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V. J. Miller
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N.Y.
THE

Quartern

W O R K S.

O F

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. PATRICK'S, Dublin.

V O L U M E XI.


L O N D O N,

Printed for T. OSBORNE, W. BOWYER,
C. BATHURST, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON,
J. HINTON, L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS,
R. BALDWIN, J. DODSLEY, S. CROWDER and Co. and B. COLLINS.

MDCCLXV.

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C O N T E N T S
O F
V O L U M E XI.



THE last speech and dying words of Ebenezer Elliston, who was executed the second of May, 1722. Published at his desire for the common good pag. 1.

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N. B. *About the time that the following speech was written, the town was much pestered with Street-robbers; who, in a barbarous manner, would seize on gentlemen, and take them into remote corners, and, after they had robbed them, would leave them bound and gagged. It is remarkable, that this speech had so good an effect, that there have been very few robberies of that kind committed since.*

THE
LAST SPEECH
AND
DYING WORDS
OF
EBENEZER ELLISTON,

Who was executed the 2d of May, 1722.

Published, at his desire, for the common good.

I AM now going to suffer the just punishment for my crimes, prescribed by the law of God and my country. I know it is the constant custom, that those who come to this place should have speeches made for them, and cried about in their own hearing,

2 THE LAST SPEECH OF

as they are carried to execution; and truly they are such speeches, that, although our fraternity be an ignorant illiterate people, they would make a man ashamed to have such nonsense and false *English* charged upon him, even when he is going to the gallows. They contain a pretended account of our birth and family, of the fact for which we are to die, of our sincere repentance, and a declaration of our religion. I cannot expect to avoid the same treatment with my predecessors. However, having had an education one or two degrees better than those of my rank and profession; I have been considering, ever since my commitment, what it might be proper for me to deliver upon this occasion.

And first, I cannot say from the bottom of my heart, that I am truly sorry for the offence I have given to God and the world; but I am very much so, for the bad success of my villanies, in bringing me to this untimely end. For it is plainly evident, that, after having some time ago obtained a pardon from the crown, I again took up my old trade; my evil habits were so rooted in me, and I was grown so unfit for any other kind of employment. And therefore, although, in compliance with my friends, I resolve to go to the gallows after the usual manner, kneeling, with a book in my hand, and my eyes lift up; yet I shall feel no more devotion in my heart than I have observed in my comrades, who have been drunk among common whores the very night before their execution. I can
say

say farther, from my own knowledge, that two of my fraternity, after they had been hanged, and wonderfully came to life, and made their escapes, as it sometimes happens, proved afterwards the wickedest rogues I ever knew, and so continued until they were hanged again for good and all; and yet they had the impudence, at both times they went to the gallows, to smite their breasts, and lift up their eyes to heaven all the way.

Secondly, From the knowledge I have of my own wicked dispositions, and that of my comrades, I give it as my opinion, that nothing can be more unfortunate to the publick, than the mercy of the government in ever pardoning or transporting us; unless when we betray one another, as we never fail to do, if we are sure to be well paid, and then a pardon may do good; by the same rule, *That it is better to have but one fox in a farm than three or four.* But we generally make a shift to return after being transported, and are ten times greater rogues than before, and much more cunning. Besides, I know it by experience, that some hope we have of finding mercy, when we are tried, or after we are condemned, is always a great encouragement to us.

Thirdly, Nothing is more dangerous to idle young fellows than the company of those odious common whores we frequent, and of which this town is full: these wretches put us upon all mischief to feed their lusts and extravagancies: they are ten times more

4 THE LAST SPEECH OF

bloody and cruel than men; their advice is always not to spare if we are pursued; they get drunk with us, and are common to us all; and yet, if they can get any thing by it, are sure to be our betrayers.

Now, as I am a dying man, something I have done which may be of good use to the publick. I have left with an honest man (and indeed the only honest man I was ever acquainted with) the names of all my wicked brethren, the present places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths; I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbing, or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and, if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and publick warning, and hope they will take it.

In the paper abovementioned, which I left with my friend, I have also set down the names of several gentlemen who have been robbed in *Dublin* streets for three years past: I have told the circumstances of those robberies; and shewn plainly that nothing but the want of common courage was the cause of
their

their misfortune. I have therefore desired my friend, that, whenever any gentleman happens to be robbed in the streets, he will get that relation printed and published with the first letters of those gentlemen's names, who, by their own want of bravery, are likely to be the cause of all the mischief of that kind, which may happen for the future.

I cannot leave the world without a short description of that kind of life, which I have led for some years past; and is exactly the same with the rest of our wicked brethren.

Although we are generally so corrupted from our childhood, as to have no sense of goodness: yet something heavy always hangs upon us, I know not what it is, that we are never easy till we are half drunk among our whores and companions; nor sleep sound, unless we drink longer than we can stand. If we go abroad in the day, a wise man would easily find us to be rogues by our faces, we have such a suspicious, fearful, and constrained countenance; often turning back, and flinking through narrow lanes and alleys. I have never failed of knowing a brother thief by his looks, though I never saw him before. Every man among us keeps his particular whore, who is, however, common to us all, when we have a mind to change. When we have got a booty, if it be in money, we divide it equally among our companions, and soon squander it away on our vices, in those houses that receive us; for the master and mistress, and the very tapster, go snacks; and

6 THE LAST SPEECH OF

besides make us pay triple reckonings. If our plunder be plate, watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and the like; we have customers in all quarters of the town to take them off. I have seen a tankard worth fifteen pounds sold, to a fellow in — street, for twenty shillings; and a gold watch for thirty. I have set down his name, and that of several others in the paper already mentioned. We have setters watching in corners, and by dead walls, to give us notice when a gentleman goes by; especially if he be any thing in drink. I believe in my conscience, that, if an account were made of a thousand pounds in stolen goods, considering the low rates we sell them at, the bribes we must give for concealment, the extortions of ale-house reckonings, and other necessary charges, there would not remain fifty pounds clear to be divided among the robbers. And out of this we must find cloaths for our whores, besides treating them from morning to night; who in requital reward us with nothing but treachery and the pox. For when our money is gone, they are every moment threatening to inform against us, if we will not go out and look for more. If any thing in this world be like hell, as I have heard it described by our clergy, the truest picture of it must be in the back room of one of our ale-houses at midnight; where a crew of robbers and their whores are met together after a booty, and are beginning to grow drunk; from which
time,

time, until they are past their senses, is such a continued horrible noise of cursing, blasphemy, lewdness, scurrility, and brutish behaviour, such roaring and confusion, such a clutter of mugs and pots at each other's heads; that *Bedlam*, in comparison, is a sober and orderly place. At last, they all tumble from their stools and benches, and sleep away the rest of the night; and generally the landlord or his wife, or some other whore, who has a stronger head than the rest, picks their pockets before they wake. The misfortune is, that we can never be easy till we are drunk; and our drunkenness constantly exposes us to be more easily betrayed and taken.

This is a short picture of the life I have led; which is more miserable than that of the poorest labourer who works for four pence a day; and yet custom is so strong, that I am confident, if I could make my escape at the foot of the gallows, I should be following the same course this very evening. So that, upon the whole, we ought to be looked upon as the common enemies of mankind; whose interest it is to root us out like wolves and other mischievous vermin, against which no fair play is required.

If I have done service to men in what I have said, I shall hope I have done service to God; and that will be better than a silly speech made for me, full of whining and canting, which I utterly despise, and have

8 THE LAST SPEECH, *etc.* 7

never been used to ; yet such a one I expect to have my ears tormented with, as I am passing along the streets.

Good people, fare ye well ; bad as I am, I leave many worse behind me. I hope you shall see me die like a man the death of a dog.

E. E.

THE

THE
INTELLIGENCER [a].

NUMBER I.

IT may be said, without offence to other cities of much greater consequence to the

[a] The *Intelligencer* was a weekly paper undertaken by the Dean and Doctor *Sheridan*, in 1728, of which no more than twenty numbers were ever published. The i. iii. v. vii. ix. some verses in the viii. and at the end of the x. the xv. and the xix. were written by the Dean. The v. and vii. are put together and printed as they were published, by Mr. *Pope*, in the iv. volume of their miscellanies, under the title of *An Essay on the Fates of Clergymen*. The poetry in the viii is the dialogue between mad *Mullineux* and *Timothy*, which is printed, as it was also classed by Mr. *Pope*, in vol. vi. The ix. he intitled, *An essay on modern education*, and by that name it will be found in vol. iv. the verses at the end of the x. called *Tim* and the *Fables*, are printed in vol. vii. The xv. is a pamphlet, which Dr. *Sheridan*, having written a short introduction, took into the *Intelligencer* merely to save the labour of writing a paper. It is printed in volume x, and intitled, *A short view of the state of Ireland*. N^o. xix. is also a tract which has been before published by itself, and was taken into the *Intelligencer* for the same reason as the former. The Dean and the Doctor soon became weary of a periodical work, in which they were disappointed
world

world, that our town of *Dublin* doth not want its due proportion of *folly* and *vice* both native and imported: and as to those imported, we have the advantage to receive them last, and consequently, after our happy manner, to improve and refine upon them.

But, because there are many effects of *folly* and *vice* among us, whereof some are *general*, others confined to smaller numbers, and others again perhaps to a few *individuals*; there is a *society* lately established, who at great expence have erected an *office of intelligence*, from which they are to receive weekly information of all *important events* and *singularities*, which this famous *metropolis* can furnish. Strict injunctions are given to have the truest information; in order to which, certain qualified persons are employed to attend upon duty in their several posts; some at the *play-house*, others in *churches*, some at *balls*, *assemblies*, *coffee-houses*, and *meetings for quadrille*; some at the several *courts of justice*, both *spiritual* and *temporal*; some at the *college*, some upon my *lord-mayor* and *aldermen* in their publick affairs; lastly, some to

ed of assistance; the price was but one half-penny, and so few were sold, that the printer could not afford to engage a young man of proper qualifications to work upon such hints as should be sent him, of which there were enough, and which the undertakers hoped thus to communicate with less labour to the publick. The *Intelligencers* were collected into a volume, and reprinted in *England* in 1730. See letter lxi. *Pope's works*, vol. ix.

converse with *favourite chamber-maids*, and to frequent those *ale-houses* and *brandy-shops* where the *footmen* of great families meet in a morning; only the [b] *Barracks* and *Parliament-House* are excepted; because we have yet found no [c] *Enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their persons at either. Out of these and some other *store-houses*, we hope to gather materials enough to *inform*, or *divert*, or *correct*, or *vex* the town.

But as *facts*, *passages*, and *adventures* of all kinds are like to have the greatest share in our *paper*, whereof we cannot always answer for the truth; due care shall be taken to have them applied to feigned names, whereby all just offence will be removed; for, if none be guilty, none will have cause to blush or be angry; if otherwise, then the guilty person is safe for the future upon his *present* amendment, and safe for the *present* from all but his *own conscience*.

There is another resolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general discontent, and is of so singular a nature, that I have hardly confidence enough to mention it, although it be absolutely necessary by way of apology, for *so bold and unpopular an attempt*. But so it is, that we have taken a desperate counsel to produce into the world every distinguished action either of *jus-*

[b] *Barracks*, Buildings for the lodgment of soldiers.

[c] *Enfans perdus*, Forlorn hope. See preface to the *bishop of Sarum's* Introduction, vol. ix.

tice, prudence, generosity, charity, friendship, or publick spirit, which comes well attested to us. And although we shall neither here be so daring as to assign names, yet we shall hardly forbear to give some hints, that perhaps, to the great displeasure of such deserving persons, may endanger a discovery. For we think that even *virtue itself* should submit to such a *mortification*, as, by its *visibility* and example, will render it more useful to the world. But however, the *readers* of these *papers* need not be in pain of being overcharged with so dull and ungrateful a subject. And yet who knows, but such an occasion may be offered to us once in a year or two, after we have settled a correspondence round the *kingdom*?

But, after all our boasts of *materials* sent us by our several *emissaries*, we may, probably, soon fall short, if the town will not be pleased to lend us further assistance towards entertaining itself. The *world* best knows its own *faults* and *virtues*; and whatever is sent shall be faithfully returned back, only a little embellished, according to the custom of **AUTHORS**. We do therefore *demand* and *expect* continual *advertisements* in great numbers to be sent to the **PRINTER** of this *Paper*, who hath employed a *judicious secretary* to collect such as may be most useful for the *Publick*.

And, although we do not intend to expose our own persons by mentioning names, yet we are so far from requiring the same caution in
our

our *correspondents*, that, on the contrary, we expressly *charge* and *command* them, in all the facts they send us, to set down their names, titles, and places of abode at length; together with a very particular description of the *persons, dresses, dispositions* of the several *lords, ladies, squires, madams, lawyers, gamesters, toupees, sots, wits, rakes, and informers*, whom they shall have occasion to mention; otherwise it will not be possible for us to adjust our style to the different qualities and capacities of the persons concerned, and treat them with the *respect* and *familiarity*, that may be due to their *stations* and *characters*, which we are determined to observe with the utmost strictness, that none may have cause to complain.

NUMBER III.

Ipsè per omnes

Ibit personas, et turbam reddet in unam.

THE *players* having now almost done with the comedy called the *Beggar's Opera* for the season; it may be no unpleasant speculation, to reflect a little upon this *dramatick piece*, so singular in the subject and manner, so much an original, and which hath frequently given so very agreeable an entertainment [d].

Although an evil taste be very apt to prevail, both here and in *London*; yet there is a

[d] See letters to and from Doctor *Swift*, printed at the end of *Mr. Pope's* works.

point.

point, which whoever can rightly touch will never fail of pleasing a very great majority; so great, that the dislikers, out of dulness or affectation, will be silent, and forced to fall in with the herd: The point I mean, is what we call *humour*; which, in its perfection, is allowed to be much preferable to *wit*; if it be not rather the most useful and agreeable species of it.

I agree with Sir *William Temple*, that the word is peculiar to our *English tongue*; but I differ from him in the opinion, that the thing itself is peculiar to the *English nation*, because the contrary may be found in many *Spanish, Italian, and French* productions: and particularly, whoever hath a *taste for true humour* will find an hundred instances of it in those volumes printed in *France* under the name of *Le Theatre Italien*; to say nothing of *Rabelais, Cervantes*, and many others.

Now I take the *comedy, or farce* (or whatever name the *criticks* will allow it) called the *Beggar's Opera* to excel in this article of *humour*; and upon that merit to have met with such prodigious success, both here and in *England*.

As to *poetry, eloquence, and musick*, which are said to have most power over the minds of men; it is certain that very few have a *taste or judgment* of the excellencies of the two former; and, if a man succeed in either, it is upon the authority of those *few judges*, that lend their *taste* to the bulk of readers, who have none of their own. I am told there
are

N^o. 3. THE INTELLIGENCER. 15

are as few good judges in *musick*; and that, among those who crowd the *opera's*, nine in ten go thither merely out of *curiosity, fashion, or affectation*.

But a *taste* for *humour* is, in some manner, fixed to the very nature of man, and generally obvious to the vulgar, except upon subjects too refined, and superior to their understanding.

And, as this *taste* of *humour* is purely natural, so is *humour* itself; neither is it a talent confined to men of *wit* or *learning*; for we observe it sometimes among common servants, and the meanest of the people, while the very owners are often ignorant of the gift they possess.

I know very well, that this happy *talent* is contemptibly treated by *criticks* under the name of *low humour*, or *low comedy*; but I know likewise that the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who are allowed to have the most wit of any nation in *Europe*, do most excel in it, and do most esteem it.

By what disposition of the mind, what influence of the stars, or what situation of the *climate*, this endowment is bestowed upon mankind, may be a question fit for *philosophers* to discuss. It is certainly the best ingredient towards that kind of satire, which is most useful, and gives the least offence; which, instead of lashing, laughs men out of their follies and vices; and is the character, that gives *Horace* the preference to *Juvenal*.

And,

And, although some things are too serious, solemn, or sacred to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuses of them are certainly not; since it is allowed that corruptions in *religion*, *politicks*, and *law*, may be proper *topicks* for this kind of *satire*.

There are two ends that men propose in writing satire: one of them less noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than the private satisfaction and pleasure of the writer; but without any view towards *personal malice*: the other is a *publick spirit*, prompting men of *genius* and virtue to mend the world as far as they are able. And as both these ends are innocent, so the latter is highly commendable. With regard to the former I demand, whether I have not as good a title to laugh, as men have to be ridiculous; and to expose vice, as another hath to be vicious. If I ridicule the follies and corruptions of a *court*, a *ministry*, or a *senate*, are they not amply paid by *pensions*, *titles*, and *power*, while I expect, and desire, no other reward, than that of laughing with a few friends in a corner? yet if those, who take offence, think me in the wrong, I am ready to change the scene with them, whenever they please.

But, if my design be to make mankind better, then I think it is my duty; at least, I am sure it is the interest of those very *courts* and *ministers*, whose follies or vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good intentions: for if it be reckoned a high point of wisdom

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to get the laughers on our side; it is much more easy, as well as wise, to get those on our side, who can make millions laugh when they please.

My reason for mentioning *courts*, and *ministers* (*whom I never think on but with the most profound veneration*) is, because an opinion obtains, that in the *Beggar's Opera* there appears to be some reflexion upon *courtiers* and *statesmen*, whereof I am by no means a judge.

It is true indeed, that Mr. GAY, the author of this piece, hath been somewhat singular in the course of his fortunes; for it hath happened, that, after fourteen years attending the *court*, with a large stock of real merit, a modest and agreeable conversation, a *hundred promises*, and *five hundred friends*, he hath failed of preferment; and upon a very weighty reason. He lay under the suspicion of having written a libel, or lampoon against a great minister [e]. It is true, that great minister was demonstratively convinced, and publickly owned his conviction, that Mr. GAY was not the author; but, having lain under the suspicion, it seemed very just that he should suffer the punishment; because, in this most reformed age, the virtues of a prime minister are no more to be suspected, than the chastity of *Cæsar's* wife.

It must be allowed, that the *Beggar's Opera* is not the first of Mr. GAY's works,

[e] Sir Robert Walpole.

wherein

wherein he hath been faulty with regard to *courtiers* and *statesmen*. For, to omit his other pieces, even in his fables, published within two years past, and dedicated to the duke of CUMBERLAND, for which he was promised a reward, he hath been thought somewhat too bold upon the *courtiers*. And, although it be highly probable he meant only the courtiers of former times, yet he acted unwarily, by not considering, that the malignity of some people might misinterpret what he said to the disadvantage of present *persons* and affairs.

But I have now done with Mr. Gay as a politician; and shall consider him henceforward only as author of the *Beggar's Opera*, wherein he hath, by a turn of *humour*, entirely new placed vices of all kinds in the strongest and most odious light; and thereby done eminent service both to *religion* and *morality*. This appears from the unparalleled success he hath met with. All *ranks*, *parties*, and *denominations* of men either crouding to see his *opera*, or reading it with delight in their closets; even ministers of state, whom he is thought to have most offended (next to those whom the actors represent) appearing frequently at the *theatre* from a consciousness of their own innocence, and to convince the world how unjust a parallel *malice*, *envy*, and *disaffection to the government* have made.

I am assured that several worthy *clergymen* in this *city* went privately to see the *Beggar's Opera* represented; and that the *fleering coxcombs* in the *pit* amused themselves with making

N^o. 3. THE INTELLIGENCER. 19

ing discoveries, and spreading the names of those gentlemen round the audience.

I shall not pretend to vindicate a *clergyman*, who would appear openly in his habit at a *theatre* with such a vicious crew as might probably stand round him, at such *comedies* and profane *tragedies* as are often represented. Besides, I know very well, that persons of their function are bound to avoid the appearance of evil, or of giving cause of offence. But when the *lords chancellors*, who are keepers of the king's conscience; when the *judges* of the land, whose title is *reverend*; when *ladies*, who are bound by the rules of their sex to the strictest decency, appear in the *theatre* without censure; I cannot understand, why a young *clergyman*, who comes concealed, out of curiosity to see an innocent and moral play, should be so highly condemned: nor do I much approve the rigour of a great prelate, who said, *He hoped none of his clergy were there*. I am glad to hear there are no weightier objections against that reverend body planted in this city, and I wish there never may. But I should be very sorry that any of them should be so weak, as to imitate a *court-chaplain* in ENGLAND, who preached against the *Beggar's Opera*, which will probably do more good, than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a divine.

In this happy performance of Mr. GAY's, all the characters are just, and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice,

practice. It discovers the whole system of that common-wealth, or that *imperium in imperio* of iniquity, established among us, by which neither our lives nor our properties are secure, either in the high-ways, or in publick assemblies, or even in our own houses. It shews the miserable lives and the constant fate of those abandoned wretches: for how little they sell their lives and souls; betrayed by their *whores*, their *comrades*, and the *receivers* and *purchasers* of those thefts and robberies. This *comedy* contains likewise a *satire*, which, without enquiring whether it affects the present age, may possibly be useful in times to come. I mean, where the author takes the occasion of comparing those *common robbers of the publick*, and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the several arts of *politicians* in times of corruption.

This *comedy* likewise exposeth, with great justice, that unnatural taste for *Italian* musick among us, which is wholly unsuitable to our northern *climate* and the genius of the people, whereby we are over run with *Italian effeminacy*, and *Italian* nonsense. An old gentleman said to me, that, many years ago, when the practice of an unnatural vice grew frequent in *London*, and many were prosecuted for it, he was sure it would be the forerunner of *Italian* opera's and singers; and then we should want nothing but stabbing, or poisoning, to make us perfect *Italians*.

Upon

Upon the whole, I deliver my judgment, that nothing but servile attachment to a party, affectation of singularity, lamentable dullness, mistaken zeal, or studied hypocrisy, can have the least reasonable objection against this excellent moral performance of the *celebrated* Mr. GAY.

N U M B E R X I X.

Having, on the 12th of October last, received a letter, signed Andrew Dealer and Patrick Pennyles, I believe the following PAPER, just come to my hands, will be a sufficient answer to it.

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves.

