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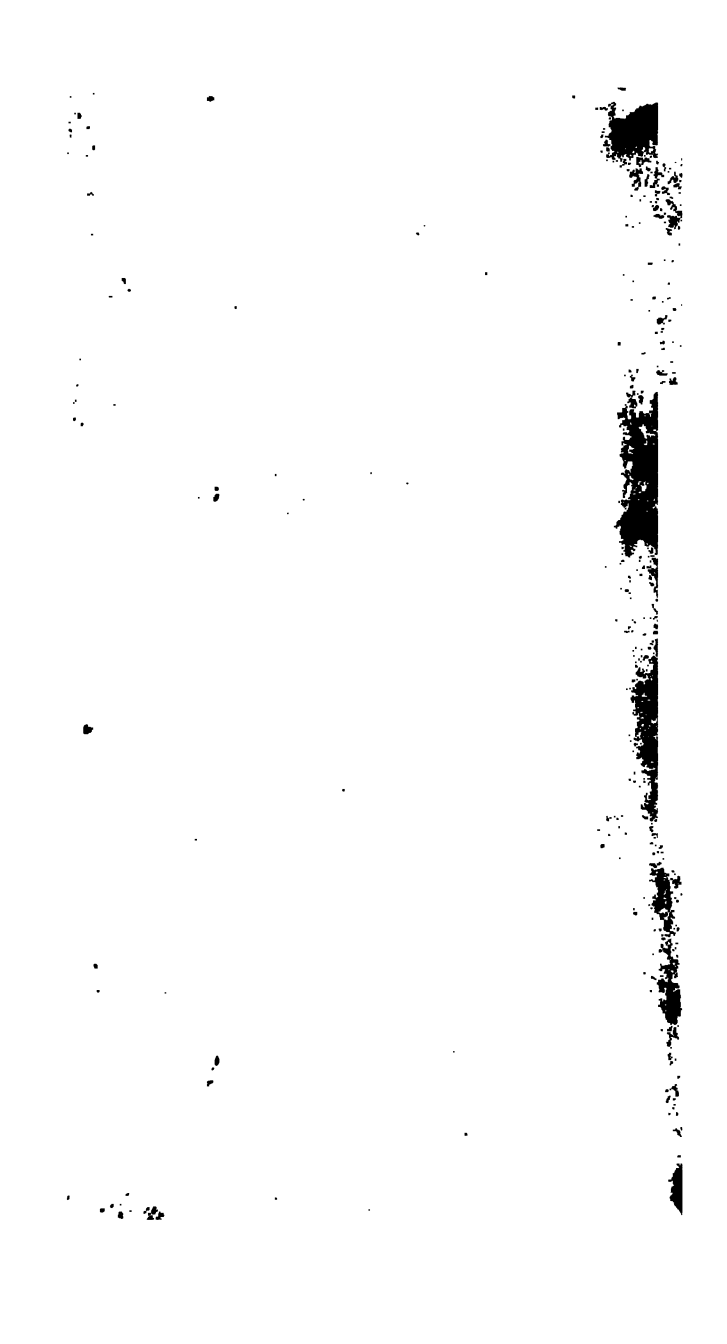
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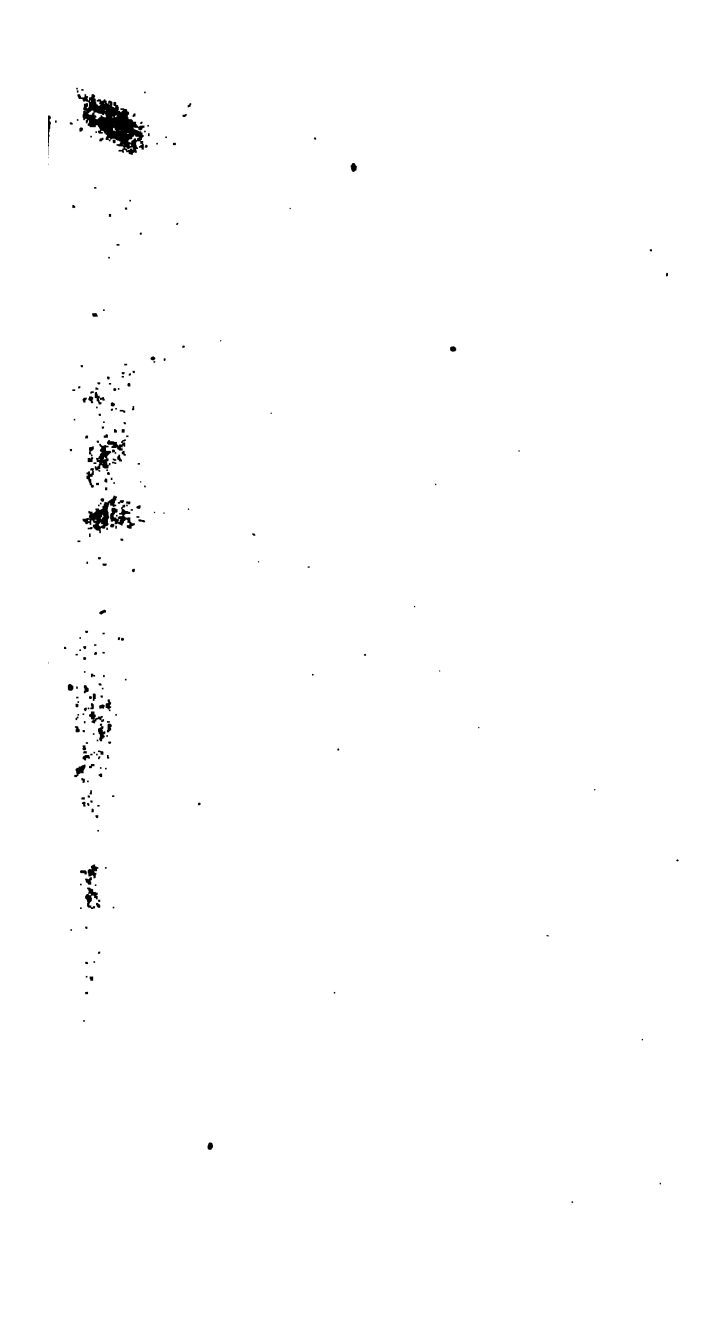
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THE  
MIDWIFE:

OR,

Old Woman's MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.



□ ש ת □ ש □

Rumgoufius, Vol. 32. P. 6741.

ΑΙΕΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΕΥΕΙΝ Κ' ὙΠΕΙΡΟΧΟΝ ΕΜΜΕΝΑΙ ΑΛΛΩΝ.

Hom.

— Non deficit alter  
Aureus & simili frondescit virga metallo.

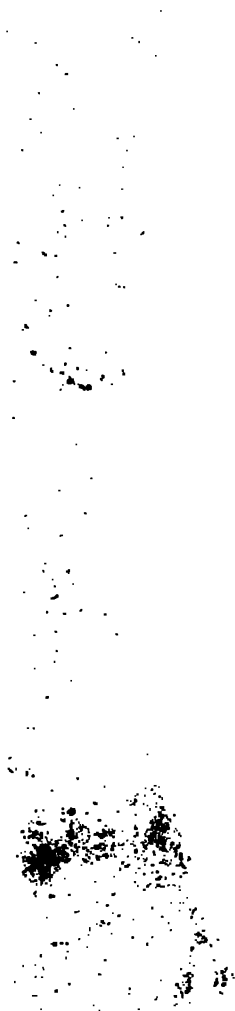
Virg.

As for my Works in Verse and Prose,  
Perhaps I am no Judge of those,  
Nor do I care what Critics thought 'em,  
But this I know, all People bought 'em.

Swift.

L O N D O N :

Printed for THOMAS CARNAN, at J. NEWBERY'S, the  
Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1751.



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# The MIDWIFE.

## NUMBER I.

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### V O L. II.

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*The genuine Memoirs and most surprising Adventures of a very unfortunate TYE-WIG.*

Communicated to Mrs. MIDNIGHT by the poor Sufferer.

**H**AVING some Business to transact with my good Friend Mr. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, I was the other Day tempted by a fine Morning, to quit my House in St. James's Place, without my Chariot, and fairly tramp it for the Benefit of my Health. But before I had reach'd one third Part of my Way, I was overtaken by a Shower, which obliged me to take Shelter in a cover'd Ailey; where I saw a Boy wiping a Gentleman's Shoes with a TYE-WIG, in order to prepare them for the Operations of the



Brush. "On this Sight, I cou'd not help contemplating what a Multitude and Variety of Circumstances this same Wig had pass'd thro' — and now, was I to follow the Example of the Writers of the last Century, I shou'd walk home peaceably, go to Bed, sleep soundly, and in the Morning write a *Vision* upon this Occasion. But, as it happens, that I have a superlative Contempt for those old canting Visionaries; I shall fairly and squarely, without Apology, Preface or Preamble, give my Reader the Memoirs of this TYE-WIG, which he very civilly and without Sollicitation deliver'd to me in the following Form of Words.

*Madam,*

“ YOU see before you one of the most un-  
 “ fortunate Pieces of Hair that ever possess-  
 “ sed the Capitol of the human Microcosm,” —  
 Here I cou'd not help interrupting his TYE-SHIP,  
 and desired him to proceed in a more intelligible,  
 and less pedantic Manner, which he thus did ac-  
 cordingly. “ Madam, you wou'd have excused  
 “ my Stile had you known my Education, but  
 “ for your more immediate Satisfaction, I shall  
 “ proceed with all the Simplicity imaginable. At  
 “ my first setting out in the World I was the Pro-  
 “ perty of a young Physician, who may with the  
 “ strictest Propriety be said to have *taken* his De-  
 “ gree, because it was *given* him by no Universi-  
 “ ty in the World: From the Gravity which I  
 “ lent him he got some Repute, and being withal  
 “ a very

“ a very handsome Fellow, he was often con-  
 “ sulted by Ladies of Distinction. However,  
 “ the little Credit he had with his Barber often  
 “ threw me into very great and dangerous Dis-  
 “ orders, and had not my Master been happily  
 “ executed for poisoning an old Citizen, who  
 “ stood in the Way of a young *Blood*, my Me-  
 “ moirs might have ended here. — I was sold by  
 “ my Master’s Executioner to an eminent second-  
 “ hand Hair-Merchatt in *Middle-Row, Holborn*,  
 “ where I spent the long Vacation in great Tran-  
 “ quillity; but at the Beginning of the Term I  
 “ was purchased by a young *Irish* Templar, and  
 “ call’d to the Bar along with him. Had Na-  
 “ ture furnish’d the Inside of my Master’s Head,  
 “ as well as Art by my Means did the Outside,  
 “ he by this Time might have been a Judge. —  
 “ But, alas! having nothing but me and Impu-  
 “ dence on his Side, he was hiss’d out of the Court,  
 “ laugh’d out of the Coffee-house, and finally  
 “ kick’d out of the Kingdom. As for me, I  
 “ I was left with other Effects in the Hands of  
 “ Mr. \*\*\*, an eminent Pawnbroker, in \*\*\*\*\*  
 “ *street, Westminster*, from whom I was redeem’d  
 “ by Mr. *Bullock* the Player, who sold me to the  
 “ Wardrobè-Keeper of one of the Theatres.  
 “ I may say without Vanity, that I have acted  
 “ the principal Parts both in Tragedy and Come-  
 “ dy, to the Satisfaction of the Publick; and  
 “ have often, with the Assistance of skilful Barbers,  
 “ gain’d an Applause, in which the Actor that

“ wore me, had no Share; and from which I  
 “ have sufficient Reason to be convinced, that a  
 “ certain Quantity of Hair duly bedizen’d with  
 “ perfum’d Powder and Oil of sweet Almonds,  
 “ will do more upon the Stage than Gracefulness  
 “ of Action, Propriety of Pronunciation, or any  
 “ other Theatrical Virtue whatsoever. You may  
 “ judge, Madam, how long and how successfully  
 “ I served the Patentee, when I assure you I was  
 “ fifteen Times new mounted while I continued  
 “ in his Majesty’s-Service. At length one *Garrick*  
 “ came in Pow’r, the Pupil of Art, the Son of  
 “ Nature, and the Cousin-German of *Shakespear*  
 “ and the Passions; Coats and Wigs which here-  
 “ tofore were primary Qualities in acting, were  
 “ now reduced to a secondary State. The Theatre  
 “ rescued from Jargon, Rant, and senseless Show,  
 “ now became the Temple of manly and rati-  
 “ onal Mirth, and the Vehicle of good Sense  
 “ and Morality. On this fatal Revolution I pru-  
 “ dently abdicated, and was again sold to the  
 “ Merchant of *Middle-Row*. My next Scene of  
 “ Life was a Military one, for I was purchased by  
 “ an Officer in the Welch Fuzileers, and expe-  
 “ rienc’d all the Hardships of Wind and Weather,  
 “ and served in the double Capacity of Caxon and  
 “ Night-Cap. I went thro’ a most surprizing Di-  
 “ versity of Accidents, there was hardly an Object  
 “ in Nature that did not occur to me, except a  
 “ Block, a Powder-puff, and a Comb; at length  
 “ in the fatal Action of *Fontenoy*, I lost Part of  
 “ my

“ my Fore-top and one of my Tails ; upon which  
 “ my Master presented me to an old Serjeant,  
 “ with whom I shortly went Fellow-Pensioner to  
 “ *Chelsea* Hospital. Here I remain’d about Two  
 “ Months, at length the Serjeant happening to be  
 “ drinking a Pot of Porter at the World’s End,  
 “ a Person of a very singular Character came in,  
 “ and after tipping pretty freely, swopt with my  
 “ Master for a Brown-bob and Eighteen-pence.  
 “ My present Possessor was a constant Attendant  
 “ at the *Temple-Exchange* Coffee-house, and his  
 “ Profession was of a Nature very extraordinary.  
 “ His Business was to assist the News-Writers in  
 “ the Vacation, and other Times when there was  
 “ a Dearth of Events ; he wou’d make you a  
 “ Plague at *Constantinople* at a Minute’s Warning,  
 “ and for the Consideration of half a Crown  
 “ wou’d dethrone the grand Signior, or kill you  
 “ an hundred Thousand *Tartars*. He was per-  
 “ haps the only Man that knew the private Conver-  
 “ sations of all the Foreign Ministers at the *Hague*,  
 “ and wou’d publish you a Letter in the *Daily-*  
 “ *Advertiser*, in which he wou’d unlock the Ca-  
 “ binets of all the crown’d Heads in *Christendom*.  
 “ But one Night, chancing to speak disrespect-  
 “ fully of the grand Monarch, a *French* Dancing  
 “ Master took him by the Nose, and threw me  
 “ into the Fire : From this lamentable Catastro-  
 “ phe, Madam, you may easily account for my  
 “ present Appearance. My Master never thought  
 “ it worth his while to attempt my Rescue, and

“ had I not offended the Company with a disagreeable Stink, thou’d have inevitably perish’d in the Flames, I was kickt about the Coffee-house, and trod upon by People of all Ranks and Degrees for upwards of a Week; when a Country Farmer, a great Œconomist, one of whose Maxims it was, that every Thing had its Use, took me up by half of my only remaining Tail, and put me into his Pocket. As soon as I arrived in the Country I was stationed on a Mop-stick, to fright the Crows from a Pea-Field, in which Office I served for about a Fort-night, but a Beggar Man coming by one Day, who had Discretion enough to think half a Loaf was better than no Bread, and any Thing of a Wig better than a bald Pate, took me from my grand Post, and placed me upon his own Idea-Pot; which, Madam, is a Philosophical Name for the Head. This is the worthy Gentleman, whom you now see condescending to amuse himself with cleaning the Shoes of Persons of Quality, and who now employs me in the servile Occupation of being the Harbinger of the Blacking-Ball, and Gentleman Usher to a Brush.

*A Letter from a Lady to a Maid Servant who had left her : In which is contained an useful Lesson for all Persons in that State of Life.*

Dear SALLY,

I Had your Letter very safe, and tho' I have failed to answer it before, yet my daily Prayers, and best Wishes, have constantly attended you. I trust you have the good Fortune to please where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary ; I go by the old Saying, no News is good News. If you are so happy as to be in Favour with the good Family that you have the Honour to serve, I make no question of your continuing in it, by a constant Endeavour to deserve it.

I told you above, and I told you Truth, that I daily remember you in my Prayers ; and, dear Sally, at the same Time I will not suppose that you forget to remember yourself. I fancy you lay with the other Maid, and know not that you have a Closet or retiring Place to yourself, but whether you have or not, I intreat you, let no Pretence whatever prevail on you to omit an indispensable Duty : Let no false Notion of Modesty suffer you to neglect an Action that is your utmost Glory to perform ; I hope your fellow Servant thinks as she ought on this Occasion, but if she be so unhappy as not to do it, endeavour to gain her over by your Example, but

beware of being perverted by hers : To wake in a Morning, and without addressing the Throne of Grace to commit ourself to the Hazards of the Day, is such a Degree of Impiety and Foolhardiness as shocks one but to think on ; and surely it is equally the blackest Ingratitude to close our Eyes at Night, without returning our unfeigned Thanks for the Dangers we have escaped ; those Eyes, for ought we know, may never be again unclosed in this World——I was going to offer some Advice of another Kind, but I recollect that, perform but your Duty to your Creator, and all the rest is included.

Be sure in whatever you are about to do, think always on what is due to the Dignity of your Nature. Consider, that although you are placed by Providence in the Degree of a Servant, yet your immortal Soul is of an equal Rank with that of an Empress. This Counsel at the first Glance may appear to encourage Pride, but if duly attended to, it will be far otherwise, and prove the most effectual Means to extinguish it, for a proper Consideration on the several Degrees of Men in the Order the Wisdom of God has plac'd them with relation to this Life, will teach you to condescend to your Superiors without Meanness, and learn you to distinguish yourself from those below you without Arrogance ; it will hinder Adversity from oppressing you ; and if Prosperity be your Lot (as I heartily hope it will) it will find you worthy of it ; in a Word, it will

will make you equal to good Fortune, and superior to ill.

Mr. *H*—— joins me in best Respects to your Master and Lady, and Mr. ——; I desire you, whenever you are inclined to write to me, that you would chuse out half an Hour when you can best be spared, and ask Leave; this will save you the Confusion of equivocating, if you are demanded what has been your Employment, and prevent your turning an indifferent Action into a guilty one; for be sure never to forget your Time is not your own, but is entirely due to those you serve, and that you can never employ any of it on your own Occasions without leave without being unjust. Pray, good *Sally*, think of that.

I was concerned to find you had laid out so much Money in Play-things, &c. for the Children, however, acknowledge myself obliged to your good Nature; I shall take the Hint from you of sending this Free to *London*, and save half the Postage; observe my Method, and be not above being taught by any one, any thing that is worthy the Trouble of Learning, no Matter who it is teaches, provided the Instructions are good.

Adieu, dear *Sally*, do me the Justice to believe this Letter dictated from a Heart full of the warmest Wishes for your Welfare, from one who will always regard every Piece of Happiness that



befalls you as an additional one to herself, for  
I am.

*Your very sincere Friend,*

M. \_\_\_\_\_

\* *From the* R A M B L E R.

*Alternis igitur contendere Versibus ambo  
Cœpere: Alternos Musæ meminisse volebant.*

Virg.

**A**MONG the various Censures, which the unavoidable Comparison of my Performances, with those of my Predecessors has produced, there is none more general than that of Uniformity, of the Want of those Changes of Colours which formerly fed the Attention with unexhausted Novelty, that Intermixture of Subjects, and Alternation of Manner, by which other Writers relieved Weariness, and awakened Expectation.

I have, indeed, hitherto avoided the Practice of uniting gay and solemn Subjects in the same Paper, because it seems absurd for an Author to counteract himself; to press at once with equal Force upon both Parts of the intellectual Balance, and give Medicines, which, like the double

\* *A Paper publish'd every Tuesday and Saturday, price 2d.*

Poison.

Poison of *Dryden*, destroy the Force of one another. I have endeavoured sometimes to divert, and sometimes to elevate, but have imagined it an useless Attempt to disturb Merriment by Solemnity, or interrupt Seriousness by Drollery, yet I shall this Day publish two Letters of very different Tendency, which, I hope, like Tragicomedy, may chance to please even when they are not critically approved.

To the R A M B L E R.

Dear Sir,

**T**HOUGH, as my Mamma tells me, I am too young to talk at the Table, I have great Pleasure in listening to the Conversation of learned Men, especially when they discourse of Things which I do not understand, and have, therefore, been of late particularly delighted with many Disputes about the *Alteration of the Stile*, which, they say, is to be done by Act of Parliament.

One Day, when my Mamma was gone out of the Room, I asked a very great Scholar what the Stile was. He told me, he was afraid I should hardly understand him when he informed me that it was the stated and established Method of computing Time. It was not, indeed, likely that I should understand him; for, I never yet knew Time computed in my Life, nor can imagine why we should be at so much Trouble to count what we cannot keep. He did not tell me

whether we are to count the Time past, or the Time to come; but I have considered them both by myself, and think it as foolish to count Time that is gone, as Money that is spent; and as for the Time which is to come, it only seems farther off by counting, and therefore when any Pleasure is promised me, I always think as little of the Time as I can.

I have since listened very attentively to every one that talked upon this Subject, of whom the greater Part seem not to understand it better than myself; for though they often hint how much the Nation has been mistaken, and rejoice that we are at last growing wiser than our Ancestors, I have never been able to discover from them, that any Body has died the sooner for counting Time wrong; and, therefore, I began to fancy that there was great Buffle with little Consequence.

At last two Friends of my Papa, Mr. *Cycle* and Mr. *Starlight*, being, it seems, both of high Learning, and able to make an Almanack, began to talk about the New Stile. Sweet Mr. *Starlight*—I am sure I shall love his Name as long as I live, for he told *Cycle* roundly, with a fierce Look, that we should never be right without a *Year of Confusion*. Dear Mr. *Rambler*, did you ever hear any thing so charming? a whole Year of Confusion! When there has been a Rout at Mamma's I have thought one Night of Confusion worth a thousand Nights of Rest; and surely

surely if I can but see a Year of Confusion, a whole Year, of Cards in one Room, and Dan- cings in another, here a Feast; and there a Mas- querade, and Players, and Coaches, and Hurries; and Messages, and Milleners, and Raps at the Door, and Visits, and Frolicks, and new Fa- shions, I shall not care what they do with the rest of the Time, nor whether they count it by the old Stile or the new, for I am resolved to break loose from the Nurfery in the Tumult, and plain my Part among the rest; and it will be strange if I cannot get a Husband and a Chariot in the Year of Confusion.

*Cycle*, who is neither so young nor so hand- some as *Starlight*, very gravely maintained, that all the Perplexity may be avoided by leaping over eleven Days in the Reckoning; and indeed if it should come only to this I think the new Style is a delightful Thing, for my Mamma says that I shall go to court when I am Sixteen; and if they can but contrive often to leap over eleven Days together, the Months of Restraint will soon be at an End. It is strange that with all the Plots that have been laid against Time, they could never kill it by Act of Parliament before. Dear Sir, if you have any Vote or any Interest get them but for once to destroy eleven Months, and then I shall be as old as some married Ladies. But this is desired only if you think they will not com- ply with Mr. *Starlight's* Scheme, for nothing surely could please me like a Year of Confusion,  
when

when I shall no longer be fixed this Hour to my Pen, and the next to my Needle, and wait at home for the Dancing Master one Day, and the next for the Musick Master, but run from Ball to Ball, and from Drum to Drum, and spend all my time without Tasks, and without Account, and go out without telling whither, and come home without regard to prescribed Hours or family Rules.

*I am,*

*S I R,*

*Your Humble Servant,*

PROPERANTIA.

*Mr. Rambler,*

I Was seized this Morning with an unusual Painsiveness, and finding that Books only served to heighten it, took a Ramble into the Fields, in Hopes of Relief and Invigoration from the Keeness of the Air and Brightness of the Sun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my Eyes were struck with the Hospital for the Reception of deserted Infants, which I surveyed with Pleasure, till by a natural Train of Sentiment, I began to reflect on the Fate of the Mothers? for to what Shelter can they fly? only to the Arms of their Betrayers, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick must be the Transition from deluded Virtue to shameless Guilt, and from shameless Guilt to hopeless Wretchedness?

The

The Anguish that I felt left me no Rest till I had, by your Means, address'd myself to the Publick on Behalf of those forlorn Creatures, the Women of the Town; whose Misery here might surely induce us to endeavour, at least, their Preservation from eternal Punishment.

These were all once, if not virtuous at least innocent, and might still have continued blameless and easy, but for the Arts and Insinuations of those whose Rank, Fortune, or Education furnished them with Means to corrupt or to delude them. Let the Libertine reflect a Moment on the Situation of that Woman, who being forsaken by her Corrupter, is reduced to the Necessity of turning Prostitute for Bread, and judge of the Enormity of his Guilt by the Misery which it produces.

It cannot be doubted but that Numbers follow this dreadful Course of Life, with Shame, Horror, and Regret; but, where can they hope for Refuge? "*The World is not their Friend, nor the World's Law.*" Their Sighs, and Tears, and Groans, are criminal in the Eye of their Tyrants, the Bully and the Bawd, who fatten on their Misery, and threaten them with Want or a Goal, if they shew the least Design of escaping from their Bondage.

"To wipe the Tears from off all their Faces," is a Task too hard for Mortals; but to alleviate the Misfortunes of others is often within the most limited Power, yet the Opportunities which  
every

every Day affords of relieving the most wretched of human Beings are overlooked and neglected with equal Disregard of Policy and Goodness.

There are Places indeed, set apart, to which these unhappy Creatures may resort when the Diseases of Incontinence seize upon them; but, if, they obtain a Cure, to what are they reduced? either to return with the small Remains of Beauty to their former Guilt, or perish in the Streets with complicated Want.

How frequently have the Gay and Thoughtless in their Evening Frolicks, seen a Band of these miserable Females, covered with Rags, shivering with Cold, and pining with Hunger; and, without either pitying their Calamities, or reflecting upon the Cruelty of those who perhaps, first seduced them by Caresses of Fondness, or Magnificence of Promises, go on to reduce others to the same Wretchedness by the same Means.

To stop the Increase of this deplorable Multitude, is undoubtedly the first and most pressing Consideration. To prevent Evil is the great End of Government, the End for which Vigilance and Severity are properly employed; but surely those whom Passion or Interest have already depraved, have some Claim to Compassion, from Beings equally frail and fallible with themselves. Nor will they long groan in their present Afflictions, if all those were to contribute to their Relief, that owe their Exemption from the  
same

same Distress to some other Cause, than their Wisdom and their Virtue.

I am, &c.

AMICUS.

---

*A LETTER from Mrs. MIDNIGHT to the College of Physicians, in which is proved that Old Women and Nature are their greatest Enemies. To which is added, A modest Proposal for extirpating the one, and for preventing the Operations of the other.*

Gentlemen,

THE World in general would be surpris'd at my addressing you in this affectionate Manner, and speaking at the same time so disrespectfully as I am oblig'd to do of my own Sex, were I not to offer some Reasons to prove the Rectitude of my Conduct. I am, Gentlemen (and I wou'd have every Body know it) under the greatest Obligations to your Fraternity; and if, as a certain Author says, Ingratitude be worse than the Sin of Witchcraft, sure Gratitude will be a sufficient Plea for my taking upon me the Defence of your Characters, and your Profession; Characters that stand full in the Front of Fame, and a Profession that has rais'd and supported itself merely by Art, has no Connection with, or Dependence



pendance on Nature, but is self-existent, and like a true Noun substantive stands alone.

To prove this, and at the same time to demonstrate the Usefulness of your Science, we need only look back to the Days of Ignorance and Simplicity; those Days when the People had no Means of getting genteely out of the World, but were obliged to wait till they were carried off by mere old Age; and this did not happen to some till they had lived several hundred Years; nay, we have an Account of one old Fellow, *Methuselah*, I think his Name was, who lived to the Age of Nine hundred and ninety nine. An evident Proof of their total Neglect of Physick! Diseases they had in those Days, that is certain; but then, as they had no Practitioners in Physick to support them, they were soon rooted out. The Care of the Sick was the Province of the *Old Woman*, who, together with the Aid of one *Nature*, whom you may probably have heard of, soon cured their Patients: And so ignorant were they of the true Principles of Physick, that they depended entirely upon Experience, consulted what they called the Symptoms, to distinguish one Disease from another, and when they had found out a Remedy that had cured nineteen Patients of any one Distemper, they foolishly supposed the same Medicine would cure the twentieth. Thus they ignorantly went on, and in order to convey this their Experience to Posterity, the Diseases (with the Symptoms by which it might be known) the  
Remedy,

Remedy, and the Success were engraven on Pillars, or written on the Walls of their Temples, So that then there was no more Art required to cure any Disorder, than there is now to walk over the New Bridge, *Westminster*. But when the Dawn of true medical Knowledge appeared, when we began to discover the mechanical Operation of every Medicine, and to find out the latent Cause of every Disease, Physick was no more that simple silly Thing; for the true and invincible Heroes of the Science immediately called in the mechanical Laws, and an ingenious and useful Application was made of the Momenta of the Fluids, Cylinders, Triangles, Sines, Tangents and Secants, Levers, Ropes and Pullies. Millstones were brought into the Stomach, Flint and Steel into the Blood Vessels, and Hammer and Vice into the Lungs; and now People began to die in a reasonable Time, and the Son had some hopes of enjoying his Father's Estate before he himself was an old Man. Happy 'twould be for us, if Physick was to rest here! Happy would it be if all the Sick were committed to your Care, obliged to swallow your Prescriptions, and no Innovators permitted to break in upon your Practice. But so it is, and I am sorry to say it, there are certain *old Women* who have had a Description of Diseases and Remedies for them handed down from their foolish Predecessors, with which they cure Patients after they have been carried through the regular

Forms

Forms of Physick, and have been consign'd to Death by the most knowing of ye all.

Mr. *Wilson* t'other Day coming off a long Journey, was taken very ill, his Father immediately sent for a Gentleman of the Faculty, who order'd twenty Ounces of Blood to be taken from him, and then prescrib'd him Sixteen Blisters and a Vomit. But his Grandmother (a mere old Woman) came in at that Instant, and, upon examining the Patient, found that he had rode eighty Miles that Day, and, as he was well in the Morning when he set out, she concluded that his Illness, and the fainting Fit he had, was occasion'd by the Fatigue of the Journey. She therefore set aside the Prescription; nor wou'd she suffer him to be blooded, but order'd him to Bed, gave him some warm Whey with Hartshorn Drops in it, and lo in the Morning he was well. — Now here was a good Job spoil'd by the Interposition of an *old Woman*.

Mrs. *Mary Grove* was seiz'd with a Disorder which bereft her of her Senses, she was absolutely mad for some Months, and attended by several of our Faculty, but the Disease was too obstinate to be removed till *Goody Curtis* was call'd in; who, when she had a lucid Interval, desired to speak to her. This old Woman ask'd her a Question, which was only proper to be put to a Woman, and upon Enquiry found out the Cause of her Disorder, and with some gentle Cathartics and Steel, the Lunatic was soon restor'd. Now is not this provoking?

voking? And if these old Jades are suffered to go on in this Manner, true Physick will be turn'd topsy turvey, and all our valuable and essential *Greek* and *Latin* Terms will be laugh'd at.

Besides these sworn Enemies of yours, there is another combin'd with them, who is altogether as powerful and as much to be guarded against, and that is NATURE; for she works in the Dark like a Mole under Ground, and uses a thousand little Tricks to baffle your Abilities.

Mr. *Johnson* was seiz'd with a violent Disorder in his Head and Stomach, and, as he was a rich Man, they call'd in my worthy and learned Friends Dr. EMETIC, Dr. SUDORIFIC, Dr. CATHARTIC, and Dr. BLISTER. As the Gentleman was in imminent Danger they were desir'd to be speedy in their Conference. The first Point to be settled was who shou'd write, which, after each had pleaded his Preeminence about an Hour, was agreed on; and Dr. EMETIC, after shaking his Head a considerable Time, observ'd, *that it was an Exfoliation of the Glands, which, like the broken Wheels of a Watch, being unable to perform their Office, the unconcocted Matter had fallen upon the Membranous Coats of the Intestines, and caused a Laceration which must be removed by a VOMIT.* Dr. SUDORIFIC said, *it was a Pleurisie in the Thigh, which he was for sweating away.* In short, they were all four of fourteen different Opinions, and when Arguments fail'd, Arms were call'd in to their Aid; and the Room was soon strew'd with dislocat-

dislocated Cases, Tags of Wigs, and other Marks of a furious Engagement. During this Squabble, *Nature* excited in the Patient a powerful Purgings, and he was so well recover'd before the Fray was over, that he fairly got up and run away, and by that Means preserved both his Life and his Money.

These, Gentlemen, are some of the sly Tricks of *Nature*, who is ever endeavouring to baffle your Art, and give the World a mean Opinion of your Learning, that she herself forsooth may be thought the chief Physician: And I believe from reading, considering, and re-considering what I have said, you will find that *Old Women* and *Nature* are your greatest Enemies; and if after Deliberation and Consultation you find this to be true, I wou'd humbly propose that the first may be entirely extirpated, and the Operations of the last may be as much as possibly prevented: And how this may be most effectually accomplish'd, I shall signify to you in my next; for I have always your Welfare at Heart, and shall upon every Occasion be ready to testify with what Truth and Sincerity I am,

GENTLEMEN,

*Your very affectionate Friend,*

M. MIDNIGHT.

*The ITCH of SCRIBBLING proved to be catching.*

**T**HAT this Disorder, like many of the cutaneous Kind is catching, may I think be proved from a Multitude of Cases that have lately fallen under my Cognizance; and whoever considers the Nature, and bad Effects of it, will see also the Necessity of this Investigation. From a thousand Instances that I have at hand, I shall select but a few; the first I shall introduce is the Case of *Mr. J. Honeysuckle*, who was originally a Barber near the *Temple*, and a good honest Man, that had no more to say for himself than other People, till he became acquainted with the Master of *George's Coffee-house*, and was called in to shave the *WITS*. There is something very powerful and astonishing in the Nature and Action of the Effluvia which ascends from certain Bodies, and I doubt not but it was the Effluvia that ascended from the Heads of these People while *John* was shaving them, that wrought this tickling Irritation in his Fancy, and brought on him the Itch of Scribbling. And perhaps it is also owing to the Effluvia that dropped from the Brains of *John*, which has affected many of the Members of that Society with the terrible Degree of Dulness they at present possess. When I look into my Book of Mechanics, read over the Laws of Motion, and find that all Bodies act reciprocally on each other,

that

that the Horse draws as much as the Log, and the Log as the Horse, I am confirmed in this Opinion: But what this Effluvia can be, or of what Sort of Materials it is composed, no Man can tell, Doctor PUZZLE, indeed, affirms, “ That it is the Quintessence of an Essence, which being specifically lighter than the heavier Parts, flies off one Body, like *Alcohol*, and insinuates itself into another Body some how, and somewhere, so that that Body is affected with it.” But as the Doctor’s Definition does not much affect or instruct me, I must beg Leave to retain my old Opinion, till I can find a better, and to conclude that this Effluvia is a Sort of Animalcula, or Maggot, which insinuates itself through the Pores of the Skin; and the only Difference between this Itch and the other is, that the Animalculæ in this are finer, and have the Power of insinuating themselves through both the Skin and the Skull; and this I think will plainly appear, when we consider the Manner and the different Degrees of Infection. Mr. *Kenderico* was born of honest Parents, who put him Apprentice to a Rule-maker, hoping thereby so far to have provided for him, that he should have lived in the World, enjoyed a Cut from a hot Joint of Meat every *Sunday*, and have had a new Coat every *Easter* in the Year: But, unfortunately for this poor Man, a Poet came into his Master’s Shop, during his Apprenticeship, and, while he was bargaining for a black-lead Pencil, receiv’d a Message from the Muses, that precipitated him away without his Hat, which was  
 carry’d

carried after him by Mr. *Kenderico*, who, as it then rained, very inadvertently put it on his own Head, and, by that Means, contracted this terrible Disorder, which indeed has been the more fatal to him, on Account of his Trade; for the Effluvia of the Brass used in the Joints of his Rules, has so case-hardened his Face, that 'tis become absolutely callous, and knows no more the Vermilion Tincture blushed by the native Force of Modesty, than the Desarts of *Barca* do of the Bloom or Fragrancy of the Rose: Besides the Effluvia from the Lead of his Pencils and other Instruments, intermixing itself with the rest, preponderates all to the Bottom; every Thing he scribbles sinks into Oblivion, and yet the Incitation continues on the poor Wretch, and pushes him on towards his own Destruction.

STAMPERO, though a Boy of no Talents, Taste, or Genius in the World, is afflicted with this Disorder; which Doctor *Rocko*, who attended him, assures me was caught only by packing up Magazines, the dullest Things in the Universe; and this pitiful Creature is now in a deplorable State, ever attempting to do something, which always ends in nothing; for his Lines are as void of Meaning as his Advertisements are of Manners.

But if we leave these Wretches, who are the Dross of Mankind, and ascend to a higher Sphere, we shall see the same Traces, the same wonderful Effects of the Effluvia. This is to be discovered even in the inimitable Mr. SEDGLY; who,

C

though



though a Person incomparably above those I have already quoted, and whose Pen, though infinitely superior not only to them, but to most of our modern Scribblers, is nevertheless indebted to the Effluvia evaporated from the Wits he has been almost continually in Company with: It was from them he imbibed this *Cacoethes* of Scribbling, and we may very well account for the Difference between his Writings and the Performances of the Persons I have mentioned above, if we consider that Nature has given him an extensive Proportion of solid Understanding, and that he has long been a Companion not only for the Wits of the Times, but for the Men of Sense. His Poem on *Mr. Worlidge*, the ingenious Painter over the *Little Piazza*, in *Covent-Garden*, is an evident Proof of his Genius, his Learning, and his Judgment in the Polite Arts; and in his Pamphlet intitled, "Observations on *Mr. Fielding's Enquiry*" there are uncommon Instances of his Knowledge of Mankind, as well as of his Sagacity and Penetration into the Laws and Polity of his Country.

But what more fully, and beyond all Contradiction, proves this Disorder to be contagious, is the Case of this Gentleman's Dog *Colebrook*, who from only lying under the Table where the Wits usually meet, and by walking out with his Friend *B——r*, is become one of the most eminent Writers of the Age, and has penned one Piece which has been receiv'd with Commendations even by the ingenious Authors

thors of the STUDENT, who have inserted it in their admirable Collection.

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*A few Thoughts concerning Elegy-Writing.*  
By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

WAS I disposed to treat this Subject in a methodical Manner, I shou'd be gravell'd at the first setting out, for the Inventor of this Kind of Writing is entirely unknown, and for this Assertion I have no less Authority than that of *Horace*.

*Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisserit Author  
Grammatici certant & adhuc sub iudice his est.*

That is, *there is a great Contest among the Critics, which is still undecided, who was the first Inventor of PIDDLING ELEGIES.*

That *Horace* had a very mean Opinion of this Sort of Composition, is clear from his contemptuous Manner in speaking of it. But what in the Name of *Phebus* wou'd he say, was he alive to peruse the Products of the present Monody-mongers. What miserable, insipid, unanimated Stuff are we pester'd with? It is a strange thing that People will not reflect, that though this is the meanest Species of Poetry, 'tis still a Species of Poetry, and consequently requires very exalted Talents: No Matter for that—Away we go on,

Neck or Nothing, without either Sense, Genius, or Learning——Gentle Reader, Do you chuse a little *Imagery* from one of these exquisite Bards ——Here it is for you.

† Hard by a strange fantastic Group appear,  
Wan Cowardice, each Moment changing  
Seat ;

Weak *Apprehension*, PRICKED IN THE Rear,  
And sober Melancholy, Mother of Conceit.

And presently after ——

Look now where TIP-TOED Fear with shiv'ring  
Lips,

Has turn'd the Key, and wide her Portal  
stands ;

Quick Apprehension in before us trips,

And bids us follow with her beck'ning Hands.

If the Gentleman had search'd the whole Language for an Epithet for Fear, he cou'd not have found one so unapplicable as TIP-TOED.

But poor APPREHENSION ! so inhumanly has he treated her, that she is exactly in the same disastrous Case as the *Dragon of Wantley*, in the old Ballad——PRICKED IN THE REAR——upon which he makes his Complaint to Mr. *More* in the following *Monody*.

† *Kenrick's Monody*, Page the 16th.

Oh

Oh *Mors* of *More-Hall*

Thou sad Raf——call

I wish I had seen thee never ;

With the Thing in thy Foot,

Thou hast PRICKT MY A——E-GUT,

And I am undone for ever.

It must be acknowledged, in Justice to Mr. *Kenrick*, that his Piece is very equal, and tho' he is an insufferable Poet, yet he's a very commendable Rule-maker, and understands black Lead Pencils.

*N. B.* Mrs. MIDNIGHT does not intend, by what she has said on Monodies and Elegies, to reflect upon Mr. *Rolt*, whom she esteems as a very good Writer.

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*Mrs.* MIDNIGHT'S *Letter to the Ghost of*  
ALEXANDER the Great.

*On the Subject of Glory.*

**H**AD I been sounfortunate, as to have lived, at the same Time with your Worship, I shou'd have waited upon you in Person, because nothing is more liable to Misinterpretation than a Letter. But as Matters now stand, Correspondence must supply the Place of Conversation ; and Dr. *Brimstone* has informed me, that an Epistle, directed to *Alexander the Great*, at his Chambers in Hell, will certainly

come safe to Hand. I have consulted a good many Casuists on the Subject of Glory, but never received any tolerable Satisfaction from the most expert of them. As you was the greatest Aspirer after it, I make no question but your Master *Aristotle* gave you an accurate Definition of it, which I shall take as a particular Favour, if you'll communicate to me; for my own Part was I not certified by the Writings of *Quintus Curtius* and others, I shou'd have concluded, that you was begot by an *Hottentot*, born of a Tygress, and educated by a Butcher. If a Man murders his Neighbour, he is try'd, condemn'd, executed, and hung in Chains with a very little Ceremony: But if he murders Ten Thousand Men, then it becomes *Glory*, and you have all the Poets, Painters, Printers, and Priests to celebrate him for the GOOD he has done. — According to this Rule, I look upon you to be the best Man that ever liv'd, but according to the Rule of Humanity and Common-Sense, I believe you to be the greatest Scoundrel that ever existed.

*Your Servant,*

M. MIDNIGHT.

*A COUNTRY JUSTICE, a True Story.*

**B**ESET with Books, but little Law,  
 I once a Country Justice saw,  
 A lighted Pipe regal'd his Nose,  
 A Mug of Ale dispell'd his Woes;

His

His Face like Morning Sun appear'd,  
 An Elbow Chair his Body rear'd :  
 Before this Man of Law was brought,  
 A Girl, who in the Fact was caught :  
 Justice first took a Swig of Ale,  
 Then bid the Wench begin her Tale ;  
 Lear'd at the Girl, each Word she spoke,  
 Quite tickled at the smutty Joke ;  
 Made her the luscious Tale repeat,  
 And when, and how, was done the Feat :  
 Thus warm'd, he takes the Wench aside,  
 Tells her far worse will her betide ;  
 That *Bridewell* instant is her Lot,  
 Unless she'll let him — you know what.

