England*, printed last Year, I declared myself ready to engage in, if thereby enabled to procure those authentick Materials, without which no History can be wrote, either for the Instruction and Benefit of this Nation at Home, or for its Credit Abroad.

In Consequence of that Proposal, and in order to make up a Society for encouraging the Writing of an History of *England*, (of a like Nature with the Society lately formed for the Encouragement of Learning *) several Noblemen and Gentlemen have signed an Instrument, obliging themselves to contribute, the former their 20*l.* the latter their 10 Guineas a Year, towards the Charges of the Work and Materials. These

* See Vol. VI. p. 353.

Contributions are to be paid to a "Treasurer of their own Appointment, and are to be issued out by him for those Charges in such Form, Manner, and Proportion, as shall be directed by a General Meeting of the Contributors, or (if they shall think fit to order it) by a Committee of their Body; an Account of the Expences thereof, as well as of the Progress of the Work, being from Time to Time to be laid before a General Assembly of the Contributors, who (as in all Reason they ought to be satisfied in both these Respects) have the Liberty of withdrawing their respective Contributions, whenever they please, and shall think fit to notify the same." Such are the Terms of the Instrument: And the Subscription being now begun, it may not be improper for me to mention something of the Manner, wherein I propose to proceed in this Undertaking.

An History of this Nation must begin with a Discourse upon the original Inhabitants thereof, (which undoubtedly were the *Britons*;) and the State of the Country under the *Romans*. It is not to be expected that we should be more happy than our Neighbours, in having in those dark Times any Writers to convey to us a regular Series of Affairs or Historical Passages. All that can be done at this Distance of Time, is, to collect together all the scattered Passages that are to be found in the Works of the most ancient Writers who have had Occasion to mention these Islands, (in which I hope the Assistance of learned Men will not be wanting,) and tho' little Use can be made of these singly considered, some Light may arise from them all assembled together. But the greatest Helps are to be found in the Disquisitions of our Antiquaries upon the *Roman* Names of Places, Encampments, and other Remains in *England*, in which abundance of Historical Passages are rationally cleared up to the Satisfaction of the learned World. Were the *Annals of Wales*, drawn up by the learned and judicious Mr *Vaughan* of *Hengrat* (Author of the *British Antiquities revived*) and sent by him to Archbishop *Usher* for his Perusal and Approbation, still in being, it would probably clear up to us many considerable Points both of History and Chronology in the Times of the *Britons*. But after all, if this Work should not be found, I am in Hopes its Loss may be in a great measure supplied by the Papers of the late learned Mr *Edward Lloyd*, Keeper of the *Museum* at *Oxford*, who had the Use of all Mr *Vaughan's* Collections, and having with incessant Labour and great Exactness employ'd a considerable Part of his Life in searching into the Antiquities and History of the *Welsh*, had perused or collected almost all that was ancient or valuable in their Manuscripts, transcribed all the old Charters of their Monasteries that he could meet with, examined into the Antiquities of *Ireland*, *Armorick Bretagne*, and other Countries inhabited by the same People, compared them together, and made his Observations upon the whole, but died before he had digested them in the Form of a Discourse upon the original Inhabitants of these Islands. In order therefore to this first Part of our History, I propose to go thro' Mr *Lloyd's* Collections, hoping they will afford something curious and instructive on the Subject.

As to the Times after the coming of the *Saxons* into this Island, we must not expect many Writers among a People more intent upon Rapine and War than Learning: Nor indeed are there any more ancient than *Bede* (whose History is chiefly, as well as professedly, Ecclesiastical) and scarce any of Moment before the Conquest, besides *Affricus Menevensis*. But in all Cases where such Materials as were to be wished are not to be had, we can only make Use of the best we have. Thus to supply the Defect complained of, we must have Recourse to the Lives of Saints written by Persons cotemporary with them, and to the Charters of Monasteries and Churches, great Numbers of which are preserved in the *Cotton* and *Harleyan* Libraries, and in the Registers and Cartularies of Religious Houses, as well *Welsh* as *English*. It is evident, that those who write the Lives of Saints, must necessarily take Notice of the Princes that either persecuted or protected them, and of many Passages relating to those Princes. There is likewise a great Connexion between the Civil and Ecclesiastical History of a Country: They are always blended together in old Chronicles and Charters; and the same Pieces that convey to us the Knowledge of Bishops and Abbots, the Foundation, Endowment, and Benefactions to Churches and Convents, acquaint us at the same Time with the Kings, Princes, and great Lords, that were the Founders and Benefactors. And whoever observes what Use Sir *Wm Dugdale* in his *Baronage* makes of the Charters published in his *Monasticon*, for the giving an Account of the Actions of the most ancient Barons by Tenure, and their Ancestors in *England*, will see that considerable Lights may be drawn from this Source. The same appears from the first Volume lately published of the History of *Languedoc* in *France*, a Work undertaken by the Encouragement of the States of that Province, who settled Pensions on the *Benedictines* that were employed in it, and defrayed all the Expence of Searches and Impression, and other incident Charges necessary or useful to its Perfection. This Vol. goes no further than *A. D.* 877, and yet it contains such a Number of Original Charters and Deeds, that it is amazing how so many could be found in a single Province.

Other Lights may be derived from a Comparison of the many old Chronicles in the *Cotton* Library; for tho' the Authors thereof, like our old Historians soon after the Conquest, borrow from one another, yet they would have been more useful if all these Chronicles had been reduced into one, the Chronology well adjusted, the various Facts mentioned in each arranged in their proper Order, in different Columns, the principal thereof as the Text taken from the most ancient, and continued downwards from Time to Time out of the Chronicles of such Writers as were coeval with the Facts they relate. Great Helps are also afforded by the Collections lately published of *Saxon* Laws and Councils; from the latter of which more Accounts of civil Matters may be expected here than in other Countries, because our old Councils were generally mixed Assemblies of the great Laymen and Bishops, and both Civil and Ecclesiastical Matters were treated therein. These, with

with the Accounts which the old Writers of neighbouring Nations give of ours, and those which the *Danish*, *Norwegian* and *Islandick* Historians give of the frequent Invasions of this Kingdom by the *Danes* for the Space of 200 Years, and of the Manners, Usages, and Customs of that People, are the best Materials we have for an History or more general Account of Affairs before the Conquest.

From that Time downwards we are abundantly supplied with Historians *English*, *Norman* and *French*, giving ample Accounts of that great Revolution, and of the Transactions of our Princes, as well in *England*, as in the Dominions belonging to them in *France*. Some *Italian* Writers lately published in *Muratari's* Collection give us fuller Relations of the Expeditions of *Richard I.* and *Edward I.* into the Holy Land than had been preserved by our own Writers. But in this great Variety of Historians, Care must be taken to examine their different Accounts, and from the Time of *Richard I.* such as are authentick may be generally verified by Records. For this Purpose I propose to make a regular Search thro' all our Offices of Records in the Tower, Exchequer, &c. expecting from thence to be enabled, not only to clear up many historical Facts that are disputed, mistaken, imperfectly related, or utterly unknown, but also to give a distinct and satisfactory Account of great Numbers of ancient Usages and Customs, which are not at present so clearly and generally understood as they deserve; and this, as Occasions offer in the Course of the History, I shall endeavour to do by particular Dissertations, as the most instructive Manner of treating such Subjects, and the most agreeable to the Reader. In this Respect the Cotton Library will be of great Service.

The Letters of our Ambassadors in the Paper-Office will (as I have observed) supply one notorious Defect in all Historians, who never pretend to give us any Account of a Negotiation, or to shew where the Strefs and Difficulties of a Treaty lay. The Rolls and Journals of Parliament, the Books of the Privy-Council, the Accounts of the King's Household, the Greencloth Records, the Papers in the Privy-Seal and Signet-Offices, those of the Reigns of *Henry VIII.* and *Edward VI.* in the Tally-Office, furnish an infinite Number of Materials for every Part of our History; and the Cotton Library hath an immense Number of Pieces that serve by way of Supplement to those Offices; which having by some Means or other been got thence into private Hands, were recovered to the publick Use and collected together by the Care of the Founder of that Library. All these must be thoroughly searched: And tho' Extracts of most of the Papers there, may generally suffice for the Use, of an Historian, yet an infinite Number will be found of such Importance, that it will render them necessary to be copied entire.

After all, tho' we have so vast a Quantity of Materials for an *English* History in our own Nation, it will be still necessary to consult the Records and Repositories of Papers in other Countries, particularly in *France*, with which Kingdom, from the Time of *William the Conqueror*, we had for some Hundreds of Years a perpetual

Intercourse and Disputes, by reason of the Dominions which our Kings possessed in that Country. The Records there preserved in the *Tresor de Chartres*, the *Sainte Chapelle*, and the *Registres du Parlement de Paris* & de la *Chambre des Comptes*, furnish (as is said before) above a Thousand Instruments of Treaties and Transactions between the Crown of *France* and *England* that are not in *Rymer*; the Titles, Notes, or Abstracts whereof I have taken from thence, and have now by me in two Volumes in Folio. And as to the Negotiations of *French* Ambassadors in *England*, of which I have already expressed so high an Esteem, (which is fully justified by the entire Copies I took of some of them, and by what I have read of others) I have hereto annexed a Catalogue of those which I have observed at *Paris*; and as soon as I get from the Jewel-Office (whence Presents are usually made to Ambassadors at Parting) a full Account of the rest that have resided here, I am persuaded I shall easily discover where their Negotiations also are preserved.

As the first Step in order to a Building is to collect the Materials for it, I propose, as soon as I am enabled by a proper Subscription, to procure a general Order (as hath been granted to *Rymer* and others) to search into all Offices of Record, and Repositories of Papers here, and take Copies by myself, Assistants, and Amanuenses of such Pieces as I shall find necessary for my Work. The first Use I shall make thereof will be to go to the Exchequer Records to see what Treaties are there enrolled, and consequently wanting in *Rymer*, whose first twelve Volumes were taken out of the Records in the Tower, and the rest out of those in the Chapel of the Rolls. These I propose to get first transcribed, and think it would be proper to publish them by way of Supplement to the *Fœdera*; and the rather, because they may be more readily made Use of when printed in Order, than they can be whilst they remain in Manuscripts.

Having furnished myself with the Dates, &c. of all the publick Treaties relating to *France*, that are either in *Rymer*, or in any of our Records, and compared them with my own Extracts and Notes, of what I have seen in the *French* Records, I propose to go to *Paris* to complete the Series of Transactions with that Court out of their Records; and to procure likewise Transcripts of the Letters and Negotiations of their Ambassadors in *England*. I flatter myself with the Hopes of finding a greater Facility herein than a Person less known in that Country. Many of these Negotiations are in the King's Library, which by the Accession of the Libraries of *M. Colbert*, *M. Baluze*, the President de *Mesmes*, and other great Men, is now much better stored in this Respect, than it was when I left *Paris*: And no Copies can be taken of these without the Order or Licence of the *Garde des Sceaux*. This Post is now remitted to the Chancellorship in the Person of *M. D'Aguesseau*, to whom I had the Honour to be known, and was favoured by him with the Use of the MSS. of his own Library whilst I continued at *Paris*. He is a very learned and very communicative Man, and there will be little

Difficulty

Difficulty in obtaining such a Licence from him ; but if he should be soon succeeded by a Person of a more narrow or bigotted Spirit, it may probably become impracticable ; so that this is a Matter fit to be done without any Delay. I shall have at the same Time an Opportunity of reading over great Numbers of Original Letters wrote by different Princes of Europe, (in which those of England are included) to the Kings of France, the Instructions given to the French Ambassadors, Dispatches of their Ministers and Secretaries of State, and Acts of Treaties for many Reigns backward, and other curious Manuscripts of Letters and Memoirs of State, besides Robert Wace's History of the Dukes of Normandy and the Conquest of England, and other Histories of our English Affairs, which are preserved in Manuscript, in the King of France's and other Libraries at Paris, and have never yet appeared in print. Whoever reads P. le Long's Catalogue and Accounts of the Memoirs and Letters above-mentioned (in his *Bibliothèque Historique de la France*) will easily guess, that a large Quantity of very curious Extracts may be made from thence, for clearing up Historical Facts, and probably many Pieces to be copied entire.

Having provided myself with these Materials in France with as much Diligence and Expedition as is possible, I then propose to go through our Records in England, and thence take such Notes and Transcripts as will be necessary. My first Search will be general, being intended, by a View of the Whole, to enable me to distinguish what Kinds of them are to be used in each Reign, and to discover whether in some unobserved and unaccustomed Office there may not be found an hidden Treasure of useful Papers and Materials unknown before, and of higher Antiquity than could easily be imagined. I shall next set myself to extract or transcribe the particular Records necessary ; which must be a Work of Time, and wherein I must begin with the earliest, because they are first to be used. But the proposed previous general View of the whole Materials, seems to me to be necessary for enabling me the better to ascertain the Arrangement of the Particulars ; which if they relate to any Usage or Matter of Antiquity, must be according to the Subject ; and if to any historical Fact, in the Order of Time ; that so without any Trouble or Confusion, I may be sure of having before me every Material relating to any Subject or Reign, when it comes to be the Subject of my Writing. The like Arrangement must be made with regard to the infinite Number of printed Books, &c. which it will be necessary for me from Time to Time to consult and compare.

There are doubtless great Numbers of valuable Materials in private Hands ; and as it may reasonably be imagined, these do not relate to the earliest Times of our History, it may possibly be deemed not so necessary to procure them immediately. But certainly it must be thought proper to consult such Materials, whilst they may be had, and the Owners are willing to communicate them ; and one cannot too soon collect all that will be useful, in order to the Arrangement thereof.

This is only a general Sketch of the Method in which I propose to proceed, and which I shall submit to the Judgment of the Society, or to a learned Committee, to whom they shall delegate the Care of their Affairs. It appears thereby that I have cut out Labour enough for myself for the collecting of the Materials, the Securing of all Records and Papers, the making Extracts thence, the digesting them in a regular Order for Use, and, in fine, the entire Composition of the History can be done by none but myself. But however great the Fatigue, and how continuous the Application must be, I find Zeal and Inclination enough to go through it, perhaps less Time than can easily be imagined. For as I have in the Course of my Life been constantly observing where any Materials for such a Work are preserved, the less Time will be taken up in collecting them, if I be sufficiently enabled to defray the Charges thereof ; and on this Supposition, I am persuaded, that I shall be able in seven Years to bring our History down to the Revolution. 'Tis a Space of Time in which it may not unreasonably be presumed my Life may extend, and I hope my Constitution will enable me to hold out to the End of a Work, which, as it is now likely to be composed upon better Materials, must, (if it be not the Writer's Fault) be better executed than any modern History whatever. But (to suppose the worst) in case it should prove otherwise, the Materials provided, and digested as far as they go, will be still in Being, and at the Disposal of the Society, and ready for the Use of any other Person, whom they shall think proper to continue and finish the Work.

LONDON, THOMAS CARTE,
April 25, 1738.

The APOTHEOSIS of MILTON. A VISION.

Mr URBAN,

THO' no Lessons are more instructive than those we learn from the View of the awful Monuments erected to the Memory of the Great, the Good, the Wise, and the Witty; yet the Subject has been so much exhausted, that an Author who can find any thing to say on that Head, must have an Imagination more fertile than mine: For this Reason I shall not entertain you with any of the Reflections that occur'd to my Mind last Week, when Curiosity led me to see the Monuments lately erected in Westminster-Abbey. I shall only acquaint you, that I was so deeply engaged in them, that Night ere I was aware; and when I awaked from my Reverie, I found the Gate of the Abbey shut. I own, Sir, that notwithstanding the natural Courage that I am Master of, the solemn Aspect of the Fabrick, together with the melancholy Gloom

—*Placidam per Membra Quietem
Irrigat, & fœtum Gremio Dea tollit in
albos*
Idaliæ Lucos—

Gloom that darted thro' the Windows,
and ting'd the snowy Marble with a
death-like Paleness, gave me some Emo-
tions, which, perhaps, it would appear
Weakness in me to confess. I however
resolved to pass the Night in the most
proper manner both for expelling these
dissimal Ideas from my Mind, and for pre-
venting any Injury to my Health from
the Inclemency of the Season: So I re-
solved to walk about, and thereby to
keep myself from being chill'd, as I must
have been, had I compos'd myself to
sleep. I shall not be positive if I kept
up to this Resolution, or if a gentle
Slumber stole upon my Senses, as I sat
down to rest myself, after the Fatigue
of walking about for 3 Hours. How-
ever that was, towards the Middle of the
Night I saw (or seem'd to see) a Light
at the farther End of the Abbey, which
moved from one Place to another, but
I could not distinctly perceive by whom
it was directed. At last it approached
me, and I discern'd that it proceeded
from a Taper which was carried by an
Old Man, who had something uncommon
in his Air and Habit. He seem'd to be in
a green old Age, his Forehead was rais'd
his Head bald, and his Eyes sunk, but full
of a Severity tempered with Sweetness;
an azure Robe reached down to his Feet,
and he was girded with a white Sash.
At last he came up to me, and with a
fiery Air ask'd, why I presumed to in-
trude at so late an Hour upon the
Sanctuaries of the Dead? I could easily
perceive that his Voice, which fill'd me
with a religious Horror, was not human:
However, recovering myself as well as
I could, I told him my Misfortune in a
few Words. *Mortal*, said he, *you are safe.*
The Reflections that occasioned your being
here recommend you to superior Natures.
I am the Genius of this Place; and if
you have Courage to support the Presence
of Beings, once clothed with Humanity, but
now now move in a higher Order, you may
be favour'd this Night with a Sight
more august than any Mortal now alive
can boast to have seen. When he was
silent I prostrated myself at his Feet,
and with some Difficulty, so much were
my Senses over-power'd, told him, that
I entirely resign'd myself to his Gui-
dance. He then extended his Arm over
my Head, and I could perceive his Robe
glare, his Size shoot up, and myself con-
vey'd, by a sweetly resistless Motion, not
unlike what the Poet describes, when
Hercules carried off *Arcadius* to the *Ida-*
ean Groves.

A But I scarce had Time for Reflection,
when I found myself in a spacious Hall,
wherein was a large Table covered with
a Carpet, on which were wrought di-
vers Hieroglyphical Figures, and round
it were a great many Seats, resembling
the *Tri-pods*, as we have them described
in the Remains of Antiquity. Towards
B the Middle there were some Seats of a
different Form from the others; and
at the upper End one more elevated,
but of the same Figure with the *Tri-*
-pods. My Guide seeing me seiz'd with
Admiration and Dread, was so good as
to relieve me by these Words: *This Room,*
said he, is conceal'd from every Human
Eye; not even the most beloved of Heaven
have been indulg'd with seeing it, or know-
ing the awful Purposes of the Assemblies
that are from time to time held here:
It is sacred to the Spirits of the Bards,
whose Remains are buried, or whose Monu-
ments are erected within this Pile. To
night an Assembly of the greatest Im-
portance is held upon the Admission of
the Great Milton into this Society. Scarce
had he spok'd, when I perceived a Door
unfold, and a venerable Figure enter,
clothed in a deep Violet-coloured Robe,
with a Wand in his Hand, and pro-
ceeding slowly to the Chair at the upper
E End of the Table, where he seated
himself. *That Old Man*, said my Con-
ductor, *whose Face you see wears the*
Furrows of Age, is the Father of English
Poesy: Notwithstanding the solemn Fi-
gure he makes here, if you were near
enough to observe him aright, you might
perceive an Arch-mess in his Looks, and
a certain Vivacity, that is either not to
be found, or is very awkward, in most of
his Poetical Descendants. Here my Con-
ductor was silent, and upon a narrow
View of the old Personage, I could easi-
ly perceive that it must be *Chaucer*.
Several succeeded him, and seated them-
selves promiscuously: Among the rest,
G I could discern an airy Young Man,
dressed in a Robe somewhat resembling
the *Roman* Habit, whereon were wrought
several Battles, in which the Figures of
the Warriours made a very *Gothic* Appear-
ance: But these bloody Scenes were in-
tersected with Combats of a softer Na-
ture. The Subjects generally were, *Lad-*
ies complaining of broken Vows; and
tho' the Figures, perhaps, wanted some
of

of the graceful Attitudes which so much recommend the Works of the Italian Masters, yet they had all their Bloom, their Softness, and Tenderness. I was entirely at a Loss to know who this Poet was; but my aereal Conductor soon put me out of Doubt; *That Person*, said he, *in the remarkable Dress, is Drayton.* The Figure that next appeared, struck me with Surprize, Reverence and Dread: it was that of a Man, who seemed about 50; his Eye was remarkably piercing, and his Features most delicately formed; but a deep Anguish seemed to prey upon his Cheek, and Melancholy to settle in his Look: His Robe was wrought with Figures that looked as if they breathed, intermixed with Landskips, in which the Trees seemed to wave, and the Streams to murmur: The Whole was composed of the most lively Colours, but with an Irregularity that pleased, and a Confusion that gave Delight. All the Assembly expressed the greatest Reverence as he walked up to take his Seat; which he did at the right Hand of the President. *That Person*, said my Companion, *is Spencer, whose Name is his Encomium.* The next who appeared was a fresh-coloured Old Man, whom at first I took for an English Country Gentleman, but upon considering his Dress, I found it such as is described in Pictures about 160 Years ago: it seemed to be of coarse Cloth, but was extremely well fitted for his Body, and gave him, notwithstanding his Homeliness, a very agreeable Look, which grew more so, the longer I eyed him. I observed, that as he went up to his Seat, he was attacked by every one he passed with some Jest, but he always answered them in a manner that got him the Laugh on his side. When he sat down, the President gave him a Nod, which let me understand that the greatest Familiarity subsisted betwixt 'em. After he was seated, I viewed his Face more narrowly, and found, that tho' his Features were very strong, yet they appeared regular, and his Look not so churlish as I at first took it to be. I own, had it not been for my Companion, I should never have known him to be *Ben Johnson*. Upon perceiving his Pockets stuffed with Books, I asked my Conductor what the Meaning of that was. *These Books*, answered he, *are the Works of Cicero, Horace, and Salust; his Genius being too mechanical to catch the fine Sentiments of these Authors, to render them natural, to himself by a long Familiarity with them, he always carries their Works about him; and has the Art,*

upon every Occasion, to quote them so justly, and so much a propos, that they receive new Beauties by his Applications. I had almost lost the Observation of the next remarkable Person, because after *Ben Johnson* a great Crowd came in, who for the most part stood behind the Seats; yet I could easily discern one, who was dressed with the greatest Propriety and Elegance imaginable: But what most distinguished him was, that as he went up to his Seat *Ben Johnson* rose and gave him a most respectful Bow, which he had not yet done to any of the Company. *That Person who now takes his Seat*, said my Conductor, *is Beaumont.* Along with him several motley Figures appeared, some in white Satin Doublets with slashed Sleeves, others in greasy Buff, and not a few in Caslocks and Lawn Sleeves. Most of them attempted to take Seats, but they were reprimanded by a severe Look from the President: However, I could see *Ben* take some of them by the Hand, and place them in Seats; but he always had such a Look from the President, as shewed that he permitted them to enjoy that Honour rather out of Indulgence to his Friend *Ben*, than from any Merit of the Parties themselves. I observed too, that after they were seated, they were constantly employ'd in studying the Motions of the Muscles of *Ben's* Face, and by them they framed their own, till they had caught all the Softness and Rusticity of his Air, without any of its Sincerity and Frankness. The next Object that presented was the Figure of a goodly Man, in whose Face was painted the greatest Good-nature, Modesty and Openness: His Garmens were of the richest Stuff, and the most delicate Texture, but shined too loose about his Body; and it might have been easily discerned, by comparing some Places of them with others, that they were a little tarnished, and had lost some of their original Lustre, by being too much exposed. However, by the Richness of the Embroidery, the Variety of its Ornaments, and the graceful Air of the Person who wore it, he appeared the principal Figure in the Room: He held a Laurel Garland in his Hand; and, after he was seated, instead of placing it upon his hoary Locks, he put it upon the Table. I was so charmed with his Appearance, that I forgot to ask my kind Guardian who he was; but he spared me no Trouble: *That venerable Personage*, said he, *who has just now taken his Seat, is the immortal Dryden: If you were*

Mr URBAN,

enough to view him more narrowly, you might perceive in his Eye a noble Indignation, mixed with a deep Concern, and on his Brow a generous Disdain of an ungrateful—Here my Conductor was interrupted by an indignant Murmur, which run thorough the whole Company, who turned their Eyes towards the Door. Soon I perceiv'd a bloated Figure enter, who seem'd rather to be fit for a Midnight Revel, than to be a Member of that august Body. He us'd a thousand ridiculous Gestures, sometimes he affect'd a polite, easy Air, sometimes he appear'd to aim at the French Grimace; but all was forced, unnatural, and ungraceful, soon he relaps'd into his Bacchanalian Fits, and it appear'd, that the nauseous Part cost him nothing: He wore on his Brow a Branch of withered Ivy, bound up in form of a Garland, which seem'd to be pulled down from the Door of an Alehouse: When he came up to take his Seat, all the Assembly look'd at him with a contemptuous Eye, especially when, with an Air of Triumph, he seated himself opposite to Dryden. *That Person so unlike the other awful Form, said my Guide, is Shadwell; he has a Seat here by the Indulgence of a Tasteless Court, who bestow'd on him the Laurel in prejudice of the Great Dryden.* I had scarce Time to testify my Surprise, when a Young Man of a divine Aspect appear'd; and, to my great Amazement, went up to Shadwell in a familiar manner. My Amazement was changed to the utmost Concern, when I saw him affect the same Airs and Motions with him: But there was a remarkable Difference betwixt them, for that abandoned Deportment seem'd as unnatural in him, as the Airs of Wit and Politeness appear'd in the other. I observ'd the whole Assembly behold this extraordinary Young Man with a paternal Affection and Pity. At last he seem'd to recover himself, and turning towards the President, gave me an Opportunity of taking a full View of his Person and Dress. His upper Garment resembled in its Fashion that of Shadwell; but as it was loose, it discover'd a Vest as fine as that which was wrought by Helen for her inglorious Lover, and his sword hung in a Belt, which seem'd to have the same Virtue with the Cestus ascribed to the Goddess of Beauty. Upon his Legs he wore Buskins, and this Part of Dress was peculiar to himself, and different from that of the rest of the Company.

[To be continued]

HAVING observ'd some Time ago, the following Query (See Vol VII. p. 270.) propos'd by one of your Correspondents, viz. What might be the first Offence whereby the Apostate Angels revolted from God, &c. and withal a Promise (God willing) of sending such a Reply to it, as should please all Readers, I was willing to see what your Correspondents would say to it; and I must own, had a particular Desire of knowing what the Querist had to offer upon it, that he could think would be so suitable to the Taste of every Reader: Upon this, I was very free to suspend my Sentiments of it, till I might judge the Matter more particularly from what he would allege for Proof of it. I fancy, Sir, our Author must have a pretty good Notion of his own Abilities, when he presum'd to think that his Reply would be agreeable to every Reader's Opinion, for this, you know, would be doing what was never done before; however as he has ventur'd to send a Reply at last, I believe these Notions will not be so prevalent in him, when he finds that his towering Conjectures are grounded upon a sandy Foundation, and that what he has advanc'd cannot be prov'd from the Word of God.