N. B. *In the following discourse the author personates a country gentleman in the north of Ireland. And this letter is supposed as directed to the Drapier.*

S I R,

I AM a country gentleman, and a member of *parliament*, with an estate of about 1400*l.* a year; which, as a *northern* landlord, I receive from above two hundred tenants: and, my lands having been let near twenty years ago, the rents, until very lately, were esteemed to be not above half value; yet, by the intolerable scarcity of *silver*, I lie under the greatest difficulties in receiving them, as well as in paying my labourers, or buying
any

any thing necessary for my family from *tradesmen*, who are not able to be long out of their *money*. But the sufferings of me, and those of my rank, are trifles in comparison of what the meaner sort undergo; such as the *buyers* and *sellers* at *fairs* and *markets*; the *shopkeepers* in every *town*; the *farmers* in general; all those who travel with *fish*, *poultry*, *pedlary-ware*, and other conveniencies to sell: but more especially *handicrafts-men*, who work for us by the day; and common labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both these kind of people I am forced to employ until their wages amount to a *double pistole*, or a *moidore* (for we hardly have any *gold* of lower value left us) to divide it among themselves as they can: and this is generally done at an *ale-house*, or *brandy-shop*; where, besides the cost of getting *drunk* (which is usually the case), they must pay *ten-pence*, or a *shilling*, for changing their *piece* into *silver* to some *huckstering fellow*, who follows that *trade*. But, what is infinitely worse, those poor men, for want of due payment, are forced to take up their *oatmeal* and other necessaries of life at almost double value; and, consequently, are not able to discharge half their score, especially under the scarceness of *corn* for two years past, and melancholy disappointment of the present *crop*.

The causes of this, and a thousand other evils, are clear and manifest to you and all thinking men, although hidden from the vulgar; these indeed complain of hard times,
the

the dearth of corn, the want of money, the badness of seasons; that their goods bear no price, and the poor cannot find work; but their weak reasonings never carry them to the hatred and contempt borne us by our neighbours and brethren without the least grounds of provocation, who rejoice at our sufferings, although sometimes to their own disadvantage. They consider not the dead weight upon every beneficial branch of our trade; that half our revenues are annually sent to *England*; with many other grievances peculiar to this unhappy kingdom; which keeps us from enjoying the common benefits of mankind; as you and some other lovers of their country have so often observed with such good inclinations, and so little effect.

It is true indeed, that, under our circumstances in general, this complaint for the want of *silver* may appear as ridiculous, as for a man to be impatient about a *cut finger*, when he is struck with the *plague*: and yet a poor fellow going to the *gallows* may be allowed to feel the smart of *wasps*, while he is upon *Tyburn-Road*. This misfortune is so urging and vexatious in every kind of small traffick, and so hourly pressing upon all persons in the country whatsoever, that a hundred inconveniencies of perhaps greater moment in themselves have been tamely submitted to with far less disquietude and murmurs. And the case seems yet the harder, if it be true, what many skilful men assert, that nothing is more easy than a remedy; and, that the want of *silver*,

silver, in proportion to the little *gold* remaining among us, is altogether as unnecessary, as it is inconvenient. A person of distinction assured me very lately, that, in discoursing with the [f] *lord lieutenant* before his last return to *England*, his *excellency* said, *He had pressed the matter often, in proper time and place, and to proper persons; and could not see any difficulty of the least moment, that could prevent us from being made easy upon this article.*

Whoever carries to *England* twenty-seven *English* shillings, and brings back one *moidore* of full weight, is a gainer of nine-pence *Irish*: in a *guinea*, the advantage is three-pence; and two-pence in a *pistole*. The BANKERS, who are generally masters of all our *gold* and *silver*, with this advantage, have sent over as much of the latter, as came into their hands. The value of one thousand *moidores* in *silver* would thus amount, in clear profit, to 37*l.* 10*s.* The *shopkeepers*, and other *traders*, who go to *London* to buy goods, followed the same practice; by which we have been driven into this insupportable distress.

To a common thinker it should seem, that nothing would be more easy than for the *government* to redress this evil, at any time they shall please. When the value of *guineas* were lowered in *England* from 21*s.* and 6*d.* to only 21*s.* the consequences to this king-

[f] The Lord Carteret.

dom

dom were obvious, and manifest to us all: and a sober man may be allowed at least to wonder, although he dare not complain, why a new regulation of *coin* among us was not then made; much more, why it hath never been since. It would surely require no very profound skill in *Algebra* to reduce the difference of *nine-pence* in *thirty shillings*, or *three-pence* in a *guinea* to less than a *farthing*; and so small a fraction could be no temptation either to *bankers* to hazard their *silver* at sea, or *tradesmen* to load themselves with it in their journies to *England*. In my humble opinion, it would be no unseasonable condescension, if the *government* would graciously please to signify to the *poor loyal Protestant subjects* of *Ireland*, either that this miserable want of *silver* is not possible to be remedied in any degree by the nicest skill in *arithmetick*; or else, that it doth not stand with the good pleasure of *England* to suffer any *silver* at all among us. In the former case, it would be madness to expect impossibilities; and in the other, we must submit: for lives and fortunes are always at the mercy of the CONQUEROR.

The question hath been often put in *printed papers*, by the DRAPIER and others, or, perhaps, by the same WRITER under different styles, why this kingdom should not be permitted to have a *mint* of its own for the coinage of *gold*, *silver*, and *copper*; which is a power exercised by many *bishops*, and every petty prince, in *Germany*? But this question

hath never been answered; nor the least application, that I have heard of, made to the *crown* from hence for the grant of a *publick mint*; although it stands upon record, that several cities and corporations here had the liberty of *coining silver*. I can see no reasons, why we alone of all nations are thus restrained, but such as I dare not mention: only thus far I may venture, that *Ireland* is the first imperial kingdom since *Nimrod*, which ever wanted power to *coin* their own *money*.

I know very well, that in *England* it is lawful for any subject to petition either the *prince* or the *parliament*, provided it be done in a dutiful and regular manner: but what is lawful for a subject of *Ireland*, I profess I cannot determine: nor will undertake, that the *printer* shall not be prosecuted in a *court of justice* for publishing my *wishes*, that a poor shopkeeper might be able to change a *guinea* or a *moidore* when a customer comes for a *crown's* worth of goods. I have known less crimes punished with the utmost severity, under the title of *disaffection*. And I cannot but approve the wisdom of the *ancients*, who, after *Astrea* had fled from the earth, at least took care to provide *three upright judges for hell*. Men's ears among us are indeed grown so nice, that whoever happens to think out of fashion, in what relates to the welfare of this kingdom, dare not so much as complain of the *tooth ach*, lest our
weak

weak and busy dabblers in politicks should be ready to swear against him for *disaffection*.

There was a method practised by Sir *Ambrose Crawley*, the great dealer in *iron-works*, which I wonder the gentlemen of our country, under this great exigence, have not thought fit to imitate. In the several towns and villages where he dealt, and many miles round, he gave *notes* instead of *money* (from *two-pence* to *twenty shillings*) which passed current in all shops and markets, as well as in houses, where meat or drink was sold. I see no reason, why the like practice may not be introduced among us with some degree of success; or at least may not serve as a *poor* expedient in this our *blessed age of paper*; which, as it dischargeth all our greatest payments, may be equally useful in the smaller, and may just keep us alive, until an *English act of parliament* shall forbid it.

I have been told, that, among some of our poorest *American* colonies upon the continent, the people enjoy the liberty of cutting the little *money* among them into halves and quarters for the conveniencies of small traffick. How happy should we be, in comparison of our present condition, if the like privilege were granted to us of employing the sheers, for want of a *mint*, upon our *foreign gold* by clipping it into *half-crowns*, and *shillings*, and even lower denominations; for the beggars must be content to live upon scraps! and it would be our felicity, that

these scraps could never be exported to other countries, while any thing better was left.

If neither of these projects will avail, I see nothing left us but to truck and barter our goods like the *wild Indians* with each other, or with our too powerful neighbours; only with this disadvantage on our side, that the *Indians* enjoy the product of their own land; whereas the better half of ours is sent away, without so much as a recompence in *bugles* or *glafs* in return.

It must needs be a very comfortable circumstance in the present juncture, that some thousand families are gone, are going, or preparing to go, from hence, and settle themselves in *America*: the poorer sort for want of work; the farmers, whose beneficial bargains are now become a rack-rent too hard to be borne, and those who have any *ready money*, or can purchase any by the sale of their goods or leases, because they find their fortunes hourly decaying, that their goods will bear no price, and that few or none have any *money* to buy the very necessaries of life, are hastening to follow their departed neighbours. It is true, *corn* among us carries a very high price; but it is for the same reason, that *rats*, and *cats*, and dead *horses* have been often bought for *gold* in a town besieged.

There is a person of quality in my neighbourhood, who, twenty years ago, when he was just come to age, being unexperienced and of a generous temper, let his lands, even as times went then, at a low rate to able tenants;

tenants; and, consequently, by the rise of land since that time looked upon his estate to be set at half value: but numbers of these tenants, or their descendants, are now offering to sell their leases by cant [g], even those which were for lives, some of them renewable for ever, and some fee-farms, which the landlord himself hath bought in at half the price they would have yielded seven years ago. And some leases, let at the same time for lives, have been given up to him without any consideration at all.

This is the most favourable face of all things at present among us; I say, among us of the *North*, who are esteemed the only thriving people of the kingdom. And how far, and how soon this misery and desolation may spread, is easy to foresee.

The vast sums of *money* daily carried off by our numerous adventurers to *America* have deprived us of our *gold* in these parts, almost as much as of our *silver*. And the good wives who come to our houses offer us their pieces of linen, upon which their whole dependance lies, for so little profit, that it can neither half pay their rents, nor half support their families.

It is remarkable, that this enthusiasm, spread among our *Northern* people, for sheltering themselves in the continent of *America*, hath no other foundation than their present insupportable condition at home. I have

[g] Cant, or auction.

made all possible enquiries to learn what encouragement our people have met with, by any intelligence from those plantations, sufficient to make them undertake so tedious and hazardous a voyage, in all seasons of the year, and so ill accommodated in their ships, that many of them have died miserably in their passage; but could never get one satisfactory answer. Somebody, they know not who, had written a letter to his friend or cousin from thence, inviting him by all means to come over; that it was a fine fruitful country, and to be held for ever at a *penny* an acre. But the truth of the fact is this: the *English* established in those colonies are in great want of men to inhabit that tract of ground, which lies between them and the *wild Indians*, who are not reduced under their dominion. We read of some barbarous people, whom the *Romans* placed in their army for no other service than to blunt their enemies swords, and afterwards to fill up trenches with their dead bodies. And thus our people, who transport themselves, are settled in those interjacent tracts, as a screen against the insults of the *savages*; and may have as much lands as they can clear from the woods at a very reasonable rate, if they can afford to pay about a *hundred* years purchase by their labour. Now, besides the *fox's* reason [b], which inclines all those who

[b] The fox who, having lost his tail, would have persuaded the rest to cut off theirs.

have already ventured thither to represent every thing in a false light, as well for justifying their own conduct, as for getting companions in their misery, the governing people in those plantations have also wisely provided, that no letters shall be suffered to pass from thence hither without being first viewed by the council; by which our people here are wholly deceived in the opinions they have of the happy condition of their friends gone before them. This was accidentally discovered some months ago by an honest man, who, having transported himself and family thither, and finding all things directly contrary to his hope, had the luck to convey a private note by a faithful hand to his relation here, entreating him not to think of such a voyage, and to discourage all his friends from attempting it. Yet this, although it be a truth well known, hath produced very little effect; which is no manner of wonder: for as it is natural to a man in a *fever* to turn often, although without any hope of ease; or, when he is pursued, to leap down a precipice to avoid an enemy just at his back; so men, in the extremest degree of misery and want, will naturally fly to the first appearance of relief, let it be ever so vain or visionary.

You may observe, that I have very superficially touched the subject I began with, and with the utmost caution; for I know how criminal the least complaint hath been thought, however seasonable, or just, or honestly intended, which hath forced me to offer
up

up my daily prayers, that it may never, at least in my time, be interpreted by *Inuendo's* as a false, scandalous, seditious, and disaffected action for a man to roar under an acute fit of the *gout*; which, besides the loss and the danger, would be very inconvenient to one of my age, so severely afflicted with that distemper.

I wish you good success, but I can promise you little, in an ungrateful office you have taken up without the least view either to reputation or profit. Perhaps your comfort is, that none but *villains* and *betrayers* of their country can be your *enemies*. Upon which I have little to say, having not the honour to be acquainted with many of that sort; and therefore, as you may easily believe, am compelled to lead a very retired life.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

County of Down,
Dec. 2, 1728.

A. NORTH.

THE

THE
TATTLER [i]

NUMBER V.

*Laceratque, trahitque
Molle pecus.*

Virg.

From *Tuesday, Jan. 23, to Saturday, Jan.*
27, 1710.

AMONGST other services I have met with from some criticks, the cruelest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued subjects, however visionary in their own natures, because there is a manifest moral quite through them, which, to produce as a dream, is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a loss to defend myself. They might have asked me, whether the dreams I publish can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-

[i] N. B. The two following *Tatlers* are not in the four volumes published by Sir Richard Steele.

sheets :

sheets: so manifest a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no sophister ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember, when I was a boy at school, I have often dreamed out the whole passages of a day; that I rode a journey, baited, supped, went to bed, and rose next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is strong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with those passions that most disturb and confound it; such as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are said to grow children again, so in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full ease, without care, avarice, or ambition to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage of doubling the small remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these refiners upon sleep, without any moral that I can discover.

“ It happened that my maid left on the
 “ table in my bed-chamber one of her story-
 “ books (as she calls them) which I took up,
 “ and found full of strange impertinence,
 “ fitted to her taste and condition; of poor
 “ servants who came to be ladies, and *serv-*
 “ *ing-men of low degree* who married kings:
 “ daugh-

“ daughters. Among other things, I met
 “ this sage observation, That a lion would
 “ never hurt a true virgin. With this med-
 “ ley of nonsense in my fancy I went to bed,
 “ and dreamed that a friend waked me in
 “ the morning, and propos'd for pastime to
 “ spend a few hours in seeing the parish
 “ lions, which he had not done since he
 “ came to town; and, because they shew'd
 “ but once a week, he would not miss the
 “ opportunity. I said, I would humour him;
 “ although, to speak the truth, I was not
 “ fond of those cruel spectacles; and, if it
 “ were not so ancient a custom, founded as
 “ I had heard upon the wisest maxims, I
 “ should be apt to censure the inhumanity of
 “ those who introduced it.” All this will
 be a riddle to the waking reader, until I
 discover the scene my imagination had
 form'd upon the maxim, That a lion would
 never hurt a true virgin. “ I dreamed, that,
 “ by a law of immemorial time, a he-lion
 “ was kept in every parish at the common
 “ charge, and in a place provided adjoining
 “ to the church-yard; that, before any one
 “ of the fair sex was married, if she affirm'd
 “ herself to be a virgin, she must, on her
 “ wedding-day, and in her wedding cloaths,
 “ perform the ceremony of going alone into
 “ the den, and stay an hour with the lion
 “ let loose and kept fasting four and twenty
 “ hours on purpose. At a proper height
 “ above the den, were convenient galleries
 “ for

“ for the relations and friends of the young
 “ couple, and open to all spectators. No
 “ maiden was forced to offer herself to the
 “ lion; but, if she refused, it was a disgrace
 “ to marry her, and every one might have
 “ liberty of calling her a whore. And, me-
 “ thought, it was as usual a diversion to see
 “ the parish lions, as with us to go to a
 “ play or an opera. And it was reckoned
 “ convenient to be near the church, either
 “ for marrying the virgin, if she escaped the
 “ trial, or for burying her bones when the
 “ lion had devoured the rest, as he constantly
 “ did.”

To go on therefore with the dream: “ We
 “ called first (as I remember) to see St. *Dun-*
 “ *stan's* lion; but we were told, they did
 “ not shew to-day. From thence we went
 “ to that of *Covent-garden*, which, to my
 “ great surprize, we found as lean as a skele-
 “ ton, when I expected quite the contrary;
 “ but the keeper said, it was no wonder at
 “ all, because the poor beast had not got an
 “ ounce of woman's flesh, since he came into
 “ the parish. This amazed me more than
 “ the other, and I was forming to myself a
 “ mighty veneration for the ladies in that
 “ quarter of the town; when the keeper
 “ went on, and said he wondered the parish
 “ would be at the charge of maintaining a
 “ lion for nothing. Friend, said I, do you
 “ call it nothing to justify the virtue of so
 “ many ladies; or hath your lion lost his
 “ distin-

“ distinguishing faculty? Can there be any
 “ thing more for the honour of your parish,
 “ than that all the ladies married in your
 “ church were pure virgins? That is true
 “ (said he) and the doctor knows it to his
 “ sorrow; for there hath not been a couple
 “ married in our church since his worship
 “ came amongst us. The virgins hereabouts
 “ are too wise to venture the claws of the
 “ lion; and, because nobody will marry
 “ them, have all entered into a vow of vir-
 “ ginity; so that in proportion we have
 “ much the largest nunnery in the whole
 “ town. This manner of ladies entering
 “ into a vow of *virginity*, because they were
 “ not *virgins*, I easily conceived; and my
 “ dream told me, that the whole kingdom
 “ was full of nunneries plentifully stocked
 “ from the same reason.

“ We went to see another lion, where we
 “ found much company met in the gallery.
 “ The keeper told us, we should see *sport*
 “ enough, as he called it; and in a little
 “ time we saw a young beautiful lady put
 “ into the den, who walked up towards the
 “ lion with all imaginable security in her
 “ countenance, and looked smiling upon her
 “ lover and friends in the gallery; which I
 “ thought nothing extraordinary, because it
 “ was never known that any lion had been
 “ mistaken. But, however, we were all
 “ disappointed; for the lion lifted up his
 “ right paw, which was the fatal sign, and,
 “ advancing forward, seized her by the
 “ arm,

“ arm, and began to tear it. • The poor lady
 “ gave a terrible shriek, and cried out, *The*
 “ *lion is just, I am no virgin! Ob! Sappho,*
 “ *Sappho!* she could say no more, for the
 “ lion gave her the *coup de grace* by a squeeze
 “ in the throat, and she expired at his feet.
 “ The keeper dragged away her body to
 “ feed the animal, after the company should
 “ be gone: for the parish lions never-used
 “ to eat in publick. After a little pause,
 “ another lady came on towards to the lion
 “ in the same manner as the former. We
 “ observed the beast smell her with diligence.
 “ He scratched both her hands with lifting
 “ them to his nose, and laying one of his
 “ claws on her bosom drew blood; how-
 “ ever, he let her go, and at the same time
 “ turned from her with a sort of contempt,
 “ at which she was not a little mortified,
 “ and retired with some confusion to her
 “ friends in the gallery. Methought the
 “ whole company immediately understood
 “ the meaning of this; that the easiness of
 “ the lady had suffered her to admit certain
 “ imprudent and dangerous familiarities,
 “ bordering too much upon what is crimi-
 “ nal; neither was it sure, whether the lover
 “ then present had not some sharers with him
 “ in those freedoms, of which a lady can
 “ never be too sparing.

“ This happened to be an extraordinary
 “ day; for a third lady came into the den,
 “ laughing loud, playing with her fan, tof-
 “ sing her head, and smiling round on the
 “ young

“ young fellows in the gallery. However,
 “ the lion leaped on her with great fury,
 “ and we gave her for gone; but on a sud-
 “ den he let go his hold, and turned from
 “ her as if he were nauseated; then gave
 “ her a lash with his tail; after which she
 “ returned to the gallery, not the least out
 “ of countenance: and this, it seems, was
 “ the usual treatment of coquets.

“ I thought we had seen enough; but my
 “ friend would needs have us go and visit
 “ one or two lions in the city. We called
 “ at two or three dens, where they happened
 “ not to shew; but we generally found half
 “ a score young girls between eight and eleven
 “ years old, playing with each lion, sitting
 “ on his back, and putting their hands into
 “ his mouth; some of them would now and
 “ then get a scratch, but we always disco-
 “ vered upon examining, that they had been
 “ hoydening with the young apprentices.
 “ One of them was calling to a pretty girl
 “ about twelve years old, who stood by us
 “ in the gallery, to come down to the lion,
 “ and, upon her refusal, said, *Ab! miss*
 “ *Betty, we could never get you to come near*
 “ *the lion, since you played at hoop and hide*
 “ *with my brother in the garret.*

“ We followed a couple, with the wed-
 “ ding folks, going to the church of St.
 “ *Mary Ax.* The lady, though well stricken
 “ in years, extremely crooked and deformed,
 “ was dressed out beyond the gaiety of

“ fifteen ; having jumbled together, as I im-
“ agined, all the tawdry remains of aunts,
“ god-mothers, and grand-mothers, for some
“ generations past. One of the neighbours
“ whispered me, that she was an old maid,
“ and had the clearest reputation of any in
“ the parish. There is nothing strange in
“ that, thought I ; but was much surprized
“ when I observed afterwards, that she went
“ toward the lion with distrust and concern.
“ The beast was lying down ; but, upon
“ sight of her, snuffed up his nose two or
“ three times, and then, giving the sign of
“ death, proceeded instantly to execution.
“ In the midst of her agonies, she was heard
“ to name the words *Italy* and *artifices* with
“ the utmost horror, and several repeated
“ execrations ; and at last concluded, *Fool*
“ *that I was, to put so much confidence in the*
“ *toughness of my skin !*

“ The keeper immediately set all in or-
“ der again for another customer, which
“ happened to be a famous prude, whom
“ her parents, after long threatnings and
“ much persuasion, had, with the extremest
“ difficulty, prevailed on to accept a young
“ handsome goldsmith, who might have pre-
“ tended to five times her fortune. The fa-
“ thers and mothers in the neighbourhood
“ used to quote her for an example to their
“ daughters ; her elbows were rivetted to her
“ sides, and her whole person so ordered as
“ to inform every body, that she was afraid
“ they

“ they should touch her. She only dreaded
 “ to approach the lion because it was a he
 “ one, and abhorred to think a male animal
 “ should presume to breath on her. The
 “ sight of a man at twenty yards distance
 “ made her draw back her head. She al-
 “ ways sat upon the farther corner of the
 “ chair, although there were six chairs be-
 “ tween her and her lover, and with the
 “ door wide open, and her little sister in the
 “ room. She was never saluted but at the
 “ tip of the ear; and her father had much
 “ ado to make her dine without her gloves,
 “ when there was a man at table. She en-
 “ tered the den with some fear, which we
 “ took to proceed from the height of her
 “ modesty, offended at the sight of so many
 “ men in the gallery. The lion, beholding
 “ her at a distance, immediately gave the
 “ deadly sign, at which the poor creature
 “ (methinks I see her still!) miscarried in a
 “ fright before us all. The lion seemed to
 “ be as much surprized as we, and gave her
 “ time to make her confession; *That she was*
 “ *five months gone by the foreman of her fa-*
 “ *ther's shop; that this was her third big*
 “ *belly:* and when her friends asked, why
 “ she would venture the trial? she said, *Her*
 “ *nurse told her, that a lion would never*
 “ *hurt a woman with child.*” Upon this I
 immediately awaked, and could not help
 wishing, that the deputy censors of my late
 institution were indued with the same instinct
 as these parish lions.

NUMBER XX.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes Ovid.
Emollit mores.

From Sat. March 3, to Tuesday, March 6, 1710.