*A very pretty Rascal ! A fine Fellow this to preserve Peace, and protect Virtue and Modesty ; I have a great Mind to put the Rogue's Name at full length.*

## LOVELY HARRIOTE.

*A Crambo Song by Mrs. Midnight's Nephew.*

### I.

**G**REAT *Phæbus* in his vast Career,  
 Who forms the self-succeeding Year,  
 Thron'd in his Amber Chariot,  
 Sees not an Object half so bright,  
 Nor gives such Joy, such Life, such Light,  
 As dear delicious *Harriote*.

## II.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic Turns,  
 Whose Pulse not beats, whose Blood not burns,  
     Read *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Marriote*,  
 I scorn their Philosophic Strife,  
 And study Nature from the Life,  
     (Where most she shines) in *Harriote*.

## III.

When she admits another Woer,  
 I rave like *Shakespear's* jealous *Moor*,  
     And am, as ranting *Barry* hot ;  
 True, virtuous, lovely was his Dove,  
 But Virtue, Beauty, Truth, and Love,  
     Are other Names for *Harriote*.

## IV.

Ye honest Members, who oppose,  
 And fire both Houses with your Prose,  
     Tho' never can ye carry ought ;  
 You might command the Nations Sense,  
 And without Bribery convince,  
     Had you the Voice of *Harriote*.

## V.

You of the Musick common weal,  
 Who borrow, beg, compose, or steal  
     Cantata, Air, or Ariet ;  
 You'd burn your cumbrous Works in score ;  
 And sing, compose, and play no more,  
     If once you heard my *Harriote*.

Were

## VI.

Were there a Wretch, who durst essay  
 Such wond'rous Sweetness to betray,  
     I'd call him an *Iscariot* ;  
 But her ev'n Satyrs can't annoy,  
 So strictly chaste, tho' kindly coy,  
     Is fair angelic *Harriote*.

## VII.

While Sultans, Emperors, and Kings  
 (Mean Appetite of earthly Things)  
     In all the Waste of War-riot  
 Love's softer Duel be my Aim,  
 Praise, Honour, Glory, Conquest, Fame,  
     Are center'd all in *Harriote*.

## VIII.

I swear by *Hymen*, and the Pow'rs  
 That haunt Love's ever-blushing Bow'rs,  
     So sweet a Nymph to marry ought ;  
 Then may I hug her silken Yoke,  
 And give the last, the final Stroke,  
     T'accomplish lovely *Harriote*.



*On seeing Miss H—— P——t, in an Apothecary's Shop.*

**F**Allacious Nymph, who here by Stealth,  
 Would seem to be the Goddess Health!  
 Mask'd in that divine Disguise,  
 Think'st thou to 'scape Poetick Eyes?  
 Back, *Siren* — for I know thou'st stray'd,  
 From the harmonious Ambuscade;  
 Where many a Traveller, that took  
 The Invitation of thy Look,  
 Has felt the Coz'nage of thy Charms,  
 Tickled to Death within thy Arms.  
 Know, that I saw you Yester-Night,  
 At once with Horror and Delight,  
 Drag *Luna* from her heavenly Frame,  
 And out-shine her when she came.  
 Yes, *Inchantress*, I can tell  
 How by the Virtue of a Spell,  
 Cloath'd like Cherub-Innocence,  
 Here you fix your Residence;  
 That securely you may mix  
 Your Philters in the Streams of *Styx*;  
 And have at Hand, in every Part,  
 Materials for your magic Art,  
 Fossils, Fungus's, and Flow'rs,  
 With all the fascinating Pow'rs.  
 God of the prescribing Trade,  
 Doctor *Phœbus*, lend thine Aid;  
 If thou'lt some Antidote devise,  
 I'll call thee *Harvey* of the Skies;

Or

Or (for, at one Glance, thou can't see  
 All that is, or that shall be,  
 Intentions rip'ning into Act,  
 And Plans emerging up to Fact)  
 Look in her Eyes, and thence explain  
 All the Mischief that they mean.  
 Say in what Grove, and near what Trees  
 Will she seek the *Hippomenes*.  
 There, there I'll meet her, — there I'll try  
 Th' asswasive Pow'r of Harmony.  
 I think I've got an Amulet,  
 That will her Rage awhile abate.  
 No — all Resistance is in vain —  
 Charmer I yield — I hug my Chain :  
 Alas ! I see 'tis to no End  
 With such Puissance to contend ;  
 For since continually you dwell  
 In that Apothecary's Cell ;  
 And while so studiously you pry  
 Into the sage Dispensary,  
 And read so many Doctors Bill,  
 You learn infallibly to kill. —

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To Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

MADAM,

IT is an Assertion of Mr, *Voltaire's*, that *Hu-*  
*dibras* cannot possibly be translated into any  
 other Language, without losing all the Drollery  
 and Spirit of the Original ; which perhaps you

will not subscribe to without some Hesitation, when you peruse the following Lines, which were actually render'd extempore by a Gentleman of *Cambridge*.

So learned *Taliacotius*, from  
The brawny Part of Porter's Bum,  
Cut supplemental Noses, which  
Shou'd last as long as Parent Breech:  
But soon as Date of *Knock* was out,  
Off dropt the supplemental Snout.

Sic *Taliacotî* ars amica  
Victoris parte de posticâ,  
Falsis invenit carnem nasîs,  
Quæ duret tamdiu, quam *Basis*:  
Sed rostrum parili ruinâ  
Cum clune periit consobrinâ.

To *Miss A——n*.

I.

**L**ONG with undistinguish'd Flame  
I lov'd each fair, each witty Dame;  
My Heart the Belle-Assembley gain'd,  
And all an equal Sway maintain'd.

II.

But when you came, you stood confess  
Sole Sultana of my Breast,

For

For you eclips'd, supremely fair,  
All the whole Seraglio there.

## III.

In this her Mien, in that her Grace,  
In a third I lov'd a Face;  
But you in ev'ry Feature shine,  
Universally divine.

## IV.

What can those tumid Paps excell,  
Do they sink, or do they swell?  
While those lovely wanton Eyes  
Sparkling meet them, as they rise.

## V.

Thus in silver Cynthia seen:  
Glitt'ning o'er the glassy Green,  
While attracted swell the Waves,  
Emerging from their inmost Caves.

## VI.

When to sweet Sounds your Steps you suit  
And weave the Minuet to the Lute,  
Heav'ns! how you glide! — her Neck — her  
Chest,

Does she move, or does she rest?

## VII.

As those roguish Eyes advance,  
Let me catch their side-long Glance,  
Soon — or they'll elude my Sight,  
Quick as Lightning and as bright.

## VIII.

Thus the bashful Pleiad peeps,  
Charms her Moment, and retreats;

Then

Then peeps again,—then skulks unseen,  
Veil'd behind the azure Skreen.

## IX.

Like the ever-toying Dove,  
Smile Immensity of Love;  
Be *Venus* in each outward Part,  
And wear the Vestal in your Heart.

## X.

When I ask a Kiss or so ———  
Grant it with a begging no,  
And let each Rose that decks your Face,  
Blush assent to my Embrace.

*The* M I S E R and the M O U S E.

An E P I G R A M from the Greek,

By Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

**T**O a Mouse, says a Miser, “ My dear Mr.  
Mouse,

“ Pray what may you please for to want in my  
House ?

Says the Mouse, “ Mr. Miser, pray keep your-  
self quiet,

“ You are safe in your Person, your Purse and  
your Diet,

“ A Lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,

“ But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow,  
or board.

*The*

*The* MIDWIFE'S POLITICKS: Or, *Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

SPAIN.

**W**E are still informed of the Augmentation of the naval Force of this Country. The British Minister has presented another Remonstrance against the Spanish Privateers and Guarda Costas molesting the Navigation of the British Subjects in the American Seas; and also some Remarks relating to the Right of Navigation in the Bay of Honduras, which makes it reported that his Catholic Majesty has sent Orders for punishing with Death such Commanders of Guarda Costas as have acted with Illegality to the British Merchants. There is a Rumour of another Negotiation carrying on between Mr. Keene and the Spanish Ministry, which is conjectured to be another definitive Convention for explaining the last. But any old Woman, without the Spirit of Divination, may readily perceive that the sagacious Spaniard will still temporize with the Court of London, and perhaps make Don Benjamin an old Woman in good earnest; for the Spaniards are now relieved from the Load of Petticoat Government, and the Far-nese Loquacity is vanished from the Cabinet, where the natural Gravity of the Country is resumed.

ITALY.

The holy Successor of St. Peter intends to make a Promotion of nine Cardinals to the vacant Hats; but Benedict XIV. has too great a Discernment to let any other old Woman into the Conclave, and give us another Pope Joan. Indolence and Luxury are the Fosters of Pride, and this has occasioned the ambitious Sons of the sacerdotal Purple, to solicit the Catholic Powers to grant their Eminences the Precedency of Rank from their

their Ambassadors where-ever they meet ; but his Sardinian Majesty does not seem inclinable to gratify their Vanity, and it is expected they will be equally disappointed at other Courts. The other Powers of Italy have nothing to incite our Curiosity at present ; but I cannot help observing, if these States were as unanimous in their political Interest as in their Religion, that a confederated Fleet may be speedily equiped, which would awe the Insolence of the Barbarian Rovers ; even this may be done without the Assistance of another Doria ; for an old Woman, at the Head of a formidable Squadron, would make these piratical Adventurers dread to sail out of their Harbours.

## T U R K E Y.

Beauty seems now disregarded in the Seraglio of the Grand Seignior ; the favourite Sultana has lost her Influence over the ductile Heart of Mahomet ; and a Spirit of War seems to be rekindled amongst the Turks ; but to the Honour of the female Sex be it spoken, the Virgin Empress of Russia, and the good Wife of the Emperor of Germany, can make the Ottomans tremble and repent their Temerity, if they should endeavour to pass either the Danube, the Neister, or the Don. The Turks very probably encourage the African Rovers, by assuring them of Assistance if attacked by the Christian Powers ; which they seem apprehensive will certainly happen ; but the Inhabitants of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, appear to disregard the Danger which has been long threatened them.

## F R A N C E.

While this Power is secretly fomenting a Rupture between the Courts of Petersburgh and Berlin, she is making the necessary Preparations for assisting his Prussian Majesty on any Emergency ; with whom the Most Christian

Christian King has lately concluded a Treaty, by which he is obliged to furnish his Ally with 30000 Foot and 10000 Horſe. The French are alſo indefatigably increaſing their Navy, from whence every old Woman may prognoflicate what may happen in the Baltick, if Ruſſia ſhould be attacked by Sweden.

Terrible Hurricanes have happened in ſeveral Parts of France, particularly at Nantes in Britany, where, in the adjacent Road of Paimboeuf, out of 70 Ships at Anchor, only 4 rode out the Tempeſt, the reſt being either loſt or driven to Sea; by which 800 Seamen were drowned, and the Damages done within that Diſtrict amount to ten Millions of Livres. The Waters of the Seyne have overflowed a great Part of Paris, and the Clergy are very ſedulous in deprecating the divine Mercy; in which I heartily concur, though, as an honeſt old *Engliſh* Woman, it is my Duty to wiſh that France may be loaded with Adverſity.

N E T H E R L A N D S.

Nothing has reached us from this Part of the Continent worthy of Attention. Prince Charles of Lorrain lives in great Magnificence at Bruſſels, where, like a young Scipio, the Laurels of the Hero dignify the Man, and the Victories of War ſerve only to augment the Serenity of Peace. The Dutch are now reſtrained by their Stadtholder from that obſtinate chattering, which diſtinguiſhed the greateſt Part of their Deputies with the Appellation of old Women during the Courſe of the late War; when, I may juſtly inſiſt upon it, they ſhewed the Irreſolution and Cowardice of ſo many female Goſſips, together with all the cautionary Indolence of Age and Infirmity. The Stadtholder finds himſelf inveſted with little leſs than a ſovereign Authority over theſe



these penurious Republicans, who are obliged to conceal their turbulent Dispositions ; while every thing is conducted with Secrecy and Regularity in the Assembly of the States.

G E R M A N Y.

The King of Prussia is still averse to the Election of a King of the Romans, to which he is incited by the non-execution of the Treaty of Dresden, concluded on the 14th of December, 1745 ; such as the guarantying Silesia by the Empire, and the Regulation of a future Commerce, the former of which he has never been able to procure, tho' by the 3d Article of the Treaty of Hanover, made between his Majesty and the King of Great Britain, this was expressly stipulated to be done ; and without the Assurance of which the Prussian Monarch would not have concluded the Treaty of Dresden in so moderate a manner for the Queen of Hungary and Elector of Saxony, at a time when his victorious Troops had over-run that Electorate, and were in Possession of the capital City.

The Court of Vienna is apprehensive of a Disturbance from the Ottoman Forces assembling on the Confines of Hungary, in which Kingdom a Body of Imperialists are forming for its security.

The Elector of Cologne has renounced his subsidiary Engagements with the Maritime Powers, and thrown himself into the Arms of France, which is a very extraordinary Affair ; because this Prince cannot but remember the Devastation that the French Troops, commanded by Marshal Maillebois, committed in his Territories in the Year 1744, when his Dilection nobly refused them a Passage, though in the Service of his Brother the late Emperor. From this Inconsistency, his electe-

electoral Highness seems in his Dotage, and therefore ought to be invested with the Mantle of an old Woman, rather than with his ecclesiastical Habilliments, which, I am afraid, will contribute little to the Prospect of Heaven for the Prince, if the Priest disclaims the tender Tie of Conscience, with the Virtues of a Patriot, and the Duty of a Sovereign.

DENMARK.

The Court is only attentive to the increase of Commerce, and the Prosperity of the Inhabitants. A Squadron of ten Ships, is ordered to convoy 600 regular Troops to the Coast of Africa, where they are intended to establish a new Colony. The Danes and Swedes appear to have forgot all their former Animosities; and, to corroborate this Harmony, a Marriage Contract has been reciprocally agreed to between the Prince Royal Gustavus of Sweden, with the Princess Royal of Denmark, who are both in their Infancy; A Scheme, which if the young Princess was my Daughter, I should not readily assent to; because my natural Affection for a Child would over-balance a Regard for the Community; but the admirable Queen her Mother was served so herself.

SWEDEN.

A strong Fleet is equipping at Carelscoon, which has been conjectured to oppose the Ruffians in the Baltick, in case of a Rupture between the Courts of Petersburgh and Berlin: However, all the Fears of a Commotion between Sweden and Ruffia are extinguished in the Death of his Swedish Majesty, who died lately at Stockholm, in the 75th Year of his Age. Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Holstein, Bishop of Lubeck, has now ascended the Swedish Throne, to which he was declared Prince Successor by the Treaty of Abo, through the Influence of  
the

the victorious Russians. It is true, that this Prince is at the Head of a potent Nation ; but the regal Power in Sweden has been greatly abridged since the Reign of Charles XII. on whose Death the States were restored to their ancient Rights and Liberties ; so that the legislative and executive Power is now lodged in the States, and the Monarch finds his Authority so much retrenched, that, like his Polish Majesty, he has little more than the bare Name of Sovereignty.

## R U S S I A.

The Dissention between the Courts of Petersburg and Berlin are rather aggravated than adjusted, notwithstanding the Interposition of the Courts of Vienna and London : Both Powers are exerting their military Strength, and pouring down their Troops to their respective Frontiers. The Russians are also in danger of an Attack from the Turks, but they have taken Care to defend the Ukrain : they have also sent a considerable Body of Troops into the conquered Provinces, under the Command of General Lieven, it being currently reported that Marshal Lacy was dead at Riga, though they have now little to apprehend from the Swedes, whose new Monarch is Uncle to the Prince Successor of all the Russias. The Czarina has ordered the Herenhutters, or Moravians, to depart the Empire ; and has published an Edict for prohibiting the Importation of Books printed abroad.

## G R E A T - B R I T A I N.

Political Arcanums are less frequent in the British Ministry than in any other European Cabinet, and we are now acquainted that the Commissaries assembled at Paris, for adjusting the Limits of the Possessions belonging to the Crowns of Great Britain and France, have come to some Sort of an Agreement. The British Ministry has also acknowledged the Right of France to the Island of St. Martin's, one of the lesser Antilles, lying East of Porto Rico, which is about 75 Miles in Circumference, and was first planted by the French in 1645 ; though

Part

Part of the Island has been since inhabited by the English; and Mr. Hodge, the Deputy Governor of Anguilla, dispossessed the French entirely from the Island in the Year 1744; but now the whole Island is to be restored to the French, with a proper Indemnification for their Losses. However, this has too much the Air of an Old Woman's Story to gain any Credit with me; for how can it be expected that our Ministry will order the British Subjects to evacuate St. Martin's, before the French have come to a Determination concerning the Property of the neutral Islands?

The Gin Act is not yet passed, though it is to be hoped that some salutary Method will be speedily put into Execution to abolish the Use of this pernicious Liquor; and then we may expect to see the Revival of Health among the inferior Class of the Community, many of whom it is to be hoped will live long enough to be honour'd with the Appellation of Old Women. The Naturalization Bill was put off to this Day, when the Debates on that Affair will be resumed, and I can venture to prognosticate how it will be determined: As for the Alteration of the New Style, I hope the good Earl of Macclesfield will succeed in a Scheme so visibly calculated for the Use of Posterity; especially as the Emperor has ordered a Conformity to the Gregorian Calendar to be observed in his Ducal Dominions of Tuscany, where the Julian Æra has been hitherto followed.

I am glad to hear that a Proposition is made to the Legislature for purchasing the Sovereignty of the Isle of Man, and annexing it to the Government; which will be extremely prejudicial to the clandestine Trade carried on with the Commodities of France; the Smugglers finding frequent Opportunities of running their Goods from this Island on the adjacent Coasts of Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales.

Among the Acts of Parliament lately passed, there is one "For the better regulating of Trials by Juries." And, I wish I could see an Amendment in it; "for  
" pro-

“ providing many of these sagacious Judges of Life and  
 “ Property with a sufficient Share of Common Sense ”  
 For it is not long ago that I attended a Trial at a certain  
 Court, on an infamous Affair between a certain Beetle-  
 browed, squinting Sort of a Grocer, and his Apprentice,  
 who the Master had charged with Felony for taking  
 Five Shillings out of his Till, though he had at that  
 Time some Pounds belonging to the Apprentice in his  
 Possession; when the Foreman of the Jury imagin'd the  
 Fact amounted to a Felony, tho' it was actually no more  
 than a Breach of Trust, for which there can be no cor-  
 poral Punishment. If an Old Woman may venture to  
 give her Opinion, I think this requires the Legislative  
 Attention, as much as any Thing in Mr. Fielding's En-  
 quiry, or in Mr. Sedgely's Observations on that Enquiry;  
 for how precarious is Life and Fortune when entrusted  
 to a weak and insensible Juror?

I had just sent all my Copy to the Printer's, and  
 thought of inserting no more in this Number, when I  
 accidentally called in at Mr. *Worlidge's*, the ingenious  
 Painter over the *Little-Piazza*, in *Covent-Garden*, to  
 gratify my Curiosity in seeing his valuable Collection of  
 Pictures, many of which, because they are the Offspring  
 of his own elegant Pencil, have been held in a con-  
 temptible Light in his own Apartments; but when re-  
 moved to an Auction-Room, have been absolutely taken  
 for the Productions of a *Rembrandt*, a *Corregio*, and a  
*Vandyke*; such is the pernicious Force of Prejudice to a  
 modern Artist, of Envy to a rival Genius, and of Par-  
 tiality to a Man not yet mounted on the Wings of Fame.  
 As I have the Honour to be an intimate Acquaintance  
 with Mr. *Worlidge*, I have frequently taken an Oppor-  
 tunity of desiring him to expose some of his beautiful Per-  
 formances in some Place where they may be more pub-  
 licly seen than at his own Apartments; though these Re-  
 monstrances have been hitherto ineffectual, and all such En-  
 gredients disconcerted by a commendable, but an unseason-  
 able

able and unfashionable, Modesty: However, I hope that Time will overcome this Bashfulness of honest Pride, this Honesty of conscious Merit; or that Ingenuity may spare her Blush by meeting with a proper Regard and Encouragement. This Gentleman took me into his Painting-Room, where he was putting the finishing Stroke to a beautiful Portrait, which is executed in so very masterly a Manner, that I could not help exposing that Quality, so natural to an old Woman, of making a formal Enquiry into the Character of the Person it represented: When Mr. *Worlidge* informed me that it was the Picture of Mr. *Ben. Sedgely*, of *Temple-Bar*, who has lately made himself so remarkable for his poetical and political Accomplishments. I recollected that I had seen several Verses, and other Pieces of this Author, to which I had given my Approbation, and particularly his Observations on Mr. *Fielding's Enquiry*, which are wrote with an uncommon Spirit, and extraordinary Delicacy: I therefore told Mr. *Worlidge*, that my Veneration for every literary Genius, had excited an Inclination in me to see Mr. *Sedgely*; but, as it wou'd be a Piece of Indecency for one of my Sex and Age, to go into a Publick-House without a sober-looking Gentleman in Company, I desired he wou'd attend me there, and introduce me to *Ben*, which he readily agreed to, and very complaisantly conducted me thither. I found Mr. *Sedgely*, to be a good-natur'd Sort of a Man, though not so polite to a Lady as I could have wish'd him at first; but this was soon removed by Mr. *Worlidge's* acquainting him, that he had taken the Liberty of introducing Mrs. *Midnight* to his Acquaintance: upon which my Brother Author gave me a very sagacious Look, an affable Smile, a low Congee, and a civil Squeeze by the Hand. We had half a Pint of Mountain, and were soon as great as two Inkle-makers; when Mr. *Sedgely* began to complain of the censorious Reflections, and unmannerly Severities, thrown upon every Man of Genius on his Appearance in the literary World; concluding that he had been very

con-

contumeliously treated by a certain Player, who had made a low Criticism on his Performances, which he told me was genteely answered by one of his Customers, though without his Privity, He acquainted me that Mr. *Langham* of the *Blue Posts* had been set up as a Rival to him in Genius, as well as in Beer; but that Mr. *Langham* had submitted, and publickly acknowledged the Superiority of Genius to belong to Mr. *Sedgely*; which has occasioned a perfect Reconciliation between them, and made such a grateful Impression on the Heart of Mr. *Sedgely*, that he has given Way to the Muse in the following Lines, which, on my Approbation of them, he desired I would insert in my Magazine. I promised him I would; then took my Leave, with assuring him I would shortly dine at his House with honest *Beck the happy Cobler*; and have now performed one Part of my Promise, by inserting the following Verses.

To Mr. Solomon Langham, an Author, at the Blue Posts.

TO spare the Dart of Wit, the Pill of Jest,  
*Langham*, I own, thy Candour is confess.  
 Her Venom-crest let yelling *Envy* raise,  
*Genius* commands, and *Truth* shall merit Praise;  
 What if, Muse-led, we seek *Aonia's* Bow'r,  
 Drink the rich Stream, or crop the beauteous Flow'r;  
 Shall this the Viper-sting of *Slander* rouze,  
 To blast the Laurels blooming on our Brows!  
 —Ye little Curs, still idly bay the Moon;  
 Try, with a Breath, to cool the Sun at Noon:  
*Langham* and *Sedgely* shall, like *Twins*, combine;  
 Unblemish'd, undiminis'd, will we shine.  
 Oh, Friend! while *Comus* quaffs the nectar Bowl,  
*Anacreon-like*, we'll fire the drooping Soul;  
 Let Mirth and Song each happy Hour divide;  
*Friendship* round us has now her *Cestus* tied.

*Ship and Anchor, Temple-Bar.* Ben. Sedgely.

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# The M I D W I F E.

## N U M B E R II.

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### V O L. II.

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*A certain Method by which a Man may engage the Fates in his Favour and procure himself GOOD LUCK.*

*Communicated to Mrs. MIDNIGHT, as an Arcanum: By a Gentleman, who studied for it forty Years in the several Universities of Europe.*

**N**Otwithstanding what the ancient and modern Authors have said concerning the Difference of Men's Opinions, there are two Points wherein I think we are all agreed, which are, first, to solicit *good Luck*; and, secondly, to avoid the *ill*. And as this is the Case, I think I cannot do a more acceptable Service to the Publick than to inform them in what Manner, and by what Means,

Vo.L. II.

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they



they may always, and at all Times, procure themselves that which is good and agreeable, and avoid the other, which is so obnoxious: And I, with the more pleasure, enter on this Subject, as it will, in all probability, put an End to many of those Fears and Anxieties which People possess themselves with on mere trifling Occasions. Spilling a little Salt shall make a whole Family unhappy. A single Crow in the Road shall turn a Man back, even tho' he was going for the Midwife. The Fall of a Martin's Nest is a dreadful Symptom, and of more Consequence than the Fall of a Star, or a Comet. Ravens are the Harbingers of Death; and the Howling of a Dog has been thought sufficient to call a Ghost from the Grave.

For the valuable Secret, which I am about to communicate to you to cure this Evil, I am obliged to the learned and ingenious, *Monsieur Bourgen-derfis*, who assures me, from his own Experience, that these, and all other Omens of ill Luck, may be prevented by only placing the Body in a *proper Position* at the time of rising. As the abovemention'd Gentleman has made this Affair his Study for forty Years, and is a great Master of *Astrology, Palmistry, Alchymy, &c.* he must undoubtedly be a good Judge of the Matter; and I have his Authority to say, that every Thing has happen'd to his Wife ever since he put this Method in Practice. Besides this, he has given me to understand that several Great Generals, who have been instructed in this Mystery, have

have practis'd it with equal Succes. The late Duke of *M—th—gh* made use of this Artifice, when he obtain'd those glorious Battles for the *English* Nation, at *Blenheim*, *Ramillics*, and *Malplaquet*. The Sea Commanders did the same twice in the time of *Charles II.* when with such good Succes they engaged and defeated the *Dutch* Fleets. 'Twas a Maxim with all our Admirals in the Days of *Queen Elizabeth*. *Charles XII.* of *Sweden* fought upon this very Principle, depended entirely upon it, and perform'd Wonders, 'till he became so elated and puff'd up with Conquest that he neglected this Rule, and then he was taken Prisoner, and soon after kill'd by a Cannon Ball. In short, so wonderfully efficacious is this Method, that I myself knew two Generals, engaged by different Nations at War, who drew up their Armies, fought a Battle, and both conquer'd, notwithstanding it happen'd on a Childermas Day. But it would be absurd to say more.—Those who consider how many Gentlemen have advanc'd themselves in the Church and the State, in the Army and Navy, in the Law and in Physick, meerly by this Means, and without any Merit or Pretensions to Merit whatsoever, can no longer doubt that it is of the utmost Consequence for a Man TO RISE WITH HIS BACKSIDE UPWARDS; — for that is the Nostrum, which I might have sold for an infinite Sum — But I here give it you freely — there — take it — and may the Observance of it make ye all happy.

M. MIDNIGHT.

Things to be laugh'd at :

O R,

*A Collection of honest Prejudices. (continu'd)*

**N**EXT unto *Arvi* there are two Rivers, *Atoica* and *Caora*, and on that Branch which is called *Caora* are a Nation of People whose Heads appear not above their Shoulders; which, tho' it may be thought a meer Fable, yet for mine own Part I am resolv'd it is true; because every CHILD in the Provinces of *Arromaia* and *Canuri* affirm the same: They are called *Ewaipanoma*: They are reported to have their Eyes in their Shoulders, and their Mouths in the middle of their Breasts; and that a long Train of Hair groweth backward between their Shoulders.

*Sir W. RALEIGH'S Works. Page 209.*

The Eighth Species of Earthquakes is, where over and above the rising and sinking the Parts of the Earth, there are a great Variety of other Accidents attending; such for Instance, as appears in that Relation which the learned *Camden* gives us, of a very famous Earthquake in *Herefordshire*, where in the Year 1571, *Marclay Hill* in the East Part of the Shire, with a roaring Noise, removed itself from the Place where it stood, and for three Days together travelled from its old Seat.

It

It began first to take its Journey *February* 17th, being *Saturday* at Six of the Clock at Night, and by Seven the next Morning, it had gone forty Paces, carrying with it Sheep in their Cotes, Hedge-Rows and Trees, whereof, some were overturn'd; some that stood upon the Plain were firmly growing upon the Hill; those that were East were turned West; and those in the West were set in the East: In this Remove it overthrow *Kinaston* Chapel, and turned two Highways near an hundred Yards from their old Paths. The Quantity of Ground thus removed was about twenty-six Acres, which opening itself with Rocks and all; bore the Earth before it for four hundred Yards space, without any stay, leaving Pasturage in the Place of the Tillage, and the Tillage overspread with Pasturage: Lastly, overwhelming its lower Parts, it mounted to a Hill of twelve Fathoms high, and there rested after *three Days travel*.

*Dissertation upon Earthquakes. Page 43.*

Among the many People who have had Courage and Learning to lay *Spirits* and *Ghosts*, G. W. SALOMINE may be reckon'd and esteem'd the most considerable and knowing; for he made a Fortune and raised an Estate by this very Trade; and is said to have laid 1379 Souls in the *Red Sea*. A Place which I know by Experience, and by Examination have found all Ghosts and Spirits are most afraid of; and this I think proves *Salomine's*

Power to be very great, as it is a Place they wou'd not but by Force have went into.

It is to be remarked that *Salomine* was the seventh Son of his Father and Mother, who was a virtuous Woman; and he had also a wonderful Faculty of curing all Diseases *with a Touch*. Such surprizing Power is there in some People. Yet this Gentleman was not more to be thought of than an Acquaintance of mine, an *Oxford* Scholar, who to my certain Knowledge and Belief hath cured many Disorders, and allayed the Ghosts of many disturbed People, when no other Person could do them. In a Village where I lived, I do know that there was a great House, a Mansion-House, haunted by a Spirit that turned itself into a thousand Shapes and Forms; but generally came in the Figure of a *boiled Scragg of Mutton*, and had baffled and defyed the learned Men of both Universities; but this being told to my Friend, who was a Descendant and Relation of the learned *Friar Bacon*, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his Books; and 'twas done in this Manner: He ordered some Water to be put into a clean Skellet: that was new, and had never been on the Fire. When the Water boiled, he himself pulled off his Hat and Shoes, and then took seven Turnips, which he pared with a small Penknife that had been rubbed and whetted on a Loadstone, and put them into the Water. When they were boiled, he ordered some Butter to be melted in a new glazed earthen

earthen Pipkin, and then mashed the Turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the Ghost, in the Form of a *boiled Scragg of Mutton*, peep in at the Window, which I gave him Notice of; and he stuck his Fork into him, and sowed both him and the Turnips into a Pewter Dish, and eat both up: And the House was ever afterward quiet and still. Now this I should not have believed, or thought true, but I stood by and saw all the whole Ceremony performed.

JACKSON'S *State of the Defuncts*. Page 97.

## A C E R T I F I C A T E,

*To satisfy the Publick, and prevent any farther Disputes concerning the Naturalization Bill.*

**I** *Mary Midnight* of *St. James's, Westminster*, have, by Order of several noble Personages, examined a great Number of my own Countrymen promiscuously taken, and the same Number of Foreigners selected from all other Nations; and I do, upon my Honour, hereby certify and declare, that I find the *English* are rather better qualify'd for the Business of the *Eadies*, and the Business of the Nation, than any other People: Wherefore I most humbly beg that the *Naturalization Bill* may be thrown out, and a Bill brought into the House, in lieu thereof, to oblige all our Batchelors to marry and get Children; which would answer all the  
Pur-

96. *The* M I D W I F E.

Purposes of that Design, and not subject us to any of the Inconveniencies generally attending those Sort of Schemes. Witness my Hand, *April 20th 1751.*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

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V E R S E S *written in a* London Church-yard.

**M** A R I A now I'll cease to sing,  
And all the op'ning Sweets of Spring:  
The *Chop-house* in my Verse shall ring,  
Where lives my lovely *Jenny*.

Where antient Cooks exert their Art;  
No youthful Damsel bears a Part:  
Yet one has broil'd my very Heart,  
And that was lovely *Jenny*.

Brown as the Walnut is her Hair,  
Her Skin is like the Napkin fair,  
More blooming than red Cabbage are  
The Checks of lovely *Jenny*.

Each sav'ry Dish to Cit and Fop  
She bears, herself a nicer Chop;  
How far more elegant, to sop,  
And feast on lovely *Jenny*.

More tempting than the smoaking Stake,  
Or sweetest Tart her Fingers make!

I'd

I'd lose my Dinner for the Sake,  
Of tasting lovely *Jenny*.

But when I pay for Stake or Tart,  
I act a very Miser's Part,  
At once the Money and my Heart  
I give to lovely *Jenny*.

Let *Jove* his fam'd Ambrosia eat,  
And youthful *Hebe* ever wait ;  
I envy not his Joy or State,  
While serv'd by lovely *Jenny*.

While *British* Herrings *Britons* love,  
Or City Throats with Custard move,  
While Nectar pleases mighty *Jove*,  
So long shall I love *Jenny*.

And when at length the Beauty dies,  
Oh ! cut her into little Pies !  
Like Jelly-stars she'll grace the Skies,  
So bright is lovely *Jenny*.

St Clement's Church-yard,  
May 1. 1751.

*A Scheme for a Bill of Annihilation ; in a  
Letter from Mrs. Midnight, to the Rt. Hon.  
the E— of C——.*

*My Lord,*

**A**S the Troubles and Discontents of Mankind,  
are daily increasing, and their Patience di-  
minishing in the same Proportion ; I humbly offer



to your Lordship's Consideration, a Scheme, which will be a Catholicon against all Disorders and Disturbances, which are, have been, or may be incident to human Nature. The whole Affair, my Lord, is no more than this, to erect in some commodious Part of this opulent City, *an Office of Annihilation*, where all afflicted and discontented Persons may come, in order to be Annihilated by one or more of the august College of Physicians, who there must regularly attend for that Purpose.—Half the Work, my Lord, is done to our Hands; for I can demonstrate, that at least one Moiety of the People that *breathe*, cannot be said to *exist* with any Propriety of Language, *Cogito, ergo sum, I think, therefore I am*, is the great *Des Cartes's* Definition of Existence. If this be true, those that do not think, do not exist, which Observation dispatches ten Millions at a Blow——If the Naturalization Bill pass into a Law, this will clear the Way for it; for by Annihilating so many of our Countrymen, we shall make more room for Foreigners, a Piece of Complaisance, which is as amiable as it is necessary. It is almost incredible what Advantages would redound from this Affair.——All these poor Objects, which, to the Scandal of Humanity, are starving and rotting in the Streets, might be order'd to the Office.——In short, every Body that was weary of their Being, might apply to the Physician in waiting; for this is a Disease he'd never fail to Cure. I must take the Liberty to add, that your Lordship is deeply interested in  
this

Affair, in respect to some Advantages that will immediately happen to yourself.—You send six or seven Cart Loads of those Block- to the Office, who have had the enormous dence to affix your Name to their *Grub-street* 2, or, what is still worse, to father upon your ship's manly Wit, the puny paltry Product of own fumbling despicable Dulness. There is my Lord, among all the Pest of Society, a more reptible Sett of Men than your Pettyfogging rneys, your Haberdashiers of *small Ware* in law.—These I wou'd have sent to the Office of all; for the sooner Annihilation should sa to them; the sooner Mankind might expect nvaluable Blessings of Peace and good Neigh- hood. In short, since every Profession is too brouded with its respective Votaries, I wou'd, sie means, lop off all the redundant and useles sners.—I wou'd finally have commanded to Office—all Authors, who have no Qualifica- , but Vanity.—All Patrons, who give Merit ing, but their *Word*.—All Pedants, Pyrates, Pamphlet-Clubs, with every Thing that is of- ve and detrimental to good Learning, good e, and good Manners. Which is all at-pre- , from,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's*

*most obedient humble Servant,*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

*A Let-*

*A Letter from Mrs. MIDNIGHT, to the Governors of the Foundling-Hospital, in which it will appear, why she does not apply to be of their Society.*

*Worthy Sirs,*

**I** Have been sollicitd by several Persons of Distinction, to offer myself as a Candidate for being a Governor of the *Foundling-Hospital*, and find myself under some sort of Necessity of justifying my Squeamishness, in declining to make use of my Interest in this Affair. No Person of common Sense can doubt of my Impartiality in this Matter, for the Propagation of Mankind, which this *Cbarity* is peculiarly calculated to promote, is very delightful and lucrative to one of my Persuasion and Profession.—In the first Place you are guilty of a most scandalous Misnommer, (as the *French* Phrase is) for you call your Hospital, an Hospital for exposed and deserted Children, when exposed and deserted Children are absolutely excluded by the Laws of your House, and the whole of the Business is entirely left to Fortune, so that the Bastard of a Lord, has an equal Chance with an helpless Wretch, who, perhaps *was* (as *Shakespear* has it) *Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab!* I know Gaming is very fashionable, and in my Letter to Mr. *Hoyle*, I have proved it to be attended with many admirable Consequences.—But for your Black Balls and your White,—to play at *Roley-Poley* for the Bodies of your Fellow-Creatures, is carrying the Matter somewhat  
somewhat

somewhat too far. Extravagant Feasts, Musick, Revelling and Dancing, are of that Species of Charity, which Pride and Gluttony are ever ready to bestow on themselves and their Associates.—But to *Fast* for a Friend in order to serve him ;—to Pray for him in order to promote him ;—To undergo *Pain* to give him Pleasure, is Christian Charity.—All the rest is Ostentation, Nonsense, Noise, and something yet worse than all of them, which I forbear at present to mention, because I wou'd not give Offence to Persons of Distinction.

M. MIDNIGHT.

*To the wise Inhabitants of TRING, in Hertfordshire, and the Towns and Villages adjacent.*

GENTLEMEN,

I Have receiv'd a very particular and impartial Account of your Behaviour to poor *Gaffer Osborne* and his unhappy Wife ; and I am really shock'd at your Inhumanity, and asham'd of your Stupidity. Don't you think the following Paragraph will make a pretty Figure in the Annals of *England*, and give Posterity a fine Idea of your Wisdom, Sagacity, Humanity, and Religion ?

*Letter from Tring in Hertfordshire, April 24.*

‘ On Monday last a shocking Affair happened  
 ‘ here. One B—r—d, who keeps a Publick-  
 E House,

‘ House, from base and lucrative Views, had given  
‘ out he was bewitched by one Osborne and his  
‘ Wife, (inoffensive People of the Age of threescore  
‘ Years and upwards) and had it cry’d at several  
‘ Market-Towns that they were to be try’d by  
‘ Ducking the Day aforesaid ; when about Noon  
‘ a great Concourse of People, to the Number of  
‘ Five Thousand at least, appeared in the Town.  
‘ The Officers of the Parish had privately re-  
‘ moved the poor old Couple in the dead time of  
‘ the Night into the Church, as a Place of Safety.  
‘ The Mob demanded these unhappy Wretches at  
‘ the Workhouse, but on being acquainted they  
‘ were not there, they pulled down the Pales and  
‘ Walls, broke all the Windows, and demolished  
‘ a Part of the House : After searching the Chim-  
‘ nies and Cielings without Effect, they seized the  
‘ Governor, hawled him down to the Stream, and  
‘ declared they would drown him, and fire the  
‘ whole Town, unless they delivered these poor  
‘ Creatures into their Hands. The Mob ran up  
‘ and down with Straw in their Hands, and were  
‘ going to put their Threats into Execution, had  
‘ they not been delivered up. These miserable  
‘ Creatures were now dragged two Miles, stript  
‘ stark-naked, their Thumbs ty’d to their Toes,  
‘ and in this shameful manner were thrown into  
‘ a muddy Stream. After much Ducking and ill  
‘ Usage, the poor old Woman was thrown quite  
‘ naked on the Bank, almost choaked with Mud,  
‘ and expired in a few Minutes, being kick’d and  
‘ beat

‘ beat with Sticks even after she was dead ; and  
‘ the poor Man lies dangerously ill of the Bruises  
‘ he received. To add to their Barbarity, they  
‘ put the dead Witch (as they called her) in Bed  
‘ with her Husband, and ty’d them together. The  
‘ Coroner’s Inquest have brought in their Verdict,  
‘ Wilful Murder. Several Persons are apprehended  
‘ on this account, and the Inhabitants are making  
‘ diligent Search after others, being determined to  
‘ bring them to condign Punishment.’

Pray, (for God’s Sake) if you have any Sense at all, if you are not meer Idiots and Lunatics, let me tell you a Story.

There was in the West of *England*, where I lived several Years, a poor industrious Woman, who labour’d under the same evil Report that the above poor Wretches were stigmatized with. Every Hog that died with the Murrain, every Cow that slipt her Calf, she was accountable for. If a Horse had the Staggers, she was supposed to be in his Head ; and whenever the Wind blew a little harder than ordinary, *Goody Gilbert* was playing her Tricks, and riding upon a Broomstick in the Air. These, and a thousand other Phantasies, too ridiculous to recite, possess’d the Pates of the common People. Horse-shoes were nail’d with the Heels upwards, and many Tricks were made use of to intrap and mortify the poor Creature ; and such was their Rage against her, that they petition’d

Mr. *Williams*, the Parson of the Parish, not to let her come to Church, and, at last, even insisted upon it; but this he over-ruled, and allow'd the poor old Woman a Noke in one of the Isles to herself, where she muttered over her Prayers in the best Manner she could. The Parish, thus disconcerted and enraged, withdrew the small Pittance they allow'd for her Support, and would have reduc'd her to the Necessity of starving, had not she been still assisted by the benevolent Mr. *Williams*, who often sent her Bread and Meat, frequently procured her Spinning-Work from the next Market-Town, and so provoked was he at their Behaviour to her, that he once apply'd to a neighbouring Justice of Peace in her Behalf; but as there happen'd a Storm the Night before, which stript Part of the Thatch off his Worship's Stable, that wise Haberdasher of the Law refused her Relief. I was, one Afternoon, drinking Tea with Mrs. *Williams*, when a Message was brought that poor *Jane Gilbert* was extremely ill; upon which we all three went to see her. As she was sick, I expected to have found her in Bed, and we open'd the Door softly not to disturb her; but when we came into her little Hovel, poor *Jane* was spinning by a small Peat Fire, which I could have cover'd with my Hand. As the poor old Creature was deaf, she did not hear us open the Door, and I had an Opportunity of taking a full Survey of her before she perceived us. A Picture of such Wretchedness I never saw before or since. Her Body was half  
naked,

naked, infomuch that her wither'd Shoulders and Part of her Breast appear'd thro' her tatter'd Gown. Her Head was bound round with an old blue Stocking, that expos'd her bald Crown and her Ears to view. Her Hose were compos'd of two Haybands, tyed round her Legs with a Packthread-string. She sat in an old wooden Elbow-chair, and, by Fits, dozed, and then again turn'd her Wheel; to the Motion of which her Under Jaw kept exact Time. When Mr. *Williams* call'd to her, she rais'd herself up, and, by the Support of the Chair made us a Curtsey. The Manner of our coming in had a little confus'd her, but she soon recover'd herself, and, by our Desire, sat down. Mr. *Williams* then enquired into the State of her Disorder, and she told him, that she believ'd her Illness was occasion'd by her eating that Food; (pointing to an earthen Pan that stood before us, in which were mixed a little Barley Meal, Salt, and Water) and added, that she had not had any Bread or Meat for seven Days. At this he was surpris'd, and ask'd what became of the Victuals he sent her the Beginning of that Week? She thank'd him for it, and reply'd, that two Fellows in the Neighbourhood, whose Names she mention'd, had taken it from her; and that one of them had struck her several Blows. Mr. *Williams* seem'd angry that she did not inform him of it; but she desired he would not be displeas'd, and said, she was loth to be too troublesome. Mrs. *Williams* (who is a mighty good Woman) was greatly af-



fected with this Circumstance, and shed Tears, which were indeed accompany'd with my own: She then warm'd a little Sack-whey, she had brought in her Pocket, and gave it the poor Creature to drink. This *Jane* swallow'd eagerly, and was so chearful after it, that she talked to us above two Hours, entertained us with her whole Story, and the History of her Time, which was frequently interrupted with the warmest Expressions of Gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. *Williams*. When I express'd my Surprise at her Memory and good Sense, she told me that she was once a young Gentlewoman's Waiting-maid, with whom she had a good Education, and could, even now, read and write very well, but that the Neighbours would not suffer her to have a Pen and Ink, and had stolen her Bible and her Spectacles. Just as we were coming away, I put two Half-Crowns into her Hand, which she return'd me again, and begg'd I would oblige her with some Halfpence in their stead; for the People, says she, in the Neighbourhood are possess'd with a Notion that I can turn Lead into Silver and Gold, but that by and by it will become Lead again, and therefore none of the Shops will change my Money. When we parted with the old Woman, she cryed, and whispered to Mr. *Williams* to come again and give her the Sacrament, for that she did not think she should live long. — I could recite many other Circumstances in *Jane*, or (as they by way of Reproach called her) *Joan Gilbert's*

Be-

Behaviour, which I think prov'd that she was not a Witch, but a pious and good Christian; unless you suppose Witchcraft to consist in true Wisdom, Morality and Religion, and that wou'd be too absurd even for you yourselves to suppose. But I now hasten to the Sequel of my Story, in which you will find that the true Source from whence Witchcraft is reputed to spring, is *Poverty, Age, and Ignorance*; and that it is impossible for a Woman to pass for a Witch, unless she is *very Poor, Aged,* and lives in a Neighbourhood where the People are *void of common Sense.*

Sometime after we had this Interview with *Jane Gilbert*, a Brother of hers died in *London*, who, tho' like a truly adopted Son of Care, would not part with a Farthing while he lived, at his Death was obliged to leave her Five-thousand Pounds; Money that he could not carry in the Coffin with him. — This alter'd the Face of *Jane's* Affairs prodigiously: She was no longer *Jane*, alias *Joan Gilbert* the ugly old Witch, but *Madam Gilbert*; her old ragged Garb was exchanged for one that was New and Genteel: Her greatest Enemies made their Court to her, even the Justice himself came to wish her Joy; and tho' several Hogs and Horses died, and the Wind frequently blew after that, yet *Madam Gilbert* was never suppos'd to have a Hand in it: And from hence it is plain, as I observed before, that a Woman must be *very Poor, very Old,* and live in a Neighbourhood where the People are *very*

## The M I D W I F E.

very stupid, before she can possibly pass for a Witch.