As to the former Part of the Query, "What might be the Offence whereby the Apostate Angels revolted from God," our Author in his Reply takes it for granted, "that it was seduceing our first Parents to break the Command of God," and to back such a weak Conjecture, he produces that Text of the Apostle to Timothy, where it is said, *a Bishop must not be a Novice, lest being lifted up with Pride, he should fall into the Condemnation of the Devil;* from which Words, by a strained Gloss put upon them, he would willingly make it appear, that the Angel, afterwards called Satan, was appointed by God to minister to Adam, but thinking it below such a dignified Being as he then was, to attend upon a Creature so vastly inferior to him, soon prompted him to violate the Command of his Creator, by eating the Fruit which he was forbidden to taste upon Pain of Death: Now that this is only a bold Supposition appears plain, in that, we have not the least Foundation, in the Word of God, to build any such a Notion upon.

Besides, I believe it may be made evident, by lawful Consequences from Scripture, that the evil Angels had rebell'd against God, and upon this were drove out

Of the blissful Seats above, before *Adam* was made; and if so, their tempting him to do contrary to what he was commanded, was not the first Affront they had offer'd to God.

In one of the Texts which our Author has quoted (in order to varnish over his ungrounded Hypothesis with more Subtlety) we are told, That *Satan abode not in the Truth*, *John* viii. 44. or, in other Words, that no sooner had it pleased God to fix him in such a noble Station, but through the Pride of his Heart, thinking to make himself equal with God, he rose up in Arms against him; but being routed by a Power infinitely superiour to his own, he was immediately hurl'd from the Presence of God, and consign'd to everlasting Darkness, agreeable to what *St Peter* says, *God spared not the Angels that sined, but cast them down to Hell, and deliver'd them into Chains of Darkness, to be reserv'd unto Judgment!* 2 *Pet.* ii. 4. from which it is evident, that no sooner were the Angels created, but some of them united against their Creator, and for this were directly banish'd his Presence. This Sense is so obvious from the fore-mention'd Passages, that it would be nothing but meer Obstinacy for any to deny it, and would only show, that those who are so willing to cavil against any one plain Text of Scripture, would not stick to throw down all Revelation, if it lay in their Power.

Now all, I think, that remains, to prove our Author's Scheme to be only a Supposition, is, to produce any Portion of Scripture from which it may appear, that the Angels were created any considerable Time before Man; which if it is possible to do, all the plausible Arguments of my Antagonist will suddenly fall to the Ground, just as a mighty Structure when the Foundation is destroy'd. Now for a Proof of this we need search no further than the Book of *Job*, where it is expressly said, *when the morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy*, *Job* xxxviii. 7.

I will not pretend to say, but the former part of this Verse may possibly be taken in a figurative Sense; but allowing it may, yet it appears from the Sequel, that the Sons of God who shouted for Joy must be understood of those Angels who kept their first Habitation, and who were led out into Songs and Hallelujahs to God, viewing his wonderful Power and Wisdom in the Works of Creation. From which Passage, I think, nothing can be plainer than this, That the Angels had their Being when the

Stars were formed; which, if our Author had ever well perus'd the first Page of his Bible, he would have found to have been part of the 4th Day's Work.

So that all the Argument may be fully deduc'd from these Scriptures, and evidently appears to be this; That if the Company of the Angels, or the heavenly Host, under the Conduct of *Satan*, were no sooner created, but they lost their Habitation by revolting from God; and if at the same Time it is plain from the Passage of the Book of *Job*, that the Angels were in Being when the Stars were made, it will absolutely follow, that the Evil Angels had vainly oppos'd themselves to God, before Man was created, and consequently the seducing Man disobey the Command of his Creator, was not the first Sin *Satan* was guilty of.

If Mr R. T. had consider'd these things, he would not in all Probability have run into the Mistakes he has upon this Point, or had he kept close to the Tenor of the Word, I'm sure he could not have found so much Room to indulge a whimsical Disposition, as he has ventur'd to do in his Reply to the Query: But from this we may learn, that when fantastical Morals pretend to solve the Myteries of the Gospel, without keeping close to the Word, as a Rule to direct them, they not only run the Risque of being left by God to grope in the Dark, but also manifest themselves to the World, to be no more Masters of Reason, than they are Lovers of Revelation.

I might have taken Notice of other Passages of my Author's Reply, but I really don't think they are worth quoting, since they are so insignificant that only mentioning them, would be to refute them. All I can add further is, that I wish Mr R. T. would look more narrowly into the Matter, as far as can be gather'd from Scripture, and avoid, for the future, starting any thing, the Foundation of which is not laid in the Oracles of Truth. For if we seriously reflect upon it, we shall find, that it is only casting Contempt upon God, and his Word, for us to presume to any such thing, almost like what the Apostle says, *intruding (υεβαρυνω) into things not seen, as a Consequence of being vainly puff'd up with a fleshy mind*, *Colos.* ii. 18.

And now, Sir, to draw to a Conclusion, if *Querist* believes there is any Thing probable in what I have endeavour'd to prove, in Opposition to the chief Part of his Scheme, I think he can do no less as a Man than acknowledge it, either in direct Words, or else by Silence, &c. in our

was done under the Cloud of Night, and that in the very Face of the Sun: The Guard was ordered out in several Detachments, all armed with Battle-axes and Quarter-staves, and they were punctual enough in putting every one they met to the Sword, without respect either to Age, Sex or Condition; for they were well paid for their Labour. I suppose it was this Love of filthy Lucre that made them so blood-thirsty as to pursue poor *Cesar* into your very Apartments, where, if I had not interposed my own Body in his Defence, they would verily have butchered him before mine Eyes; and it was even with Difficulty that his Master's Roof and my Age could protect him from the Slaughter. Dear Creature! when his Enemies were gone, with what Gratitude did he kiss the Ground I stood on; and in his inarticulate Language return me Thanks for my Care of him! Sir, we both wept; and, I am sure, it would have touched the Heart of any, but a greater Brute than himself, to have seen us. Had he by a lawful Jury been convicted of any of those atrocious and overt Acts of Violence, which they charge some of his Brethren with, I should have born it with greater Patience; but to involve all in the same Condemnation, and to punish many Innocent for the Crime of a few Guilty, is a Procedure I think never, or at least seldom before heard of in a Christian Country: May Heaven always preserve us from the like Usage. I have kept him now these two Days locked up in his Room; but as I was afraid his Constitution would not agree with so close a Confinement, and as setting him stir out of Doors here, was putting his Life in eminent Jeopardy, I thought it would be more advisable to send him by a special Messenger to your own Care, where I hope he will be safe and well used.

If I durst make so free with my Master, I would desire your Honour to remember old *Humphrey* to Mr *Medley* and to the Knight's Fire-side. We have no News here worth writing; the Town is quite dead; not so much as a Dog to be seen on the Streets, except myself, who am already worn out in your Service and not worth the killing; else, I believe, I should not have been alive at this Day to tell you with what Respect I am,

Honoured SIR,

Your ever obliged Servitor,

as in Duty bound,

HUMPHRY AMBLER.

I had scarce ended honest *Humphrey's* Epistle, (where, I own, he shows a little too much Warmth and inexcusable Acrimony, did it not proceed from a true Zeal for his Friend) when *Cesar*, led by a natural Instinct, pressed up the Chamber Door where I was, and bounced in upon me. It is impossible to express with what Fondness he flew towards me, but stopped in the midst of his Career, gazed a while, shook his Tail, coured down, and came creeping along, till he had made his Obeisance and licked my Feet, then sprung up to a nearer Embrace, whimpered, and wheeled round to take another Leap, thus frisking about in a Profusion of Kindness and Transport for half an Hour together: At last I got myself disentangled from his Careless, and sat down again to write; but my Mind was so filled with *Humphrey* and *Cesar*, that I could find room for no other Ideas.

Cesar is of the Mastiff-kind; I had the Whelp in a Present from 'Squire *Nobles*, and he has accompanied me in all my Travels since: He is a faithful Friend, and may put many to the Blush, who falsely usurp that Title; they indeed make a greater Show and Profession than he, but few will bear the Test so well; I have tried him in Adversity, as well as in Prosperity, and he has acquitted himself on every Occasion like a Dog of Honour; he is the same in all Events, pure Gold, true unto the End: While some have courted my Acquaintance by a thousand little Shifts, and striven to ingratiate themselves by a seeming Concern for my Welfare, only that thro' me they might serve their own Interests the better; while others have played the same hypocritical Part, that they might have the Opportunity of deceiving me with the greater Ease; *Cesar* alone was sincere, and tho' he said nothing, his Actions outdid their Words, and left their Flattery behind: He follows me like my Shadow, and spies my every Motion, except when I sleep, and then he watches me: But the Talent, by which he is chiefly distinguished, is a secret innate Faculty of smelling out an honest Man from a Rogue; and for that Reason I never enroll a new Acquaintance amongst my Intimates, until he has been first examined by *Cesar's* Nose: Other Dogs are governed by the Out-side, and will bark at a Begger because of his Rags; but *Cesar* judges with greater Accuracy, and can be as sensible of the Stink of a Man's Principles, as of that of his Breath; a Star and Garter cannot impose upon his Senses, nor will he

he be bribed out of them upon any Account. When I was at London, the Beef-eaters were informed of this, and would by no means allow him to enter into the Drawing-room at St James's: I have seen him often nibble at the Heels of the most considerable Merchants upon the Exchange there, and he once seized a very grave Gentleman by the Throat in *Change-Alley*, whom upon Enquiry I afterwards found to be a Jew and a Stock-jobber; nay, sometimes he cannot help snarling even at Church: He has plaid a great many Pranks of the same Nature here, nor have the Ladies entirely escaped him; but I pass these over in Silence, out of a profound Regard to my Country and to the Fair Sex. When I go into a new Company, I always carry him with me for the Sake of making Experiments upon them, and I confide the more in the Information he gives me, as I have never yet found him mistaken. In short he is a brave, quiet, sagacious Companion, and I have known many walk upon two Legs with not half his Capacity. A *Welsh Herald* has deduced his Lineage in a freight Line from the famous *Argus*, *Ulysses's Dog*, whom *Homer* has thought fit to celebrate as not the most despicable Person in the *Odysey*: *
 And indeed the Similitude of their Characters in some measure gives Credit to the Pedigree, and proves the pretended Relation.

There are many other Families grafted on the same Stock, and by Consanguinity allied to *Cesar*: Some of them have taken upon them to disclaim the Blood, which runs thro' their Veins, tho' but in small Quantities, and so degenerate, that I think he has much more Reason to be ashamed of them; yet with all their Care they can never conceal their Original; Nature will break thro' every Disguise, and it will be no hard Matter, I fancy, for my Readers to find them out under the following Denominations.

The first I shall begin with are the *Idle Dogs*, as being the most numerous of the whole Race in this Part of the Island, so that I may say they have almost overrun it entirely: You meet with them every where; they gape at the Cross, patrolle thro' the Streets, saunter round the Meadow, and kennel in every Coffee-house; they claim an Exemption from Labour and Work of all Kinds, upon Account of a certain imaginary Gentility, which their Predecessors were Strangers to; they spend one Half of their Time

in sleeping, and the rest, betwixt Meals, in picking their Teeth: They are a publick Nuisance, and ought to be extirpated as quickly as possible, in order to hinder the rest from being infected by them; nor would I even grant Quarter to those, who take Shelter under specious Names, and think to pass upon the World by the additional Titles of Lawyer, Shop-keeper, or Divine: What are Lawyers without Clients, Shop-keepers without Customers, or Divines without Benefices, but so many *Idle Dogs*? Indeed I have known some of them, weary of this innocent Appellation, cut out Work for themselves; I have seen a Lawyer during the Vacation set his Friends by the Ears, that he might furnish out a plentiful Crop of Processes against next Term Time: I have seen a Shop-keeper, by forcing Trade to keep himself alive, reduce his Neighbours to break and starve with him: I have seen a Divine, lacking other Employment, vilify his Function by the most dirty Practices, and at last, for meer Want, despair and turn Heretick: If these are not *Idle Dogs*, they are something worse; they are like travelled Fools, whose Weakness is improved by a Gentlemanny Education into Wickedness.

Next come the *Lap Dogs*, who are curry-combed and perfumed every Morning, and carried about all Day long in Chairs to the several Apartments of the She-Kind, where they assist at the Tea-Table, or have the Privilege perhaps of sleeping under the Fair one's Petticoats: I know the Ladies consider these Animals as necessary Implements and Pieces of Furniture in their Chambers, and, if they intercede for Mercy to them, I have no more to say.

After them come the *Comical Dogs*, very remarkable for a particular Queerity in their Aspect; the risible Muscles of their Mouths are enlarged by being in continual Action, and they shew their Teeth so much, that one would think them really furious, did not the concomitant Circumstances declare it to be only an Effect of their Good Nature: They prattle for ever, and whether you laugh at their Wit or their Folly, it answers their Purpose equally well: They are a merry, harmless Sort of Creature, and if they have learned to dance and to jump over a Strick, they may make a Shift to fill a Place in a large Company, and are even necessary to keep up the Mirth and Noise of a Feast, or Wedding: They are useful too to souire a Lady in a publick Walk, or to gallant a Fan in an Assembly, and as long as they confine themselves to these

* See *Gent. Mag.* Vol. V. p. 45 and 205 F.

Topicks, nor ever interfere further than to relieve Men in doing Duty and dancing Attendance on the Sex, I think they may be tolerated.

But then the *Smart Dogs* claim the same Prerogative, which they cannot in Conscience have any reasonable Title to; for by their Sputtering one may discover all the Symptoms of a growing *Mania*, and they are continually levelling their Malice at some Body or another, so that, if they be allowed to run loose, there will in a little while be no walking the Streets with Safety; their very Slaver conveys the Contagion, and the only Way to be secure, is, to bite the Biter first: Those of a red Colour are the most daring, and the most dangerous, tho' at the same Time they are frequently soonest frightened; and as mad Oxen are known by the Straw round their Horns, so they are marked out with a Knot of black Ribband at their Left Ear. Of this Sort likewise are those *Blood-bounds*, who make use of other Teeth than their own to bite Strangers with, which occasions a Consumption of the Purse, often attended with dismal Consequences: They range commonly in Packs, tho' sometimes they go in loose Couples: Our Fears of them will probably be over very soon; for they attack us chiefly for the Sake of a Sort of yellow Dust, which sticks to our Heels, and as we are at all imaginable Pains to shake that off from our Feet, and are really (thank Heaven) at present pretty free of it, they must be obliged themselves to change their Pasture, and hunt for their Prey in a fatter Soil.

I might here proceed, and talk separately of the *Old Dogs*, the *Sad Dogs*, the *Poor Dogs*, and the *Damn'd Dogs*; I shall make short Work, and only mention them all in the Lump. I know many of our young Sparks are a raid, since the late Edict, to own their Species publicly; but in private they make no Scruple to salute one another with such elegant Phrases, as *Damn you, you Dog you*, and so forth; which, if pronounced with the true familiar Accent, and accompanied with a Slap on the Shoulder, or with a Shake of the Paw, can never admit of an ill Meaning, or be construed into a Nick-name: Yet they need not be in any Terror of having their Brains knocked out on that Account; not to mention another undeniable Reason, there are Dogs at Court who have Authority sufficient to protect them from ill Usage.

These last are mostly of the *Spaniel* Breed, and very obedient to their Keeper, who is a fat overgrown Fellow, and lives well on the Game that they hunt down:

They are sent up to him from most of the Counties in *Britain*, and he is at no little Pains in training them to the Sport, if any of them prove refractory, which sometimes happens, he courts the disobedient Cur with persuasive Sops out of his own Plate: and when that Eloquence fails, a blue Leash, or a new Collar have often proved of Force to bring him to the Lure: When he gives the Signal, it is wonderful to see with what Alacrity they open in Chorus, and follow the Scent with a full Cry, every one in Hopes of having a Haunch for his own Share; if they come in but at the End of 3 Chace, and close the Day with a single Note, they are sure of the Garbage as their Perquisite: These Advantages have debauched many of the Country Dogs to join his Pack; tho' they can have nothing to expect from this Change of their Condition, but a new Name. They go a courting generally in the Spring, and often do a great deal of Damage to the poor Farmers by rooting up the rising Corn; also what can they say? If they offer to complain, he quarters his Hounds upon them: If any of their Dogs so much as bark, he has him pounded as not belonging to the Kennel. He has Numbers of *Terriers* too, and other secret Emissaries of the Pack, who scour the Fields for him, and bring such exact Information, that he often surprizes the poor Hare napping in her Form. At leisure Hours he diverts himself with making some of his Staunch Beagles bark an empty Skin, or try their Throats to his hunting Horn, which of late he has taken a Fancy to wear in his Hat, like an Attorney's Quill; so that he just resembles *Ateon*; and may the same Fate befall him, to be run down by his own Pack, and serve to a Feast to those, whom he has so often fleshed at the Expence of others.

But this Digression would carry me too far from my main Scope, and some of my Readers may recriminate and call me a *Merry Dog*, while those, whom I have been talking of, will snarl at me and call me a *Mad Dog*: All the Return I shall make is, to wish their Reformation, and that they may grow *Honest Dogs*; or, if that cannot be, that when they die hard like Dogs, they may be treated no worse than Dogs: So I conclude; for poor *Cesar*, whom I have a greater Esteem for than all of them together, wants his Supper, and the Servant, who brought him, stays to carry this to Town.

N. B. This Paper is publish'd every Friday at Edinburgh, and may be had now Sets at London.

The REVEUR. N^o 24.

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas :
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari !
Fortunatus & ille, Deos qui vocat agrestes,
Panamque, Silvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores !*

OF all the Diversions which the Country affords, I indulge myself in none oftner, and with greater Satisfaction, than in Walking. A moderate Use of it is absolutely necessary for preserving the animal Economy: Most other Exercises are either too violent, too remis, or too particular; this diffuses an equable Motion thro' all the Solids and Fluids that constitute our Bodies; the Muscles are thereby alternately actuated and relaxed; every Joint is employed, and kept in Use; and the Blood is put into a gentle Flow, so as to dissipate whatever Obstruction it may meet with in its Channels; while, at the same time, the Pores drain off the superfluous Humours, and by insensible Perpiration free the Body from those noxious Juices, which it would otherways collect to its own Destruction: But the Lungs are chiefly benefited by it: In a walking Posture the Chest enlarges, and leaves them the greater Space to swell and dilate in; then they expectorate, and take in a fresh Cargo of clean Air, which scours them from all their Impurities, and conveys thro' the Veins and Nerves that vital Nitre wherewith it is impregnated: Hence the Heart beats light and easy, the animal Spirits abound, and perform their Functions with Cheerfulness and Alacrity, all within seems sweet and strong, which discovers itself without, by the ruddy Glow of the Complexion, and by the Firmness and Elasticity of the Flesh: In short, the whole Man enjoys a Perfection of Health, and feels it in every Fibre with the most exquisite Delight; for as Health is the Foundation, so it is the Quintessence of Corporeal Pleasure; it takes in all the Senses, and what each of them contributes apart in short Gusts of transient Titillation, it contracts into a continued Certainty of home-felt Bliss. Who would not willingly renounce the sensual Gratifications, to receive in Lieu of them an uninterrupted Series of Health? One half of the Poet's Prayer is, *a sound Body*; if a sound Mind is lodged in it, he can want no more to make him happy: And indeed, since in the present State of Things, Matter as well as Spirit enters into our Composition, it is our Duty to be careful of the

terrestrial Part, and to procure it all those Enjoyments and other Advantages which it is made for; especially seeing they are so closely linked together here, that the one cannot be affected without the other in some measure sympathizing: But still that must be only our second Care, and in Subordination to our better Half.

The Benefits I propose to myself in this ambulatory Exercise are not confined to the outward Shell; they go deeper, and the Soul has likewise a considerable Share: My Health and Vigour are not only maintained in a Degree superior unto that of many of the young wally Rogues of the present Generation, but my Mind receives also more exalted Ideas from a nearer View, and more abstracted Contemplation of Nature: I enjoy the cherishing Warmth of the Sun, and the refreshing Coolness and Fragrancy of the Breeze, in common with *Dormio*, and the Dog that follows him, an Animal not more unthinking than his Master; nay, in some Respects he has the Heels of us both, as his Organs are better fitted for Sensation: That is the least Part of my Pleasure: The visible Perfections of Nature open a Scene unto my intellectual Faculties infinitely more agreeable and amusing: I give a Loose to boundless Imagination, and roam at Liberty from Theme to Theme, according as the various Objects present themselves, or strike my Fancy: When I have ransacked this Earth, I make Excursions into the Heavens, wander amongst the Stars, and overleap the very Limits of the Universe itself; new Thoughts flow in upon me with an unusual Rapidity; I feel a sort of Enthusiasm, which transports and exalts me, as it were, into a more pure and incorporeal Order of Beings, and my Reveries break forth into Words: So the *Sybil*, and the antient Prophets, big with the Presence of their God, felt Raptures too great to be contained, and dictated aloud what the Divinity within inspired.

The other Night I stole out, after Supper, to take a solitary Evening's Walk: The solemn Silence of the Scene diffused an inexpressible Joy and Veneration over my Soul; I looked round me, and began to consider all the Beauties and Wonders of Creation and of Providence, as designed merely for our Contemplation, and to raise my Thoughts by degrees into some faint Idea, at least, of their great Author. The Moon, which appears the greatest, tho' it be in Reality the least of all the heavenly Bodies, was now rising in her Zenith, and shed a faint and trembling

trembling Light upon the Earth, just sufficient to discover the Diversity of the Landskip without dazzling the Spectator's Eye: The azure Vault was bespangled with all its Multitude of Stars, which, sparkling thro' the frosty Atmosphere, seemed still more numerous; and not a Cloud was there to interrupt the encircling Prospect: All below was calm and still, except the rustling of the Leaves moved by a gentle Air, the soft Murmur of the purling Streams on the one hand, and the distant roaring of the Waves breaking against the Shore on the other; these together made a melancholy Noise, which, far from disturbing, composed the Mind, and fitted it for Meditation even to Extasy.

Where shall I begin, O Nature, to contemplate and to admire thy Perfections? The infinite Variety, in which thou aboundest, distracts my Fancy, and confounds Imagination; yet all is supremely good, and wonderful. Fain would I pursue thee thro' the different Forms and Quantities of Matter, but still thou fleest before me; and when I have gone my greatest Lengths, I find myself no nearer: Baffled and wearied with the endless Work, I give over the vain Chace, and sit down contented, owning that Thou art incomprehensible; for who can set Bounds to Thee, or to this Universe, the Stage on which Thou appearest? Who can circumscribe Space, and say, So far Thou extendest, and no farther? Or who can conceive the nameless *Vacuum*, the Non-entity, that lies beyond those Limits? Amazing Thought! But if I turn me unto the other Extream, shall I there be able to trace Thee out unto thy Goal, and, on that Side at least, to fix the Boundaries of thy Power? No; there Thou art also incomprehensible; infinite in Extension; infinite in Division; on all hands Thou eludest my busy Search, and most prying Enquiries.

And, O Thou Parent of Nature! Thou prime Original of Things! Thou universal and all-productive Mind! How shall we ever come unto the perfect Knowledge of Thee, when we cannot sufficiently understand the least of all thy Creatures? Shall we therefore refuse to give Faith unto thy Being? Absurd and ridiculous. Our Understanding, finite and liminary as it is, can make Discoveries even amongst thy Works to evince the Goodness, Wisdom, and Power of the Creator: Were we to go no further than ourselves, we may find enough within us to demonstrate thy Existence. The curious Structure of our Bodies, formed with so much Art,

and so exact a Mechanism, must be the Workmanship of an Hand immortal and divine: Human Skill could never have contrived it; and, as it is, it cannot find the most minute Part to blame, or that could be altered, but for the worse; Every Particle conduces at once to the Beauty and to the Usefulness of the Whole, that so it may become a suitable Mansion and Receptacle for the Soul, that spiritual Emanation of Thyself, to dwell in: Thou guidest the purple Stream thro' its arterial Meanders to visit every Limb, distributing its Favours as it flows; and thou conductest thro' the Veins its revolving Course, until it again disembogues and palpitates in the Heart; from whence, like a General in his Head-Quarters, it dispatches the necessary Supply to all the adjacent Country. But hold; the Subject is too profound and swallows up Expression: Man is a perfect Mass of Prodigies; and it would require a Life to expatiate upon every one. Why should I confine myself in so fruitful a Field, when all Nature teems alike with Wonders, and there is not a Corner of the Universe, but what manifests the Finger of God, and calls aloud for our Admiration?

Hail! Verdant Woods and lonely Fields, to whose calm Retreat I gladly fly from the vile World of Business, receive your new Guest, and make him welcome, who comes to study God and Nature, best learnt with you; whether, like *Socrates*, I sit beneath the cooling Shade of some fair Tree, and read in Wisdom's Book; or rather chuse, like *Scipio* and *Lelins*, to wander on the smooth sandy Shore of the wide roaring Seas, and there in social Converse mutually to improve, and to be improved; whether I, with the rising Sun, begin my early Meditations; or take the cool and dewy Evening, and, as now, make the silent Moon the Witness of my Rhapsodies. But chiefly hail, O thou immortal Genius, from whom this World and the whole universal Frame derive their Birth! Confined within no Bounds, Thou every where art present; all Matter is thy Body, and Thou informest every Limb: Not the least Insect, which the enlarging Glass can hardly magnify to Sight, but owns thy Power and providential Care: The Brute Creation, which graze those Plains, or lead a more domestick Life with Man, and seem particularly formed for Labour and Obedience, as well as all the Savage Butchers of the Wood, that range around for Prey, and live on Blood and Rapine in other less propitious Climates, receive from Thee that Instinct, far surpassing human

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Reason; by which, self-wise beyond Instruction, they know what is most fitting for their several Natures, nor ever vary from the established Rule: The same too is indulg'd to all the feathered Race of little Warblers, who, but ere now, roved at large thro' Fields of liquid Light, and fill'd each Grove with Harmony; nor are the Nations of the Deep without its Laws, both they, that glide along the glistening Wave in Shoals, and they whose Bulk enormous plough up the Ocean, and raise its Billows to a Tempest. Yet Man, frail Map, will boast his Lordship and Dominion; nor has he aught pre-eminent, by which he can support the wild Pretence, but Reason, unerring Guide, that might indeed suffice, if closely followed: But, alas! how oft broken and transgressed! or rather, how little noticed! how seldom attended to! Whom should we blame? Not thee; for all thy Works were good, till Man debauched first himself, and by his Sin deformed the beauteous Scene; tho' still enough remains to testify its Author, and to demand our Wonder and our Praise.

But what is all this Lower World, compared with the rest of our Planetary System? And what is the whole System in Comparison of those numberless Ones, that swarm thro' the infinite Space? *Jupiter*, who bears so small an apparent Magnitude, and whose four attending Moons are entirely lost unto the naked Eye, is yet two thousand times larger than the Earth; the Sun is an hundred and sixty times larger than *Jupiter*; so that the Earth, in Comparison of the Sun, is a very Atom, almost a mathematical Point. We are an hundred Millions of Miles distant from the Sun, and we perform a Revolution round it; yet the Diameter of that Orbit, if seen from one of the nearest six Stars, would subtend no discernible Angle. What an immense Distance must they be at! They are at least ten thousand times further from us, than we are from the Sun. How many Stars twinkle at present in the Sky! It seems on a Blaze with them: How are they crowd'd together! In some Places scarce to be distinguished from one another; the Galaxy is formed by their blended Rays: How many does the Telescopick Tube discover still deeper immerg'd in *Aether*, that were invisible to our unassisted Sight! And who can tell, how many defy both alike, and out-reach all the Inventions of mortal Art? Yet every one of these, tho' they seem so near, are as far distant from each other, as our Sun is from them: Our two

Polar Stars must double that Distance. What an immeasurable Space, and how inconceivable an Idea of the Grandeur and Immenity of the Universe does it give! The Soul goes beyond herself, while she endeavours to comprehend it.