From my own apartment in Channel-row,
March 5,

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the *French* call *Les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities, that one observes amongst them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that, for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our
most

most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *Aqua Mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, " Mr. *Bickerstaff* (says the lady) you must " eat a wing to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the

wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of *October*. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night: but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss;" the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow and *Your humble servant, pretty miss*. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour, to go to my repose, and was con-

conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined criticks upon behaviour, who, having professed no other study, are yet infinitely defective in the most material parts of it. *Ned Fashion* hath been bred all his life

about court, and understands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He visits most of the fine women near *St. James's*, and, upon every occasion, says the civilest and softest things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. *Isaac* [k], he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but, in some other cases, he is very far from being a well-bred person. He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own for not being as well dressed as himself; despiseth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in publick places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of some among the best speakers of the house of commons. He railleth strenuously at both universities before the members of either; and is never heard to swear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right sense hath all the essentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. *Horatio* hath spent most of his time at *Oxford*: he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as may serve to adorn, without concealing, his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he seemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common

[k] A famous dancing master in those days.

course of life. Hence it is that he giveth no offence, but converseth with great deference, candor, and humanity. His bow, I must confess, is somewhat aukward; but then he hath an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which may, perhaps, a little excuse him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can assure the ladies, in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.

N U M B E R 230.

Thursday, September 28, 1710 [A].

From my own apartment, *September 27.*

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will re-

[*m*] The letter to the Lord High Treasurer upon the same subject with this *Tatler* is printed in the third of these volumes. It is said, that the author writ some other *Tatlers* and several *SpeEtators*, and furnished hints for many more; particularly *The Tables of Fame*, *The Life and Adventures of a shilling*, *The account of England by an Indian king*, and some others: but, as we are informed, he would never tell his best friends the particular papers. *Dublin ed.*

quire no small care and application to amend errors, which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that, whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

SIR,

“ THERE are some abuses among us of
 “ great consequence, the reformation of which
 “ is properly your province; although, as
 “ far as I have been conversant in your papers,
 “ you have not yet considered them. These
 “ are, the deplorable ignorance that for some
 “ years hath reigned among our *English* wri-
 “ ters, the great depravity of our taste, and
 “ the continual corruption of our style. I
 “ say nothing here of those who handle parti-
 “ cular sciences, divinity, law, physick, and
 “ the like; I mean the traders in history,
 “ and politicks, and the *Belles lettres*, to-
 “ gether with those by whom books are
 “ not translated, but (as the common ex-
 “ pressions are) *done out of French, Latin,*
 “ *or other languages, and made English.* I
 “ cannot but observe to you, that, until of
 “ late years, a *Grub-street* book was always
 “ bound in sheep-skin with suitable print and
 “ paper,

“ paper, the price never above a shilling, and
 “ taken off wholly by common tradesmen or
 “ country pedlars; but now they appear in all
 “ sizes and shapes, and in all places; they are
 “ handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-
 “ house to persons of quality; are shewn in
 “ *Westminster-Hall* and the *Court of Request*;
 “ you may see them gilt, and in royal paper,
 “ of five or six hundred pages, and rated ac-
 “ cordingly. I would engage to furnish you
 “ with a catalogue of *English* books, pub-
 “ lished within the compass of seven years
 “ past, which at the first hand would cost you
 “ an hundred pounds, wherein you shall not
 “ be able to find ten lines together of common
 “ grammar or common sense.

“ These two evils, ignorance and want of
 “ taste, have produced a third, I mean the
 “ continual corruption of our *English* tongue,
 “ which, without some timely remedy, will
 “ suffer more by the false refinements of twen-
 “ ty years past, than it hath been improved
 “ in the foregoing hundred. And this is
 “ what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leav-
 “ ing the former evils to your animadversion.

“ But, instead of giving you a list of the
 “ late refinements crept into our language, I
 “ here send you the copy of a letter I received,
 “ some time ago, from a most accomplished
 “ person in this way of writing, upon which
 “ I shall make some remarks. It is in these
 “ terms:”

“ SIR,

“ S I R,

I cou'dn't get the things you sent for all about the town.—I tho't to ha' come down myself, and then I'd ha' bro't 'um ; but ha'nt, and I believe I can't do't, that's pozz.—Tom begins to g'imself airs, because he's going with the plenipo's.—'Tis said the French king will bamboozle us agen, which causes many speculations. The Jacks, and others of that kidney, are very uppish and alert upon't, as you may see by their phizz's.—Will Hazzard has got the hipps, having lost to the tune of five hundr'd pound, tho' he understands play very well, no body better. He has promis't me upon Rep to leave off play ; but you know 'tis a weakness he's too apt to give into, tho' he has as much wit as any man, no body more : he has lain incog ever since.—The mob's very quiet with us now.—I believe you tho't I banter'd you in my last like a country put.—I shan't leave town this month, &c.”

“ This letter is in every point an admirable
 “ pattern of the present polite way of writing ;
 “ nor is it of less authority for being an epi-
 “ stle : you may gather every flower of it,
 “ with a thousand more of equal sweetness,
 “ from the books, pamphlets, and single pa-
 “ pers, offered us every day in the coffee-
 “ houses. And these are the beauties intro-
 “ duced to supply the want of wit, sense, hu-
 “ mour, and learning ; which formerly were
 “ looked

“ looked upon as qualifications for a writer.
 “ If a man of wit, who died forty years ago,
 “ were to rise from the grave on purpose, how
 “ would he be able to read this letter? and,
 “ after he had got through that difficulty,
 “ how would he be able to understand it?
 “ The first thing that strikes your eye, is the
 “ *breaks* at the end of almost every sentence;
 “ of which I know not the use, only that it is
 “ a refinement, and very frequently practised.
 “ Then you will observe the abbreviations and
 “ elisions, by which consonants of most ob-
 “ durate sounds are joined together without
 “ one softening vowel to intervene: and all
 “ this only to make one syllable of two, di-
 “ rectly contrary to the example of the *Greeks*
 “ and *Romans*; altogether of the *Gothic*
 “ strain, and of a natural tendency towards
 “ relapsing into barbarity, which delights in
 “ monosyllables, and uniting mute conson-
 “ ants; as it is observable in all the *Northern*
 “ languages. And this is still more visible
 “ in the next refinement, which consisteth in
 “ pronouncing the first syllable in a word
 “ that hath many, and dismissing the rest;
 “ such as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mobb*, *pozz*, *rep*, and
 “ many more; when we are already overload-
 “ ed with monosyllables, which are the dis-
 “ grace of our language. Thus we cram
 “ one syllable, and cut off the rest; as the
 “ owl fattened her mice, after she had bit off
 “ their legs to prevent them from running a-
 “ way; and, if ours be the same reason for
 “ maiming of words, it will certainly answer
 “ the

“ the end ; for I am sure no other nation will
 “ desire to borrow them. Some words are
 “ hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only
 “ in their way to perfection, as *incog.* and
 “ *plenipo* ; but, in a short time, it is to be
 “ hoped, they will be further docked to *inc.*
 “ and *plen.* This reflexion hath made me of
 “ late years very impatient for a peace, which,
 “ I believe, would save the lives of many
 “ brave words, as well as men. The war
 “ hath introduced abundance of polysyllables,
 “ which will never be able to live many more
 “ campaigns. *Speculations, operations, preli-*
 “ *minaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communi-*
 “ *cations, circumvallations, battalions,* as
 “ numerous as they are, if they attack us
 “ too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall
 “ certainly put them to flight and cut off the
 “ rear.

“ The third refinement observable in the
 “ letter I send you, consisteth in the choice
 “ of certain words invented by some *pretty*
 “ *fellows*, such as *banter, bamboozle, coun-*
 “ *try put,* and *kidney*, as it is there applied ;
 “ some of which are now struggling for the
 “ vogue, and others are in possession of it.
 “ I have done my utmost, for some years
 “ past, to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*,
 “ but have been plainly borne down by num-
 “ bers, and betrayed by those who promised
 “ to assist me.

“ In the last place you are to take notice of
 “ certain choice phrases scattered through the
 “ letter ; some of them tolerable enough,
 “ till

“ till they were worn to rags by servile imi-
 “ tators. You might easily find them, al-
 “ though they were not in a different print,
 “ and therefore I need not disturb them.

“ These are the false refinements in our
 “ style, which you ought to correct; first,
 “ by arguments and fair means; but if those
 “ fail, I think you are to make use of your
 “ authority as censor, and, by an annual *index*
 “ *expurgatorius*, expunge all words and
 “ phrases that are offensive to good sense, and
 “ condemn those barbarous mutilations of
 “ vowels and syllables. In this last point
 “ the usual pretence is, that they spell as they
 “ speak: a noble standard for language! to
 “ depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb,
 “ who, because words are the cloathing of
 “ our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes
 “ them as he pleaseth, and changes them
 “ oftner than his dress. I believe all reason-
 “ able people would be content, that such
 “ refiners were more sparing of their words,
 “ and liberal in their syllables. On this head
 “ I should be glad you would bestow some
 “ advice upon several young readers in our
 “ churches, who, coming up from the uni-
 “ versity full fraught with admiration of our
 “ own politeness, will needs correct the style
 “ of their prayer-books. In reading the ab-
 “ solution, they are very careful to say *par-*
 “ *dons and absolves*; and, in the prayer for
 “ the royal family, it must be *endue’um, en-*
 “ *rich’um, prosper’um, and bring’um*; then
 “ in their sermons they use all the modern
 “ terms

“ terms of art, *sham, banter, mob, bubble, bully,*
 “ *shuffling, and palming*; all which, and
 “ many more of the like stamp, as I have
 “ heard them often in the pulpit from some
 “ young sophisters, so I have read them in
 “ some of *those sermons that have made a*
 “ *great noise of late.* The design, it seems,
 “ is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pe-
 “ dantry; to shew us that they *know the*
 “ *town, understand men and manners,* and
 “ have not been poring upon old unfashion-
 “ able books in the university.

“ I should be glad to see you the in-
 “ strument of introducing into our style that
 “ simplicity which is the best and truest orna-
 “ ment of most things in human life, which
 “ the politer ages always aimed at in their
 “ building and dress (*simplex munditiis*) as
 “ well as their productions of wit. It is
 “ manifest, that all new affected modes of
 “ speech, whether borrowed from the court,
 “ the town, or the theatre, are the first perish-
 “ ing parts in any language; and, as I could
 “ prove by many hundred instances, have
 “ been so in ours. The writings of *Hooker,*
 “ who was a country clergyman, and of *Par-*
 “ *sons* the jesuit, both in the reign of *Queen*
 “ *Elizabeth,* are in a style that, with very
 “ few allowances, would not offend any pre-
 “ sent reader; much more clear and intelligi-
 “ ble, than those of *Sir H. Wotton, Sir Rob.*
 “ *Naunton, Osborn, Daniel* the historian, and
 “ several others who writ later; but, being
 “ men of the court, and affecting the phrases
 “ then

“ then in fashion, they are often either not to
“ be understood, or appear perfectly ridicu-
“ lous.

“ What remedies are to be applied to these
“ I have not room to consider, having, I fear,
“ already taken up most of your paper : be-
“ sides, I think it is our office only to repre-
“ sent abuses, and yours to redress them.”

I am, with great respect,

S I R,

Yours, etc.



TO

To the HONOURABLE

House of Commons, *etc.*

The humble Petition of the Footmen
in and about the City of *Dublin.*

Written in the Year 1732.

Humbly sheweth,

THAT your *petitioners* are a great and numerous *society*, endowed with several privileges time out of mind.

That certain *lewd, idle, and disorderly* persons, for several months past, as it is notoriously known, have been daily seen in the publick walks of this city, habited sometimes in *green coats*, and sometimes *laced*, with long *oaken cudgels* in their hands, and without swords; in hopes to procure favour by that advantage with a great number of ladies who frequent those walks pretending and giving themselves out to be true genuine *Irish footmen*; whereas they can be proved to be no better than common *toupees*, as a judicious eye may soon discover, by their *awkward, clumsy, ungentle* gait and behaviour; by their unskilfulness in dress even with the advantage of our habits; by their ill-favoured
count-

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countenances, with an air of *impudence* and *dulness* peculiar to the rest of their brethren, who have not yet arrived at ~~that~~ transcendent pitch of assurance; although it may be justly apprehended, that they will do so in time, if these *counterfeits* shall happen to succeed in their evil design of passing for *real footmen*, thereby to render themselves more amiable to the ladies.

Your *petitioners* do farther alledge, that many of the said *counterfeits*, upon a strict examination, have been found in the act of *strutting, staring, swearing, swaggering*, in a manner that plainly shewed their best endeavours to imitate us. Wherein, although they did not succeed, yet, by their ignorant and ungainly way of copying our graces, the utmost indignity was endeavoured to be cast upon our whole profession.

Your *petitioners* do therefore make it their humble request, that this *honourable house* (to many of whom your *petitioners* are nearly *allied*) will please to take this grievance into your most serious consideration: humbly submitting, whether it would not be proper, that certain *officers* might, at the publick charge, be employed to search for, and discover, all such *counterfeit footmen*; to carry them before the next *justice* of peace, by whose warrant, upon the first conviction, they should be stripped of their *coats* and *oaken* ornaments, and be set two hours in the stocks; upon the second conviction, besides stripping, be set six hours in the stocks,
with

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with a paper pinned on their breasts, signifying their crime in large capital letters, and in the following words: *A. B. commonly called A. B. esq. a toupee, and a notorious impostor, who presumed to personate a true Irish-footman.*

And for any other offence, the said *toupee* shall be committed to *Bridewell*, whipped three times, forced to hard labour for a month, and not to be set at liberty till he shall have given sufficient security for his good behaviour.

Your *honours* will please to observe, with what lenity we propose to treat these enormous offenders, who have already brought such a scandal on our *honourable calling*, that several well meaning-people have mistaken them to be of our *faternity*, in diminution to that credit and dignity whereby we have supported our station, as we always did, in the *worst of times*. And we farther beg leave to remark, that this was manifestly done with a *sedition* design to render us less capable of serving the *publick* in any great employments, as several of our *fraternity*, as well as our *ancestors* have done.

We do therefore humbly implore your *honours* to give necessary orders for our relief in this present exigency; and your *petitioners* (as in duty bound) shall ever pray, *etc.*

A P R O.

A
P R O P O S A L

F O R

Giving Badges to the Beggars in all
the parishes of *Dublin*.

By the Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

Written in the Year 1737.

IT hath been a general complaint, that the poor-house (especially since the new constitution by act of parliament) hath been of no benefit to this city, for the ease of which it was wholly intended. I had the honour to be a member of it many years before it was new modelled by the legislature; not from any personal regard, but merely as one of the two deans, who are of course put into most commissions that relate to the city; and I have likewise the honour to have been left out of several commissions upon the score of party, in which my predecessors, time out of mind, have always been members.

The first commission was made up of about fifty persons, which were, the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, and some few other citizens;

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citizens; the judges, the two archbishops, the two deans of the city, and one or two more gentlemen. And I must confess my opinion, that the dissolving the old commission, and establishing a new one of near three times the number, have been the great cause of rendering so good a design not only useless, but a grievance, instead of a benefit, to the city. In the present commission all the city clergy are included, besides a great number of squires, not only those who reside in *Dublin* and the neighbourhood, but several, who live at a great distance, and cannot possibly have the least concern for the advantage of the city.

At the few general meetings that I have attended since the new establishment, I observed very little was done, except one or two acts of extreme justice, which I then thought might as well have been spared: and I have found the court of assistants usually taken up in little wrangles about coachmen, or adjusting accounts of meal and small beer; which, however necessary, might sometimes have given place to matters of much greater moment, I mean some schemes recommended to the general board, for answering the chief ends in erecting and establishing such a poor house; and endowing it with so considerable a revenue: and the principal end I take to have been that of maintaining the poor and orphans of the city, where the parishes are not able to do it; and clearing the streets from all strollers, foreigners, and sturdy beggars,

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with which, to the universal complaint and admiration, *Dublin* is more infested since the establishment of the poor-house, than it was ever known to be since its first erection.

As the whole fund for supporting this hospital is raised only from the inhabitants of the city; so there can be hardly any thing more absurd than to see it misemployed in maintaining foreign beggars, and bastards, or orphans of farmers, whose country landlords never contributed one shilling towards their support. I would engage, that half this revenue, if employed with common care, and no very great degree of common honesty, would maintain all the real objects of charity in this city, except a small number of original poor in every parish, who might, without being burthensome to the parishoners, find a tolerable support.

I have, for some years past, applied myself to several lord mayors, and the late archbishop of *Dublin*, for a remedy to this evil of foreign beggars; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain proposal, I mean that of badging the original poor of every parish, who begged in the streets; that the said beggars should be confined to their own parishes; that they should wear their badges well sown upon one of their shoulders, always visible, on pain of being whipped and turned out of town; or whatever legal punishment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong way of thinking in some clergymen, and the difference of others, this method was

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perpetually defeated, to their own continual disquiet, which they do not ill deserve; and if the grievance affected only them, it would be of less consequence; because the remedy is in their own power: but all street-walkers and shop-keepers bear an equal share in its hourly vexation.

I never heard more than one objection against this expedient of badging the poor, and confining their walks to their several parishes. The objection was this: What shall we do with the foreign beggars? must they be left to starve? I answered, No: but they must be driven or whipped out of town; and let the next country parish do as they please, or rather, after the practice in *England*, send them from one parish to another, until they reach their own homes. By the old laws of *England* still in force, every parish is bound to maintain its own poor; and the matter is of no such consequence in this point as some would make it, whether a country parish be rich or poor. In the remoter and poorer parishes of the kingdom all necessaries for life proper for poor people are comparatively cheaper; I mean butter-milk, oat-meal, potatoes, and other vegetables; and every farmer or cottager, who is not himself a beggar, can sometimes spare a sup or a morsel, not worth the fourth part of a farthing, to an indigent neighbour of his own parish, who is disabled from work. A beggar, native of the parish, is known to the 'squire, to the church minister, to the popish priest, or the conventicle

ticle teacher, as well as to every farmer : he hath generally some relations able to live, and contribute something to his maintenance. None of which advantages can be reasonably expected on a removal to places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his trull, and litter of brats (if he has any) may get half their support by doing some kind of work in their power, and thereby be less burthensome to the people. In short, all necessaries of life grow in the country, and not in cities, and are cheaper where they grow ; nor is it equitable that beggars should put us to the charge of giving them victuals, and the carriage too.

But, when the spirit of wandering takes him, attended by his females and their equipage of children, he becomes a nuisance to the whole country : he and his female are thieves, and teach the trade of stealing to their brood at four years old ; and, if his infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a single person unarmed to meet him on the road. He wanders from one county to another, but still with a view to this town, whither he arrives at last, and enjoys all the privileges of a *Dublin* beggar.

I do not wonder, that the country 'squires should be very willing to send up their colonies ; but why the city should be content to receive them, is beyond my imagination.

If the city were obliged, by their charter, to maintain a thousand beggars, they could

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do it cheaper by eighty *per cent.* a hundred miles off, than in this town, or in any of its suburbs.

There is no villiage in *Connaught*, that in proportion shares so deeply in the daily increasing miseries of *Ireland*, as its capital city; to which miseries there hardly remained any addition, except the perpetual swarms of foreign beggars, who might be banished in a month without expence, and with very little trouble.

As I am personally acquainted with a great number of street-beggars, I find some weak attempts have been made in one or two parishes to promote the wearing of badges; and my first question to those who ask an alms is, *Where is your badge?* I have, in several years, met with about a dozen who were ready to produce them, some out of their pockets, others from under their coat, and two or three on their shoulders, only covered with a sort of capes which they could lift up, or let down upon occasion. They are too lazy to work; they are not afraid to steal, nor ashamed to beg, and yet are too proud to be seen with a badge, as many of them have confessed to me, and not a few in very injurious terms, particularly the females. They all look upon such an obligation as a high indignity done to their office. I appeal to all indifferent people, whether such wretches deserve to be relieved. As to myself, I must confess, this absurd insolence hath so affected me, that, for several years past, I have not disposed of one sin-
gle

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gle farthing to a street-beggar, nor intend to do so until I see a better regulation; and I have endeavoured to persuade all my brother-walkers to follow my example, which most of them assure me they do. For, if beggary be not able to beat out pride, it cannot deserve charity. However, as to persons in coaches and chairs, they bear but little of the persecution we suffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To say the truth, there is not a more undeserving vicious race of human-kind than the bulk of those who are reduced to beggary, even in this beggarly country. For as a great part of our publick miseries is originally owing to our own faults (but what those faults are, I am grown, by experience, too wary to mention) so I am confident, that, among the meaner people, nineteen in twenty of those who are reduced to a starving condition, did not become so, by what the lawyers call the work of God, either upon their bodies or goods; but merely from their own idleness, attended with all manner of vices, particularly drunkenness, thievery, and cheating.

Whoever enquires, as I have frequently done, from those who have asked me an alms, what was their former course of life, will find them to have been servants in good families, broken tradesmen, labourers, cottagers, and what they call decayed housekeepers; but (to use their own cant) reduced by losses and

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crosses, by which nothing can be understood but idleness and vice.

As this is the only christian country where people, contrary to the old maxim, are the poverty, and not the riches of the nation; so the blessing of *increase* and *multiply* is by us converted into a curse; and, as marriage hath been ever countenanced in all free countries, so we should be less miserable if it were discouraged in ours, as far as can be consistent with christianity. It is seldom known in *England*, that the labourer, the lower mechanic, the servant, or the cottager, thinks of marrying, until he hath saved up a stock of money sufficient to carry on his business; nor takes a wife without a suitable portion; and as seldom fails of making a yearly addition to that stock, with a view of providing for his children. But, in this kingdom, the case is directly contrary, where many thousand couples are yearly married, whose whole united fortunes, bating the rags on their backs, would not be sufficient to purchase a pint of buttermilk for their wedding supper, nor have any prospect of supporting their *honourable state* but by service or labour, or thievery. Nay, their *happiness* is often deserted until they find credit to borrow, or cunning to steal, a shilling to pay their popish priest, or infamous couple-beggar. Surely no miraculous portion of wisdom would be required to find some kind of remedy against this destructive evil, or, at least, not to draw the consequences of it upon our decaying city, the greatest
part

part whereof must, of course, in a few years, become desolate, or in ruins.

In all other nations, that are not absolutely barbarous, parents think themselves bound, by the law of nature and reason, to make some provision for their children; but the reason offered by the inhabitants of *Ireland* for marrying is, that they may have children to maintain them when they grow old, and unable to work.