Yours,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

P. S. 'Twas a Saying of Mr. *Williams*, who wou'd sometimes be jocose, and had the Art of making even Satire agreeable; that if ever *Jane* deserved the Character of a Witch, 'twas after this Money was left her; for that with her five thousand Pounds, she did more Acts of Charity and friendly Offices, than all the People of Fortune within fifty Miles of the Place. Many Thousands of my Readers know this to be true, but as some may be ignorant of it, I must inform them, that she gave Bibles and Common-Prayer Books to all the People in the Neighbourhood, and she paid for the Schooling of Forty Boys and Girls. She boil'd a large Copper twice a Week, and made Broth and Dumplings for all her Neighbours who were old or sick: She lent 500 *l.* in small Sums to poor Tradesmen and Farmers, without Interest, for ever, and appointed Trustees to take the best Security they cou'd, so that the Principal might not be lost, and to remove the Sums, occasionally, from one Family to another, when the one cou'd spare it, and the other wanted Assistance. She settled Twenty-five Pounds per Annum for a skillful Apothecary or Surgeon to attend poor People who were Sick; and Twenty-five Pounds per Annum on the Minister of the Parish, to visit and pray by them,

them, and teach the Children their Catechism; and to each Child that came to Church to learn the Catechism, she order'd a Plumb-Cake every Sunday. Among her Donations, she did not forget her Friends Mr. and Mrs. *Williams*, but gave their Son and Daughter Five-hundred Pounds a-piece in her Life-time. As to her own Part, she allow'd herself but Eighteen Pounds a Year to live on, and that at her Death she bequeathed to an old Woman who attended her. And this is a Woman they were about to destroy for Witchcraft and Sorcery! But the People are now ashamed of their Behaviour, and therefore I have concealed the Name of the Place.

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*An* E P I G R A M.

*The* P H Y S I C I A N *and the* M O N K E Y.

**A** Lady sent lately to one Doctor *Drug*,  
To come in an Instant and clyster poor Pug—  
As the Fair one commanded, he came at the Word,  
And did the Grand-Office in Tie-Wig and Sword:

The Affair being ended, so sweet and so nice!  
He held out his Hand with—"You know Ma'm  
my Price."

Your Price! says the Lady—Why, Sir, he's a  
Brother,

And Doctors must never take Fees of each other.

*We insert the following* S P E E C H *to let the World see with what Candour, Good-Nature, and Intrepidity, a Gentleman, a Poet, and a Philosopher can bear the Disappointments of Life.*

*The* S P E E C H *of* Mr. RICHARD GLOVER, *to the Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and worthy Livery of the City of LONDON, as it was spoken from the Hustings on Tuesday last, upon his declining the Poll for Chamberlain of this City.*

GENTLEMEN,

**A**FTER the Trouble which I have had so large a Share in giving you, by my Application for your Favour to succeed Sir JOHN BOSWORTH in the Office of Chamberlain, this Day so worthily supplied, I should deem myself inexcusable in quitting this Place, before I rendered my Thanks to those in particular, who so generously have espoused my Interest; to your new-elected Chamberlain himself, and Numbers of his Friends, whose Expressions and Actions have done me peculiar Honour, amidst the Warmth of their Attachment to him; to the two deserving Magistrates, who have presided among us with Impartiality, Humanity, and Justice; and lastly, to all in general, for their Candour, Decency, and Indulgence.

*Gentlemen,*

Gentlemen,

Heretofore I have frequently had Occasion of addressing the Livery of *London* in Public, but at this Time I find myself at an unusual Loss, being under all the Difficulties which a Want of Matter, deserving your Notice, can create. Had I now your Rights and Privileges to vindicate; had I the Cause of your suffering Trade to defend; or were I now called forth to recommend and enforce the Parliamentary Service of the most virtuous and illustrious Citizen, my Tongue would be free from Constraint, and expatiating at large, would endeavour to merit your Attention, which now must be solely confined to so narrow a Subject as myself. On those Occasions, the Importance of the Matter, and my known Zeal to serve you, however ineffectual my Attempts might prove, were always sufficient to secure me the Honour of a kind Reception and unmerited Regard. Your Countenance, Gentlemen, first drew me from the Retirement of a studious Life; your repeated Marks of Distinction first pointed me out to that great Body, the Merchants of *London*, who, pursuing your Example, condescended to intrust me, unequal and unworthy as I was, with the most important Cause; a Cause, where your Interest was as nearly concerned as theirs. In Consequence of that Deference which has ever been paid to the Sentiments and Choice of the Citizens and Traders of *London*, it was impossible but some faint Lustre must have glanced on one, whom, weak as he was, they

they were pleased to appoint the Instrument on their Behalf: And if from these Transactions I accidentally acquired the smallest Share of Reputation, it was to you Gentlemen of the Livery, that my Gratitude ascribes it; and I joyfully embrace this Public Opportunity of declaring, that whatever Part of a Public Character I may presume to claim, I owe primarily to you. To this I might add the Favour, the Twenty Years Countenance and Patronage of one, whom a supreme Degree of Respect shall prevent me from naming; and though under the Temptation of using that Name, as a certain Means of obviating some Misconstructions, I shall however avoid to dwell on the Memory of a Loss so recent, so justly and so universally lamented.

Permit me now to remind you, that when placed by these Means in a Light not altogether unfavourable, no lucrative Reward was then the Object of my Pursuit; nor ever did the Promises or Offers of private Emolument induce me to quit my Independence, or vary from the least of my former Professions, which always were, and remain still founded on the Principles of universal Liberty; Principles which I assume the Glory to have established on your Records. Your Sense, Liverymen of *London*, the Sense of your great Corporation, so repeatedly recommended to your Representatives in Parliament, were my Sense, and the principal Boast of all my Compositions, containing Matter imbibed in my earliest Education, to which I have  
always

always adhered, by which I still abide, and which I will endeavour to bear down with me to the Grave; and even at that gloomy Period, when deserted by my good Fortune, and under the severest Trials, even then, by the same Consistency of Opinions and Uniformity of Conduct, I still preserved that Part of Reputation, which I originally derived from your Favour, whatever I might pretend to call a Public Character, unshaken and unblemished; nor once, in the Hour of Affliction, did I banish from my Thoughts the most sincere and conscientious Intention of acquitting every private Obligation, as soon as my good Fortune should please to return; a distant Appearance of which seemed to invite me, and awakened some flattering Expectations on the rumoured Vacancy of the Chamberlain's Office; but always apprehending the Imputation of Presumption, and that a higher Degree of Delicacy and Caution would be requisite in me, than in any other Candidate, I forbore, 'till late, to present myself once more to your Notice, and then, for the first Time, abstracted from a Public Consideration, solicited your Favour for my own private Advantage. My Want of Success shall not prevent my cheerfully congratulating this Gentleman on his Election, and you on your Choice of so worthy a Magistrate; and if I may indulge a Hope of departing this Place with a Share of your Approbation and Esteem, I solemnly from my Heart declare, That I shall not bear away with me the least Trace of Disappointment.



*Some Reflections on the State of the Stage.*

**A**MONG the Multiplicity of theatrical Performances, we have a Scarcity of those rational Productions, that either animate the Heart, warm the Soul, place Virtue in her Orb, or give Vice her Dungeon. I have been thinking what this ought principally to be attributed to; and am of Opinion, it is more to the prevailing Tastes of the different Ages, than to a Sterility of Invention in our Writers, or the natural Depravity of our Cotemporary Auditors: However, I am extremely enraged to see a Play, intrinsically good, assassinated, and barbarously murdered, by an injudicious Performer, which has been too frequently the Case. The Audience never fails to be offended at such a Disappointment; they at first vent their Dissatisfaction on the Player, and afterwards load the Conduct of the Managers with innumerable Invectives: Though this Resentment is misapplied both to the one and the other. What can a Manager do, if a tyrannical Sultan of a Player will shew his arbitrary Disposition; if the ambitious Hero struts with Insolence behind the Scenes, and absolutely refuses to play that Character which is adapted to his Abilities? How is a Manager to blame, if such a Performer shou'd violently disdain the Legality of his solemn Engagements, and refuse one Night to play because he has an Appointment with  
a fa-

a favourite Actress, and a succeeding Night because his Head has been disordered with the Intemperance of his *Bacchanalian* Companions? Perhaps there is such a Person: Nay, perhaps there are some Women who have equally disappointed the Town; because, forsooth, the Pride of one Lady, is put in Opposition against the Vanity of another.

The Stage is a little Republic, whose Constitution is very mysterious: It has not yet been confidently asserted, whether it is a democratical, or an oligarchical Government: Sometimes indeed it has a Resemblance of the *Venetian* Legislature, where the judicial Authority concentrates in the Nobility; and at others it seems like the *Genoese*, where the Populace are predominant: One while it has an Appearance of the *Swedish* Constitution, where the Monarch is invested with all the Apparatus of Royalty, without the Power; At another time it approaches to a Similitude of the political System of our own Nation, where the Sovereign and the Subject act with a concurrent Zeal for the Promotion of their mutual Felicity, and the Preservation of national Liberty: It has once or twice been like the Prerogative of the *French* Monarch; but it has never yet been similar to the arbitrary Power of *Russia*, or any of the oriental Empires: Though for sometime past it has been extremely correspondent to the *Polish* Constitution, where the proud Subject not only aspires to outvie the Magnificence of his Prince, but endeavours to obstruct the general Welfare of the Community,

to gratify his own ambitious and unruly Passions: And it has also been somewhat synonymous to the *Dutch Commonwealth*, where every Deputy endeavours to accomplish his own Business, and then deserts the Interest of the Public.

Hence the Managers of our Theatres are obliged to deface a beautiful Character, by a Misapplication of the Performers; and the Performer is obliged to expose his own Inability in a Part for which he was never adapted, though he might have attracted Applause in those Characters which were peculiarly his own. We are not redundantly stocked in what is generally called the useful Player, that is the universal one: Mr. *Rich* has been long happy in such a Person, by the Attachment of Mr. *Ryan* to the New House; and the Managers of the Old House are now equally happy in Mr. *Berry*, who is meritorious of Praise in every thing he undertakes; but I am particularly delighted with this Performer in every Scene, where he has an Opportunity of exerting the Force of aged Grief, or the Sentiments of a grateful Friend: I was indeed astonish'd at his late Performance in the Character of *Horatio* in *the Fair Penitent*, where his noble Deportment in the Scene between him and *Lothario*, so sensibly struck the Audience, that every judicious Spectator was now conscious that a Gem may be long undistinguished, and an excellent-Player be long prevented from obtaining that Applause, which the pleas'd Heart shou'd fondly bestow on the Promoter of its Felicity. I have observed, that this Performer

Performer is equally remarkable for a Readiness to serve his Fellow Players, in acting any Character for their Benefit, and this is a Point of Integrity as seldom to be found on the Stage, as Honesty is on the Change of *Amsterdam* :— Though I must observe in Justice to the Character of Mr. *Garrick*, that his most inveterate Enemies cannot help confessing, that his Alacrity and Diligence in promoting and attending to the Interest of his Performers, has been singularly great, and uncommonly generous : This Gentleman has constantly performed in almost every Play since the Commencement of the Benefits; out of 170 Plays, since the beginning of the Season, he has acted more than Ninety Nights, and where he did not perform in any Benefit, it was by the Choice of that Person who was intitled to it. Indeed this Manager has so laboriously endeavoured to promote the Interest of every Individual belonging to his House, that I believe he has been extremely concerned to perceive those Jealousies and Animosities so natural among the many Competitors for theatrical Fame, and the envious Beholders of a crowded Benefit : For I heard him, as I was the other Night behind the Scenes, publicly declare to two or three grumbling Performers, who had been disappointed of full Houses at their Benefits, that he was ready to oblige them all as far as his Ability extended, without any Partiality ; for, while they were endeavouring to distress one another, by their unseasonable Negligence or Resentment, he was de-

terminated to assist them all, without any Distinction, from his best to the most inferior Performer: at the same time kindly recommending it to them all, awhile to forget the Pleasures of the Country, and consult the Interest of those whose Benefits were approaching.

I must acknowledge myself to be so great an Admirer of Mr. *Garrick's* Dramatic Excellencies, that I am much chagrined if I cannot be present whenever he performs; and when I am so happy to see him in any of his principal Characters, my  $\alpha$ 's Blood flows with a vivifying Swiftnes thro' my icy Veins, I am reanimated with all the Spirit of Youth, and am sure to clap him most heartily on every beautiful Excursion with which he captivates the Soul: nay, I have been so extraordinary fervent sometimes upon these Occasions, that I have attracted the Observation of a considerable Part of the Audience, and at one time even of Mr. *Garrick* himself; upon which Account several of my Acquaintance have entertained different Opinions of me, and my known Impartiality has not escaped uncensured; for Lady *Boxlove*, of *Red-Lion Square*, has confidently affirmed to the rich Apothecary's Wife, that I must positively have some particular Regard for Mr. *Garrick* more extraordinary than what was to be discerned from his Performances on the Stage: which Regard my good *Shropshire* Friend, an elderly Lady, who lives in *Panton-Square*, violently insists is the Affection or Love of an old doating Woman for a sprightly handsome young

young Gentleman; and if I was to be in Love with him, she does not so much wonder at it, because she says she once fell in Love with a Man only for the Delicacy of his Voice: but Mrs. *Vainbrow*, the young Widow of *Conduit-Street*, will have it, that it is impossible a Woman of my Years and Discretion shou'd have a Heart susceptible of the Power of Man; and, with the greatest Assurance, reports, that Mr. *Garrick* was really brought into the World under my Care; which occasions me so strenuously to vindicate whatever he does in Preference to Mr. *Barry*, who she says is a fine tall proper Man, and has a sweet Voice, only such old Women as I am are too obstinate to praise any Thing that other People are fond of commending. I cannot really say I ever took a very particular Notice of Mr. *Barry*, and therefore won't deny that he may be a handsome Man: but the last Time I saw Mr. *Garrick* in the Character of *Lothario*, I could not help recollecting what the Author of the *Rosciad* says of him, with which, as I think it is no strained Compliment, I shall conclude these Observations:

————— though no martial Port,  
 No Stride majestic, and no Front august,  
 His Person grac'd; yet Nature in his Eye  
 Roll'd beauteous, on his Visage stamp't the Seal  
 Of rich Perfection dignify'd by Art,  
 And from his Soul beam'd forth the brightest Ray  
That

So *The* M I D W I F E.

That with Meridian Lustre e'er illum'd  
The *Muses'* consecrated Dome.

*Rosciad* v: 252.

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E P I G R A M.

*On two fine Gentlemen disputing on Religion.*

**O**N Grace, Freewill, and Myst'ries high,  
Two Wits harangu'd the Table;

*B—y* believes he knows not why,

*N—b* swears 'tis all a Fable.

Peace, Idiots, Peace — and both agree,

*N—b* kiss thy empty Brother;

Religion laughs at *Foss* like thee,

But dreads a *Friend* like t'other.

---

*To the little Elevators in Poetry who love to  
Surprise.*

*Gentlemen,*

**T**H E following sublime Description of a Storm  
was wrote, in Manner of a certain *Great*  
Author, from which I hope you will receive a *great*  
deal of Pleasure and Benefit, as it is in all Respects  
*greatly* worthy your Imitation.

As when in blustering, thund'ring, wintry Days,  
The Bully *Boreas* on his Bagpipe plays;

When

When old *Aquarius* ducks this earthly Ball,  
 And empties on our Heads his Urinal ;  
 When rumbling Clouds on grumbling Clouds *do* dash,  
 And 'midst the flashing Lightnings Lightnings flash ;  
 Hogs, Dogs, and Men, perceive the troubled Sky,  
 Hogs, Dogs, and Men, away for Shelter fly ;  
 While all around, the black, dark, gloomy Scene  
 Looks grey, looks white, looks red, looks blue,  
     looks green ;  
 So green, so blue, so red, so grey, so white,  
 Look'd Don *Grimalchio*, when he saw the Spright.

Gentlemen,

Your Servant, and so forth,

M. MIDNIGHT.

\* From the RAMBLER.

*Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,  
 Dissidens Plebi, Numero beatorum,  
 Eximit virtus: Polumque falsis.*

*Dedocet uti*

*Vocibus.*

HOR.

**I**N the Reign of *Jengbiz Can*, Conqueror of the East, in the City of *Samarcand*, lived *Nouradin* the Merchant, renowned throughout all the

\* A Paper publish'd every Tuesday and Saturday, price 2d. which really merits the utmost Attention and Encouragement of the Publick.

Re-



Regions of *India* for the Extent of his Commerce and the Integrity of his Manners. His Warehouses were filled with all the Commodities of the remotest Nations; every Rarity of Nature, every Curiosity of Art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hasted to his Hand. The Streets were crowded with his Carriages, the Sea was covered with his Ships, the Streams of *Oxus* were wearied with Conveyance, and every Breeze of the Sky wafted Wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himself seized with a slow Malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by Application, and afterwards to relieve by Luxury and Indulgence; but finding his Strength every Day less, he was at last terrified, and called for Help upon the Sages of Physick; they filled his Apartments with Alexipharmicks, Restoratives, and essential Virtues; the Pearls of the Ocean were dissolved, the Spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the Powers of Nature were employed to give new Spirits to his Nerves, and new Balsam to his Blood. *Nouradin* was for some time amused with Promises, invigorated with Cordials, or soothed with Anodynes; but the Disease preyed upon his Vitals, and he soon discovered with Indignation, that Health was not to be bought. He was confined to his Chamber, deserted by his Physicians, and rarely visited by his Friends; but his Unwillingness to die flattered him long with Hopes of Life.

At

At length, having passed the Night in tedious Languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only Son, and having dismissed his Attendants, “ My  
 “ Son,” says he, “ behold here the Weakness and  
 “ Fragility of Man; look backward a few Days,  
 “ thy Father was great and happy, fresh as the  
 “ vernal Rose, and strong as the Cedar of the  
 “ Mountain; the Nations of the East drank his  
 “ Dew, and Art and Commerce delighted in his  
 “ Shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed;  
 “ his Root, she cried, is fixed in the Depths; it is  
 “ watered by the Fountains of *Oxus*; it sends out  
 “ Branches afar, and bids Defiance to the Blast;  
 “ Prudence reclines against his Trunk, and Pro-  
 “ sperity dances on his Top. Now, *Almamoulin*,  
 “ look upon me withering and prostrate; look  
 “ upon me, and attend. I have trafficked, I have  
 “ prospered; I have rioted in Gain, my House is  
 “ splendid, my Servants are numerous; yet I dis-  
 “ played only a small Part of my Riches; the rest,  
 “ which I was hindered from enjoying by the  
 “ Fear of raising Envy or tempting Rapacity,  
 “ I have piled in Towers, I have buried in Ca-  
 “ verna, I have hidden in secret Repositories,  
 “ which this Scroll will discover. My Purpose  
 “ was, after ten Months more spent in Commerce,  
 “ to have withdrawn my Wealth to a safer Coun-  
 “ try; to have given seven Years to Delight and  
 “ Festivity, and the remaining Part of my Days to  
 “ Solitude and Repentance; but the Hand of  
 “ Death is upon me; a frigid Torpor en-  
 “ creaches

“ croaches upon my Veins ; I am now leaving the  
“ Produce of my Toil, which it must be thy Busi-  
“ ness to enjoy with Wisdom.” The Thought of  
leaving his Wealth filled *Nouradin* with such Grief,  
that he fell into Convulsions, became delirious,  
and expired.

*Almamoulin*, who loved his Father, was touched  
a while with honest Sorrow, and sat two Hours in  
profound Meditation, without perusing the Paper  
which he held in his Hand. He then retired to his  
own Chamber, as overborn with Affliction, and  
there read the Inventory of his new Possessions,  
which swelled his Heart with such Transports, that  
he no longer lamented his Father's Death. He  
was now sufficiently composed to order a Funeral  
of modest Magnificence, suitable at once to the  
Rank of *Nouradin's* Profession, and the Reputa-  
tion of his Wealth. The two next Nights he spent  
in visiting the Tower and the Caverns, and found  
the Treasures greater to his Eye than to his Imagi-  
nation.

*Almamoulin* had been bred to the Practice of  
exact Frugality, and had often looked with Envy  
on the Finery and Expences of other young Men ;  
he therefore believed that Happiness was now in his  
Power, since he could obtain all of which he had  
hitherto been accustomed to regret the Want. He  
resolved to give a Loose to his Desires, to revel in  
Enjoyment, and feel Pain or Uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid Equipage,  
dressed his Servants in rich Embroidery, and co-  
vered

vered his Horses with golden Caparisons. He showered down Silver on the Populace, and suffered their Acclamations to swell him with Insolence. The Nobles saw him with Anger, the wise Men of the State combined against him, the Leaders of Armies threatened his Destruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his Danger, he put on the Robe of Mourning in the Presence of his Enemies, and appeased them with Gold, and Gems, and Supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself by an Alliance with the Princes of *Tartary*, and offered the Price of Kingdoms for a Wife of noble Birth. His Suit was generally rejected and his Presents refused; but a Princess of *Astracan* once condescended to admit him to her Presence. She received him sitting on a Throne, attired in the Robe of Royalty, and shining with the Jewels of *Goncolda*; Command sparkled in her Eyes, and Dignity towered on her Forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She saw his Confusion and disdained him; how, says she, dares the Wretch hope my Obedience, who thus shrinks at my Glance; retire, and enjoy thy Riches in sordid Ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never to be great.

He then contracted his Desires to more private and domestick Pleasures. He built Palaces, he laid out Gardens, he changed the Face of the Land, he transplanted Forests, he levelled Mountains, opened Prospects into distant Regions, poured Rivers

G

from

from the Tops of Turrets, and rolled their Waters through new Channels.

These Amusements pleased him for a Time, but Languor and Weariness soon invaded him. His Bowers lost their Fragrance, and the Waters murmured without Notice. He purchased large Tracts of Land in distant Provinces, adorned them with Houses of Pleasure, and diversified them with Accommodations for different Seasons. Change of Place at first relieved his Satiety, but all the Novelties of Situation were soon exhausted; he found his Heart vacant, and his Desires, for want of external Objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to *Samarcand*, and set open his Doors to all those whom Idleness sends out in Search of Pleasure. His Tables were always covered with Delicacies; Wines of every Vintage sparkled in his Bowls, and his Lamps scattered Perfumes. The sound of the Lute, and the Voice of the Singer chased away Sadness; every Hour was crowded with Pleasure, and the Day ended and began with Feasts and Dances, and Revelry and Merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at last found  
 " the Use of Riches; I am surrounded by Friends  
 " who view my Greatness without Envy, and I  
 " enjoy at once the Raptures of Popularity, and  
 " the Safety of an obscure Station. What Trou-  
 " ble can he feel whom all are studious to please,  
 " that they may be repaid with Pleasure? What  
 " Danger can he dread to whom every Man is a  
 " Friend?"

Such

Such were the Thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a Gallery upon the gay Assembly regaling at his Expence; but in the Midst of this Soliloquy, an Officer of Justice entered the House, and in the Form of legal Citation, summoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the Emperor. The Guests stood a while aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a Friend to witness his Integrity. He now found one of his most frequent Visitants accusing him of Treason in Hopes of sharing his Confiscation; yet, unpatronised and unsupported, he cleared himself by the Openness of Innocence and the Consistence of Truth; he was dismissed with Honour, and his Accuser perished in Prison.

*Almamoulin* now perceived with how little Reason he had hoped for Justice or Fidelity from those who live only to gratify their Senses, and having wearied himself with vain Experiments upon Life, and fruitless Searches after Felicity, he had Recourse to a Sage, who, after spending his Youth in Travel and Observation, had retired from all human Cares, to a small Habitation on the Banks of *Oxus*, where he conversed only with such as solicited his Counsel. “ Brother,” said the Philosopher, “ thou hast suffered thy Reason to be de-  
 “ luded by idle Hopes, and fallacious Appearances.  
 “ Having long looked with Desire upon Riches,  
 “ thou hadst taught thyself to think them more  
 “ valuable than Nature designed them, and to ex-  
 “ pect from them what Experience has taught thee

“ they cannot give. That they do not confer  
 “ Wisdom thou mayst be convinced by consider-  
 “ ing at how dear a Price they tempted thee upon  
 “ thy first Entrance into the World, to purchase  
 “ the empty Sound of vulgar Acclamation. That  
 “ they cannot bestow Fortitude or Magnanimity,  
 “ that Man may be certain, who stood trembling  
 “ at *Astracan* before a Being not naturally superior  
 “ to himself. That they will not supply unex-  
 “ hausted Pleasure, the Recollection of forsaken  
 “ Palaces and neglected Gardens will easily inform  
 “ thee. That they cannot purchase Friends, thou  
 “ didst soon discover when thou wert left to stand  
 “ thy Trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think  
 “ not Riches useles; there are Purposes to which  
 “ a wise Man may be delighted to apply them;  
 “ they may, by a rational Distribution, ease the  
 “ Pains of helpless Disease, still the Throbs of  
 “ restless Anxiety, relieve Innocence from Op-  
 “ pression, and raise Impotence to Cheerfulness and  
 “ Vigour. This they will enable thee to perform,  
 “ and this will afford the only Happiness ordained  
 “ for our present State, the Confidence of divine  
 “ Favour, and the Hope of future Rewards.”

*The* MIDWIFE'S POLITICKS: Or, *Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL and SPAIN.

**T**HE Dominions of his most faithful Majesty afford no material Intelligence; though this young Monarch is endeavouring to encourage the maritime Interest of his Country, to abolish the Rigour of those inhuman Directors of the Inquisition, and to promote the general Felicity of his Subjects. His most Catholic Majesty is vigilantly attempting to re-establish his Marine, which was almost totally ruined during the late War: He also applies himself diligently to whatever may contribute to the Happiness of his Subjects, and the Prosperity of his Kingdom; to accomplish which, such prudent Measures are taken, as already indicate their Utility, by the Progress which has been so quickly made in the Manufactures and Cultivation of Land in the Kingdom:—Whatever the Spaniards are, I cannot help asking, if some People are not highly culpable in suffering English Workmen to quit their own Country, and carry their Improvements in Manufactures among the Natives of Spain. Mr. Keen has presented a Memorial concerning the Navigation of the English in the West-Indies, so as to prevent, by means of some fixed Regulation, the irregularities which they still complain of, especially in regard to the Right they pretend to have of trading to the Bay of Honduras: The Spanish Council has been employed for some Days in examining this Memorial; but I will venture to pronounce, that the Spaniards will never acknowledge this Right, and will still procrastinate every Measure which Don Benjamin can undertake to remove their Inflexibility. A Rumour is spread, that the Spaniards have invested Gibraltar; but if they have,



I shall call them a Parcel of Old Women, for they ought to remember the Destruction of their Quixotic Army when they besieged this formidable Fortrefs in the Year 1727; and they may be assured that this Place will be impregnable to the Spaniards, till such time as they can get an Admiral and a Fleet, with the Bravery of Sir George Rook, and the Resolution of British Sailors, in which they may be the more readily convinced by reflecting on what happened to them in the Year 1704, when Admiral Leake defeated the united Squadrons of France and Spain, and raised the Siege of Gibraltar, after they had besieged it by Sea and Land for upwards of five Months.

## I T A L Y.

His Sicilian Majesty has settled a Fund of 800,000 Crowns to carry a Scheme into Execution for establishing an Assurance Office, upon the same Plan with those that have been erected long since in other European Countries relative to Commerce. It is also currently reported, that a maritime Academy will shortly be established, for the more expeditious Instruction of the Neapolitan Sailors in the Art of Navigation. Such a Conduct as this, is a corroborating Instance; that though Sir Robert Walpole was old Woman enough to establish Don Carlos in his regal Dominions, the Monarch is not Child enough to value the royal Gewgaw of the Sicilian Crown, and takes the most prudential Steps for making it Hereditary in the Bourbon Family; the Promotion of which in so extraordinary a Manner, on the Ruins of the House of Austria, we are now convinced, was entirely owing to the Councils of some blundering old Woman on this Side the Water.

The Corsairs of Barbary continue to molest the Trade upon the Coast of the Ecclesiastic State more than ever,  
upon

upon which Orders have been sent to Civita Vecchia, to fit out the Pope's Gallies as soon as possible. These Rovers daily commit great Depredations in the Mediterranean, and are become so formidable, that in the beginning of last Month, there sailed from Algiers 28 armed Vessels, to cruize against the Christian Powers, who took their Rout towards Sicily and the Adriatic Sea. The Tunisians and Tripolines have several Vessels at Sea, who render Navigation perillous, and greatly prejudice Commerce: But as the Court of Naples, the Religion of Malta, and the Genoese, are preparing to go in Pursuit of these Pirates, it is expected they will be able to give them a Check, especially as it is reported that the Court of Spain has ordered several Men of War and Xebecs from Alicant and other Ports, to sail in quest of these free-booting Barbarians.

The Republic of Venice has settled the Differences with the Court of Vienna, concerning the Patriarchship of Aquileia, and has also concluded a Convention with the same Court for five Years; by Virtue of which they are reciprocally to deliver up all Deserters, Malefactors, Bankrupts, &c. At the same time they have agreed, that the Conferences began between their respective Commissioners for settling the Limits of the Tyroleze, and the Confines of the Republic, shall be continued at Roveredo, till the Business be finally concluded: They likewise talk of a Defensive Alliance between the Imperial Court and the Venetians, against the Turks, who are assembled in Dalmatia.—So excellent a Determiner of Differences is Danger!

F R A N C E.

The French Ministry discover at present no Inclination to foment Differences among their Neighbours, but rather

rather to cultivate the general Peace; from whence it is highly probable their System is broken in the North; and that they are now at a stand where else to blow up the Coals of Dissention: However, they are extremely vigilant in augmenting their naval Force, which is a Matter that deserves the Attention of Mother *Britannica*; for the French have lately launched a Ship of 80 Guns at Toulon, and there are now upon the Stocks two of 74 Guns, two of 64, a Frigate of 36 Guns, and several Xebecs. M. Orry de Tulvy, Counsellor of State, and Superintendant of the Finances, died lately, in the 48th Year of his Age; and Cardinal Tencin has obtain'd Permission to retire to his Diocese, with this Mark of royal Esteem, that he may come and attend the Council of State whenever he pleases. It is now reported that the Forces of the Great Mogul, who had invested Pondicherry, have been obliged to abandon the Siege.

#### N E T H E R L A N D S.

Intestine Commotions seem still to threaten the Dutch Republic, where the Death of the Countess of Portland very much embarrasses the Party which is in the true Interest of the Country: So that Messieurs Pagel, Catwyck, and Larrey, who are the principal Persons attached to the Prince Stadholder, it's apprehended will not be in a Condition of resisting the Torrent of his Serene Highness's Enemies, who are incessantly traversing his Projects, though they are apparently calculated for the good of the Republic. The natural Consequence of these civil Discords among the States, is the gradual Decay of their Importance with the neighbouring Powers, which becomes more and more visible every Day: Even the Court of France will hear no talk of renewing the Treaty of Commerce concluded in 1739, which it has entirely changed,

changed, consistent with its own particular interest, without favouring the the Dutch in the least; who, like good-natured easy old Women, were contented to hear his most Christian Majesty declare them his good Friends, while he was bombarding their barrier Towns about their Ears. Baron d'Imhoff, who so cruelly massacred the Chinese in Batavia, died there on the 1st of November last, and is succeeded by M. Mosell, first Counsellor and Director-General, in the Government of all the Dutch Settlements in the East-Indies.

G E R M A N Y.

The Court of Vienna has not yet been able to accomplish its grand Design in electing the young Archduke Joseph to the Dignity of King of the Romans; in which it is principally opposed by his Prussian Majesty, who seems to be the most vigilant and cautious of all the Princes of Europe, as perhaps he has more to fear from his Neighbour than any other Prince of Germany: The Power he has lately acquired by the Conquest of Silesia, and its Dependencies, has alarmed those who before regarded him only as upon a Level with the other Electors; and his Alliance with France, which he finds necessary to preserve his Weight, adds to their Jealousy. The Elector of Cologne has at last convinced us that he is little better than an old Woman, by entering into a Treaty with France, whereby his Electoral Highness engages to entertain a Body of 6000 Troops for the Service of his most Christian Majesty, who engages on his Part to pay that Prince a Subsidy of 270,000 German Florins. However, the Court of Vienna seems to aim at disuniting the Bourbon Family, for the Marriages are now talked of between the Infant Don Lewis of Spain and the eldest Archduchess of Austria, and the Archduke Joseph with a Princess of the Two Sicilies.

## D E N M A R K.

His Danish Majesty has published an Edict relating to the Greenland Trade, whereby he enlarges the Grant to the Company of Commerce trading to the Colonies of Greenland; ordering that the Penalty of Seizure and Confiscation shall take Place with Respect to all and every one, whether Natives or Foreigners, who shall attempt to trade there: declaring that the Limits shall extend 15 Miles on both Sides of each Colony, including all the Places lying between the Western Isles, and Blackbird's Bay.

## S W E D E N.

At length, by the Death of the old King of Sweden, that Crown is descended upon the Head of Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Holstein, and Bishop of Entin. This Prince is the Founder of the second Royal Family, derived from the Counts of Oldenburgh; and when his Nephew, the Grand Duke of Ruffia, comes to succeed her present Czarian Majesty, the Three Northern Crowns will be all vested in Princes of the same House, which will then be no less formidable in the North, than the House of Bourbon is in the South of Europe. The Accession of this Monarch to the Swedish Throne, promises to produce no Alteration in the System of Government, which was the Point so much contended for by Ruffia; his Majesty, by his Coronation Oath, having solemnly engaged to observe the present Form of Government, which has given the Swedes such an additional Scene of Liberty since the Death of Charles XII. The King has wrote a Letter to the Czarina, giving her the strongest Assurances of his sincere Desire to maintain a perfect Friendship with her Imperial Majesty.

## R U S S I A.

The Court of Petersburg seems entirely satisfied with the Declarations of his Swedish Majesty, wherein he  
pro-

promises that his first Care shall be to confirm, as King, the Engagements he contracted as Prince Successor. There are above 100,000 Troops in the conquer'd Provinces, to guard against any Attempts from the Side of Prussia; nor are the Russians at all intimidated at the Approach of the Turks towards the Frontiers. Every Thing seems to go on prosperously under the Direction of the Czarina, who is herself a very sensible Lady, and I dare say has many worthy old Women in her Cabinet; tho' some of the young ones belonging to her Court, have acted in a most surprizing Manner, by impeaching their own Father, Count Douglas, of treasonable Practices; but this is apprehended to be only the Effects of Love; an Instance that this subtle Flame is more predominant in these frozen Regions of the North than filial Duty.

D O M E S T I C O C C U R R E N C E S.

Last Week an Express arrived from Commodore Holborn, with an Account that the French had entirely evacuated the Islands of Tobago, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent: — if this be true, all the old Women in Barbadoes may sing Oh be joyful, because they will now have a Supply of Timber for Crutches, which their own Island is entirely destitute of.

16. There was a Call of the House of Commons, when upwards of 400 Members were present, to attend on the Bill for naturalizing foreign Protestants, which has been happily rejected, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants of Bristol, whose Corporation had presented a Petition to the House in Favour of the Bill, though there were no more than 40 who took upon them to represent the general Voice of the People, which was speedily opposed by a Counter-petition, signed by almost 2000 of the principal Inhabitants.

MARY

MARY MIDNIGHT, to all Potentates, Prime Ministers, Politicians, Heads of Houses, Fellows of Colleges, Counsellors and Physicians, whether *Male* or *Female*, GREETING.

*Dearly beloved,*

**A**S we are fully persuaded that you have, all and every of you, our Interest greatly at Heart, we take this Opportunity to gratify you with the good Tidings, that we have now compleated the *First* Volume of our *MIDWIFE*, Or, *Old Woman's Magazine*, which has obtained the Sanction, Imprimatur and Encouragement of the Literati of all Nations. And this you are desired to signify to all your Friends, Allies, and Dependents, that they may compleat their Books accordingly; and possess themselves of a Work, for the Conclusion of which *PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO* wrote the following Lines in the Golden Age of *AUGUSTUS*.

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis Ira nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetustas.*

Which in plain English runs thus :

*Now I have accomplished a Work, which neither the Wrath of Jove, nor Fire, nor Sword, nor the Tooth of Time shall be able to abolish.*

Dearly Beloved,

Yours with great Truth,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

N. B. We should have informed you, that many of the Numbers contained in that Work, have flew with the Impetuosity of a Whirlwind through *fourteen Editions*, maugre all the Oppositions, Thefts, and artful Contrivances of the Enemies of Wit, sound Sense, and good Learning; but as such Information might have looked like a Puff, we purposely avoided it.

\* \* No single Numbers of the *First* Volume will be sold after the 25th of June next, and from that Period of Time, that Volume which now sells for *Two Shillings*, will be advanced to Two Shillings and Six-pence.

Sold by my Publisher, *T. Carnan*, at *Mr. Newbery's*, at the Bible and Sun in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

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# The M I D W I F E.

## N U M B E R III.

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### V O L. II.

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*Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S Dissertation on the Perpetual Notion.*

**T**HE Prejudice, that the Publick has imbibed in Favour of all my Performances, induces me to believe, that my Readers, at the first Glance on the Title of this Dissertation, will precipitately conclude, that there is a Typographical Error, and that I am actually about to communicate to the World the wonderful Discovery of the *Perpetual Motion*. However, I protest at present, I have no such Design; not that I will absolutely promise to conceal that Secret from Mankind much longer; but my present Business is to treat on the *Perpetual Notion*, which I define to be an inherent Opinion (I will not say an innate one, for fear of being haunted by the Ghost of *John Locke*)

VOL. II.

H

I say,



I say, an inherent Opinion every Individual has, that he either now is, or at some Time, will be a Person of great Consequence. This is the *Perpetual Notion*, and, I will be bold to say, is of more Service to the Happiness and Well-being of Man, than any Mechanick Art, that ever was invented. What makes the 'Prentice chearfully plod thro' a seven Year's Servitude, but the *Perpetual Notion* he will one Day be a Master? What makes the Lover go thro' a ten Year's Siege, but a *Perpetual Notion* that the fair Obstinate will at length surrender? What makes the Toadeater to a State-Mountebank think there is Musick in his Chains, and Dignity in his Disgrace, but the *Perpetual Notion* of his some time being raised on that very Pedestal, which is at present the Support of his Idol? By Means of the *Perpetual Notion* every Body has always a *Prospect*, and a *Prospect* is a very good Thing at a very great Distance; those therefore who have the least Expectations have the finest *Prospect*, the Objects of their Desires being most remote, which must be a great Consolation to the Poor and the Unfortunate. But see more of this in the fourteenth Volume of my Treatise on Perspective, which was lately published at *Amsterdam*.

Hope, that Passion, which was given to amuse us from the Consideration of real Misery, by deluding us with visionary Happiness, is founded on the *Perpetual Notion*, which nothing can destroy but Self-Contempt and Despair; Diseases of the Mind not incident to one Man in ten Million.

Every

Every Person is fond of Existence, every Person wou'd fain be *Somebody*, a *Perpetual Notion* highly cherished by many a Man, who, in Fact, is *Nobody*.

The brisk Minor that pants for Twenty-one, the brisker Damsel that pants for a Husband, the Culprit that wants to go abroad, and the Exile that sighs to come home, have no Peace, no Life, but in the *Perpetual Notion*. Even I myself, even MARY MIDNIGHT, who is writing this Dissertation, wou'd want Spirits to comfort herself in her old Age, was it not for the *Perpetual Notion*, that tho' the Works of her Hands bring nothing but frail Mortals into the World, yet the Works of her Head shall triumph in Immortality.

## REFLECTIONS on MATRIMONY.

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

**M**atrimony is of such Consequence to the Increase and Well-being of Mankind, and so connected both with my Persuasion and Profession, that no less than two Millions of my Readers have pester'd me with Letters to desire or rather demand my Sentiments on the Subject. 'Tis remarkable, that Sir *Thomas More*, in his \* UTOPIA, treats of

\* A beautiful Edition in English of this Work will shortly be publish'd by Mr. Newbery.

this State under the Article of Servitude: I say, 'tis remarkable, and I am afraid that I must be obliged to own 'tis judicious. Not that I wou'd be understood to cast any Reflections on my own Sex by this Expression; for, in the Circle of my Experience, I have met with more Male Tyrants than Female ones; but I have still found in most Houses an *Emperor*, or *Empress*, whereas the Dominion, I apprehend, ought to be divided; or, to use a Phrase of *Shakespear*, There shou'd be such an *Union in the Partition*, such a reciprocal Conformity, that the most discerning Eye shou'd never know who has the Predominancy. It is singular and somewhat lamentable, that there is more of Chance in Engagements of this Nature than in almost any other. This Consideration made *Butler* extremely witty.