When I return and consider this Earth whereon I stand, and about which poor Mankind makes such a Bustle and ado, to what an inconsiderable Spot does it dwindle! It is an Atom suspended in the Air, and bears no Proportion to those vast Orbs and Bodies that surround it: What then am I, who stand now upon it, and take up so small a Portion of it? What are an hundred thousand Creatures like myself? Yet how obstinately will they engage together in pitched Battles, and fight to the last Drop of Blood, for a little Corner of this same Atom, which mean while is able to maintain them all in Peace, could they resolve to live so: But those small and diminutive Creatures, those *Animalcula*, set up one of themselves, whom they call their King, and it is for his imaginary Honour that they cut one another's Throats, and make such Hayock: To him they bow the Knee, and pay their Homage, under the Titles of, *High and Mighty Lord*, and, *Most Sacred Majesty*; yet this mighty and most sacred Thing, is every whit as helpless as the meanest of his Vassals; is equally subject to Diseases, and other Calamities; and, in a few Years, must yield all his Pomp and Dignity to the Grave. Some Insects live only for an Hour or a Day; others flutter the whole Summer, and lay down their Being with the Season: I am allowed a longer Date; but what is that compared to Eternity; it does not deserve the Name of Existence: We may say, it consists of so many Revolutions of our Mansion round the Sun; an Inhabitant of *Saturn*, during the same Period, lives thirty times as long; and yet some other Creatures in the Universe may even look upon their Duration as a Summer, a Day, an Hour. The whole Period of Time, which we range into past, present, and future, and which Chronologers subdivide into shorter *Eras*, is in the Sight of GOD but one eternal *Now*, incapable of Division.

But, O the Pride of Man! With what Arrogance and Vanity does the insignificant two-legged Animal strut about upon this Grain of Sand, like an Emmit upon a Mole-hill, or a Mite in a Cheese, fancying himself the most perfect Work of GOD, and important Part of Nature! He views all the rest of the Creation, as made subservient to his Use and Pleasure;

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even the celestial Bodies, according to his Notion, serve only to give him Light, or to diversify his Skies. Shall we believe him? Or have they not an higher Use? Why should we, in Imagination, prefer A this puny Earth to the rest of the wandering Seven, that form out Solar System, and with a certain Velocity, as the Laws of Motion require, in regular harmonious Dance move round their common central Fire? As other Planets are vastly larger than ours, so seem they to be better provided for the Conveniency of Habitation: B While we are contented with a single circumvolving Moon to supply the Absence, and faintly to reflect the Image of the Sun, others have four or five attendant on their Course; not to mention that wonderful Phenomenon of Saturn's Ring, which, as we have nothing like it, we can have no Conception of. If we go C further into the Abyss, the fixed Stars blaze out into Suns, all as great and glorious as our own, formed, no doubt, to illuminate other Planets, where God, who does nothing in vain, displays his Wisdom and his Power, as well as here; and where he has other Creatures to admire his mysterious Ways, and to sing his D Goodness. When we have thus peopled those immense Regions of *Esher*, how noble and how worthy of a God does the Whole appear! But the Magnificence of our Ideas will still enlarge with our Enquiries: For, as his almighty Power has fashioned so many Worlds, certainly his omniscient Wisdom has adapted them, E and all they contain, to those Beings whom he has placed there. Were I to be conveyed from this Earth to *Mercury*, or to *Venus*, I should be scorched by the violent Heat; and those vehement Rays, which the Sun from their Neighbourhood darts upon them, and which lend no more than a necessary Warmth to those People, F would soon annihilate my Body, and burn up the gross Substance of it: On the other hand, transplant me to frigid *Saturn*, and the excessive Cold would be as intolerable, and quickly freeze the very Blood in my Veins. As there may be still a greater Variety in the rest of the Universe, how various must the Constitutions of the different Creatures be! Were we transported only to the adjacent Moon, which is but at next Door, how should we breathe without an Atmosphere? In short, before we could be at all qualified for living in any of those other Regions, our Bodies must be so far altered, both in the inward and in the outward Frame, that we should no more H have the least Resemblance to what we

were, nor properly come under the Name of Men: Perhaps the Change, on our Parts, might be for the better, and we should then think, that Human Shape which we now take for a Pattern of consummate Beauty, as far below what our riper Judgments would be acquainted with, as we at present think a Monkey, or some more ugly Monster, falls short of a Man: Our good Opinions of ourselves are owing entirely to our Ignorance. So a Country Booby, who has never been but a few Miles from his own Fire-side, and who has heard or seen nothing of the World, believes his poor Hut a Palace, his little Orchard a Paradise, and his wretched Self the happiest of Mortals.

But before I put an End to my aerial Flight, let me survey the Comets in their eccentric Orbits, where both Extremities of Heat and Cold are joined in one; and, if we admire the regular Motion and Courses of the Planets, how will we be surpris'd, that those other wandering Globes, who seem confined to no narrow Limits, should never wildly deviate from the Path, in which the Hand of the same Projector first threw them out, and bad them move: From Time to Time they come across our Horizon, and terrify the gazing Nations, who from their glaring Tail and hideous Aspect forebode the worst of Consequences; but what a dismal Scene must follow, should they in their Passage justle against this World, and with the terrible Shock bring Ruin, and reduce it to its primitive Chaos! How much are we indebted to that Providence, which keeps them from interfering with us! Here then in Safety, let us review their Road, and on the Wings of Fancy pursue them thro' the successive Stages: With what Rapidity do they wheel round the Sun, and in their near Approaches what an intense Heat do they receive! Burning Iron is nothing to it: As they fly off again, and lose themselves in the vast Abyss, far removed from his enlivening Beams, what Cold and Darkness must ensue, still aggravated by the Slowness of their Passage thro' that State! What sort of Inhabitants must we assign to them? Can Nature form Creatures capable of undergoing such Vicissitudes of such fierce and opposite Extremes? Or may we not rather imagine them the Receptacle of the Wicked, and the Prisons, in which God's positive Punishments are inflicted upon those who have wrought Disobedience, and transgressed his positive Precepts? But let us not search into forbidden Depths, nor endeavour to explore here what is reserved

erved for a future Life: We know enough already, from whence to draw right Conclusions concerning the Deity and ourselves.

O Thou eternal Genius of the Universe; from whom my Song in loose and unconnected Numbers took its Rise, with whom it ends, disdain not that the Creature of thy Hands should lift his Heart to Thee; and that, after having scanned thy Works in the best Manner his finite Faculties will allow, as becomes a rational Creature, he next presumes to ascend unto Thyself; and since he cannot conceive even Ideas adequate to the Infinitude of thy Perfections, he adores Thee in Silence. L.

This Author adds Weekly to his Lucubrations some Account of Affairs at Home and Abroad: The following Advices conclude this Paper.

It is impossible to express the Haughtiness, with which the Ottoman Ministers have hitherto rejected the Propositions made by the Christian Princes to renew the Negotiations for Peace; notwithstanding which, the Porte does not appear to be in a Condition to act with any Degree of Vigour. Their Domestic, as well as their Foreign Affairs, are greatly embarrassed, their Revenues exhausted, and their best Troops much diminished by the late Wars; so that the present Conduct of the Porte can only be attributed to Force. The Ministers of the Divan are disposed for Peace; but dare not declare themselves, the Populace being absolutely determined for War: The Porte uses its utmost Efforts to entricate itself with Honour out of this Difficulty. 'Tis certain, that the greatest Preparations are carrying on for opening the Campaign, as well in Hungary, as against the Russians. 1200 Pieces have been sent to the Bashaw of Bosnia. Besides the Vessels which are to be sent into the White Sea and the Mediterranean, 300 Vessels of different Sizes will be sent into the Black Sea, divided into three Squadrons; one of which will act in the Sea Della Zabache, a second on the Side of Ozakow, and the other at the Mouth of the Danube. The Grand Vizier's desire to be excused from that Office, upon Account of Ignorance, seems as much the Effect of Policy as of Fear; for as his Master has thought fit to continue him after having declared his own Incapacity, he must in Justice impute any Mismanagement that may happen rather to himself, who committed the Trust, and forced it

upon the Vizier, than to him, who cautiously accepted it only at his express Command: However the Vizier uses the Means for securing his Life in that Post; he has changed almost all the Ministers, and supplied their Places with Creatures of his own; he has hitherto in vain been plotting the Ruin of the *Kestlar Aga* and *Reis Effendi*; they, on the other hand, are making the same Attempts to destroy him; and the Misunderstanding, which has happened betwixt Prince *Ragotski* and Count *Bonneval*, may probably contribute not a little to their Views: The Count censures the Prince with want of Conduct, and the Vizier espouses the Prince's Interests. The French Ambassador at the Porte pretends to have used his utmost Endeavours for preventing the Conclusion of the Treaty between the Grand Signior and *Ragotski*, as such a Step could only serve to irritate the Emperor, and set Peace at a greater Distance than ever, but he laboured in vain; and I can hardly think in earnest, since his Christian Majesty never offers his Mediation, unless for his own Advantage, and to embroil his Neighbours the more. Letters from the Borders of Hungary confirm, that the Turks are assembling there in great Numbers, and bring along with them a vast Train of Field Artillery. Prince *Ragotski*, who is in the Neighbourhood of *Widdin*, has already assembled a Body of 6000 Men, composed of the Inhabitants of different Provinces in Hungary; his Soldiers are clothed like the Hussars, and paid very exactly. As some of the Nobility of *Transilvania* are said to have already declared for the Prince, it may not perhaps be very difficult to execute his Designs on an open Country like that, where the greater Part of the People, being Protestants, would be glad to have the free Exercise of their Religion secured under any Prince, who hath the Power to protect them; but the Reduction of Hungary, which has so many fortified Places, is less practicable. When both are reduced, they are to be erected into one Sovereignty, to make a Barrier betwixt the Ottoman and German Empires.

The Spaniards are making great Preparations at the *Havannah*, with a Design on *Georgia* and *South Carolina*; their Fleet intends first to take *Port Royal* in *Carolina*, and to fortify that Place, while the Troops from *St Augustine* march thro' *Georgia* to reinforce them: There are 5000 Men at the *Havannah*, and as many more are expected from *Old Spain*; however the People of those Provinces

G g seem

seem prepared for the Attack : The Governors, and other Officers, are ordered to their respective Posts there : The People here in general are very cheerful, and keen for a War : The Parliament have desired Copies of the Duke of Newcastle and M. la Quadra's Letters to Mr Keene; and the Great People talk very big; However, the most Christian Mediation is accepted; and Ambassadors will soon be named on all Hands for an Accommodation; Stocks continue to rise: No more Ships are put into Commission, nor Seamen impressed from Merchantmen outward-bound : It is thought *Haddock* will not be allowed to sail for the *Mediterranean*, unless it be to make a Show there; and that, after all, nothing will be done, until it be found absolutely impossible to make up Matters in any other Shape : So that we shall shortly be a very blessed Nation; since it is said, *Blessed are the Peacemakers; Blessed are they that hunger and thirst; Blessed are they that mourn; Blessed are they that are persecuted, &c.*

The Daily Gazetteer, May 4. No. 384.

Whether Jacobitism be extinct among us.

A Notion has been propagated with much Art and Industry, that there are now few or no *Jacobites* in the Nation; that in all our Divisions and Differences, the Pretender is quite out of the Question; that even those who were formerly notorious for being in his Measures, and who promoted them on all Occasions to the utmost of their Power, and with the warmest Zeal, have long since quitted his Interests, and broke their Engagements to him, and are now sincere and hearty Friends to the present Establishment, and inviolably attach'd to his Majesty, and the Succession of the Crown in his illustrious Family,

But to consider a little what Foundation there is for such a Notion : Have the *Jacobites* given any other Evidence of their Change of Principles, and of having forsaken their old Leaven, but their joining in Opposition to the Measures of the Government with the discontented Whigs? It is very true they have acted in Concert with them, because they were conscious to themselves they could do nothing considerable without them; but their Hopes were, that the Divisions among the Whigs, would, in the Consequences, run every thing into Confusion; and they were sensible that they could never be able to introduce their System of Government, but under such a disordered State

of Affairs as they were endeavouring to bring to pass; for they knew that a Whiggish Constitution was only to be overturned by Whigs, and that the *Jacobites* had not Strength and Weight enough of themselves to attempt, much less to effectuate such a Design.

Their acting therefore with the Whigs in opposing the A—n, is no Proof of their having embraced their Principles; because their Conduct must have been exactly the same, if they had retain'd their own. Did not they walk in the same Track while they were acknowledged, avowed *Jacobites*, as they have done since it has been pretended they have been directed by a better Spirit? And how are we to judge of People's Principles, but by their Conduct? Are they not deeply engaged in all Schemes and Measures that are carrying on against the Government? Are they not often the Contrivers and always the Abettors and Promoters of them? And ought it to be believed without the clearest Evidence in the World for it, that the same Men should form the same Projects, and pursue the same Measures, without the least Deviation or Alteration in their Conduct, upon Principles intirely different and repugnant to each other? That they should oppose the Government formerly, because they were Friends to the Pretender, and now because they are Friends to Liberty? Is not this utterly inconsistent and irreconcilable to Common Sense and Reason?

Common Sense, May 6. No 66.

COMMON SENSE illustrated by its Contrary.

A Correspondent addresses the Author of this Paper thus :

S I R,
YOU have endeavour'd to convince the World, what is *Common Sense*, and to persuade them to it by its Amiability and Reason. But you have not explained what is not *Common Sense*, a Task much more extensive, and, I think, more useful to Society. For Men are misled by Prejudice, misguided by Pride, and enticed by Fables from this plain Rule of Action. It is a Condition of Mind which more People stand in Need of being reduced to, than kept up in. Remove the Excesses of Affectation, Fashion, Party, and Passion, and the Man will of himself *subside* into *Common Sense*, which does not (as most People falsely imagine) consist in any particular Portion of Intellects, in exercising any Degree of Ability, or shining in any Sphere of Life.

but is a kind of negative Wisdom, which every Man has when he does not expose his Follies. The Ass in the Fable was an Ass of Common-Sense, till he jump'd into his Master's Lap and took the Lion's Skin without covering his Ears.

Some, indeed, want Common Sense at certain Times only, others in some Instances; many an honest Man guides himself by it, who could not understand its Definition; and many a wise Man wants it, who could explain it every Way but by his Example. I have observed it in a Cobler, and lamented the Neglect of it in a Statesman.

Your Predecessor, the *Speffator*, had great Success by this Method I propose; and reduced his Contemporaries to dress, talk, and act with more Regard to Common Sense than Posterity have done since his Departure; nor so much by instructing them in what was right and agreeable to it, as by showing them what was wrong, and laughing them out of those Extravagances and Whims that carried them beyond it. For Mankind have a strange Inclination to branch out into Extreams, and will be dilating themselves into the Ridiculous, unless some judicious Hand takes the Trouble to prune their Luxuri-ances, and by that Means make them bear the Fruits of Common Sense.

Mr *Lock*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, observes, *That Madmen do not appear to have lost their Faculty of Reasoning, but, having joined together some Ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for Truth, and err as Men who argue right from wrong Principles. For, by the Violence of their Imaginations, having taken their Fancies for Realities, they make right Deductions from them. Thus you shall see a distracted Man, fancying himself a King, with a right Inference require suitable Attendance, Respect, and Obedience; others, who have fancied themselves made of Glass, have used the Caution necessary to preserve such brittle Bodies. Hence it comes to pass that a Man who is very sober, and of a right Understanding in every thing else, may in one particular be as frantick as any in Bedlam.*

Whether this be not too general, and consequently too dangerous a Definition of Madness, I will not pretend to determine, and I should be sorry to see it so far prevail, as to have every one who fell within that Description sent to the Court of those imaginary Monarchs. But it is certainly a very just Account of the Deprivations of Common Sense: For if we examine strictly what makes Men ridiculously deficient in this useful Quality,

we shall find, it is not a Want of sufficient Capacity to act agreeably to the Station of Life they are in, and to make a proper Use of the Reason and Talents Nature has given them; but some strange mistaken Principle about themselves; some desire to appear what they are not, or more than they are.

For Instance, if a *plain Man* of a low Capacity would condescend to be nothing but a *Lord*, he would make a *great Figure* in his Station; but if he should clap on a *pair of red Stockings*, and then, fancying himself an Orator, harangue the Houle, he immediately deviates from Common Sense, but yet can't be said wholly to have lost it. For strip him of this false Notion of himself, this *Mentis Gravis Error*, and the Man is cured of his Frenzy, and passes the rest of his Life in Silence and Common Sense.

Again, if *another* whose Age and Figure might inform him (if he had not more convincing Proofs) that he is not qualified for a *Bsau Garcon*, should take it into his Head to attempt *Feats of Gallantry*, and expect to lie with a *fine Woman* without paying for it, may he not be laugh'd, or persecuted some Way or other into Common Sense?

But these are Foibles incident to human Nature, and are the genuine Effects of Self-Love: It is too cruel therefore to consider Errors of this Kind in any stronger Light than as Transgressions against your Jurisdiction. But there are other fashionable Excesses from Reason, which, as they have no Foundation in Nature, and can't be the Result of any human Passion, I am afraid will hardly escape being thought within Mr *Lock's* System.

It is not long since, as I was taking a Ride to *Hampstead*, and engaged in Contemplations on the Beauty and Verdure of the Meads that lie round that Summer Retreat of the trading Part of this Metropolis; when an End was put to them by a Youth, who drove furiously towards me, in a Carr not unlike that of *Alexander the Great*, except in its prodigious Height; happily for me, the Turnpike G interposed, or my Horse (being none of the nimblest) would not have been able to have convey'd me safely out of his Way. From the Respect he was treated with by the Turnpike-keeper, I perceived, to my Surprize, that he was not a Coachman, but some Person of Distinction in that Disguise. When I was got out of Danger, I began to reflect on this unaccountable Foible, which I have been since informed is a fashionable one, and fell into a kind of Resentment mix'd with
Pity

Pity towards so mean an Inconsistency of Character, so servile an Ambition.

This Conduct, may certainly, according to Mr *Lack's* Opinion, be consider'd as a Species of Madness. For it can surely proceed from nothing but an unaccountable Prepossession of Mind, that he (tho' a Person of Quality perhaps) is a Coachman. Accordingly we see, by a right Inference from this Notion; he habits himself in a Close Frock, flaps his Hat, fills his Mouth with *Mundungus* (or, if that is disagreeable, with something that may look like it) and talks, swears, eats, and whistles like a very Coachman. Then takes some *Brother Whip* of Note for his Friend; and if, notwithstanding these Precautions, he has still some little Appearance of the Gentleman, he will, perhaps, to prevent the least Suspicion of that Kind, buy a *Three-end Coach*, fill it with his *Servants*, and drive these imaginary Passengers with all the Regularity of a Stage.

As a Behaviour less strange and inconsistent has sent many a poor Fellow to *Bedlam*, unless you can dismount them from the Coach-box, and by gentle Means bring them to themselves, I can see no Reason why they should not have the same Fate. For it is surely of less Consequence to the Publick, to permit a Coster-monger to strut about Streets in the Mock-Majesty of a King, than to let these terrestrial *Phaetons* loose in the Avenues of this great City, to the Danger and Affright of his Majesty's trading Subjects (who, at this Time of the Year give their Families an Airing in a one-Horse Chaise) and to the Torture of one of the noblest and most useful Animals in the Creation.

Craftsman, May 6. N^o 617.

A second Epistle to Mrs BULL, from one of her Daughters.

Honoured Madam,

I Received your affectionate Letter, and was in Hopes, thro' your Favour and Interposition, of receiving some Medicines, which would effectually remove any Distempers, and restore Me to a firm and vigorous State of Health. But the new *Physicians* You promised to send Me doth not yet appear; nor can I learn that my Case hath once been taken into Consideration, or even so much as thought of. Is it then to be wonder'd at that I am again relaps'd into my former Disorders of Body; am frequently convulsed; and daily decline in Strength; insomuch

* See Vol. VII. p. 31.

that my *Neighbours*, who are sensible of my feeble and helpless State, frequently insult and rob Me; and even my *labouring Servants*, perceiving how much I am neglected, and the little Care that is taken of my Health and Recovery, are grown insolent and ungovernable? — I was in Hopes the *Servant* you order'd my Brother *Gib* to send me, would have been of some Use; but He is the most idle, sottish, mutinous Fellow I ever knew, and is almost as troublesome as my open Enemies. Surely He pick'd out the worst in his Family; one, that He did not know what to do with, when He ought to have chosen an active, orderly, able Hand, fit for Service, who would have been assiduous to Me, in my present unhappy Circumstances.

Pardon me, dear Madam, if I offend in calling to Remembrance, on this Occasion, your former Husband, whose Wisdom, Resolution, natural and political Courage, procur'd very considerable Advantages to your Family, and struck a Terror into all your Rivals and Adversaries. However disagreeable his Name may be to a great Number of People, (and I wish all the Actions of his Life could justly be vindicated) yet, I may be allow'd to shed a few grateful Tears to his Memory, as He adopt'd Me, and shew'd a singular Kindness and Fondness for Me, and in every Respect gave Me the Preference of all your Children. But He was taken off, in the Vigour of his Life, before I came to Maturity, and He had perfected those great Designs He had in View, which were to be accomplish'd and brought to pass thro' my Means. He was careful of my Health and Improvement; nourish'd and supported Me, and while He lived, none of my *Neighbours* dared to use Me ill; much less to abuse my *Servants*, and plunder Myself, as well as Those, on the open Highways.

My Farm of *Stringo* goes to Decay more and more every Day. The annual Product yields little more than will pay your *Dower*, and the incidental Charges. How therefore am I to defray the Expence of *Repairs*, and support my Family; much less, make any Improvements, as You have often recommended, and seem to expect? You are sensible, Madam, that my Education cost you very little; much less than any of your Family; that *Stringo Farm* was in a very indifferent Condition, when it came into my Possession; and that all the Improvements, which have since been made, were thro' the Force of Industry, without any Assistance from Myself, or my *Father*. Whilst I had your Countenance

tenance and Esteem, I was respected by your *Friends*; dreaded by your *Enemies*; and my Circumstances, in all Respects, were in a flourishing Condition. It is a further Mortification to Me, when I reflect on the great Expence You are at, in the Education and Improvement of my Brother *Georgy*. Whatever is bestow'd on Him is thought to be well laid out; tho' He is rickety, of a puny Constitution, and not long-lived; whilst the *elder Branches of your Family*, who have been very advantageous to You, and are still of some Use, are languishing, decaying, and in want of the common Necessaries for the Support of Life.

Don *Philip De Velasco*, a *Castilian*, and *Lewis Depingle*, a *Frenchman*, are my next Neighbours. The former was, some Years ago, owner of *Stringo* and all the Farms around Me; but, by his Indolence and Stupideness, hath been dispossest of several of them. It is well known that *Depingle* came over, not many Years since, covered with Rags and Vermin; and with his native Confidence settled on a remote Part of *Samina*, one of *Velasco's* Farms. As soon as his Acquaintance at — were informed of his Situation, and the Fertility of the Soil, They gave Him such Assistance and Encouragement, that He is become very rich; is continually making new Settlements; and encroaches so much upon *Velasco*, that He has inclosed and cultivated the greatest Part of the Land belonging to that Farm. The mean-spirited Fellow sees this, and dares not attempt to dispossest Him; tho' He takes such Liberties with Me, since my Illness, and inactive State. Nay, He is so far insatuated, as to enter into an Alliance with *Depingle*; no Arguments will convince Him, that He has no other View than his own Interest; and that He long since projected, and aimed at his Ruin and Destruction, as well as mine. Such an Influence has *Depingle* over Him, that He intirely confides in him; enters into all his Measures; and I have some Reason to apprehend that it is thro' his Instigation he has used Me so ill of late Years; tho' He dared not formerly have offered the least Insult to the meanest of my *Servants*. Nay, He sometimes presumes so far as to threaten Me with an Ejectment, and to turn Me out of Possession; suggesting that I have no Right to *Stringo*; and should He commence a Law Suit with Me, as I have just Grounds to believe, He intends, and is preparing Matters accordingly; how shall I be able to oppose so wealthy an Adversary, without your timely Aid and Assistance, which I have long

solicited, and hitherto without Success?

I am sorry to have it confirmed by Yourself, that your *Affairs at home* are in so much Confusion and Disorder, that you can give Me but little Consolation. It is currently reported here to be owing to the Blunders and Mistakes of your *Steward*; who, it seems, was nothing more than a *broken Apothecary*, when you took Him into your Service, and had not Credit enough to raise five hundred Pounds; tho', by some Means or other, He hath since acquired a very pretty Competency for Himself, and provided for his Relations; whilst your *Affairs* are so far from being improved, that by his unskilful Management, the Product and Manufactures of your *Estate* lie on Hand; and by his bad Oeconomy, in several other Respects, your Interest at home, as well as abroad, visibly declines, ever since He hath had the Conduct and Direction.

It is likewise said that He will not employ a regular-bred Physician, and intrusts the Care of your Health and that of your Family to *Apothecaries* of his Acquaintance, who have as little Judgment in *Physick* as Himself, are entirely directed by Him, and make Use of no other Drugs and Medicines, but such as He dispencies to Them, which, are not good in their Kind, consequently must have bad Effects, and greatly prejudice, if not destroy your Constitution, which was once strong and vigorous. His only Skill is in *Physiognomy* and *Palmistry*, which are his principal Study, and wherein He is indeed an Adept; for He thereby finds out the Foibles and Weakness of some People, makes his own Use and Advantage, and has hitherto supported Himself by such sort of Quackery.

Dear Madam, represent these Matters to my Father, and set them in a full and clear Light; tell Him how much your Children and Family are neglected; that your *Dower* grows less and less every Year, and in Danger of being totally lost; that his own Estates are impaired, and daily go to Decay; and that it is high Time for him to look into his Affairs. He is, as you say, a good Man, tho' a little hasty in his Temper; and I am persuaded Things will not long remain in the Posture they are in, when they are truly and impartially laid before Him—I could say a great deal more to convince you of the Necessity of it, in regard to our mutual Interest, but that I am obliged to make Use of another Hand to convey my Thoughts, being in a Manner deprived of the Use of my Limbs, and cannot write.

It becomes necessary for Me to be cautious whom I trust, since I have so often been deceived in my Notion and Opinions of Men, even some of *Figure and Character*, who move in the highest Sphere of Life.

*I am, Madam,
Your most Obedient
and Dutiful Daughter*

CREOLIA.

Universal Spectator. May 6. N^o 500.

*Modern Education of Fine Gentlemen and B
Ladies censured.*

Mr SPEC.

I AM of Opinion, that the contemptible Figure which most of our modern *petit Maitres* make, is rather owing to a Prejudice contracted in Education, than from any wrong Biases which they receive from Example, after they come to the Age of Maturity. If the *modern Education* is impartially considered, there are many just Faults to be found both in a publick and private Education; but it is certain, that *English Education* is the only Method to form the *English Fine Gentleman*: I cannot therefore come into the present reigning Taste of having *Foreign Tutors and Governors*. I desire, Mr *Stonewall*, if you have at heart the Good of the Publick, that you would give either some Hints to *educate a Fine Gentleman*, or some Hints of the wrong Measures which are at present taken, in giving our young Gentlemen a Taste of the World, &c.

The Spectator answers out of the Persian Letters, where Selim writes to his Friend Mirza on this Subject, viz.