I am informed, that we have been, for some time past, extremely obliged to *England* for one very beneficial branch of commerce; for, it seems, they are grown so gracious as to transmit us continually colonies of beggars, in return for a million of money they receive yearly from hence. That I may give no offence, I profess to mean real *English* beggars in the literal meaning of the word, as it is usually understood by protestants. It seems, the justices of the peace and parish-officers, in the western coasts of *England*, have a good while followed the trade of exporting hither their supernumerary beggars, in order to advance the *English* protestant interest among us; and these they are so kind to send over *gratis*, and duty-free. I have had the honour, more than once, to attend large cargoes of them from *Chester* to *Dublin*: and I was then so ignorant as to give my opinion, that our city should receive them into *Bridewell*; and, after a month's residence, having been well whipt twice a day, fed with bran and water, and put to hard labour, they should be returned

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turned honestly back with thanks, as cheap as they came : or, if that were not approved of, I proposed, that whereas one *Englishman* is allowed to be of equal intrinick value with twelve born in *Ireland*, we should, in justice, return them a dozen for one, to dispose of as they pleased.

As to the native poor of this city, there would be little or no damage in confining them to their several parishes. For instance : a beggar of the parish of St. *Warborough's*, or any other parish here, if he be an object of compassion, hath an equal chance to receive his proportion of alms from every charitable hand : because the inhabitants, one or other, walk through every street in town, and give their alms, without considering the place, wherever they think it may be well disposed of : and these helps, added to what they get in eatables by going from house to house among the gentry and citizens, will, without being very burthensome, be sufficient to keep them alive.

It is true, the poor of the suburb parishes will not have altogether the same advantage, because they are not equally in the road of business and passengers : but here it is to be considered, that the beggars there have not so good a title to publick charity, because most of them are strollers from the country, and compose a principal part of that great nuisance which we ought to remove.

I should be apt to think, that few things can be more irksome to a city minister, than

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a number of beggars which do not belong to his district, whom he hath no obligation to take care of, who are no part of his flock, and who take the bread out of the mouths of those to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this abuse to any minister of a city-parish, he usually lays the fault upon the beadles, who, he says, are bribed by the foreign beggars; and, as those beadles often keep alehouses, they find their account in such customers. This evil might easily be remedied, if the parishes would make some small addition to the salaries of a beadle, and be more careful in the choice of those officers. But, I conceive, there is one effectual method in the power of every minister to put in practice; I mean, by making it the interest of all his own original poor to drive out intruders; for, if the parish beggars were absolutely forbidden by the minister and church officers to suffer strollers to come into the parish, upon pain of themselves not being permitted to beg alms at the church-doors, or at the houses and shops of the inhabitants, they would prevent interlopers more effectually than twenty beadles.

And here I cannot but take notice of the great indiscretion of our city shop-keepers, who suffer their doors to be daily besieged by crowds of beggars (as the gates of a lord are by duns) to the great disgust and vexation of many customers, whom I have frequently observed to go to other shops, rather than suffer such a persecution; which might easily be

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be avoided, if no foreign beggars were allowed to infest them.

Wherefore I do assert, that the shop keepers, who are the greatest complainers of this grievance, lamenting that for every customer they are worried by fifty-beggars, do very well deserve what they suffer, when a 'prentice, with a horse-whip, is able to lash every beggar from the shop, who is not of the parish, and doth not wear the badge of that parish on his shoulder, well fastened, and fairly visible; and, if this practice were universal in every house to all the sturdy vagrants, we should, in a few weeks, clear the town of all mendicants, except those who have a proper title to our charity: as for the aged and infirm, it would be sufficient to give them nothing, and then they must starve, or follow their brethren.

It was the city that first endowed this hospital; and those who afterwards contributed, as they were such who generally inhabited here, so they intended what they gave to be for the use of the city's poor. The revenues, which have since been raised by parliament, are wholly paid by the city, without the least charge upon any other part of the kingdom; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original design, than to misapply those revenues on strolling beggars, or bastards, from the country, which bears no share in the charge we are at.

If some of the out-parishes be overburthened with poor, the reason must be, that the
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greatest part of those poor are strollers from the country, who nestle themselves where they can find the cheapest lodgings, and from thence infest every part of the town, out of which they ought to be whipped as a most insufferable nuisance, being nothing else but a profligate clan of thieves, drunkards, heathens, and whoremongers, fitter to be rooted out of the face of the earth, than suffer to levy a vast annual tax upon the city, which shares too deep in the publick miseries brought on us by the oppressions we lie under from our neighbours, our brethren, our countrymen, our fellow-protestants, and fellow-subjects.

Some time ago I was appointed one of a committee to enquire into the state of the work-house; where we found that a charity was bestowed by a great person for a certain time, which, in its consequences, operated very much to the detriment of the house; for, when the time was elapsed, all those who were supported by that charity continued on the same foot with the rest on the foundation; and, being generally a pack of profligate, vagabond wretches from several parts of the kingdom, corrupted all the rest; so partial, or treacherous, or interested, or ignorant, or mistaken, are generally all recommenders, not only to employments, but even to charity itself.

I know it is complained, that the difficulty of driving foreign beggars out of the city is charged upon the *borrowers* (as they are called) who

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who find their accounts best in suffering those vagrants to follow their trade through every part of the town. But this abuse might easily be remedied, and very much to the advantage of the whole city, if better salaries were given to those who execute that office in the several parishes, and would make it their interest to clear the town of those caterpillars, rather than hazard the loss of an employment that would give them an honest livelihood. But, if that should fail, yet a general resolution of never giving charity to a street beggar out of his own parish, or without a visible badge, would infallibly force all vagrants to depart.

There is generally a vagabond spirit in beggars, which ought to be discouraged, and severely punished. It is owing to the same causes that drove them into poverty; I mean, idleness, drunkenness, and rash marriages, without the least prospect of supporting a family by honest endeavours, which never came into their thoughts. It is observed, that hardly one beggar in twenty looks upon himself to be relieved by receiving bread, or other food; and they have, in this town, been frequently seen to pour out of their pitchers good broth, that hath been given them, into the kennel; neither do they much regard cloaths, unless to sell them; for their rags are part of their tools with which they work: they want only ale, brandy, and other strong liquors, which cannot be had without money:
and

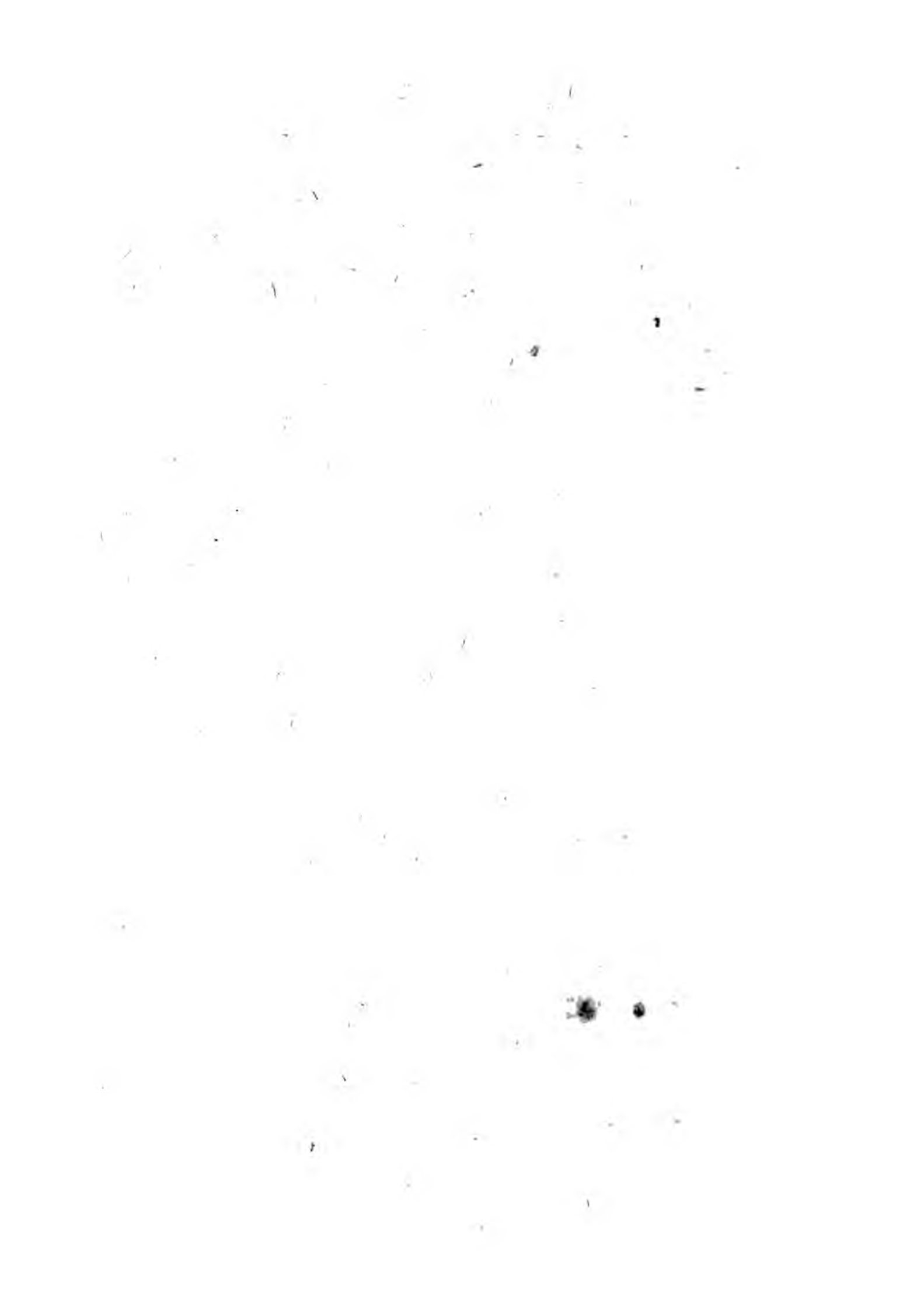
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and money, as they conceive, always abounds in the metropolis.

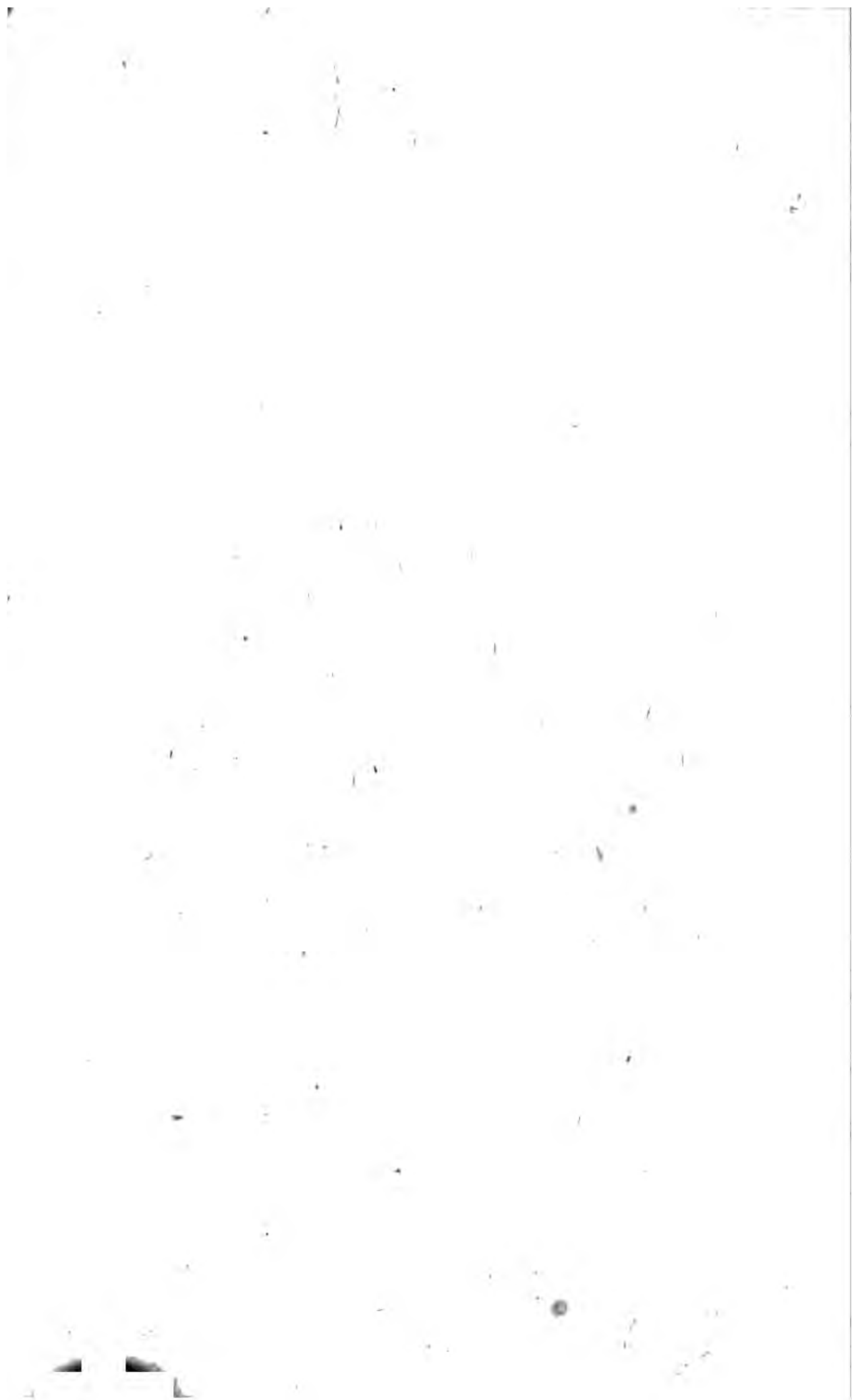
I had some other thoughts to offer upon this subject. But as I am a desponder in my nature, and have tolerably well discovered the disposition of our people, who never will move a step towards easing themselves from any one single grievance; it will be thought, that I have already said too much, and to little or no purpose, which hath been often the fate or fortune of the writer.

April 22, 1737.

J. SWIFT.



A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF GENTEEL and INGENIOUS
CONVERSATION,
According to the most
Polite MODE and METHOD
NOW USED
At COURT, and in the BEST COMPANIES
of ENGLAND.
IN THREE DIALOGUES.
By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq.



A N

INTRODUCTION [n].

AS my life hath been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noons, or evenings.

I have passed, perhaps, more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not,

[n] This treatise appears to have been written with the same view, as the *critical essay on the faculties of the mind*, but upon a more general plan: the ridicule, which is there confined to literary composition, is here extended to conversation, but its object is the same in both; the repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to conceal ignorance or stupidity, or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native sentiment, and combine such words as will precisely express it.

without much grief, observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprizing sentence; another is more dextrous in seconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But, alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at publick visiting-days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel. This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have, in the following papers, provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty King WILLIAM the Third, of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with
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the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of *Horace*, a *Roman* poet, which I have read in *Mr. Creech's* admirable translation; that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them;

and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although, in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust, if possible, the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world; for I am convinced, by long experience, that the criticks will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq. at his lodgings next door to the *Gloucester-head* in *St. James's-street* (paying the postage). In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot, but with some pride, and pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of *Europe*, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the publick is full and complete, I may, at the same time, boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of *England* are summed up in it: nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of *English* ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter: but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *notabene's* (in *English* *markwell's*) after most questions,

and every reply or answer ; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh : but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price ; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn, by all means, to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation : for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air : however, I hope it will be considered, that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits to embellish and support conversation ; from whence, with great impropriety, as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word), they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims ; and therefore, in justice, ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collec-

collection, which hath not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humourous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman hath so well overcome this difficulty, as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which, an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence, in the following dialogues, which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice; the

twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body; the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practice by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by a genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a *Bohemian* woman, of that species commonly known by the name of *gypsies*, who came over hither from *France*, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the *Bohemian*, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our eldest ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up publick schools, wherein

wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But above all to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing, in the proper seasons, at their own wit, or that of the company. And, if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make Learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon-terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smooth-
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ed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear than those who call themselves *scholars*, can possibly be: who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see), let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket-companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or, where they happen to pass the evening without cards (as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen), desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every-kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controuled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority,

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as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; at least, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King CHARLES the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies and other fantastick writings of that age.

The honourable colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old friend and companion, did likewise, towards the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little further than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one), they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no farther than single words; whereof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate hath already attended those other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed,

changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the right honourable the lord and lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but, returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the *Revolution*, I had some share in the honour of promoting it, and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and, I hope, in time, will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houses, in this town, to invent a new one equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my sett; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself, for several months, racked my invention to enrich this
treasure

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treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which, however, should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the publick), and having shewn them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments: for, as the great bishop BURNET of *Salisbury* informs us, in the preface to his admirable *History of his own Times*, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life (and, indeed, in its kind, it is almost equally polished with this work of mine), so it hath been my constant business, for some years past, to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse, in style or propriety, through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching, according to my custom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a
bottle

bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that, in absolute despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: from whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine doth not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much encreaseth the value of these apothegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for, at least, an hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, because, indeed, besides the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations: which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the *officers* of the *army*, the *gentlemen* of the *inns of court*, and of *both* the *universities*; to all *courtiers*, male and female, but principally to the *maids of honour*,

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honour, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment; till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of *bargains* and *free-thinking*; not that I am against either of these entertainments, at proper seasons, in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And, besides, there is a strong temptation for court-ladies to fall into the two amusements above-mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity, against the general current and fashion of all about them: but, however, no man will pretend to affirm that either *bargains* or *blasphemy*, which are the principal ornaments of *free-thinking*, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to *bargains*, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to *blasphemy* or *free-thinking*, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who, by a prejudiced education, are afraid of sprites. I must, however, except the *maids of honour*, who have been fully convinced, by

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a famous court-chaplain, that there is no such place as hell.¹

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of *free-thinking*, because it hath been universally allowed, that thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet, in my poor opinion, it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it hath not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentick expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of *blasphemy* or *free-thinking* invented by the court, or by persons of great quality, who, properly speaking, were patrons, rather than inventors of it; but first brought in, by the fanatick faction, towards the end of their power, and, after the restoration, carried to *Whitehall* by the converted *rumpers*, with very good reason; because they knew, that King CHARLES the Second, from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatick enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and, perhaps, these principles were further cultivated in him by the *French Hugonots*, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topicks for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have

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I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing *in double entendres*: because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can, therefore, only allow *inuendoes* of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being, in honour, obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the criticks may accuse me of a defect in my following system of *Polite Conversation*; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which, indeed, I purposely omitted for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be supplied, in some manner, by an *appendix* to the *second edition*; which *appendix* shall be printed by itself, and sold for *six-pence*, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted, into the body of my book, all the *oaths* now most in fashion for embellishing a discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the *clergy*, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths, well chosen,

are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket-carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured, by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, As this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet :

For now-a-days men change their oaths,

As often as they change their cloaths.

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are, in some sense, almost annuals, like
what

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what I observed before of cant-words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of Q. ELIZABETH, and was supposed to have been a natural son of HENRY the Eighth, who might also, probably, have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock-oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity: but infinitely the greater number hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that, if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that, if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary: whereas, the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by tradition for at least an hundred years without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known
and

and distinguished ; new ones are easily learnt, and, with a moderate share of discretion, may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here, upon this article of swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath, or curse, cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times, in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work, should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close, as I have here delivered them. By no means : on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families (not insisting upon fractions) there will want but little of an hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered
fresh

fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or hath reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected, that the publication of my book may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but, can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who hath a skilful ear, some knowledge in musick, and an exact taste; which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither hath one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprized in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting-woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or second-hand politeness; and, if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listner, may, in some years, make a tolerable figure, which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young chaplain, or the old steward. But alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces

and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness, and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper juncture of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to jibe, and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives to perfection; and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting publick schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a Dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politicks, and most other arts and sciences, and, I hope, it will have the same success: for, who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms, than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that publick schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness after my scheme to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the *House of Lords*, for an act of parliament,

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ment to establish my book as the standard *Grammar* in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than LILLY obtained, only for teaching words in a language wholly useles. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my *Grammar* for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness: nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at play-houses, at the prime visiting places, by young templars, and by gentlemen-commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the publick will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't, han't, shan't, did'not, woudn't, isn't, e'nt*, with many more; besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from *Greek* and *Latin*, but now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and templars, such as *jometry* for *geometry*, *verdi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learn-*

ing; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as, *poz* for *positive*; *mob* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that, whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers; because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds: but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to
succeed

succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the publick.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentick vouchers, whenever I shall be called: and even for some expressions, which, to a few nice ears, may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments as seem to be over free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it hath become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second, besides a failure in politeness by introducing a black pudden to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment: but, if I had omitted the black pudden, I desire to know what would have become of

that exquisite reason, given by Miss **NOTABLE**, for not eating it; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could; only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as **CARDS** hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for by the turbulence and jostling of passions upon the various and surprizing turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. *Quadrille* in particular bears some resemblance

semblance to a state of nature, which, we are told, is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of *quadrille*, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find, that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of *masquerading* among us; the whole dialogue, in those meetings, being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. *Do you know me? Yes, I do.* And, *Do you know me? Yes, I do.* For this reason, I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer. Especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastick habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humourous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to an happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make Miss NOTABLE my heroine, and Mr. THOMAS NEVEROUT my hero. I have
laboured

laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was to propose them both as patterns for all young batchelors and single ladies to copy after. By which, I hope, very soon, to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of Sir JOHN LINGER's character, the *Derbyshire* knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflexion upon *Derbyshire*, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to shew the misfortune of those persons, who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than *London*, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies with those of Sir JOHN, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that, when conversation appears in danger to flag, which,
in

in some places, I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit to revive it; such as these that follow: *What? I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought;* with several other of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen ushers, the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar of either sex, in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprizing piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner, *Well, but to go on with my story,* new interruptions come from the left and right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward *selling of bargains*, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised
at

at *St. James's*. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constitutent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each *bargain*, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that, except some smattering in the *French*, I am what the pedants and scholars call, a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems, that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown's* works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. CHARLES GILDON, Mr. WARD, Mr. DENNIS that admirable critick and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very
few

few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publickly return my acknowledg-ment for so singular a favour.