— There are no Bargains driven  
Nor Marriages made up in Heaven;  
Which<sup>r</sup> is the Reason, as some guess,  
There is no Heaven in Marriages.

HUDIBRAS.

The single Life is, to be sure, a very imperfect and a very nonsensical one; and, in my Sense, Cælibacy is as great a Crime as Polygamy; but yet I wou'd not have our Youth too precipitate in their Choice. — They are too apt (in the Language of *Mr. Locke*) to know but little, presume a great deal, and *jump* to a Conclusion. The most obvi-

ous

ous Affair, the very Introduction to Marriage is the Person; if that be eligible, the next Requisite for Peace and Happiness is the Temper and Disposition of the Mind; if that be mild, agreeable, and engaging, proceed we in the next Place to examine the Furniture of the Head; if Wit has set up herself there on the Basis of Good Sense, there can be no Objection, but I cry out with old *Western* in *TOM JONES*, "That's it my little Honies," and will send for the Parson To-morrow. Such was my Choice in my late dear Mr. *MIDNIGHT*, to whom I bore six and twenty Children, and with whom, for the Space of six and fifty Years, I never had the least Shadow of a Quarrel. If we ever had any Dispute, it was not who *shou'd*, but who *shou'd not* have the Sway and the Ascendancy; and I shall never forget an Expression he once made use of to me, when I insisted upon relieving a poor Family out of my own private Purse. — "My Dear, says he, how can you be so unfair as to monopolize Good-nature, and be such a *Niggard*, that you will insist upon doing all the generous Things yourself," ————— I intend, shortly, to publish the whole History of my Amours with that best of Men, from which my fair Readers may extract an hundred Recipes to make and keep them happy in their Conjugal State, which Squeamishness itself must own to be the most perfect here below. — Such is the Opinion of *Solomon*, such of *Socrates*, such of *Sir Thomas More*, and such of *Mary Midnight*, four Persons, (*Swift* wou'd say) to which all the

Ages in the World shall never be able to add a fifth.

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*Mr. Justice BUNDLE'S Charge to the Grand Jury.*

**A**LL Laws are Laws, and every Law is a Law, and Laws are Things made by the Lawyers to make Men live according to Law, without any Respect to the Gospel, for that is another Affair, and to be considered at another Opportunity, and by another Sort of Men, and in another Manner. *Vide Coke upon Littleton, Chap. X. Page 15.* But as to the Law. — Now there are some Men that are good Men, and some Men that are bad Men; and the bad Men are not the good Men, and the good Men are not the bad Men: — But the bad Men and the good Men, and the good Men and the bad Men are two different Sorts of Men, and this we gather from *Magna Charta*, an old Man that lived in the Reign of King *John* the Great. Now if all Men were good Men there wou'd be no need of Law; therefore, *Ergo*, The Laws were made for the bad Men, and the good Men have no Business therewith, nor no Advantage to receive therefrom. *Ergo*, therefore, those that receive Advantage from the Law must be bad Men; And so, Gentlemen, call up the Prisoners, and dispatch them as soon as possible, for I must go out of Town To-morrow.

\* *From*

\* From the R A M B L E R.

— *Tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres  
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*  
H O R.

**T**HE Season of the Year is now come in which the Theatres are shut, the Card Tables forsaken, the Regions of Luxury are for a while unpeopled, and Pleasure leads out her Votaries to Groves and Gardens, to still Scenes and erratick Gratifications. Those who have passed many Months in a continual Tumult of Diversion, who have never opened their Eyes in the Morning but upon some new Appointment, nor slept at Night without a Dream of Dances, Musick and good Hands, or of soft Sighs, languishing Looks, and humble Supplications, must now retire to distant Provinces where the Syrens of Flattery are scarcely to be heard, where Beauty sparkles without Praise or Envy, and Wit is repeated only by the Echo.

As I think it one of the most important Duties or social Benevolence, to give warning of the Approach of Calamity when by timely Prevention it may be turned aside, or by preparatory Measures be more

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• A Paper publish'd every *Tuesday* and *Saturday*, price 2d.

easily

easily endured, I cannot feel the encreasing Warmth, or observe the lengthening Days, without considering the Condition of my fair Readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their Hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for Delight, and who, till Fashion proclaims the Liberty of returning to the Seats of Mirth and Elegance, must endure the rugged Squire, the sober Housewife, the loud Huntsman, or the formal Parson; the Roar of obstreperous Jollity, or the Dulness of prudential Instruction, without any Retreat but to the Gloom of Solitude, where they will yet find greater Inconveniences, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In Winter the Life of the Polite and Gay may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid Current; they float along from Pleasure to Pleasure without the Trouble of regulating their own Motions, and pursue the Course of the Stream in all the Felicity of Inattention; content that they find themselves in Progression, and careless whither they are going. But the Months of Summer are a Kind of sleeping Stagnation without Wind or Tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own Labour, and to direct their Passage by their own Skill; and where, if they have not some internal Principle of Activity, they must be stranded upon Shallows, or be torpid in a perpetual Calm.

There are, indeed, some to whom this universal Dissolution of gay Societies affords a welcome Opportunity

portunity of quitting without Disgrace the Post which they have found themselves unable to maintain, and of seeming to retreat only at the Call of Nature from Assemblies where, after a short Triumph of uncontested Superiority, they are overpowered by some new Intruder of softer Elegance or brighter Vivacity. By these, hopeless of Victory and yet ashamed to confess a Conquest, the Summer is regarded as a Release from the fatiguing Service of Celebrity, a Dismission to more certain Joys and a safer Empire. They solace themselves with the Influence which they shall obtain where they have no Rival to fear, and with the Lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter Splendour. They image, while they are preparing for their Journey, the Admiration with which the Rusticks will croud about them, plan the Laws of a new Assembly, or contrive to delude their Ignorance with a fictitious Mode. A thousand pleasing Expectations swarm in the Fancy, and all the approaching Weeks are filled with Distinctions, Honours, and Authority.

But others, who have lately entered the World, or have yet had no Proofs of its Inconstancy and Desertion, are cut off by this cruel Interruption from the Enjoyment of their Prerogatives, and doomed to lose four Months in unactive Obscurity. Many Complaints do Vexation and Terrour extort from these exiled Tyrants of the Town, against the inexorable Sun, who pursues his Course without any Regard to Love or Beauty, and visits  
either



either Tropick at the stated Time whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To those who leave the Places of publick Resort in the full Bloom of Reputation, who withdraw from Admiration, Courtship, Submission, and Applause, a rural Triumph can give nothing equivalent. The Praise of Ignorance, and the Subjection of Weakness, are little regarded by those who have been accustomed to more important Conquests, and more valuable Panegyricks. Nor indeed should the Powers which have made Havock in the Theatres, or born down Rivalry in Courts, be degraded to a mean Attack upon the untravelled Heir, or ignoble Contest with the ruddy Milkmaid.

How then must four long Months be worn away? Four Months, in which there will be no Routs, no Shews, no Ridottos; in which Visits must be regulated by the Weather, and Assemblies will depend upon the Moon! The Platonists imagine that the future Punishment of those who have in this Life debased their Reason by Subjection to their Senses, and have preferred the gross Gratifications of Lewdness and Luxury to the pure and sublime Felicity of Virtue and Contemplation, will arise from the Predominance and Solicitations of the same Appetites, in a State which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this Month, bright with Sunshine, and fragrant with Perfumes; this Month, which covers the Meadow with Verdure, and decks the Gardens with

with all the Mixtures of colorifick Radiations ; this Month, from which the Student expects new Infusions of Imagery, and the Naturalist new Scenes of Observation ; this Month will chain down Multitudes to the Platonick Penance of Desire without Enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest Satisfaction which they have yet learned to conceive, into a State of hopeless Wishes and pining Recollection, where the Eye of Vanity will look round for Admiration to no Purpose, and the Hand of Avarice shuffle Cards in a Bower with ineffectual Dexterity.

From the Tedioufness of this melancholy Suspension of Life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it only by Inexperience, who want not Inclinations to Wisdom or Virtue, though they have been dissipated by Negligence, or misled by Example, and who would gladly find the Way to rational Happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with Habit and abandon Fashion. To these many Arts of spending Time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present Hour with Weariness, nor the future with Repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary Speculatist, that a human Being can want Employment. To be born in Ignorance with a Capacity of Knowledge, and to be placed in the Midst of a World filled with Variety, perpetually pressing upon Sense and irritating Curiosity, is surely a sufficient Security against the Languishment of Inattention,  
Novelty

Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve Eagerness and Alacrity; but Art and Nature have Stores inexhaustible by human Intellects, and every Moment produces something new to him who has quickened his Faculties by diligent Observation.

Some Studies for which the Country and the Summer afford peculiar Opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in some future Essay; but if there be any Apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed Ideas, or any Attention so stubborn and inflexible as not easily to comply with new Directions, even these Obstructions cannot exclude the Pleasure of Application; for there is a higher and a nobler Employment to which all Faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The Duties of Religion sincerely and regularly performed will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest Understanding. That Mind will never be vacant which is frequently recalled by stated Duties to Meditations on eternal Interests, nor can any Hour be long which is spent in obtaining some new Qualification for celestial Happiness.

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CRAMBO SONG, *on Miss SCOTT,*  
*A beautiful Lady whom the Author saw at Ruck-*  
*holt-House, Essex, attended by a very ugly*  
*Sea Captain.*

I.

COME one of ye Lasses,  
 Who dwell in *Parnassus*,  
 To *London* on *Pegasus* trot;

And

And bring me some Verse  
That I may rehearse  
The Praises of pretty Miss *Scott*.

II.

When I saw the fair Maid  
First in *Ruckholt's* gay Shade,  
I wish'd — but I dare not say what ;  
If I had her alone,  
With a Sigh and a Groan  
I'd whisper it all to Miss *Scott*.

III.

Full close by her Side,  
By way of a Guide,  
A damn'd ugly Fellow she'd got,  
The Dog did appear,  
Like the Dev'l at *Eve's* Ear,  
He's so foul, and so fair is Miss *Scott*.

IV.

He'd a traiterous Face,  
And a Jesuit's Grace,  
Yet you'd swear he'd no Hand in the Plot ;  
He was fitter to go  
With a Drum at a Show,  
Than to follow the charming Miss *Scott*.

V.

Oh had I a Part  
In the Heav'n of her Heart,  
Contented I'd dwell in a Cot ;  
What are Titles but Toys,  
What is Fame but a Noise,  
When compar'd with the Charms of Miss *Scott* ?

## VI.

The Pain of dull Pleasure,  
 The Poorness of Treasure,  
     Are the Rake's and the Miser's sad Lot ;  
 But Riches immense  
 And Pleasure intense  
     Can come from no Fund but *Miss Scott*.

## VII.

Whoe're in this Dearth  
 Of Enjoyments on Earth  
     Thinks of Bliss, is a Fool and a Sot :  
 But we that are wise,  
 Know that Happiness lies  
     In Heav'n, or pretty *Miss Scott*.

## VIII.

The Scholar in Books,  
 The Glutton in Cooks,  
     The Drunkard delights in his Pot ;  
 But what is dull thinking,  
 Or eating, or drinking,  
     To the feasting on pretty *Miss Scott* ?

## IX.

Some greatly desire  
 Wisdom to acquire,  
     Some after Religion are hot ;  
 But Wisdom's a Fool,  
 And Zeal it is cool,  
     If compar'd with my Flame for *Miss Sco*.

## X.

Oh ! she's all that is rare,  
 Engaging and fair,  
     A good Husband alone she has not.

And that, if I might,  
 'd give her to-night,  
 T'accomplish the charming Miss Scott.

*The Power of INNOCENCE.*

A SONG. By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

I.

**T**HE blooming Damsel, whose Defence  
 Is adamantine Innocence,  
 Requires no Guardian to attend  
 Her Steps, for Modesty's her Friend.  
 Tho' her fair Arms are weak to wield,  
 The glitt'ring Spear, and massy Shield;  
 Yet safe from Force and Fraud combin'd,  
 She is an *Amazon* in Mind.

II.

With this Artillery she goes,  
 Not only 'mongst the harmless Beaux,  
 But ev'n unhurt and undismay'd,  
 Views the long Sword and fierce Cockade.  
 Tho' all a Syren as she talks,  
 And all a Goddess as she walks,  
 Yet Decency each Motion guides,  
 And Wisdom o'er her Tongue presides.

III.

Place her in *Russia's* flowery Plains,  
 Where a perpetual Winter reigns;  
 The Elements may rave and range,  
 Yet her fix'd Mind will never change.

Place her, Ambition, in thy Towers,  
 'Mongst the more dangerous golden Showr's;  
 Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal Tribe,  
 And fold her Arms against the Bribe.

## IV.

Leave her defenceless and alone,  
 A Pris'ner in the torrid Zone,  
 The Sunshine there might vainly vie  
 With the bright Lustre of her Eye:  
 But *Phœbus* self with all his Fire,  
 Cou'd ne'er one unchaste Thought inspire,  
 But Virtue's Path she'd still pursue,  
 And still ye Fair, wou'd copy you.

*Upon the Lady's Garter, dropt in St. Paul's  
 at the Rehearsal of the Musick for the Ser-  
 of the Clergy.*

*By the GENTLEMAN who found it.*

*Tentanda via est, qua ut quoque possim,  
 Tollere—*

VIR. GEORG.

*Mox magis alta canam.* ———  
 SIL. ITAL.

**T**HIS Ribband, which was wont to be  
 The Cincture of my *Celia's* Knee,  
 Blind Chance to me has giv'n, and how  
 Shall I, what Chance has giv'n, bestow?

In Man presumptuous it were  
 To keep what has belong'd to her.  
 Some Deity from *Celia's* Slave  
 The rare Oblation shall receive.

Should I this consecrated Wreath  
 To Father *Jupiter* bequeath,  
 With Honours how the God would heap it!  
 In fragrant Nectar first he'd steep it:  
 (And yet when it has touch'd the Maid  
 What need of fragrant Nectar's Aid)  
 'Mid Garniture of Lightnings fork'd  
 In Gold a Motto on it work'd,  
 Shall style the Fires less fierce, which fly  
 From *Jove's* Right Hand than *Celia's* Eye.  
 Forthwith a Diadem divine  
 On his ambrosial Locks 'twou'd shine.

Yet must not I an Off'ring make it  
 To *Jove*; for how would *Juno* take it?  
 Soon as she knew from whence it came,  
 For whom 'twas worn, the jealous Dame,  
 Wou'd bounce and fly, and rage and riot,  
 Nor give her Spouse one Moment's Quiet.  
 But threaten for his Brows to find  
 An Ornament of diff'rent Kind.

Wou'd I to any Goddess give it,  
 There's not one Goddess would receive it.  
 Jealous on *Celia* they lour,  
 Each fears to lose her Paramour.  
 But why, fair Rulers of the Skies,  
 Should ye her Garter thus despise?



Oh rather, think, you've light upon  
 Another Love-exciting Zore,  
 Whose magic Virtue is the same  
 With that which to *Jove's* royal Dame  
 Fair *Venus* lent. Its Efficacy  
 (In *Homer* this averr'd you may see)  
 Was such that on a Lady's Waist,  
 As soon as ever it was brac'd;  
 Who saw her would such Charms discover,  
 He'd instantly to Madness love her.

I well imagine what wou'd follow  
 In Case 'twas given to *Apollo*.  
 Soon as that youthful am'rous God  
 Gay sprightly *Phæbus* understood,  
 'That what was offer'd had a Share,  
 I'th Dress of that transcendent Fair;  
 On whom he us'd so long to gaze,  
 We wonder'd at the Length of Days;  
 Pleas'd such a Token to possess  
 He'd oft the sacred Texture kiss.  
 And now no more persist to wear  
 The Laurel Chaplet on his Hair:  
 But clean forgetting *Persæus'* Daughter,  
 He'd bind his Brows with *Celia's* Garter.  
 The sweet Remembrance whence it came  
 Adding new Fuel to his Flame.  
 Thee, *Celia*, thee, he'd dot upon,  
 To Close of Day from early Dawn:  
 His tuneful Voice and golden Lyre  
 To praise my *Celia* would conspire.

In fine, at such a Sacrifice  
 What heav'nly Power would not rejoice?  
 Each gratefully would me endow,  
 With the best Gift he could bestow.  
*Hermes* would teach me better for  
 Than any Lawyer at the Bar,  
 His Arts to be alert and quick in,  
~~Speaking, to wit, and Pocket-picking.~~  
*Mars* teach me to deal out my Blows,  
 And draw my Sword on Friends and Foes;  
*Vulcan* would forge me Armour for it,  
 And *Pallas* give me Swords of Choice.  
 This votive Fillet might before  
 Wound my Advantage procure;  
 But 'tis resolv'd, I'll nought receive  
 Unless the Gods can *Celia* give:  
 There's nought below is worth my Care,  
 But that bright beautiful heavenly Fair.  
 What strange Absurdities and Leaps  
 In Hopes and Wishes will discover  
 A lone-distracted Swain can hope  
 The rival Gods will render up,  
 And be so much s'eseen to barter  
 The Lady for the Lady's Garter.  
 Therefore, no more of *Jove* or *Phaeton*,  
 Or *Mars* or *Hermes*. That escape us  
 'Twere greater Prudence to dismiss  
 These idle useless Reveries,  
 My Suit in Person to prefer,  
 And urge without Delay the Fair.

If she my proffer'd Love refuses,  
 The Garter still may have its Uses ;  
 It's friendly Noose shall me suspend ;  
 A mournful Load some Bough shall bend ;  
 And I be sung in doleful Ballad,  
 'Till *Bateman's* Fame in mine is swallow'd.

### A JACKBOOT.

*Being an Essay in the Manner of the Moderns,  
 On Times, Persons, and Things.*

A JACKBOOT is a Discourse, which will suit any Subject whatsoever, as its Namefakewill fit any Loge. It requires no Title, yet is capable of all. You may preach it as a Sermon, declaim it as an Oration, say it as a Prayer, or sing it as a Song. It will finally answer all Intents and Purposes, tho' in itself it is to no Intent or Purpose; such is the whimsical, enigmatical Nature of the JACKBOOT. For these twenty Years last past we have had little else publish'd but JACKBOOTS. One Man prints a Sermon, which may as well be call'd a Satire; another comes out with a *Monody* with three or four Interlocutors in it. Our Poetry is all Prose, and our Prose is false English. And shall not *Mary* *Midnight*

night club her JACKBOOT amongst the rest? Yeaverily she shall. — Here therefore, begins a JACKBOOT upon *Times, Persons and Things*. And first for the Times. I think we are all pretty unanimous with respect to the Times. That is, there is almost an universal Consent to rail at them. There has been a perpetual Prejudice in Behalf of the Times past, tho' God knows, we have but little to do with them, and we are daily grumbling and *abusing* the present, when we ought to make use of it, and be thankful. *O Tempora! O Mores!* is an Exclamation that has been made use of long before the *Roman Orator*. Nevertheless one of the wisest tells us, "that the former Times were not better than these." — And now I'll quote you a Bit of *Greek*,

Ὅσα μὲν φύλλων γίνῃ τοιοῦτα ἔσ' ἀνθρώπων.

HOMER.

*The Generation of Man is even as the Generation of Leaves.* One Winter demolishes a whole Tribe, and in the Spring you have a Succession of the same wavering, weak, inconstant Trifles. — And now I'll quote you a Piece of *Latin*:

———— *Elapsum semel*

*Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere.*

PHOEDRUS.

That is, When old Time has once turn'd Tail upon you, the Devil himself can't get hold of his Forelock. Which brings me (where I was before-hand

hand determin'd to go) to my second and third Particulars, *viz.* *Persons* and *Things*: — Now, as every Person is a Thing, tho' every Thing is not a Person, I shall jumble these two Articles together in the true JACKBOOT Taste. Now it would require the united Wit of *Fielding*, *Lucian*, *Swift*, *Butler*, and *Erasmus*, to treat of this Head with any tolerable Adroitness, so (as *Mr. Bays* says) in fine, I'll say no more about it, and if any body asks me, where lies the Jest of all this? I answer with *Mr. Johnson*, Why, In the BOOT; where shou'd the Jest lie?

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## E P I G R A M.

*On a certain Scribbler.*

WORD - valiant Wight, thou great He-  
Shrew,  
That wrangles to no End;  
Since Nonsense is nor false nor true  
Thou'rt no Man's Foe or Friend.

---

*Mrs. MIDNIGHT's* Laws of Conversation.

ONE of the highest Enjoyments we are capable of on this Side the Grave, is manly and rational Conversation, which in these Days, exclusive of its intrinsic Value, has the Merit of  
being

being a very great Rarity. If one goes amongst what is called the sober Part of Mankind, downright Dulness usurps the Title of serious Sense, and Sleepiness that of Decency and Tranquillity. If we mix ourselves with the Joys of the Young, and grow giddy with the gay Head-ach of Pleasure, we shall find Baudry, and even Blasphemy passing for Wit and Humour, or the low nonsensical insipid HUMBUG, that worthy Successor to *Biting* and *Selling of Bargains*. In order, to remedy, in some Measure, these Evils, I humbly beg Leave to lay down the following Rules of Conversation, which are submitted to the Consideration, Correction and Improvement of the Publick.

1st. Never to converse on what we don't understand.

2dly. Let there be always certain Intervals, to give Room for any Person to make an Objection, a Reply, or a Rejoinder.

3dly. Let the Subject be on Things, rather than Persons.

4thly. Let the Subject be on historical Matters, rather than of the present Age.

5thly. Let the Subject be on Things distant and remote, rather than at home, and so of your Neighbours.

6thly.

6thly. Blazon all the Good, and conceal all the Faults of both Friend and Enemy.

7thly. Let nothing ever be said which good Sense may disapprove, Good-nature dislike, or sound Judgment condemn.

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*As some late unhappy Events have made Duelling a very popular Topic, the following Letter which I can warrant to be genuine, will, I apprehend, be deem'd not unseasonable.*

*A Letter from Alexander Robinson, Esq;  
to Mr. Walter Smyth.*

S I R,

I Must absolutely decline accepting the Challenge you sent me Yesterday by *Robin*, and frankly acknowledge I *dare not* fight you. I am very sensible the World in general will call this Cowardice, and that the odious Appellation of Scoundrel will be given me in every Coffee-house. But, I hope, you'll not judge with the Multitude, because you have been an Eye-witness to my Behaviour, in no less than seven Engagements with the common Enemy. I then had the Reputation of being a brave Man, and am conscious I am so still, even when I once more tell you I *dare not* fight you. The Reasons of my Conduct in this Affair, Sir, are very valid, tho' but very few. To be brief

Sir,

Sir, I had rather endure the Contempt of Man, than the Anger of my Maker, a temporal Evil rather than an eternal one. In one of the wisest States of the World, there was no Law against Parricide, because they thought it a Crime, which the worst of Villains would be incapable of. Perhaps the Silence of our Legislature, with Regard to Duelling, is owing to some such Reason. What can be more enormous than for Men, not to say *Christians* and Friends, to thirst for the Blood of each other — nay more, — to aim the Blow with a true *Italian* Vengeance at once, both at the Body and the Soul. I hope in the Coolness of Reflexion you'll think as I do — If otherwise, I am determined to give you up to the Tyranny of your Passions, as I am to remain Master of my own.

Yours, &c.

*A genuine Letter from an amorous Cantab. to a Chandler's Daughter, being a Specimen of Academic Gallantry.*

MADAM,

**T**HE very first Moment I saw you, I conceived an inexpressible Passion for you, which at length has risen to such an Height, that I should not discharge the first Duty of Self-



vation, were I to conceal it any longer. I am convinced by the charming engaging Softness, which is perpetually in your Looks, that it is impossible you should be ill-natur'd, and that you would free any Animal from Pain, when you could do it without Danger or Detriment to yourself. I here therefore offer you an Opportunity of exercising your Humanity, by condescending to a Request I am about to make. The Favour I would beg, Madam, is, that you would contrive some Means, by which I may have the Pleasure, the exquisite Pleasure of conversing with you. Then, Madam, I shall be able more at large to explain my Sentiments, declare that vehement Love, with which you have inspired me, and make an Apology for my Pretensions, which if you don't approve, I promise, never to trouble you with 'em any more. If there is, Madam, any Impertinence in this Address, it must be placed to the Account of your Beauty, and you must consider, that 'tis the same Nature, which both lavish'd all those Charms upon you, and raised in me a proper Regard for 'em, and the Desire of the Possession of 'em. My Intentions, Madam, are honest, my Love is pure and unfeigned, and like those Excellencies in you that occasioned it, too great to be described. I am conscious you'll have some Objections to the favouring me with an Interview; but upon more mature Deliberation you will, I believe, acknowledge, that no Lady need be ashamed of conversing with any Gentleman, unless she knows him  
not

not to be a Man of Honour ; and 'tis the Privilege of every Englishman to plead for Love as well as for Life, but I shall plead for both at the same Time, since I hardly think the latter worth holding without the former. The Uncertainty I am in, (and a cruel Uncertainty it is) how you'll receive this, hinders my discovering to you my Name and my College: But tho' I don't tell you what I am, I'll tell you what I am not: I am not quite three and twenty, not in bad Circumstances, not a Freshman, not Fellow of the College, not in Orders.

If you'll please to appoint any Place of meeting, you'll make me the happiest of Men. My Love is so impatient that I shall perpetually plague you with Letters till you give me some Answer or other. On Wednesday Night at Eight o'Clock, a Person shall come to the Apothecary's Shop which you frequent, under Pretence of buying some Tamarinds; by him you may send a Note, and my dear sweet Angel, I beg you will not fail being there.

*A modern Love Letter, copied from the W\* r-Office: Being a Specimen of Martial Gallantry.*

*Damme Madam,*

**W** H A T because *Cupid* basks in your Eyes,  
and the Graces perch on your Bubbies,  
K 2 and

and I have no Beard, you think to treat me as you please, and to make a *Tom Shuttlecock* of me, do you? You little, impertinent, plaguy, audacious Devil! Have not I bestowed all the Plunder I got in the last War upon you, and pawn'd even my Honour to maintain you? And am I now to be rivall'd, and you to be run away with by a Templar, a Lawyer's Clerk, a Fellow that lives by scratching of Parchment? Blood, I can't bear it! I'll make Parchment of his Skin, and burn you into a Pumice Stone to pounce it with, before I'll be plagued in this Manner. Is this all the Respect you have for a Red Coat, and a Cockade, and a fine Gentleman? 'Tis mighty, well — but I swear by the united Powers of Gun, Blunderbuss, and Thunder, that I shall not hereafter visit you with Sighs, as the God \* *Cuper* did *Phyfic*, but in Storms of Lightning, as the God *Jopiter* did *Simile*.

I am d——mme you, Madam, Yours,

BEN. BAGONETT.

---

\* I suppose Capt. *Bagonett* means to refer to the Stories of *Cupid* and *Psyche*; and *Jupiter* and *Semeles* tho' he is a little out in his Orthography.

*A modern Love Letter, composed of such Materials as may serve for any other Love Letter whatever, and with a little Variation will suit every Circumstance where Love is the Subject.*

*Being a Specimen of Universal Gallantry.*

*Oh my dear angelick Angel!*

EVERY Minute is an Hour, and every Hour is a Day, and every Day is a Year since I had the Happiness to fall at your Feet, and warm myself at the Sunshine of your Beauty. Oh my little *Cherub*, I was yesterday flying with all the Wings of Fervency to offer myself at thy Shrine, but the angry Heavens threatned me with their forked Lightning, which darted round me, and the big black Thunder roar'd horrid o'er my Head, as much as to say, Wilt thou, oh rash Youth, who art but mortal, assume a Goddess? Can'st thou sustain her refulgent ineffable Brightness? Can'st thou mount the golden flaming Car of *Phæbus*, and give genial Warmth to the World? I trembled at this chiding of the Elements, and stood wrapt up in Fear and Amazement, till the Clouds in downright Compassion (perceiving me weep) wept themselves also, till with our joint Tears I was wet from Top to Toe, and all the Rivers swell'd and overflow'd with my Sorrows; so that I was this Morning obliged to swim thro'

a whole Flood of my own Griefs to procure  
thy bright Eyes one Dawn of Comfort.  
come my sweet Angel, and save me from  
or I shall hang myself, or drown myself, or  
away with myself, and all for the Love of  
I am now at the Sign of the Lamb in a  
burning Fever. Oh come to me! melt  
my Isicles with the Beams of thy Eyes,  
and comfort me with the Balm of thy Lips,  
I may live till I die.

*My dear Angel,*

*Your most obsequious Slave,*

T. TAWDER

*A Description of the Vacation, to a Friend  
the Country.*

*Dear CHARLES,*

*Camb. July 9, 17*

**A**T length arrives the dull Vacation,  
And all around is Desolation;  
At Noon one meets unapron'd Cooks,  
And leisure Gyps with downcast Looks.  
The Barber's Coat from white is turning,  
And blacken's by Degrees to Mourning;  
The Cobler's Hands so clean are grown,  
He does not know them for his own;  
The Sciences neglected snore,  
And all our Bogs are cobweb'd o'er;  
The Whores crawl home with Limbs infirm.  
To salivate against the Term;

**L:**

ch Coffee-house, left in the Lurch,  
*full as empty* — as a Church —  
 the Widow cleans her unus'd Delph,  
 and's forc'd to read the News herself;  
 now Boys for bitten Apples squabble,  
 where Geese sophistic us'd to gabble;  
 hoary Owls a reverend Band  
 live at St. *Mary's* took their Stand,  
 here each in solemn Gibberish howls,  
 and gentle *Athens* owns her Fowls.  
*Johnian* Hogs observe, succeed  
 those that are real Hogs indeed;  
 and pretty Master *Pert* of *Trinity*,  
 who in lac'd Waistcoat woes Divinity,  
 visits, having doct his Gown,  
 his gay Acquaintance in the Town:  
 Barbers, Butlers, Taylors, Panders,  
 press'd and gone to serve in *Flanders*,  
 to the Realms of *Ireland* sail,  
 else (for Cheapness) go to Goal —  
 where the pensive Black-Gowns stray  
 like Ravens on a rainy Day.  
 he saunter on the drowsy Dam,  
 surrounded by the Hum-drum CAM,  
 who ever and anon awakes,  
 grumbles at the Mud he makes,  
 how much finer than the Mall  
 might to traverse thro' *Clare-Hall*!  
 view our Nymphs, like beauteous Geese,  
 sliding and waddling on the Piece;

Or near the Gutters, Lakes, and Ponds  
 That stagnate round serene St. John's,  
 Under the Trees to take my Station,  
 And envy them their Vegetation.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cætera desiderantur.*

*Mrs. MIDNIGHT's Account of her own Abilities. In Imitation of several Authors.*

**T**HE Reputation I have acquired by my Wit and Humour in my younger Days, and the Candour I have discover'd since I commenced Critic, added to the Judgment which I have shewn in my maternal Profession, have given all People a prodigious Opinion of my Abilities. And really, if I may be allow'd to do myself Justice, and to speak myself for myself, I don't believe that the whole Race of Lawyers, Divines, or even Physicians themselves can produce a greater old Woman than I am. People flock to me from every Quarter, and I find, tho' too late, that a superb and exalted Reputation is but an Incumbrance, a Sort of Rub, in the Road to Happiness; for besides my own Business (I mean that of my Profession) and the Care of my Magazine, I am continually pester'd with Cases and Questions from the Literati of all Nations.

tions. No Casuist ever had so many Cases of Conscience as I when Consciences were in Vogue; indeed since the Use of Doubts and Scruples have been dropt by the better Sort, and consider'd as old fashion'd Furniture, I have been eas'd in that Respect. For when once my Lord puts off all Sense of Religion, of Conscience, of Honour, and of Honesty, his Steward, his Gentleman, his Valet de Chambre, and indeed all his Family, will do the same. And, Pray where is the Wonder? ——— Wou'd not any complaisant Man, any Servant of good Breeding, readily throw off a Garb which he saw had render'd itself so obnoxious to his Master. But this is a Digression which I make by way of Digression, to shew People the Use of Digressions, and now let us return to our Subject. ——— I say, notwithstanding the total Neglect of Religion and Conscience, of Honour and Honesty among the Great, and of Consequence among the Small, I am as much as ever harrass'd with Cases and Questions, tho' of another Nature. Religion and Conscience, while in Vogue, were a Sort of stimulating Plaisters to the Passions, and braced them up within their proper Cells; but when the Use of those became unfashionable, the Passions obtain'd their wish'd for Elasticity and acted without Restraint; so that Drinking and Whoring, and Theft and Murder advanced, as Religion and Virtue, Honour and Honesty declin'd; and consequently there was no Business for the Casuist, Fortune, by establishing a dissolute Course of Life, had thrown all her Favours



vours into the Laps of the Lawyer and the Physician; those are the People to be apply'd to, and as those People are continually applying to me, I find myself obliged to publish the following Advertisement.

## M A R Y M I D N I G H T,

Author of the *Old Woman's Magazine*, and of many other celebrated Pieces, which can never be enough admired, proposes (*for the Benefit of the Publick*) to open at the Sign of the Mop-Handle in *Shoe-Lane*,

*An Office for the* IGNORANT;

O R,

*A Warehouse of* Intelligence.

Where Physicians may learn the true Practice of Physic, Divines the true Practice of Piety, and Lawyers the true Practice of the Law. In a Word, Fumblers of all Faculties will be corroborated without Loss of Time.

VIVAT REX.

## An ESSAY on LOVE.

*Solid Love, whose Root is Virtue, can no more die than Virtue itself.* ERASMUS.

SINCE Love is a Passion deeply implanted in the Nature of Human Kind, and productive of as much Misery as Happiness, since Emperors, Kings and Princes are oblig'd to submit to its Power; and we may every Day observe more pain away with secret Anguish, for the Unkindness of those upon whom they have fix'd their Affections, than for any other Calamity in Life; it cannot be foreign to our Design to point out those Soils in which this *amphibious* Plant is most likely to grow and prosper: But that we may not be thought too rigid in Principle, or to advance any new *Hypothesis*, repugnant to the known Laws of Nature and Religion, let us first lay before you the Sentiments of a gay and great Genius, as well read in *this Science* as any of his Predecessors were, or any of his Successors ought to be.

*Love the most generous Passion of the Mind,  
The softest Refuge Innocence can find;  
The safe Director of unguided Youth,  
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth;  
The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,  
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down;  
On which one only Blessing God might raise,  
In Lands of Atheists Subsidies of Praise;*

*For*

*For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,  
But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r, in Love.*

Thus far we agree with him, for the wise Author of our Motto informs us, that if we would keep *Love* from withering, and preserve its Verdure, we should plant it in Truth and Virtue, prune off all the luxuriant Branches, which weaken the Stock, and depreciate the Fruit: How careful therefore should we be in the Choice of this happy Spot. in which, should we mistake, we are sure to entail Sorrow and Anxiety upon ourselves and Posterity.

To anticipate Success in this important Affair, be careful not to make too much Haste to be happy, any more than to be rich, to avoid Strangers, and to let your Eyes and Inclination keep Pace with your Reason and Understanding. Laugh at the old Miser who covets you for a Nurse, and despise the vain young Butterfly, who bristles with gaudy Plumes, squanders away his Wealth and Patrimony, and tosses about his empty Noddle to no other Purpose, than to get Possession of a Mistress altogether as trifling and vicious as himself. Then turn your Eyes upon the gay World, and behold it made up for the most Part of a Set of conceited, fluttering, emaciated Animals, worn out in hunting after their own Pleasures; Wretches who confess, condemn and lament, but continue to pursue their own Infelicity! These are Scenes of Sorrow, and Objects of Misery! Vultures that prey upon the Vitals of  
the

the Imprudent, and hope to repair their shatter'd Fortunes from the Spoils of Innocence and Credulity!

There is another fatal Mischief incident to virtuous Love, which calls aloud for Redress; in the Course of my Life I have more than once or twice been present at the Bargain and Sale of Children and Orphans of both Sexes, to the best Bidder: Nay, not long ago I was by when a young Gentleman of no inconsiderable Fortune was sent for from \* \* \* \* to London, and in less than three Hours after his Arrival, obliged to marry a young Lady he had never before set his Eyes on, or perhaps heard of. What Love, Harmony, Constancy or *Friendship* (the Bands of conjugal Happiness) can possibly be expected from such Precipitancy? If indeed a large *Premium* given to the principal *Marriage Broker*, or the laying together large Estates could purchase Felicity as it does Husbands and Wives, the Contract might be deem'd laudable; but when we daily observe Controversies, Animosities, Elopements, and Divorces, the Consequences of such Junctions, it is an evident Act of Inhumanity and Barbarity.

It has often amazed me to observe how nice and anxious Gentlemen are in keeping up and improving the Breed of their irrational Stocks, whether Horses, Sheep, Poultry, &c. and how careless and indolent in that of their own Progeny. Oh shocking Custom! the Height of Cruelty, the Scandal of Christianity!

'Tis well known there are Gentlemen Ladies enough in the Kingdom of Rank, Qual and Affluence with personal Endowments suit to any Degree of Life; why then should we chuse to couple them so unequally? Old Age with Youth; Disease with Health; Debauchery with Modesty and all Vices with the contrary Virtues.

Let the prudent Lady chuse for a Partner, a Gentleman fraught with Religion, Virtue, and good Manners; of a free, open, generous Disposition of a Soul sincere and susceptible, one who can see and feel the Misfortunes of others, and is ready to lend his friendly Advice and timely Assistance to those who are in Distress. He who is not possess'd of a warm generous Heart, will make a cold, friendless Companion; you are therefore to find the Way to that, and not precipitately to choose a Man because he wears a Smile on his Cheek, a fine Coat on his Back, which perhaps may disguise and cloak a thousand Rogueries, and villainous Intentions. You must learn to distinguish between Reality and Appearance, which is not to be done without being intimately acquainted with the subject. And from hence arises the Necessity of a long formal Courtship, for in the Course of Time, however artful the Person may be, some unguarded Sallies will be made, sufficient to give you a clear view of the whole Character, provided Passion does not eclipse the Sun Beams of Reason, and prevent your laying hold of the Opportunity.

But that our *British Ladies* may be the better enabled to engage Gentlemen with these Endowments 'twill be necessary for them to imitate the following Character of *Antiope*.

' *Antiope* is gentle, plain hearted, prudent ;  
 ' her Hands despise not Labour ; she foresees Things  
 ' at a great Distance ; she provides against Contir-  
 ' gencies ; she knows how to be silent ; she acts  
 ' regularly without a Hurry ; she is for ever  
 ' employ'd, but never embarras'd, because she  
 ' does every Thing in due Season ; the good Order  
 ' of her Father's House is her Glory ; it adds a  
 ' greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty. Tho'  
 ' the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd  
 ' with the Burden of reproving, refusing, sparing,  
 ' (Things that make all other Women hated) she  
 ' has acquir'd the Love of all the Household ; and  
 ' this, because they find not in her either Passion,  
 ' Conceitedness, Levity, or Humour, as in other  
 ' Women. With the single Glance of her Eye they  
 ' know her Meaning, and are afraid to displease  
 ' her. The Orders she gives are plain ; she com-  
 ' mands nothing but what may be perform'd ; she  
 ' reproves with Kindness, and even amidst her Re-  
 ' prehensions she finds Room to give Encourage-  
 ' ment to do better. Her Father's Heart reposes  
 ' itself upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under  
 ' the Sun's sultry Rays, reposes himself upon the  
 ' tender Grass, beneath a shady Tree.

' *Antiope*, O *Telemachus*, is a Treasure worthy  
 ' to be sought for, even in the most remote Re-

' gions: Her Mind is never trimm'd, any more  
 ' than her Body, with vain gaudy Ornaments;  
 ' her Fancy, though full of Life, is restrain'd by  
 ' her Discretion; she never speaks but when there  
 ' is an absolute Occasion; and when she opens her  
 ' Mouth, soft Persuasion and genuine Graces flow  
 ' from her Lips. The Moment she begins every  
 ' Body is silent, which throws a bashful Confusion  
 ' into her Face; she could find in her Heart to sup-  
 ' press what she was about to say, when she per-  
 ' ceives she is so attentively listen'd to.

' You may remember, O *Telemachus*, when  
 ' her Father one Day made her come in, how she  
 ' appear'd with Eyes cast down, cover'd with a  
 ' large Veil, and spoke no more than just enough  
 ' to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was  
 ' just going to inflict a rigorous Punishment on  
 ' one of his Slaves. At first she took part with  
 ' him in his Troubles, then she calm'd him; at last  
 ' she intimated to him what might be alledg'd in  
 ' Excuse of the poor Wretch, and without letting  
 ' the King know that he was transported beyond  
 ' due Bounds, she inspir'd into him Sentiments of  
 ' Justice and Compassion. *Thetis*, when she sooths  
 ' old *Nereus*, does not appease with more Sweetness  
 ' the raging Billows.

' Thus, *Antiope*, without assuming any Autho-  
 ' rity, and without taking any Advantage of her  
 ' Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a  
 ' Husband, as she now touches the Lute, when she  
 ' would draw from it the most melting Sounds.

Once

‘ Once again. I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love  
 ‘ for her is well grounded ; the Gods design her for  
 ‘ you ; you love her with a rational Affection, but  
 ‘ you must wait ’till *Ulysses* grants her to you. I  
 ‘ commend you for not having discover’d your  
 ‘ Sentiments to her ; but know, that if you had  
 ‘ taken any By-methods to let her know your  
 ‘ Designs, she would have rejected them, and  
 ‘ ceas’d to have a Value for you ; she will never  
 ‘ promise herself to any one, but will leave herself  
 ‘ to be disposed of by her Father. She will never  
 ‘ take for her Spouse a Man that does not fear the  
 ‘ Gods, and who does not quit himself of all the  
 ‘ Duties that are incumbent upon him.

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*The MIDWIFE’S POLITICKS: Or, Gossip’s Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL and SPAIN.

**T**HOUGH his most faithful Majesty has rejected  
 the Ministry of his Predecessor ; he, however,  
 has pursued his Example in publishing a Procla-  
 mation for the Prevention of Luxury ; in which the Use  
 of gilt Coaches and Chariots is allow’d, provided they  
 are made in Portugal. This occasions me to make an  
 old Woman’s Observation, that either the Portugueze  
 Ministry have less Pride, or more Frugality, than are to  
 be generally found in other Countries ; particularly my  
 own dear native-Kingdom of old England, where,  
 whilst my poor fellow Subjects are most grievously op-  
 pressed with publick Debts and Taxes, yet a Spirit of  
 Luxury



Luxury prevails, when our first rate Quality should follow my Example, and go clad in plain home-spun and grey, if they have half that Love for their Posterity, as I have for the whole Community.

The Spaniards have satisfied us, that we were all old Women, to imagine they had any Design on Gibraltar: They, indeed, make Don Benjamin more remarkable for this Character than all the rest of his Countrymen; for while he is continually preferring Memorial after Memorial, in hopes of the Procuration of such Concessions in America, which the Spaniards have hitherto obstinately disregarded, in what other Light must such a Negotiation be held! And as for his Remonstrance to obtain the Return of such British Manufacturers as have been invited over to Spain; in the Name of good Luck, what must the Spaniards think of such a Demand, when we but lately had it in our Power, to encourage these Artizans at home, instead of letting their Necessity, and our onerous Taxes, drive them to seek Employments in other Countries? I am afraid, if they give us no worse an Appellation than that of old Women, they will deal very candidly by us. — The Infant Don Lewis is to resign all his ecclesiastical Employments, to marry a Daughter of France, and ascend the Throne of Cortica; if the termagant old Woman at St. Ildefonso can get Possession of it.