I was the other Day in Company with a Clergyman, who has the Education of several young Noblemen committed to his Care: A Trust of this Importance made me regard him as one of the most considerable Men in England. This Sage (said I to myself) has much to answer for; the Virtue and Happiness of the next Age will in a great measure depend on his Capacity.—I was very desirous to enter into Discourse with him, that I might know if he was equal to his Office, and tried all the common Topicks of Conversation; but on none of these was I able to draw a Word from him: At last, upon some Point being started, which gave him Occasion to quote a *Latin Poet*; he opened all at once, and poured forth such a Deluge of Words, composed out of all

the learned Languages, that, tho' I understood but little of his Meaning, I could not help admiring his Elocution.

As his Scholars were many of them born to an hereditary Share in the Government and Legislature, I concluded he must be thoroughly acquainted with the *English Constitution*, and able to instruct them in the Knowledge of it; but upon asking him some Questions on that Subject, I found, to my very great Surprise, that he was more a Stranger to it than myself, and had no Notions of Government, but what he drew from the imaginary Republick of a *Greek Philosopher*.—Well, said I, you at least instruct your Scholars in *Grecian and Roman Virtue*: You light up in them a Spirit of Liberty: You exercise them in Justice and Magnanimity: You form them to a Resemblance of the *great Characters* which are mentioned in ancient Authors.—Far from it, said a Gentleman in Company.—The natural Vigour of their Spirits is restrained; the natural Ingenuity of their Tempers varnished over; the natural Bent of their Genius curbed and thwarted: The whole Purpose of their Education is to acquire some *Greek and Latin Words*; by this only they are allowed to try their Parts: if they are backward in this, they are pronounced Dunces, and often made so from Discouragement and Despair.

I should think, said I, if Words only are to be taught them, they should learn to speak *English* with Grace and Elegance, which is particularly necessary in a Government, where Eloquence has obtained the greater Share.—That Article is now never thought of: I came myself from the College a perfect Master of one or two dead Languages; but could neither write nor speak my own, till it was taught me by the Letters and Conversation of a Lady at Court, whom luckily for my Education I fell in love with.

I have heard, said I, that it is usual for young Gentlemen to finish their Studies in other Countries; and it indeed seems necessary enough by the Account you have given me of them here: But if I may judge by the greatest Part of those whom I have seen at their Return, the Foreign Masters are no better than *English*, and the Foreign Mistresses not so good.—Were I to go to *Persia* with an *English Coat*, an *English Footman*, and an *English Cough*, it would also amount to just the Improvement made in France by one half of the Youth who travel thither.—Add to these a Taste of *Musick*, replied the Gentleman, with two or

three Terms of Building and of Painting, and you would want but one Taste more to be accomplished as the finest Gentleman Italy sends us back.

From considering the Education of English Gentlemen, we turned our Discourse to that of English Ladies. I asked a Married Man in Company to instruct me a little in the Course of it, being particularly curious to know the Methods which could render a Woman in this Country so different a Creature from one in Persia. Indeed, Sir, said he, you must ask my Wife, not me, the Question: These are Mysteries I am not allowed to pry into; when I presume to give my Advice about it, she tells me the Education of a Lady is above the Capacity of a Man, let him be ever so wise in his own Affairs.—I should think, said I, as the Purpose of Women's Breeding is nothing else but to teach them to please Men, a Man should be a better Judge of that than any Woman in the World: But pray, Sir, what in general have you observed of this mysterious Institution? I don't enquire into the Secrets behind the Altar, but only the outward Forms of Discipline, which are exposed to the Eyes of all the World: Why, Sir, replied he, the first great Point which every Mother aims at, is to make her Girl a Goddess, if she can.—A GODDESS! cried I, in great Astonishment.—Yes, said he, you have none of them in the East; but here we have five or six in every Street: There never were more Divinities in Egypt, than there are at this Time in London: In order therefore to fit them for that Character, they are made to throw off human Nature as much as possible in their Looks, Gestures, Words, Actions, Dress, &c. But is it not apt to return again? said I.—Yes, replied he; but strangely distorted and deformed. The same Thing happens to their Minds as to their Shapes, both are cramped by a violent Confinement, which makes them swell out in a wrong Place. You can't imagine the wild Tricks that Women play from this habitual Perversion of their Faculties; there is not a single Quality belonging to them, which they do not apply to other Purposes than Providence designed it for: Hence it is they are vain of being Cowards, and ashamed of being modest; hence they smile on the Man they dislike, and look cold on him they love; hence they kill every Sentiment of their own, and not only act with the Fashion, but really think with it: All this is taught them carefully from their Childhood, or else it would be impossible so to conquer their natural Dispo-

sitions.—I don't know, said I, what the Use is of these Instructions; but it seems to me, in a Country where the Women are admitted to a familiar and constant Share in every active Scene of Life, particular Care should be taken in their Education, to cultivate their Reason, and form their Hearts, that they may be equal to the Part they have to act. Where great Temptations must occur, great Virtues are required; and the giddy Situations they are placed in, or love to place themselves, demand a more than ordinary Strength of Brain. In Persia a Woman has no Occasion for any thing but Beauty, because she lives confined; but here she should adorn her Understanding with as much Application as the other Sex, and, generally speaking, by Methods much the same.

The London Journal. May 6. N^o 977.

The Importance of JUSTICE.

IT is the Maxim of Cicero, who was both an excellent Statesman, and a very great Philosopher, That Justice must be the Basis of true and lasting Reputation; since, whenever it is excluded, no Act can possibly be commendable.

The Citizens of Athens, as Citizens, were Members of several Courts of Justice, wherein they sat to hear and decide Causes, Civil and Criminal; and this they looked upon to be, as it really was, the most shining and most honourable Mark of Freedom. I do not at present recollect any Government now existing, wherein the same Mark of Liberty is so discernable among the People, as under our own. I am therefore of Opinion, that the establishing in their Minds a steady and inflexible Love of Justice, is a Duty not more incumbent on any People in the World, than on ourselves: It concerns us, as Honest Men; is of the utmost Importance to us, as Members of Society; and we cannot hope for Salvation without it, as Christians.

In order to be strictly just, a Man must exert his Understanding and Will; that is, he must apply his Reason to the distinguishing what is every Man's Due, and he must determine in himself to act according to the Light of his Reason thus applied; and, as far as in him lies, give to every Man his Due. This is certainly no very easy Task; because, whenever it is imposed on us, we shall find great Hindrances, and much Difficulty; first in satisfying our own Minds, and then in resolving not to act in Compliance with the Persuasion of others. Sinsitt introduces

Cesar

Cæsar summing up the chief Causes of this Embarrassment in his Speech to the Senate on *Catiline's* Conspiracy: *All, says he, who pretend to deliver their Opinions in weighty Points, ought to have their Minds entirely free from Hate, from Friendship, from Anger, and from Pity.* Whoever considers this Reflection attentively, will perceive that it is no easy Matter to comply with *Cæsar's* Rule. As we are Men, we have not only Passions, but also a certain Weakness in our Nature; which, at the same time that it renders us less able to resist them, takes from us also (at least for the present) the Capacity of perceiving that we are led, or rather driven, by them. For this Cause it was, that the Senate of *Areopagus*, than which no Senate was ever more famous for doing strict and impartial Justice, heard Causes in the Dark, that *Faces* might make no Impression, and that they might not be hindered by the Sight of the Parties from seeing into the Merits of the Cause. On the same Principle, as I conceive, in our Courts of Law, the Gentlemen at the Bar are restrained from making any Attempts to move the Passions by their Eloquence, but are always kept close to the Point, and confined to the Facts on which the Court is to decide. In other Places, where these Gentlemen are more at Liberty, it may be observed, that they are very ready to use it; and as they have great Advantages from their Education, and Habit of Speaking, they do not fail to make great Impressions on their *Auditory* by those pathetic Declarations which persuade for the Time, but afford not the Hearer that Satisfaction which is necessary to make him easy afterwards on the Judgment such Eloquence may have extorted.

In Countries, where the Laws, and their Execution, depend in many Cases on the People, Care should be taken, of all things, to avoid falling into the Humour of the Times, and deciding every thing, not by the Rules of *Reason*, but in Conformity to the *Pleasure of a Party*. It too often happens, that Men who distinguish themselves by an Adherence to some political *Criterion*, think themselves obliged to go always one Way, even in Matters which no way regard Politicks; or, on the contrary, perhaps regard Property. Than this, there cannot be a more flagrant, or more destructive Absurdity. If once Affection or Prejudice get Dominion in a Man's Breast, who has any thing to do with distributive Justice, he will be sure to injure himself, and all the *Parties*; himself, by betraying his Conscience, in

suffering himself to be led, where he ought to *act freely*; the *Parties*, because if he decides *against* Justice, he does an irreparable Injury; and if he decides *with it*, he still injures the Party for whom he decides, as well as himself, because, tho' he did *Right*, he did it upon *wrong* Motives. There cannot be any thing, surely, more essentially evil, than such a Practice as renders even the *dearest* Justice a *Crime*; for such it is, where a Man follows the Dictates of his Affection, or of his Prejudice, without ever consulting his Reason.

A straight Line, not only shews its own *Rectitude*, but, if applied to a crooked one, shews also its *Declivity*. In this manner, that detestable Principle, of which Faction usually proceeds, of decrying generally all the Actions of him whom in a superlative Degree they hate, cannot be better exposed, than by the Citation of an Instance contrary in Nature: That is, where the professed Friend of a Party forsakes his favourite Notions, to follow Truth, and makes it his Care to do right to the Virtues of the Man whom he opposed, and against whom he bent all the Strength of his Genius. This we have in Mr *Dryden's* *Absalom* and *Achitophel*: The Poet, after exerting himself with the utmost Force of poetical Eloquence, in the Description of *Achitophel's* political Character, speaks of him thus in another Capacity:

*See Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge:
In Israel's Courts ne'er saw an Abbebdin,
With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress,
Swift of Dispatch, and easy of Access.*

I cannot pretend to acquit this Poet of Attachment to Party: But this certainly was *Fair-dealing*; and must be allow'd to do Honour to both their Memories: The rather, because we have seen Parties since then, of whom the Poets, Orators, and publick Writers, have taken quite a different Road, and absolutely deny Common Sense and Common Honesty to every Man without the Pale of their Faction.

The Craftsman, May 13. N^o 618.

Mr *D'Anvers*,

THE Satirist *Juvenal* living in the Reign of a *weak, wicked and tyrannical Prince*, flatter'd and supported in his Vices by *profligate Ministers*, and a *corrupt Senate*, could not safely indulge his Genius in reproving his *own Age*, on Account of the numberless Swarms of

Informers, who would soon have represented his Performances in such a Light to the *Men in Power*, as to make Him severely smart for them. In order therefore to secure Himself, and at the same Time gratify the strong Impulse of his Muse, He exposes the Vices and Follies of the *preceding Reigns*, and adapts them so well to his Purpose, that they exactly fit his *own Times*, and may be look'd upon as compleat Satires upon the extravagant Enormities of *Domitian's* Reign; though I think He mentions *that Prince* but once in all his Writings. Yet this Caution was not sufficient; for happening unluckily to make free with *Paris*, the Comedian, who seems to have been the C—r of that Age, He was, by his Interest with that *wise Emperor*, or his *Minister*, sent to a small Government in a barbarous Part of *Egypt*. Such Instances should make a *Writer* extremely wary.

I mention This to you, Mr *D'Arvers*, because you lately gave Us some Memoirs of the Emperor *Claudius*, his Favourite *Pallas*, and a *corrupt Senate*, which the most ingenious *Gazetteer* apply'd to ****, and challenged you, to tell Him whether you did not mean them as Parallels to *some People now living*; tho' it must have been as far from your Thoughts as *London* is from *Rome*.

At this Rate, there will be no mentioning the *eminent Rascals of Antiquity*, but some *Wise-acre* will presently say that we mean a *right hon. Gentleman* now living; as it happen'd to me 'o'cher Day in a mix'd Company, where the Conversation ran on the Administration of *Sir Robert Cecil*, in the Reign of *K. James* the 1st. I was saying that *Sir Robert* was a very wicked Minister, in persuading his *Master*, "That the Nation was so rich, it could neither be exhausted, nor provoked.—He means our *Sir Robert*, says *Sir Francis Wronghead*.—Not so, *Sir Francis*, says I; for they are the very Words of *Mr Osborn*, who died many Years before our *Sir R.* was born."—I then repeated the Epitaph upon Him as follows: |

*Here lies thrown, for the Worms to eat,
Little hoarse Robin, that was so great,
Who seem'd as sent by ugly Fate
To spoil the Prince, and rob the State,
Owning a Mind of dismal Ends,
As Traps for Foes, and Tricks for Friends.*

I was going on, when *Sir Francis* leapt from his Chair, swore they were damn'd scandalous Lines, and must have been made by some *Jacobite*, or *inveterate Enemy* to the present Government. His Head was so turn'd to wrong Applications, that

I had much ado to set him right. I pull'd out *Osborn's* Works, shew'd him *tha Verses*, told him they were made on the *Earl of Salisbury* long since dead; where-as his *Patron*, to our great Joy, was still living, and incapable of having an *Epitaph* written upon him. This made him somewhat easier; but he still insisted that any Man would think, upon first Hearing, they were made for his *hon. Friend*.

I withdrew, not without a secret Admiration of such *Party-Zealots*, who can bring in *Suetonius* and *Tacitus* as guilty of High-Treason against his most sacred Majesty, and *Horace* and *Juvenal* as libelling the present *Minister*.

To humour these captious Gentlemen, I would advise You to leave off such odious Parallels for the future, and like *Plutarch* only draw Comparisons between Men distinguish'd by *military* and *civil Virtues*.—Let us try if we cannot spin out a Paper, in pairing the most illustrious of the *Romans* and *Britons*.

The perfectest Character, and most to be valued amongst the *Romans*, and which indeed made Them Lords of half the known World, is what *Horace* gives Us in the following Lines.

*Iustum, et tenacem Propositi Virum,
Non Circus Ardor prava jumentium,
Non Vultus instantis Tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.*

This Ode is inexpressibly beautiful, on Account of its *Poetry*; and equally useful, for its *Doctrine*. It is admired by all Men of *Taste*, and must be so by all Men of *Integrity*, as it conveys a *Principle* universally adored tho' too seldom practis'd; I mean a *Steadiness in Acting*, or what we call *Resolution*. Without *this Virtue*, the greatest *Magnanimity*, and *Liberality of Temper* have been found to lose their *Efficacy*, or to have taken such a Turn, as *Parasites* and *Flatterers* have been pleas'd to give them. Without *this Guard* and *Support*, there will be Room for every little, *prating Villain* to instill his *Poison* into the most noble Parts; choak the Spring of generous Actions; and lay waste the most beautiful Qualities of human Nature. Without *this Barrier*, a certain Volubility of Speech, and florid Way of Talking, void of Wisdom and common Honesty, will sap, undermine, or batter down, the most exalted *Virtue*; for which very Reason, every *State-Engineer* always keeps up a Number of these *deep-mouth'd Ordnance*, who may not improperly be call'd the *Culverins* and *Blunderbusses of State*.

I find a noble Example against these
H h En-

Engines, and a laudable Instance of Resolution, in the Life of *Sylla* the Dictator. He was besieging *Athens*, then held by the Tyrant *Aristion*, in Favour of *Mithridates*; and the City beginning to be fore press'd, the Tyrant thought proper to try some of his *Orators*, what They could do with the *General*, in Behalf of a *State* once so renown'd in the World. *These wise Men* had an Audience, and talk'd it away; went on haranguing in Praise of their *Founders*, *Theseus*, *Eumolpus*, and magnifying their *Median Trophies*; whilst *Sylla*, perceiving They made no *Overtures* towards an Accommodation, but were still playing off their *Oratory*, reply'd shortly; *happy Men, you may put up your Speeches, and be gone; for I was sent by the Romans to Athens, not to learn, but to reduce Rebels to Obedience*

The steady Behaviour of the *Romans* was never more conspicuous than in their War with *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*. After He had utterly defeated the Consul *Levinus*, and kill'd 15,000 of his Men, he sent his Councillor *Cineas*, famous for his *Oratory*, to cajole Them with *fair Words* and *Presents*; but He mistook his Men. They were not to be prated out of their Resolutions. Nor a Man, or a Woman, would accept his *Presents*; nor would they suffer any Proposals of *Peace*, whilst the *King* remain'd in *Italy*.

Thus, Mr *D'Arvers*, We find many Examples of heroick Fortitude on the *Roman Side*; and tho' We may not be able to come to a Balance with Them at present, yet there was a Point of Time, when our *English Parliament* rival'd the *Roman Senate*, and came up to her Spirit and Resolution. The Reader will easily find that I mean the *long Parliament*; which, in the Opinion of most good Judges, had more Men of Capacity, and Conitancy in it, than any before or since. The Point They had in View was the Preservation of their *Liberties*; which They determin'd to maintain, notwithstanding the Threats, or subtle Arts of a *Court*. They did not suffer their good Sense to be perverted by *fine Speeches*; nor their Resolution to be thaw'd or melted down by *golden Promises*, Mr *Pym*, the *Fabricius* of those Days, was in vain attempted; and Dr *Welwood* tells Us, that when Sir *Thomas Wentworth* was going over to the *Court*, or, as it was call'd, *making his Peace*, He gave Mr *Pym* some obscure Intimations of it; who, understanding his Drift, stop'd Him short with these Expressions—"You need not use all this Art to tell me You have a Mind to leave Us; but remember what I tell You,

You are going to be undone; tho' You leave us now, I will never leave You, whilst your Head's on your Shoulders?"—How firmly *this inflexible Man* pursued and gain'd his Ends, is recorded in History.

I neither approve nor condemn *those Proceedings*. I would only possess my Countrymen with Strength of Mind, not to be diverted from the Maintenance of the old Laws and Interests of *their Country*, by any Arguments. For if we have received much Damage, and suffer'd more Disgrace, from the *Spaniards*; it many of our *poor Countrymen* are now living in a State of *Slavery* amongst Them, more like *Beasts of Burthen* than *Christians*, or *human Creatures*; if We have been abused, insulted, and tortured by Them; if when a *Remedy* is humbly begg'd, which should be offer'd, and is still deny'd; to what Purpose shall a *distress'd Englishman* go and hear a *fine set Speech*?—Will this alleviate his Losses?—Can the Eloquence of *Cicero* place the poor Man's Ears on again; or the Thunder of *Demosthenes* be heard at the *Harvannah*?—This Sort of *Complaining* and *Reasoning* will never do. The Thunder of but *five British Men of War* will be found more eloquent than even Mr *P—y*, and carry more *persuasive Arguments* than were ever yet employ'd. All other Reasons have been already urged in the most pathetic Manner, but without any Effect; and therefore this *Ratio ultima Regum* ought now to be apply'd; and I am very glad to find that Preparations are already making for it.

If I should happen to be wrong in my Judgment, upon this Occasion, I have at least a Multitude of *wise* and *honest Men* on my side; which I deem more honourable than to receive 500*l.* per An*n.* to force and torture Rhetorick, in order to prove a longer Forbearance in the *Spanish Affair* beneficial to this Nation; and whenever I see a grave Person rise up, in order to prove *such a Paradox*, I think of our Schools at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, where We shew our Parts by reconciling *Impossibilities*. I stop my Ears, like the *Adler*, against the Voice of the *Charmers*, whom He never so wisely.

I will conclude this Letter with a very pretty Rant from the Mouth of a *Lady* in a Tragedy call'd the *Siege of Damasco*. *Phocias*, on Account of ill Usage from his Friends, leaves the *Christians*; goes over to the *Saracens*; and, upon meeting his *Mistress*, begins to justify his *Levity* and *Inconstancy*, by desiring Her to think of the *Cause*, which moved Him to act in such a Manner. *Eudoxia* answers thus:—

The Cause!—There is no Cause.
No universal Nature can afford
A Cause for This. What were Dominion, Pomp,
The Wealth of Nations, nay of all the World,
The World itself, or what a thousand Worlds,
Compar'd with Faith unpotted, heavenly Truth,
Thoughts free from Guilt, the Empire of the Mind,
And all the Transports of a godlike Breast,
Firm and unmov'd in the great Cause of Virtue?

I am, SIR,
very much Yours,

CONSTANS.

London Journal, May 13, N^o 978.

In Praise of FRUGALITY.

IT is reported of Plato, that seeing once a young Spendthrift eating Bread and Water at the Door of an Inn where he had squandered his Estate, the Philosopher could not help saying, Young Man, if you had dined moderately, you need not have supped so poorly.

There have been some idle enough to insinuate, That Frugality is too low and narrow a Quality to deserve the Attention of great Minds. But Reason evinces, and Experience assures us, that the greatest Men in all Ages have been frugal; and indeed if there were nothing else to encourage the Practice of this Virtue, we might well recommend it from hence, that the Habit thereof renders Men just:

A Spirit of Frugality is the strongest and most efficacious Remedy against Corruption; a Man who knows how to manage his Fortune prudently, will be independent, tho' that Fortune be but small; for having once acquired the Art of governing himself and his Affairs, there will be no Temptation strong enough to induce him to give up that Liberty, which he thereby possesses. Andrew Marvel, one of the most disinterested Patriots in the Reign of Charles II by managing a very narrow Patrimony, kept himself above Corruption: and there is a Story of him, which, tho' it may seem to be but ordinary, deserves to be everlastingly remembered: He dined usually at a great Ordinary in the Strand, where having eat heartily of boiled Beef, and some roast Pigeons and Asparagus, he drank his Pint of Port; and on the coming in of the Reckoning, taking a Piece out of his Pocket, and holding it between his Thumb and Finger, Gentlemen, said he, who would let himself out for Hire while he can have such a Dinner for Half a Crown?

Frugality is the best Engineer for throwing up those Works which are intended to keep off Misfortune. A small Reserve is the best Medicine in the World on the

falling of unforeseen Calamity: Besides, the Practice of this Virtue enables a Man to live upon a little, if in Spight of all honest Precautions, he should thro' the A Strokes of Fortune, have but little left.

He who by his prudent Management has acquired a small Bank, has it in his Power to serve his Friends, and to do great Kindnesses to others with no Inconvenience to himself, which is one of the highest and most rational Pleasures a Man can enjoy.

A frugal Man hath at all Times his Faculties clear, and knows when and how to take Opportunity by the Foretop. It is no Shame to raise a great Fortune from a small one, provided it be done honestly; and that this may be done, if we consider how soon a large Fortune may be reduced to nothing, will appear feasible; for if Folly, Extravagance, and Carelessness induce this, Why should not Wildom, Frugality, and Attention effect that?

I will conclude with a very true Story, of Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on Account of his prodigious Wealth, 'twas rumoured, that he had the Art of Transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, tho' he had but a small Fortune, was extremely well recommended to his Highness, (and, by his polite Behaviour, added daily to his Credit in that Court) one Day fairly put the Question, and ask'd the Duke if he had a Philosopher's Stone or not? My Friend, said the Duke, I have; and because I have a great Regard for you, I will give you the Receipt in few Words. I never bid another do that which I can do myself; I never put off till To-morrow what may be done To-day; nor do I ever think any Matter so trivial as not to deserve Notice. The Venetian thanked his Serene Highness for his Secret; and by observing his Rules, acquired a great Estate. How well should I be pleas'd, if not a few of my Readers should do the like by observing mine!

R. FREEMAN.

Universal Spectator, May 20, N^o 502.

A remarkable Case of one under the Terror of a Prediction.

ABOUT this time Twelvemonth I was at Venice, where I accidentally gain'd Acquaintance with a learned Man, famous for his Knowledge in the Occult Sciences; I paid at that time but little regard to any kind of Predictions, and often took the Liberty to rally him on the Uncertainty of his Art: He bore my Witicisms with all the good-Nature in the

the World; and with a Pleasantry, unusual among such a kind of *Literati*, either retorted the Jest, or pitied my Understanding. An *English* Gentleman, who was then my Companion, join'd in ridiculing the *Occult Philosopher*; for if he ever began to be serious in Defence of his Science, one or other turn'd his Argument into *Burlesque*: One Evening, when we were engag'd in this kind of Raillery, our *Venerian* Sage desir'd, as a future Proof of his Art, and to convince us hereafter of our Folly, to give us the Calculation of our *Nativities*, to which we consented. The Issue of this was, that he told my Friend he would be drown'd in less than *twelve Months*, and that it would be my Fate to be kill'd not long after in a *Rencontre* in the Streets. We smil'd at the Prediction, but never regarded it.

Not a Fortnight ago I receiv'd Advice that my Friend was drown'd in *Italy*; this Advice is confirm'd by *Intelligence*, sent over to his Relations in *England*. This Circumstance immediately brought to my Mind the Prediction of our *Venetian Philosopher*; I would not immediately become a Convert to the Art I contemn'd, but at the same time am under all the *Uneasiness* that the Heart of Man can conceive: I hope that it is more *Guess-work* than *Truth* this Moment, and the very next I am in Dread lest it should be founded more on *Truth* than *Supposition*: I know not what to think; I know not how to act: If it is *Truth*, I must meet a sudden Death; if it is *false*, I am yet left in the *Terrors* of meeting it: I am one Day resolv'd to make myself a Prisoner in my Chamber, the next Day I think if it is my real Fate there can be no eluding it.

A. L.

This Gentleman is an unhappy Example of the *Folly* of those People who will on any Account be induc'd to give Ear to any *Predictions*, *Divinations* or *Calculations of Nativities*; a Folly, which, tho' not immediately perceiv'd, may by chance prove fatal in the Consequences.

There is in human Nature a certain covetous Desire of prying into Futurity, yet there is in reality no greater Happiness to human Nature, if we consider it rightly, than that the all-wise *Disposer* of all Things has remov'd the Knowledge of *Eternity* far from our Comprehension. All Men know, that they at some one Time or other must die; the final Point is unknown to all: Were the fix'd Moment of Death reveal'd to Mankind, I am inclin'd to believe they would not on-

ly live more wickedly, but consequently more unhappily; from a Frailty in Nature they would be apt to allot too considerable a Part of their Life to the *Business* or the *Pleasures* of the World, and allow but a short Remainder for *Reflection* and *Penitence*; but from the *Uncertainty of Death*, a reasonable Man would be always prepar'd to die, and so live to Man and to God that he would neither wish it nor fear it. So also as to the Events of *Fortune*; our Fate in this World is wisely hid in *Obscurity*; for if we were certain of *Unhappiness* and *Misery*, the *Thought* and *Fear* of its Approach would make every Scene of Life a *Torment*; if we were assur'd of good *Fortune*, we might be tempted to let our whole Life be a Scene of *Negligence* and *Wickedness*.

There have indeed been Men who have forgett'd some Events, which really happen'd; but then those very Men affirm'd Numbers of Things which never happen'd; yet one *accidental Truth* weighs more with weak Minds than all the *ridiculous Falshoods* that can be urg'd against it. There can be no such Thing in human Nature as a Knowledge of *Futurity* that is certain and determinate, unless it would be granted, that Man is intelligent enough to fathom the abstruse Knowledge of the *Deity*. Men may suppose from particular Causes, particular Events; they may conjecture from their Rules of *Art*; but those Conjectures rarely hit, most commonly fail. The Calculation of *Nativities* is said to be the most true *Divination*, as it is taken from the Influence of the *Planets*, and founded on *natural Causes*; but to make such Calculation truly, the *instantaneous Minute of Generation*, of *Conception*, and of *Production*, must be to the utmost Certainty known; was this Difficulty got over, the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, the *Conjunctions* of the *Heavens*, are to impossible to be cast right in their *Influences*, by reason of the incredible Rapidity of the *Spheres*, that the whole Art, rationally consider'd and examin'd, will appear a mere *Fallacy* and *Delusion* of the Wits of Men. How many Children born at the same Instant, in the same Climate, have different Dispositions and contrary Events in Fortune! But if there were a Fate transferr'd from the Stars to Men, who can read their Signification? which is, if they have any, not general Inclinations, not for particular Events of particular Men: Those sure are in the Hands and Cabinet of the Almighty, and none but holy Prophets, inspir'd by him, are able to reveal them.