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. OZELL, and captain STEVENS. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the POPES, the GAYS, the ARBUTHNOTS, the YOUNGS, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning-tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By this method, no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant opinion, that every man, who is entrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound, by all
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the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life for the publick emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprize as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their intreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who hath, by many degrees, so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the *crown*, the *parliament*, and the *ministry*, towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were
 worshiped

worshipped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such mean stupid writers as the *Craftsman* and his abettors could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, That, after having exhausted the whole [o] *in sickly pay-day* (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politicks; that the *ministry* is never mentioned, nor the word *king* above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party disputes in the state. And indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two

[o] This word is spelt by *Latinists, Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantick.

words *politeness* and *politicks*, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, *Must is for the king*; which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the second page of my book, thereby to instil early the best protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported: for thus happily sings the divine Mr. *Tibbalds*, or *Theobalds*, in one of his birth-days poems:

*I am no schollard, but I am polite:
Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.*

Hear likewise to the same purpose, that great master of the whole poetick choir, our most illustrious laureat Mr. COLLY CIBBER:

*Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
Will never loyal be to GEORGE our king.*

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets, of both sexes, to confirm this momentous truth. From whence, I think, it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the science contained in the following sheets through the kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, may justly demand all the
favour

I N T R O D U C T I O N. III

favour that the wisest court and most judicious senate are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work, which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the *Tories* and their abettors, who, being all *Jacobites*, and consequently *papists* in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book, chusing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company among the principal genius's of both sexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as, I confess, nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents: with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then, at proper

seasons, withdrew unobserved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the publick thanks of both houses of parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question; What is become of all the King of *Sweden's* victories? where are the fruits of them at this day; or, of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune? were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? could he have conquered the *Polish* king, or the Czar of *Muscovy*, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he hath acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity; who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanely treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level in point of fame in after-ages with **CHARLES** the Twelfth late king of *Sweden*.

And

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And yet, so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable will easily believe, that I have been assured, by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one ISAAC NEWTON, an instrument-maker, formerly living near *Leicester-fields*, and afterwards a workman in the Mint at the *Tower*, might possibly vye with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade, and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanick shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pot-hooks and hangers, with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and, in a manner, as little intelligible as those of Sir ISAAC.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head), was pleased to tell me, that, if my treatise were shaped into a comedy, the representation, performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conver-

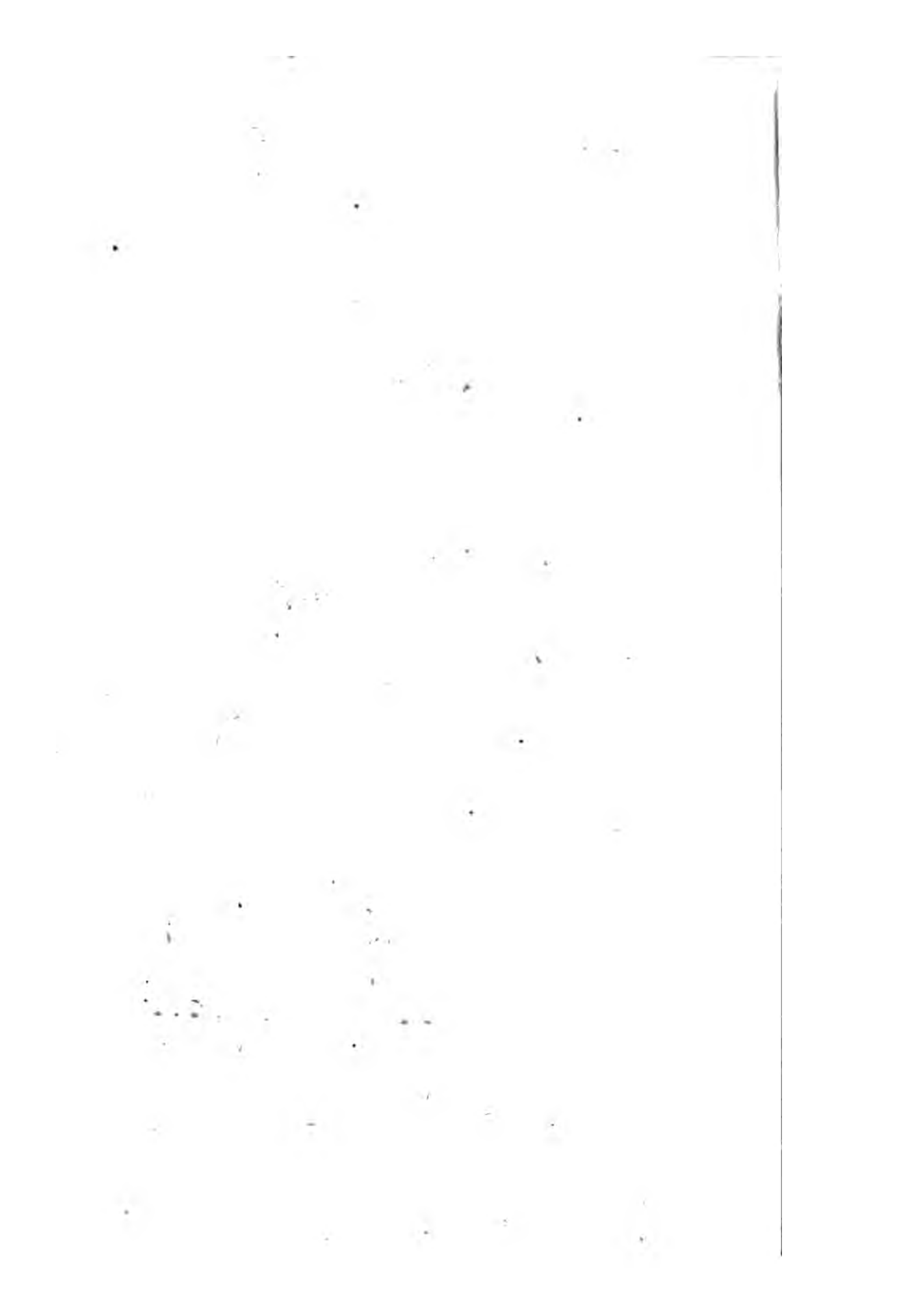
sation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to this proposal; for Mr. CIBBER himself allowed, that, the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. TIBBALDS, who plainly confessed, before Mr. CIBBER himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. TIBBALDS, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal, mentioned before, of erecting publick schools and seminaries, all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies,

plies, and rejoinders, which I have, with infinite labour, and close application during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: *Madam, as our master WAGSTAFF says. My Lord, as our friend WAGSTAFF has it.* I do likewise expect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my *not inglorious memory*, after my decease, for ever.



A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF
POLITE and INCENIOUS
CONVERSATION.
IN SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

The MEN.

The LADIES.

Lord SPARKISH.

Lady SMART.

Lord SMART.

Miss NOTABLE.

Sir JOHN LINGER.

Lady ANSWERALL.

Mr. NEVEROUT.

Col. ATWITT.

A R G U M E N T.

Lord Sparkish and Colonel Atwitt meet in the morning upon the Mall. Mr. Neverout joins them; they all go to breakfast at Lady Smart's. Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle; but, in some time, go to the ladies and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which, a party at Quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

Polite Conversation, etc [p].

St. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwitt.

Col. W E L L met, my lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, colonel.
A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see *Tom Neverout*?

Col. He's just coming towards us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, *Tom*?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my Lord *Sparkish*?

Neverout. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. *Tom*, how is it, that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

[p] "I retired hither for the publick good, having two great works in hand: one, to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of *England* into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour, etc." *Letters to and from Dr. Swift*, at the end of *Mr. Pope's* works, letter liv.

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Neverout. Why, my lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good ; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to Lady *Smart's* to breakfast.

Neverout. Must ! why, colonel, must's for the king.

[*Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.*]

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends ?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree ; the law's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*]

Col. Well, *Tom,* you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What ! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl ?

I'll wait on you. I hope *Miss Notable* will be there ; egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kiss'd her cow.

Lord Smart's house ; they knock at the door ; the Porter comes out.

Lord Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter ?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your lady at home ?

Porter. She was at home just now ; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's antichamber.

Lady Smart, Lady Answerall, and Miss Notable at the tea-table.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late ; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O ! Colonel, are you here ?

Col. As sure you're there, madam,

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. *Neverout* ! What such a man alive !

Neverout. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. *Neverout* came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. *Neverout* ?

Neverout. Why, madam, Queen *Elizabeth's* dead.

Lady Smart. Well : Mr. *Neverout*, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave : I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col.

122 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order ; pray how are you now ?

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss ! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What ! Mr. *Neverout*, you take me up before I am down.

Lady Smart. Come, let us leave off children's play, and go to push-pin.

Miss [*To Lady Smart*]. Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. Oh ! Miss, you must needs be very good-humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, miss ; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it ; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart [*To Lord Sparkish*]. My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes ; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you : how has your lordship done this long time ?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well ; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one ; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout.

DIALOGUE I. 123

Neverout. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing ; for I was thinking of you.

Col. rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon ? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say, the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay ; 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go ; I promise him we wont tear his cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Col. sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot ? sure your mouth's paved. How do you like this tea, colonel ?

Col. Well enough, madam ; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. Oh colonel ! I understand you. *Betty* bring the canister ; I have but very little of this tea left ; but I don't love to make two wants of one ; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he.

[Laughs.

Lady

124 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Answ. [to the maid]. Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt to.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run, girl, and warm fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss: for they say, butter is gold in the morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Newerout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

Ld. Sparkish. [to the maid] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politick?

Col. Fie, my lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Newerout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Jonson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, Sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady

DIALOGUE I. 125

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning : how came you by that scratch upon your nose ? have you been fighting with the cats ?

Col. [to *miss.*] Miss, when will you be married ?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, colonel.

Neverout. Yes ; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain ?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he.

Col. It rain'd, and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [Laugh]

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah ! Madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he fits in mine : Prithee, Tom, sit a little farther : I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear Girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the *Philistines*: no wonder the cat winked, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lye.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lye than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie, I fit.

Neverout. O faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye: when I left you, you were half seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear *Lady Answer-all* can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Answ. Oh! miss, you must give your wardi too!

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say so, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for, they say, maids will say no and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, miss; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a chearful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, huffy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, miss?

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, miss, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but miss—

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. *Newerout*, you should be cut for the simples this morning; say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. Oh! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. *Newerout* has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, *Tom* sings well, but his luck's naught.

Newerout. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff; but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-Bees don't fly now, miss.

Newerout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child; miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my lady *Smart*, what kin are you to lord *Pozz*?

Lady Smart. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*]

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart*]. *Tom Neverout* and I are to leap to morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, colonel, *Mr. Neverout* can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. *Mr. Neverout*, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it may'nt fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout.

150 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the wit to shew it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel; well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. *Neverout*, what lady was that you were talking with in the side-box last *Tuesday*?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.—

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but, they say, smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love Bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss [to lady Smart]. Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etui?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her; it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that Sir *John Brisk* has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yet, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Smart. Do you know him, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col.

132 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honest folk: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are in a brown study; what's the matter? methinks you look like mum-chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout. Cry map-sticks, madam; no offence I hope [*Lady Smart breaks a tea-cup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup.

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, *Neverout*, besides all small curses,

Lady

DIALOGUE I. 131

Lady Answ. Marry come up, what, plain *Neverout!* methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant, miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this bisket?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uz-zard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. *Never-out.*

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. *Never-out*, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the tea-kettle?

Ld. Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*]

I

Neverout.

Neverout plays with a tea-cup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty play-thing.

Lady Smart. Well said, miss: I vow, Mr. *Neverout*, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, miss, catch him at that and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss; it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss: pray, miss, how do you like Mr. *Spruce*? I swear I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! madam; all the world knows that Mr. *Spruce* is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on. [*Miss blushes.*

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be sav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr. *Neverout* was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

Lady Answ. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam! I vow, colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon——

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to Miss, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [to *Ld. Sparkish*]. But, my lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new cloaths?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle.

[Here a loud laugh, often repeated.]

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Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends:

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. *Neverout*, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. Oh! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. *Neverout* has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, *Tom*, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout [to *Lady Smart*]. 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. *Neverout*, you must say, God save the king.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, is miss *Buxom* married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col.

DIALOGUE I. 137

Col. If she be'nt married, at least she's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain that Sir *John Blunderbuss* is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, colonel, as sure as you're alive——

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. —— There ——

Covering her face with both her hands.

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[Gives her a tap.]

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets fall her handkerchief, and the colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. Oh, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship.

138 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. [to *Lady Sparkish*.] Madam, has your ladyship read the new-play, written by a lord? it is called, *Love in a hollow tree*.

Lady Sparkish. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ake till that day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

[*Lady Smart and Lady Answerall speaking together.*

If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping, and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a tea-cup, and Neverout plays with another.

Neverout. Well; I see, one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? It will go all in your day's work.

Miss.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well; but miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then no body ear'd for it; so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not fore yet.

Neverout. No, miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well: to-morrow's a new day; but I suppose, you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. Oh! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you, there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind *Hugh*. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, miss, you never ask'd me; and 'tis an ill dog, that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last *Thursday* to go to that odious puppet-show?

140 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady *Snuff* there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five and thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I woud'nt be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady Answ. She looks, as if butter woud'nt melt in her mouth, but I warrant, cheese won't choak her. I hear my lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Ld. Sparkish. What lord d'ye mean, *Tom*?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose Mr. *Neverout* means the lord of the Lord knows what,

Col.

DIALOGUE I. 141

Col. They say, she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call *Betty*?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is *Christmas*.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that *Miss Caper* is to be married to *Sir Peter Giball*; one thing is certain, that she hath promis'd to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and pye-crust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my lady *Carry-lye's* own mouth. I tell you my tale,
and

142 POLITE CONVERSATION.

and my tale's author; if it be a lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last *Sunday* at church; but, I think, I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a firmity-kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss. Lord, how my head is drest to-day!

Col. Oh, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance Mrs. *Wayward*?

Miss. Why, where should she be? you must needs know; she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that: what if you were as far out as she's in?—

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this evening to *Hyde-Park* on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let *Tom Neverout* wait on you; and then I warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

Neverout.

Neverout. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. Oh, madam, let 'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why then, there's some dirt in my tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging-time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel; well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout.

144 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Newerout. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.

Col. Wish in one hand——

Miss. Out upon you : Lord, what can the man mean [q] ?

Ld. Sparkish. This tea's very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done, as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Newerout. Well, I won't drink a drop more ; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray don't say so, till you are ask'd.

Newerout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss stooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

[q] This sentence is remarkably characteristic and beautiful ; by the first, it appears that miss knew the rest, and by the latter, that, in the same breath, she laboured to conceal her knowledge.

Col.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at *St. James's Park*.

Miss [to *Lady Smart*]. What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, miss; tell a mare a tale —

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, *etc.*

Miss. Out upon you for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Smart*]. Pray, madam, don't you think *Mrs. Spendall* very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of *Queen Bess*.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless the more modish,

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and *Dick Dolt*: and, I believe, I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

146. POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times ; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean ? you'll spoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—You know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring ; what ! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling ; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn-door : you'll never hold out at this rate ; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say ; if people will be rude, I have done ; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand years hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt : I find you must have the last word—Well, I'll go to the opera to-night—No, I can't neither, for I have some business—and yet, I think, I must ; for I promis'd to squire the countess to her box.

Miss.

Miss. The countess of *Puddledock*, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or war, miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady-mayorefs this year.

Neverout. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, colonel, come, sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go: ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take up the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miss.

148 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your gran-
nam to fuck eggs.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are so cross,
I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be
no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my lady *Smart*, does
not miss look as if she could eat me without
salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow
for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way,
you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mend-
ed it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll*
danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as
days.

Miss. Well, I knew I should never have
your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my lady *Answerall*
and I was walking in the Park last night till
near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell
you a comical accident; egad, I lost my un-
derstanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you
mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot against
a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe,
and was forced to limp to a cobbler in the

Pall-

Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*]

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God blefs you, if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why then, the duce take you.

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I woud'nt stay a day in *England*; but you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence half-penny.

Miss sitting between Neverout and the Colonel.

Miss. Well; here's a rose between two nettles.

Neverout. No, madam; with submission, here's a nettle between two roses.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promised to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

150 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Why, faith, madam, batchelors fare ;
bread and cheefe and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh ! what have you batche-
lors to do with your money, but to treat the
ladies ? you have nothing to keep, but your
own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has captain *Brag*
the honour to be related to your lordship ?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, madam : he's
my cousin-german quite remov'd.

Lady Answ. Pray is he not rich ?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts
and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a
great estate, but only the right owner keeps
him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of ?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he is an *Anythingsa-*
rian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion
to chuse, my lord.

Neverout scratches his head.

Miss. Fie, Mr. *Neverout*, ar'n't you
asham'd ! I beg pardon for the expression,
but I'm afraid your bosom friends are be-
come your back-biters.

Neverout. Well, maiss, I saw a flea once
on your pinner, and a louse is a man's com-
panion, but a flea is a dog's companion :
however, I wish you would scratch my neck
with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then ? I
woud'n't touch a man's flesh for the uniyerse.

You

You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss *Notable*, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!—what! have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain: but—

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss [to Col.] Choak, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying a-bed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*! Mr. *Neverout*! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart [*imitating her*]. Mr. *Neverout*! Mr. *Neverout*! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter! whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labour for your pain's; you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom *Neverout*, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey! What a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it miss; for, they say, possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, madam, we must do as they do in *Spain*.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. *Neverout*, you are as pert as a pearmonger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman [to Col.] And please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

[Col. goes out.]

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintance, who call'd upon me to take the air as far as *Highbate*.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rain'd all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was so bad, that I scream'd every moment, and call'd to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, miss, you were afraid, that pride wou'd have a fall.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extoll'd to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld.

DIALOGUE I. 155

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a compleat beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. Oh! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord-mayor's fool, full of business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horse-load to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my lord, egad, I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the colonel walks as strait as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-body'd man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg: God-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

156 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. Why, miss, what's the matter. You look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answer. Ay; they say love and peas-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss [imitating *Lady Answerall's tone*]. Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Answer. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle — more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well, live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, take it as you please; but I swear, you are a faucy jack to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a jill.

Miss. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, every body knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old *Lady Forward*,
Col.

Miss To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss ?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera ; and so poor Pilgarlick came home alone.

Neverout. Alack a-day, poor miss ! me-thinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What ! you think, you said a fine thing now ; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him,

Lady Smart. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or lady Scuttle ?

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord ! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a [r] Tantiny pig.

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Bersheba*.

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord ! I shall die ; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. Oh ! Mr. *Neverout*, my little *Countess* has just litter'd ; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

[r] *St. Anthony's pig* : It being fabled of Saint *Anthony* the Hermit, that he wrought a miraculous cure on a hog, it became a custom in several places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge, in honour to his memory. Hence the proverb, *To follow like a Tantiny pig*.

Neverout.

158 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but, *Tom*, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

Miss. Ay, many one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure, we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. *Nice*?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby *Tom Blunder* for a lover?

Miss. She had good skill in horse-flesh, that would chuse a goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in heaven; but, I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady

DIALOGUE I. 159

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if, I were a chuse a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, miss? for they say, of all the evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [*to Lady Smart*]. Will your ladyship be on the *Mall* to-morrow night.

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's *Sunday*.

Ld. Sparkish. What then, madam? they say, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, how do you like lady *Fruzz*?

Neverout. Pox on her! she's as old as *Poles* [*s*].

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, miss, let us be friends: will you go to the park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I am afraid I shall get a fit of the head-ach to-day.

Col. Oh! madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

[*s*] For St. *Paul's* church.

Miss.

Miss [to *Lady Answ*]. Madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a lyar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Duce take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, girl! [*giving her a chuck*] take that; they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. *Neverout*, I wonder why such a handsome, strait, young gentleman as you, don't get some rich widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Strait! ay, strait as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. *Neverout*; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow *Prim*? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is she, but what has she, now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant, you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow *Prim*, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout*, marriage is honourable, but house-keeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. *Neverout*, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman: however, *Tom*, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss [*shuddering*]. Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady *Answerall*, where was you last *Wednesday*, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of *Gad*.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss [*looking gravely*]. Come, Mr. *Neverout*, there's no jest like the true jest; but, I suppose, you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up-up-on me my-my word. [*flutters.*]

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, can't you speak without a spoon?

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Smart*]. Has your ladyship seen the dutchefs since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a visit; and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Neverout. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaister; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, miss; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col.

Col. [to *Neverout*]. *Tom*, miss and you must kiss, and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, *Tom*, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lye; I'm sure lyars had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. *Neverout*, if miss will be angry for nothing, take my council, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout, Come, lady *Answerall*, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, Not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the good's d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lye.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Ld.

164 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Newerout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it your ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, lady *Answer-all*, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Newerout. Faith, miss, you have mended it, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of *Christmas* ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady *Smart*, does not your ladyship think Mrs. *Fade* is mightily alter'd since her marriage.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plumb.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady

Lady Anfw. Oh! madam? if ſhe would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout [to *Lady Smart*]. Madam, have you heard, that lady *Queaſy* was lately at the playhouſe *incog*?

Lady Smart. What! lady *Queaſy* of all women in the world! Do you ſay it upon *Rep*?

Neverout. Poz, I ſaw her with my own eyes; ſhe ſat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz; and ſhe ſaw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyſhip was plaguily bam'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

Neverout. I ſmoked her huge noſe, and, egad, ſhe put me in mind of the woodcock, that ſtrives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody ſees him.

Col. Tom, I adviſe you, hold your tongue; for you'll never ſay ſo good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miſs, what are you looking for?

Miſs. Oh! madam; I have loſt the fineſt needle—

Lady Anfw. Why, ſeek till you find it, and then you won't loſe your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how ſhall I mend it? [he faſtens it with a pin] Well, hang him, ſay I, that has no ſhift.

Miſs. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Neverout. Oh! miſs; I have heard a ſad ſtory of you.

Miſs. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout*; nobody can ſay, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wiſh they could.

Miſs.

Miss. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miss; guess who it was told me; come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters; for I'm sure, the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and, egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why *Dick Lubber* said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry Bo! to a goose: Yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd Bo! full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance: And prithee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in any ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little wixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; batchelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Anfw. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugar-plumb. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself [*She gives the child a lump of sugar*]. I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. *Buzzard* has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to *Dick Frontless*, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forc'd her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Ld. Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to *Dick*; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Anfw. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss

Miss, searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. Oh! miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, and if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell,

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run to my lady *Match*, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, enquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolick should go round?

Lady Answ. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well but, without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in.

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Neverout. Oh, madam: *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honey-moon is over; but they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

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Lady Answ. I find, the colonel thinks, a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cry'd whore first, when you talk'd of the knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. Oh! madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord ?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, he was eurs'd in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes ; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ake.

Col. Oh ! madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay ; but I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel ; for I hope to have a rich and handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom ; live horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel ; but whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men ; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please ; but, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

Neverout. No, no ; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cum dumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, when did you se

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your old acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy*? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again; God bless my eye-sight.

Lady Answ. Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow, the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [to *Neverout*]. Come, sir *Thomas*, when the king pleases, when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkish. Have patience. *Tom*, is your friend *Ned Rattle* married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ay; marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say, something has some favour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe he heartily wishes her in *Abraham's* bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does *Charles Limber* and his fine wife agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout.