#### ITALY.

From the Resolution which the King of Sardinia has taken to reform his Troops, as well as several other Dispositions, no Troubles are apprehended in Italy; even the Barbary Corsairs are check'd in their Piratical Excursions, by the Vigilance of some Maltese and Neapolitan Vessels. The poor Republick of Genoa is still  
struggling

struggling with those Difficulties, which her Senators, like a Parcel of silly old Women, entailed upon their Country by associating with France in the Year 1746: Their Regality of Corsica evinces what the Duke of Wirtemberg formerly told their Doge, that the whole Island is not worth Possession: So that we are in Expectation of seeing this Saracen Crown inclose the Head of another Prince of the Bourbonian Line; while, miserable Theodore, their late acknowledged Sovereign, is a necessitous Prisoner within the Confines of an English Goal. The Genoese Bills belonging to the Bank of St. George, are still 45 per Cent. under Par; and the Senate intend to have an annual Lottery, of 600,000 Livres, for reviving the Credit of the Bank.

F R A N C E.

While the poor acceding Parties to the definitive Treaty of Aix la Chapelle have been quietly amusing themselves with the Thoughts of enjoying the Product of their own Vintages; the vigilant French have been extending their Commerce on the Coasts of Africa, and repairing their ruin'd Marine; which they have done so expeditiously, as to be now able to boast of 96 Men of War and Frigates ready for Service, exclusive of the Ships built in Canada, and those on the Stocks in the several Ports of France — But this must needs be *false*; for we are told by the *best Authority*, no longer ago than January last, that *all* the contracting Powers in the *definitive* Treaty, had given the *fullest* and *clearst* Declarations of their Resolution to *preserve* the general Peace. Besides this, the French have just erected a new Manufactory of Cottons and Linnens, plain, striped, and flower'd: — All rare News for England! Hey ho! Old Women and Aix la Chapelle, for ever? huzza! for  
my

my Lord S——, huzza, huzza! — But if Mr. Perrier should fail from Brest, or the Vessels from Toulon should get out, before Commodore Rodney departs from Portsmouth, what is to come of our new discovered Island?

GERMANY.

The Imperial Diet have come to the Resolution of guarantying the Treaty of Dresden in its utmost Extent, and which it is expected his Imperial Majesty will ratify from Hungary, where his royal Consort is making fresh Work for her Midwife. The Election of the King of the Romans is still opposed by the King of Prussia; while France, who has already made an old Woman of the Elector of Cologne, is endeavouring to clap the silly Petticoat over the sacerdotal Habiliments of the Electors of Mentz and Cologne.

DENMARK and SWEDEN.

The old Tranquility is predominant at the Court of Copenhagen. The Court of Stockholm has sent satisfactory Accounts of its Proceedings to the Czarina, and every Thing seems to promise a durable Harmony between the two Courts, at the same Time that they are both putting their Frontiers in the most defensible Condition; and they are both to be commended; for the Russian Ministry are well apprized that Count Tessin has the Ascendency over the new Swedish Sovereign, who may probably imbibe the ambitious and despotick Sentiments for which that Minister is so remarkably distinguished in all the different Courts of Europe.

RUSSIA.

The Court of Petersburgh does not seem to entertain any dangerous Attempts from the Ottoman Forces; the Grand Vizir has assured the Russian Minister that his  
Sub-

Sublime Highness is desirous of contributing to the Peace of Europe; the Swedes, notwithstanding their Transportation of 8000 Men into Finland, occasion no Apprehensions that his Swedish Majesty will disregard his Coronation Oath, or not fulfil his Assurances he has made to the Czarina, of preserving the present Form of Establishment in Sweden: So that the Czarina is entirely easy; but, notwithstanding, she keeps up a numerous Army in the Ukraine.

The Czarina is an Honour to her Sex; for while she maintains the Possessions of her illustrious Father by the Sword; she also follows his excellent Example in refining their Inhabitants by the Introduction of Commerce: For it appears, by the Custom-house Books of Petersburgh, that the foreign Ships arrived there, within this Year, have traded with the Russians to the Value of 5 Millions of Rubles, in such Commodities only as are produced in the Russian Territories; and it is generally conjectured that the English have taken off no less than 3 of the 5 Millions, for the Commerce with Russia has greatly increased within this last ten Years.

P E R S I A.

This Country is now in a more calamitous Condition than ever, principally owing to the Intrigues of the Ottoman Ministry, to divide and weaken the Persians by different Factions causing the Destruction of one another. For this politic Purpose, the Turks have inspirited Heraclius, Prince of Georgia, to make an Invasion upon that distracted Empire; who has ingratiated himself into the Affections of the Aghuans, a bold People, continually at War with the Persians; with whose Assistance he has marched from Candahar, at the Head of a numerous Army, into the Persian Provinces, where he lays all waste before him, to deprive the other contending Com-

Competitors for the Throne, of Provisions, and at the same Time strike such a Terror into the Persians as may accelerate their Submission to him.

#### TURKEY.

The Pestilence has again broke out in the Neighbourhood of Constantinople, particularly in the Suburbs of Pera; the foreign Ministers have retired into the Country on this Account.

#### PLANTATION NEWS.

From Maryland, we hear, that a Convict Servant lately went into his Master's House, with an Axe in his Hand, determined to kill his Mistress; but changing his Purpose, thro' the Innocence of her Countenance, he laid his Left Hand on a Block, cut it off, and threw it at her, saying, *Now make me work if you can*; which to be sure manifested a noble Spirit of Industry.

We have Advice from Rhode-Island, that their last Assembly at Providence, passed an Act for emitting 200,000 l. old Tenor, on Loan, for ten Years; both Principal and Interest to be paid at that Period. They have ascertained the Value at eight for one, fixing Dollars at 48 per Bill of Exchange at 1200, that is 1100 Advance; enforcing the Observance of this Law with the like Penalties as those in New-England, and making the Punishment for Counterfeiting, Death. The Interest is Six per Cent, to be paid annually, and to be employed in encouraging Industry, and giving a Bounty on Linnen and Woollen Manufactures of the Colony, as also on the Whale and Cod Fishery.

A very barbarous Murder was lately committed at Elkridge, in New-York, by Jeremiah Swift, a Convict Servant belonging to Mr. John Hatherley, about 21 Years of Age; who took an Opportunity, while Mr.

Ha.

Hatherley and his Wife were attending a Funeral, to knock out the Brains of their two Sons with a Hoe, and to kill their Daughter with an Axe.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

To encourage the Crew of each Buſs belonging to the British Herring Fiſhery to do their Duty, a Premium of 30 l. will be given to the Company of that Veſſel who ſhall catch the moſt Herrings during the Season, and cure them beſt; 20 l. to the ſecond, and 15 l. to the third; to be diſtributed among them in Proportion to their Wages.

The Chamber of Campbel-Town have ſubſcribed 10,000 l. into the Society of the free British Fiſhery.

The Dutch have 450 Buſſes ready for the Herring Fiſhery; but we, alas! have no more than ten.

The iniquitous Cuſtom of Duelling has been lately very prevalent. Capt. Sole and Mr. Paſcal, upon a Quarrel ariſing from a Diſpute at Gaming, quitted the Tavern, with an Intent to terminate their Difference in Hyde-Park: But Mr. Paſcal was either too much in Liquor, or too little in Reaſon, to ſtay till they got to the appointed Place, and drew his Sword upon his Antagoniſt in the Street, who with much Reluctance alſo drew his Weapon, and after a little Trial of Skill very prettily pink'd his drunken Enemy thro' the Body, the Sword entering below the Navel, and coming out at the Back-bone. Mr. Paſcal was afterwards ſo ſenſible of the Provocation he had given Capt. Sole, that he freely forgave him; and the Coroner's Inqueſt brought in their Verdict Manſlaughter.

But the moſt remarkable Accident of this Nature happened between Mr. Dalton and Mr. Paul, two young Gentlemen of Fortune, and very intimate Friends. Mr. Paul had paid his Addreſſes to a young Lady, but Mr. Dalton

Dalton had met with a more favourable Reception, and the Lady gave him a Promise of Marriage. Mr. Paul and Mr. Dalton paid a Visit to the young Gentlewoman in Company with Mr. Paul's Sisters; when the young Lady told the Company, Mr. Dalton had detained her Snuff-box; which Mr. Paul, on her Intreaty procured from Mr. Dalton, and did not return it him, which made Mr. Dalton somewhat angry; a few Words arose; the Gentlemen parted; and the Ladies were in the utmost Confusion on this Occasion. Mr. Paul conducted his Sisters home, put on his Sword, and went to Mr. Dalton's Lodgings; sent him a Challenge while he was in Company at the Braund's Head Tavern, which the other accepted, and went to meet Mr. Paul. They went up into Mr. Dalton's Room, who seemed to retain his Anger, and proposed fighting in the Room; which the other agreed to. They first proposed firing off Pistols, but retracted that Proposal, and measured Swords. They then embraced, and invoc'd Heaven for Mercy, Forgiveness, and Success, and made several violent Passes, in which the Candles were knock'd down. Mr. Dalton went out and lighted the Candles; on his Return they repeated their Embrace; and renewed the Encounter; Mr. Dalton received a Wound on his Left-hand, but disregarding that he pressed home on his Antagonist, and received a Wound in the Breast, of which he immediately expired. Mr. Paul, on this fatal Accident threw down his Sword, and ran with all possible Expedition to two eminent Surgeons, who came directly, but in vain, for the unhappy Gentleman was dead. ——— How terrible is this inhuman Proceeding of Duelling! in this melancholy Affair Mr. Paul has depriv'd himself of a Friend, a young Lady of a valuable Lover, the King of a Subject, a distressed Parent of a Son, and the World of a fine Gentleman.

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# The M I D W I F E.

## N U M B E R I V.

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### V O L. II.

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*A Remarkable Prediction of an Author, who shall write an History of England in the Year 1931, with Part of the Contents of his 23d Chapter. By Mrs. M I D N I G H T.*

**T**HIS now near two Centuries since the Inhabitants of this Island contracted a mischievous Habit of drinking Gin, which has been fatal to all their Race, and is the Reason why we are now the most diminutive Creatures upon Earth. By what I can learn from the Historians of that Time, and by what we gather from the Door Posts of their Buildings, it plainly appears that the *Britons* were then as big as the *French*, *Spaniards*, or any other People; and this also agrees with what *Old Poplin* hath often told me: This old Man saw the Tower of *London* before it was



destroy'd, and assured me, that by the Armour there, the Inhabitants of that Time must have been between five and six Feet high. And this is farther proved and confirm'd by Mr. *Caxall*, the Antiquarian, who hath now by him a Walking-Staff, dug out of the Ruins of *Canbury-House*, near *Islington*, which is four Foot long, and on it are engraved the Letters *NEWBERY*: Probably the same *Newbery* who wrote the Heroic Poem entitled *The Benefit of eating Beef*,\* a Sort of Food much in Repute in those Days, tho' now not digestible by our puny Stomachs; and if the same, he was not a very tall Man, if we may believe the Biographer who wrote his Life, which is prefix'd to the Poem. — These Things considered, have we not Reason to curse the People who entail'd such Misery on their own Race, and brought us to this State of Destruction. At that Time we made a glorious Figure in History, we were respected by other Nations; and it was no Wonder then to see an *Englishman* six Feet high and his Hat cock'd, whereas the mightiest of us now is not above two Feet and a half, and we hang down our Heads and are despised by all the People in the World.

*Thus much by Way of Introduction, or Proem, or Reflection; for in those Days Historians will make their Reflections at the Beginning of their Chapters.*

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\* Of which there now (says the Author) remain some Fragments, with the Commentary of one *Smart*, who tho' but four Feet high would now be esteem'd a Giant.

*He*

*He then proceeds to his History, from which I shall select a few Paragraphs.*

At this Time there was a War between our Nation and the *French* and the *Spaniards*, wherein we were assisted, or at least ought to have been assisted, by the *Dutch*; A People who at that Time inhabited the Low Countries, which are now called *Frenchalia*. There was nothing very remarkable effected by our Land Forces; but Admiral *Anson* and Admiral *Hawk* beat the *French* and *Spaniards* by Sea damnably (*this Phrase may seem rather too rough for the Ladies, but I am oblig'd to keep literally to my Author*) He proceeds——I cannot quit this Period without taking Notice of one of the Authors of that Time, namely, *Madam Mary Midnight*: She wrote that celebrated Book entitled *The MIDWIFE: Or, Old Woman's Magazine*, which is now translated into all the modern Languages, and read in all the *European* Universities and Schools as a *Classic*. She was a Woman of prodigious Vivacity, of fine fertile Fancy, of profound Learning, of good sound solid substantial Sense, and had more Wit and Humour than all the Writers of that Age or any other Age whatever. She had a most superb

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*My Modesty will not permit me to transcribe any*  
 M 3 *far-*

the former, and the subject of them are a curse  
of Britain.

The Parliaments in former Ages were of Use, but now the only Figure they make is pher: They talk of this and that and t'other do nothing, or at least what they do is to n pose; and this has generally been the Case sin Establishment of Bribery and Corruption, began in the Reign of King *Jonathan* the ' ——— Mark what a Letter a Member at that wrote to a Prime Minister who had offer'd his ney for his Vote.

*Honrd. Sir,*

The Money you bid me is too little, I can't afford to take less than I ask'd you, you will not give me my Price I am determ vote according to my Conscience.

*N. B.* In order to understand this Postscript, it will be necessary for me to inform you, that the Parliaments will then sit fourteen Years; but as that is a terrible Prospect to look at, let us drop the Veil of Fate, and hide the other Parts of this History 'till the Time be expired, and the Author has wrote them.

M. MIDNIGHT.

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*The History of the Birth and Adventures of*  
*Mess. INCLINATION and ABILITY.*

**M**R S. *Virginia Virtue*, an ancient Maiden, who about a Century and a half ago resided in this Kingdom, after refusing a great many Offers, at length gave her Hand to one Sir *David Desire*. But she did not long enjoy the Comforts of Matrimony, for *Desire* soon expired after Possession, and left Lady *Virtue* a Widow, as she had been before an Orphan. Lady *Virtue* having a Fortune of her own, which neither Time nor Chance cou'd divest her of, did not despair of a second Husband; but finding herself pregnant, she thought proper to wait till she was deliver'd, and in due time she brought forth a brave chopping Boy, whom she call'd *Hercules Ability* — who in Process of Time became remarkably distinguished for all the Accomplishments both of Body and Mind. In about a Year after the Decease of Sir

*David Desire*, *Lady Virtue* listen'd to the Vows of *Sir Surface Smatter*, by whom in ten Years Time, and with the help of Medicines, she had a little ricketty Brat, whom they agreed shou'd have the Name of *Isgrim Inclination*. *Ability* had the best Masters in all the Arts and Sciences, and profited by them all; *Inclination* had the same Advantages, and profited by none. The younger Brother had a perpetual Affectation of mimicking the Elder, but he did it in so uncouth a Manner, that he appeared beyond Measure absurd and ridiculous. *Isgrim* was extravagantly fond of his Brother *Hercules*, but he (tho' otherwise a Lad of singular Humanity) cou'd not help both pitying and contemning poor *Isgrim*. At the Age of thirteen *Ability* shew'd some Signs of a Genius for Poetry, and has since wrote several excellent Pieces, which he published under the Names *Collins*, *Warton*, *Mason*, and others. This set *Isgrim* agog, and to say the Truth, most of the modern Compositions are in Fact his, tho' they pass under the Names of others. But I can favour the Publick with a little Piece of Poetry which he wrote at Eighteen, and which he valued himself upon above all his other Compositions.

\* *The little Bee into the Garden hies,  
To search out various Flw'rs of various Dies;  
The Rose and Lilly sweetly sucketh he,  
Then goeth Home again the little Bee.*

Thus

*Thus little i away to charming Phyllis,  
To Sylvia, Daphne, or to Amaryllis,  
Clasp'd in their Arms I sweetly taste and try,  
Then full of Rapture home comes little i.*

The Conceit of expressing himself with a little *i* instead of a Capital, he acknowledges to be the greatest Stroke of Genius he ever hit off in his Life. — It is remarkable \* *Lady Virtue* gave her Children no Fortune, so they were obliged to earn a Livelyhood in the best Manner they were able. *Ability* took to the Stage at one House, and *Isgrim*, who always imitated his Brother, chose the same Profession at another. Their different Reception in this and other Occupations in Life will be recounted in the next Number.

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*To the Keeper of the Curiosities at Gresham-College.*

S I R,

**I**N the Month of *December*, 1709, *Capt. Lemuel Gulliver* deposited several *Curiosities* in your Repository, as appears by a Memorandum in his Red-leather Pocket-Book, which I have

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\* We hope no Person of Distinction will take it amiss that *Virtue* is made a Lady of Quality.

now

now in my Possession, and by a Passage in the 3<sup>d</sup> Chapter of his Voyage to BROBDINGNAG.' As the Articles are not specified in the Pocket-Book, I am at a Loss to know exactly what and how many they are; but the following Quotation from the Chapter abovementioned will set us right in one Particular.

*Extract from the Voyage to BROBDINGNAG,  
Chap. III.*

“ I remember one Morning when *Glumdalclitch*  
 “ had set me in a Box upon a Window, as she  
 “ usually did in fair Days to give me Air, (for  
 “ I durst not venture to let the Box be hung on a  
 “ Nail out of the Window, as we do with Cages  
 “ in *England*) after I had lifted up one of the  
 “ Sashes, and sat down at my Table to eat a  
 “ Piece of sweet Cake for my Breakfast, above  
 “ twenty *Wasps* allured by the Smell came flying  
 “ round the Room, humming louder than the  
 “ Drones of as many Bagpipes. Some of them  
 “ seized my Cake, and carried it piece-meal away,  
 “ others flew about my Head and Face, and con-  
 “ founded me with their Noise, and put me in the  
 “ utmost Terror of their Stings. However I had  
 “ the Courage to rise and draw my Hanger, and  
 “ attack them in the Air. I dispatch'd four of  
 “ them, but the rest got away, and I presently  
 “ shut my Window. These Creatures were as  
 “ large as *Partridges*, I took out their Stings,  
 found

“ found them an Inch and a half long, and as  
 “ sharp as Needles. I carefully preserved them  
 “ all, and having since shewn them in several  
 “ Parts of *Europe*; upon my Return to *England*,  
 “ I deposited three of them in *Gresham-College*,  
 “ and kept the fourth for myself.”

Now Sir, this Capt. *Lemuel Gulliver* did by his  
 last Will and Testament bearing Date *July 24*,  
 One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighteen,  
 (a Copy of which you may procure from the  
 Commons) give and bequeath unto me, all  
 and every the Curiosities which he brought from  
*Lilliput, Brobdingnag, Laputa, Balnibarbi, Lugg-*  
*nagg, Glubdubribb* and *Japan*; together with what  
 he procured in the Country of the *Honybnbbms*;  
 as you will see by the following.

*An Extract from the Will of Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.*

“ And I also give and bequeath to my dear  
 “ Friend Mrs. *Mary Midnight*, all and every the  
 “ Curiosities which I brought with me from *Lil-*  
 “ *liput, Brobdingnag, Laputa, Balnibarbi, Glub-*  
 “ *dubrib*, and *Japan*, and the County of the  
 “ *Honibbnbnms* to her and her Heirs for ever. And  
 “ as I have never in all my Travels found any  
 “ Person so wise and learned as that Gentle-  
 “ woman, I do also give her and her Heirs for  
 “ ever the Property and Copy-right of all my  
 “ Voyages, which she shall think proper to write  
 “ Notes



“ Notes or Comments upon, well knowing that  
 “ there is no Person in this World so capable of  
 “ doing Justice to my Works, to my Memory,  
 “ and to the Publick, &c. &c.

Now notwithstanding the Care of the Testator, and of his Executors, I am informed that there are certain Persons have laid a Scheme to deprive me of this my Property in Defiance of Law, Equity, and the Will of the Deceased. I hope none of your Society are in the Combination, yet if they should I shall be able to disconcert their Projects. That the Stings of these Wasps were lodg'd in your Repository, no Body, I presume, will have the Face to deny? 'Twas publickly asserted by the Testator in his Life-time, and that in Print, and as none of your Society have said any thing to the contrary, or ever offered to disprove it, their Silence will be considered by all wise and just Men as a tacit Acknowledgement of the Receipt of those Goods.

Besides the above, Mr. *Jonathan Gulliver*, a Relation of the Captain's, assures me, that some of your Society borrowed of him the said Captain, a Snail's Horn brought from *Lilliput*, which was so small that it could not be perceived even with a Microscope; and another from *Brobdingnag* as big as the Whale's Rib in *St. James's Palace Court*. He farther affirms that he also lent your Society the Comb that was made of the King of *Brobdingnag's* Beard, the Eye of a worsted Needle, and the Back-side of a Bee; all which you are desired immediately

mediately to send me. 'Tis to no Purpose to equivocate, as the Fashion is, and deny the Receipt of them, for I am ready to prove it by the Mouths of twenty-six Evidences, and Mr. *Bustle-about*, the Witness-monger, a Gentleman who attends many of his Majesty's Courts of Judicature, and understands all Sorts of these Sort of Affairs, has promised to procure me fifty more if through your Obstinacy my Cause should require it. But I hope you will weigh and consider these Things, and do immediate Justice to,

S I R,

*Your humble Servant,*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

---

*In Imitation of Horace, by my Lord O—,*

*Eheu fugaces Posthume, Posthume, &c.*

I.

**H**OW swift alas, the rolling Years  
Haste to devour their destin'd Prey!  
A Moth each winged Minute bears,  
Which still in vain the Stationers  
From the dead Authors sweep away;  
And Troops of Canker-worms with secret Pride,  
Thro' gay vermilion Leaves and gilded glide.

II.

Great *Bavius*, should thy critic Vein  
Each Day supply the teeming Press,

Or

Authors of every Size and Name,  
Knights, 'Squires, and Doctors of all Cl  
From the Pursuit of lasting Fame,  
Retiring there a Mansion claim ;

Behold the Fate of modern Scholars!  
Why will you then with Hope delusive led,  
For various Readings toil, which never will b

IV.

With Silver Clasp, and corner Plate,  
You fortify the favourite Book.

Fear not from Worms nor Time thy Fate :  
More cruel Foes thy Works await.

The Butler, with the impatient Cook,  
And pastry Nymphs with Trunk-makers co  
To ease the groaning Shelves, and spoil th  
Design.

---

*The Humble Petition of ANY-BOI*

hat he is deny'd even the Power as well as  
fit of Existence. An Assertion however it  
seem incredible, yet it is no less positive than  
: When some charitable Person is inclinable to  
1 Act of Benevolence, which is designed with  
eral Intention and laudable Spirit, for ANY-  
Y, *who thoroughly deserves it*, I am not only  
ved of the Donation, but denied even my  
ence, with an Answer that ANYBODY is  
ODY. Hence it is, that many Things, which  
igreed on all Hands to be capable of making  
BODY happy, are given to NOBODY. Yet  
is more common than the Question, is ANY-  
Y within? ANYBODY there? which very  
tions prove my *Existence*.

hat greater Indignities can be imposed on any  
g than are daily inflicted on me. Do not I see  
that are mere Non-Entities given the Right  
ecedence and Possession before me? How  
Times is it said, NOBODY shall have it,  
ODY shall take it, when at the same Time  
BODY would be glad of it; and at other  
es when NOBODY will refuse it, ANYBODY  
take it.

at this I may boast of, that I am as keen in  
ursuit and Reward of Merit, as ANYBODY  
can be, and that tho' NOBODY dislikes, yet  
BODY who has common Sense, (which an  
urager of Merit must have) will always ap-  
your Lucubrations. Consider then, Madam,

N

of

of these my Complaints, or you will shew  
from SOMEBODY whom you little suspect.

*Yours,*

ANY - BC

\* *From the* R A M B L E R

— *Fatis accede deisque,*

*Et cole felices, miseros fuge. Sidera  
Ut distant, & flamma mari, sic utile*

**T**H E R E is scarcely any Sentiment i  
amidst the innumerable Varieties  
nation that Nature or Accident have sca  
the World, we find greater Numbers co  
than in the Wish for Riches; a Wish i  
prevalent, that it may be considered as  
and transcendental, as the Desire in which  
Desires are included, and of which the  
Purposes that actuate Mankind, are o  
ordinate Species, and different Modificati

Wealth is indeed the general Center of  
tion, the Point to which all Minds prefer  
variable Tendency, and from which the  
wards diverge in numberless Directions.  
ever is the remote or ultimate Design,  
mediate Care is to be rich; and in v  
Enjoyment we intend finally to acquiel  
seldom consider it as attainable but by the A

\* A Paper publish'd every *Tuesday* and *Saturday*, pr

Money, of which all therefore confess the Value ; nor is there any Disagreement but about the Use.

There is scarcely any Passion which Riches do not assist us to gratify. He that places his Happiness in full Chests or numerous Dependents, in refined Praise or popular Acclamation, in the Accumulation of Curiosities or the Revels of Luxury, in splendid Edifices or wide Plantations, must still either by Birth or Acquisition possess Riches. They may be considered as the elemental Principles of Pleasure, which may be combined with endless Diversity ; as the essential and necessary Substance, of which the Form only is to be adjusted by Choice.

The Necessity of Riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almost every Mind has been employed in Endeavours to acquire them ; that Multitudes have vied with each other in Arts by which Life is furnished with Accommodations, and which therefore Mankind may reasonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy had this predominant Appetite operated only in Concurrence with Virtue, and influenced none but those who were zealous to deserve what they were eager to possess, and had Abilities to improve their own Fortunes, by contributing to the Ease or Happiness of others. To have Riches and to have Virtue would then have been the same, and Success might reasonably have been considered as a Proof of Merit.

But we do not find that any of the Desires of Men keep a stated Proportion to their Powers of

Attainment. Many envy and desire Wealth can never procure it by honest Industry, or Knowledge. They therefore turn their about to examine what other Methods can be of gaining what none, however impotent, or v less, can be content to want.

A little Enquiry will discover that the nearer Ways to Profit than through the cacies of Art, or up the Steeps of Labour what Wisdom and Virtue scarcely receive: Close of Life, as the Recompence of long and repeated Efforts, is brought within the of Subtilty and Dishonesty, by more exp and compendious Measures: That the We Credulity is an open Prey to Falshood, and the Possessions of Ignorance and Imbecillit easily withdrawn by the secret Conveyances of tifice, or seized by the Gripe of unresisted lence.

It is likewise not hard to discover, that I always procure Protection for themselves, tha dazzle the Eyes of Enquiry, divert the Cele Pursuit, or appease the Ferocity of Venge that when any Man is incontestibly known to large Possessions, very few think it requisite to quire by what Practices they were obtained the Resentment of Mankind rages only again Struggles of feeble and timorous Corruption that when it has surmounted the first Oppos it is afterwards supported by Favour, and ani by Applause.

The Prospect of gaining speedily what is ardently desired, and the Certainty of obtaining by every Accession of Advantage an Addition of Security, have so far prevailed upon the Passions of Mankind, that the Peace of Life is destroyed by a general and incessant Struggle for Riches. It is observed of Gold, by an old Epigrammatist, that *to have it is to be in Fear, and to want it is to be in Sorrow.* There is no Condition which is not disquieted either with the Care of gaining or of keeping Money; and the Race of Man may be divided in a political Estimate between those who are practising Fraud, and those who are repelling it.

If we consider the present State of the World, it will be found, that all Confidence is lost among Mankind; that no Man ventures to act, where Money can be endangered, upon the Faith of another. It is impossible to see the long Scrolls in which every Contract is included, with all their Appendages of Seals and Attestation, without wondering at the Depravity of those Beings, who must be restrained from Violation of Promise by such formal and publick Evidences, and precluded from Equivocation and Subterfuge by such punctilious Minuteness. Among the Satires to which Folly and Wickedness have given Occasion, none is equally severe with a Bond, or a Settlement.

Among the various Arts by which Riches may be obtained, the greater Part are at the first View irreconcilable with the Laws of Virtue; some are openly flagitious, and practised not only in



REGARD, than that they have deviated from  
Right less than others, and have sooner and  
diligently endeavoured to return.

One of the chief Characteristicks of the  
Age, of the Age in which neither Care nor  
Guilt had intruded on Mankind, is the Commu-  
nity of Possessions, by which Strife and Fraud were  
excluded, and every turbulent Passion was still  
Plenty and Equality. Such were indeed  
Times, but such Times can return no  
Community of Possession must always in  
Spontaneity of Production; for what is only  
obtained by Labour must be of right the Property  
of him by whose Labour it is gained. And  
a rightful Claim to Pleasure or to Affluence  
be procured either by slow Industry or un-  
certain Hazard, there will always be Multitudes  
of Cowardice or Impatience will incite to more  
and more speedy Methods, who will study to

many to Vows of perpetual Poverty; they have suppressed Desire by cutting off the Possibility of Gratification, and secured their Peace by destroying the Enemy whom they had no Hope of reducing to quiet Subjection. But by debarring themselves from Evil, they have rescinded many Opportunities of Good; they have sunk into Inactivity and Uselessness, and if they have foreborn to injure Society, they cannot be considered as Contributors to its Felicity.

While Riches are so necessary to present Convenience, and so much more easily obtained by Crimes than Virtues, the Mind can only be secured from yielding to the continual Impulse of Covetousness by the Preponderation of other Motives. Gold will generally turn the intellectual Balance, when weighed only against Reputation, but will be light and ineffectual when the opposite Scale is charged with Justice, Veracity, and Piety.

---

*To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.*

MADAM,

I Read the Letter from Mr. *Robinson* to Mr. *Smyth*, inserted in your last Number, with incredible Satisfaction, as, I think, there breathes thro' the whole, a truly sensible, manly, and (what is best of all) a *Christian* Spirit. Nothing in Nature can be more unreasonable or more nonsensical, than ranging the giving of a Challenge amongst the  
A&S

Acts of Bravery, or the refusing one at those of Cowardise. The *Romans* were a by all the World to be the bravest People And yet from the Foundation of that State Destruction, I defy the most learned of our modern Bravoes to produce an Instance of one fought, or one Challenge given. I find Madam, congratulate you on the Success of your Work, and am glad to see that your Magazine is not (as I at first imagined) a Matter of Mirth—— But is ——

*With a moral View design'd*

*To please and to reform Mankind.*

*Yours affectionately,*

ISABEL

‡‡ As none of our pretended Poets or Critics have ever translated the first Ode of my Friend HORACE, according to the general Reading, I shall present them with the following Translation by my Neice *Nelly*, which she undertook for the Benefit of the Gentlemen of both Universities.

*Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*

*Diis miscent superis* : (for so the Herd of Writers have it) *Nelly* tells me should be :

*Te doctarum' hederæ præmia frontium.*

*Diis miscent superis*, for HORACE had no Vanity to apply it to himself, and assume a

rafter that fo juſtly belong'd to MECÆNAS:  
Nor could he be fo mean-ſpirited, after he had  
aſſerted his Right to quaff Nectar with the Gods,  
as to condeſcend to aſk his Patron to number  
him among the Lyric Poets and Ballad-  
makers.

---

To MECÆNAS.

THY noble Birth, *Mecænas* ſprings  
From an illuſtrious Race of Kings,  
That in *Etruria* reign'd ;  
Thy kind Protection is my Boaſt,  
My all without Thee, had been loſt,  
My Patron and my Friend.

Some in Olympick Games delight,  
Where Clouds of Duſt obſcure the Sight,  
And darken all the Skies ;  
Striving who firſt ſhall reach the Goal,  
Their kindling Wheels around to roll,  
And gain the glorious Prize.

The Palm obtain'd, ſo great the Odds,  
It ranks the Victors with the Gods,  
That rule the World below :  
Others by low Intrigues elate,  
To ſhine a Miniſter of State,  
All leſs Purſuits forego.

Some

Some lur'd with Hopes of ample Gain,  
 Their Garners fill with *Lybian* Grain,  
     Awaiting Times of Dearth :  
 Some wedded to paternal Fields,  
 Admire the Store that Labour yields,  
     Employ'd to till the Earth.

Offer to these *Peruvian* Mines,  
 Or all the glitt'ring Wealth that shines,  
     On *India's* distant Shore ;  
 They would not tempt the stormy Main,  
 Where Winds unequal War maintain,  
     And Waves incessant roar.

The Merchant views, with Fear aghast,  
 The Fury of the *Northern* Blast,  
     When lofty Billows foam ;  
 Praises the Country's calm Retreats,  
 Yet soon his shatter'd Bark retires,  
     In trackless Paths to roam.

Some cheer the Hours with racy Wine,  
 The Product of the *Massick* Vine,  
     Reclin'd beneath a Shade ;  
 Or near a *Mossy* sacred Source,  
 Where Streams begin their silent Course,  
     Their listless Limbs are laid.

Others are pleas'd when Monarchs jarr,  
 Admiring all the Pomp of War,  
     And ev'ry warlike Air ;

The M I D W I F E. 167

When Trumpets fainting Hearts inspire,  
And Clarions kindle martial Fire,  
Detested by the Fair.

The Sportsman bent to chace the Hind,  
To all Delights besides is blind,  
His Spouse entreats in vain;  
Despising wint'ry Skies he bounds,  
Attended by sagacious Hounds,  
O'er Hill, and Dale, and Plain.

Politer Arts, *Mecænat*, share,  
Thy calmer Hours and banish Care,  
Th' Employment of the Wife;  
An Ivy Wreath thy Temples binds,  
An Honour due t'exalted Minds,  
The Kindred of the Skies.

I love to sing the cooling Grove,  
Where Nymphs and Fawns in Measures move;  
And if the Muses aid:  
*Euterpe* shall the Flute inspire,  
And *Polyhymnia* touch the Lyre,  
Deep in a sacred Shade.

Thus rais'd above the vulgar Throng,  
To noble Themes I'll suit my Song,  
And if you rank my Name;  
Among the tuneful Lyrick Train,  
My Works shall envious Time disdain;  
Secure of deathless Fame.

The SILENT FAIR;  
A SONG.

## I.

FROM all her fair loquacious Kind,  
So different is my *Rosalind*;  
That not one Accent can I gain,  
To crown my Hopes, or sooth my Pain.

## II.

Ye Lovers who can construe Sighs,  
And are the Interpreters of Eyes;  
To Language all her Looks translate,  
And in her Gestures read my Fate.

## III.

And if in them you chance to find,  
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind;  
Adieu mean Hopes of being Great,  
And all the Littleness of State.

## IV.

All Thoughts of Grandeur I'll despise,  
That from Dependance take their Rise;  
To serve her shall be my Employ,  
And Love's sweet Agony my Joy.

*See the Contrast to the above in Page 85. Vol. I.*

By Mr. P O P E.

**W**HAT is Prudery?  
 'Tis a Beldam,  
 ean with Wit and Beauty seldom.  
 Tis a Fear that starts at Shadows.  
 Tis (no 'tis'nt) like Mrs *Meadows*.  
 Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,  
 Old, and void of all Good-nature:  
 ean and fretful, would seem wise;  
 Yet plays the Fool before she dies.  
 Tis an ugly envious Shrew,  
 That rails at dear *Lepyl* and you.

These Verses are inserted in the new Edition of Mr. *Pope's Works*, and (if they are his) I will venture to say, the much-ridicul'd Mr. *Cibber* never wrote any half so bad. Quere, ist. What are we to think of the Editor? and adly, What are we to think of the Edition!

---

As I have often given Specimens of Pieces of Poetry, in which I conceived there was Merit, I am sorry to have so long neglected the *Horatian-Canons of Friendship*, publish'd by my good Friend Mr. *Newbery*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. — The Reader will find in the subsequent Extract, several good and facetious Rules for making and confirming Friendships, which I heartily recommend

O



mend to the Perusal and the Practice of all those  
who chuse to call themselves my Friends.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

**L** E T's be like Lover's gloriously deceiv'd,  
And each good Man a better still believ'd;  
E'en Celia's Wart Strephon will not neglect,  
But praises, kisses, loves the dear Defect.  
Oh! that in Friendship we were thus to blame  
And ermin'd Candour, tender of our Fame,  
Wou'd cloath the honest Error with an honest  
Name;

Be we then still to those we hold most dear,  
Fatherly fond, and tenderly severe.

The Sire, whose Son squints forty thousand Ways,  
Finds in his Features mighty Room for Praise:

Ah! born (he cries) to make the Ladies sigh,  
Jacky, thou hast an am'rous Cast o' the Eye.

Another's Child's abortive --- he believes  
Nature most perfect in Diminutives;

And Men of ev'ry Rank, with one Accord  
Salute each crooked Brachet with My Lord.

(For bandy Legs, hump Back, and knocking Knee,  
Are all excessive Signs of Q---ty.)

Thus let us judge our Friends--- if Scrub subsist  
Too meanly, Scrub is an Œconomist;

And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,  
He aims at Wit, and does it to divert.

Largus is apt to bluster, but you'll find  
'Tis owing to his Magnitude of Mind:

Lollius

collius is passionate, and loves a Whore,  
 Spirit and Constitution ! --- nothing more ---  
 sed to a bullying Peer is ty'd for Life,  
 and in commendam holds a scolding Wife ;  
 owe to a Fool's Caprice, and Woman's Will ;  
 at Patience, Patience is a Virtue still !  
 Ask of Chamont a Kingdom for a Fish,  
 e'll give you three rather than spoil a Dish ;  
 or Pride, nor Luxury, is in the Case,  
 at Hospitality --- an't please your Grace.  
 ould a great Gen'ral give a Drab a Pension ---  
 leanness ! --- the Devil --- 'tis perfect Condescension.  
 uch Ways make many Friends, and make Friends  
     long,  
 r else my good Friend Horace reasons wrong.

---

A S O N G.

I.

NAY *Florimel* of noble Birth,  
 The most engaging Fair on Earth  
     To please a blithe Gallant,  
 as much of Wit and much of Worth,  
 and much of Tongue to set it forth,  
     But then she has an Aunt.

II.

ow oft, alas ! in vain I've try'd  
 o tempt her from her Guardian's Side,  
     And trap her on Love's Hook ;

Of all my Hopes bereav'd;  
Her Aunt's the dismal Gulph betwixt,  
By all the Powers of Malice fixt,  
To cheat me of my Heav'n.

---

*Some Account of a new Mill to Grind o-  
ple Young.*

**I**T is very strange that we are ever ready  
to believe all that is incredible, and to doubt of  
nothing that is demonstrable; yet as much as  
as it is, it is nevertheless a Truth. Any  
that has been at Mr. *Overton's* Shop, or in  
any Pot-house in this Kingdom, has seen  
in black and white, the Figure of a Mill to  
old Folks young; yet there are many  
hardy enough to believe there can be no such

*The Case of Mrs. Martha Spriggings.*

Whereas I *Martha Spriggings*, was violently afflicted with that inevitable Disease old Age, attended with Blindness, Lameness, Deafness, Numbness and Dumbness ; I do declare that I am perfectly cured by being ground in Mr. *Whacum's* Mill near *Guildford*, and whereas a Year ago I was upwards of Ninety-nine, I am at this present writing, not quite Eighteen Years Old.

*Witness,* MARTHA SPRIGGINGS.  
*Simon Luck,*  
*Peter Pringle.*

*The Case of Mrs. Richard Fumbletext, D. D.  
F. R. S. and Head of \* \* \* College, in the  
University of \* \* \* \*.*

Whereas I *Mrs. Richard Fumbletext*, was vehemently afflicted with the Weight of Seventy Years and upwards, by the means of which I became extremely peevish, froward, absurd and disorder'd, in the few Senses that were left me : I do assert, that by being ground in the *Guildford* Mill, I am perfectly recovered and restored to Youth, inso-much that I am as much a Child as ever I was.

*Witness,* RICHARD FUMBLETEXT.  
*Mrs. George Trinket, D. D. F. R. S.*  
*Mrs. Godina Wilking, D. D. F. R. S.*

*The Case of Mrs. William Capevi, Doctor of  
Physick.*

Whereas I Mrs. *William Capevi*, Dr. of Physic, lately aged Eighty-three; was so immoderately disordered with a Course of Years, that I cou'd not cure myself with any of my infallible Medicines: This is to certify those whom it may concern, that I am no more than twenty-five, being ground so down to that Age precisely, in the *Guildford Mill*, which I sincerely recommend to the old Women of all Faculties.

*N. B.* The Mill is adapted for Females only, so no Gentleman who does not make it appear that he has been an old Woman, can possibly be ground.

*To the Criticks and the Poets.*

GENTLEMEN,

I N some of my former Papers I pointed out the Excellency and true characteristical Beauties of Pastoral and Elegiac Poetry, and I shall now, for your Instruction and Entertainment, give you my Sentiments on the Ode and the Song; two Species of Poesy that are of all others my peculiar Favourites. I call them two Species of Poesy, and I think with the greatest poetical and critical Justice; for there is as much Difference between an  
Ode

Ode and a Song, as between a high-heel'd and a low-heel'd Shoe, or indeed as there is between a Whig and a Tory. The Ode-writer mounts Pegasus upon the Withers, and for Fear of falling holds fast by the Mane; but the Ballad-monger gets up behind, sits a Degree lower, and to save himself, clings close to the Tail. There are some Poets indeed, who are a Sort of Mules in Verse, and are endow'd with such excellent Qualities, that they can intimately mix these two Species together, and make of them a true and poetical Hermaphrodite. A most animated and extraordinary Instance of this Sort we have in one of our Poets of the last Century, who through his excessive Modesty and abundant Wealth (two Qualities inherent to Poetry and Poets) has endeavour'd to conceal his Merit, and avoid the Praises he so eminently deserved. He has by many of our Criticks been compared to Horace, and by others mounted with Pindar; but I think he deserves a more exalted Class than either, and I am persuaded you will be of my Opinion, Gentlemen, when you have read over the following Stanzas.

ON JOYALTY: An Ode, or Song, or both.

I.

There was a jovial Butcher,  
 He liv'd at Northern-fall-gate,  
     He kept a Stall  
     At Leadenball,  
 And got drunk at the Boy at Aldgate.

II.

## II.

He ran down *Houndsditch* reeling,  
 At *Bedlam* he was frightened,  
     He in *Moorfields*  
     Be sh--t his Heels  
 And at *Hoxton* he was wiped.

Now, Gentlemen, for the Dignity Science, (which I hold in the highest Esteem) I shall endeavour to point out critically, according to the Rules of Art, the Beau Graces, and elevated Sentiments in this admired Piece.

