

N<sup>o</sup> 165. Saturday, September 8.

————— *Si fortè neceſſe, eſt,*  
*Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis,*  
*Continget : labiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter.* Hor.

I Have often wiſhed, that as in our Conſtitution there are ſeveral Perſons whoſe Buſineſs it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be ſet apart as Super-intendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from paſſing among us ; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phraſes from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when thoſe of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent War has ſo adulterated our Tongue with ſtrange Words that it would be impoſſible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Poſterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News-Paper. Our Warriors are very induſtrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the ſame time that they are ſo gloriously ſucceſſful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of ſtrong Heads for Action, and perform ſuch Feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore ſend us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phraſes, which they learn among their conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and aſſiſted by our Foreign Miniſters, to tell their Story for them in plain *Engliſh*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publiſh the News of the preſent War in *Engliſh* Phraſes, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themſelves that Things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obſcurity : but the *Engliſh* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of thoſe Actions, which have raiſed their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired the better they are explained.

FOR

FOR my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know which Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications have been Foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battles which may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They must be made accessary to their own Disgrace, as the *Britons* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dryden* has translated that Verse in *Virgil*.

*Atque intertexti tollant aulaea Britanni.*

*Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,  
And shew the Triumph that their Shame displays.*

THE Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great modern Critick. I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often discovered the Posture of the *French*, and as often vanquished them in Battle. The *Black Prince* passed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by Means of those hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News-Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, enquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest Height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation; I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which



which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense: As the Letter was very modishly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

S I R,

UPON the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day Sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about a Quarter of an Hour's distance from the Army, who returned again to the Camp unobserved through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear in the publick Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the Good-fortune to be in that Regiment that pushed the *Gens d' Arms*. Several *French* Battalions, whom some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a Show of Resistance; but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Chartre Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without Number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *England*, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son, &c.

THE Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him, that his Son had sent him a  
Letter