I have treated of this Subject rather in

A rational than a ludicrous Manner; I hope therefore that I have convinced my Correspondent that the human Knowledge of Futurity can be at best but the Conjectures of vain Men: Nor, though his Friend has been drown'd (perhaps by his own Madnes or Imprudence) need he fear the Consequences of a Rencontre, if he follows the Dictates of Wisdom and Sobriety: If he rather puts his Trust in Man than in the Almighty Power, he must be of all Men the most miserable; but if he confides in the Dispensation of Divine Justice, he has nothing to fear from $\frac{3}{4}$ prophetic Intelligence of an Occult Philosopher. He who lives religiously need never fear meeting his Fate; if his Life please God, his Death must be a Happiness to himself: VIRTUE and VICE are the best Prophets, the first can assure Men of a certain future Felicity, the other as truly foretells them of certain future Pain and Repentance.

From Common Sense. No. 67.

To the Worshipful Licensers of the Stage.

The humble PETITION of PUNCH, Master of the Artificial Company of Comedians in the Hay-market,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner, not being concerned in original Sin, is not liable to the same Fraileties and Infirmities which Men of Flesh and Blood are subject to. That he has always led his Life with the utmost Castity and Orthodoxy.

That your Petitioner's Ancestors have been always remarkable for their Steadiness to the Church, and were ever the only true Zealots. That they have contributed very much to the Extirpation of Hereticks, being nearly allied to the Family of the Faggots, who have been celebrated throughout Europe for propagating the Faith.

That in Consideration of the Merit of his Ancestors, he has hitherto been excused the strict Observance of the Canon Law, as to Mortifications, and Abstinence from innocent Amusements.

That your Petitioner, having a numerous Family, in order for their Support, is obliged to entertain the Publick in a facetious Way at a reasonable Price; and your Petitioner hopes, as he had always behaved with all possible Decency and Regard, both to the Government and established Church, that he should have every Day, except Sunday, H

To acquire an honest Livelihood. But your Petitioner, having lately prepared an Entertainment for all well-disposed Guests, received a threatening Letter, that

in case he dared act on Wednesdays or Fridays in Lent, he should be excommunicated, and his Body turned into Tobacco-Stoppers for the Use of the R—d Brethren.

A Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly prays, that the said Injunction may be taken off for the future; in Consideration of which, he promises, that he will, as much as in him lies, act with the greatest Zeal towards the Government established by Law, in every thing except the drinking of Bumpers to it, which he desires to be excused, being descended from sober and honest Parents, and never accustomed to any Intemperance.

B And your Petitioner further promises, that the Law shall not be put in force against you, for the said threatening Letter; and that you shall have every Tenth Night for your Benefit, and make whatever Rules and Ordinances you shall think fit, which shall be faithfully observed, notwithstanding any

C Prohibition to the contrary.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

London Journal, May 20. N^o 979.

AMBITION not dangerous in a MINISTER only.

D THE Ambition of Ministers is a Point that the Gentlemen of the Opposition have thoroughly studied. They have, on this Subject, ransacked all Authors, ancient and modern: They have travelled to China, Persia, and the Dominions of the Great Mogul; have made Examples of three or four Viziers; have taken a Circuit back again thro' the Heart of Europe; and, to shew their indefatigable Diligence, have not scrupled to go a Minister-Hunting as far as Sweden, Russia, nay, and the Deserts of Siberia: But after all, there are other Kinds of Ambition which they have not considered.

E The Minister, whose Lust of Power tempts him to sacrifice the Safety of his Master, and the Interest of his Country, is a very bad Man. Who doubts it? But the Man, let him be in what Station he will, who from the same Lust of Power enters into Cabals, Plots and Conspiracies, tending to the Disturbance of the Publick, merely to serve his private Purposes, and to raise him to some Post he thinks he merits, is also a bad Man. Who can doubt of this? Yet it is a Point which the Dan-

G verians have seldom touched on; on the contrary, they have made it a sort of reserved Case, lest the Publick should be too sharp-sighted, and apply their Reasoning thereon to themselves.

The Danger a Realm is in from the Ambition of those who at any Rate de-

fire

fire to possess themselves of the *first* Employments of State, yields very little to that induced by an *ambitious* Minister, and hath been no less fatal to the *Persons* themselves. I might proceed to verify this by a Variety of Instances in our own Country, and that without ascending very high. In the Reign of *Q. Elizabeth*, the unfortunate Duke of *Norfolk*, following the Advice of those he thought his *Friends*, would not either allow himself or the *Nation* Quiet, till he had compelled his *Sovereign* and her *Ministers*, much against their Inclinations, to put him to *death*. The same Fate, under the same *Princess*, had the Earl of *Essex*, who was likewise hurried on, by those about him, to such Things as could not possibly end otherwise than they did.

[He then gives a foreign Example, in a Duke of *Alençon*, a Person of very high Birth, and great Fortune, and consequently under vast Obligations to his Country, and yet who was all his Life-time engaged in Plots and Conspiracies against her, for which he was often imprisoned, and twice condemned to lose his Head, but spared by the Mercy of his Prince; till at last he died under Restraints, and delivered himself and his Country from all further bad Effects of his uneasy, dissatisfied, and seditious Temper. From his History our Author makes two Observations.]

First, That this Conduct of the Duke of *Alençon* did not only involve Himself and his Family, but his *Friends* and *Dependants*, and in an especial Manner his *Subjects*, in the most deplorable Misfortunes, and most irretrievable Distresses. However commendable the King's Mercy might be in respect of the Duke of *Alençon*, it was certainly fatal and unfortunate to all who had Commerce with him.

Secondly, That in all these Contests the *Great* escape, and the *Little* suffer: That is, Those who disturb the *Publick* Peace, out of Envy, Avarice, or Ambition, find a Way to screen themselves too often from the Fate they deserve; while such as acted *wrong* upon *right* Motives; such as, bewitched with their delusive *Speeches*, fancied they drew their Swords for, when they drew them upon, their Country, meet the Punishment due to their *Actions*, not their *Principles*; and, as in the Beginning they were the *Dupes* of their Chiefs, become their *Victims* in the End.

R. FREEMAN.

The Craftsman, May 21. N^o 639.

Nothing causes such melancholy Speculations, and so much humbles

those Ideas, which Vanity might otherwise inspire, as the seeing a *Great* Man falling from his Eminence by *outraging* Himself, if I may so call it, that is, exulting after his *Understanding* hath forsaken Him, and when He can no longer exert those *conspicuous* Faculties, which distinguished Him above the rest of his Species. This is frequently occasioned by Age, by an unhappy Stroke of a Palsy, or some nervous Disorder, which will in an Instant reduce the *greatest* Genius from his exalted Sphere to a State of *Idiocy*, *Childhood*, or almost *Non-entity*.

I have known a *brave* Man converted in an Instant, into an *errant* Coward; and I have seen the *wisest* Man, by a sudden Stroke, incapable of uttering a Word of *common* Sense. So true is it, that all our best Faculties are absolutely constitutions and precarious. How fine therefore that Saying of the Psalmist, *Fearfully and wonderfully are We made*.

As what I have said is evidently true in the *natural* System of our own Bodies, it is equally visible in the *political* State of *Affairs*. Revolutions in *Empires* are sudden as Changes of the *natural* Constitution. We have seen *Nations*, which have been at the Head of *great* Alliances and *Confederacies*, which have in a Moment given *Law* to the rest of Mankind, become as it were the *Umpires* and *Arbitrators* of the Interests of the whole World, reduced in a small Space of Time to the Condition of being without *one* Ally belonging to Them; buffeted and insulted by every little *petty* State about Them, and having hardly Credit or Spirit enough to maintain their own *undoubted* Rights, *Interests* and *Possessions*. Were We to enquire into the secret Causes of this great Change, and search it to the Bottom, We might likewise find it owing to some very trifling Occasion; perhaps to a *Wound*, some *mean* Corruption, the Obstruction of one little *Wheel* of Government, or the Removal of a *single* Man, amounting to several Millions, from the Sphere, which He acted; which resembles the Defect of a natural Organ of the Body, or the Dislocation of some little Fibre of the Brain.

These Reflections naturally lead Me to the Consideration of a *Person*, once the highest Distinction and Merit, now fallen from his exalted Character into the lowest Disrepute and Infamy. I will not say in what particular Country *this* Person dwells at present, but he lives in *Europe*; if He may be so to do so at all, in the State of *Exile*. He is now in. He breathes, it is true,

but that is almost the only Sign of Life He hath about Him. He neither does, nor can exert any of those noble Faculties He once possessed; but is now, absolutely in a State of *Indolence, Supineness* and *Stupidity*.

In former Days, his Ancestors made a very great Figure; having been Men of the first Rank and Quality, possessing large landed Revenues, and being of the highest Importance in the State. At present, many, who formerly used to wear the *Family-Livery*, make a much better Figure in the World than He himself, who now represents it. They have frequently maintained long Contests, and gone to War even with the *Kings of their own Country*, in order to support the *Liberty* of it. But the *present Person* is grown tame and submissive; his Spirit is almost quite subdued; and he not only yields to every thing the *King* orders, but even truckles to any one, to whom he is pleased to delegate his Authority; so that some, who are scarce able to take care of their own Affairs, have had the sole Management and Superintendency of his; and most wretchedly managed they are.

The Great, Great, Great Grandfather of this Person was once so powerful and considerable, that He forced the *King*, after a pitched Battle, to come to Terms with Him, and in a Whim obliged Him to sign the Treaty upon a *great Card* He had made on purpose: Which *Card* was, for a long Time after, preserved in the Archives of the Family, with the strictest Care; but at present it is very little minded, and almost worn out.

About the Time of our *Hen. VII.* the *King* of the Country, where this Person lives, grew so jealous of Him, that He sought by Artifice to reduce his Authority. He knew by Experience that Power always follows Property; and being a Prince of great Ability, proposed it as a Favour to grant Him the Privilege of alienating his Possessions, which He could not do before. By these Means, He not only weakened this Enemy, whom He feared; but strengthened Others, with a Design to counter-balance Him: And several other co-incident Circumstances, about that Time, contributed to the same End; so that this Family hath, in some Degree, been dwindling ever since, and another rising in Power; but happy is it for the Country, when both of Them cooperate, and are cordially united. They have in former Times been the Terror and Scourge of evil and corrupt Ministers, never failing to punish Them according to their Deserts, whenever They were brought before Them as Delinquents;

but of late their Authority is much sunk and diminished; and no Minister, hath now the least Fear or Apprehension of the Power of the present Person, tho' the *Sword of Justice* still continues in his Hand.

A He hath, with great Steadiness and Constancy, notwithstanding the Variety of Fashions, persevered in wearing the Dress of his Ancestors, and takes great Delight to be clothed in *Ermine*, with a Sort of long Gown, or *Toga*, like that of our Judges. Like Them too, He employs much of his Time in hearing and determining Causes; and now, in his old Age, if I may so call it, He does little more than decide *Law-Suits*, having given over all Application to Matters of more Importance. In his Attention to These likewise, He is not quite so strict as He ought to be; but as common Judges will sometimes take a Nap over a Cause, so He does not scruple now and then to be absent a great Part of the Tryal, and then come and decide the Point. Nay, He often appoints a Deputy, of less Judgment and Integrity than Himself, to hear and determine it for him.

In one Part of his Dress there is something, which the *Wags of the Age* are inclined to ridicule. He hath, you must know, four or five and twenty Pair of Ruffles made of *Lawn*, which He will sometimes wear all at once; and is seldom without ten or twelve on at a Time; fancying they give Him a more venerable Look, and create Respect; whereas the contrary is true, and some Folks have had a Design to strip them off, in order to wash them a little whiter; for they seem to want it extremely. When He sits on *Trials of Life and Death*, He always pulls off these Ruffles, lest any Spots of Blood should happen to stain and defile them.

He hath of late discovered, by means of an unfortunate Marriage on the Female Side, many poor Relations in the Northern Parts of the World: The Number, as well as Indigence of Them, hath contributed to bringing Him, tho' the Head of the Family, into some Disrepute; but fifteen or sixteen, who are continually hanging on Him for Maintenance and Support, are a vast Clog and Burden upon Him. I am very far from thinking They are naturally worse than other Men; but the Scantiness of their Circumstances reduces Them to the Necessity of submitting sometimes to certain pecuniary Irregularities; with which being reproached, They excuse the Fault, alledging Instances of several other Relations, less in Want, and some even with ample Fortunes, who are guilty of the like Practices.

H They excuse the Fault, alledging Instances of several other Relations, less in Want, and some even with ample Fortunes, who are guilty of the like Practices. It

It is true that He loves *Luxury*, of all Sorts; and when He does not wear his *Gown*, He takes great Delight in *fine laced Cloaths*, with many *Ribbons* upon them of different Colours, particularly *blue, green and red*. He often wears *Cockades*; sometimes a *Hat and Feather*; and loves to be dressed like an *Officer*.

To support all these Extravagancies, as well as the Neglect of looking into his Affairs, He will now and then submit to accept of a *little present Support from a Friend*, tho' He hath a great Estate of his own; and the Meanness of this Condescension makes Him meet with less Respect in the World. He formerly scorned to do any Thing like This; for He was once a Man of the strictest Integrity and Truth; so that every Body would as readily have confided in any Thing, which He had asserted upon his *Honour*, as what any other Person did on his *Oath*. But of late He hath been apt to advance certain *problematical Propositions*, without any great Regard to *Truth*; and, what is extremely odd, when He finds Himself discovered, He will sometimes *protest* against the Truth of them Himself, in order to keep up a little Reputation in the World. He used formerly to be exceedingly active and vigilant in the Cause of his Country, and was looked upon by every Body as the *wisest and chief Counsellor* in it. No *Alliance* was proposed, no *Treaty* was made, nor a *Scheme* enter'd into, but He had an Hand in it, and gave his Judgment whether the Measure was expedient or not. At present He is quite idle and indolent, careles of what happens; nay, his Country hath been on the very Brink of a War, and *this Great Person* hath known nothing of the Matter, till a little Inquisitiveness of his own made Him desirous to be thought not quite out of the Secret, tho' He was not so much as consulted by any Body about it.—I mention This with no other Design than to rouse up the *Great Person* out of his present lethargick Indisposition, which every Body laments, being a Man of the *noblest Blood*, and so nearly related even to the *Royal Family*, that the *King* himself is not ashamed to call him *Cousin*.

One Thing is very remarkable of him, which is this; Able as he was, in most Things of Consequence, yet in Matters relating to *Money and Accounts*, he hath not the least Knowledge or Concern. He takes in all *Bills*, that are sent to him, and pays whatever is demanded on Sight, without pretending or presuming to examine them, cast them up, or make the

least Enquiry about them; so that I may truly say, He hath the most unnumerous Head, that ever *Man of Quality* possessed. However he had formerly a very good Pen, and wrote many *political Tracts* with great Elegance; particularly he had formerly a warm Dispute with one *Phloglor*, about certain religious Points; where in he maintained the Controversy, with great Solidity and Strength of Argument.

About fourscore Years ago (for he is now very old, as you may guess by the Loss of his Parts) he had a violent Fit of Illness, which every Body thought would have carried him off; for he lay *speechless* a long Time, and was declared by the Physicians of that Time absolutely *useless*. But he recovered, by the Help of a *certain Restorative*, and has remained in pretty good Health and Vigour, till very lately. Whether he will revive, or not, is uncertain; but if he should, his Constitution must receive a great Change. Most People wish sincerely that he may; because he is a Person of *great Worth and Esteem*, who may be of singular Use in his Country, when he regains his pristine Parts and Integrity. To speak the Truth, he was always pretty *haughty and proud*, being of *great Quality*, and seldom cared to hold Conferences with a *Commoner*, but sitting on his *Breast* and with his *Hat on*, whilst the other was *standing and bare-headed*. He was likewise scrupulously nice of his *Honour*; and if any Body presumed to affront him, he would knock them down with a *little black Stick*, which he always carried about him, unless they asked his Pardon in the most submissive Manner. In all other Respects, his Carriage was very decent and orderly. His Behaviour and Address was extremely well-bred and polite; and he had something even of *Majesty* even in his Appearance.—What Pity is it to see him in his present Condition!—*How is the Mighty fallen!*

R. Y. to Mr E.—L, concerning GOD'S
E T E R N I T Y. (See p. 176, 177.)

S I R,

AS I had never appeared in the *Magazine* under any feigned Name, like that of *Philom*, (except in some *Poetical Pieces* signed *Philomel*) till I proposed the *QUERY*, which has occasioned our present Debate; so I could not imagine that you *sincerely* called me *Ingenious and Sincere*, for asking a Question you did not think to be proper: But since you declare that you knew *several of my Performances*

and thought that Character in Justice due to me, I return you Thanks for your good Opinion of me; and am heartily sorry, that I took the Compliment of a Friend for the Reproach of an Enemy.

You say, that for your Part, so long as you are convinced that GOD is a GOD of Truth, and that Christianity is founded and established in Truth, you shall always think that a free and impartial Enquiry after Truth is pleasing to the One, and no way repugnant to the Principles of the Other.—This is very well said: And give me leave to add, that as GOD is the GOD of Truth; so he must needs be as highly pleased to see the Truth attained, as he is to see it ardently sought after; for by such Attainment Men come to bear the Image of their Creator; and, as his Children, to follow him in the Way that he is pleased to go before them. Seeing, therefore, that the Attainment of Truth is so agreeable to the DIVINE BEING, let you and I, without Passion or Prejudice, consider of the Things in Dispute between us; if possibly we may at last obtain that which will make us both so acceptable to GOD, and be the surest Basis of a lasting Friendship between ourselves.

There has been, you know, for some Time, a Dispute carried on, in Mr Urban's Magazine, concerning GOD's Precedence; I must freely confess, I have thought some of the Disputants on both Sides the Question in the wrong, and that the Dispute might be brought to an Issue by only asking,—Is GOD any older now than he was at the Creation?—Of this, I gave Mr Cave a Hint in a private Letter, not intending to print it; so that it is evident I could have no Design to perplex my Opponents, since I did not design to oppose any Body, only told my Friend what I thought of the Matter then debated. (See Vol. VII. p. 344.)

But you say, You can't see how this brings the Dispute concerning Precedence to an Issue.—I'll shew you, Sir: If it be answered in the Affirmative, that GOD is older now than he was at the Creation, the Term Older implies a Beginning; (as you yourself grant, tho' 'tis inconsistent with your Principles) for it implies, that GOD's Duration is measured by a Stream of Succession, and a Stream of Succession cannot possibly be immeasurable. You may remember that I told you this in my * last; and therefore, as an

Affirmative should always be proved before a Negative, you surely ought to have proved that an immeasurable Stream of Succession is possible, before you had asserted, that GOD's Eternity is such an immeasurable Stream. However, that neither immeasurable Succession is possible, nor GOD's Eternity capable of being measured by it, I prove.

First, Because all the Parts into which Succession may for ever be divided, will bear no Proportion to Eternity, or (according to yourself) are no more allied to it, than something is to nothing †, that is just none at all; and consequently, absolute Eternity does not proceed (or is not measured) by such Succession. But

Secondly, Whatever is by any Succession departed from, must by a retrograde Procedure be advanced to, by Ideas looking back in the Manner it proceeded: But GOD's Eternity cannot be advanced to by such Ideas, were Men to proceed farther and farther back for ever and ever: For as there is no such thing as a greatest Finite Number, Infinity can never possibly commence; and consequently, that by which it can never be attained one Way, it did never proceed the other.

But, perhaps, you may see the Force of this Reasoning plainer, if we look down this Stream of Succession: You know most People allow the Immortality of the Soul, yet is not the Eternity of the Soul of Man of the same Nature with the Eternity of GOD; because, as the Eternity of the Soul of Man is measured by a successive Duration (or, in your own Language, by a continued Flux of Succession) it must necessarily be always finite (mind me!) as it becomes Past: Thus should the Saints in Heaven look back from any Point of Eternity to which they may arrive, yet will an Hour's, nay a Moment's Duration, for ever bear some Proportion to the Time which they have existed. Now if a continued Flux, or Stream of Succession, which constitutes the Eternity of Man, can never make it infinite, never immeasurable, it can never be any Measure for the Eternity of GOD, or make that immeasurable. So then, whoever asserts that GOD is older, or that his Eternity is measured by a con-

clearer Manner: This you acknowledge, I succeeded in; How mighty fond I am of the Pleasure of a Triumph!

† You say, it bears no more Proportion to it, than 5,000 Mathematical Lines do to a Surface, i. e. than Nothing does to Something: for a Mathematical Line is but a mere Idea of the Mind assigning it Somewhere for a particular Reason and consequently, it can have no real Existence.

I i tinued

* I made a Supposition of a Thing impossible (viz. an infinite right Line) merely to state your Position, in your own Way of Thinking, in a

ruined Flux of Succession, & Consequence of his Principles is, that GOD had a Beginning; and whoever affirms this, denies his Godhead, and is an Atheist.

Well then, if GOD's Eternity is not measured by Succession, if there be no such Things as *Fore* and *After* in him, there can be no such Thing in him as a Succession of Ideas; he must for ever be unchangeable; nor can his Nature admit of new Acquisitions in Knowledge, &c. but what he knows once, he ever knows throughout the *eternal Now* of his Existence: So that it is very plain, whoever denies that GOD always did know, denies that he does know; and whoever denies that he does know, denies his GODHEAD to all Intents and Purposes. Now, Sir, is not this Debate brought to an Issue? Is it not evident to every Reader, that the most ingenious *Philaletes I. P. T. Philaetres II. &c.* must either disprove this Philosophy, or own themselves mistaken; or else, in Opposition to the Voice of the whole Creation, cry out, —No GOD, no GOD.

But what Jargon is this, say you, to talk of *Fore* and *After* in GOD?—Very right: If there can be no such Things in the DIVINE BEING, to talk of them as there, must be Jargon; and yet, Sir, such Talk necessarily follows from your Principles: For if GOD's Eternity is a Stream of Succession, look up this Stream from any Point,—that is properly BEFORE,—look down it,—that is properly AFTER,—A very little Reflection may satisfy you of the Truth of this.

But, say you, to say that GOD sees distant Points of Time as coincident, is the same Thing as to say, that he sees a Line to be a Mathematical Point: And to say, that GOD cannot perceive any Distance in the Parts of Time, is the same as to say, that GOD knows nothing of Extension.—But, Sir, who has said this? I say, that GOD's Eternity does not proceed, or is not measured, by Succession; but surely he may see those to be Measures of created Beings, which he knows to be no Measures of his own; and he may see every Point of these Measures more exactly than all the Creatures in the World can do.

As every Reader can't but see it was my Design to prove, that this Term *Older* implies a *Beginning*, as it implies *Succession*, they will perhaps wonder how I could be fairly taken in my own Words, by happening to assert that which I intended to prove; and I must confess, I can't but wonder, in my Turn, at you, that you can't see, that 5,000 Miles, cut

off from a Line that is more, must necessarily make it shorter: I would only ask you, whether you think the 5,000 Miles to be any Part of the Whole? If you say, it is not, you destroy the very Notion of a Line; if you say that it is, then, surely, when it is taken away, the Whole must be so much less.—But you ask, *Whether the 5,000 Miles bears any Proportion to the Whole?*—I say, Yes.—Then say you, *The Line cannot be infinite.*—Very right; and I told you that the *Supposition was impossible* when I made it, and that this was the very Thing that puzzled our finite Capacities. (See *Gen. Mag.* p. 64, 65.)

The ingenious Reader will observe, that in the Course of your Letter you say several Things that directly prove my Point: Thus—*The Measure is supposed to bear no Proportion to the Thing measured, nor can be so repeated as to equal it.*—The Measure supposed was, in your own Language, a *Stream or Flux of Succession*, the Thing measured is *Eternity*; so then, if a Stream of Succession cannot be so repeated, or so proceed as to measure Eternity, it is evident that Eternity does not proceed by such Succession. Again,—*Whatever encreases any Thing, must bear some Proportion to the Thing itself.*—Succession bears no Proportion to Eternity; therefore Eternity is not encreased, or (which is the same Thing) does not proceed, by it.

You say, *If eternal Duration cannot be measured by a Repetition of stated Portions of Time, it follows, that it is an immeasurable Stream of Succession.*—If you please to strike out *stated Portions of Time*, and insert in its Place (what you allow in the next Paragraph to be the same Thing) *Succession and Flux*, you will be able to see the Inconsistency of this. Thus—If eternal Duration cannot be measured by a Flux of Succession, it follows, that it is an immeasurable Stream, or Flux, of Succession; i. e. If it cannot measure it, it follows, that it does measure it.

But say you, *According to me Eternity is an Instant, and infinite Duration is a perfect Stagnation.*—Where did I assert this? Does it follow, that because I have proved Eternity cannot be measured by Time, or Succession, that therefore the least Part of Time we can conceive is the Measure of it; or, because Time is no Part of Eternity, therefore Eternity is I know not what Stagnation of Time? A very little Consideration may inform you of the contrary: I have indeed called it an *eternal Now*; because, as Succession is no Measure of it, it is *always present* with GOD, and is indeed nothing else but his own

own Being considered as existing, on which the Existence of all Things else, and their Measures, depends: It is evident therefore, that we can frame no proper Idea of GOD'S Eternity till we see him as he is, which in this Life we can never do. No, no, Time is the Measure of the Duration of *Finite* Things, and 'tis not possible for us to exalt our Ideas any higher, 'tis not possible for us to frame proper Ideas of GOD'S Eternity: Enough for us, here, that we can shew what it is not; if ever we be thought worthy of the Life of the Blessed, our Ideas shall be exalted as far as our Nature will bear; they shall always be true, tho' infinitely short of the DIVINE PERFECTIONS: All therefore that I would bring you, and the rest of Mr Urban's Readers to, is this Resolution:

Resolved, That what GOD is, cannot be discovered by the Sons of Men in this mortal State, and therefore 'tis their highest Wisdom to submit to that Revelation which he has made of himself, and to frame their Ideas of him exactly according to his Word.

You complain that I, and many of Mr Urban's Correspondents, are meer metaphysical Papists.—But give me leave to tell you, that he is a metaphysical Papist that holds any Principle in Metaphysics that is a Contradiction in itself, or may have a Contradiction justly inferred from it.

Let me examine your Principles by this Rule.—You say, that GOD'S Eternity is an immeasurable Stream of Succession: Hence I argue, it overturns the very Notion of a GOD, to say that his Power is not of the same Duration with his Existence; and if his Power be of the same Duration, 'tis evident he might, if he had pleased, from all Eternity have exerted it in the Work of Creation; therefore eternal Creation is possible. That is, in plain English, Things may be brought from a State of Non-existence, which never were in a State of Non-existence, and there may be a beginningless Beginning, or a finite Time of the same Date with infinite Eternity. A very plain Contradiction this! What then may be the Principle be from whence it is so justly inferred, but a Piece of Popish Metaphysics?

Again: As you hold, that an endless Stream of Succession (which I am sure is nothing else but an ever-growing Idea of Time) is the Measure of GOD'S Eternity; so you do (and must to be consistent with yourself) hold, that boundless Space is the Measure of his Infinity: So the Power of GOD'S Power, like Himself, be infinite, 'tis evident he can, if he pleases, fill this infinite Space with created Beings: Therefore infinite Creation is possible. That is, there may be a numberless Number, and boundless Bounds, actually existing. Another intuitive Contradiction, fairly inferred from a Piece of Popish Metaphysics. Such Inferences as these are of themselves sufficient to satisfy me, that the Principles from whence they are gathered are false, for from a Truth nothing but a Truth will follow.