Neverout. Oh ! but, my lord, you should always except my lord-mayor.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout* !

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me ?

Miss. Hay ; why hay is for horses !

Neverout. Why, miss, then you may kifs —

Col. Pray, my lord, what's a clock by your oracle ?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer : I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid : Make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Chuse, proud fool ; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What ! miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart ? is your garter slipping down ?

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, keep your breath to cool your porridge ; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you lye —

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude.

Neverout. I mean, you lye — under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lyes could choak you,
 L 3 you

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you would have been choaked many a day ago.

Miss strives to snatch Neverout's snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your mother's blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Miss. I vow, madam, I saw something in black; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, sir, I thank God, I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message! you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkish [looking at his watch]. 'Tis past twelve a clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave; come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day; and, Mr. *Neverout*, I hope, we shall have your good company; there will be no soul else,
besides

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besides my own lord and these ladies ; for every body knows, I hate a croud ; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room : we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another Footman comes back.

Lady Smart. Oh ! you are the t'other fellow I sent : well, have you been with my lady *Club* ? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my lady *Club* begs your ladyship's pardon ; but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find, you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

D I A.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Lord Smart.

I'M sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to-day.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! my lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. Oh! madam; your ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld. Smart. Ay, colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm [*To Neverout*].

Neverout]. Why, *Tom*, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld. Smart. But, *Tom*, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear, it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend *Tom*?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly, he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs *Tom* for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it: but, my lord, Mr. *Neverout's* wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My lady *Smart*, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. M^r. m, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, . . . n glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. *Neverout*, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, faith, miss; three meals a day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart [*Takes an oyster*]. He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd; come, colonel, handle your arms: shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble fir-loyn.

Newerout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it call'd a fir-loyn?

Ld. Smart. Why you must know, that our king *James* the First, who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loyn of beef at his table, drew out his sword, and in a frolic knight-ed it. Few people know the secret of this.

Ld. Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I say, beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart [to *Lady Answerall*]. What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say, there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you see, I understand you;

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you ; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, *Tom*, carve for yourself, they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse : Hah ! said I well, *Tom* ?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss [to *Lady Answerall*]. Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish ?

Ld. Smart [to *Neverout*]. *Tom*, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord ?

Ld. Smart. Why, *Tom*, first it should swim in the sea (do you mind me ?) then it should swim in butter ; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. - I think I have made it out.

Footman [to *Ld. Smart*]. My lord, Sir *John Linger* is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so ! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it : well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What ! are you at it ? why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I beg you will sit down ; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay ; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies ; it was my lord's fault : I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, sir *John*, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, sir *John*, we are upon a business of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in puddingtime.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing, if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, sir *John*.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some *Derbyshire* oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, sir *John*, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help sir *John* to some beef? *Lady Answerall*, pray eat; you see your dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I am afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, sir *John*, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little *London* stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of *Hanover-Square*? Why, sir *John*, *London* is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for sir *John*: sir *John*, fall to; you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beef-stake and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of *March* beer as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope.

Sir John. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle, before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! sir *John*, you have seen nine houses since you eat last: come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of vension-pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, sir *John*, you may go farther and fare worse.

Miss [to *Neverout*]. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue, that never told a lye.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lye in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, if that be not the greatest lye that ever was told,

Col.

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Col. [to *Neverout*]. Prithee, *Tom*, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d—l do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose.

Neverout. No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, sir *John*, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems.

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, sir *John*, how does your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha.

Miss. Pray, sir *John*, is your lady tall or short. [He laughs

Sir John. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

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Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cowcumber ?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it ; for they say, cowcumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, do you love pudden ?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good ; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

Col. Sir *John*, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, colonel ; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand : but I have had devilish bad luck in horse-flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, sir *John*, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, sir *John*, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudden ; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My lord *Sparkish*, I have some excellent cyder ; will you please to taste it ?

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my lord how is it treacherous ?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [Here a loud laugh.]

Miss. Odd-so ! madam ; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it; pray, which finger? (God bless the mark).

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow, I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, *etc.* Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, shall I send you some veal?

Neverout. No, madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's *Hertfordshire* kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, colonel, my humble service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir *John*, I design, one of these days, to come and beat up your quarters in *Derbyshire*.

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Sir John. Faith, colonel, come, and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of *Bow* bell, and don't care to stir so far from *London*.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, miss; they say, fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudden is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. Oh! madam, they say, a pudden is poison, when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may chuse.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offer'd, before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soupe.

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soupe?

Col. O my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss [to Col]. Sup, *Simon*; very good broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout* knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld. Sparkish*.]

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart [to *Lady Answerall*]. Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. Oh! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the sauce.

Lady Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, colonel, help me however to some of the same sauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more sauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, chear up: my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart [putting a skewer on a plate]. Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your ladyship's pardon ; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable black pudden : miss, shall I carve you some ? I can just carve pudden, and that's all ; I am the worst carver in the world ; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel ; for they say, those that eat black pudden will dream of the devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the venison-pasty : here, take the soupe away.

Ld. Smart [*he cuts it up, and tastes the venison*]. 'sbubs, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, Tom ? you have tears in your eyes, I think : what dost cry for, man ?

Neverout. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother ; she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit, and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, miss, why do you cry too ?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, they say, one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand!

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. *Lady Answerall*, does not your ladyship love venison?

Lady Answ. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld. Sparkish [*drinks to Neverout*]. Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout [*drinks to Lady Smart*]. Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ*]. Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss [*with a glass in her hand*]. Hold your
ue, Mr. *Neverout*; don't speak in my tip-
tong

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Col. Well, he was an ingenious man, that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest : give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld. Smart. Ay, *Tom*; as much as you are too good.

Miss. This almond pudden was pure good ; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miss ; cold pudden will fettle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, are you going to take a voyage ?

Neverout. Why do you ask, miss ?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

Miss. *Sir John*, here's a little bit left ; will you please to have it ?

Sir John. No, thankee ; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler*]. *John*, is your small beer good ?

Butler. An please your honour, my lord and lady like it ; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, *John*, d'ye see ? if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark ? then, give me a glass of wine.

[*All laugh.*]

Col n:

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, how does your neighbour *Gatherall* of the *Peak*? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. Oh, *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in *Derbyshire*.

Ld. Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger, than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord: I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, sir *John*, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, lady *Smart*, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit.

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

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Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a limb of *Lot's* wife [*He eats it with mustard*]. Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, *Tom Neverout* carves o'Sundays.

Neverout overturns the salt-celler.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid, miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. Oh, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there's so much fooling and fiddling between them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come-sh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. *Neverout*, as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pye, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a kifs.

Miss. A kifs! marry come up, my dirty
cousin;

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cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, colonel; you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O madam; formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, lady *Answerall*, taste this bit of venison.

Lady Answ. I hope, your lordship will set me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a glass of cyder fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well in life there was never any thing so teizing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, you han't tasted my cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my lord; I have been just eating soupe; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she
wish'd

wish'd it was in your guts ; let her have her wish for once : ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart [to *Sir John*]. I think, *sir John*, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, madam ; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, *sir John*, you had as good eat the devil, as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as lady *Answerall* says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord-mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken ; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, lady *Answerall*, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate ; they say, a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly ?

Miss [giving it to him]. You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What ? you don't know your own mind ; you are neither well, full nor fasting ; I think that is enough.

Nevercut. Ay, one of the enoughts ; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss.

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Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a true *Englishman*, you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, a belly-full's a belly-full, if it be but of wheat-straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are doctor *Dyet*, doctor *Quiet*, and doctor *Merryman*.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Neverout. My lady *Smart*, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or they grey goose.

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom *Neverout* has posed you.

Miss.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking on Mr. *Neverout*.

Ld. Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. *Tom*, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, *Tom* is nonplust; he looks plauguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady Answ. Oh, miss! the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, *Tom*, can you tell me what's *Latin* for a goose?

Neverout. O my lord, I know that; why *brandy* is *Latin* for a goose, and *tace* is *Latin* for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to shew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit: for it spoils company: pray, Mr. *Butler*, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes?

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest a-bed to-day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have

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have told a fib ; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home : but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in ?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of under-crust.

Neverout [*whispering Miss*]. I find you love to lie under.

Miss [*aloud, pushing him from her*]. What does the man mean ! Sir, I don't understand you at all [*t*].

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside : here, miss, may you live a thousand years.

[*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, will you taste my *October* ? I think it is very good ; but I believe not equal to yours in *Darbyshire*.

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon ; but they say, the devil made askers.

Ld. Smart [*to the butler*]. Here, bring up the great tankard full of *October* for sir *John*.

Col. [*drinking to Miss*]. Miss, your health ; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married ; here's two batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well belov'd.

Miss. Where's my knife ? sure I han't eaten it : Oh, here it is.

[*t*] Miss discovers her understanding by the manner in which she denies it, an inconsistency so common, that it deserves a note. See p. 144.

Sir

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Sir John. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, *sir John*, is that a *Darbyshire* compliment? Here, *Mr. Neverout*, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand*]. I remember a farmer in our country—

Ld. Smart [*interrupting him*]. Pray, *sir John*, did you ever hear of parson *Palmer*?

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordship's pardon; here's your lordship's health: I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. *Mr. Neverout*, have you been at the new play.

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any christian.

Neverout [*whispers Lady Smart*]. Was ever

ever such a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck-pig! Well, but, sir *John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lady *Answerall*, how do you like these preserv'd oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our *October* to sir *John*? I believe, they stay to brew it.

The Butler brings up the tankard to sir John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady Smart. No, sir *John*; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [to *Lord Smart*]. My lord, I love *October* as well as sir *John*; and, I hope, you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome.

come. Come, sir *John*, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Ld. Smart. Well, sir *John*, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own *Darbyshire*; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt liquor; but they say, 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most, has the worst share.

Col. I believe, sir *John*, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at *Christmas* we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of *Christmas* ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir *John* has the nicest garden in *England*; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O madam; you are pleas'd to say so.

Lady

Lady Smart. But, sir *John*, your ale is terrible strong and heady in *Derbyshire*, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfast; and faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. *Tom Neverout*, will you taste a glass of *October*?

Neverout. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld. Smart [*carving a partridge*]. Well; one may ride to *Rumford* upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld.

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Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray, take away the cheese: No, said I; pray, take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you serv'd the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's *Oxfordshire* cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a halfp'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A Footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in *Lancashire*.

Lady Smart. O! sir *John*; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld. Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. *Neverout*?

Neverout. Oh, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't, for my life, understand what the gentleman means.

Lord Smart. Pray, *Tom*, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout*]. Smoke *miss*; faith you have made her fret like gum taffety.

Lady Smart. Well but, *miss*, (hold your tongue, *Mr. Neverout*) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Lady Smart. What! are you asleep, *sir John*? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe [*u*]; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

[*u*] It may be observed in this passage, and many others, that the author gave himself no trouble to render the drama of this piece perfect. *Sir John* is here supposed to have *smoked*, and the lady is immediately afterwards pressed to *eat*. His principal view was to string all the phrases that are uttered by rote one upon another, without the assistance of any other language to introduce or correct them; the drama therefore must be regarded merely as a vehicle; and whoever considers the difficulty of that which is effected, will scarce be so unreasonable as to censure the writer for not effecting more; especially after what he has said in the *Introduction*, p. 101, 102.

Lady

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Lady Smart. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Answerall*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer; I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare soldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; it wou'd vex a dog to see a pudden creep.

Sir John rises.

Lady Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well; but stay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left the liquor behind him: and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The Footman gives him a glass half full*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off*] Well, there's

there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false *Latin* in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: Madam, has your ladyship any commands in *Derbyshire*? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, sir *John*, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash; tho' really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But, prithee, sir *John*, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, sir *John*, had not you better set out to-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is *Sunday*.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on *Sundays*, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of,

Neverout. Fie, sir *John*, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John [to *Neverout*]. What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock (Ladies,
N dies,

dies, I beg your pardon). Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, sir *John*; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I'faith, one of your finical *London* blades dined with me last year in *Derbyshire*; so, after dinner, I took a pipe; so my gentleman turn'd away his head: so, said I, What, sir, do you never smoke? so, he answered as you do, colonel; No, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, Pray, sir, can you make a pipe? so, he said No; so, said I, Why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, sir *John*, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to *Derbyshire*; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope, you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. *Mr. Neverout*, you are a town-wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an *Indian* herb, sir *John*.

Sir John. No; 'tis a pot-herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's *October*.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir *John*, since you are married, you have forswore the town.

Sir John. No, madam; I never forswore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady

Lady Smart. Well; but, sir *John*, when may we hope to see you again in *London*?

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Neverout. Come, sir *John*: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, sir *John*, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know sir *John* will go, tho' he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray, stay, sir *John*; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candlelight.

Ld. Smart. Why, sir *John*, if you must needs go; while you stay, make use of your time: here's my service to you, a health to our friends in *Derbyshire*: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more, if the house was full.

Col. Why, sir *John*, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge: besides, I must be with my wife on *Tuesday*, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay; but, they say, the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave, and goes away.

Ld. Smart. Well, miss, how do you like sir *John*?

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Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the filly, or so: I believe, he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at *Hog's Norton*, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, *Tom*, I thought you and he were hand in glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin: you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Lady Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and six-pence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question?

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col.

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Col. Come, my lord, against you are disposed; here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always *Dick Nimble's* health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question! you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his soul; we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes: it was in the news. Why fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of *Burgundy*. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down, etc.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

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Neverout [*giving Miss a pinch*]. Take that, miss; what's fauce for a goose is fauce for a gander.

Miss [*screaming*]. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, that shall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

Neverout [*takes Miss by the hand*]. Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teizing: you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, miss, where did you get that pick-tooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lye.

Miss. No; if you lye, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do, if you can.

Nevercut. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Never out

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout*, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear, you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. *Neverout*? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and *Miss.* My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Lord Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, *John*, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col.

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Col. Ay, my lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. *Neverout*, pray, is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my lord; full of emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, *John*, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for, I think, the wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.



DIA-

DIALOGUE III.

The ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

WELL, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do you think of your friend, sir *John Spendall*?

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him, that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allow'd to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O madam, I am told, she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. *Clatter*; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. Oh, the hideous creature! did you observe her nails! they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and *Tom Gosling* were banging compliments backwards and forwards: it look'd like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. *Clatter*, lady *Singular*, the countess of *Talkbam* (I should have named her first), *Tom Gosling*, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a grey head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. *Clatter* had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds; she has a town house and country-house: would the woman have her a— hung with points?

Lady

DIALOGUE III. 215

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband: pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know, he came to us as drunk as *David's* sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of *Pharaoh's* lean kine: the ladies and *Tom Gosling* were proposing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with fidler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady

216 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Answ. Ay; what says *Pluck*?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bed-fellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend mistress *Giddy* has discarded *Dick Shuttle*: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich; and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answerall*]. Pray, madam, when did you see sir *Peter Muckworm*?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris' with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but, they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

218 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Tell-truth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart [*mistakes the tea-tongs for the spoon*]. What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay-stack.

Miss. I own I love her well; but there's difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, lady *Answerall* (pray forgive me) I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not: but your ladyship is one of *Job's* comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answerall*]. Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler.

The gentlemen come in to the ladies, to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like four ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, I beg your diversion; no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? why, miss,

if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me ; for you know, Love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that *Tom* ? Say that again : why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor *Miss* ? on my conscience, colonel and *Tom Neverout*, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady *Answerall*, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. *Miss*, I thank you ; and, to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [to *Lady Smart*]. Your ladyship has a very fine watch ; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then ?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's ; for they say, a marry'd woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace : but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, sir ; it has been twenty years in my lord's family ; but *Quare* put a new case and dial-plate to it.

L. Smart.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man, who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, *Tom*, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box; I'm undone, besides the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must shew your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you shew your teeth, when you can't bite: well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were marry'd; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel?

Neverout. O my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear and out at t' other for me, I can assure you: only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think you were a woman in man's cloaths, by your prating.

Neverout. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: besides, I should slobber my fingers.

Col.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. *Neverout* or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Neverout. I dare swear, miss for her part will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. *Neverout*, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blind man's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Foug! these men talk of nothing but kissing. *[She spits.]*

Neverout. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good to be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say, women and linnen shew best by candle-light: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll set down, and be a stander-by.

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Lady Smart [to *Lady Answerall*]. Madam, does your ladyship never play ?

Col. Yes ; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at *Easter*.

Neverout. Ay ; and a kiss at *Christmas*.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart ; kiss my wife and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards ; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies ?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of *Nod*.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordshire*.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. Oh, no doubt of it : I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col.

DIALOGUE III. 225

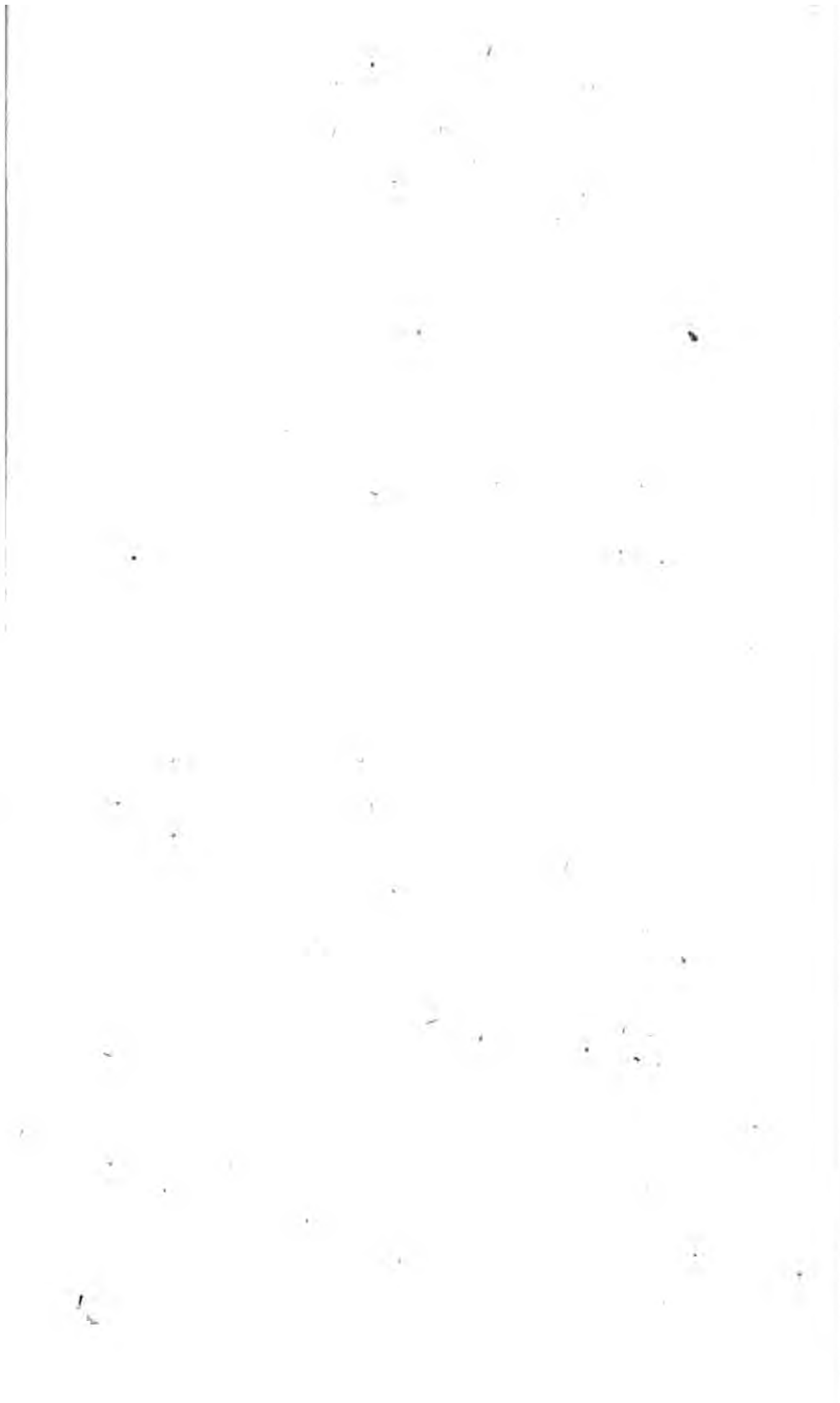
Col. [*to Miss*]. Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you ?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you ; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady *Smart*, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

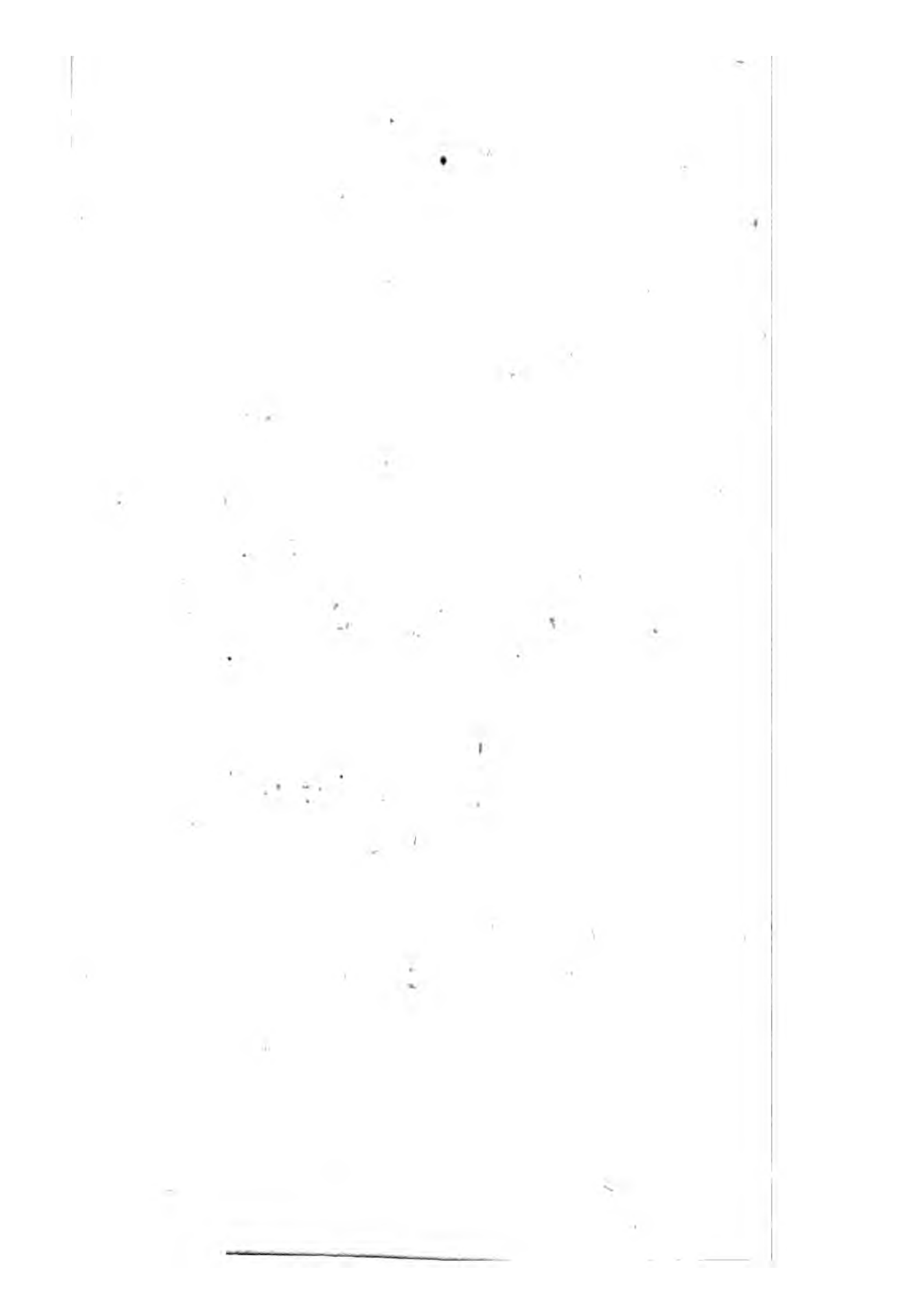


POSTHUMOUS PIECES

IN

P R O S E.

