

WILMINGTON, OCTOBER 13th, 1770.

SOME Time ago a Packet was left at the Printing-Office, containing some Adventures which the Writer met with at an Inn where he stopped in a Journey he made Northerly, and a Letter which concluded thus, "should you ever think proper to publish them, it should be observed that what stands between Crotchets thus [] were Reflections I made on the different Occurrences and did not then think proper to put them into Words--Various I know will be the Censures cast upon this Performance, but those who read with the same Temper that I Write (I have said nought in Malice) will judge favorably of it, and as to the Tribe of Snarlers, they will find me, with Regard to them and their Opinions in this, and every other Instance, more than nominally

JACK CARELESS.

The CRITICISM.

QUOT HOMINES, TOTIDEM SENTENTIÆ.

To dress a dish to every ones Palate exceeds the ingenuity of all the Cupedinarians, that have cupedinated since a certain great Lady, of ancient Memory, taught Man the difference between Good and Evil.

GENTLEMEN, your most obedient.---I am the traveller who took the Liberty to send up his name requesting admittance, and I hope---a Bow and a Look of Welcome convinced me I had Nothing to do, but to endeavor to make myself as agreeable to them as they appeared to me; so, without further Ceremony, I took a Chair---my Hudibrastic Figure attracted their attention; but not a Face, except one, betrayed any thing like a sneer of Ridicule or Contempt.

I think myself very happy, said I, in meeting with such good Company, and my Request for Admission proceeded not from the impertinent Curiosity of a Traveller; but from a Sociability and Love for my Species, which Nature gave me with this irregular Form---rubbing my long crooked Nose and pointing to my King Richard Back as I spoke. [These inherent affections, if I may so call them, give me many a Pain which Misanthropists feel not; yet I derive from them such pleasurable Sensations, that I would much rather part with Life than with them---I think it as much my Duty to Love my Species as to worship their GREAT ORIGINAL; and tho' some Zealously preach up the ONE and neglect both the Theory and the Practice of the OTHER, yet I cannot help thinking, that we have pretty much the same Authority for both which we have for either of them. and so far am I from suspecting that any Man's Philanthropy will be subvert'd against him in that Court, which, one day or other, will pass sentence on us all. I fondly believe we might, without THAT, offer up Sacrifices and Prayers to the Cretan Jupiter (who had no Ears) with as much Propriety as to that MERCIFUL BEING whom Christians affect to adore.]---But as no Man wishes to be the Thing he hates, I begged I might not interrupt the Amusement of the Company, and turned my Eyes towards a News-Paper which lay upon the Table. We have just read it, said one. No! replied another; it is a trifling Paper of very bad Intelligence. It gives us, said a Third, the last Speech and dying Words of Jack Careless---Jack Careless, said I amazed, who is he?---Travellers frequently assume Names (and even Characters) which they have no legal Claim to; it is a Privilege (how it was originally obtain'd your Motive-Mongers perhaps can tell) entailed on them by Custom; I condemn the Practice in general, yet, upon this Occasion, I availed myself of it; for which of us can say he never did a Thing which he afterwards condemned himself for doing?---It is, meaning Jack Careless, d--d Nonsense, said Mr. Vane, who sat cross-legged playing with his Whist-Box alternately, & never took his eyes off a Looking-Glass directly facing him, unless, now and then, to show his Contempt of the Company. It is d--d Nonsense, said he letting one Foot fall with some Force upon the Floor. [It is superlative Nonsense, indeed, to play the Narcissus as you do---His Eyes were still gazing at the Representation of his dear Person in the Mirror].---Where is the preceding Part, said I taking up the Paper which I saw was a C. F. Mercury? a large Bundle of them was instantly produced---Mercy on me! must I trudge thro' all this Rubbish for an Answer to my simple Question, who is Jack Careless? After a few Pro's and Con's, I was ask'd to read him aloud. "What a ridiculous playing upon Words!" It is very little better indeed, Sir.---"That seems to be a faint stroke at Pope's aphorism, WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT." I am not of your Opinion, Sir, "What else can he mean?" Nothing [Perverters of Meanings! That Mr. Pope disbelieved the infallibility of Mortals as much as you or I do, and that in this Instance his Ideas were more refined and sublimated than those Peoples are who confine or extend it to the actions of Men, are two Articles of my Faith from which I will not easily recede.---Reason and Belief go here hand in hand as they ought.