Thus I have answered your last Letter in as plain a Manner as I am able; if this does not satisfy you, 'tis evident, that either I am incapable of giving Satisfaction, or you of receiving it; and if either of these be the Case, no Reason I should trouble Mr Urban's Readers any longer; I therefore take a final Leave of you on this Subject: But remain, SIR,

Your humble Servant, R. Y.

[Several Pieces on this Subject having been sent us some Time ago, what has been since inserted may perhaps make it necessary for the Authors to re-consider them.]

The Papers of the 24th in our next.

MR URBAN,

IT has long been a Question among Astronomers, Whether the Obliquity of the Ecliptick has always continued the same, or whether it has been subject to some little Variation? Those who suppose it to be invariable, ascribe the different Accounts of it to the Inaccuracy of the Instruments made use of by the Ancients, and not to any Alteration in the Obliquity itself. But tho' we should allow the Observers of former Times to have been deficient in their Enquiries, what shall we say to the Difference we find among the Moderns, whose instruments have been contrived with the nicest Art, and adjusted with the greatest Accuracy? It is not much above 50 Years ago since Flamsteed, Cassini, de la Hire, and other excellent Astronomers have determined the Sun's greatest Declination to be $23^{\circ} 29'$ precisely; and the Great Tycho Brahe himself, differs from them only on account of his wrong Notion of the Sun's Parallax and Refraction; and yet Maraldi, and the rest of the French Astronomers, have lately asserted, that it is no more than $23^{\circ} 28' 20''$, that is, 40 Seconds less than Mr Flamsteed's Determination.

But that this Matter may be more fully comprehended, I shall give your Readers a Synopsis of the most remarkable Observations that have been hitherto made concerning it.

The

The Sun's greatest Declination was observed to be

In the Year since the Death of *Alexander the Great*

44 by <i>Aristarchus</i>	23° 51' 20"
114 <i>Erastosthenes</i>	23 51 20
174 <i>Hipparchus</i>	23 51 20

In the Year of our LORD

140 by <i>Ptolomy</i>	23° 51' 20"
880 <i>Albatagnius</i>	23 35 00
1070 <i>Arzacheles</i>	23 34 00
1140 <i>Almeones</i>	23 33 00
1100 <i>Prophatius</i>	23 32 00
1460 <i>Peurbachius</i>	23 28 00
1515 <i>Copernicus</i>	23 28 24
1596 <i>Tycho</i>	23 31 30
1600 <i>Clavius</i>	23 30 00
1620 <i>Kepler</i>	23 30 00
1690 <i>Flamsteed</i>	23 29 06
1737 <i>Maraldi</i>	23 28 20

Now I have thought of a Method that will go a great Way towards the Determination of this Dispute, especially with regard to the later Observations; and this is to be done by a Quadrant, the Radius of which is no less than six Miles in Length. I make no doubt, but at first Sight this will be taken to be nothing but a wild *Chimera*, and yet nothing upon Examination will appear more plain or practicable. What I mean, is a *Solar Occultation* behind a Hill called the *Cloud*, on the Borders of *Staffordshire*; which Dr *Plot* has given the World an Account of about 60 Years ago*. This Hill is so situated with respect to the Church-yard of *Leek*, a Market-Town in the same County, and six Miles distant from the Hill, that a Spectator standing there of an Evening three or four Days before the 10th of *June*, when the Sun enters the Beginning of *Cancer*, beholds the Disk of the Sun gradually emerging from behind the Northward Side of the Hill, which is nearly perpendicular; and this in such a manner, that a very sensible Difference is perceived in the Sun's Motion every Evening, and at length the whole Disk emerges for three Days together, but the second very evidently more distant than the first and last. Now as the Sun's Declination on those three Days does not vary above one third of a Minute, it will be very easy to discover, whether the Obliquity of the *Ecliptick* is the same as it was in Dr *Plot's* Time, or not: For if it is but 23° 28' 20", as the *French* Astronomers assert, then the Sun's Disk will not entirely emerge from behind the

Hill, unless Mr *Flamsteed's* Observations were faulty: But if the Emerision is entire, and for three Days only, as formerly, we may then reasonably conclude that the greatest Obliquity has been invariable for 60 Years at least; and if for 60, why not for 6,000? However, this *Solar Occultation* will be a very agreeable Sight to the Curious who reside in those Parts; and if they transmit their Observations to you to be communicated to the Publick, it will be a very acceptable Favour to all Lovers of Astronomical Enquiries. Yours, &c. R. BROOKER.

[A particular Point of Time making it improper to defer the above curious Letter, we were obliged to take out the Gazetteer of May 24, wherein Mr *Freeman* proposes to give the true Sense of the *Craffy-man* of the 21st inst. He explains the *Great Card* (p. 259 E) to mean *Magna Charta*, and the *Person* fallen from his exalted Character into lowest Disrepute to refer to the *supreme Court of Judicature*, and most august Assembly in this Nation; and the rest accordingly. Mr *Freeman* remarks, that the Malignity of this Writer ought to subject him to the Contempt of his Readers, for burlesquing so solemn a Subject, and making such low and scandalous Allusions, only because the Majority of present Lords are Foes to his Faction.]

[We have J. H.'s Remarks on T. B.'s third Letter in Defence of Tythes; in which Remarks he refers to the Reader's Judgment several Passages, which he alleges T. B. has wrested for his Purpose. Let the Reader then judge of it, and how far these two agree or disagree, by what has been already inserted for we must cease debating such Matters to make room for those universally judged to be of more Importance. This we apprehend the Quakers will be apt to reckon Unjustice; but should we dwell too long on one Subject, we shall never oblige half our Correspondents.]

Philoretan's Essay taking R. T.'s Party and Mr J. Thomson's reply to M. A. should have been in this Magazine; and therefore may be expected in the next, also as soon as we have Opportunity.

Q. L. against T. B. and Dipping.
S. K. against Mr *Cloubb*.
A Friend to Truth, for Psefciencie.
Philanthropus censuring *Brutus*.
Philanthropicus against K. T. on punishing the World, &c.
W. K.'s Philosophical Enquiry, *What is the Cause of Love?*
The Curate of S. on the Resurrection.
Who all have our Thanks.]

* See his *Nat. Hist. of Staffordshire*, p. 20.

Mr URBAN;

IN my Discourse printed in April p. 185, there is a Mistake, occasioned by my having chosen, for facility sake, to make FD equal to FM; which made me, by Inadvertency, suppose absurdly that a Star placed in D did disappear in F. This Mistake has made me to magnify too much the Errors in Longitude and Latitude, which the Refraction of Light in the Moon's Atmosphere exposes us to. I wish it had rather made me to extenuate them. However, that Mistake being amended, the Discourse will remain sound, as well as the New Conclusions drawn from it.

2. I intended to prevent any such Mistake, by communicating beforehand my Discourses to some proper Judges. But one would think that those Persons who might be Judges are unanimously resolved to have nothing to do with my Theory: Nor can I learn as yet that there is any One, that does openly declare for it. Therefore, since I must do the whole Work alone; I hope the Public and yourself will forgive me any such Mistakes, and accept of my rectifying them as soon as I can; as I do here.

3. Upon $\frac{1}{2}$ Diameter FN take FD of any length. And about the Pole P draw thro' the Point F the Arc Fe, which cuts the Limb of the Moon in the Points i and e; and the Arc DO, which cuts the Circle FION in O and the Limb in O. And in the Triangle CPe, I find the Angle CPe or the Arc Fe to be of $9^{\circ} 12' 3''$: Which Arc, expressed in Parts of a great Circle gives Fe of $3' 12'' 1$. And to describe this Arc, the Moon would require 17 minutes 34 seconds, if we reckon her horary Motion at $28'$; or else 12 minutes 57 seconds, if we reckon her horary Motion at $38'$. In the first case, the Error in Longitude would exceed $4^{\circ} 17'$; and in the second case, it would exceed $3^{\circ} 3'$. All the other horary Motions are limited between these. And the Error resulting from any other horary Motion of the Moon, at the Time of the Observation, may be in like manner determined.

4. But taking FD for instance of $2' 12''$, I find, in the Triangle CPO, the Angle CPO, or the Arc DO to be of $12^{\circ} 31'' 9$: And that the Line CPO would be of $8' 31'' 2$. Now let the Line CO α cut the Limb in α : And as soon as the Star comes to O it will emerge in α . The Difference OO is of $4' 0'' 7$. And so the little Arc OO expressed in Parts of a great Circle amounts to $3' 34'' 9$, for the Argument of the Error in Longitude. For the Astronomical Calculation gives the Emerision when the Star is in or very near the Point O: But in reality, the Emerision happens when the Star is in the Point O. And therefore if the Moon's horary Motion was of $28'$, the Error in Longitude, or the Time spent in describing the Arc OO, would be of 7 min. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. which amount to an Error of $1^{\circ} 48' \frac{2}{3}$ of Longitude. And the horary Motion of $38'$ would produce an Error in Longitude of 5 min. 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. in Time, or of $1^{\circ} 17' \frac{1}{2}$. And in like manner we may find the Error in Longitude resulting from any other given horary Motion of the Moon.

5. Likewise making CD equal to CD, I find, in the Triangle CPO, the Angle CPO or

the Arc DO to be of $12^{\circ} 33'' 3$. But the Angle CPO would be of $8' 32'' 1$. The Difference OO is of $4' 1'' 1 \frac{1}{2}$, and by consequence almost the very same as OO. And the Error in Longitude would be found almost the same as before.

6. As to the Error in Latitude, it can amount, at most, only to the Arc MF of $2' 12''$, taking $1' 6''$ for the horizontal Refraction of Light in the Atmosphere of the Moon. And you may take the following Rule.

7. Let a Star describe any given Parallel DOO, cutting the Circle FION in O. Draw the Line CO α , which cuts the Limb MEL in α . And in the Triangle PCO, the three Sides being given, calculate the Angle PCO or PC α . Then in the Triangle PC α , the Sides PC and C α and the Angle PC α being given, calculate the Basis P α . And since the Star coming to O emerges in α , and the Astronomical Calculation makes it more truly to emerge in O; it follows that $\frac{1}{2}$ Observation shews the Emerision, as if the Parallel of the Star passed thro' α ; and by consequence as if the Moon's Declination PC, or the Situation of her Center C was changed, till the Point α of her Limb was brought, by a Circle Parallel to MP, to the Parallel DOO. And thus you will find how much the Refraction alters your Latitude, or the apparent Distance of the Center of the Moon from the Pole α . For these two Quantities depend upon one another.

Worship,

N. F A C I O Daillier.

May 15, 1738.

N. B. We must defer Mr Facio's two other Pieces to our next, together with Mr Dougharty's Observation on May 15. to determine the Sun's Parallax by the Moon's Dichotomy.

Decision of the GOLDEN MEDAL and the other Prizes proposed Vol. V. p. 778, and Vol. VI. p. 99. for Poems to be written on the Subject of the CHRISTIAN HERO.

THE Votes of $\frac{1}{2}$ twelve Gentlemen consulted having (as mentioned in *Rib. Mag.*) fallen on three several Poems, viz. on No. I. No. IV. and No. VI. for the principal Prize of the MEDAL, the Authors of those Poems were sent to, and being Strangers to each other, agreed to vote among themselves, and not further trouble any Gentleman therein; accordingly having given in their Opinions, excepting their own Poems, the Authors of the two first named gave the Preference to the Poem No. VI. the Author of which present'd No. I. which therefore is entitled to a Set of Arch-bishop Tillotson's Works; No. IV. having had one Vote for the best comes in for the third Prize, viz. a Set of Arch-bishop Sharpe's Sermons; and No. V. which was voted the second in merit, must be entitled only to $\frac{1}{2}$ 4th Prize, viz. a Set of Cooke's Sermons.

See these 4 Poems Vol. VI. p. 343, 414, 415, 477.

K k

On

*On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.*Numb. III. *sent in Consequence of the forty Pounds proposed in Prizes. See Vol. VI. p. 170.*

A WAKE, my soul! the day-spring from above
 Invites thee to returning scenes of love.
 Revolve, and see, who first demands thy praise,
 To him thy voice, in holy raptures raise;
 To him, devout, thy early tribute pay,
 And hail him bounteous at the dawn of day.
 See, how the sun regilds yon azure plain,
 And bids the sick'ning world revive again!
 Blest luminary! whose bright beams dispense,
 To all, new life, and genial influence. 10
 How glorious to the sense! and yet how small,
 How faint a copy of th' original!
 Great principle of light! hail! pow'r supreme,
 Thou best good patron, and thou brightest theme!
 Who gav'st that sun his substance, form'd him fair,
 And stamp'd an image of thy glory there.
ANCIENT OF DAYS! whose mighty reign
 Beggins still to all eternity! [shall be
 So far thy round of endless empire can
 Perplex the busy thought of finite man! 20
 How vain philosophy! when human race
 Affay the ways of infinite to trace.
 Leave, little wretch, heav'n's secrets to explore,
 And tempt th' unfathomable deep no more.
 Can'st thou not, time, for ever past, conceive?
 Cease thy vain search, and, what thou can'st, believe.
 See, can'st thou now some stated thing descry,
 To feed thy pleasures, or delight thine eye?
 Whence is that object? Is it without cause?
 Or was that something, ere another was? 30
 View the stupendous chain of causes, think
 How each depends upon the former link;
 Inform'd, then say to thy convicted soul,
 That some first being must sustain the whole;
 Some first, without beginning, without end,
 Producing All, on whom all else depend.
 If this be certain, why do yeers aflight?
 Stretch thy imagination to its height:
 Hast thou a thousand and a thousand told?
 Proceed, and make thy fancy millions old; 40
 Count, till thy reason start, yet, yet the last
 Bear no proportion to the myriads past;
 Astonish'd, see the distance still sublime,
 And find thy maker in th' abyss of time.
 All hail, Eternal! God of Gods alone,
 Incorruptible, self-existent **ONE!**
 The Sceptick, to the wiser test, has brought,
 Of his own mad licentiousness of thought,
 All things that are, nor heeds what heav'n reveals;
 Thou art, O God, but what his fancy wills. 50
 Vain disputant! in better science rude, [shrewd!
 Quick without knowledge, without wisdom
 Whither at length do all thy cavils tend?
 Cou'd'st thou, weak man, thy maker comprehend,
 Such as he is, to human nature see
 Expos'd, that God were no divinity.
 To satisfy the light, enquiring mind,
 Let reasoning be to certain truths confin'd;
 That God is **ONE**, if any God exist,
 Since, but in **ONE**, Perfection can subsist; 60
 In will and substance, **ONE**, -- heav'n tells thy rest:
 To heav'n thy faith, implicit, be confess;
 For mysteries were giv'n, how'er conceiv'd,
 Not to be convuls'd, but to be believ'd.
 All hail **OMNIPOTENT!** whose pow'r and
 might,
 From the dark womb of uncreated night,
 Call'd forth innumerable worlds, and said,
LET THERE BE SUBSTANCE! The
 mass obey'd,
 Burst from the void, tumultuous; subtle flame
 Earth, air, and sea, in wild disorder came.
 Dire strife! the jarring elements engage,
 And war, emergent, with impetuous rage
 And contest mad: Less hideous, **ETNA** roars
 From his torn entrails horrid discord pours;
 Enwreath'd in clouds the fiery tempests fly,
 Wheel o'er the plains, and darken all the sky.
 God spake the words, precipitately fled
 Hoarse noise, and wild confusion hid her head
 From the rude mass, to be securely plac'd,
 Retir'd each atom with obsequious haste;
 Submissive elements the tumult cease,
 And, pleas'd, subside before the god of Peace
 As when, embroil'd, contending parties meet,
 Whose clashing interests nurse intestine heat;
 If one arise, in pow'r and providence first,
 In wisdom rich, and in experience vers'd,
 The giddy crowds suspend the soul debate,
 Admire his counsel, and forget to hate.
LET THERE BE LIGHT! sprung forth
 pointed ray,
 And rose, expanded in a blaze of day.
 Th' All-mighty saw it, and approv'd the light,
 And join'd the segregated seeds of light;
 Spangled with glittering stars the concave round,
 As vernal dews with pearls bedeck the ground;
 Prescrib'd each orb his fix'd eternal laws,
 Attractive energy, mysterious cause,
 And impulse strange; superior virtue-crown'd
 That sun, high-raisd, and to their orbits bound
 The wand'ring globes; this earth, beheld from
 Shot from his mansion, like a falling star,
 Each planet forms the choir; around thy
 In beauteous concord, and harmonious love.
 Hail, **WISDOM INFINITE!** Heaven's heights
 rebound,
 And echoing worlds hymn back the grateful sound.
 Say, foolish mortal, wretch, devoid of shame,
 Who stile'st thy maker but an empty name,
 Th' globe, self-pendent, can'st thou coolly view
 With motion duplicate his course renew,
 Spin with fresh vigour the diurnal space,
 And measure out, exact, his annual race? 70
 See'st thou those ebbing floods with unconcern?
 How soon those floods in swelling tides return?
 How to quick change attraction diff'rent binds
 That reflex emblem of ambitious minds?
 Observe this aqueous drop, so clear, so small,
 View, thro' thy microscope, its lucid ball;
 What insects to thy favour'd sight appear,
 Exult and play within the liquid sphere!
 Dost thou no footsteps of thy God descry?
 Or is it all th' effect of casualty,
 The product of blind chance, and things of course?
 Then glide that river from no certain source,
 Cou'd chance these wonders to creation bring?
 Or beauty from untaught disorder spring?
 From nought to perfect all thou see'st arrive,
 Or wisdom, less than infinite, contrive?
 View thy own faculties, frail man, and say,
 From whence that reason which directs thy way?
 Whence was it giv'n thee, ere thyself wast seen,
 To curb thy passions, and correct thy spleen? 80
 Cou'd less than deity thy frame devise?
 Or less than endless wisdom make thee wise?
 If yet some doubt, within thy breast, resides,
 See, how that God for all his works provides:

How, in each least concern of nature shine
 Distinguish'd care and PROVIDENCE divine.
 Forth for his food the Bee, industrious, speeds,
 While clouds drop manna to supply his needs,
 Seeks his provision, regularly giv'n,
 And finds his plenty in the dew of heav'n. 140
 By heav'n directed, from the fertile plain;
 The little Emmet drags his load of grain;
 Hears with reproachful pains his winter store,
 And trusts his maker for a summer more.
 Whence shou'd the tender babe his life ensure,
 Untaught to ask, unable to procure,
 Did not, by ways unseen, his author give,
 And, from the parent, bid her infant live?
 Wean'd from the mother's breast, the giddy boy,
 Breaks from his hold, and skips with idle joy. 170
 Escapes, unhurt, amidst continual ill, [kill.
 Where brooks might drown him, or a fly might
 Adult and man, from clime to clime he
 strays,
 Fearless of want, nor dreads the rage of seas;
 Safe in his GOD, his GOD, where'er he roam,
 Abroad protects him, and defends at home.
 Be grateful then, nor let thy soul despair,
 Secure in heaven's providential care,
 Who frees thee still, when sorrows most invade,
 And feeds the ravens that invoke his aid. 160
 Hail OMNIPRESENT! unconfin'd to place,
 Wide as creation, infinite as space;
 The dreadful deep hides nothing from thy sight,
 Nor earth, nor sea, nor heaven's stupendous height.
 Fix me, O GOD, thro' penitence unfeign'd,
 Pure in thy presence, and, with guilt, unfeign'd!
 * For whither can the spotted conscience fly,
 To shun thy judgments, or escape thine eye?
 If, wing'd, I soar above the realms of air,
 Enthron'd in majesty I meet thee there: 170
 If, sunk, I hide me in the shades below,
 Thy presence, "in the dark profound, I know;
 If, lodg'd beneath old Ocean's waves, I lay,
 Far, as the centre, hid from sight of Day;
 That gulph unmeasur'd would thy presence fill,
 And in the deep recess behold me still.
 O may this thought engage me to adhere
 To virtue strict, and probity severe!
 When, with fresh tumult, vice my breast alarms,
 When reason faulters, and the Syren charms,
 May this enforcing sentiment aspire, 190
 Check the lewd fancy and unedged desire.
 "Eager, which way so'er thou bend'st thy feet,
 "However dark or lonely the retreat,
 "Thou fly'st not him, whose eyes consider all,
 "Nor can'st, but in thy judge's presence fall!"
 Hail, everlasting, from thy blest abode,
 Thou same, IMMUTABLE, unchanging GOD!
 † By thee, O Pow'r supreme, the heav'ns were
 made,
 And by thy hand the world's foundations laid;
 This world shall perish, and those heav'ns shall
 melt, 200
 By thee, no change, no variation felt,
 In time created, shall in time decay,
 And, as a vesture, chang'd, consume away;
 Thy years shall fail not, still ador'd thy name,
 The same thy Godhead, and thy pow'r the same!
 Grant me, when these thy wonders are disclos'd,
 To view thy JUSTICE, with a soul compos'd;

Secure to pass the melancholy gloom,
 Nor dread the terrors of that awful doom! 209
 Stand forth, O man, thro' various hardships,
 Impartial justice shall thy suit decide; [try'd,
 Great thy complaint, that GOD has heap'd his cares,
 And deal'd his blessings, in unequal shares:
 What loads, thou fly'st, the wretched poor opprest,
 Pining with want, and struggling with distress!
 His years with pain, with toils impair'd his health,
 And abject patience is his only wealth:
 Those toils uppity'd, which his limbs sustain,
 And paid his labour by its length of pain.
 No salve, but piety, his griefs to cure, 220
 And greatly honest, while his wants allure.
 But prosperous vice, to all its wish, arrives,
 Batters in ease, and with injustice thrives;
 Nor care, nor indigence, approach his gate,
 And suppliant numbers at his levee wait;
 His pomp and plenty no superior own,
 He lives dependant on his pow'r alone.
 If, in this dispensation, hid, there be
 Some secret meaning which thou can'st not see;
 Sufficient yet, from reason, may'st thou find, 230
 To raze distrust, and calm thy doubt of mind.
 Now mark him, and confess thy vain surmise:
 Dismay'd, around he throws his baleful eyes;
 Asthritic malady, and inward flame,
 Dart pungent sorrows, and distract his frame:
 Observe the dire effects, that, sure, attend
 On pamp'ring pride, in grief its pleasures end.
 Observe his pangs, proportion'd to his ease,
 And, in each vice indulg'd, a new disease.
 Say, wou'd'st thou change thy quiet, to be great,
 With all the millions of that wretch in state? 241
 Thy needs are natural, and soon supply'd,
 And what thy labours earn, in peace enjoy'd.
 But what, if heav'n, thy better bliss to win,
 Purge thee, by trial, from the dregs of sin;
 Prove thee, as silver, from Peruvian mines,
 Cleans'd from its dross, with purer lustre shines;
 Eternal justice well decides the strife,
 And glides, unfully'd, thro' the ranks of life.
 Here, interspers'd, thy GOD and SAVIOUR
 Justice at once and mercy charm the eye. [lie, 252
 With equal blessings to repay thy trust,
 Were great, and godlike, to be strictly just.
 But hast thou, clear, with faith untaught serv'd,
 Or the minutest of his gifts deserv'd?
 Hast thou thy God's indulgence not abus'd?
 Has he not fed thee, when thy crimes accus'd?
 Why still thou art, while thus depriv'd thy will,
 ETERNAL GOODNESS can alone reveal. 260
 But what, if pitying heav'n atone thy deeds,
 And suff'ring GODHEAD for thy folly bleeds?
 Speak, mortal, cou'd thy heart-strings hold,
 An agonizing GOD thy peace renew? [view
 Lo! from above tremendous horror gleams,
 The sun, of secur'd, with-holds his cheerful beams;
 Earth to her centre shakes; the world, oppress'd,
 Labours with pain; 'tis innocence distress,
 THE GOD OF NATURE SUFFERS: Wretch,
 be gone,
 Weep thy transgressions; this thy sins have done;
 Lament thee with unutterable grief, 271
 And save thee merits for thy last relief.
 O GOODNESS INFINITE! thy grace bestow,
 And let my eyes in ceaseless torrents flow;
 Oh, give me, wash'd in thy propitious Flood,
 To hail thee ever merciful and good.

* Psalm cxlii. 7, 8, 9, 10.

† Psalm cii. 25, 26, 27.

M-URBAN,

THRO' the whole Course of the Opposition you have met with from your weak Antagonists, I cannot recollect that you have ever used any other Method of convincing the Publick of your own Merit, and the false Insinuations of your Adversaries, than that of fair and open Reasoning, undeniable Argument, and impartial Evidence; or that you have ever attempted to hector Persons into an Approbation of your Work. Nor do I remember that you have by empty Paragraphs of Buffoonery in Newspapers, forged Advertisements, or any other unfair Manner of Proceeding, attempted to stain the Character of your Rivals. No! I am sensible you think, as any one who pretends to Candour or Honour would do, that such base, mean Artifices, are utterly beneath you. But notwithstanding all this, the *London Magazines* have, with their usual Impudence and Scurrility, ventured to publish some Lines in their last, below the most abject Production of *Grubstreet* I ever met with; yet, under the Name of an Imitation of the *Latin Ode* to you in your Magazine for *March*. This was the Occasion of my now sending you the following Version of it: And tho' I could not pretend to render it in its native Beauties, I have attempted to do it in its true Meaning, and therefore hope it will not be unacceptable to your Readers.

LATIN ODE, p. 156, IMITATED.

HAIL URBAN! indefatigable man,

Unwearied yet by all thy useful toil!
Whom num'rous slanderers assault in vain;

Whom no base calumny can put to foil.

But still the laurel on thy learned brow
Flourishes fair, and shall for ever grow.What mean the servile imitating crew,
What their vain bluff'ring, and their empty noise,Ne'er seek: But still thy noble ends pursue,
Unconquer'd by the rabble's venal voice.Still to the Muse thy studious mind apply,
Happy in temper as in industry.The senseless sneerings of an haughty tongue,
Unworthy thy attention to engage,Unheeded pass: And tho' they mean thee wrong,
By manly silence disappoint their rage.Assiduous Diligence confounds its foes,
Resistless, tho' malicious crowds oppose.Exert thy pow'rs, nor slacken in the course,
Thy spotless fame shall quash all false reports:Exert thy pow'rs, nor fear a rival's force:
But thou shalt smile at all his vain efforts;Thy labours shall be crown'd with large success;
The Muse's aid thy Magazine shall bless.No page more grateful to th' harmonious Nine
Than that wherein thy labours we survey:Where solemn themes in fuller splendor shine,
(Delightful mixture!) blended with the gay.Where in improving, various Joys we find,
A welcome respite to the wearied mind.Thus when \S nymphs in some fair verdant mead
Of various flow'rs a beauteous wreath compose,The lovely violet's azure-painted head
Adds lustre to the crimson-blushing rose.Thus splendid *Iris*, with her varied dye,
Shines in the aether, and adorns the sky.

May 22, 1738.

BRITON.

EXTRACT of a POEM by Ensign JOHN

WARD; entitled, *An Address to his Grace*

the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lord Lieutenant

of IRELAND.

(The Author having mentioned most of the remarkable

Changes of Government from the coming over

the SAXONS, — goes on.

GREAT WILLIAM dead, next Wit-re-

quitting ANNE,

O'er the blest Isle, her happy Reign began.

To her glad times succeeded GEORGE's days,
Who both conspir'd *Hibernia's* fame to raise.

Now rests the Isle, her race of troubles run;

With joy the ends, what the with sighs begun.