Our incomparable Author, agreeable to the Laws prescribed by *Aristotle*, *Dionysius*, *Longinus*, and *Quintilian*, and pursuant to the examples of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, has begun his Exordium in a simple Manner, for here he has shewn, that the plain Style would be most proper. Nothing can be more easy,

*There was a jovial Butcher,*

One would think from the Simplicity, Ease, and Elegance of that Line, that the Author intended only the History of his Hero in the manner of *Thucydides*, *Livy*, or any other trifling Historian; for no one from these Words would expect a *Pindaric* Ode any more than an *Epic*. But in the next Line he artfully rises upon you,

*He liv'd at Northern-fall-gate.*

How expressive is this! ——— Here you see in one Line, not only that the Man liv'd,

Place where he liv'd, viz. at *Northern-fall-gate*.  
Hitherto we are peaceable enough, for *Pegasus*  
only trots; but now the Poet is all on Fire, and  
his Steed foams at Mouth:

*He kept a Stall*

*At Leaden-hall,*

*And got drunk at the Boy at Aldgate.*

And get drunk! — ay, got drunk! why  
that's an Atchievement we little expected: It sur-  
prizes us, and therefore is extremely agreeable;  
for the Business of Poetry is to *instruct*, to *elevate*,  
and *surprize*. And how amply is this effected?  
We are *instructed*, and that in few Words, that,

*He kept a Stall*

*At Leaden-hall;*

We are *elevated* with the Thoughts of his getting  
drunk, and extremely *surprized* that it was *at the*  
*Boy at Aldgate*; for who the Devil would have  
thought of his getting drunk there; Besides, at  
the Time this Ode was wrote, 'twas not customary  
for People to get drunk; and therefore the Sur-  
prize was greater. Drunkenness was then con-  
sider'd as the Province only of the Nobleman, the  
Knight, the Squire, the Lord of the Manor, or  
the Justice of Peace; but now we have Ladies of  
such elevated Spirits, that they can get drunk as  
well as the best Butcher of them all, which ren-  
ders that Incident in these our Days less wonderful.

Our Author's Method is also much to be ad-  
mired; for after he has perfected his first Stanza,  
he



he proceeds to the second; and pray what can be more natural than for the second to succeed the first?

*He ran down Houndsditch reeling.*

*Homer* is not more admired for the *Copiosity* of his Invention, the Force of his Imagination, the Beauty of his Similies, the Harmony of his Numbers, or the Dignity of his Diction, than for his extensive Knowledge in Nature, and the several Arts and Sciences; He was a Philosopher, a Divine, a Mathematician, an Historian, a Geographer, and a Warrior as well as a Poet. He understood every thing he has described, and therefore all his Descriptions are animated and beautiful, just and rational, correspondent to the Precepts of Art and to the Laws of Nature. But our Author vastly exceeds *Homer* in his Knowledge of Nature and the mechanic Laws, as may be demonstrated from this Line:

*He ran down Houndsditch reeling,*

Any Woman who has a Sot to her Husband can tell you, that a drunken Man will run up Stairs when he can't walk even on a smooth Pavement. A staggering Man, like a reeling Top, is secured from falling by encreasing the Velocity of his Motion, and this is also illustrated and proved by a stumbling Horse, who will always travel with most Safety when kept up to a good Pace, as our Gentlemen that ride Post can testify. But I appeal  
from

from the Post-Boy to Mr. Pope, who in his Essay on our Science, has the two following Lines :

*False Steps but help them to renew the Race ;  
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their Pace.*

'Tis therefore with great poetical Justice and Judgment that our Author precipitates his Hero down *Howsditch*, and brings him to *Bedlam*.

Here now is Matter enough to have employed your little modern Versifiers a Month, who run into long Common-places, and lay hold of every Hint that presents itself. But *seasonable Silence has its Emphasis* ; our Author only informs us in a plain simple Manner, that

*At Bedlam he was frighted.*

He would probably have given a Description of that horrid Place, where so many of his Fraternity had made their miserable Exits, but the Catastrophe of his Piece was at Hand ; the Fate of this Hero was determin'd, and a long Suspension of it by any Episode whatsoever, wou'd have been unnatural and offensive. He therefore in Imitation of VIRGIL, *Geor. IV. 457, &c.* declines all Allurements of that sort, for the sake of Uniformity and Order, without which he knew his Work might be an Heap of shining Materials, but not a beautiful and permanent Edifice.

The Catastrophe is preceded by the Affright, and is made the Consequence or Effect of that Cause, as you will perceive.

*At*

*At Bedlam he was frighted,  
 He in Moorfields,  
 Be shot his Heels,  
 And at Hoxton he was wiped.*

The Geography of the Places where the Action happen'd, is strictly observ'd and arrang'd in their natural Order; *Hounslow* is the direct Road from *Aldgate* to *Bedlam*, which is built in *Moorfields*; and as *Hoxton* is not more than half a Mile to the right, it was very natural for him, and very prudent of him, so close the Scene there. And to prevent any Disturbances by the Contests of Places, for the Birth of this great Poet, we will, if you please, Gentlemen, assign that Honour to *Hoxton*; This I think we may do with the greatest Propriety and Justice, for every Man is partially prone to favour the Place of his Nativity, and his excessive Fondness of his native Place *Hoxton*, made him without doubt bring the Jovial Butcher from *Northern-Falgate* to enrich it with his Burthen.

*I am Gentlemen,*

*Your faithful Friend, &c.*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

*Epigram*

The M I D W I F E. 177

Epigram of Martial, Lib. VIII. Ep. 69.

Imitated by Mrs. Midnight.

*Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos,  
Nec laudas, nisi mortuos poetas;  
Ignoscas, petimus, Vacerra; tanti  
Non est ut placeam tibi, perire.*

**N**O Praise the grutching *Rosalinda* yields  
To Bards, till they are in th' *Elysian Fields*.  
She says that every Modern is a Dunce,  
Forgetting *Homer* was a Modern once.  
Die—die—she cries— and then I'll deign a Smile,  
Your Servant, Ma'm, — but 'tis not worth my  
while.

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*A few Thoughts on FAMILY.*

By Mrs. Midnight.

**T**HERE are many People in the World,  
that are so proud of their being of a good  
Family, that they never seek after any other Ex-  
cellence, tho' in fact, this is no Excellence at all,  
but a meer Matter of Chance. 'The following  
Extract from *Busbequius* is so much to my present  
Purpose, that I cannot avoid giving a Translation of  
it for the Benefit of the unlearned Reader. " Qui  
" rerum primas a principe tenent ferè sunt pasto-  
" rum et bubulcorum filii, de quo tantum abest  
P " ut

“ ut eos pudeat, etiam inter se gloriantur; eoq  
 “ sibi plus tribuunt, quo minùs majoribus aut fo  
 “ tunæ natalium debent. Neque aut nasci, a  
 “ propagari, traducive virtutem putant. S  
 “ partem a Deo dari, partem bona disciplina, mu  
 “ toque labore & studio comparari: utque p  
 “ ternam artem nullam, non musicam, non arit  
 “ meticam, non geometriam; sic nec virtute  
 “ ad filium aut hæredem transire credunt.”

*English thus:*

*Those who are at the Head of Affairs among  
 the Turks, are generally the 'Sons of Shepherds  
 Graziers; of which they are so far from bei  
 ashamed, that they make a Matter of Boast of i  
 and they attribute to themselves the more Praise, t  
 less they owe to their Progenitors and the Chance.  
 Birth; for 'tis their Opinion that Virtue can neith  
 be born, propagated, or transferr'd: But that part  
 'tis the Gift of God, and partly to be acquired by  
 good Education with much Labour and Study: As  
 as no paternal Art, such as Musick, Arithmetick,  
 and Geometry devolves to the Son or Heir, the sai  
 also do they believe of Virtue.*

Much to the same Purpose sings Sir *Willia  
 D' Avenant*, in his *GONDIBERT*, where speakin  
 of the Manner of a certain Prince's disposing o  
 Preferment, he has the following most excellen  
 Lines ———

*He Wealth nor Birth preferr'd to Council's Place ;  
For Council is for Use not Ornament ;  
Souls are alike of rich and antient Race ;  
Tho' Bodies claim Distinction by Descent.*

Gondibert, *Book II. Canto 2.*

Read, meditate, and digest, my dear Neighbours of *St. James's*.

*Yours,*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

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*To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.*

MADAM,

**I**T is very odd I think that you can't let People alone to mind their Business in their own Way. What have the Tradesmen done to you, you old Gypsy you, that they must be lugg'd in Head and Shoulders, like a Vat of Dowlas among your Maxims in the Index to Mankind as you call it ; you are an impudent Jade, and deserve to be punish'd for your scandalous Behaviour to your Betters in this Manner, and when I am Lord-Mayor, which I hope I shall be before it be long, I will pack all such old Strumpets out of Town ; know that, Hussy, and correct and alter your Manners for the future, or you shall feel the Weight of my Re-

sentment, ye old cock-ey'd Jezebel, you shall so;  
and this is all the needful from

*Yours,*

B. Ballance-beam.

*To my Readers.*

*Gentle Gentlemen,*

**I** Am now going to ballance Accounts with the great Mr. *Benjamin Ballance-beam*, of *Cheapside*, in the City of *London*, *Middlesex*, and I hope you will all bear Witness, that I give him a Receipt in full. The said *Benjamin Ballance-beam* chargeth me with being impudent, and for what? Why truly, for introducing into my *Index of Mankind* the following *Axioms*, or *Maxims*, or *Postulatas*, 'Terms unknown to him in Point of Signification, but yet such as he has taken into his Head to be angry with.

These are the Words complain'd of,

A Tradesman's Principle is too often his Interest, and his Interest his Principle.

He that keeps his Accounts will keep his Family, but he that keeps no Account, may be kept by the Parish.

A Knave may get more than an honest Man for a Day, but the honest Man will get most by the Year.

*A Defence of and Commentary on these Maxims, the Reader may expect in a future Number.*

*The MIDWIFE'S POLITICKS: Or, Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL and SPAIN.

**T**HE Portuguese Dominions enjoy all the Blessings of that profound Tranquility, which augmented their Commerce, and increased their Opulence, during the late War; while their Neighbours of Spain were hurried by a Spirit of Quixotism to dig themselves a fatal Grave in the Bowels of Italy.

While the British Ambassador at Madrid, is employing all the Strain of Oratory, which he has so frequently, and so ineffectually asserted, to mollify the Haughtiness of the turbulent Spaniards; the Ministry of Madrid, not only refuse to hearken to any humble Supplications for a free Navigation in America; but have lately ordered Don Francis Buccarelli y Ursua, the Commandant of the Spanish Troops posted in the District of Gibraltar, to see that the tenth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht be punctually observed. By that Article Gibraltar was ceded to the Crown of Great Britain, without any territorial Jurisdiction, nor any open Communication by Land, in order to prevent the Abuses and Frauds that might be committed under Colour of Trafficking. But as it was agreed by the said Article that it should be lawful to purchase with ready Money, in the Spanish Territory adjacent, Provisions and other Necessaries for the Use of the Garrison, the Inhabitants and the Vessels lying in the Bay; this Commandant is likewise charged to take particular Care that this Stipulation be literally observed; and not to suffer, upon any Pretext whatsoever, the bartering of any Merchandize for those Pro-

P 3

visions,



vifions; it being the Intention of his Catholic Majesty, that the Delinquents, besides the Penalty of Confiscation, shall be profecuted with the utmost Rigour of the Law. — However, this Restriction is not so bad for the English as a Siege; though, under this political Disguise, the Spaniards can greatly distress the Garrison, by allowing them to trade only for a very small Quantity of Provisions, which they have frequently done, and obliged the poor English to seek for a Supply from the Coasts of Barbary. — Surely the British Nation is to be no longer liable to the Insults of Spain! My old Blood glows with Resentment when I recollect their former Depredations; and I, *Mary Midnight*, take upon me to assure the old Lady at St. Ildefonso, that the Subjects of her late Husband, have no exclusive Right to the Navigation of the American Seas. Was not it this important Matter that raised the Voice of every old Woman in England, both in and out of Ministerial Employment, to arm against the insolent Spaniard? It was; but what have we done? To our Shame, Nothing! — The Spaniards still give Interruption to our Trade; while foreign Politicians cannot refrain from sneering at our tedious Negotiations at Madrid, and seem to wonder how Britons can be so patient, while a mutinous Spirit in the Spanish West Indies, and the enterprising Humour of the States of Barbary, put it in our Power to bring that Court to reasonable Terms: but, for this salutary Purpose, we must recall Don Benjamin from his pacific Overtures; and send the brave honest Admiral Vernon to re-demolish their Porto Bello.

ITALY.

ITALY.

The Barbary Corsairs renew their piratical Excursions on the Italian Powers, who, roused by the Sufferings of the Merchants, are, in proportionate Contingents to form a naval Force effectually to suppress these barbarous Invaders; these Confederates are said to be the Pope, the King of the two Sicilies, with the Republics of Venice and Genoa; who are in Expectation that Spain and Portugal will accede to the League, and furnish powerful Contingents, because these two Nations are equally concerned in the Destruction of those Pirates. — The Bankers in most of the principal Cities in Italy have had considerable Failures, especially at Turin and Bologna, which has affected several other Cities, and together with the great and sudden Fall in the Price of Silk, occasions frequent Bankruptcies at Naples, Leghorn, Florence, Genoa, Modena, Bergamo, and Novi. — However; the poor Genoese are in the most calamitous Condition; because they have disgusted the French at Corfica, who are evacuating the Island, having restored the Town of St. Fiorenza to the Malecontents. But I apprehend this to be a Sort of a Stratagem, to make the Genoese relinquish their Right to that troublesome Island, and introduce the unprovided Infant Don Lewis of Spain to the Throne of Corfica.

FRANCE.

The French continue to fill their Magazines in Alsace, where they intend to form a Camp of 40,000 Men: But for what Purpose? Ha! Old as I am, my Eyes, or my Head, are yet good enough to discover that the Intentions of France can only be to awe the Election

Election of a King of the Romans, as they did of an Emperor in 1742. As Cardinal Tencin has quitted the Ministry, and retired to his Archbishoprick of Lyons, I would advise him to consider that he is an Ecclesiastick, and should consequently be a Promoter of Peace, which he was the Cause of banishing from the Plains of Europe for eight Years together: let him think how many thousands of Lives he has wantonly sacrificed, and surely he must expect that the Manes of Bernclau, the Prince of Prussia, Clayton, Belleisle, Grammont, Ponsonby, and the rebel Lords of Scotland, will perpetually disturb his Quiet, if his Crimes are not properly expiated by a due and seasonable Contrition; let him remember that Saxe is gone to find out Fleury the Lord knows where; that Lowendahl may soon go in Quest of the coadjutor Tencin, but the Lord knows when. His most Christian Majesty has nominated M. de Rouille, late Secretary for the Department of the Marine, to be Secretary of State with the Count de St. Florentin: M. Rouille is become the Darling of the Court and People, for his great Vigilance and Industry in restoring their Marine, which is now almost in as good a Condition as it was before the great Sea-fight off La Hogue, in the Year 1692. A sorry Truth for Old England! — The French Clergy begin to lower their Crests, and submit to their dictatorial Power, with regard to their Payment of the twentieth Penny, and the Declaration of their ecclesiastical Revenues — Though the French have reported that M. Bompert, Governour of Martinico, had caused the Islands of Tobago, St. Lucia, and Dominico, to be evacuated; I have receiv'd private Intelligence to the contrary; though I should be glad to find it true, because then the French  
would

would give us one Proof of their Sincerity among those daily exhibited of their Politeness.

G E R M A N Y.

It has at last appeared that the Elector of Cologne deserted the maritime Powers for the Sake of obtaining a Debt of 160,000 Crowns from France; so that now I shall call him an Old Miser, instead of an Old Woman. — The Empire is still in the same uncertain Condition about the Election of a King of the Romans: but the Emissaries of France give Reason to imagine, that their Court has a greater Share, than it would have the World believe, in the Opposition made to such an Election, by a Faction having at its Head an Elector pleading for the pretended Rights of the Princes, against the indisputable Rights which the electoral College has enjoyed ever since the Extinction of the Emperors of the Race of the Carlivingieme, and which has been confirmed by the whole Body of the Empire, in its Approbation, and accepting of the Golden Bull. However, let France take what Pains she will, it is to be hoped that there is still a Majority in the Electoral College to maintain and defend the Rights of that Constitution.

D E N M A R K.

Mr. Titeley, the British Minister at Copenhagen, is reported to have made some Propositions for a Marriage between his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, and the Princess Wilhelmina Carolina, second Daughter of their Danish Majesties, born 10th of June 1747; but I entirely disapprove of such nuptial Contracts, because, not to mention they are first Cousins, I think Princes are born

born to share an equal Felicity with other Men; and we had an Instance of the bad Effects of such Engagements, in that between his present Majesty of France, and the young Infant of Spain; besides, I should not like to see OUR DARLING HOPEFUL PRINCE, espouse a Lady, born on the 10th of June; for the Jacobites may then have a seasonable Opportunity of commemorating the Anniversary of the Pretender, even under a Cloak of Loyalty.

## S W E D E N.

While the Swedes seemed to be happy in the peaceable Declarations of Russia, they have suffer'd a great Devastation in their Capital City, by a Fire which broke out on the 19th of June, in the Church of St. Claire, in the Norder Malm, and burnt with so much Violence, that this fine Building was soon reduced to Ashes, together with several Houses adjoining, besides, the Wind being very high, the Flames communicated to some Houses at a Distance, which were likewise consumed. About an Hour after, the same Day, another Fire broke out in the Suder-Malm, which did a great deal of Damage; and, about Nine o'Clock in the Evening, a Brewer's House took Fire, and was burnt to the Ground; as were several adjacent Houses. The King being informed of these Fires, came to Stockholm from Ulrichdahl, and went in Person to the Places where there was the greatest Danger. His Majesty gave such Orders for stopping the Progress of the Flames, that the Fire was extinguished the next Day; after which his Majesty returned to Ulrichdahl. The 21st, a fresh Fire broke out in the Market in the Suburb of Ladugarstrand, and the Day following another in the same District, near  
the

the Packer Market. The Number of Houses consumed amounts to near 1000; among which are the fine House of the Senator Count Thuro-Bielcke, another magnificent Edifice belonging to Baron Palstierna, the superb Church of St. Clara, the Hotel of the late President Rolam, and many other considerable Edifices both in the North and South Quarters. The Ships and Gallies, as also the Arsenals and the Granaries, which lie in those Quarters, were in great Danger, but happily received no Damage, the King's Directions, for preventing the Flames spreading towards them, having been extremely well executed. — It is pretended that combustible Materials have been found in divers Parts of the Town, and some suspicious Persons have been taken up: A Reward of 2000 Ducats is also offered to such as may discover any of the Incendiaries, with a free Pardon to any one that shall impeach his Accomplices; who, I dare say, were no other Sort of Old Women than such as are usually discover'd under jesuitical Habits.

R U S S I A.

The most pacific Intentions are apparently prevalent among the Northern Powers; but Peace has more resplendently shewn her Countenance at the Court of Petersburgh, where a Declaration, concerning the Affairs of Sweden, has been delivered to the Maritime, and other allied Powers, wherein the Czarina declares her perfect Satisfaction in regard to the Conduct of his Swedish Majesty, since his Accession to the Throne. — As a Proof of the Instability of human Happiness, the Czarina, while the Gates of Janus are closed in her Capital, sees her poor Subjects of the Ukraine, invaded and plundered by a lawless Body of the Crim Tartars, who lately made an Invasion, and rifled several Villages; but were met and engaged, and dispersed by a

## Detachment of Cossacks in the Neighbourhood of Precop.

## PERSIA.

This Country is in a more deplorable Condition than ever, having at present no less than five Competitors for the Throne. The ancient Lores, or Bactrians, who plundered Spahan, have made a great Progress in their Conquests; and the young Man they have nominated for King, being of the old Race, induced the People of Shyrass to deliver their City into his Hands without Resistance; notwithstanding which, the People were carried into Slavery. It was imagined Jaroom, Dorooob, and Ireffau, would have made a bold and resolute Stand; but they all submitted themselves to Slavery; the Lores making no Distinction between Force or voluntary Submission. As the ill Treatment the English Gentlemen met with at Spahan, left them no Expectation for Favour or Mercy, both they and the Dutch came to a firm Resolution to leave Gombroon, and it is not doubted but they have put it into Execution; so that the grand Scheme of plundering the two European Factories, where they imagined half the Wealth of Persia was contained, will prove abortive.

## TURKEY.

The Ottoman Ministry seem to postpone every military Preparation on the Borders of Europe; and it is surprising that they have, at this Time, such a regard to their fiducial Engagements, as to neglect making an IncurSION into the Heart of Persia, while that distracted Country is too much incapacitated by its intestine Com-motions, from making any Resistance.

## POLAND.

Assurances have been received from Warsaw, that the eldest Son of the Pretender to the British Throne, has been lately married very privately to the Princess Rad-zivil, reputed the most opulent Heiress in Poland.

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# The M I D W I F E.

## N U M B E R V.

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### V O L. II.

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*A Letter to Mrs. Mary Midnight from the Guildford Miller, intreating her to be ground forthwith; together with some fresh Cases.*

*Most incomparable MADAM,*

**I**T has been dogmatically laid down, and credulously received, as a Maxim, that no Person can give any thing, of which he himself is not possess'd. — In some Instances indeed this is true, but by no means so with regard to the Poet and Historian; for they can bestow Immortality, though they are but frail Flesh and Blood; and the Works of some perishable Hands are calculated to survive the Universe. — In this Light, Madam, I consider both you, and your Works — and the Business of this Epistle is not



so much out of a lucrative View of bringing more Grifts to my Mill, as to do an eminent Piece of Service to the whole World. If you are disposed to be ground, or (to use your Publisher's Language) you intend to have a new Edition of your self, I declare in the first Place, that it shall not cost you a Penny—the Popularity which I shall acquire by restoring such an amiable and useful old Lady to Youth, will be more than an adequate Recompence for my Trouble.—I assure you, Madam, there is no sort of Pain attending the Operation, but you grow *back again* (if I may be allow'd the Expression) in the same gradual imperceptible Manner, only in a much lesser Time, as you grow old. But as you may be curious to know the Nature and Mechanism of this Mill, I have sent you a Transcript of an Account taken by a Fellow of the Royal Society.

*A Mathematical Description of the Guildford Mill.*

By NEHEMIAH NICKNACK, F. R. S.

The *perpendicular Altitude* of this Mill is about thirty Feet, and the *horizontal Aperturs*, or *Dilatation* of the *Hopper*, is about ten. There are nine *principal* or *cardinal* Wheels, so *judgematically contrived*, that in them all the *Squares* of the *periodical Times* are equal to the *Cubes* of the *Distances*. The Sails (for it is a Wind-Mill) are seven, *numerically consider'd*, but *proportionally* they

they are in a *reciprocal subduplicate Ratio* of the *Diameters* of the *Wheels*.

The Trough, which is the Receptacle of the Persons ground, is a *Parallelogram*, the *Diagonal* of which is about two Yards and an half. Between the Trough and the Hopper are twelve Tubes seal'd *hermetically*, of different Sizes, for the Squares of their *Diameters* rise in an *Arithmetical Progression*. Diametrically opposite to the Tubes are four Ropes suspended *funicularly*, at the *Extremities* of which are four Levers of the third Kind, namely, such as have the *Pow'r* between the *Fulcrum* and the Weight. Besides which, there are Abundance of *inclined Planes*, *Axes in Peritrochio*, *Polyspasts*, *Cylinders*, together with the *Trochlea*, *Cuneus*, and *Cochlea*, and in short all the *mechanical and mathematical Powers*.

Such is the Description of my Mill, which is so admirable for it's *BERSPICUITY*, that a Child six Years old may understand it; so I shall not any further explain it, for that would be to give a Description of a Description, in the Manner of modern Commentators. I shall therefore add a Case or two, and for the present take my Leave of you.

The Case of the Honourable Mrs. PHILIP  
HUG-BRIBE.

Whereas I the Honourable Mrs. Philip Hug-  
bribe was lately so superannuated, that I slob-

ber'd in Company, and could by no Means give a rational Answer to any Question propos'd; and whereas I drivell'd to such a Degree, that I mistook Negatives for Affirmatives, and Affirmatives for Negatives, and in a certain Place of publick Business said aye, when I should have said no; which had like to have carried a Point for the Good of my Country, contrary both to my Instructions and Inclination; this is to assure the World, that by being ground in the *Guildford* Mill, I am perfectly cured, and I am as wise and as upright as heretofore.

Signed

Witness

*Mrs. Philip Hug-bribe.*

The Right Hon. *Mrs. Charles Courtly.*

The Right Hon. *Mrs. Peter Pension.*

*The Case of the* Right Honourable *Mrs.*  
SIMON SHARPER.

Whereas I *the Right Honourable Mrs. Simon Sharper* was some Time since so very old and infirm, that I could not play at Hazard without Spectacles, and so very paralytic, that I was oblig'd to quit both Billiards and Tennis; this is to certify all old Women of Quality, that by being ground in the *Guildford* Mill, I am reinstated in my former Health and Youth, and will be bold to say, that I can now cheat at Cards, or cog the  
Dice

Dice, as well as any Person of HONOUR in the three Kingdoms.

Signed,

Witness,

*Mrs. Simon Sharper.*

The Right Hon. Mrs. *Ben. Bragwell.*

The Right Hon. Mrs. *Roger Rout.*

*I am, dear Madam,*

*Your faithful Servant,*

*and sincere Admirer,*

Guildford, July 24, 1751.

*Walter Whactum.*

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*The little Lighterman, or the dissembling Waterman, (which was sung at the Corner of Blow Bladder Street on the 10th of June last, to the Tune of the Rolling Hornpipe) Chirurgically dissected.*

I.

**P**RAY did you never hear of a sad Disaster —  
'Twas but t'other Day that he ran away from  
his Master.

*Oh the little little Lighterman, and the dissembling  
Waterman;*

*Molly's a Girl that will dye, if she has not a Kiss  
from the Lighterman.*

2.

With his black Shammy Pumps and his rolling  
Eye, Sir,

He did kiss ev'ry Girl that he did come nigh, Sir.

*Oh the little, little, &c.*

3.

But when his Maffer he found him he put him into  
Bridewell ;

*Molly* she loved him so well that she gave him a  
Pot of Porter.

*Oh the little, &c.*

I am sorry to inform my Readers that this Ballad is the reputed Bantling of a Gentleman of great Eminence and Distinction, because I am fully persuaded that upon a candid and impartial Examination, we shall find it fraught with Principles destructive to the Community, derogatory from the Dignity of the Crown, and repugnant to that Integrity and Honour which every *Briton* ought to bear in his Breast.

Allegories have been always suspected of evil Tendency, and discouraged by the wise Legislators of every Nation. PLATO, who had as much Prudence, Wisdom and Learning as any Man among us, banish'd *Homer* out of his Commonwealth for this very Consideration ; SOLON expelled *CHILOSA* for the same Reason, and *MORTOLO* was exiled by *LYCURGUS* for entituling  
his

his Poem *Χραυτοφαγία* (i. e. the *Cabbage Eater*) in which that great Lawgiver thought himself affronted, as his Father had for some Years before his Advancement practised the Art of a Taylor.

That HOMER's *Iliad* was a Satire upon the several States and Princes of *Greece* I make no doubt, and was it at all to my Purpose I could prove it; for those high Encomiums with which that Poem is interlard'd, could never be ascribed but by way of sneer or sarcasm to Princes, who, for ten Years together, had beat their Subjects Brains out against the Stone Walls of *Illium*, and that for a Woman who had not half the Beauty, Modesty, or Virtue that I have. No—one might as well suppose that Mr. \*\*\*, or any of our modern Poets, wou'd write a serious Epic Poem on King *Richard's* frantic Expedition to *Damascus*.

The Author of the above Song had doubtless studied *Homer*, for, together with his Art of *secretly dispensing invidious Satire*, he has translated some of his poetical Flights, and retain'd in a great Measure the Structure of his Versification. But let us leave the Poets to themselves, as a Pack of poor poultry People unworthy our Consideration, and examine this wicked Piece of Work to the Bottom, in order to discover the secret Designs and Villanies of its audacious Author, and endeavour as much as possible to convict and bring him to condign Punishment for his atrocious Crimes.

*Pray did you never hear of a sad Disaster.*

No Man that is possess'd of a Grain of common Sense, can doubt but that the Author by this *sad Disaster* means the Pretender's landing in *Scotland*, and especially when he comes to weigh and consider the Purport of the following Line,

*'Twas but the other Day he ran away from his Master.*

Not only the *French King* but the whole Court of *France* pretended such Ignorance at the Time he left that Kingdom, of his Destination and Enterprize, that the following Advertisement was printed in some of their Papers.

Stolen or Stray'd,

*A living Creature five Foot. eight Inches high, that talks rationally and walks erect; whoever shall bring him to (I forget the Name of the Place) shall receive 30,000l. Reward.*

This not only strengthens and corroborates what I advanced before, but evidently proves that the Author in this Song makes the *French King* his Master or Employer, for stolen or stray'd signifies being forced away, seduced away, led away, or going or running away, voluntarily and wilfully, or by Accident and without Design; and the Crime in this Case must depend on *Volition*, as Mr. Lock very justly observes; for a Servant who loses his Way in a Wood by Accident and against his Will,

is

is not culpable or answerable to his Master for the Time that has been so misemploy'd or lost.— But leaving this to the Casuists, let us return to our Poet.—The next Line still strengthens my Argument.

*Oh the little little Lighter'man, and the dissembling Waterman.*

Here he calls his Hero the little Lighterman, which Name or Appellation is drawn from that Circumstance of his running away, for *Lighterman* is only a Corruption of the Phrase *Lighter-Man*, i. e. a Man that is lighter, or swifter on foot, and can run faster.

By the dissembling Waterman, the Author undoubtedly means the *Dutch*, for you must remember, gentle Reader, that those high and mighty People did not come up to their Contract with us at that Time, to say no worse of it ; which I think will account for the Epithet or adjective *dissembling*, and when to the adjective dissembling we join the substantive *Waterman*, you will plainly see the Force of the Argument ; for, as the *Dutch* are bred among the Fens and the Frogs, and are amphibious Creatures that live sometimes on Land and sometimes in the Water, which cannot be said of any other People in the World, the Term *Waterman* must appertain unto them and them only, for *Waterman* is a Corruption of *Water-Man*, i. e. a Man that can live in the Water. But if you exclude this Argument (which is as self evident as any

Axiom



ration of the Magistracy as much as any Pair  
*Molly's a Girl that will die if she has no  
from the Lighterman.*

This was wrote to warm and animate the  
of our *British* Amazons in behalf of the yo  
tender, and I believe in my Conscience  
Cause of the mad and unaccountable Hea  
were drank, the party colour'd Ribban  
wore, and the Dancings, Clubs, Songs and  
lings of that Time; which I suppose will b  
on with Wonder and Amazement, when a  
Grand-Child is a Grand-Mother. But  
ceed —

*With his black shammy Pumps, and his  
Eye, Sir,  
He did kiss every Girl that he did come nigh;*

This Verse alludes to a private Ball g

which Circumstance this wicked Poet has improved to the Pretender's Advantage, with a palpable Design of promoting his Cause, by rendering his Person and Behaviour the more agreeable to our *English Ladies*. — We come now to the third and last Verse of this Virulent and Treasonable Performance, in which the Poison is so artfully and deeply conceal'd, that 'twill cost us some Pains to discover and expel it :

*But when his Master he found him he put him into  
Bridewell ;*

*Molly she loved him so well, she gave him a Pot  
of Porter.*

That the young Adventurer, upon his Return to *France*, was seized by Order of the *French King*, is a Circumstance too well known to be longer insisted on ; and that during this Confinement, Application was made for his Enlargement by *Molly*, which all Decypherers allow means *Molly Britaina*, or *our British Ladies*, is altogether as notorious, who are here said to have given him a *Pot of Porter*, that is, procured him a *free Passage* ; for *Porter*, in this Place, means no more than the Person who has the Care of the Portal of the Goal ; and consequently the Phrase, *gave him a Pot of Porter*, signifies *paid the Porter*, or *gave him his free Liberty* : And in this Sense it is taken by GRONOVIOUS, CAMBLITARO, and ELMILLIUS.

And here I must beg Leave to observe, that *Molly*, or *Molly Britannia*, is indifferently used by our

our Author, either for the Daughters of *Britannia*, or a Moiety of the *English Ladies*; and of Consequence this Line,

*Molly's a Girl that will die if she has not a Kiss  
from the Lighterman,*

was not only wrote for the Purpose I have already mentioned, but also to insinuate, that the Daughters of *Britannia* are in a languishing State for the Loss of this Lighterman. This is, I must own, too gross to be mentioned but in polite Company, and too bad to be farther explain'd in any; but it plainly shews what this wicked Author would be at, and sufficiently indicates the Necessity of placing him in a State of *Durance*. — But I have done — no, I have not done — Creatures of this Complexion, Monsters of this Magnitude, Serpents of such Subtility, can never be enough exposed.

This *Janus-headed* Author (for I hate a Man that has a double Face) has so artfully contrived this Piece, that if it be sung on any other Day of the Year except the 10th of *June*, and to the Tune of *Jack in the Green*, or any other Tune but the *Rolling Hornpipe*, the Words will have a quite different Signification; but the Virulence remains, 'tis only Poison differently prepared, in order to answer different wicked Purposes; and this last is a Circumstance that could not have been discover'd, but by my extraordinary Knowledge in the Art of *Decypheration*.

M. MIDNIGHT.

*On the Practice of Gaming among Ladies  
of Quality.*

**W**oman was intended by the great Creator, as the most amiable of terrestrial Beings; with Beauty little inferior to that of Angels; with Sensation equal to the brightest Son of Reason, and invested with the Robe of Modesty to give an additional Lustre to all her Actions. Without the Possession of this delectable Associate, Man had roved comfortless even through the perennial Groves of Paradise; without the Solace and pleasing Endearments of Woman, he had been no more than a rational Brute, unconscious of Love, insensible of Joy: but for the Promotion of his Felicity, Woman was created; for his Comfort, the divine Author of Nature formed Woman from the Loins of Man, and infused into her Nostrils the Breath of Life, principally to contribute to his Happiness.

Upon this Consideration it has been asserted, that if Providence intended Women only for the Service of Man, that the same Providence ought to secure her from Danger and Temptation; because,

— if weak Women go astray,  
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

But I think this one Instance of the refin'd Impiety of the modern Age; for, unless we deny

R

Woman

Woman the Faculty of Reason, she can never more peculiarly exempted from acting according to her own Judgment than Man is allow'd to; and this is one of those Privileges which no Man will easily be brought to relinquish.

If the first Woman deprived her Husband of his Estate by her Indiscretion, her Descendants are more inculpable in other Respects, which I can prove by innumerable Examples from the Days of *Helen*, and *Dalilah* to those of *Catherine de Medici* and *Isabella of Farnese*; but as this would altogether immaterial to my present Design, I will confine myself to the prevailing Folly and Vice of the present Day, so ardently pursued by the Braggart Ladies at Routs, Drums, Masquerades and Assemblies; all tending to the Abolition of conjugal Happiness, the Misery of every indulgent Husband, and the Destruction of whole Families.

*Gaming*, as it is now encouraged, is productive of every Calamity that can involve Ladies in those inextricable Snares, which are perpetually ambushed for the Captivity of Virtue; and when that is gone farewell Pleasure, farewell Joy; Content is fled, Tranquillity is banished. What an unamiable Sight it is to be a Spectator at a Gaming Table, surrounded by Ladies of Quality, in Company with Profligates and Sharpers! where the Smile of Beauty is wasted upon an inanimating Card, or distorted into all the hideous Features of a Fury. When the Decision of a Stake of four or five Hundred Guineas is dependant upon a single  
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Card, surely it must be attended with the utmost Anxiety. If the Event is fortunate, it is only the Parent of Extravagance; but if unsuccessful, the Mother of Necessity.

I am acquainted in a very illustrious Family, where the Lady of the House has lost more in Gaming in less than a Week, than would have maintained a Coach and six for a Twelvemonth. As I had the Honour to attend this Lady in my maternal Capacity, I frequently found her out of Humour, and generally in a disconsolate Disposition; though, perhaps, the same Day, I have seen her paying a Visit to my Lady *Whist-away*, with all the Raptures of inexpressible Joy and Jollity. I thought this Variation of Temper very extraordinary, and began to entertain some shrewd Suspicions tending to the Impeachment of her Virtue: but on reflecting that her Husband had every amiable Quality that could charm her Sex or dignify his own, my Suspicions vanished; and I was soon afterwards convinced of the Reality of this strange Vicissitude in the Temper of a Woman, who was universally allowed to be a Lady of extraordinary Sense and Delicacy; which indeed, though a Daughter of a very worthy Gentleman, was the only Fortune she brought to her noble Consort, or, at least, was the only one he admitted to his Arms. As her Ladyship was pretty far advanced in her Pregnancy, I paid her an early Visit in The Morning; but, to my great Surprise, was informed by her Lord, that she was discarded

from his House, till her Vanity was diminished; and her Prudence increased. I was astonished at such an Information; but as I was sensible his Lordship had a particular Regard for me, I humbly entreated him to consider the Consequence of such a Resolution; I represented to him the Malevolence of the World, both from his own Enemies, and those of her Ladyship; and desir'd he would prevent the ever-flowing Tide of Censure and Scandal from approaching his Residence. His Lordship declared, that he valued his own private Happiness and Peace of Mind, more than all the Censures of an ill-natur'd World; he allowed that he had banished a Woman from his Breast, whom he had once fondly repositèd there as a sweet tender Dove; but as she was now altered to a Viper, and infected the Heart she had once moulded to her Pleasure, he was of Opinion that he should stand readily acquitted in the Eye of God, and in the Light of Reason. “ For, Mrs. *Midnight*, continued he, Heaven alone knows the Distraction of my Mind.” He paused here, and in spite of his manly Pride, gave way to the softer Power of Nature, though he attempted to conceal it, I perceived a large Drop of Anguish tremble in his Eye. He desired me to sit down by him; then told me, he knew his Lady had a great Opinion of my Understanding; that he had a Regard for me; and therefore should readily disclose to me the Affliction of his Heart; hoping I would endeavour to alleviate his Sorrows. “ Madam, continued he,

“ he, it is now more than three Years since I entered into the State of Matrimony. My Fortune and Patrimony were too noble to lead my Inclinations to Wealth ; I therefore fought only to illustrate my Line by intermarrying into a worthy tho’ not opulent Family ; and I soon fixed my Affections on an Object every Way adequate to my Wishes. She soon made me the happy Father of a beautiful Child ; I was all Indulgence, she was all Love and Complacency ; but, in some unhappy Hour surely her Reason was extinguished, her domestic Fidelity eradicated. I had little of her Company ; she came home generally disconcerted in Temper ; and was either extremely angry to all about her at Night, or very liberal to her Servants in the Morning. Instead of indulging me in her usual Careffes, or shewing her maternal Fondness to her little Babe, she endeavour’d to shun my Company, and seem’d offended at the sweet Innocence of her Child. This continued for some Time, before I discover’d that all her Uneasiness proceeded from a Fondness to Gaming ; I found she had squandered away more Money than her Fortune would have amounted to had I receiv’d it ; and I strongly remonstrated to her the Folly and Danger of her Continuance in such a Scene of Extravagance. But this was all ineffectual ; she redoubled her Pursuit of Gaming ; augmented her former Loss with several Thousands ; and though I laid before her the Train



“ of Poverty and Misfortunes consequential to  
“ such a Behaviour, she still persisted in her riotous  
“ Excess, till the Necessity that surrounded me,  
“ convinced me that I was to consult the Prefer-  
“ vation and Honour of my Family, rather than  
“ tamely submit to the Folly and Vanity of a de-  
“ luded Woman. With this Resolution, I yester-  
“ day informed her how greatly she had impove-  
“ rished my Estate, and insisted upon an Assurance  
“ that she would immediately consult the Honour  
“ of our Family, and relinquish all the Pleasures  
“ to be found in a Society of Gamesters. But she  
“ threw up her Head with an unaccustom’d Shew  
“ of Insolence, assuring me that she was then en-  
“ gaged to spend the Evening at Lady *Swabb’s* on  
“ a Party of Whist, and could not possibly forfeit  
“ her Honour. I endeavour’d to dissuade her  
“ from her Design, exerting all the Force of En-  
“ treaty, with all the Declarations of Authority :  
“ but in vain ; she was determin’d to go, though  
“ I vowed by every Thing solemn that if she went,  
“ she should have no Admission on her Return.  
“ And yet, Mrs. *Midnight*, so strongly is she ad-  
“ dicted to her Pleasures, that she discharged her  
“ Assignment, nor did she deign to return till  
“ Day-light waited upon her Home, where, by  
“ my Orders, she was refused Admission, and I  
“ am unacquainted with what is come of her  
“ since.” Just as his Lordship had ended this me-  
lancholy Relation, we were alarm’d with the loud  
ring-

ringing at the Gate; when a Servant came up and acquainted his Lordship that his Lady's Mother desired Admission; which was immediately granted, and I retired: but I was soon inform'd that the Mother acquainted his Lordship that her Daughter had been with her, and gave her an Account of what had happen'd; that the Mother told her she should have no Encouragement in her Folly from her; and had compelled her to return to his Lordship to acknowledge her Error, implore his Pardon, and sincerely promise a total Amendment: which she was now desirous of doing, and only waited below for his Lordship's Order to fall at his Knees, and give him the most absolute Assurance of Obedience. Overjoy'd with this unexpected Declaration, his Lordship sprang to the Arms of his penitential Lady with all the Raptures of an eager Lover. Since which happy Minute, their Lives have been one interrupted Scene of domestic Pleasure and Tranquillity: The Lady, truly sensible of her Errors, strives to make an ample Attonement, by all the winning Ways that Love and Prudence can invent; while her happy Lord confines all his Desires to the Promotion of her Felicity.

I wish Heaven would so turn the Thoughts of several other Ladies of Distinction, whose Love and Pursuit of Gaming must be destructive to their Families, and perhaps the Means of sacrificing their Virtue. Debts of Gaming, are called Debts  
of

of Honour, and they must be satisfied: a Gaming Husband indeed may do it by mortgaging his Estate, but a Wife, when her Pin-money is exhausted, may be obliged to gratify an importunate Dun with something more valuable than Pelf. I would have Ladies to consider, that Gaming is not only destructive to the Estate of their Husbands, but is equally so to their own Beauty; which cannot continue long, under the Disadvantages of those hollow Eyes, haggard Looks, and pale Complexions, perpetually attendant on the intemperate Hours of Female Gamesters; and what a Race of Warriors, Patriots, and Statesmen, is poor *Britain* to expect I shall bring into the World from the Wombs of such dissolute Mothers?

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*A Dissertation on the following most excellent  
old English Rules, videlicet,*

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED,  
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and  
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

Notwithstanding these Rules are so obvious and intelligible, that any Rustic may understand them, yet the perpetual Breach of them makes it necessary for me to preach them into Practice at this Juncture. I shall consider them in their proper Order,

Order, and endeavour to set them in a proper Light.—And first,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED.

I had a violent Hoarsness upon me for three Months with calling my *Woman*, who was so wilfully Deaf, that neither the jingling of the Bell, the stamping of my Foot, nor my own Voice (which Heaven be praised is pretty distinguishable) could ever make her approach, when I wanted her.—I have recommended this Precept with the more Vehemence, because I have always enforced it by my Example, and if I had not punctually *came* when I was called in my maternal Profession, half the Women of Quality in this Kingdom wou'd have dy'd before their Time.

And now for the second Rule,

DO AS YOU ARE BID.

This I look upon to be one of the most capital Rules in the World, *in* this are included, and *by* this are inculcated the Duty of a Child to his Parents, of a Soldier to his General, of a Subject to his Prince, with an Hundred and Fifty & *cæteras*. I was credibly inform'd by the Ghost of Sir *Thomas More*, which appeared to me a few Nights ago, that no Bishoprick, or indeed any Post of Honour, Dignity or Profit whatsoever, was disposed of in the Kingdom of UTOPIA, without the Persons preferr'd previously giving Security to observe this truly

truly GOLDEN Rule —and I desire all my Readers would strictly adhere to this Injunction of DOING AS THEY ARE BID, when I command them to buy up all the odd Numbers of my Magazine, and compleat their Sets immediately.

