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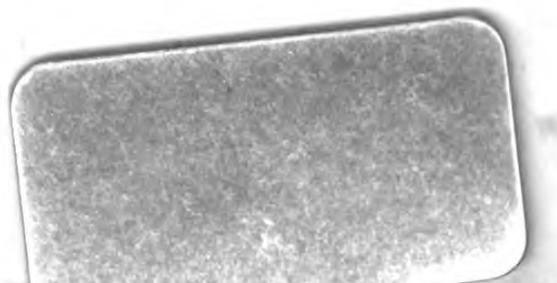


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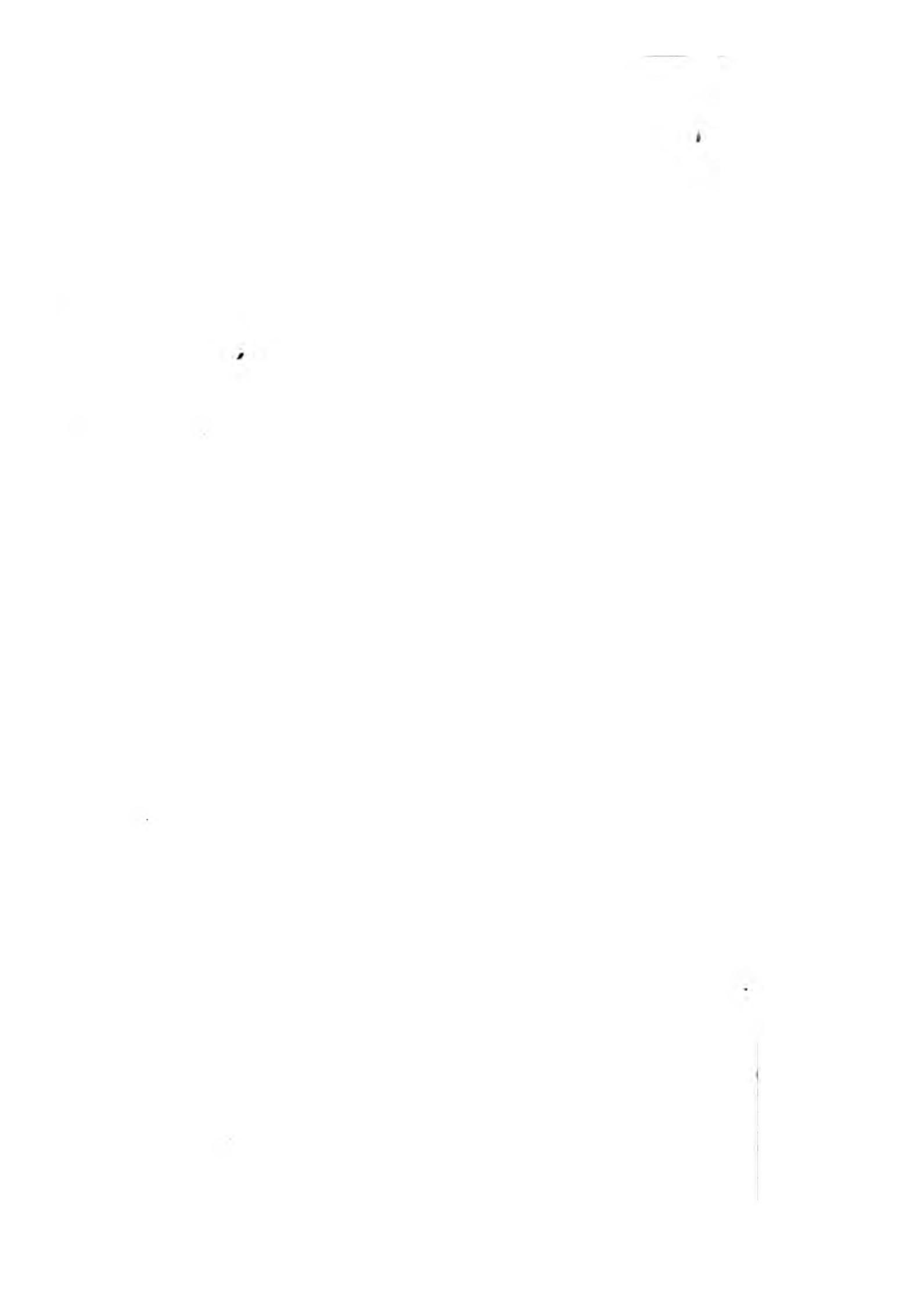


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133.





Light by Rhodes

London, pub. by Thomas Tegg, III, Cheapside, July 1-1810.

Designed by T. Hurst.

2

A
TALE OF A TUB,

WRITTEN
FOR THE UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT
OF
MANKIND.

==
DIU MULTUMQUE DESIDERATUM.
==

To which is added,
AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE
BETWEEN THE
Ancient and Modern Books
IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

WITH
THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY,
AND
EXPLANATORY NOTES, BY W. WOTTON, B. D.
AND OTHERS.



Basyma cacabasa eanaa irraumista, diarbada caëota bafobor
canelanthi. *Iren. Lib. 1. C. 18.*

— Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. *Lucret.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG,
111, CHEAPSIDE.