"My Life for it he is some discarded Courtier and has danced that servile Attendance which he describes." Nothing more proba-

ble, Sir. [I protest I never danced Attendance to neither was I ever yet dependent on the Promises of asked and obtained some Favours from Persons which I shall ever hold in grateful Remembrance denied by any but one, and his manner of denial more to him and made me think more highly of his Disposition and Goodness of his Heart, than any of those who granted my requests. His Rank was as generally consistent with Happiness, yet he owed not his greatness to it, but to those mental Endowments, in which alone, according to the old Satyrists, true Greatness consists. What the Request was, when or where made, or by whom denied--it matters not. It is enough that there lived a Man who could feel a generous Concern for not being able to give assistance to another who looked to him for it---whose Virtues reverted the modern Current and dignified a very honorable Appointment. His Air and Manner had in them too many indisputable Marks of Genuineness for the callous or illiberal to counterfeit. They gave me such Pleasure that I felt not my Disappointment, and inspired me with such Reverence for him that I shall retain the Idea as long as I can retain any Thing. They cannot be described and if you would have any proper Conception of them, you must ask a similar Favor of a Man of a similar Disposition, and, withal, you must carry something like sensibility along with you; otherways you will retire in all the Sullenness and Discontent. The phlegmatic never attend to the Minutiae which Nature delights in and jaundiced Minds are pleased with Nothing?---"That is clever enough!"---"I think it very trifling." Words without Meaning, said a Third---It is h--ll-fire Nonsense, said Mr. Vane starting from his Chair and going towards the Glass. It is not worth being in a Passion about it, said I smiling---Mr. Vane took no Notice. He adjusted something he found amiss about his Neck [look within, Sir, you will find many things amiss there---pray adjust them too:] admired the extreme Whiteness of his Teeth, wiped them with a Cambric Handkerchief---pulled out a small Box, put a black Patch on a little speck that appeared on the left of his Eye, resurveyed his Face, and then threw himself into his arm Chair with an Air of consummate self-consequence and a look of sovereign Contempt at his Companions and me---It is very true, Sir, they are both equally insignificant---Granted, Sir. It certainly raises an Idea much more terrific and immense; and I like Ideas immense so far as they serve to expand the Heart: but I think otherwise of Ideas terrific. [Terror is the most abject, rascally Motive in the World. It chills the Blood and damps the Spirits; and never was nor ever will be, the Parent of one generous Thought or Deed---As a Man, I hate the Sensation; and as a Christian (let its wretched Votaries say what they please in Favor of it) I repudiate, detest and abhor it---'Tis an Enemy to Love, and of Course, to Mankind; which, to the Humane, is equal to a Thousand Objections.---You go Home unmolested, because Fear prevented my robbing you in the Street; but all the Jesuits, Sophists and Casuists in Christendom, seconded by the right reverend Fraternities of Confessors & Absolvers, can never convince me that I am one for the honestest Man. Had Chance brought us together in any dreary retreat, where human Vestiges are rarely seen, and no Eye to behold us but Heaven's (which is seldom a Check upon bad Minds) or in some solitary Cave, as She whilom did to the Trojan General (why Dux Trojans is used here instead of Pius Aeneas, I have not Leisure to tell you (commentators & Critics will be proud of your Application) but I believe the immortal Author of that divine Poem was a Man of Delicacy, and, if I were an Affirmant, I would add, of Sensibility.---Frozen indeed must be the Heart, that would not be animated with CERTAIN IDEAS and melt into Tenderness and Love, in such a Situation, with so beautiful a Queen beside it. I speak, as the candid ever do, from my own Feelings; and were my Heart of that Mould, I would tear it out and have the Names of---and---, or any other State Jockey's who had sold or enslaved his Country, engraved upon it (if the Impression could be made) and thus immortalize their Infamy and my own in something less perishable than Adamant.---Had we met in any of these devious Haunts, I certainly would have rifled your Pockets, and, perhaps have cut your Throat afterwards, for,

One Vice indulg'd, another Vice begets---Virtue operates in like Manner, at least Shakespear says so, and, surely, no Person of Fashion or Taste will dare to contradict him; but should you doubt, consult experience.]

"Read that again!" "I find great Pleasure in giving it, &c. &c.' disinterested, humane, were instantly repeated.---Mr. Vane could not comprehend it---It is Stuff, d--d Stuff, said he stamping violently with both his Feet. Pray, Sir, did you ever make the Experiment? This put him out of all Patience.---He bounced out of his Chair, and then out of the Room, consigning the Writer, Reader, Printer, Paper and all to the Devil; who, by the bye, is the very worst of Factors, for he never makes any Returns.