First printed in the Year 1754.



A
S E R M O N
O N T H E
T R I N I T Y.

1 Epist. Gen. of St. JOHN v. 7.

*For there are three that bear record in heaven,
the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost;
and these Three are One.*

THIS day being set a-part to acknowledge our belief in the *Eternal Trinity*, I thought it might be proper to employ my present discourse entirely upon that subject; and I hope to handle it in such a manner, that the most ignorant among you may return home better informed of your duty in this great point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed, that, by the weakness and indiscretion of busy (or at best, of well-meaning) people, as well as by the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it to the disturbance of mankind; I say, by these means, it must be confessed, that the doctrine of the *Trinity* hath suffered very
5 much,

much, and made christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted: first, That men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in christianity at all; and secondly, If they can pick out any one single article, in the christian religion, which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to the arguments of those bad people, who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude, that the truth of the whole gospel must sink along with that one article. Which is just as wise, as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will therefore observe no law at all; and yet, that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great doctrine of the *Trinity*; which word is indeed not in scripture, but was a term of art invented in the earlier times, to express the doctrine by a single word, for the sake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine then as delivered in holy scripture, though not exactly in the same words, is very short, and amounts only to this; that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet there is but One God. For as to the word *Person*, when we say there are three persons; and as to those other explanations in the *Athanasian* creed this day read to you (whether compiled by *Athanasius* or no) they were taken up three hundred years after Christ to
 expound

ON THE TRINITY. 231

expound this doctrine; and I will tell you upon what occasion. About that time there sprang up a heresy of people called *Arians*, from one *Arius* the leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the gospel (wherein they were more sincere than their followers among us). Thus the christian world was divided into two parts, till at length, by the zeal and courage of Saint *Athanasius*, the *Arians* were condemned in a general council, and a creed formed upon the true faith, as *St. Athanasius* hath settled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our churches, which, although it is useful for edification to those who understand it, yet, since it contains some nice and philosophical points which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the scripture doctrine, as I have delivered it. Because that creed was intended only as an answer to the *Arians* in their own way, who were very subtle disputers.

But this heresy having revived in the world about an hundred years ago, and continued ever since; not out of a zeal to truth, but to give a loose to wickedness by throwing off all religion; several divines, in order to answer the cavils of those adversaries to truth and morality, began to find out farther explanations of this doctrine of the Trinity by rules of philosophy; which have multiplied controversies to such a degree, as to beget scruples that have perplexed the minds of many sober

sober christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be so bold to affirm, that the method taken by many of those learned men to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a mistake.

It must be allowed, that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that measure of reason which God hath given him; and, indeed, he cannot do otherwise, if he will be sincere or act like a man. For instance: if I should be commanded by an angel from heaven to believe it is midnight at noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in scripture that *three* are *one*, and *one* is *three*, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common sense of that expression, but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me and from all the world. Thus in the text, *There are three that bear record*, etc. am I capable of knowing and defining, what union and what distinction there may be in the divine nature, which, possibly, may be hid from the angels themselves? Again, I see it plainly declared in scripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God in knowing men's thoughts; in saying, *He and his Father are one*; and, *before Abraham was, I am*. I read, that the disciples worshiped him: That *Thomas* said to him, *My Lord and my God*: and *Saint John*, chap. i. *In the beginning was the word, and the*

the word was with God, and the word was God. I read, likewise, that the Holy Ghost bestowed the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles, which, if rightly considered, is as great a miracle as any, that a number of illiterate men should, of a sudden, be qualified to speak all the languages then known in the world, such as could be done by the inspiration of God [x] alone. From these several texts it is plain, that God commands us to believe there is an union, and there is a distinction; but what that union, or what that distinction is, all mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at

[x] In defending the peculiar doctrines of christianity perhaps it is always best to insist upon the positive evidence, as the Dean has done in this sermon; for in every question he who undertakes to obviate objections must necessarily be foiled by him who puts them. By the human intellect little more than the surface of things can be known; and therefore speculative objections, which would puzzle an able philosopher, may be easily raised even against those truths which admit of practical demonstration. It was once objected to a philosopher, who was explaining the laws of motion, that there could be no such thing, for that a body must move either in the place in which it *is*, or in the place in which it is *not*; but both being impossible, there could be no motion: this objection the philosopher immediately removed by walking cross the room; and, if none were to triumph in the strength of popular objections against christianity, but those who could otherwise shew the fallacy of this against motion, the number of *moral philosophers* among us would probably be very few.

least

least till the day of judgment, without some new revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the nature of this union and distinction in the divine nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible, as I would if any one told me that three men are one, and one man is three? We are told, that a man and his wife are one flesh; this I can comprehend the meaning of; yet, literally taken, it is a thing impossible. But the apostle tells us, *We see but in part, and we know but in part*; and yet we would comprehend all the secret ways and workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is positively affirmed in scripture; that God is there expressed in three different names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghost; that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery utterly unknown to mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great article, without ever enquiring any farther. And this can be contrary to no man's reason, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another difficulty of great importance among those who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other articles of christianity; which is, that our religion abounds in mysteries, and these they are so bold as to revile as cant, imposture, and priest-craft. It is impossible
for

for us to determine, for what reasons God thought fit to communicate some things to us in part, and leave some part a mystery: but so it is in fact, and so the holy scriptures tell us in several places. For instance: the resurrection and change of our bodies are called mysteries by *St. Paul*; our Saviour's incarnation is another; the kingdom of God is called a mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his disciples; so is faith and the word of God by *St. Paul*: I omit many others. So that to declare against all mysteries without distinction or exception, is to declare against the whole tenor of the New Testament.

There are two conditions, that may bring a mystery under suspicion. First, when it is not taught and commanded in holy writ; or secondly, when the mystery turns to the advantage of those, who preach it to others. Now as to the first, it can never be said, that we preach mysteries without warrant from holy scripture, although I confess this of the *Trinity* may have sometimes been explained by human invention, which might, perhaps, better have been spared. As to the second, it will not be possible to charge the protestant priesthood with proposing any temporal advantage to themselves by the broaching or multiplying or preaching of mysteries. Does this mystery of the *Trinity*, for instance, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least profit or power to the preachers? No; it is as great a mystery to themselves as it is to the meanest

meanest of their hearers ; and may be rather a cause of humiliation, by putting their understanding in that point upon a level with the most ignorant of their flock. It is true indeed, the *Roman* church hath very much enriched herself by trading in mysteries, for which they have not the least authority from scripture, and which were fitted only to advance their own temporal wealth and grandeur ; such as *transubstantiation, worshiping of images, indulgences* for sins, *purgatory, and masses* for the dead ; with many more. But it is the perpetual talent of those, who have ill will to our church, or a contempt for all religion taken up by the wickednesses of their lives, to charge us with the errors and corruptions of popery, which all protestants have thrown off near two hundred years : whereas those mysteries held by us have no prospect of power, pomp, or wealth, but have been ever maintained by the universal body of true believers from the days of the apostles, and will be so to the resurrection ; neither will the gates of hell prevail against them.

It may be thought, perhaps, a strange thing, that God should require us to believe mysteries, while the reason or manner of what we are to believe is above our comprehension, and wholly concealed from us ; neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing of them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodness or wickedness of our lives. But this is a great
and

and dangerous mistake. We see what a mighty weight is laid upon faith both in the Old and New Testament. In the former we read, how the faith of *Abraham* is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him a great nation at the very same time, that he was commanded to sacrifice his only son, and despaired of any other issue: and this was to him a great mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his disciples, or reproaching them with the want of it; and *St. Paul* produceth numerous examples of the wonders done by faith. And all this is highly reasonable; for faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions: as, if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice. Therefore let no man think, that he can lead as good a moral life without faith, as with it; for this reason, because he, who has no faith, cannot, by the strength of his own reason or endeavours, so easily resist temptations, as the other, who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming of his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. *Faith*, says the apostle, *is the evidence of things not seen*: he means, that faith is a virtue, by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident

dent and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because, by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God.

It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the universal presence of God, with unnumerable other points. How little do those, who quarrel with mysteries, know of the commonest actions of nature? the growth of an animal, of a plant, or of the smallest seed, is a mystery to the wisest among men. If an ignorant person were told that a load-stone would draw iron at a distance, he might say it was a thing contrary to his reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his eyes.

The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. Wee see but one part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the *Trinity*.

From what hath been said, it is manifest, that God did never command us to believe, nor his ministers to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reason he hath pleased to endow us with; but, for his own wise ends, has thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing he commands; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increase our dependence upon him.

It

It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the *Trinity*, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal. *For now, as the apostle says, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*

Thus, we see, the matter is brought to this issue; we must either believe what God directly commands us in holy scripture, or we must wholly reject the scripture, and the christian religion which we pretend to profess. But this, I hope, is too desperate a step for any of us to make. I have already observed, that those who preach up the belief of the *Trinity*, or of any other mystery, cannot propose any temporal advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the case of those, who oppose these doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral lives than a good christian? Are *they* more just in their dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but, on the contrary, their intent is to overthrow all religion, that they may gratify their vices without any reproach from the world, or their own conscience; and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary comfort to have a multitude on their side.

There

There is no miracle mentioned in holy writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common reason, and as much a mystery, as this doctrine of the *Trinity*; and therefore we may with equal justice deny the truth of them all. For instance: it is against the laws of nature, that a human body should be able to walk upon the water, as saint *Peter* is recorded to have done; or that a dead carcase should be raised from the grave after three days, when it began to corrupt; which those who understand anatomy will pronounce to be impossible by the common rules of nature and reason. Yet these miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our holy religion to atheists and infidels.

I shall now make a few inferences and observations upon what hath been said.

First, It would be well, if people would not lay so much weight on their own reason in matters of religion, as to think every thing impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives! *Reason* itself is true and just; but the reason of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices. Let any man but consider, when he hath a controversy with another, though his cause be ever so unjust, though the whole world be against him,

him, how blinded he is by the love of himself to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of his reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to controul the commands of the Almighty?

Secondly; When men are tempted to deny the mysteries of religion, let them examine and search into their own hearts, whether they have not some favourite sin, which is of their party in this dispute, and which is equally contrary to other commands of God in the gospel. For, why do men love darkness rather than light? The scripture tells us, *Because their deeds are evil*; and there can be no other reason assigned. Therefore, when men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak sides in christianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its disadvantage, it is plain they wish it were not true, and those wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil conscience; because, if there be truth in our religion, their condition must be miserable [y].

[y] It is an high encomium on reformed christianity, and a strong argument of its superior excellence, that a corrupt life always inclines men to wish it were not true. It does not appear that Mahometans and Papists wish their religion to be false in proportion as their lives are immoral; and it is said of *Dryden*, that not being able to fortify himself in infidelity he died a Papist.

And therefore, *thirdly*, men should consider, that raising difficulties concerning the mysteries in religion cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better neighbours, or friends, or more serviceable to their country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward peace of mind by perpetual doubts and fears arising in their breasts. And God forbid we should ever see the times so bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment; although even, in such a case, it would be an ill traffick to gain the world, and lose our own souls. So that, upon the whole, it will be impossible to find any real use towards a virtuous or happy life by denying the mysteries of the gospel.

Fourthly, Those strong unbelievers, who expect that all mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own reason, might have somewhat to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general reason of mankind in their opinions; but herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous; they strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel: they can believe that the world was made by chance; that God doth not concern himself with things below; will neither punish vice, nor reward virtue; that religion was invented by cunning men to keep the world in awe; with many other opinions equally false and detestable, against the common light of nature, as well as reason; against the universal sentiments of all civilized nations, and offensive to the ears even of a sober heathen.

Lastly,

Lastly, Since the world abounds with pestilent books particularly written against this doctrine of the *Trinity*; it is fit to inform you, that the authors of them proceed wholly upon a mistake: they would shew how impossible it is, that *three* can be *one*, and *one* can be *three*: whereas the scripture saith no such thing, at least in that manner they would make it: but only that there is some kind of unity and distinction in the divine nature, which mankind cannot possibly comprehend: thus the whole doctrine is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any controversy; since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner. And therefore many divines, who thought fit to answer those wicked books, have been mistaken too by answering fools in their folly: and endeavouring to explain a mystery, which God intended to keep secret from us. And as I would exhort all men to avoid reading those wicked books written against this doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the answers as unnecessary. This, I confess, will probably affect but few or none among the generality of our congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with books, at least of this kind. However, many, who do not read themselves, are seduced by others that do; and thus become unbelievers upon trust and at second hand; and this is too frequent a case. For which reason, I have endeavoured to put this doctrine upon a short and sure foot, levelled to the meanest under-

standing ; by which we may, as the apostle directs, be ready always to give an answer to every man, that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

And thus I have done with my subject, which, probably, I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the occasion of this season, appointed on purpose to celebrate the mysteries of the *Trinity*, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this faith ; and what this faith is I have shewn you in the plainest manner I could. For, upon the whole, it is no more than this : God commands us, by our dependence upon his truth and his holy word, to believe a fact that we do not understand. And this is no more, than what we do every day in the works of nature upon the credit of men of learning. Without faith we can do no works acceptable to God ; for if they proceed from any other principle, they will not advance our salvation ; and this faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our senses, or contradicting our reason. May God of his infinite mercy inspire us with true faith in every article and mystery of our religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his sight ; and this we pray through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious incomprehensible One GOD, be all honour and glory now and for evermore. *Amen.*

A
S E R M O N
O N
MUTUAL SUBJECTION.

I St. PETER v. 5.

— *Yea, all of you be subject one to another.*

THE apostle having, in many parts of this epistle, given directions to christians concerning the duty of subjection or obedience to superiors; in the several instances of the subject to the prince, the child to his parent, the servant to his master, the wife to her husband, and the younger to the elder; doth here, in the words of my text, sum up the whole by advancing a point of doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary; *Yea, all of you, saith he, be subject one to another.* For it should seem, that two persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that subjection is only due from inferiors to those above them: yet St. Paul hath several passages to the same purpose. For he exhorts the *Romans* [z], *in honour to prefer one another*; and the *Philip-*

[z] Rom. xii. 10.

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pians,

prians [a], that in *lowliness of mind they should let each esteem other better than themselves*; and the *Ephesians* [b], that they should *submit themselves one to another in the fear of the Lord*. Here we find these two great apostles recommending to all christians this duty of mutual subjection. For we may observe by *St. Peter*, that having mentioned the several relations which men bear to each other, as governor and subject, master and servant, and the rest which I have already repeated, he makes no exception, but sums up the whole with commanding *all to be subject one to another*. From whence we may conclude, that this subjection, due from all men, is something more than the compliment of course, when our betters are pleased to tell us they are our humble servants, but understood by us to be their slaves.

I know very well, that some of those, who explain this text, apply it to humility, to the duties of charity, to private exhortations, and to bearing with each other's infirmities; and it is probable the apostle may have had a regard to all these. But however, many learned men agree, that there is something more understood, and so the words in their plain natural meaning must import; as you will observe yourselves, if you read them with the beginning of the verse, which is thus: *Likewise ye younger submit yourselves unto the elder; yea, all of you be subject one*

[a] Philip. ii. 3.

[b] Ephes. v. 21.

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to another. So that upon the whole there must be some kind of subjection due from every man to every man, which cannot be made void by any power, pre-eminence, or authority whatsoever. Now what sort of subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the subject of my present discourse.

As God hath contrived all the works of nature to be useful, and, in some manner, a support to each other, by which the whole frame of the world, under his providence, is preserved and kept up; so, among mankind, our particular stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our power reacheth, towards the good of the whole community. And, he, who doth not perform that part assigned him towards advancing the benefit of the whole in proportion to his opportunities and abilities, is not only an useless, but a very mischievous member of the publick: because he takes his share of the profit, and yet leaves his share of the burden to be borne by others, which is the true principal cause of most miseries and misfortunes in life. For a wise man, who does not assist with his counsels, a great man with his protection, a rich man with his bounty and charity, and a poor man with his labour, are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the sight of God than another; otherwise he would be a respecter of persons, which he assures

affures us he is not: for he hath proposed the same salvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men; and, by an unhappy education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their subjects. They depend for every necessary of life upon the meanest of their people: besides, obedience and subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the passions, lusts, and vanities of those who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our governors, because disobedience would breed seditions in the state. Thus servants are directed to obey their masters, children their parents, and wives their husbands; not from any respect of persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but confusion in private families. This matter will be clearly explained by considering the comparison, which *St. Paul* makes between the church of Christ and the body of man: for the same resemblance will hold, not only to families and kingdoms, but to the whole corporation of mankind. [c] *The eye, saith he, cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the foot, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary: and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer*

[c] Rom. xii. 21, 22, 23. 26.

with

with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. The case is directly the same among mankind. The prince cannot say to the merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more those members, which seem to be much more feeble are necessary. For the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich: which clearly shews, that God never intended such possessions for the sake and service of those, to whom he lends them; but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the apostle, *that there may be no schism in the body.*

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that subjection, which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have perpetual occasion of each other's assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest; nor so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, farther than according to the goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those, on whom they are bestowed,
that,

that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those, who have least title to his favour. Now, according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himself, you will observe, that in all the relations between man and man, there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. And this both explains and confirms the doctrine of the text: for where there is a mutual dependence, there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must obey his prince, because God commands it, human laws require it, and the safety of the publick makes it necessary (for the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no). On the other side, in those countries that pretend to freedom, princes are subject to those laws which their people have chosen; they are bound to protect their subjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions, and redress their grievances: so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation; not only a servant to the publick in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner,
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a servant owes obedience, and diligence, and faithfulness to his master, from whom, at the same time, he hath a just demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a just demand of an alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one another is no where more necessary, than in the common conversations of life; for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own example; for he appeared in the form of a servant, and washed his disciples feet, adding those memorable words, *Ye call me Lord and master, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master wash your feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's feet?* Under which expression of washing the feet is included all that subjection, assistance, love, and duty, which every good christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince, and the meanest slave, are not by infinite degrees so distant, as our Saviour and those disciples whose feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And

And although this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those, who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth; yet it is really no more than what most men practice upon other occasions. For if our neighbour, who is our inferior, comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called *good manners*. Now, the duty required by the apostle is only, that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practice in the common course of life, we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us, that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready in the point of civility to yield to others in our own houses, where only we have any title to govern.

Having thus shewn you, what sort of subjection it is, which all men owe one another, and in what manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some observations from what hath been said.

And *first*; A thorough practice of this duty of subjecting ourselves to the wants and infirmities of each other would utterly extinguish in us the vice of pride.

For if God has pleased to entrust me with a talent, not for my own sake, but for the
service

service of others, and, at the same time, hath left me full of wants and necessities which others must supply; I can then have no cause to set any extraordinary value upon myself, or to despise my brother, because he hath not the same talents, which were lent to me. His being may, probably, be as useful to the publick as mine, and therefore, by the rules of right reason, I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly; 'Tis very manifest from what has been said, that no man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a trust, which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren; and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot; because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly, whether a man makes a good use of his talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will most certainly reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages, which one man possesseth more than another, may, in some sense, be called his property with respect to other men, yet, with respect to God, they are, as I said, only a trust; which will

plainly appear from hence: if a man does not use those advantages to the good of the publick, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and, consequently, that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and, on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find, by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the service of others; for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly; If we could all be brought to practise this duty of subjecting ourselves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general happiness of mankind: for this would root out envy and malice from the heart of man; because you cannot envy your neighbour's strength, if he makes use of it to defend your life, or carry your burden; you cannot envy his wisdom, if he gives you good counsel; nor his riches, if he supplies you in your wants; nor his greatness, if he employs it to your protection. The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things; but God Almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth, who, although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable ministers and stewards, and those generally the vilest, to whom they intrust the most talents. But here is the difference, that the princes of this world see by other men's eyes, but God sees all things; and

therefore whenever he permits his blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them only as a punishment to an evil world, as well as to the owners. It were well, if those would consider this, whose riches serve them only as a spur to avarice, or as an instrument to their lusts; whose wisdom is only of this world, to put false colours upon things, to call good evil, and evil good, against the conviction of their own consciences; and lastly, who employ their power and favour in acts of oppression or injustice, in misrepresenting persons and things, or in countenancing the wicked to the ruin of the innocent.

Fourthly; The practice of this duty of being subject to one another, would make us rest contented in the several stations of life, wherein God hath thought fit to place us; because it would in the best and easiest manner bring us back as it were to that early state of the gospel, when Christians had all things in common. For if the poor found the rich disposed to supply their wants; if the ignorant found the wise ready to instruct and direct them; or if the weak might always find protection from the mighty; they could none of them, with the least pretence of justice, lament their own condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said, it appears, that great abilities of any sort, when
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they

they are employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful servants to their neighbour, and the public: however, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really blessings, when they are in the hands of good men. For first, what can be a greater honour than to be chosen one of the stewards and dispensers of God's bounty to mankind? What is there, that can give a generous spirit more pleasure and complacency of mind, than to consider, that he is an instrument of doing much good? that great numbers owe to him, under God, their subsistence, their safety, their health, and the good conduct of their lives? The wickedest man upon earth takes a pleasure in doing good to those he loves; and therefore surely a good christian, who obeys our Saviour's commands of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any; and those among men, who do the most good, and receive the fewest returns, do most resemble their Creator: for which reason St. Paul delivers it as a saying of our Saviour, that *it is more blessed to give than receive.* By this rule, what must become of those things, which the world values as the greatest blessings, riches, power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the best way to make them blessings is to part with them? Therefore, although the advantages, which

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which one man hath over another, may be called blessings, yet they are by no means so in the sense the world usually understands. Thus, for example, great riches are no blessing in themselves; because the poor man, with the common necessaries of life, enjoys more health, and has fewer cares, without them: how then do they become blessings? No otherwise, than by being employed in feeding the hungry, cloathing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and, in short, doing acts of charity and generosity. Thus likewise, power is no blessing in itself, because private men bear less envy, and trouble, and anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppressed, and to punish the oppressor, then it becomes a great blessing. And so, lastly, even great wisdom is, in the opinion of *Solomon*, not a blessing in itself: for *in much wisdom is much sorrow*; and men of common understandings, if they serve God and mind their callings, make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than those who have better heads. And yet wisdom is a mighty blessing, when it is applied to good purposes, to instruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counsellor either in publick or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needless here to mention.