And all her cares, and dire rebellions past,
On GEORGE's breast she calmly leans at last.Review, my Lord, each change, that, thus
appears

In the large compass of eight hundred years.

Think what dire evils tore th' unhappy state,
Like *Delos* tofs'd amid the waves of fate.Hear, much confus'd, a wretched nation's cries,
Then think what charms from liberty arise.And let one gen'rous, silent tear deplore
Those abject realms, that tyrants still adore.With what true joy we hail'd the happy Day,
That safely brought you o'er the western sea!Good, tho' a Viceroy, tho' a stranger, known,
Fond of all merit, modest to your own.

Care's'd at sight, no sooner seen than lov'd;

Mild to all parties, by all men approv'd.

A foe to avarice, ignorance, and scorn;

Not grac'd by virtue, virtue you adorn.

Above all passion, free from inward strife;

Awful in state, and good in private life. [traile

Whose worth, not grandeur, doth our tribute
Our utmost gratitude, ev'n public praise.Praise, but not flattery — to justice true,
For once, a Nation pays an honest due.Her Prince, her Guardian, her below'd, her all
She calls you now, and long she hopes to tall.

For you, the joys; for you, her poets sing;

In you, my Lord, she views her absent King.

Oh! hear her voice, maintain thy glorious name,
And think her cause, and *Albion's* cause the same.As *Titus* good, as *Antoninus* just,
Preserve *his* Country, yet fulfil thy trust.Think on past times, immortal O — see,
Freedom's true friend, Oppression's enemy:Tho' dead in law, alive in virtue still;
Justly disgrac'd at home, abroad he acts no ill.O — behold, and in his hapless fame
For ever damn one guilty Prelate's Name;Oh! think, my Lord, tho' now his race is run,
His former days beheld a brighter sun;Think he was once poor *Ireland's* faithful friend,
To aid with counsels, or with arms defend.Her first-born hope, whose *Jove-like* sacred nod
She still obey'd, and almost deem'd him God.Learning's support, the glory of the Nine;
The son of praise; a character divine.His gen'rous deeds a *DRYDEN's* voice inspir'd;
A *DAVIDEN* sung what all his deeds requir'd.Think of all this, and still as good as great,
Aspire, my Lord, to O — —'s tow'ring height.Hear, on your name, a nation's welfare call;
See, at your feet, the sacred Muses fall.Cherish the Muses, bid fair Learning rise,
And, spite of faction, only court the wife.Thence all the sisters shall adore thy name,
And future *DRYDEN's* consecrate thy fame.Of trade devoid, of Sciences bereft;
One or two arts at most to us are left:And even these are hast'ning to decay;
Arise, my Lord, and drive our cares away.See *Ireland* sick amidst her greatest health,
Too much of grandeur, with too little wealth;Give to the Isle, with ever cheerful toil,
T' improve the pastures, to manure the soil;These lands to plow, those useful bogs to drain;
There, bridges build; here, sow \S teeming grain;

Now fames repair; now public roads extend;
Here, cities found, and there, the herds attend.
Give to the poor, oppress by want, to know
What sure reliefs from peace, and labour flow.
Our fields t'enclose, our manufactures raise;
And serve their country in a thousand ways.
Still serve their life, and faithful to command,
Purpos'd no more to leave their native land.
Still see, my Lord, immortal in applause,
The blest effects of sacred Freedom's laws.
In thy own Britain all its charms behold;
Those charms, which Britain never gave, nor sold.
And while o'er Parliaments you here preside,
With no mean views, no sordid hopes, or pride;
Support our liberties, our wants deplore;
And, all the blessings lost, endeavour to restore.
Incline to good, and all refrain from ill;
And, tho' a Viceroy, be a Patriot still.

SHORT EXTRACTS from LONDON, A
POEM, written in Imitation of the third
SATIRE of JUVENAL; and become re-
markable for having got to the Second Edition in
the Space of a Week.

HERE malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And there a female atheist talks you dead.
Since worth, my friend, in these degenerate days,
Gives ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In these curst walls, devote to vice and gain;
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant, me kind heav'n, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace.
(6) Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Exploit their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
(7) Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warb'ling eunuchs fill our silenc'd stage,
And sell to servitude a thoughtless age.
(8) But what, my friend, what hopes remains
For me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can spy the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or tinge a virgin's innocence away.
(9) How may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
I never knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Am deem'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
And unregarded, unlamented die.
(10) For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

(11) Cedamus Patria: vivant Arturii istic
Censurus: manent qui Nigrum in Candida vertunt.
(12) Quis facile est Adem conducere, &c.
(13) Sed Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: —
(14) Qui nunc diligitur nisi conficiat? —
(15) Quis erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Sibi potest.

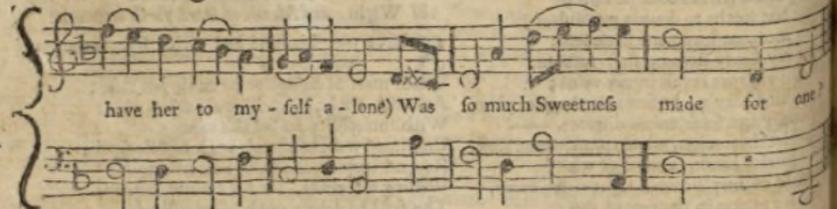
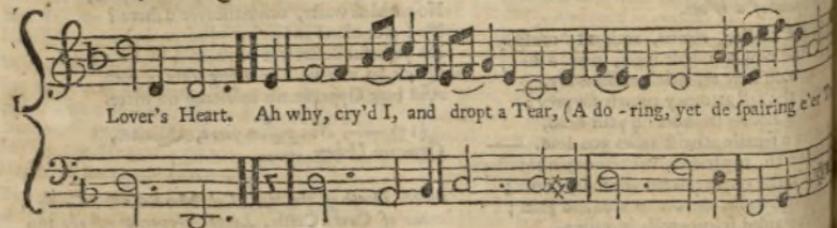
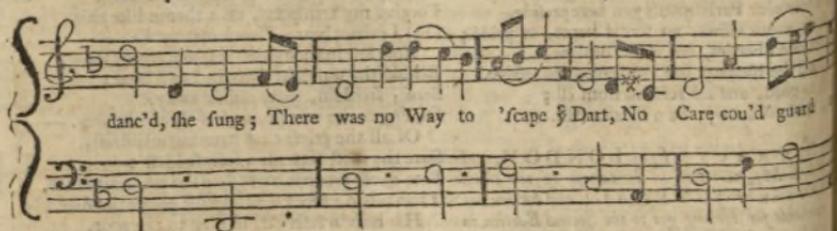
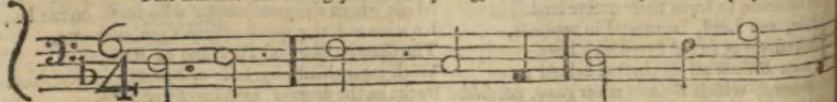
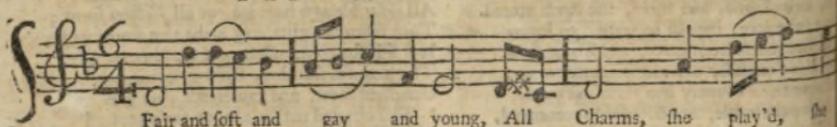
But thou, should tempting villainy present
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* spent;
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unfilled fame, and conscience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see!
Mark whom the great cares, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The Common Store of *Paris* and of *Rome*,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports, on a theme like this,
(13) I cannot bear a *French* metropolis. —
Now lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety refin'd away,
Of *France* the mimic, and of *Spain* the prey. —
Of all the griefs that harass the distress,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has heav'n reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.

(13) — Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem.
On the Death of the Hon. Col. MORGAN, Govern-
or of Cows Castle, Titul. Governor of the Isle
of Wight, and Memb. of Parl. for Yarmouth.
SCARCE o'er his head had twice five summers
pass'd,
When mart al discipline he made his taste;
And oft, ere he himself could call a mart,
With intrepidity he led the van.
Untainted were his hands with hostile spoils,
Reward inglorious of the warrior's toils!
Willing and ready, for his country's good,
The field to deluge with his vital blood.
So pure his diction, ev'ry soul was fir'd;
His converse sought by all, by all admir'd;
In temper mild, his face like angels fair,
Here sat the graces, and a calm was there.
No bribes his well-fix'd heart would ever bend,
A virtuous lover, and the firmest friend.
Such *Morgan* was — but ah! he's now no more,
Death triumphs o'er him as his conqueror,
A conquest o'er his mortal part has won,
But to heav'n's king his soul immortal's gone.
OPHELIA.

EPIGRAM.
CRIES *Calia* to a waggish mortal; Know,
All is not gold that makes a glitt'ring show.
True, cries the wag; thy face would be no snare,
But for deceitful colours painted there. M. W.

Nulli Fortuna fidem præstat.
EPIGRAM on a late Occasion.
SURE! all events capricious Fortune guides;
And o'er all human counsels still presides;
Else, since Sir Robert has been pleas'd to marry,
Who would have thought his lady could miscarry?
BOLUS.

THE INCONSTANT.



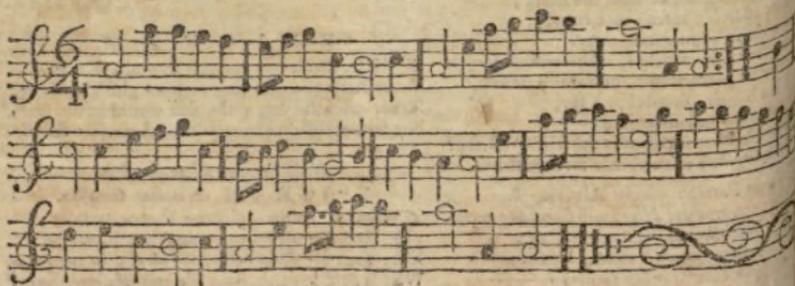
II.

But growing bolder in her Ear,
I in soft Numbers told my Care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal Heat:
Like Heav'n, too mighty to express,
My Joys cou'd be but known by guests;
Ah Fool, said I, what have I done!
To wish her made for more than one.

III.

But long I had not been in View,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms.
But she that once cou'd faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

F L U T E.



Æ N I G M A.

Work'd into shape by skillful art,
 Mindless of ought besides,
 Grateful I act my destin'd part,
 As my dictator guides.
 Strange composition, wond'rous frame,
 Aukward in ev'ry feature;
 I challenge all the world to name
 Such a deformed creature.
 Sometimes, in native drefs, I'm seen
 In many a peasant's cot;
 When nature wears a look serene,
 And gloom furrounds the grot.
 When Pheebus tips with gold the skies,
 I've seldom much to do;
 But when his beamy splendor dies,
 My labours strait ensue.
 The man's esteem'd a busy fool,
 (This my dire or knows)
 Who makes me break the gen'ral rule,
 The day's for my repose.
 Sometimes in glitt'ring coat array'd,
 I grace the lady's table;
 To act, without assisting aid,
 Still utterly unable.
 Strange! I possess two monstrous eyes,
 Each void of human sight;
 Fix'd on my small supporting thighs,
 And open to the light.
 But if a monarch (pray excuse me)
 For his advantage plies me;
 With thumb and finger, to abuse me,
 He more than half diseyes me.
 A head of monstrous size I wear,
 A mouth, almost as large,
 Open, and imbogues provision there,
 Which soon demands discharge.
 Far on my front appears my nose,
 Slender and sharp at top;
 Not *Scepter*-like, my patron knows,
 To need a chinny prop.
 Black as the shades of night my food,
 By night my chief employ;
 Strange incoherence! understood
 The spring of lightfome joy.
 Clammy and hot my food I take,
 Yet for no selfish cause;
 And when my agent bids, I shake
 It from my opening jaws.
 Head, mouth and nose, but ne'er a tongue,
 (Believe the wondrous scene)
 At distance from my eyes are hung,
 With only thighs between.
 Hideous compofure, call'd a pair,
 Yet in my frame but one;
 Ye wond'ring nymphs and swains declare
 My name, as yet unknown.

CLAUDIAN.

Æ N I G M A.

In diff'rent regions diff'rent is my name,
 I rove, and change; another, yet the same.
 Constant to borrow, thoughtless how to pay,
 Like prodigals, I squander all away.
 As a female, and to curb my pride,
 By others of my sex, have one blind side,
 My locks are fair, my visage pale and wan,
 I turn against wedlock, yet I keep a man.
 I'm known a chastity! my midnight rounds I keep,
 And dearly love to kiss young men asleep;

I'm old and young, a prude, and yet a lover,
 A twin by birth, and have an elder brother;
 Physician he, to *Galens*' method true,
 Well skill'd in herbs, and some say min'rals too;
 But as these doctors seldom deal in grace,
 He fumes, and topos, and spoils a handsome face;
 Yet fond of ladies, oft in sportive joke,
 He pulls off *Chloe*'s tippet, hood and cloak;
 On her bare breast his am'rous fingers stray,
 And tarnish'd marks disclose the wanton play.
 Alack! to flowers how like is ev'ry maid!
 Touch them they wither, and with handling fade.
 My whole expeance this brother does sustain,
 But yet one house could never hold us twain:
 Kind at a distance; if we meet, beware,
 Hostile we threaten, and for war prepare.
 He burns my cap, and stung with female spite
 His eyes I tear, and aim to blind him quite,
 Women and children sicken at the sight:
 But fury quickly spent, we end the fray,
 Shake hands and kifs, and peaceful march away.

J. A.

A Letter was sent long since to this Author, to be left according to the Directions given.

In Obitum GEORGII Principis DANIE.
 Autore HENRICO ALDRICH, S. T. P.

DUM mæstra Oxoniæ properant tibi carmina
 vates,

Et lugubre parat turba novena melis;
 Accipe & hæc, Regina, novi monumenta doloris,
 Quæ tristi obsequio fert, mea cura, domus.
 Ille cui conjors ibalanti fidelissimus, heu! jam
 Non tuus, in gelido volentur umbra toro:
 Hospite quo nostri quondam exultare Penates,
 Frustra polliciti longius ire dies.
 Lævium nunc urget opus Parnassia turba,
 Et querulum ingrato murmure stridet ebur.
 Quam mallet lætium populo Pæana canenti
 Musa sequax plausus inseruisse suos!
 Vellet casta tori servantem jura maritum
 Dicere, & innotat tempus in omne fidem:
 Ut tibi perpetuo comes indivulsus adhaesit;
 Et quæ necit Hymen vincula, strinxit Amor.
 Ut Britonos sibi junxit, amatus amansque, vicissim,
 Pene suos visus posthabuisse Laves.
 Ut tibi ad auxilium præfens, ut ad ardua promptus,
 Seu pacis studium, seu velle arma sequi.
 Ut res firmavit Britonum, & Neptunia regna
 Imperio asseruit, priscaque jura maris,
 Hæc voluit pia Musa — sed obstat Parca volenti,
 Mutatoque jubet poetine flere lyram.
 Tu tamen, Anna, salus Britonum, tu dulce tuorum
 Solamen, vacuam mitte doloris open.
 Æthereas adit ebarus tibi Georgius arces,
 At, solum vel adhuc qui tuantur, habes;
 Incolumes superant tua dum tutela Britanni,
 Nec deerit vindex dextra, nec alter amor.

The LOGICAL WAREHOUSE:
 Occasioned by an Auctioneer's having the Ground-
 floor of the Oratory in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Dissimili domus una duos tenet arte tumentes;
 Præcones ambo, Nummus utriusque Deus.
 Quæris, Quis prior est fama meritique; Superna
 Cui pars verbosæ, vel datur ima, domus?
 Supra Præco Dei — strepit infra Præco Bonorum:
 Hic Bonus quis opus est venditatur. ILLE SENIUS.
 PHILOLOGUS.

FORTUNE.

Nullam Numen habes, si sit Prudentia, sed te Nos facimus, Fortunam, Deam, caelique locamus.

Whate'er we think on't, fortune's but a toy;
Which cheats the soul with empty shows
A mere ideal creature of the brain,
That reigns the idol of the mad and vain;
Deludes their senses with a fair disguise,
And sets an airy bliss before their eyes.
But when they hope to grasp the glitt'ring prey,
Th' instable phantom vanishes away.

So vap'ry fires mislead unwary swains,
Who rove benighted o'er the dewy plains.
Drawn by the faithless meteor's glimm'ring ray,
Thro' devious paths, and lonely wilds they stray;
Too late convinc'd their sad mistake deplore,
And find their home more distant than before.
Could mortals learn to limit their desires,
Little supplies what nature's want requires;
Content affords an inexhausted store,
And void of that a monarch's wealth is poor.

Grant but ten thousand pounds, *Phalaris* cries,
That happy sum would all my wants suffice.
Propitious pow'rs the golden blessing sent,
But with his wealth, his wishes too augment.
With anxious care he pines amidst his store,
And starves himself to get ten thousand more.

Ambition's charms *Poleitimus* inspire,
A treat'ner's staff the pitch of his desire:
The staff he gains, yet murmurs at his fate,
And longs to shine first minister of state.

A coach and four employ'd *Cosmelia's* cares,
For which she hourly worried heav'n with pray'rs.
Did this when gain'd her restless temper fix?
No, she still prays. --- For what? --- A coach
and six.

Thus when thro' fortune's airy rounds we stray,
Our foot-steps rove from nature's certain way;
Thro' endless labyrinths of error run,
And by the fond delusions are undone;
Still vainly reaching at a transient bliss,
Pursue the shadow, and the substance miss:
Till after all our wand'ring schemes we find
That true content dwells only in the mind.
Those joys on no external aid depend;
But in ourselves begin, and there must end.
From virtue only those delights must flow,
Which neither wealth nor titles can bestow.

A soul, which uncorrupted reason sways,
With calm indiff'rence fortunes gifts surveys.
If providence an affluent store denies,
Its own intrinsic worth that want supplies.
Disdains by vicious actions to acquire
That glitt'ring trifle vulgar minds admire.
With ease to heav'n's superior will resigns,
Nor meanly at another's wealth repines.
Firmly adheres to virtue's steady rules,
And scorns the sickle deity of fools.

ELIZA.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΣΤΗΝ.

Δαιμονι, ημεις μιν χειρι τον Κυριον εομεν
H de Adm' ημιν καταφρονουσα παρη.

Επισσα.

L A T I N E. (Vid. p. 210.)

Laudatque Veneris precat, O precat, esse dolose!
Sola adit studiis Pallas omnia meis.

The ENGLISHMAN'S WISH.

FROM bad health, and bad weather, and poor
dull strife;

From an insolent mistress, and a troublesome wife;
From the kindred of such (or by father or mother)
Who most wisely delight in the plaguing each other;
From noisy companions, and brew'd tavern wine;
From the wretch who can cant whilst he milks
designs:

From the dealers in wit, full of scandal and lies;
From a friend who betrays whilst he seems to advise;
From hermaphrodite touper, and smart female rake;
From your haughty grandees who a kicking
take:

From a wrong-headed race of mean narrow-
fools,

Who are fond of their fleecers, and proud of being
From curses like these, if kind heav'n defend us;
I will never complain of the fortune it sends me;
May good sense and good nature be my honest
And I envy not great ones the millions they raise.

The IRISHMAN'S WISH.

An *Englishman* wish! what the D---
They have what they please, while they
closely pursue

The trade of beef, wool, manufactures and fishing;
And Ireland is left the whole trade of free-
As Ireland (tho' poor) is a kingdom to me,
From several follies I wish it was free.

The folly of wearing cloths, druggets, or kerchiefs;
Or any thing woollen imported o---ver seas;
Whilst our own *Irish* wool (from the fleeces,
comb

Exported) might be manufactur'd at home.
The folly of bringing great folks to our table,
And treating above what we're decently able;
Tho' we know all the thanks we will get for
pains,

Is, they'll still bleed us on, while a symptom
The folly of raising up rents to a height,
That the tenant must break for the landlord's
light;

Whilst all his advantage will scarcely procure
Twelve flasks of a night, or twelve nights
wh---

The folly of pride; for we're always allow'd
To be, first proud of nothing; then, proud of
proud.

Of brandy, or wine, I could wish to have none;
Whether genuine or brew'd from the *Lagen*
Garvine.

Were we but as wise as we're poor, I should think
Good beer, ale, and whiskey, might serve us
drink.

To mend all these follies, I wish they would try
And if they won't do't,---let them perish.

N. B. PHILO-TENDER-SEX is desired
turn to our Magazine for October, 1735,
543, and be will see himself already obliged to
E. H. may see we have had T. WHITFIELD'S
Letter, p. 326, VOL. V.

Our Poetical and other Correspondents, who
think their Pieces neglected, we hope, will have
tience till we have inserted the Poem on the DIVINE
ATTRIBUTES; especially if they consider
long they have been deferred.



Historical Chronicle, 1738.

M A Y.

Thursday, 4

THE House of Lords waited on his Majesty at St James's with the following Address.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

WE your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects, the Lords spiritual and temporal in Parliament assembled, having taken into our serious Consideration the many unjust Violences and Depredations committed by the Spaniards upon the Persons, Ships, and Effects, of divers of your Majesty's Subjects in America, have come to the following Resolutions, which we beg leave in the humblest Manner to lay before your Majesty, for your Royal Consideration, viz.

I. Resolved, That the Subjects of the Crown of Great Britain have a clear and undoubted Right to navigate in the American Seas, to and from any Part of his Majesty's Dominions; and for carrying on such Trade and Commerce as they are justly entitled unto in America; and also to carry all Sorts of Goods and Merchandizes, or Effects, from one Part of his Majesty's Dominions to any other Part thereof; and that no Goods, being so carried, are by any Treaty subsisting between the Crowns of Great Britain and Spain, to be deemed or taken as contraband or prohibited Goods, and that the searching of such Ships on the open Seas, under Pretence of carrying contraband or prohibited Goods, is a Violation and Infraktion of the Treaties subsisting between the two Crowns.

II. Resolved, That it appears to this House, that as well before, as since the Execution of the Treaty of Scville, on the Part of Great Britain, divers Ships and Vessels, with their Cargoes belonging to British Subjects, have been violently seized and confiscated by the Spaniards, upon Pretences altogether unjust and groundless; and that many of the Sailors on board such Ships, have been injuriously, and barbarously imprisoned and ill treated; and that thereby the Liberty of Navigation and Commerce belonging to his Majesty's Subjects, by the Law of Nations, and by Virtue of the Treaties subsisting between the Crown of Great Britain and Spain, hath been unwarrantably infringed and interrupted, to the great Loss and Damage of

our Merchants, and in direct Violation of the said Treaties.

III. Resolved, That it appears to this House, that frequent Applications have been made, on the Part of his Majesty, to the Court of Spain, in a Manner the most agreeable to Treaties, and to the Peace and Friendship subsisting between the two Crowns, for redressing the notorious Abuses and Grievances before mentioned, and preventing the like for the future, and for obtaining adequate Satisfaction to his injured Subjects; which, in the Event, have proved entirely fruitless, and of no Effect.

We think it our Duty, on this important Occasion, humbly to represent to your Majesty, That we are most sensibly affected with the many and grievous Injuries and Losses sustained by your Majesty's trading Subjects, by Means of these unwarrantable Depredations and Seizures; and to give your Majesty the strongest and most sincere Assurances, That in case your friendly and powerful Instances for procuring Restitution and Reparation to your injured Subjects, and for the future Security of their Trade and Navigation, shall fail of having their due Effect and Influence upon the Court of Spain, and shall not be able to obtain that real Satisfaction and Security, which your Majesty may in Justice expect; we will zealously and cheerfully concur in all such Measures as shall become necessary for the Support of your Majesty's Honour, the Preservation of our Navigation and Commerce, and the common Good of these Kingdoms.

His Majesty's most Gracious ANSWER.

My Lords,

I AM sensibly touch'd with the many Hardships and Injuries sustained by my trading Subjects in America from the Cruelties and unjust Depredations of the Spaniards. You may be assured of my Care to procure Satisfaction and Reparation for the Losses they have already suffered, and Security for the Freedom of Navigation for the future; and to maintain to my People the full Enjoyment of all the Rights to which they are entitled by Treaty and the Law of Nations.

I doubt not but I shall have your Concurrence for the Support of such Measures as may be necessary for that Purpose.

Saturday, 13.

Mr Haines, Printer of the *Crafterman*, was brought to the King's-Bench Bar, Westminster, and received Sentence for printing a Libel in that Paper of July 2 last, viz. That he be closely imprison'd for one Year, pay a Fine of 200 l. and find Security for his good Behaviour for seven Years.

Monday, 15.

The Barons of the Exchequer determined the great Cause between the *East-India Company* and Mr Nash, on an Information for importing Gold, (See VOL. VI. p. 109) and gave Judgment for Mr. Nash against the Company.

Saturday, 20.

Sessions ended at the *Old Bailey*, when 5 Men received Sentence of Death, viz. 1 for the Highway, 1 for a Robbery on Constitution Hill in *St James's Park*, 2 for private Robberies, whereof one was a Note for 500 l. and the last for forging a Note of 75 l. and receiving the Money.

His Majesty gave the Royal Assent to the following Bills, viz. *The Land-Tax Bill*. That for granting Two Millions for 1738, and paying the Bank a Million for redeeming an Annuity of 40,000 l. For explaining an Act for Application of the Forfeited Estates of late E. of Derwentwater and Charles Radcliffe. An Act to empower the Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen to set a Price on Sea-Coals for one Year. To enforce the Execution of the *GIN-Act*. To secure the Payment of Rents, and prevent Frauds by Tenants. To indemnify Persons who have omitted to qualify themselves for Offices, read Prayers, and make the Declarations and Subscriptions required within the Times limited by Law, and for allowing further Time for those Purposes. For allowing further Time for Inrolment of Deeds and Wills made by Papists, and for Relief of Protestant Purchasers, Devisees and Lessees. For Relief of such Prisoners for Debt as have by unavoidable Accidents lost the Benefit of the Act passed the last Session for the Relief of insolvent Debtors; and for the Indemnity of such Sheriffs and Goalers as have incurred any Penalties on account of such Prisoners not being discharged; and for extending the Benefit of the said Act to Creditors, whose Debtors were committed to Prison since Jan. 1, 1730, and were detained there on Jan. 1, 1736, and have chose to continue there. An Act to continue an Act for the better Regulation of Lestage and Ballastage on the River Thames. For building a Bridge cross the Thames, from the Wooltiple, Westminster, to the oppo-

site Shore, For better regulating the Manufacture of Narrow Woollen-Cloths in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. For repairing the Harbour of Dover, and restoring that of Rye. For recovering and securing the Harbour of Minehead, Somersethire. For making a Dock or Basin at Liverpool. To two Acts for draining certain Fens in Lincolnshire, and the Isle of Ely. For rebuilding the Parish-Church of All-Saints in the City of Worcester. For finishing the Church of St Mary Rotherhith, and purchasing an additional Burial-Ground. For rebuilding the Parish-Church of Christ-Church, Surrey. To continue the Duty of two Pennies Scots on each Pint of Beer or Ale sold in the Town of Inverness in Scotland. To vest the Estate of Hugh Nailth, Esq; (late escaped out of the Fleet) in Trustees for the Benefit of his Creditors. For the more effectual Securing the Payment of certain Sums of Money, directed by an Act of Q. Elizabeth, to be paid by the Treasurers of the Counties of England and Wales, for the Relief of the Prisoners in the King's-Bench and Marshalsea. For punishing such as shall injure any in their Persons or Properties, with intent to hinder the Exportation of Corn. An Act to explain an Act for rebuilding St Leonard's Church, Shoreditch. To continue two Acts for encouraging the Growth of Coffee, and securing the Trade of the Sugar Colonies in America. For enlightening the Streets, &c. in the Parish of Christ-Church, Middlesex. To amend an Act for preventing Inconveniencies that may happen by Privilege of Parliament. To secure the Estates of Papists turning Protestants against Disabilities, and for the more effectual vesting in the two Universities the Presentations of Benefices belonging to Papists. To 6 Road Acts, and to 27 private Bills. Then made the following gracious Speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

IT is with great Satisfaction I observe, that the Temper and Moderation, which I recommended to you at the opening of this Session, have been so well preserved thro' the general Course of your Proceedings; and that, from a due Regard to Me, and My Honour, you have avoided all unnecessary Occasions of Heats and Animosities, and made the Interest of your Country the principal Object of your Care and Consideration.

H Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I return you My Thanks for the Supplies which you have so cheerfully and effectually raised for the Service of the current Year. The Provision you have made to answer all Emergencies, which may become necessary in Vindication of the Honour and Interest

of My Crown and People, is a great Proof of your Zeal and Concern for the Welfare and Prosperity of the Nation: and shall be employed by Me in such a Manner, as may best conduce to those Ends and Purposes, for which you have so readily consented to this extraordinary Expence.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Agreeably to what hath appeared to be the concurrent Opinion of both Houses of Parliament, I have given Orders to repeat, in the strongest and most pressing Manner, My Instances at the Court of Spain, for obtaining Satisfaction for the many Injuries and Losses sustained by My trading Subjects in America, as well as an effectual Security of their Rights for the future; and I hope from the Justice and Equity of the Catholick King to procure such Satisfaction and Security, as may preserve the Peace, and establish a free and uninterrupted Exercise of Navigation and Commerce, mutually between the Subjects of both Crowns, pursuant to Our Treaties, and the Law of Nations.

After this both Houses were prorogued to the 27th of July.

Monday, 22.

Admiral Haddock with his Squadron of 10 Men of War, &c. Sailed from Spithead for the Mediterranean. The Ships mention'd in our List are for the W. Indies.

Wednesday, 24.

This Morning between 6 and 7 the Princess of Wales was happily deliver'd of a Prince at Norfolk House St James's Square, the Archbishop of Canterbury being present. At 5, Lord Baltimore was sent to Kensington to acquaint his Majesty that the Princess was in Labour, and about 8 the Marquis of Carnarvon was sent in State to notify to his Majesty her Royal Highness's Delivery, and the good State the Princess and her Son were in.

Mrs Cannon of Fernin-street, laid her Royal Highness, who the Evening before had been walking with the Prince in St James's Park. The same Day the newborn Prince was very ill, and at 11 at Night was privately baptiz'd by the Bp of Oxford by the Name of GEORGE; but next Day was much better, and her Royal Highness in a fair Way.

21 DAY, 26.

The Lord Mayor, Recorder, several Aldermen, and the Sheriffs waited on his Majesty with their Compliments of Congratulation on the Birth of the young Prince, were most graciously receiv'd and had the Honour to kiss his Majesty's Hand. Eight Malefactors were executed at Tyburn, 5 for the Highway, 2 for

coining, and one for enlisting Men for the K. of Prussia.

Wednesday, 31.

Mr Drummond has receiv'd towards making Mrs Stephens's Medicines publick (See p. 218 E) to May 8. 720 l. 8 s. 6 d.

Near Pullhely in Carnarvonsh. a Woman aged 72, was lately delivered of a Son, and both like to do well; and at Lawrin in Montgomery, a Woman was delivered of 3 Sons at a Birth, and all living.

This Month and the last, divers Offenders in counterfeiting the Banks of Members of both Houses of Parliament were taken into Custody of the Serjents at Arms, and some of them Committed to Newgate.

Dublin. George Manley, lately executed at Wicklow for Murder, behaved in a strange and undaunted Manner; and at the Tree spoke thus:

My Friends,

YOU assemble to see—What?—A Man take a Leap into the Abyss of Death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much Courage as *Curisus*, when he leapt into the Gulph to save his Country from Destruction.—What then will you see of me?—You say, that no Man without Virtue can be courageous.—You see I am courageous.—You'll say, I have killed a Man.—*Marlborough* killed his Thousands, and *Alexander* his Millions:—*Marlborough* and *Alexander*, and many others who have done the like, are famous in History for Great Men.—But I killed one solitary Man.—Ay, that's the Case.—One solitary Man.—I'm a little Murderer, and must be hanged. *Marlborough* and *Alexander* plundered Countries.—They were Great Men, I ran in Debt with the Ale-wife, I must be hanged.

—Now, my Friends, I have drawn a Parallel between two of the Greatest Men that ever lived, and myself; but these were Men of former Days. Now I'll speak a Word of some of the present Days: How many Men were lost in *Italy*, and upon the *Rhine*, during the last War, for settling a King in *Poland*! Both Sides could not be in the Right; they are Great Men; but I killed a solitary Man, I'm a little Fellow. The King of *Spain* takes our Ships, plunders our Merchants, kills and tortures our Men; but what of all that? What he does is good; he's a Great Man, he is clothed in Purple, his Instruments of Murder are bright and shining, mine was but a rusty Gun; and so much for Comparison.

—Now I would fain know, what Authority there is in Scripture for a rich Man

to murder, to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole Countries; and what Law it is, that condemns a poor Man to death for killing a solitary Man, or for stealing a solitary Sheep to feed his Family. But bring the Matter closer to our own Country: What is the Difference between running in a poor Man's Debt, and by the Power of Gold, or any other Privilege, preventing him from obtaining his Right, and clapping a Pistol to a Man's Breast, and taking from him his Purse? Yet the one shall thereby obtain a Coach, and Honours, and Titles, &c. The other—What?—A Cart and a Rope.

—From what I have said, *my Brethren*, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened: But believe me, I am fully convinced of my Follies, and acknowledge the just Judgment of GOD has overtaken me; I have no Hopes, but from the Merits of my Redeemer, who I hope will have Mercy on me, as he knows that Murder was far from my Heart, and what I did was thro' Rage and Passion, being provoked thereto by the Deceased.

—Take Warning, *my dear Comrades*: Think! O think!—What would I now give, that I had lived another Life.

A LIST of BIRTHS for the Year 1738.

May 1. Viscountess Falkland deliver'd of a Daughter.

27. Bp of Norwich's Lady—of a Son.

29. Wife of *Tho. Sawen*, Esq;—of a Son.

A LIST of MARRIAGES for the Year 1738.

April 28. THE Princess Royal of Poland marry'd by Proxy to Don Carlos King of Naples and Sicily.

30. Robert Murray, Esq; Nephew to the D. of Arbol,—to Miss Murray, of Durham.

Walter Moore, Esq; of Oxford, Suffolk,—to Miss Hill, Niece to Visc. Hillsborough, with 7000*l.*

MAY 1. John Conyers, Esq; of the Cliff, Sussex,—to Mrs Abercromby, a Widow, with 3000*l.*

6. John Crewe, jun. Esq; Member for Cheshire,—to Miss Eliz. Shuttleworth, Daughter of Richard Shuttleworth, Esq; Member for Lancashire, with 20,000*l.*

9. John Tempest, Esq; of Durham,—to Miss Shuttleworth, eldest Daughter of the said Rich. Shuttleworth, Esq;

10. Tho. Pelham, jun. Esq; Member for Hastings, Sussex,—to Miss Gould of Hackney, an Heiress of 40,000*l.*

11. Henry Visc. Palmerston,—to the Lady Fryer, Relict of Sir John Fryer, Bt, and Alderman of London.

12. Tho. Revel, Esq; Commissioner of

the Victualling-Office, and Member for Dover,—to Miss Egerton, Niece to the D. of Bridgewater.

Rev. Mr Clavering (lately)—to Miss Hawkins of Simsbury, Dorsetshire, Sister to the late Incumbent of that Place valu'd at 600*l.* per Ann. the Presentation to which, being fallen to her by his Death, she gave with herself and 1500*l.* in Specie, to the said Reverend Gentleman.

18. Walter Cary, Esq; Member for Dartmouth,—to Miss Collins, Niece to Sir Francis Child, with 30,000*l.*

19. John Smith, Esq; Clerk to the Commissioners of Sewers,—to Widow Watkins, with 500*l.* per Ann. Jointure.

21. David Fotherby, Esq;—to Miss Bowler of Houslow.

23. Humphreys Ram, Esq;—to Miss Hawkins only Daughter of Serjeant Hawkins, 5000*l.*

26. Tho. Franks, Esq;—to the Relict of John Stonehouse, of Southampton, Esq;

27. Sir Bryan Broughton, Bt,—to Miss Forester, Daughter of Wm Forester, Esq; Member for Great Wenlock, Shropshire, with upwards of 10,000*l.*

A LIST of DEATHS for the Year 1738.

April 3. DIED at Brickwall, in the County of Sussex, Thomas Frewin, Esq; aged 50. He was a Gentleman of most excellent Parts, polite Behaviour, and good Sense; a devout Christian, a good Subject, a fond Husband, a tender Father, and a sincere Friend: And to sum up all his Character in Life, might justly be called a thorough Honest Man. He was possist of a very plentiful Fortune, which devolves to his only Son, lately come of Age; a Gentleman, of good learning, affable, and sincere.

28. Charles Bagot, Esq; Member for Staffordshire in 1710.

30. Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, Visc. Howard of Morpeth, Baron Dacre of Gillsland, one of the Privy Council, Lord Lieut. of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Governor of Carlisle, &c. In 1708 he was a Commissioner of the Union Treaty with the Scots, and on the Death of the Queen one of the Regents chosen by K. George I. till his Arrival from Hanover. He is succeeded by his Son Charles Visc. Morpeth, Member for Morpeth.

MAY 1. Tho. Exelby, Esq; Justice of Peace, in Spittlefields.

2. George Manley, Esq; Justice of Peace for Bedfordshire.

3. Hon. Mrs Fienes, Sister to Viscount Say and Seal.

Sir James Wood, Bt, eldest Major General in the Service, and Col.

Scotch Reg. of Foziliers. He had serv'd in all the Wars of Flanders with great Ability, and was made Governor of *Dendermend* by the Duke of *Mariborough*.

4. *J. Lightboun*, Esq; Master in *Chancery*. *Wm Newland*, Esq; Member of Parliament for *Gatton*, in *Surrey*.

Rich. Aldworth, Esq; Commissioner for Taxes, Yeoman of the *Jewel-Office*, Lieut. and Verderor of *Windsor Forest*, and Justice of Peace for *Middlesex, Wilts, Berks*, and *Oxfordshire*.

5. *Mifs Bacon*, Daughter of *Sir Edm. Bacon*, Kt of the Shire for *Norfolk*, of the Small Pox.

Sir Robt Jason, Bt, (lately) in *Worcester*. *Loftus Brightwell*, Esq; at *Padworth*, *Berks*.

12. *Hon. Edw. Mantagu*, Esq; Brother to the E. of *Halifax*, Brig. Gen. and Col. of a Regiment of Foot.

13. *Dr Cotterell*, Doctor of the Civil Law, Brother to *Sir Clement Cotterell*, Master of the Ceremonies.

Sir John Cheshire, Kt, Serjeant at Law, and King's Prime Serjeant, suddenly, as he was going into his Coach; worth above 100,000*l.* all acquir'd by the Law.

16. *Thomas Maylin*, Esq; an eminent Brewer in *Southwark*, and Justice of P. Justice *Brown*, at *Iffington*, very rich.

18. Right Rev. *Dr Tho. Green*, Bishop of *Ely*; he was promoted to the See of *Norwich* from the Rectory of *St Martin's* in the Fields in 1721, and translated to *Ely* in 1725, on the Death of *Dr Fleetwood*.

20. *Leman Hutchins*, Esq; at *Chelsea*. 24. *Mary Viscountess Dow. Lanesborough*.

Tho. Wood, aged 106, Parish-Clerk of *Much Canfield, Essex*, 78 Years. He kept his Bed but one Day, and could see to read without Spectacles to the last.

27. *Sir Tho. Cross*, Bt, formerly Member for *Westminster* in several Parliaments. He is succeeded by his Son *John Cross*, Esq; Member for *Lestwithick, Cornwall*.

Gilbert Spearman, Esq; Com. *Durham*.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS for the Year 1738.

William Hay, Esq; Member for *Seaford, Sussex*, appointed a Commissioner of the *Valualling-Office*, in room of

George Crowle, Esq;—a Commissioner of the Navy, in room of *Ld Vere Beauclerk*.

Edmund Sawyer, Esq; of *Lincoln's Inn*,—a Master of *Chancery*, in room of *James Lightboun*, Esq; decd.

Dr Lidderdale,—Physician to the Fleet under Admiral *Haddock*.

Walter Cary, Esq;—a Clerk Comptroller of the Green Cloth, in room of *Robert Bristow*, Esq; decd.

Hon. Tho. Hervey, Esq;—Surveyor of the King's Gardens and Waters in room

of *Charles Dartiquenave*, Esq; decd.

E. of *Carlisle*,—Governor of *Carlisle*, and Ld Lieut. of the said County, in room of his Father E. of *Carlisle* decd.

Tho. Trevor, Esq;—Resident with the States General.

Mrs Collins,—Nurse to her Royal Highness, and

Mrs Smith of *Chelsea*,—Wet Nurse to the new-born Prince.

Sir Tho. Lumley Saunderson, Member of Parliament, and Brother to the E. of *Scarborough*,—Treasurer to the Prince in room of *Henry Arthur Herbert*, Esq; who resign'd.

Brig. Gen. *Anstruther*,—Governor of *Fort Philip* in *Minorca*.

Hon. Wm Lee, Esq; Governor of *Cape Coast Castle* in *Africa*.

Wm Bull, Esq;—Lieut. Governor of *S. Carolina*, in room of *Tho. Broughton*, Esq;

Capt. Hildersey,—Commander of the *Kent*, a 3d Rate newly put in Commission,

Capt. Crawford,—of the *Deptford*. *Lieut. Cosby*,—Capt. in *Irwin's Reg.* of Foot.

Alexander Garret, Esq;—Lieut. Col. of the Orange Reg. of Train'd Bands, under Col. *Micajah Perry*.

Capt. Lloyd,—Major in the 3d Troop of Life-guards, in room of Major *Besmet*, decd.

D. of *Marlborough*,—Governor of *Hull*, in room of Brig. Gen. *Montagu*, decd.

NEW MEMBERS, &c.

George Newland, Esq; L. L. D. and Master of *Gresham College*, elected for *Gatton, Surrey*, in room of his Brother.

Henry Farnese, Esq;—for *Morpeth*, in room of *Ld Morpeth*, now Earl of *Carlisle*.

George Crowle, Esq; rechosen for *Hull*, *Walter Cary*, Esq;—for *Dartmouth*.

Wm Hay, Esq;—for *Seaford*. *John Harris*, Esq;—for *Helfton*.

Tho. Hervey, Esq;—for *St Edmund's Bury*.

A LIST of Ecclesiastical PREFERMENTS.

Richard Chandler, Esq; made Chancellor of *Durham*.

Rev. Mr *Thorpe*, elected Preacher of *Dulwich College*.

John Audley, L. L. D. Vicar General of the Province of *York*, and Chancellor of that Diocese, appointed Deputy to *Tho. Stanley*, L. L. B. Official to the Archdeacon of *London*, in room of *Dr Cotterell* decd; a Place of great Trust, and considerable Profit.

Dr Butts, Bishop of *Norwich*, translated to the See of *Ely*.

Rev. Mr *Barton*, presented to the Rectory of *Sywell, Northamptonsh.* 140*l.* per An.

Dr Bland Dean of Durham, appointed Bp of *Norwich*.

STOCKS.

S. S. Stock 101 $\frac{1}{4}$
—Annu. 110 $\frac{1}{2}$
New Annu. 100 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per C. Ann. 105 $\frac{1}{2}$
S. S. Bonds 33s. pre.
Bank 142 $\frac{1}{4}$
—Circul. 62s. Pre.
Mil. Bank 123
India 173 $\frac{1}{2}$
—Bonds 6l. 16s.
African 14
Royal Aff. 110 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lon. ditto 14
7 p. C. Em. Loan 114 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 p. C. Ditto 101
Englsh Cop. 3l.
Welsh ditto 15s.

Monthly BILL of Mortality, from Apr. 25. to May 25.

Christned	Males 576	1168
	Femal. 592	
Buried	Males 886	1757
	Femal. 871	
Died under 2 Years old	528	
Between 2 and 5	162	
Between 5 and 10	60	
Between 10 and 20	60	
Between 20 and 30	182	
Between 30 and 40	198	
Between 40 and 50	179	
Between 50 and 60	169	
Between 60 and 70	93	
Between 70 and 80	76	
Between 80 and 90	36	
Between 90 and 100	11	
100 and 105	3	
	1757	

Buried.
 Within the walls 44
 Without the walls 71
 In Mid. and Sarry 71
 City and Sub. West. 31
 1757
 Weekly Burials.
 May 2. — 47
 9. — 46
 16. — 49
 23. — 48
 1757
 Peck Loaf, Wheat—21
 Wheat 30s. per Quar.
 Hay per load 51s.
 Best Hops 4l. 1s.
 Coals 25s. per Chaldron as
 by the Lord Mayor and
 Aldermen, pursuant to the
 new Act.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GENEVA, The 8th Instant N. S. a general Council was held here, wherein were read the Proposals of the Mediators, with which the Burghers had been acquainted some Days before. The Debate was whether to approve or reject the said Proposals. There were present 1410 who had Votes, and all consented, but 40. Upon which joyful Occasion immediate publick Thanksgiving was offer'd in all the Churches, &c. The Burghers are well satisfy'd, and all Parties at Variance reunited.

Constantinople. Prince Ragotski having caused Copies of his Treaty with the Porte to be deliver'd to every foreign Minister residing there, as likewise Letters to be sent to their respective Courts, the Marquis de Villeneuve and Sir Everard Fawkener refused to receive either the Copy of the Treaty or the Letter, alleging, that the Quality of Mediators, which their most Christian and Britannick Majesties had taken upon them between the Emperor and the Porte, did not permit them to receive a Copy of any such Treaty, nor any thing relating thereunto. M. Calkoen, Ambassador from Holland, not being so scrupulous, received both the Copy of the Treaty and the Letter, and sent them to the Hague, which he had no sooner done, but Count d'Ulfeldt having been informed of this Affair from Vienna, complained to the States General of the Conduct of M. Calkoen. Their High Mightinesses being of Opinion that their Ambassador had not acted in that Affair as he ought to have done, did not

make a publick Reading of either the Letter or the Treaty, resolv'd not to answer Prince Ragotski, and to write to M. Calkoen, to let him know that they very much disapproved of his Conduct on this Occasion; and that for the future he ought to have more Circumspection, and carefully to avoid taking such Steps, as might any ways embroil the Affairs of their High Mightinesses.

Petersburgh. The Ships that went from Archangel to seek the North-East Passage, are got to the River Lena, which lies as far to the Eastward of the Weygants Streights, as these are distant from Archangel; they winter'd at the Mouth of the Ob, and by the good Directions to see Lights at the Mouth of all the Rivers which empty themselves into the Northern Ocean, there is no doubt but they will accomplish their Design. This Passage to China and the E. Indies has been often attempted in vain by the Northern Trading Nations, at great Expence, and sometimes Loss of Lives, particularly by the English, in one of whose unfortunate Expeditions Sir Hugh Willoughby was frozen to Death with all his Crew on an Island since called by his Name.

Vienna. The Emperor has publish'd a Manifesto against Prince Ragotski, wherein he is proscribed, and a Reward of 10,000 Florins promised to whoever shall deliver him up alive, and 6000 Florins to whoever shall deliver him dead, bring his Head, or prove that he has killed him. —The Commissioners in Count Seckendorff's Affair have made their Report to the

the Emperor, and given their Opinion how he ought to be treated; but 'tis said the Emperor's Resolution will not be known till the End of the Campaign.

The *Turks* have attack'd and made themselves Masters of *Orsova*, after a brave Defence, in which the Commander, Major General Count *Miseroni*, a gallant Officer, was killed, with 400 Men. The Loss of the Infidels is said to be much greater; but by taking this Place they have open'd a Way to seize the Island of *Pega*, where was a Magazine. To add to this Misfortune, a Ship from hence laden with some thousands of Barrels of Flower has been cast away on the *Donube*.

Tetuan in *Barbary*, The Bashaw of this Place has suppress'd some Malecontent, and taken 3 of their Chiefs, one of whom being brought before him, thus harangued: "Bashaw *Hamet*, do not think because I am your Prisoner I am any way your Inferior, for I have been a Governor from my Youth, and we were both Subjects to the same Master, with this Difference, that my People were never tributary. I have fought with Princes, Blacks, and Bashaws, and never till now was overcome, which in part was considering in your Promises of Quarter and good Treatment. 'Tis for the Liberty of my People I am now in Bonds, and I would sacrifice 100 Lives for their Freedom." The Bashaw could bear no longer, but order'd him to be strangled.

Paris, We have this further Account of the Invention of *Monfieur de la Croix* for finding the Longitude, (See p. 223.) viz. He has form'd to himself a System, that as Geographers admit of 2 Poles, an Equator, and 2 Circles of Geographical Latitude, there may also be admitted 2 Poles, an Equator, and 2 Circles of Magnetic Latitude; and that the Compaſs Boxes, whose Needles are moved on the Vertical Plane, give a particular Inclination to each of the Latitudes. He uses this Supposition to find out the Opposition of the North Magnetic Pole, as well in Longitude as Latitude; and afterwards to find out the Inclinations belonging to each Degree of the Latitudes. After this, in order to find out the Longitude, he forms a Spherical Triangle, whose sides fix the Distance from the Spot of Residence, as well to the Pole of the World, as to the Magnetic Pole, and also the Distance from the latter Pole to the former, and when these Distances are ascertain'd by the Methods he prescribes, he infers that this must find out the Longitude of the Place.

The Theses for the Prizes propos'd by

the Royal Academy for 1740 are

1. *Magnum Iter ascendat, sed dat mihi Gloria Vires;*
Non jurvat ex facili lecta Corona jugo;
2. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est;*
3. *Exercitio Athleta valet;*

Gilan in *Persia*, We enjoy a perfect Tranquillity in the interior Parts of this great Empire; and the good Orders establish'd by the Sophy *Thamas Kouli Kan* are so punctually obey'd, that the Merchants, as well Foreigners as Natives, travel and trade without the least Danger: So that Plenty reigns every where, and Provisions are at a very moderate Price. All the Inhabitants of the Province of *Candahar* having submitted, it is likely that *Mery Islam*, the Nephew of the Defunct Ulurper *Meri Weis*, who commands in the Capital, will soon be oblig'd to acknowledge *Thamas Kouli Kan* for his Sovereign. There seems to be a good Understanding with *Russia*, but it is believ'd amongst us, that immediately after reducing the City of *Candahar*, *Thamas Kouli Kan* will turn his Arms anew against the Grand Signor, in order to oblige him to restore the City of *Babylon* to the Monarchy of *Persia*.

Bastia, The Deputies of the Malecontents are return'd from their Clans, and have reported, that the Community of *Nebio*, which is the Principal of the Island, and has signalized itself the most in the late Troubles, has submitted, and would immediately send Hostages, together with the Act of their Agreement to the Treaty of Accommodation concluded with the Count de *Boissieux*; so that the Troubles of *Corsica* now seem to be drawing to a happy Conclusion. In the previous Conferences, § Count represented to § Deputies § Odiouſness of Rebellion, and how impossible it was that § Projects formed in respect to the Royalty of the Baron de *Neuhoff* should succeed. The Deputies, assured him, that the *Corsicans* desired nothing more than to live in Peace. That whatever had been undertaken by them, had no other Tendency than to obtain a peaceable Government; and that if his most Christian Majesty would engage the Republick of *Genoa* to act towards them as Humanity should direct, the *Corsicans* might then perhaps overcome their Repugnance to submitting again to the Dominion of the Republick. And that in giving this Proof of their Consideration for the Crown of *France* and its Mediation, they hoped that his most Christian Majesty would, in order to secure the Conditions which should be granted them, consent that a Garrison of his Troops should be left in this City.

A REGISTER of BOOKS for MAY.

LONDON: A POEM, In Imitation of the third Satire of JUVENAL. The 2d Edition. Price 1 s. Printed for R. Dodsley. (See p. 269.)

2. The present State of Germany. In two Vols. 8vo. never before printed. Printed for C. Rivington. Price 10 s. 6 d.
3. An History of the memorable and extraordinary Calamities of Margaret of Anjou, Q. of England. By the Chev. Mich. Baudier. Taken from the original M. S. Printed for J. Roberts, Price 2 s. 6 d.
4. A Letter from a Merchant who has left off Trade, to a Member of Parliament, in relation to the British and Irish Manufacture of Linnen, &c. Printed for R. Willco. Price 1 s.
5. Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence display'd. Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops. Price 2 s. fitch'd.
6. A Word in Season; whether it is or is not our Happiness, that the sole Power of making War is in the King. Printed for T. Waite. Price 3 d.
7. Reasons for some Amendment in the present Practice of the Law. Printed for R. Amey. Price 6 d.
8. The Necessity of forming a perpetual Alliance against the exorbitant Power of the House of Bourbon; with the dangerous Consequences of accepting the Mediation of France. Printed for J. Willford, price 6 d.
9. Reasons offer'd to the Consideration of Parliament for preventing the Growth of Judaism. Printed for J. Brett. Price 6 d.
10. English Examples to Latin Syntax. By Mr. Leave. Sold by J. Noon, price 1 s.
11. A Miscellany of Mathematicks. By R. Locke. The 2d Edition, with large Additions. Sold by J. Willford, price 3 s. fitch'd.
12. M. Tullii Ciceronis Tusculanarum Disputationum Lib. V. Cum Commentario J. Davulji, &c. Editio Quarta. Cant. Prostant apud J. and P. Knapton. 8vo. price 6 s.
13. Treaty of Navigation and Commerce between Q. Anne and Philip V. of Spain, 1713. Sold by J. Roberts, price 1 s.
14. Calendarium five Scala Consequuntatis. In Latin and English. Printed for Ward and Chandler, price 1 s.
15. A Letter to the Society of Bookfellers; on the Method of fanning a true Judgment of Manuscripts. Printed for J. Millan, price 1 s.
16. An Oration on the Death of Prince Eugene of Savoy. By Don. Count Passionei, Archbishop of Ephesus, &c. Sold by T. Edlin and J. Willford, price 1 s. 6 d.
17. The Doctrine of Light, Sight, and Colours. By Mr. Place. price 1 s. 6 d. J. Roberts.
18. New Improvements and Observations on Mr. Boyle's Experiments concerning Colours. Printed for R. Gosling, price 1 s.
19. Observations on Poetry, especially the Epic, on Occasion of the late Poem on Leonidas. By Dr. Pemberton. Sold by J. Brotherton, J. Nourse, and R. Dodsley, price 2 s.
20. Pindar's Ode to Proserpina. By R. Crutenden. Printed for T. Cooper, price 1 s.
21. The Story of Inkle and Yarico. Attempted in Verse, by the Countess of ***** Printed for T. Cooper, price 1 s.
22. One Thousand Seven Hundred Thirty-

- Eight. By Mr. Pope. price 1 s. T. Cooper.
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24. That Part of the last Will and Testament of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; which relates to the Publick. Sold by T. Cooper, price 1 s.
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37. The Works of Samuel Clark, D. D. late Rector of St James's, Westminster. Printed for Knapton. In 4 Vols. Folio. Price 5 s.
38. An Answer to Mr Chubb's Book, entitled, The true Gospel of Jesus Christ. By a Sufferer for Truth. Price 6 d.
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[The Remainder to be in our next.]

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