And now I come to the most important Article of all.

#### SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

About two Years before my Marriage with my dear Mr. *Midnight*, I took the grand Tour of *Europe*, I visited all the Islands in *Archipelago* — I went to *Turky* and *Grand Cairo*, but never could find one single Person in all my Travels that had Wit enough to observe this Rule. I had a Dog indeed whose Name was *Whisky* (tho' he was but a stupid Dog I promise you) that never fail'd shutting the Door if he cou'd; but if it was so situated that he cou'd not manage it, he bark'd at it, in order to shew his Indignation, and that he was convinc'd in his own Mind, that it was very wrong the Door should remain open. As trifling an Affair as this may seem to some Criticasters, there has many a Life been lost by this ridiculous Piece of Negligence: Colds have been catch'd, Thieves and Murderers have had Admission into the Houses of honest Men, Virgins have been deflower'd merely by a Contempt of this Rule: And if I had a Voice ten Thousand Times louder than *Stentor*, or even Thunder itself, I would get upon  
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the Top of St. Paul's and bellow out,  
COME WHEN YOU ARE CALL'D,  
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and  
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

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*A Proposal for expelling all Party, Party People, and Party Principles, out of our two Universities; and all our Churches and Religious Assemblies. By Mrs. SUSANNAH COXETER. In a Letter to Mrs. Midnight.*

Dear Mary,

**M**R. *Williams* tells me, that your *Magazine* is read by all the great People; and that you get a great deal of Money by it, which is a great Satisfaction to me and all your Friends in this Country. The Success you have met with, almost encourages me to try my Skill at Writing, for Money is very scarce here, and if one cou'd only make Eighty, or Ninety, or an Hundred Pounds a Year of it, 'twou'd be a great Help to one, now the Interest of Money is so fallen; and *Mr. Williams* says, you get more than that every Year by writing of Manuscript Sermons for your Acquaintance. If so, you can recommend one a little; and I know, dear *Mary*, if it is in your Power you will do it. My Son *Tommy* does not do so well as I would have him; and I find that  
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the Learning I have given him' is almost thrown away.

When he first came from College, it was thought necessary that he should be examin'd, which *Tom* was terribly afraid of, for he had been examin'd several Times by his School-master before he went to the *Verfity*, as we call it, and flog'd for not being perfect; and as he had improved himself there in little else but puffing his Pipe, he had great Reason to apprehend himself in Danger. Wherefore I took him to myself, as the Saying is, for eight or ten Days, and retaught him his *Latin*, and *Greek*, and *English*, together with as much of *Logic*, *Rhetoric*, *Geography*, *Astronomy*, *Mathematicks* and *Morality*, as learned Men generally know, and more of *Divinity* than they practise, and carried him to the sage old Gentleman to be initiated. When we first came in (it makes me laugh to think on't) my old Gums chatter'd for Fear, and the Lad's Hair stood so an End, that his Head seem'd bigger than I had ever known it. The grave Doctor, however, did not appear so formidable as I expected. When I courtesy'd to the Ground, and told him my Business. *Madam*, says he, *you have in your Time been a very handsome Woman; sit down Madam, and as to your Son there — why I shall examine him presently — Here, bring a Bottle, and my long Pipe, and the Cushion — and then swabbing himself down in an easy Chair — You must know young Man, says he, our*  
*Neigh-*

Neighbourhood is divided into two Parties; but you, I am told in this Letter, take the Part of my Lord \*\*\*\* and so here's my Service to you — All his Lordship's Friends come well qualified; he was my Patron, and a farther Examination would be unnecessary: but as for the People of the other Side of the Question, they are the meekest Dunces in Nature, and plague me sometimes for Hours together. So I got the Business done here, and he came from College, and I got him a Curacy of 20*l.* a Year, and had almost got him a Living, but he happen'd to vote of the wrong Side the Question at our Election, and so that destroy'd all. And now he's marry'd, Madam, (tho' I don't blame him for that, for a Man had better marry than do worse) and he has six Children, and no more than 20*l.* a Year to maintain them. I wish I could have foretold this fifteen Years ago, I am sure I would not have bestow'd Five Hundred Pounds on his Education, for with that Money, Mr. Williams says, I could have bought him an Annuity of 50*l.* a Year for his Life, and he might have follow'd other Business; and now he has only 20*l.* a Year, and is oblig'd to follow no other Business, and that 20*l.* is only for Life. And I don't see that there is any Likelihood of his advancing himself, unless he had consider'd better of it before he had given his Vote. But Tommy says, if it was to do again he would do it, for Clergymen ought not to vote against their Consciences, as other People do, for the Sake of Money;



ney; and that is true too, so that I can't be angry with him. I wish, dear *Mary*, you cou'd get him a Living in *London*; I don't mean a Lectureship, no; *Tommy* once try'd for that, but your People are so bold in *London*, and think themselves such Judges, that a Man is deny'd before he can ask the Question. Even the Cheesemonger where my Son lodged, when he put up for that Place, told him, he should be for *Voice and Action, Voice and Action*, and tofs'd up his Head like a young Squire at a Country Assizes; so I had rather you would get him a Living, your good Word will go a great Way with the great People, and I am sure there is not an honefter Man in the World than my Son, if that is any Recommendation; and you'll hugely oblige me and him, and his Wife and six small Children, so do dear *Mary* remember us.

*I am,*

*Your loving Friend,*

S. COXETER.

*P. S.* I think all Party, and Party People, and Party Principles, should be excommunicated out of our Universities, and Churches, and Religious Assemblies, and People only promoted for Piety, and Virtue, and Honesty; and if Things were order'd so, the People in our Country would go to Church oftener than they do, and come away better taught than they are: Don't you think they wou'd *Mrs. Midnight*?

*\*\* I do highly approve of Mrs. Coxeter's Proposal for expelling all Party, party People, and party Principles out of our Universities, Churches, and other Religious Assemblies; and desire that the Expurgation may commence before the Alteration of the Style, that with the new Period we may turn over a new Leaf; for while we have Parties in the Church, there can be no Orthodox Religion; and while there are Parties in the State, there can be no true Patriot Policy.*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

*A Question to be debated by the Robin Hood Society at the Request of a very great Man, and the Arguments pro and con to be submitted to Mrs. Midnight.*

The QUESTION.

*W*Hether HONEY or MUSTARD is the best to oil a Man's WIG?

*N. B.* The Gentlemen concern'd are desired to be particularly careful and circumspect in discussing this Point, for the whole Debates will be inserted in the next Number of my Magazine.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

*Continuation of the Adventures of Messrs. INCLINATION and ABILITY.*

**H**ercules did not remain a Batchelor long after he went upon the Stage, for a beautiful young Lady fell in Love with him, who after several Years Cohabitation, made him the happy Father of the following Sons and Daughters, viz. *Garrick, Quin, Ryan, Woodward, Cibber, Pritchard, Clive, Berry, Bellamy*, and some others. — **ISGRIM** married also, but in less than a Month his Wife obtain'd a Divorce, for Reasons that there requires no great Sagacity to guess at. **ABILITY** having acquired a very considerable Fortune by his truly admirable Performances, quitted the Stage, and (as he was extremely generous) gave poor **INCLINATION** a pretty Competency, with which he always supports the **APPEARANCE** of a Gentleman. Notwithstanding the Goodness of his Brother, **ISGRIM** was so ungrateful, as to oppose him upon all Occasions; the first Instance of this unnatural Behaviour, was at an Election of a Professorship in a certain University, where *Isgrim* was chose, because he did not *understand* the Language he was to teach, and *Hercules* was rejected for being *too well qualify'd*. After this Disappointment, *Hercules* was somewhat sower'd in his Temper, and Application was made in his Behalf to the great *Mæcenas's*

*Mæcenæ's* of the Age; who, without knowing and encouraging one Art, has been reckon'd the Patron and Master of them all. He told ABILITY he was a very good sort of a Person, and that he should be glad of an Opportunity of serving him; he soon found an Opportunity, and (what is more marvellous) embraced it. And now, gentle Reader, what do you think he propos'd to do? — Why by the Interest of his Friend my Lord *Danglecourt*, he got a Promise that ABILITY, now in the *Bloom* of Youth, and the *Hardiness* of Health, fond of Peace and still domestic Life, should be admitted as a lame, old, disabled Soldier into the *Chelsea* Hospital. —

Enraged at this Usage, and impoverish'd by his boundless Generosity, *Hercules* determin'd to accommodate his Labours more to the Taste of the Times. He therefore betook himself to the Study of Architecture, and soon found sufficient Applause, Profit and Encouragement in every Shape from the Extravagance and Vanity of the Times. Our modern great ones (to do them but Justice) are vast Patrons of Matter and Mechanism, and while they despise and oppress Genius and Learning; the Toyman, the Gambler, and the Fidler, are always welcome to their Houses: *Isgrim*, you may be sure, must commence *Vitruvius*, in order to ape his Brother, and many and various were his Exploits in the exalted Science of Building. — He erected a Fabrick in the Fens, after the Model of a Palace in the hottest Parts of *Africa*. —

He persuaded a Nobleman to be at ten Thousand Pounds Expence to level an Hill which intercepted the Prospect of a Marsh, and kept off the desirable Breezes of the East-Wind, with many Works equally laudable and judicious.

[To be continued.]

### E P I G R A M.

**B**OLD BAVIUS, the Bard — by *himself* much  
renown'd,  
Came up to *Apollo*, and beg'd to be crown'd,  
And (he cry'd) *Brother Phoebus*, 'fore George we  
shall quarrel,  
Unless you provide me the best of your Laurel.  
The God laugh'd aloud, and he beckon'd to *Momus*,  
Who was smoaking his Pipe, and carousing with  
*Comus* :  
Th' old *Wag* cry'd, dear *Bavius*, from hence I  
must drive ye,  
But first pray accept of this Wreath of GROUND  
IVY.

*A Word or two for those whom it may  
Concern.*

**M**RS. *Midnight* is perfectly well satisfied with the Alteration that is to be made in the *Stile*; 'tis what she has long wish'd for, and endeavour'd

deavour'd to promote in her Magazine, but as by such Alteration her Rent becomes due eleven Days sooner than usual, and she is totally unprovided for the Discharge of it, she desires the honourable Gentlemen who were the Promoters of that Scheme would discharge it for her, and they shall be repaid out of the Profits of her next Magazine,\* as a Security for which, a Note of her Hand in the following Form will be given.

I promise to pay the \*\*\*\*\* or Bearer, three Hundred and seventy Pounds out of the Profits of my next Magazine. At my Bank in St. Paul's Church Yard, Aug. 12. 1751.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

\* Or if it be more agreeable, Mrs. *Midnight* will attend the Gentleman's Lady in her maternal Capacity, after the Rate of one Guinea each Time 'till the whole Money is repaid.

N. B. At Mrs. *Midnight's* Bank abovemention'd, Annuities are granted on Lives, and Ships insured (but no Men of War unless she knows the Commanders) for the Payment of which her whole Magazine is made liable.

*An Attempt to prove that the Fair Sex have every Qualification necessary for Learning.*

THE Male Sex have perpetually plumed themselves in the vain and ambitious Opinion of being as much superior to Women, in their rational Faculties

Faculties, as they are in the natural ones of Strength and Activity; and this has been most tenaciously exerted by all Ranks and Conditions of Men, from the Nobleman lolling in his gilded Chariot, to the plain Rustic labouring at the Plough. If a Lady of Quality pretends to the least Appearance of Wisdom; if she is allowed to be a Woman of extraordinary Sense; and ventures to declare her Opinion upon any important Matter in which the national Interest is most materially concerned; truly her senatorial Consort replies, Madam, these are Affairs above the Reach of a Female Capacity, we Men are only design'd by Nature for Politicians, and the most a Woman can pretend to is Virtue and Discretion. The Merchant will never permit his Lady to hold the least Conversation on commercial Affairs; because, says he, how can she be acquainted with the different Interests and Connexions of Nations; or how can she tell what Commodities a *European* Trader must barter for Slaves on the Coast of *Africa*? The Lawyer will not admit his Wife to have any Pretence to Eloquence, though her Tongue is incessantly flowing with the utmost Volubility. The Clergyman will grant his Lady to be endowed with good Sense, and every œconomical Virtue; but despises her Understanding, because she is unacquainted with the Beauties of the antient Classics. The Mechanic says his Wife is a very prudent Woman, but rejects her Advice in many material Affairs, because she is ignorant of the Secrets of that Profession

session which he had serv'd a long Apprenticeship to learn. And the Farmer allows that his honest Mate may understand how to manage her Dairy, but sagaciously conceives she has no Right to trespass upon the Superiority of Man, who is born to be absolute.

That Men are extremely fallacious in these Opinions, and erroneous in their Conduct, I think may be very evidently demonstrated, and is therefore a Task which I have undertaken to illustrate in Vindication of my Sex.

Women, as reasonable Creatures, are certainly upon an Equality with Men; and this is a Maxim universally acceded to in every Country of Christianity; though if I was to declare my Sentiments so freely in the *Ottoman Empire*, I make no doubt but I should be destroyed for a Magician, among a People who maintain the heretical Opinion that a Woman has no Soul. It is not the Sex, but the Species, that distinguishes sublunary Beings; and if the Females in all the Animal Creation are equally estimable with the Males, why should not Woman be set upon an equal Comparison with regard to Man?

That the Mind of Woman is capable of the same Improvements as that of Man, is to be proved by innumerable Instances. Women are generally allowed to have a speedier and more penetrating Apprehension than Men; nor are they less retentive in Memory; and as for the peculiar Grace, Elegance, and Volubility of Speech, it  
woul.



would be next to Impiety for the Men to contest it. Why then are not Women capable of distinguishing themselves as much as Men in the Acquisition of Knowledge, the Invention of Arts, and the Refinement of Sciences? If a *Pythagoras* civilized the rude *Samians* by his ethical Presents; if a *Lycurgus* restrained the Licentiousness of the *Lacedemonians* by his legislative Institutions; or if a *Plato*, surrounded with the Gloom of *Paganism*, could trace the glorious Attributes of the omnipotent Creator, and with his pious Reflections startle the Professors of Christianity; all this ought not to be attributed to any Superiority of Sex; for those venerable Sages as much surpassed the rest of Mankind, as the most strenuous Votary for the Male Sex esteems the Inferiority of Women to Men.

Stoical Resolution, and cynical Pride, have always been held derogatory to the Female Sex; though this was a Stroke of Policy in the Men, which was disregarded both by *Portia* and *Hipparchia*; the former proving herself as staunch a Stoic as *Cato* her Father, and the latter despising Censure as much as *Diogenes*. The human Soul is every where the same, though Climates and Customs may implant in it different Passions and Sensations: therefore, I make no Doubt, but the Female Inhabitants of *Great Britain*, may, under proper Regulations, appear as illustrious as any of the same Sex that ever breathed the Air of *Greece* or *Rome*.

How

How greatly is it to be lamented, that the Female Sex should be in a Manner disinherited from their Right of common in the Fields of Learning? That we have Capacity for attaining the Height of Wisdom ought not to be denied; and why was the bright Spark of Reason implanted in our Souls? Surely, not to place us in a State of Subjection. Let our Faculties be improved, and our Abilities tried, we shall soon convince Men of our Equality. And certainly an Application to Learning among the Female Sex, would be attended with many Advantages to themselves, their Acquaintance, and the whole Nation in general; and therefore ought to be encouraged. For by the Advantages resulting from a liberal Education, the Ladies might be attending to a System of Ethics, instead of censuring the Conduct of their Neighbours: they might be examining the Beauty and Regularity of the planetary System, instead of exclaiming against the Indecency and Intemperance of their Husbands: they might be admiring the Secrets of the vegetable Creation, instead of commenting upon the Indiscretion of a celebrated Beauty; and, above all, they might be scrutinizing into the Tenets of Philosophy, instead of distorting their Countenances at a Game at Whist. Besides, there is another extraordinary Advantage that would immediately accrue from the Encouragement of Female Learning, especially in those of Women of Quality; and this is the Preservation of Sense, which is greatly endanger'd in our present

sent illustrious Families, where Husbands are generally Strangers to every Part of Literature, leaving it now confined as a Mechanical Thing, to Butlers and Footmen, just able to spell, and figure out a weekly Bill of domestic Expences in those few Houses where any Regard is had to Economy.

I would not here be understood to mean, that Ladies of Quality in general are unacquainted with Learning; no, I am conscious to myself and must acknowledge, that her Grace of \*\*\*\*, her Grace of \*\*\*\*, her Grace of \*\*\*\*, her Grace of \*\*\*\*, and about nineteen other Ladies, whom you have had the Honour frequently to drink Tea with, have a greater Share both of Genius and Learning than I am possess'd of, and are abundantly better qualified to write on any Subject than their

*Most obedient humble Servant,*

SARAH MARIA SMITH.

*Memoirs of a Pamphlet reflecting on the  
Miss G———gs.*

Written somewhat in the Manner of *Dean Swift*.

—— *Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto.*

**I**N sweet *Vaux-hall* I love to stray;  
But wish it were completely gay:  
In splendid Scenes we drink and eat;  
In sordid Fluts ——— evacuate:

Ah!

Ah! why, ye Gods! more Care about  
 What we put in, than we put out?  
 Yet I've no Reason to complain;  
 My Off'rings please in any Fane:  
 Fair *Cloacina* nods the Head,  
 While Fumes of Incense round her spread.

Besides, it lately was my Lot  
 To meet Adventures in her Grot:  
 Scarce had I oped and shut the Door;  
 And veil'd, in Form, the Common Shore;  
 When, lo! I spy'd a Wretch forlorn,  
 In hapless Plight, all rent and torn;  
 Vile as the batter'd, dying Whore,  
 Lie half expiring on the Floor.

This *Being* once a Pamphlet show'd;  
 An Hundred Leaves together sow'd;  
 Now only two from Fate could save;  
 And one of them was in the Grave.

“ I've been (it cry'd) in bloody Wars;  
 As you shall hear: pray, mind my Scars.  
 I know my Doom — to kiss your Br——  
 My Hour is come— I'll make my Speech.  
 Fortune nor \* Periwig, nor Goosequill  
 (Compared to me) did ever use Ill.  
 I've been a Vagabond from first,  
 A luckless Fox, though ever curst.

In Youth a Stationer, for Pay,  
 Poor me to Printer pack'd away.

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\* The Midwife has given us the Memoirs of a Tie-  
 Wig, as the Student has presented us with those of a  
 Goosequill.

My spotless Innocence was stain'd ;  
 The worst of *Characters* I gain'd.  
 But, like the Mistress of a K——,  
 Obtain'd a *Title* by my Sin.

At † \*\*'s next my Tent was pitcht,  
 Where I was folded, press'd and sticht.  
 As Cinder-girls, embracing Shoe-men,  
 No more are Girls, but Cinder-women ;  
 Or Eggs, well batter'd, turn an Amlet ;  
 Thus I, when sticht, commenc'd a Pamphlet.  
 Whence all my Miseries I date ;  
 Whence Gods and Men conspire my Fate.

A new-born Libel flies about,  
 Quicker than Felon just broke out :  
 Thus I, full soon for Six-pence bought,  
 To G——'s Coffee-house was brought.  
 But know, the Messenger in sport,  
 Thrice dropt me shiv'ring in the Dirt ;  
 And thrice he cry'd, why d—n your Blood,  
 You've strange Propensity to Mud.

Yet all the Criticks I could see,  
 Were more intemperate than he.  
 They d—n'd me as they read me o'er ;  
 They never read such Stuff before.  
 These twist me when they light their Pipes ;  
 Those foul me, tortur'd with the Gripes.  
 One swell'd as big as any Porpus,  
 And spill'd his Chocolate on Purpose.  
 Another slop'd his Bohea Tea,  
 And two whole Leaves dissolv'd away.

Coffee (the Politicians vext)  
 Depriv'd me of my Title next.  
 An honest *Scotsman* in a Huff,  
 Begrimed me with *half-snotty* Snuff.  
 Hear me, ye Manuscripts of C——— !  
 I interposed, or he'd bes—t ye.  
 A—d! where's now your candid Strain?  
*Good — very good — and good again ?*

\* \* \* \* \*

A Beau, who would not for the World,  
 A Lock of his should go uncurl'd ;  
 Before the Glass, in raging Vein,  
 Tore out a Leaf to ease his Pain :  
 Besides (my Muse the Truth relates)  
 All Folly, but his own, he hates ;  
 So next Day, at his Breakfast stuffing,  
 Greased me all over with his Muffin.  
 To-night he brought me to this Garden ;  
 Forgetting I belong to † *Hardin* :  
 But rose too soon, for ever fickle,  
 And waddled off in dainty pickle.

Thus I obtain'd, a short Reprieve ;  
 But shall, alas ! no longer live :  
 My Course of Wickedness I've run ;  
 Besides, I see you've almost done :  
 And you will not, right well I ween,  
 Take your Departure till you're clean.

For ev'ry Ill my Sire I blame ;  
 My Sire, who often bore the same :

† He keeps G———'s Coffee-house.

T 2

Must

Must I too suffer, and atone  
 For Crimes, that he commits alone ?  
 Could he his Nastiness contain,  
 Nor void the Ordure of his Brain ;  
 I might have pass'd like other Folks,  
 And unpolluted crack'd my Jokes :  
 But Excrement long having born,  
 I must to Excrement return.  
 Brought forth in Folly ! born in Sin !  
 Happy had Dunces never been ;  
 Or Scandal were confin'd to Tea ;  
 No Vengeance then had fall'n on me.

But from its Rise my Fate I'll trace :  
 The Author of each dire Disgrace,  
 Would ev'n the Queen of Beauty brave,  
 Bright *Venus* rising from the Wave.  
 Vile as the foul-mouth'd, foul-tail'd Trull ;  
 Or Heart—and Body—rotten Cull !  
 For know, the Caitiff, fraught with Spight,  
 With Pen envenom'd prone to write,  
 Chose for his Strumpet-Muse a Theme,  
 'The heav'nly *G—nn—gs* to blaspheme.  
 And I was doom'd to bear about,  
 'The blackest Rancour he could spout.  
 Hence all the Evils I have bore ;  
 My present Doom to Common Shore ;  
 And yet less wretched ! since my End  
 In Time of Need can you befriend.

I've made my Story very ample ;  
 Take Warning by my sad Example :

I die in Charity with Men,  
Who for the *G—nn—ngs* draw the Pen."

It ceas'd. I snatch'd the trembling Victim,  
Had I the Author I'd have kick'd him.  
Whom not the Love-creating Smile  
Of either *G—nn—ngs* could beguile;  
Not all their Paradise of Charms,  
The Rancour of his Soul disarms.  
But I could bear no more delay;  
No other Paper in the Way:  
Had Painter's Works, like Painter, stood,  
To suffer for another's Good;  
Oh! were there left one Birth-Day Ode,  
To grace the lower fam'd Abode;  
No! I in vain search'd all around,  
For not a Scribble could be found.

'Twas then the flutt'ring Leaf I spread;  
The Sisters bid me cut the Thread:  
I gave it first the Honours due;  
The Goddess' Robe of Saffron Hue:  
The Winds a mystic Murmur bear;  
"Where more is meant than meets the Ear:"  
At length, my Finger stretching wide,  
It flounders in the fable Tide.

So *Square* or *Thwackum*, one or t'other,  
When *Tom* at *Molly's* made a pother,  
While the Nail holds, in high-tied Rug,  
*Certes*, a yellow one, lies snug;  
But when that fails, the Pedant-Sot  
Falls Headlong in the Chamber P—.



But now fair *Cleocina's* Rites  
 Perform'd, the Grove once more invites:  
 And see the *G—m—ngs* spread their Charms:  
 Oh! could I clasp them to my Arms!  
 But, while each Nymph my Soul bewitches,  
 Ye Muses, close your Poet's \*\*

The gentle Reader may, if he please, add the  
*Word Speeches.*

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*On the Merit of Brevity; being a Fellow to  
 the \* Jackbeet.*

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

*SI non ingenium certè brevitatem approba;  
 Quæ commendari tanto debet justius,  
 Quanto poetæ sunt molesti validius.*

PHÆDRUS.

In English thus,

If you think that my Works are too puff'd up with  
 Levity,  
 Yet at least Approbation is due to my Brevity,  
 The Praises of which shou'd be now more egre-  
 gious,  
 As our Bards at this Time are confoundedly te-  
 dious..

The Spartans, who, by the Bye, for *Brevity's*  
 sake, were styl'd the LACEDÆMONIANS, were.

\* See Numb. 3. Page 116.

very

very eminent for this Virtue ; they are reported to have sent a full and satisfactory Answer to the Athenians upon the Wing of a Fly. *Thucydides* and *Sallust* have acquired more Reputation by this Excellence, than by all their other Virtues. *Horace* however, seems to condemn it as the Parent of Obscurity.

———— *Brevis esse laboro* ————

*Obscurus fio.*

*De Arte Poetica.*

And now since Example goes beyond Precept, I'll give you an Instance of Brevity A-la-mode a Paris. ——— Taken from a merry Doctor.

CHANGE SADDLES.

For thus it is express'd in *English* Prolixity.

But in *French* Brevity it runs thus : Do thou get off from thy Horse, and I will get off from my Horse ; and when thou hast got off from thy Horse, and I have got off from my Horse ; then thou shalt take the Saddle off from thy Horse, and shall take the Saddle off from my Horse ; and when thou hast taken the Saddle off from thy Horse, and hast taken the Saddle off from my Horse ; thou shalt take that Saddle which was upon thy Horse, and shall put it upon my Horse, and shall take that Saddle which was upon my Horse, and shall put it upon thy Horse ; & cætera, & cætera, & cætera.

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**M**RS. *Midnight* thinks it extremely hard, that she who values herself upon her Attachment to the present happy Establishment both in Church and State, should be accused, or even suspected, of doing any Thing which might render her Writings obnoxious to her Friends in Power ; and in order to bring the Author of the malicious Paragraph lately inserted in the publick Papers to Justice, she doth hereby promise a Reward of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS, to any Person or Persons who shall discover the Author, or Authors, Perpetrator, or Perpetrators thereof.

St. James's Place, July 24, 1751.

Witness my Hand,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

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An E P I G R A M.

**M**Y *Polly's* most divinely Fair,  
 Soft, tender, lovely, sweet and young,  
 How delicate her Shape and Air ?  
 And what Inchantment arms her Tongue !  
 Her swimming Eye ! her swelling Breast !  
 From her the Graces ne'er are sunder'd,  
 This Charm too add, which crowns the rest,  
 She can be constant ——— to a Hundred.

N. B.

*N. B.* This *Epigram* was wrote by a Physician, and with a Design to affront the Ladies ; in return for which Favour, I shall prescribe the Doctor a Dose of his own Physick in one of my subsequent Magazines.

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*The* MIDWIFE'S POLITICKS: Or, *Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL and SPAIN.

**H**IS most faithful Majesty of Portugal, seems to inherit none of that religious Pusillanimity which was instilled into his Father by the Artifices of Father Gaspard. This Monarch who is now in the 37th Year of his Age, was brought into the World by the Assistance of one of my intimate Acquaintance, who deliver'd his Mother the Archdutchess Mary Anne of Austria of this lovely Prince, Don Joseph, on the 6th of June 1714, when she acquainted his Mother that she could discover, by her Skill in Metoposcopy, that the young Prince would have more of the Austrian than of the Braganzan Disposition; which she can now have the Happiness to say, was a very faithful Prediction. — His Most Catholic Majesty seems wholly attentive to the Augmentation of his Marine; having issued Orders for assembling all the Seamen that can be found in the respective Ports of Spain: Orders are also given for restoring the Regiment of Miquelets which had been reformed, and for completing with the utmost Diligence, the Troops of his Catholic Majesty: A Thousand full grown

grown Trees are ordered to be felled in the Forests of Catalonia; and the Marquis de la Ensenada, who has the Care of the Navy, has found Means to engage into the Spanish Service, an Englishman, of whose Skill in Ship-building several fine Ships built at Carthagena, are valuable Proofs to the Spanish Monarch, who grants him a Pistole per Diem.

## I T A L Y.

The Italian States are still prejudiced by the Barbary Corsairs, who have lately taken a Maltese Felucca.—Count Christiani, Chancellor of Milan, has happily adjusted all the Claims for Money expended by his Sardinian Majesty during the last War, for the Troops of the Empress Queen; and also regulated whatever Difficulties still remained in regard to their respective Frontiers in Lombardy.—M. Chauvelin was to have a Meeting with the Corsican Chiefs on the 25th of July; for which Purpose circular Letters were dispatched to all the Pieves of the Island, inviting them to send Deputies to a general Assembly that was to be he'd before the End of that Month, for definitively settling the Affairs of their Country; and it is reported that a Spanish Emissary will be there, to concert Measures for facilitating an Agreement to yield up that turbulent Island. By Advices from Florence we find, that while England is endeavouring to furnish the Court of Vienna with a King of the Romans, the Dutchy of Tuscany is going to furnish the French with Timber for Ships, to dispute the Superiority of the Main.

## F R A N C E.

FRANCE.

The Contests between the French Court and the Parliament of Paris, kindle upon the least Occasion: but his Majesty has ordered the premier President to acquaint the Parliament, that he expressly forbid them interfering for the future, in any Thing more than examining into the Conduct of the Sub-Directors; desiring them to make no more Remonstrances against the Regulations for the good Order of the Hospitals; for, as well in this Respect as in all others, his Majesty insisted upon being obeyed without Reply. *A fine Instance of arbitrary Power; therefore, happy Britain, whose Monarch rules only by the Law of Justice, and in Concurrence of that Parliament which is the pure representative of Liberty!*—The Brest Squadron, consisting of ten Men of War and two Frigates, set sail the 20th of July to the South-West; and it is generally reported to be destined for the American Colonies; however, they have left that Discovery to be made by a neighbouring Nation as soon as they can.

GERMANY.

The ablest Heads at Vienna, among the Austrian and British Negotiators, are clubbing their Wits to bring about a Reconciliation between the Russian and Prussian Courts, being sensible that the making Prussia easy, is an Article that must precede the bringing the Election of a King of the Romans on the Tapis: and, in Germany, it is sincerely wished they may succeed, not because of any real Interest Britain may have in perpetuating the Imperial Dignity in the Austrian Family, but because they apprehend she is not now in Circumstances to go to War about it.

SWEDEN

S W E D E N *and* R U S S I A.

The Hopes of a thorough Reconciliation between the Courts of Petersburg and Stockholm continue, and increase so much, that the Czarina certainly intends to visit Moscow and the Ukraine in October next; and the Court of Vienna has interposed its good Offices, to bring about an amicable Understanding between the Courts of Petersburg and Berlin. This Tranquillity is so much the more fortunate at Stockholm, as the Attention of the King and Ministry can be employed, without Avocations, on the best Means for retrieving the Damages of the Taxes, and procuring to every one, as far as possible, what they may have lost in the Confusion. Poor Swedes! while their new Monarch was healing the Wounds given them by the Temerity of Charles XII, how great a Calamity has fallen upon them.

## P E R S I A.

The last Letters from Constantinople make mention of a bloody Battle fought in the Neighbourhood of Ispahan, between the two Competitors for the Persian Throne, in which upwards of 30,000 Men were killed on the Spot. They had not as yet any Particulars of this Action, but only knew in general, that Fortune followed the Standard of the Shah, whom the Majority of the Nation had already acknowledged in Quality of Sophi; that his Victory was complete, and that his Rival had been wounded in the Battle, but had nevertheless the good Fortune to escape with a small Part of his Army. Peace, and Felicity, when are you again to revisit the Plains of Persia! Plenty, when art thou again to smile in the Valleys watered by the Streams of Araxes! while the Sect of Omar wear the Turban in Tranquillity; the Followers of Hali have their silken Mandils strewed over the Soil among an Hecatomb of slain: such is the Rapacity of contending Tyrants, such the Devastation of intestine War!

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The M I D W I F E.

N U M B E R VI.

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V O L. II.

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*A Letter from the Whispering-Gallery in St. Paul's, to Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.*

*Madam,*

**A**S I have the Honour to be the Confidante of almost every Individual in this great Metropolis, I imagine my Correspondence may be of some Service to your Magazine ; I therefore promise it you unask'd, and as a Specimen both of my Intelligence and Abilities, I have inclosed a Copy of a Letter, which I beg you'd publish or suppress, according as you approve or dislike it. I assure you Madam, there's not a Day passes over my Head, but I hear something *whispered*

Vol. II.

U



pered to your Advantage; in Consequence of which,  
I must profess myself,

Your Friend, Servant, and Admirer,  
The WHISPERING GALLERY.

*A genuine Copy of a most surprising Epistle sent  
by the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's, to  
a certain Chocolate-House at the other End  
of the Town.*

*Calumniari si quis autem valuerit,  
Quod ARBORES loquantur, non tantum feræ,  
Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.*

PHÆDRUS.

*Thou Place of Infamy!*

Didst thou think, that I, who am acquainted  
with all the Proceedings of the two most opulent  
Cities in the World, cou'd be long ignorant of the  
enormous Pranks to which thou art Witness: Didst  
thou think, that I, who am privy to the tender Sighs  
of the wishing Maiden, the profound Secrets of the  
unfathomable Politician, the lamentable Groans of  
the grutching Miser, and grievous Grumblings of  
the discontented Tradesman, cou'd be a Stranger  
to those CRIMES which are published by the COM-  
MITTERS; and to that NONSENSE which is pro-  
pagated by NOISE. There were two worthy Al-  
dermen whispering in my Precincts the other Day;  
that

that a *little* Society of Men that frequent *Thee*, have made several *Bye-Laws* against Gaming, which is not so much a Vice itself, as it is the Parent of all others.—Notwithstanding which *Bye-Laws* (they still persisted to *whisper*) that the *little* Society aforesaid, did meet on purpose to break the Statutes they themselves promulged, and *this* more particularly on *that Day*, when every thing about me in the sober City, is dedicated to the most sacred Purposes. When such Things as these are transacted in thee, how darest thou remain upon thy Foundations, why dost thou not shake at every Oath, or rather, why dost thou not tumble down and crush the horrible Blasphemers?

Much more I have to say to thee, and much more I *will* say to thee, if I do not shortly hear it *whisper'd* that thou mendest thy Manners. Thy Vanity, thy Pride, thy Folly, Ignorance and Gluttony, will afford an ample Field for *Whisperers*, and what they *whisper* I will divulge, for Secrecy, when she works for the wicked, revolts from her fair Mistress Prudence, and becomes a Vice instead of a Virtue.

*Thine, as thou behavest,*

*The WHISPERING GALLERY.*

*N. B.* Mrs. *Midnight* hereby gives Notice, that she has now made a League, and established a Correspondence with the *Whispering Gallery*: So People of all Ranks and Degrees, are particularly ad-

monish'd to be careful in their Conduct, or they will certainly be detected and exposed.—'Tis high time to do something for the Cause of Virtue, when the very *Stocks* and *Stones* cry out against us.

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To *Mrs.* SARAH ROWDEN, *Senior Organist*  
of *St. Paul's Church*, LONDON.

*Madam,*

I N the following Account of the Dispute between you and your Brother Musicians, I hope I have done you the Justice you expected. I have prevailed on my Bookseller, who is also a Genius, to undertake the Inspection of the Work you are about to publish, and if I can be otherways serviceable to you, 'twill be a great Satisfaction to,

*Madam,*

*Your Friend and Admirer,*

M. MIDNIGHT.

*A GENIUS restor'd; Or the Matter set in a  
clear Light.*

MODESTY has been generally esteemed the true Characteristic, and constant Concomitant of Merit. And as the Fraternity of Musicians have been as famous for the one as the other; that is to say, for *Merit* as for *Modesty*, I am not a little surpriz'd at their Treatment of my Sister *Sarah Rowden*.

*Rowden.* As the Dispute between that old Gentlewoman and the other Organists and Musicians, has of late ran very high, I shall lay the Matter open, that every Body may see who has the better of the Argument, and of Consequence where the most Merit is center'd.

That Mrs. *Rowden* is a prodigious Genius, her very Enemies must and do allow: It will be sufficient therefore if I only set forth how I became acquainted with that extraordinary Woman, and give a true History of the Case, without enforcing any Arguments to the Advantage or Disadvantage of either Party. Truth is best when naked—And here follows the naked Truth.

As I was walking the other Day in one of the Isles of St. Paul's Church, I perceiv'd, an old Woman in a dark Hole under the Organ Loft, pressing down several large Pieces of Timber, one of which arose before the other was well nigh down, so that she was oblig'd to move backward and forward with great Celerity, without the least Respite or Relaxation, and her Labour (if you will make Allowance for pressing down instead of heaving up) appear'd to me not unlike that of old *Sisyphus* mention'd in my Edition of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. Upon my enquiring what she was about, she started with Surprize, that I shou'd ask such a Question. *Don't you hear,* says she, *that I am playing the Organ; this is the 104th Psalm, and by and by I shall play you one of Dr. Boyce's Anthems.* Ay,

says another good Woman that stood by; *'Tis very true, Dr. Green is the reputed Organist, and receives the Salary, but Goody Rowden plays the Organ for Forty Shillings a Year.* Here I began to reflect on the ill Treatment the Aged of our Sex meet with, and the Difficulties we labour under. We are undoubtedly the wisest of all the human Species, and so essential in Life, that you see a Boy can't well be born, or an Organ play'd, without our Aid; and yet we are despis'd and contemn'd by those who are our Inferiors and Dependants.—But to return to my Subject—I was determin'd to go, as we say in my Country, to the Bottom of this Affair; and seeing a Gentleman come out of the Organ-Loft, that I knew, ask'd him who had play'd the Organ: *Madam, says he, I play'd it myself, and I hope I had the Honour to please you.* As this was confirm'd by two of the Vergers, who stood by, I was still more embarrassed; and returning to *Goody Rowden*, told her I had been inform'd that Mr. \*\*\* had play'd the Service. *Ay, says she, The Clapper rings the Bell, but who pulls the Rope? 'Tis here as in a Puppet Show; you apprehend that Punch speaks, but 'tis we behind the Curtain that move his wooden Limbs, and articulate the Sounds. In short we do the Business, and they gain the Applause.*—Nor is this to be wonder'd at, for all the World seems to detract from the Merit of us old Women; and my Printer had the Assurance t'other Day, to tell me, that the extraordinary  
Sale

Sale of my Magazine, was entirely owing to his Manner of printing it.

As I have taken on me the Guardianship and Defence of my Sex, I thought it my Duty to vindicate this poor Woman; accordingly I summon'd all the great musical Masters to attend. The Contest lay between Mr. *Handel* and Mrs. *Rowden*; and just as he was playing his Coronation Anthem, and for the Sake of Pre-eminence, jiging his Fingers upon the Keys, a total Suspension of all Sound ensued; upon which the old Woman peeps out of her Hole, *Where are ye now? Out*, says the Artist above. *Out, ay*, says she, *you can't play your own Music without my Assistance*. Upon this a Truce was drawn, and under my Mediation it was agreed, that the Reputation acquired, or to be acquired, by the free Use and Exercise of that Organ, should be divided into two equal Parts; one whereof to be given in the first Place to *Goody Rowden*, as the Senior Performer on the Bellows, and the remaining Part to the other Organist, who shou'd jig the Jacks above Stairs.

It gives me a two-fold Satisfaction, that I have been able to get this Affair settled upon so amicable a Footing; in the first Place because it is doing Justice to Genius, and assigning to my old Friend *Goody Rowden* her Right; and secondly, because it will be a Means of preventing Disputes of this Nature for the future; and keep my Brother Organists in proper Order.

I re-

I remember an Affair of this Sort once at *Windsor*: A particular Friend of mine was playing on that Organ one of *Dr. Blow's* Anthems, and just as he had finish'd the Verse Part and begun the full Chorus the Organ ceas'd; upon which he call'd to *Dick Hear*, the Organist beneath, to know what was the Matter, *The Matter*, says *Dick*, *I have play'd the Anthem below*: *Ay*, says the other, *but I have not play'd it above*. *No Matter*, quoth *Dick*, *you might have made more Haste then, I know how many Puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's Anthems as well as you do; I have not play'd the Organ so many Years for nothing*.

But as all Disputes of this Sort are now entirely settled, and accommodated to the Satisfaction of both Parties; I have only to inform my Readers, that *Goody Rowden* the Organist, is a very industrious Woman, tho' very poor, and to desire all Gentlemen and Ladies to call at her Office under the Organ Loft, and leave something towards her Subsistence before they go into the Choir, which will greatly oblige their

*Most obedient humble Servant,*

M. MIDNIGHT.

*The*

*The Question, "Whether 'tis best to oil a Man's Wig with Honey or Mustard," being proposed to the most numerous Assembly that ever met at the ROBIN-HOOD,*

*The celebrated Mr. WHIPPER SNAPPER stood up, and spoke in Substance as follows.*

*Mr. PRESIDENT,*

**A**S the Question proposed is of the utmost Dignity, and the last Importance, I hope I shall be favour'd with a patient, candid, and judicious Audience. — Hope? do I say? I am persuaded I shall be so, and therefore shall proceed upon the Debate modestly, moderately, and methodically. In order, Gentlemen, to form any tolerable Judgment of the Affair in Hand, it will be highly requisite to consider the Nature, Genius, and Extent of the four cardinal Virtues; that is, JUSTICE, PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE, and FORTITUDE: I don't know, Gentlemen, whether I arrange these Virtues in their proper Order, but that is neither here nor there, neither on one Side nor t'other. — *Magna est veritas & prævalebit.* And now let us examine what Justice has to say, — Why Justice says, before you precipitately give your Opinion, you ought to consider the Constitution and Consequence of a Wig. — Well then, what is a Wig? — Why, what do you think it is? Well



Well I'll tell you what it is. — I define a Wig to be a certain Quantity of Hair, artificially combined and connected together by a Mechanic, who in the vulgar Tongue is styled, call'd, and denominated a Barber. Now every Man that wears a Wig, is under a triple Obligation, or (if I may be allow'd the Expression) under an Indenture *tripartite*, between himself in the first Place, the Barber in the second, and the Wig in the third: He is in Fact obliged to do Justice to all three Parties. — If it therefore can be proved, that oiling with Mustard is more for the Credit of the Barber, the Dignity of the Wearer, and the Ornament and Preservation of that inanimate Piece of Hair, which is entitl'd and call'd a Wig; I say, Gentlemen, that we are oblig'd Gentlemen, in *Justice*, Gentlemen, to prefer Mustard to Honey, or any other unctuous Substance whatsoever. — And now let us weigh this momentous Affair in the Scales of *Prudence*, which is another cardinal Virtue, — What then says Prudence? Why, what do you think she says? Well I'll tell you what she says. She says that if it be cheaper (as undoubtedly it is) to oil your Wig with Mustard, why in point of Oeconomy you are to discard Honey, and use the less expensive Lotion. — And what says *Temperance*? Why she speaks according to Custom, with great Coolness and Candour, and begs Leave to stand Neuter, being equally averse to all Honey or all Mustard. — And now for *Fortitude*, and what says Fortitude? Why Fortitude swears she'll

she'll fight of our Side, if she loses her Commission for it. Forbid it *Cæsar*, forbid it *Marlbro*, forbid it *Eugene*, forbid it *\*\*\*d*, and you, ye illustrious Shades of *Shovell* and *Gorgon*, that Honey; the Delight of pusillanimous Milk-fops, and the Composition of paltry Insects, shou'd be prefer'd to Mustard; that draws Tears from the Eyes of Barbarians, that bites the Tongues of the Eloquent, and braces the Nerves of the Magnanimous. — And now wou'd I add (but I see the \* uplifted Hammer) much more to as much Purpose, but I shall conclude Mr. *President*, by humbly presuming, Mr. *President*, that what I have said, Mr. *President*, is sufficient Mr. *President*; and pray Mr. *Jenkinson* be so good as to push the Porter a little this Way.