==
1811.

270. 2. 893.



Treatises wrote by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present set of Wits in this Island.

A Panegyric Essay upon the Number THREE.

A Dissertation upon the principal Productions of Grubstreet.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, Histori-theophysically considered.

A general History of Ears.

A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.

A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in Terra Australis incognita, translated from the Original.

A Critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, Philosophically, Physically, and Musically considered.

THE
AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this Apology; for it is manifest by the reception the following discourse hath met with, that those who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taste: yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, besides many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late discourse between a deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language, and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight

years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could; I say real ones, because under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting: he resolved to proceed in a manner, that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse. Those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judg-

ment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those who have neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner? since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading. Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal; it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine, it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opi-

nion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on: *nondum tibi defuit hostis*; I mean those heavy, illiterate scriblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion; in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish, there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dullness and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon

lay them aside and be ashamed: but he has now given over those thoughts, since the weightiest men* in the weightiest stations, are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations, wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book† to have been the work of the same hand with this: which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake; he having yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of stile, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law, or in physick, he believes the learned professors in either faculty, would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given

* Alluding to Dr. Sharp, the Archbishop of York's representation of the author. *Hawkesworth.*

† Letter concerning Enthusiasm.

him thanks for his pains, especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and, they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance, it is towards the end of the Introduction. Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are here levelled at, who having spent their lives in faction, and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us in one of his Prefaces of his merits and sufferings, thanks God that he possesses his soul in patience: in other places he talks at the same rate, and L'Estrange often uses the like stile, and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application: but this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages which

prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests he is entirely innocent, and never had it once in his thoughts that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design; the abuses he notes, being such as all church of England men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that I suppose they thought was too particular, and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, from whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning that was never thought on. And indeed, the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistical, and there-

fore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed, is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the men of taste will observe and distinguish, and which will render some objections that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been writ against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion; after the usual fate of common answerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit: they are, indeed, like annuals that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Echard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of those answerers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever answered at all. There is, indeed, an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvel's

answer to Parker* with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found:† but these are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider that to answer a book effectually, requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment than were employed in the writing it. And the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his Discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections: and do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, how-

* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the Dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says Burnet, that enraged them beyond measure; for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvel, undersecretary to Milton, in a little book called, *The Rehearsal Transposed*. *Hawkes*.

† Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris. *Hawkes*.

ever envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person,* who, upon some occasions, hath discovered no ill vein of humour. 'Tis a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject, I have now forgot, having just looked it over when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.†

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and

* Supposed to be Dr. William King, the civilian, author of an Account of Denmark, a Dissertation on Samplars, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and the Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, &c. *Hawkes.*

† This we cannot recover at present; it being so absolutely forgotten; the oldest booksellers in trade remember nothing of it. *Hawkes.*

half annotation.* In the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss, to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands that the author had given him a sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person: it was observed, how he was pleased and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary, and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told, Sir W. Temple was suffi-

* Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. From the annotations, are selected the notes, signed W. Wotton. Thus, Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself: as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat. *Hawkes.*

ciently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms, through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example, and it grew to be Porsenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist*, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books, and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that for the greater part the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will, he is sure, into that of any reader of taste and candour; he allows two or three at most there produced, to have been delivered unwarily, for which he desires to plead

* Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æsop. *Hawkes*.

the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design; what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet by a caution to readers, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some alley of personal animosity, at least mixt with the design of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a very tender point, who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However this answerer produces three instances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The first is, that the names of Peter, Martin and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late

Duke of Buckingham*. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same, which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes: that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to shew the Author's wit is not his own, is Peter's Banter (as he calls it in his *Alsatia* phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen, about ten years after his book was writ, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the tale was writ in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least re-

semblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words: I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's Library, is *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entituled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not. In which passage there are two clauses observable: I have been assured; and, if I misremember not. I desire first to know, whether if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a plagiarist; which he here fixes at a venture, and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a poultry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the

mistake on the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer, who when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the Tale of a Tub, wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of some service to the public, and has given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages; but it is the frequent

error of those men (otherwise very commendable for their labours) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,* would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been servicable to many readers who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *optat ephippia bos piger*: The dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle nor speed of that nobler animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon some-body, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are at best too light a pretence to allow a man to as-

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of school-boys. *Hawkes.*

sign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant, yet at the same time fixes in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations, and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed, and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless; the author not being at all prepared: but he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the Author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing hath ever been objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but to deal freely the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called, A Fragment; which he more wondered to see in print than all the rest. Having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman who had designed a discourse of somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards, and it was a sufficient surprize to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended; for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat

oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed, and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find that the severest strokes of satyr in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics, of which there is a remarkable instance in the 7th section, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice exprest in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alledged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it. But it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology, without making this one reflection; that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where