To conclude: God sent us into the world to obey his commands, by doing as much good as our abilities will reach, and as little

evil as our many infirmities will permit. Some he hath only trusted with one talent, some with five, and some with ten. No man is without his talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what hath been said, *etc.*

A S E R -

A
S E R M O N
O N T H E

Testimony of Conscience.

2 COR. i. 12. Part of it.

— *For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience.*

THERE is no word more frequent in the mouths of men, than that of *conscience*, and the meaning of it is, in some measure, generally understood: however, because it is likewise a word extremely abused by many people, who apply other meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I shall explain it to you in the clearest manner I am able. The word *conscience* properly signifies that knowledge, which a man hath within himself, of his own thoughts and actions. And because if a man judgeth fairly of his own actions by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done good or evil; therefore this knowledge or conscience may properly be called both an accuser and a judge. So that whenever our conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent, when it doth not

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accuse us : for very often, through the hardness of our hearts, or the fondness and favour we bear to ourselves, or through ignorance or neglect, we do not suffer our conscience to take any cognisance of several sins we commit. There is another office likewise belonging to conscience, which is that of being our director and guide ; and the wrong use of this hath been the occasion of more evils under the sun, than almost all other causes put together. For, as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing ; so it can guide us no farther than that knowledge reacheth : and therefore God hath placed conscience in us to be our director only in those actions, which scripture and reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there conscience is not concerned ; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt : but, by God's great mercy, those difficult points are never of absolute necessity to our salvation. There is likewise another evil, that men often say, a thing is against their conscience, when really it is not. For instance : ask any of those, who differ from the worship established, why they do not come to church, they will say, they dislike the ceremonies, the prayers, the habits, and the like ; and therefore it goes against their conscience : but they are mistaken ; their teacher hath put those words into their mouth ; for a man's
conscience

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conscience can go no higher than his knowledge; and therefore till he has thoroughly examined, by scripture and the practice of the ancient church, whether those points are blameable or no, his conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those mistakes about what is usually called *liberty of conscience*; which, properly speaking, is no more than a liberty of knowing our own thoughts; which liberty no one can take from us. But those words have obtained quite different meanings: liberty of conscience is now-a-days not only understood, to be the liberty of believing what men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate that belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the faith which the laws have already established, and to be rewarded by the publick for those wicked endeavours: and this is the liberty of conscience, which the fanaticks are now openly in the face of the world endeavouring at with their utmost application. At the same time it cannot but be observed, that those very persons, who, under pretence of a publick spirit and tenderness towards their christian brethren, are so zealous for such a liberty of conscience as this, are, of all others, the least tender to those who differ from them in the smallest point relating to government; and I wish I could not say, that the majesty of the living God may be offended with more security than the memory of a dead prince. But the wisdom of the world, at present, seems to agree

with that of the heathen emperor, who said, If the gods were offended, it was their own concern, and they were able to vindicate themselves.

But although conscience hath been abused to those wicked purposes, which I have already related, yet a due regard to the directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its accusations, reproaches, and advices, would be of the greatest use to mankind both for their present welfare and future happiness.

Therefore my discourse, at this time, shall be directed to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm foundation for virtue, but on a conscience which is guided by religion.

In order to this, I shall first shew you the weakness and uncertainty of two false principles, which many people set up in the place of conscience for a guide to their actions.

The first of these principles is, what the world usually calls *moral honesty*. There are some people, who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being just and fair in their dealings; and these are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now if you look into the grounds and the motives of such a man's actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own ease and interest. For example: you trust a moral man with your money in the way of trade, you trust another with the defence of your cause at law, and, perhaps, they both deal justly with you. Why? not from any regard they have
for

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for justice, but because their fortune depends upon their credit, and a stain of open publick dishonesty must be to their disadvantage. But let it consist with such a man's interest and safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him; because there is nothing left to give him a check, or put in the balance against his profit. For, if he hath nothing to govern himself by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience, that those men, who set up for morality without regard to religion, are generally virtuous but in part; they will be just in their dealings between man and man, but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices; because it is the great rule of such men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their safety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that, upon the whole, there is hardly one vice, which a mere moral man may not, upon some occasions, allow himself to practise.

The other false principle, which some men set up in the place of conscience to be their director in life, is what those, who pretend to it, call *honour*.

This word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned to be a great commendation to be a strict man of honour; and it

is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in ancient times it was universally understood, that honour was the reward of virtue; but, if such honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed, there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath: or, if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour, which contains but two precepts, the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose this principle of honour, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet, since the very being of that honour depended upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration.

For example: suppose a man, from a principle of honour, should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censur-

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ing world should take a humour of refusing him those characters, he would then think the obligation at an end. Or, on the other side, if he thought he could gain honour by the falsest and vilest action (which is a case that very often happens) he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy state, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands; which however, hath been too-often the case.

What I have said upon this principle of honour may, perhaps, be thought of small concernment to most of you, who are my hearers: however, a caution was not altogether unnecessary; since there is nothing by which not only the vulgar, but the honest tradesman hath been so much deceived, as this infamous pretence to honour in too many of their betters.

Having thus shewn you the weakness and uncertainty of those principles, which some men set up in the place of conscience to direct them in their actions, I shall now endeavour to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm foundation of virtue, but in a conscience directed by the principles of religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the actions of men, otherwise than by knowing the motives, and grounds, and causes of them; and, if the motives of our actions be not resolved and determined into the law of God, they will
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among us this care is so much laid aside, that the more God has blessed any man with estate or quality, just so much the less, in proportion, is the care he takes in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune; of which the effects are visible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, those heathens did, in a particular manner, instill the principle into their children of loving their country, which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that of the several parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard whether there be such a virtue in the world, as plainly appears by their practices, and especially when they are placed in those stations where they can only have opportunity of shewing it. Lastly; the most considerable among the heathens did generally believe rewards and punishments in a life to come; which is the great principle for conscience to work upon: whereas too many of those, who would be thought the most considerable among us, do, both by their practices and their discourses, plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Wherefore since it hath manifestly appeared, that a religious consciences is the only true solid foundation, upon which virtue can be built, give me leave, before I conclude, to let you see how necessary such a conscience is to conduct us, in every station and condition of our lives.

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That a religious conscience is necessary in any station, is confessed even by those, who tell us that all religion was invented by cunning men in order to keep the world in awe. For if religion, by the confession of its adversaries, be necessary towards the well-governing of mankind; then every wise man in power will be sure not only to chuse out for every station under him such persons as are most likely to be kept in awe by religion, but likewise to carry some appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak politician. And accordingly in any country, where great persons affect to be open despisers of religion, their counsels will be found at last to be full as destructive to the state as to the church.

It was the advice of *Jethro* to his son-in-law *Moses*, to *provide able men, such as fear God, men of truth, bating covetousness*, and to place such over the people; and *Moses*, who was as wise a statesman at least as any in this age, thought fit to follow that advice. Great abilities, without the fear of God, are most dangerous instruments, when they are trusted with power. The laws of man have thought fit, that those who are called to any office of trust should be bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of it: but an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have no influence except upon those, who believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek him, and a punisher of those who disobey him: and therefore,

we see, the laws themselves are forced to have recourse to conscience in these cases, because their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thousand injustices without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the reason why we find so many frauds, abuses, and corruptions where any trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little conscience and religion left in the world, or at least that men, in their choice of instruments, have private ends in view, which are very different from the service of the publick. Besides, it is certain, that men who profess to have no religion, are full as zealous to bring over profelytes as any papist or fanatick can be. And therefore, if those who are in station high enough to be of influence or example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a contempt or disbelief of religion, they will be sure to make all their dependents of their own principles; and what security can the publick expect from such persons, whenever their interests or their lusts come into competition with their duty? It is very possible for a man, who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conscience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but it is impossible for a man, who openly declares against religion, to give any reasonable security that he will not be false, and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers, which he values more than he does the power where-
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with he was trusted. And if such a man doth not betray his cause and his master, it is only because the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too small, or the danger too great. And hence it is, that we find so little truth or justice among us, because there are so very few, who, either in the service of the publick, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own advantage, and how to guard themselves against the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by secrecy, or by cunning, though he breaks almost every law of God.

Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unless men are guided by the advice and judgment of conscience founded on religion, they can give no security that they will be either good subjects, faithful servants of the publick, or honest in their mutual dealings; since there is no other tie, through which the pride, or lust, or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or other.

Consider what has been said, *etc.*

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B R O T H E R L Y L O V E.

H E B. xiii. 1.

Let brotherly love continue.

IN the early times of the gospel the christians were very much distinguished from all other bodies of men by the great and constant love they bore to each other; which, although it was done in obedience to the frequent injunctions of our Saviour and his apostles, yet, I confess, there seemeth to have been likewise a natural reason, that very much promoted it. For the christians then were few and scattered, living under persecution by the heathens round about them, in whose hands was all the civil and military power; and there is nothing so apt to unite the minds and hearts of men, or to beget love and tenderness, as a general distress. The first dissensions between christians took their beginning from the errors and heresies that arose among them; many of those heresies sometimes extinguished and sometimes reviving, or succeeded by others, remain to this day; and having been made instruments
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to the pride, avarice, or ambition of ill-designing men, by extinguishing brotherly love, have been the cause of infinite calamities, as well, as corruptions of faith and manners, in the christian world.

The last legacy of Christ was peace and mutual love; but then he foretold, that he came to send a sword upon the earth: the primitive christians accepted the legacy, and their successors down to the present age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But whatever the practice of mankind hath been, or still continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon those who profess the gospel, than that of brotherly love; which, whoever could restore in any degree among men, would be an instrument of more good to human society, than ever was, or will be, done by all the statesmen and politicians in the world.

It is upon this subject of brotherly love, that I intend to discourse at present, and the method I observe shall be as follows:

- I. *First*, I will enquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.
- II. *Secondly*, I will lay open the sad effects and consequences, which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.
- III. *Lastly*, I will use some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it.

I. *First*,

I. *First*, I shall enquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

This nation of ours hath, for an hundred years past, been infested by two enemies, the papists and fanaticks, who, each in their turns, filled it with blood and slaughter, and, for a time, destroyed both the church and government. The memory of these events hath put all true protestants equally upon their guard against both these adversaries, who, by consequence, do equally hate us. The fanaticks revile us, as too nearly approaching to popery; and the papists condemn us, as bordering too much on fanaticism. The papists, God be praised, are, by the wisdom of our laws, put out of all visible possibility of hurting us; besides, their religion is so generally abhorred, that they have no advocates or abettors among protestants to assist them. But the fanaticks are to be considered in another light; they have had, of late years, the power, the luck, or the cunning, to divide us among ourselves; they have endeavoured to represent all those, who have been so bold as to oppose their errors and designs, under the character of persons disaffected to the government; and they have so far succeeded, that now-a-days, if a clergyman happens to preach with any zeal and vehemence against the sin or danger of schism, there will not want too many, in his congregation, ready enough to censure him as hot and high flying, an inflamer of men's minds,

an enemy to moderation, and disloyal to his prince. This hath produced a formed and settled division between those, who profess the same doctrine and discipline, while they, who call themselves moderate, are forced to widen their bottom by sacrificing their principles and their brethren to the incroachments and insolence of dissenters, who are therefore answerable, as a principal cause of all that hatred and animosity now reigning among us.

Another cause of the great want of brotherly love is the weakness and folly of too many among you of the lower sort, who are made the tools and instruments of your betters to work their designs, wherein you have no concern. Your numbers make you of use, and cunning men take the advantage by putting words into your mouths, which you do not understand; then they fix good or ill characters to those words, as it best serves their purposes: and thus you are taught to love or hate, you know not what, or why; you often suspect your best friends and nearest neighbours, even your teacher himself, without any reason, if your leaders once taught you to call him by a name, which they tell you signifieth some very bad thing.

A third cause of our great want of brotherly love seemeth to be, that this duty is not so often insisted on from the pulpit, as it ought to be in such times as these; on the contrary it is to be doubted, whether doc-
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trines are not sometimes delivered by an un-governed zeal, a desire to be distinguished, or a view of interest, which produce quite different effects; when upon occasions set apart to return thanks to God for some public blessing, the time is employed in stirring up one part of the congregation against the other by representations of things and persons, which God, in his mercy, forgive those who are guilty of.

The last cause I shall mention of the want of brotherly love is, that unhappy disposition towards politicks among the trading people, which hath been industriously instilled into them. In former times, the middle and lower sort of mankind seldom gained or lost by the factions of the kingdom, and therefore were little concerned in them, further than as matter of talk and amusement; but now the meanest dealer will expect to turn the penny by the merits of his party. He can represent his neighbour as a man of dangerous principles, can bring a railing accusation against him, perhaps a criminal one, and so rob him of his livelihood, and find his own account by that much more than if he had disparaged his neighbour's goods, or defamed him as a cheat. For so it happens, that, instead of enquiring into the skill or honesty of those kind of people, the manner is now to enquire into their party, and to reject or encourage them accordingly; which proceeding hath made our people, in general,
such

such able politicians, that all the artifice, flattery, dissimulation, diligence, and dexterity in undermining each other, which the satyrical wit of men hath charged upon courts; together with all the rage and violence, cruelty, and injustice, which have been ever imputed to publick assemblies; are with us (so polite are we grown) to be seen among our meanest traders and artificers in the greatest perfection. All which, as it may be matter of some humiliation to the wise and mighty of this world, so the effects thereof may, perhaps in time, prove very different from what, I hope in charity, were ever foreseen or intended.

II. I will therefore now, in the second place, lay open some of the sad effects and consequences, which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

And the first ill consequence is, that our want of brotherly love hath almost driven out all sense of religion from among us, which cannot well be otherwise: for since our Saviour laid so much weight upon his disciples loving one another, that he gave it among his last instructions; and since the primitive christians are allowed to have chiefly propagated the faith by their strict observance of that instruction, it must follow that, in proportion as brotherly love declineth, christianity will do so too. The little religion there is in the world, hath been observed to reside chiefly among the middle and lower sort of

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people, who are neither tempted to pride and luxury by great riches, nor to desperate courses by extreme poverty: and truly I, upon that account, have thought it a happiness, that those who are under my immediate care are generally of that condition; but where party hath once made entrance, with all its consequences of hatred, envy, partiality and virulence, religion cannot long keep its hold in any state or degree of life whatsoever. For, if the great men of the world have been censured in all ages for mingling too little religion with their politicks, what a havock of principles must they needs make in unlearned and irregular heads; of which indeed the effects are already too visible and melancholy all over the kingdom!

Another ill consequence from our want of brotherly love is, that it increaseth the influence of the fanaticks; and this partly ariseth from a mistaken meaning of the word *moderation*; a word which hath been much abused, and handed about for several years past. There are too many people indifferent enough to all religion; there are many others, who dislike the clergy, and would have them live in poverty and dependence; both these sorts are much commended by the fanaticks for moderate men, ready to put an end to our divisions, and to make a general union among protestants. Many ignorant well-meaning people are deceived by these appearances, strengthened with great pretences to loyalty: and these occasions the fanaticks lay hold on
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to revile the doctrine and discipline of the church, and even insult and oppress the clergy, wherever their numbers or favourers will bear them out; insomuch, that one wilful refractory fanatic hath been able to disturb a whole parish for many years together. But the most moderate and favoured divines dare not own, that the word moderation, with respect to the dissenters, can be at all applied to their religion, but is purely personal or prudential. No good man repineth at the liberty of conscience they enjoy; and, perhaps, a very moderate divine may think better of their loyalty than others do; or, to speak after the manner of men, may think it necessary, that all protestants should be united against the common enemy; or out of discretion, or other reasons best known to himself, be tender of mentioning them at all. But still the errors of the dissenters are all fixed and determined, and must, upon demand, be acknowledged by all the divines of our church, whether they be called, in party phrase, high or low, moderate or violent. And further, I believe it would be hard to find many moderate divines, who, if their opinion were asked whether dissenters should be trusted with power, could, according to their consciences, answer to the affirmative; from whence it is plain, that all the stir, which the fanatics have made with this word *moderation*, was only meant to increase our divisions, and widen them so far as to make
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room for themselves to get in between. And this is the only scheme they ever had (except that of destroying root and branch) for the uniting of protestants, they so much talk of.

I shall mention but one ill consequence more, which attends our want of brotherly love; that it hath put an end to all hospitality and friendship, all good correspondence and commerce between mankind. There are indeed such things as leagues and confederacies among those of the same party; but surely God never intended, that men should be so limited in the choice of their friends: however, so it is in town and country, in every parish and street; the pastor is divided from his flock, the father from his son, and the house often divided against itself. Men's very natures are soured, and their passions inflamed, when they meet in party clubs, and spend their time in nothing else but railing at the opposite side; thus every man alive among us is encompassed with a million of enemies of his own country, among which his oldest acquaintance and friends, and kindred themselves, are often of the number: neither can people of different parties mix together without constraint, suspicion and jealousy, watching every word they speak for fear of giving offence, or else falling into rudeness and reproaches, and so leaving themselves open to the malice and corruption of informers, who were never more numerous

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or expert in their trade. And as a further addition to this evil, those very few, who, by the goodness and generosity of their nature, do in their own hearts, despise this narrow principle of confining their friendship and esteem, their charity and good offices, to those of their own party, yet dare not discover their good inclinations for fear of losing their favour and interest. And others again, whom God had formed with mild and gentle dispositions, think it necessary to put a force upon their own tempers by acting a noisy, violent, malicious part, as a means to be distinguished. Thus hath party got the better of the very genius and constitution of our people; so that whoever reads the character of the *English* in former ages, will hardly believe their present posterity to be of the same nation or climate.

III. I shall now, in the last place, make use of some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and to continue in it. Let me apply myself to you of the lower sort, and desire you will consider, when any of you make use of fair and enticing words to draw in customers, whether you do it for their sakes or your own. And then for whose sakes do you think it is, that your leaders are so industrious to put into your heads all that party rage and virulence? Is it not to make you the tools and instruments, by which they work

out their own designs? Has this spirit of faction been useful to any of you in your worldly concerns, except to those who have traded in whispering, backbiting, or informing, and wanted skill or honesty to thrive by fairer methods? It is no business of yours to enquire, who is at the head of armies, or of councils, unless you had power and skill to chuse, neither of which is ever like to be your case; and therefore to fill your heads with fears, and hatred of persons and things, of which it is impossible you can ever make a right judgment, or to set you at variance with your neighbour, because his thoughts are not the same as yours, is not only in a very gross manner to cheat you of your time and quiet, but likewise to endanger your souls.

Secondly, In order to restore brotherly love, let me earnestly exhort you to stand firm in your religion, I mean the true religion hitherto established among us, without varying in the least either to popery on the one side, or to fanaticism on the other; and, in a particular manner beware of that word, *moderation*; and believe it, that your neighbour is not immediately a villain, a papist, and a traitor, because the fanaticks and their adherents will not allow him to be a moderate man. Nay, it is very probable, that your teacher himself may be a loyal, pious, and able divine, without the least grain of moderation, as the word is too frequently understood. Therefore, to set you right in this matter,

matter, I will lay before you the character of a truly moderate man, and then I will give you the description of such an one, as falsely pretendeth to that title.

A man truly moderate is steady in the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with a due christian charity to all who dissent from it out of a principle of conscience; the freedom of which, he thinketh, ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abused, but never trusted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the protestant succession, and the protestant established faith, against all invaders whatsoever. He is for giving the crown its just prerogative, and the people their just liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, that virtue should always attend upon favour, and vice upon disgrace. These are some few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man: let us now compare it with the description of one, who usually passeth under that title.

A moderate man in the new meaning of the word is one, to whom all religion is indifferent; who, although he denominates himself of the church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually raileth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who, he hopeth, and probably upon false grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and properties as himself.

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He thinks the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little; and yet this very notion he publisheth, as his best argument, to prove him a most loyal subject. Every opinion in government, that differeth in the least from his, tends directly to popery, slavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power, can, in his judgment, neither have common sense, common honesty, nor religion. Lastly, his devotion consisteth in drinking gibbets, confusion, and damnation; in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the ashes of another.

By these marks you will easily distinguish a truly moderate man from those, who are commonly, but very falsely, so called; and while persons thus qualified are so numerous and so noisy, so full of zeal and industry to gain proselytes and spread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered that there should be so little brotherly love left among us.

Lastly, It would probably contribute to restore some degree of brotherly love, if we would but consider, that the matter of those disputes, which inflame us to this degree, doth not, in its own nature, at all concern the generality of mankind. Indeed as to those, who have been great gainers or losers by the changes of the world, the case is
different;

different; and to preach moderation to the first, and patience to the last, would perhaps be to little purpose: but what is that to the bulk of the people, who are not properly concerned in the quarrel, although evil instruments have drawn them into it? for, if the reasonable men on both sides were to confer opinions, they would find neither religion, loyalty, nor interest, are at all affected in this dispute. Not religion; because the members of the church, on both sides, profess to agree in every article: not loyalty to our prince; which is pretended to by one party as much as the other, and therefore can be no subject for debate: nor interest, for trade and industry lie open to all; and, what is further, concern only those who have expectations from the publick: so that the body of the people, if they knew their own good, might yet live amicably together, and leave their betters to quarrel among themselves, who might also probably soon come to a better temper, if they were less seconded and supported by the poor deluded multitude.

I have now done with my text, which I confess to have treated in a manner more suited to the present times, than to the nature of the subject in general. That I have not been more particular in explaining the several parts and properties of this great duty of brotherly love, the apostle to the *Thessalonians* will plead my excuse. *Touch-*
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ing brotherly love (saith he) *ye need not, that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another.* So that nothing remains to add, but our prayers to God, that he would please to restore and continue this great duty of brotherly love or charity among us, the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

Nov. 29, 1717.



END of VOL. XI.