*This was answer'd by Mr. WILLIAM HONYCOMB, in the following Manner.*

Mr. PRESIDENT,

I MUST for once start out of my Turn, and I hope all the Gentlemen will excuse me, to answer the Gentleman that spoke last, for no Man that has any common Sense, and common Honesty, and common Truth, and common Justice,

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\* We are allow'd in our Society to speak five Minutes and no more, which Time is determined by a Watch, Mr. *President* and a Hammer.

can

can any longer sit still and stand to hear such Stuff. For a Man for to come, for to go, for to say, that Mustard is better to oil a Man's Wig than Honey, is monstrous, and stupid, and ridiculous, and absurd, and silly. Am I warm? I am, — the Cause deserves it. That Honey is better both for the Hair, for the Wig, for the Wearer of the Wig, and for the Nation and Constitution in general, every Gentleman here does believe, and no Man that is not a Friend to the Pope and to the Pretender, and an Enemy to the true Interest of Wigs in general, wou'd attempt to prove the contrary. *Mr. President*, this Question, *Mr. President*, is of more Consequence, *Mr. President*, than is generally supposed and believed, *Mr. President*. As to my Part, I can without any Pretence to Prophecy, see Popery, Jacobitism and Toryism lurking at the Bottom of it; and I hope every Gentleman here will exert himself in Favour of his King and Country, and the Church and the State. This Question, Gentlemen, is of the utmost Importance to us, and not to us only but to our Posterity; ay to our Posterity both present, past and to come; and were we to give into it what wou'd be the Consequence? or rather what wou'd not be the Consequence? — What wou'd our past Posterity say to us? Why I'll tell you what they wou'd say; they wou'd never forgive us; our present Posterity wou'd be fill'd with Indignation, and our future Posterity wou'd be out of all Manner of Patience.

Besides

Besides, Gentlemen, a Practice of this Sort wou'd be of the utmost ill Consequence to our Politicks. *Plato*, that great Politician, always prescribed Honey to oil Wigs, and why did he do it? Why I will tell you why: He knew that the Bees had in themselves a Commonwealth, a State that was managed with Prudence, and without Bribery and Corruption, and he wisely foresaw that by oiling his Pupils Wigs with Honey, the political Effluvia thereof wou'd ascend to their Heads, and strengthen and corroborate their Posteriors. And pray what has been done, or rather what has not been done by those who have oil'd their Wigs in this Manner? Every Beau about Town at this Time, if I am rightly inform'd, oils his Wig with Honey, and all of them that are arrived to Manhood, oil their Beards with it also. Hence the Honey gets into the Lips, hence sweet Kissing; — hence the Honey gets into the Tongue, hence fine speaking; ay and sweet Smelling; and I can venture to say, that all the Ladies of Fortune who have been married to Gallants without a Penny in Possession, or even in Expectation, have been obtain'd and procured by this Means: That is to say, by the invincible Power of the Honey which oil'd their Wigs. And none but a *Durham* Man cou'd, contrary to all Honour and Conscience, have had the Face to have said so much in Favour of Mustard.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, and you Gentlemen the Club, here is a Question proposed of a very extraordinary, a very uncommon and a very singular Nature. I'll tell you what the Gentlemen: It is whether Honey or Mustard to oil a Man's Wig; one Gentleman has spoken very learnedly in Favour of Mustard another has deliver'd himself very lycontrary in Behalf of Honey, and so which is in the end of it, he that spoke for Honey, or he that spoke for Mustard, I leave you to consider; if Honey be best, you'll vote for Mustard, if Mustard be best, you'll vote for Honey. I help observing likewise, that it wou'd be best to add a little Milk to the Honey, and so Mr. President my Service to you.

*N. B.* There were in all forty-five Speeches

A LETTER from a Surgeon of great Practice  
and Experience.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT,

“ IF you look into the Daily Papers of *Wed-*  
“ *nesday* the 28th of *August* last, you will find  
“ the following Paragraphs which are worthy your  
“ Perusal, viz.

On *Monday* Night there was the greatest Con-  
course of People of both Sexes (or rather Mob) at  
*Bartholomew* Fair, ever known to any Inhabitant  
in that Place, which occasion'd great Riots and  
Disorders: The rude and insolent Mob began first  
with kicking down the Sausage and Fritter-Fry  
Stalls; they afterwards proceeded to greater Ex-  
tremities, by throwing of Stones, Dirt, &c. by  
which they wounded a great Number of Persons,  
which occasioned a general Confusion, in which  
the Pick-pockets had no small Share: Three were  
carried to the Hospital, having their Legs broke,  
and very much bruised. — Such are the Con-  
sequences of publick Fairs in and near so populous  
a City as *London*, especially where the common  
People are so audacious, insolent and ungovernable.  
— And last Night the Fair ended, to the general  
Satisfaction of all who wish well to the Peace,  
Order, Sobriety and Industry of this City.

*Monday* Night about Five o'Clock, as a Toll-  
Man in *Smithfield* was endeavouring to stop a  
Hackney-Coachman, with a Box in the Boot for

Toll, and he refusing to pay, the Toll-Gatherer fell down, and the Wheel of the Coach unfortunately went over his Thigh and broke it to Pieces: He likewise had his Arm broke. He was immediately carried to St. *Bartholomew's* Hospital, when the Surgeon set his Arm, but yesterday Morning his Leg and Thigh were oblig'd to be cut off.

The same Day an ancient Man was run over by a Coach at the End of *Long-Lane, West-Smithfield*; whereby one of his Legs was broke, and his Skull fractured. He was carried to St. *Bartholomew's* Hospital.

“ From hence you will perceive, Madam, how  
 “ our Business daily encreases, thro' the wise and  
 “ good Government of this great and opulent City.  
 “ If one Fair, and that in so large a Space, pro-  
 “ duces such Emolument to the Craft, what Ad-  
 “ vantages might we not expect from many of  
 “ them, and especially if they were held in Places  
 “ more closely circumscrib'd? For as our Mob  
 “ have now gain'd the Point of becoming master-  
 “ less, great Havock wou'd be made on every slight  
 “ Occasion, and a Surgeon might then hope to live  
 “ without the Aid of the *Lues Venerea*. You are  
 “ therefore desired, dear Mrs. *Midnight*, to make  
 “ use of your Interest (which we know is great)  
 “ to procure a monthly Puppet-Show Fair to be  
 “ erected at the *Royal-Exchange*, which would  
 “ answer all our Purposes. I know there are those  
 “ who will object to it, and say it wou'd interrupt  
 “ our Trade — But what have we to do with  
 “ Trade?

“ Trade? Only let the *French* have our Wool, our  
 “ Factories, our Plantations, our Shipping, and  
 “ they will do the Business for us, and save us the  
 “ Fatigue. Let them know that Mrs. *Midnight*,  
 “ and tell them I had it from very good Hands, for  
 “ the Offer was made to me by the Manufacturers  
 “ of *Abbe Ville*. In short, Trade is a troublesome  
 “ Thing, and as we can now get rid of it, and  
 “ have People to do the Business for us, I don’t see  
 “ why we shou’d not lay hold of the golden Oppor-  
 “ tunity.

*I am, Madam,*

*Your most humble Servant,*  
 VALENTINE VERTEBRA.

*Mrs. MIDNIGHT’S Reflections on the above  
 Letter.*

This Subject is too serious to be laugh’d at, and yet no other Method will be found effectual to this abandoned Race; among whom the *Satyrift* will always do more good than the *Sage*. How much must Foreigners admire our Prudence and Policy, our Wisdom and OEconomy, that for the Sake of one Man’s Emolument, will permit a Fair, or rather a Riot to be kept in so large a City, and let loose a turbulent headless Mob, to sacrifice annually the Lives of many innocent People? I might here take Notice also of the Distress this must bring to many small Families, who, perhaps are starving at Home, while their Parents are squandering away their little Substance Abroad.—The Loss too which



Trade must sustain, wou'd deserve our Consideration ; but Trade, says my Letter Writer, is become a troublesome Thing! Aye, and so is Religion too in this refined Age, I doubt not, and on that Account is so little regarded. But mark this ye wise Ones—when Trade declines, Riches will take their Flight ; when Religion dies, Morality will make it's Exit, and Government sink into the Grave. Peace and Plenty, Virtue and Industry, will drop down together ; Regularity will give Place to Confusion, and Tyranny seize the Seat of Justice.

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*An* EPIGRAM *by* Sir THOMAS MORE.

DE TYNDARO.

**N**ON minimo insignem naso dum forte puellam  
 Basiat, en ! voluit Tyndarus esse dicax.  
 Frustra, ait, ergo tuis mea profero labra labellis,  
 Nostra procul nasus distinet ora tuus.  
 Protinus erubuit, tacitaq ; excanduit irâ,  
 Nempe parum falso tacta puella sale.  
 Nasus ab ore meus tua si tenet oscula, dixit,  
 Quà nasus non est, hâc dare parte potes.—

*Imitated by* Master Christopher Midnight, *my*  
*Great Grandson.*

*The* LONG-NOSE'D F A I R.

**O**NCE on a time I fair *Dorinda* kiss'd,  
 Whose Nose was too distinguish'd to be miss'd :  
 My

My Dear, says I, I fain wou'd kifs you clofer,  
But tho' your Lips say *Aye*—your Nose says *No*,  
*Sir—*

The Maid was equally to Fun inclin'd,  
And plac'd her lovely Lilly-Hand BEHIND:  
Here, Swain, she cry'd, may'ft thou securely kifs;  
Where there's no Nose to interrupt thy Blifs.

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A DISSERTATION on Apparitions, Ghosts,  
Spirits, &c. &c. By MARY MIDNIGHT.

**A**S many able Men have employ'd their learned Pens on this Subject, and talked as elaborately on *Non-Entities*, as if they had really a *Substance* under their Consideration; one would imagine that the World might have been satisfied in this Particular, without pestering me with their idle Interrogations. But such is my Reputation among the *Litterati*; so much I am esteemed by the Members of every Faculty; and such Deference is paid to my Judgment by all Nations, all People, all Languages, and all Religions; that no Determination but mine can be decisive.—Pray read the following Translation of a Copy of a Letter from *Paris*.

*Madam,*

“ Whether SPIRITS, or APPARITIONS can  
“ be seen, felt, heard, or understood, has been a  
“ Matter of Dispute between the learned Doctors  
“ of the *Sorbonne*, and some Members of the Royal  
“ Academy

“ Academy of Sciences, and of the Belles-Lettres ;  
 “ who being unable themselves to settle a Matter  
 “ of such mighty Moment, most humbly crave  
 “ your Determination, which they all agree shall  
 “ be absolute and final. We congratulate you on  
 “ the great Success of your learned Labours, and  
 “ I have the Honour to subscribe myself, most  
 “ magnanimous Madam,

*Your most Obedient, most Obsequious,*

*Votre tres humble Serviteur.*

DE TRELEVOUS.

P. S. “ Our Grand Monarch would be oblig’d  
 “ to you for your Company and Counsel. Your  
 “ Acquaintance the Cardinal *de Fleury* is dead ;  
 “ your Cousin, the Cardinal *Tencin*, is about to die  
 “ by and by, and another good Old Woman’s Opi-  
 “ nion will be wanted. Our Grand King’s politi-  
 “ cal Scheme is the *Universal* ; and if you by your  
 “ Art and Skill in Negotiation, will make him the  
 “ *Universal Grand Monarch*, you will be the Uni-  
 “ versal Grand Madam.”

From hence it is plain, that the *French* want to  
 possess themselves of our Wit and Learning, as well  
 as of our Trade and Money ; but I hope I shall have  
 more Grace than to go over to them, or assist them  
 in any thing that may be prejudicial to my King  
 and my Country. As neither can be affected how-  
 ever by my solving this Question respecting *Appa-*  
*ritions,*

ritions, I shall in point of good Manners answer that Part of the Letter.

*A Monsieur a Monsieur DE TRELEVOUS  
à Paris.*

*Monsieur,*

**B**Y the manner of stating your Question, *Whether a Spirit or Apparition, can be seen, felt, heard, or understood?* I apprehend, you want to know, whether an Apparition be a Noun-Substantive, or in other Words, whether it can stand by itself? Which is a Question not very easily answered, at least it is not very prudent for me to answer it. As most Men judge and determine in Matters of this Sort, not from Evidence and Conviction, but in Imitation of the Learned; People of great Abilities should be very circumspect and cautious, as well in their Writings as Examples. Was I to answer in the Affirmative, and give Countenance to this Doctrine of Apparitions, my Authority would be quoted as a Sanction for the most flagrant Absurdities: Every Church-yard, Grove, and shady Place wou'd be filled with Goblins and Spectres, and all the antiquated, and once hospitable, Seats in the Country abandoned.—On the other Hand, shou'd I answer this Question in the Negative, in this sceptical Age, in which Infidelity so much abounds, Atheists and Deists would apply it to their wicked Purposes, and my Authority wou'd be wrested as a sort of Argument for Doctrines and Opinions, that have not the least Foundation in the  
*Nature*

*Nature and Fitness of Things.* That the Almighty has permitted and made use of such supernatural Means to answer the wise Purposes of his Providence, I make no doubt: We have all the Evidence for it that the *Nature of the Thing* requires, or that Beings in our State can expect; namely, *The concurrent Testimony of the inspired and profane Writers*; and any Person who from the Testimony of profane Historians, will believe there were such Men existed as *Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fifth, or William the Conqueror*, may, I think, from the Evidence before-mention'd, very well believe, that there has been such Phœnomena permitted as Apparitions. But because Providence, for certain wise Purposes, beyond the Reach of our shallow Comprehension, has suffer'd four Instances of this Kind, in the space of Six-thousand Years; are we to conclude that every idle Tale we hear of this Sort, is any thing more than the effect of a crude Imagination, or a distemper'd Brain? No—It happens in this Case as in most others: Artful, crafty, and designing Men taking Notice of the Terrors these Notions have produced in the ignorant and superstitious part of Mankind, have propagated the general Belief thereof, and applied it to their own particular Occasions, as will appear from the following Story, publish'd by the CHEVALIER de MAINVILLERS, in his Travels and Adventures.

“ The illustrious House of *Hohenloe* has many  
 “ Branches, each of which are Sovereigns in their  
 “ own

“ own Estates. A young Count of that Family,  
 “ being sent by his Father to *Paris*, with a View  
 “ of giving him an Opportunity of improving his  
 “ Manners by obtaining the Polish of *France*, ar-  
 “ rived there with a Number of Domesticks. He  
 “ had a Bill of Credit for ten thousand Crowns  
 “ drawn on a Banker, who had enrich’d himself in  
 “ the Service of that House, probably in the Post  
 “ of a Steward. This complaisant and respectful  
 “ Person being informed by Letter of the Arrival  
 “ of the Son of his old Master, waited with Impa-  
 “ tience to give him an Apartment in his own  
 “ House, which was a very magnificent Edifice.  
 “ But the young Count, knowing that he was old,  
 “ and from thence judging that his Disposition  
 “ could not be very agreeable to one of his Age,  
 “ did not think proper to alight at the Banker’s ;  
 “ but took a furnish’d Apartment, as a Place in  
 “ which without minding any Body, he might  
 “ freely enjoy his Liberty in the most agreeable  
 “ Manner. A young Officer of a noble Family  
 “ had also taken Lodgings in the same House ; but  
 “ his ordinary Residence was in any Part of the  
 “ Town where he knew there were pretty Girls.  
 “ He was brisk, sprightly, and had an inexhaustible  
 “ Source of Humour, and in one Word, filled up  
 “ with great Dignity the Station of a Musqueteer.  
 “ He soon took Notice of our *German* Count, and  
 “ remarking he had still the Rust of his ancient  
 “ *Teutonic* Castle, he resolv’d to give him some  
 “ Lessons of Debauchery.

“ The

“ The young *Hobenloe* on becoming the Mus-  
 “ queteer’s Pupil, made a rapid Progress in a little  
 “ Time. What an edifying School! The Mus-  
 “ queteer initiated him into the Mysteries of what  
 “ he called true Science, by teaching him the Man-  
 “ ner of answering to some Purpose the Calls of  
 “ indulgent Nature. Musick, Shews, Plays, ex-  
 “ cellent Wine, handsome Women, could not fail  
 “ of rendering these Calls more frequent and more  
 “ agreeable to Persons of such exalted Intellects.  
 “ The young Count, who admired the Musqueteer  
 “ as one of the greatest Men that had ever appeared  
 “ upon Earth, (for the *Germans* are in Love with  
 “ those of an exalted Genius :) the young Count,  
 “ I say, who advanced in the Course which his  
 “ Master had set before him with the Strides of a  
 “ Giant, had no other than the same Tastes and  
 “ the same Inclinations. The Preceptor, af-  
 “ ter a serious Application on the Theses of what  
 “ is essentially beautiful, invented a Coat in a new  
 “ Taste, and the Disciple had like to have thrown  
 “ his Taylor out of the Window, because he  
 “ brought home one which was not exactly like that  
 “ of his illustrious Pedagogue. The Musqueteer  
 “ had a Mistress of about nineteen Years old,  
 “ brown, of a small Stature, brisk and lively. The  
 “ *German* preparing himself to love with all his  
 “ Might, search’d the Middle and all the four  
 “ Corners of *Paris*, to obtain a Mistress who per-  
 “ fectly resembled her ; but not being able to find  
 “ one,

“ one, his Regard for his Master encreased to such  
“ a Degree, as render'd them inseparable. But  
“ alas! it became necessary for them to part; he  
“ died, and the Musqueteer had not the least In-  
“ clination to follow him.

“ The Count *Hohenloe* on his Death-bed, gave  
“ the Musqueteer his Letter-case, and the Keys of  
“ his Chests to deliver them to his Banker, whom  
“ the Infatuation of his Pleasures had prevented  
“ him from seeing. He had made no Use of his  
“ Bills of Credit, as Death had not given him Time  
“ to spend the ready Money he had brought with  
“ him. The poor young Man having given his  
“ last Sigh, the Musqueteer made the necessary  
“ Preparations for his Funeral. While Things  
“ were in this Situation, there arrived two *English*  
“ Noblemen at the same House. They were pla-  
“ ced in a Chamber adjoining to that in which the  
“ dead Body was laid, and out of which it had been  
“ removed. They could only allow one Bed for  
“ them both, all the others being engaged; but as  
“ the Weather was cold, and they were Friends,  
“ they made no Difficulty of lying together.

“ In the middle of the Night, one of the two  
“ not being able to sleep, and growing weary of  
“ his Bed, arose in order to amuse himself in the  
“ Kitchen, where he heard some People talking.  
“ He had diverted himself there for some Time,  
“ when being willing to return from whence he  
“ came, he again went up Stairs, but instead of  
“ entering his own Chamber, went into that of the



“ deceased Count, over whose Face they had only  
 “ thrown a Cloth. There is not so much Cere-  
 “ mony used in *France* in the Management of  
 “ their Dead as in *England* and *Germany*; for  
 “ they are there satisfied with shewing their Af-  
 “ fection to the Living. The *English* Noble-  
 “ man having put out his Candle, laid down  
 “ boldly by the Defunct: When creeping as close  
 “ to him as possible, in order to warm himself,  
 “ and finding his Bedfellow colder than he, he  
 “ began to mutter, What the Devil’s the Matter,  
 “ my Friend, said he, you are as cold as Ice?  
 “ I’ll lay a Wager, numb’d as you are, you  
 “ would have been warm enough if you had but  
 “ seen the pretty Girl that is below Stairs. Come,  
 “ you may take my Word for it, added he, pull-  
 “ ing him by the Arm; come, Zounds stir, I’ll  
 “ engage you shall have her for a Guinea. While  
 “ he was holding this fine Conversation with the  
 “ Dead, who, detached from the Things of this  
 “ World, did not even give himself the Trouble  
 “ of making him a Reply; his Chamber Door  
 “ was opened, which made him raise his Head  
 “ from the Pillow to see who was coming in.  
 “ But judge what must be his Surprise, when he  
 “ saw a Servant lighting in a Joiner, who car-  
 “ ried a Coffin on his Shoulders! He thought at  
 “ first that he had been in a Dream; but look-  
 “ ing about him, and seeing the Visage of one  
 “ who had not spoke a Word, a Visage over-  
 “ spread with a mortal Paleness, he made but one  
 “ Jump from the Bed, into the middle of the  
 “ Cham-

“ Chamber. The Joiner and the Maid were  
“ immediately persuaded that it was the Corpse,  
“ who being unwilling to be shut up in the Coffin,  
“ was now playing its Gambols. Their Legs  
“ were unable to move with a Swiftneſs proportionable  
“ to their Fear; and the Joiner, Maid, Coffin, and Candleſtick, roll’d one  
“ over another, from the Top of the Stairs down into the Kitchen. Zoons, What are you all  
“ about? cried the Landlord: What is the Devil flying away with the dead Man? Mercy on  
“ us! cry’d the Maid, quite Chap-fallen, it is rather the dead Man that would run away with  
“ us. I am the Son of a Bitch, ſaid the Joiner, if that dead Man there, has any more Occa-  
“ ſion for a Coffin than I have; why he is got into the middle of the Room, and has juſt  
“ ſtruck up a Hornpipe. The Devil he has! cry’d the Landlord, taking a Light, faith we’ll ſoon  
“ ſee that.

“ While all the Family were trembling and getting ready to follow the Maſter of the Houſe, the *Engliſh* Nobleman, who had found again  
“ his Chamber, had ſlipt into Bed, quite out of Breath: And his Friend having aſk’d him  
“ where he had been, he told him that he had juſt been lying with a dead Body. ‘Sblood!, a  
“ dead Body! it had perhaps the Plague, cried he, jumping in his Turn out of Bed, and running  
“ to the Door to call for a Light. The

“ Landlord, the Lady, and Servants, who were  
 “ passing thro’ the Gallery, no sooner saw him,  
 “ than they imagined that it was the Dead who ap-  
 “ peared again. What Confusion! What Shrieks!  
 “ What Clamours! The *Englishman* terrified at  
 “ the hideous Noise, run into his Room and slip’d  
 “ into Bed to his Companion, without the least  
 “ Fear of catching the Plague. In the mean  
 “ Time an honest Country Priest, who lodged in  
 “ the Inn, got up, and appeared armed with  
 “ Holy Water, and a long Broom instead of a  
 “ little Brush. He made his Aspersions, and the  
 “ Conjurations prescribed by the *Romish* Church,  
 “ and conducted, by Way of Proceſſion, the  
 “ terrified trembling People into the Chamber of  
 “ the Deſunct, who, thinking no Harm, lay  
 “ quietly in Bed. The Priest was instantly re-  
 “ garded as a Saint, who had bound the Corpſe  
 “ to its good Behaviour, and prevented its being  
 “ refractory.

“ The Muſqueteer arrived at the Time appoint-  
 “ ed for the Funeral. Twenty Voices at a Time  
 “ related to him the dead Man’s Behaviour in the  
 “ Night. And he was of too humorous a Dispo-  
 “ ſition not to ſtrengthen ſtill more the frightful  
 “ Ideas they had imbibed.

“ The Funeral being performed, and the Priest,  
 “ Sexton, Servants, and Landlord paid, the Muſ-  
 “ queteer went two Days after to pay a Viſit to  
 “ the Banker. He ſent in Word that he came  
 “ by

“ by Desire of the Count *de Hohenloe*, as it was  
 “ natural he should, to deliver up his Effects;  
 “ but the good Man understood that this was that  
 “ young Lord himself. He had been extremely  
 “ impatient to see him, and we may easily imagine  
 “ with what tender Eagerness he ran to the Per-  
 “ son he took for him, as well as the Astonish-  
 “ ment of the Musqueteer, to find himself stifled  
 “ in the Arms of the old Man, whom he suspected  
 “ of being arrived at his Years of Dotage. What  
 “ a strange Incident! He at last discovered the  
 “ Banker was under a Mistake, and had taken  
 “ him for the Count: On which he resolved to  
 “ personate him, and to form his Behaviour on the  
 “ Error of the People of the Inn, as to his Re-  
 “ turn from the other World. Quick, cried the  
 “ Banker, a Seat for my Lord the Count. Adsbud!  
 “ how old you make me, added he; when I left  
 “ my Lord your Father’s Court, you was but  
 “ just so high. Pray, dear my Lord, sit in that easy  
 “ Chair. It is no Matter, said the Musqueteer,  
 “ for I must return back into the other World.  
 “ What do you mean? said the good Man, have  
 “ you a Mind to joke with me? My Dear, have  
 “ you given Orders for their bringing a Bottle of  
 “ Champaign, for us to be drinking while we  
 “ wait for Supper? Sir, said the Musqueteer, in-  
 “ terrupting him in a dejected Air, the Dead  
 “ don’t drink, and I have drank so much while  
 “ I was alive, that I am to suffer the Penance of  
 “ not drinking now I am dead! Odsheart! cried

“ the good Man, I see very well that my Lord  
 “ the Count is a Wag, for he has a Mind to  
 “ persuade me that he is dead, and then to rally  
 “ me for believing it. Come, come, continued  
 “ he, let me shew you the Appartment I have  
 “ prepared for you. Alas! Sir, replied the pre-  
 “ tended Count, I have one in St. *Eustache’s*  
 “ Churchyard, where I am buried. But really  
 “ now, said the Banker, What is the Meaning  
 “ of all this? Pray put an End to this disagreeable  
 “ Rallery, and taste the Wine. Upon my Con-  
 “ science I cannot, replied the false *Hobenloe*, the  
 “ Dead, as I have told you, have lost all Relish  
 “ for it.

“ The Banker’s Wife, who had laid by her  
 “ Work, and thro’ her Spectacles was examining  
 “ with Fear and Trembling the pretended Spirit,  
 “ said in a low Voice, I have heard a great deal about  
 “ Apparitions, if this should be one — My Dear,  
 “ I know better, replied the old Man, with a  
 “ good deal of Confusion. Yes, Sir, resumed  
 “ the Musqueteer, I died in the City of *Rouen*,  
 “ at a House near the New Bridge, and am bu-  
 “ ried in St. *Eustache’s* Churchyard. If you de-  
 “ sire a fuller Proof of it, here is my Letter-Case,  
 “ which I have brought with me, with a Bill of  
 “ Credit for ten thousand Crowns. Here is also  
 “ a Purse, in which there are thirty Louis d’Ors.  
 “ You must be sensible that a young Man, if he  
 “ was not dead, would not tender you this Mo-  
 “ ney, since that is a Thing he can never hav  
 “ to

“ too much of: But at present, instead of Money, Wine and Women, (who are very handsome at *Paris*) I have occasion for nothing but Prayers.

“ At these Words the pretended Deceased made his Escape from the Banker, who almost resolved to run after him, and was left in very great Astonishment at such a Visit. As to the Wife, she was extremely terrified, she maintained that they had been talking with a Spirit, and confirmed this Opinion by asserting, that when he went out, he had Eyes of Fire. The Banker, on his Side, insisted upon it that his Wife was a Fool; and that by some Accident or other, unknown to him, the Count had lost his Senses: And therefore to satisfy himself in this Point, went to get better Information at the City of *Rouen*.

“ As soon as he arrived at the Place, he asked the Mistress of the House to tell him where he might see the Count *de Hohenloe*. Alas! replied she, in a doleful Tone, he is dead, and is buried at *St. Eustache*. At the Word *Eustache*, the Banker started, and continued shrunk all of a Heap; but at last recovering himself, he followed the good Woman into the Chamber where the Deceased had been laid, when the first Thing that struck his Sight, was a Coat like that in which the Musqueteer had appear'd at his House, and which the young Count had ordered to be made in Imitation of it. There needed no more to convince the  
“ Ban-

“ Banker that the Count was really dead. Bless  
 “ me! Madam, said he to the Landlady, look!  
 “ see! there’s the Coat he had on when he came  
 “ to bring me this Letter-Case and these Keys.  
 “ O Lord ha’ Mercy! cry’d she, joining her  
 “ Hands, he walks still then. The poor young  
 “ Man suffers sorely, ay, and I’ll warrant has  
 “ great Need of Prayers. It is these cursed Ladies  
 “ of *Paris* that have thrust him into Purgatory.  
 “ Explain yourself, Madam, said the old Man,  
 “ Did he appear in your House as well as in mine?  
 “ Appear! ay marry did he, replied the Ho-  
 “ stess; why we really thought that the Evening  
 “ before he was buried, he would have turned  
 “ the House upside down, and that we should ne-  
 “ ver be able to get him into his Grave.

“ The Banker no sooner returned home, than  
 “ sinking into an armed Chair, he continued look-  
 “ ing wildly at his Wife. She was terrified, and  
 “ did not cease importuning him with her Que-  
 “ stions. At last he cried out, There is nothing  
 “ more true than that he is dead, and walks about  
 “ every where. I have seen the Coat he had on  
 “ when he came here. Oh! Oh! cried the  
 “ Banker’s Wife, seeking for her Gloves and her  
 “ Muff, no longer will I stay in this House. I!  
 “ I stay in a House that is haunted by dead Ghosts!  
 “ No, Sir, don’t think any such Matter: These  
 “ are the Visits that your fine Acquaintance with  
 “ the Lords of *Hobenloe* have brought upon you.

“ This

“ This said, she ran to communicate her Fears  
“ and Apprehensions to a Neighbour. The Mi-  
“ strefs of the Lodging, on her Side, set up her  
“ Throat against her Husband, telling him that  
“ she would stay no longer in a House where she  
“ was exposed to the Insults of the Dead, and that  
“ all their Customers would go and lodge else-  
“ where; for as how, they would not care to  
“ have a Ghost live amongst them, or make a  
“ Jest of them by his Frolics. As to the Mus-  
“ queteer he hugg'd himself, and it was comical  
“ enough to see him enquire coolly into the Cir-  
“ cumstances of an Affair of which he was the  
“ Hero; taking Care, however, not to appear  
“ before the Banker.”

This Story, Sir, you will do me the Favour to read to the learned Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, and to the Members of all your Academies; and signify to them at the same Time, that, as I take Pleasure in cultivating the Sciences, and propagating Learning in general, I shall be always ready to move the Rubs out of their Road, and solve any Difficulties they meet with in the Course of their Studies. But they need not send over a Courier on Purpose, as they have done in this Case, for I can as well transmit my Opinion by the Post.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble Servant in a modest Way,*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

*To*



To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.

MADAM,

I HAVE sent you a Specimen of a Poem in Praise of *Hackney*, which is the Work of an eminent Pen-man in *Shore-ditch*. I esteem the whole Piece to be a great Honour to the Language, and a singular Instance to what stupendous Heights unassisted Genius can soar. I will not absolutely affirm, that the four following Lines are better than any in *Shakespear*, but I am positive they are as good; please to observe ———

*Hackney*, thy Glory thy own Lips shall tell;  
Witness a *Dalstone* and a *Shacklewell*,  
And *Hummerton*, and *Clapton* do declare,  
The many Country-Seats that THERE are THERE.

I must beg Leave to point out the Beauties of these Verses one by one, for taken collectively they shine with such a refulgent Glare, that they actually dazzle the Imagination:—And first, not to mention a Word of the *Numerosity* of the Lines, the Musick of which is so delectable, we have a bolder Figure, than has yet been known in Rhetoric; *Dalstone* and *Shacklewell* are elegantly call'd the Lips of *Hackney*, whose Glories they are naturally employ'd in celebrating.

*Hackney*, thy Glory thy own Lips shall tell,  
Witness a *Dalstone* and a *Shacklewell*.

What

What is this but to equal, or rather excel both *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, who indeed made Stocks and Stones dance Hornpipes, but never cou'd arrive to the Perfection of making them speak, as our inimitable Bard has done in this exquisite Couplet; but let us proceed to the third Line, in which there are such a Posse of Excellencies, that they really confound the Understanding,

And *Hummerton* and *Clapton* do declare,

*Delectus verborum origo est Eloquentiæ* (says *Cæsar*) a judicious Choice of Words is the Origin of Eloquence. If the Author had searched the whole Globe, he cou'd not have found out a more sonorous Word for the Name of a Place than *Hummerton*; a Word that ought to be set to Music, and is worthier to be sung than said. The *Greeks* valued themselves, upon the Sweetness, Fullness and (to use *Horace's* Word) the *Rotundity* of their Language ———

———— *Graios dedit ore Rotundo*  
*Musa loqui.* ———

And yet what is *Θηβαι*, and what is *Αθηναι*, the Names of *Thebes* and *Athens*, their two chief Cities in Point of Dignity and Magnificence with the high-sounding *Hummerton*? Much might be said in Behalf of *Clapton*, but we will wave that for the present, and proceed to the conclusive Part of the Verse, ———

Do declare.

Now

Now a common Writer wou'd have been contented with the simple Word *declare*, but our SHOREDITCH GENIUS knew better Things.—He adds the expressive Energy of the Particle DO, which gives incredible Force to the Sentiment—*Hummerston* and *Clapton* don't make a simple unornamented Declaration, but they really, actually, *ipso facto* & *bonâ fide*, without Equivocation, mental Reservation, or any Evasion whatsoever, DO *declare* positively, comparatively, and superlatively, that—what?

The many Country Seats that THERE are THERE.

—Which being the last Lines in the Specimen; I must unavoidably conclude with it.—I shall not insist upon the Merit of the prior Hemistich in this Verse, because what is Self-evident can need no Exposition—But as for the last, namely,

That THERE are THERE—

There certainly were never four Monosyllables assembled together to such admirable and expressive Purposes. Here we have the Rhime like a two-edged Sword in *utrumque paratus*, backwards or forwards—upwards or downwards: THERE on this Side, and THERE on t'other Side—The Twin Rivals, or the happy Pair!—Amazing Dexterity! Inconceivable Elegance! Bring me Oceans of Ink—bring me Reams of Paper! Or rather bring me Two-pence to purchase the Whole of this admirable Performance, for that is all the modest Au-  
thor

thor requires for it, tho' its intrinsic Value be inestimable.—

*I am, Dear Madam,*  
*your most humble Servant,*  
GEORGE PILKINTON.

*Deputy—Vice—Assistant to the Under-Sexton of  
Shore-ditch.*

---

## CARE and GENEROSITY;

### A F A B L E.

*By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.*

**O**LD Care with Industry and Art,  
At length so well had play'd his Part;  
He heap'd up such an ample Store,  
That Av'rice cou'd not sigh for more:  
Ten thousand Flocks his Shepherd told,  
His Coffers overflow'd with Gold;  
'The Land all round him was his own,  
With Corn his crouded Granaries groan.  
In short so vast his Charge and Gain,  
That to possess them was a Pain;  
With Happiness oppress'd he lies,  
And much too prudent to be wise.  
Near him there liv'd a beauteous Maid,  
With all the Charms of Youth array'd;  
Good, amiable, sincere and free,  
Her Name was *Generosity*.  
'Twas hers the Largess to bestow  
On Rich and Poor, on Friend and Foe.  
Her Doors to all were open'd wide,  
The Pilgrim there might safe abide:

Z

For

For th' hungry and the thirsty Crew,  
 The Bread she broke, the Drink she drew;  
 There Sicknes laid her aching Head,  
 And there Distress cou'd find a Bed.—  
 Each Hour with an all-bounteous Hand,  
 Diffused the Blessings round the Land:  
 Her Gifts and Glory lasted long,  
 And numerous was th' accepting Throng.  
 At length pale Penury seiz'd the Dame,  
 And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;  
 She found her Riches at an End,  
 And that she had not made one Friend.—  
 All curst her for not giving more;  
 Nor thought on what she'd done before;  
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her Hair,  
 When lo! to comfort her came Care.—  
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join,  
 Your Hand in nuptial Bonds with mine;  
 All will be well—you shall have Store,  
 And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more.—  
 Tho' I refrain your bounteous Heart,  
 You still shall act the generous Part.—  
 The Bridal came—great was the Feast,  
 And good the Pudding and the Priest;  
 The Bride in nine Moon's brought him forth:  
 A little Maid of matchless Worth:  
 Her Face was mixt of Care and Glee,  
 They Christen'd her *Oeconomy*;  
 And styl'd her fair Discretion's Queen,  
 The Mistress of the golden Mean.  
 Now *Generosity* confin'd;  
 Is perfect easy in her Mind;  
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,  
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.

Conclusion of the ADVENTURES of  
Messrs. INCLINATION and ABILITY.

**H**ERCULES having again obtain'd a great Fortune, retired into the Country, where he bought a very fine Estate, and where, for his own Amusement, and for the Benefit of his poor Neighbours, he studied Physic, with great Diligence, and practis'd it with a Success which was adequate to that Diligence.—*Isgrim*, you may be sure, must be dabbling, and so turn'd Mountebank, to the Emolument of the Undertakers, the Increase of the Weekly Bills, and Destruction of Mankind.—*Isgrim* had puff'd himself into some Reputation, before he began to practise; and the very first Patient he had was a Person of great Eminence, which was the Occasion of a good Repartee made to him one Day in the *Temple Exchange Coffee-House*.—*Isgrim* was glorying that he got Fifty Guineas by his first Patient; Mr. Critic *Catchup* cry'd out, Sir, you got a great deal more——Not a Jot more, I assure you, says *Isgrim*, I scorn to brag——Aye but you did, replies *Catchup*,——*You got a Hatband, a Ring, a Pair of Gloves and a Scarf.*

The next Character in *Life Ability* chose to assume was that of a Painter, and an admirable one he was, for all *Frank Hayman's* Pictures were of his doing——*Inclination*, of Course, became a

Dauber, and the following Story which has been told of others is only true of him.

A certain Nobleman, having built a Chapel, had a Mind the Stair-case leading to it shou'd be ornamented with some Scripture-history, — which he at last determined should be the Children of *Israel* passing thro' the Red Sea, and the *Egyptians* pursuing them — *Isgrim* was employ'd upon this Occasion — and fell to work immediately; and after he had daub'd the Wall from Top to Bottom with red Paint, he call'd to his Lordship, and told him the Work was done — Done! quoth the Peer — What's done? Where are the Children of *Israel*? My Lord, they are all gone over, replies *Isgrim* — “ But, Zounds, where are the *Egyptians* then!” They are drown'd, rejoin'd *Isgrim*, to a Man. — These are all the Adventures of the two Brothers communicable at present — for *Ability* is gone abroad upon his Travels, but has promised me his Correspondence — As for *Isgrim*, he is to be met with at any time at Mr. *Woudbe*'s, a Gold-beater, at the *Cork and Feather*, in *Blowbladder-street*.

M. MIDNIGHT.

*The*

*The MIDWIFE'S POLITICKS: Or, Gossip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

S P A I N.

**O**NE of the Points discussing between Mr. Keene and the Spanish Ministry, is the Right the English claim to cut Logwood in the Bay of Campeachy; which will be difficult to adjust: For Don Ensenada is not such an old Woman as to give us any favourable Concession in this Respect, at a Time when he is fortifying the Island of Rattan, where our brave Admiral Vernon made a Settlement for Englishmen, who it seems have left it for the Spaniards.

I T A L Y.

The poor Genoese continue in a very bad Situation, for though the Valley of Polsevera could boast of having 18,000 Inhabitants before the Austrian Invasion in 1746, at present they are reduced to 4000; the Republic is extremely poor, and may be at last tempted to alienate Corfica for another Regality to the House of Bourbon. A terrible Earthquake has happened in several Parts of Italy; particularly at Gualdo in the Ecclesiastical State, where two thirds of the City are destroyed; and at Palermo in Sicily, where the Damage is computed at upwards of 150,000 Crowns.

F R A N C E.

It is whispered in the Coffee houses of Paris, and some make no Scruple to talk openly, of a Destination of the Brest Squadron, which was little thought of. M. du Perrier, say they, when he comes off Lisbon, is to make directly for the Azores, where he is to open his Orders, and join fifteen Ships ready built at Canada; whom he is to man with his Complements, which, for that Reason



son have been doubled : From thence he is to sail to the Coast of Coromandel, and there establish a decisive Superiority of Strength, such as, upon a Rupture with the English, will carry the Settlements of that Nation before them : *All which may be too true.*

#### G E R M A N Y.

According to Advices from Hanover they seem to be pretty positive that his Britannic Majesty will go over early next Spring, in order to accelerate by his Presence the Election of the Archduke Joseph, to the Dignity of King of the Romans : Indeed, England cannot afford to continue her Scenes of Liberality on the Continent ; but if this salutary Work can be effected, it will be well worth the laying out a Million in opposition to France.

#### S W E D E N and R U S S I A.

The Russian Army consists of 200,000 effective Men, ready to take the Field ; 160,000 of which are Foot, and 40,000 Horse, besides Calmucks, Cossacks, and the Militia of the Country : The Fleet also consists of 80 Men of War and Frigates, exclusive of Gallies and lesser Vessels, which are returned into Port ; and every Thing tending to the Continuance of a Pacification with Sweden, is to be mutually discovered at the Courts of Petersburgh and Stockholm.

#### T U R K Y.

Above 70,000 People have been already destroyed by the Plague in Constantinople, and the neighbouring Islands : They have also suffered a dreadful Conflagration at the Porte, by which 4000 Houses were laid in Ashes ; and their Commerce must be interrupted by the Orders for all Ships coming from the Levant, performing Quarantine in Great-Britain and Holland.

For

*A Penny sav'd is a Penny got : Or, a Word of Advice to the Oeconomists.*

**N**Otwithstanding Oeconomy is often a softer Term only for *Littleness of Soul*, yet taken in its true and genuine Sense it is an admirable Virtue, as I have shewn in my Fable of *Care and Generosity*; the Moral of which, I hope, will be duly attended to by all Gentlemen who are inclined to keep within Compass, and all Ladies who wou'd be good Housewives. To such then Be it known, that 'till the Fourteenth of October next ensuing, any Number of the second Volume of my Magazine may be had for the trivial Expence of Three-Pence: — But after that Time, no Number either of the first or second Volume, can be purchas'd under Four-Pence; and this by the Desire of several Thousands of my Friends, who have done me the Honour to remark, **THAT MINE IS THE ONLY BOOK EVER PUBLISHED WHICH ALL THE PURCHASERS COMPLAIN'D WAS TOO CHEAP.**

— *Nullum numen abest, si sit Prudentia,*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

For the Benefit of MANKIND.

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## Advertisement.

**W**HEREAS the *Carpenters and Joiners* of a Book lately publish'd, Entituled, *The QUARTERLY BEE*, have made free with Mrs. *Midnight's* Property, and very injudiciously mix'd her Honey with their Mustard; this is to inform the Publick, That speedily will be publish'd a Work of the same Nature with theirs, which for the Sake of Propriety, and in Imitation of them, I shall entitle and call, *The QUARTERLY OX*. Gentlemen and Ladies who are willing to subscribe, are desired to send their Names to *Francis Fleece*, at the Sign of the *Bull*, in *Blunderball Street*, and they shall be taken in.

SUSANNAH SERIOUS.

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