these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now the greater part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak because they are insensible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, 'tis but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White-Friers, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants, by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics: but, if this bantering, as they call it, be so despicable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards it themselves? To instance only in the answerer, already mentioned; it is grievous to see him in some of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail*: and in his answer to this discourse, he says, *it is all a farce and a ladle*: with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta Literurum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude; with those allowances above required, this book should be read, after which the author conceives, few things will remain which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste, and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name, wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen, to write some explanatory notes, for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it, till they appear in print, when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller hath published a foolish paper, under the name of Notes on the *Tale of a Tub*, with some account of the author; and with an insolence which I suppose

is punishable by law, hath presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover: the gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of desiderata. But if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles, upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMMERS.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to ; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers ; and, being wholly free from that slavery, which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors : I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God, and your Lordship, know their faults, and their merits ; for as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter ; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition : Neither would I desire any other help, to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but, chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; but, I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed, written in large letters, the two following words, **DETUR DIGNISSIMO**; which, for ought I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to translate out of that language) I was therefore, compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus, *let it be given to the worthiest*. And his comment was, that the author meant, his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber, (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but

by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis*, towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess; why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Sommers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for, I have somewhere heard, it is a maxim, that those, to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyrick upon your Lordship's virtues,

In two days, they brought me ten sheets of paper filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my

ignorance, because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves. Therefore, I grievously suspect a cheat; and, that these authors of mine, stole and transcribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself, as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done) it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me, plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected indeed to have heard of your Lordship's bravery, at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or, your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in algebra, methaphysicks and the oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candor and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great

discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics: I confess I have neither conscience, nor countenance to do it. Because, there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own, have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your *friends*, your *enemies** have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a *late reign*; † and that is another reason, why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because, I have been told by wise men, that as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither, in search of characters.

* In 1701, Lord Sommers was impeached by the Commons, who, either finding their proofs defective, or for other reasons, delayed coming to trial; and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him. *Hawks.*

† K. William's; whose memory he defended in the House of Lords, against some invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham. *Hawks.*

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far, upon the praise of our patrons' *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues,* sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all respect and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

* Sir John Sommers was Attorney General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Evesham, in April 1697. *Hawks.*

THE
BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years* since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written. For, the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he had calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears, they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after. So that, whether the work received his last hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective places; is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704. *Hawks.*

more than the cant, or jargon of the trade. I therefore, gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forebore upon two accounts; first, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and secondly, because, I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccacini, la Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing, to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

==
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE POSTERITY.

==
SIR,

I HERE present your Highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this: the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of Parliament, a great dearth

The citation out of Irenæ in the title-page to the *Tale of a Tub, &c.* which seems to be all *gibberish*, is a form of initiation used antiently by the Marcosian heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the usual style of decried writers, to appeal to *Posterity*; who is here represented as a prince in his non-age, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be ashamed of.

of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your Highness, whose numberless virtues in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes. For altho' your Highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours. But in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your Highness is committed, has resolved (I am told) to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have assurance in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your Highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your Highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into

the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this *Insolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your Highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking your Highness where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the abyss of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the center. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ———? But that it

may no longer be a doubt with your Highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin; I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe, which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth; consider his baneful abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink or paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh! that your Highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais*,* of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page*.†

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise on this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les rays faineans*, [from their doing nothing,] who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was administered by the *mayor de palais*; till Charles Martel, the last mayor, put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand. *Hawks.*

† Out of guardianship.

heard of: Unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: Some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets, from whom I am preparing a petition to your Highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate, but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes to shew for a support to his pretensions. The never dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your Highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess immortality to be a great and powerful goddess: but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your Highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold, and so false, that I have been some time thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion ; yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your Highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets ; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and booksellers ; but I enquired in vain ; the *memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found* : and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highness, that we do abound in learning and wit ; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your Highness, that there is a large

cloud near the *horizon*, in the form of a *bear*; another in the *zenith*, with the head of an *ass*; a third to the westward, with claws like a *dragon*; and your Highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and position; new ones would arise; and all we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the *zoography* and *topography* of them.

But your governor, perhaps, may still insist and put the question. What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits the distance between your Highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lanthorn. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your Highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant. How-

ever, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being, a certain poet called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for ought I know, is yet to be seen. There is another called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, and universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. B—tl—y, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller.* He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better

* Bentley, in his controversy with Lord Orrery, upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller, about the loan and restitution of a MS. *Hawks.*

grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther I avow to your Highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William W—tt—n, B. D. who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor* (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly stile, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with *traits* of wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his fore-mentioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation. Their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understanding in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your Highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the Universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but your Highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have.

† Sir William Temple.

already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.*

That your Highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last out-shine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Your Highness's

December,
1697.

Most devoted, &c.

* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France. *Hawks.*

THE
P R E F A C E.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of *church* and *state* begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of *religion* and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity

that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer, That seamen have a custom, when they meet a *whale*, to fling him out an empty *tub*, by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologized. The *whale* was interpreted to be Hobbes's *Leviathan*; which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the *Leviathan*, from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The *ship* in danger, is easily understood to be its old antitype, the *commonwealth*. But how to analyse the *tub*, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved: And it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these *Leviathans* from tossing and sporting with the *commonwealth*, which of itself is too apt to *fluctuate*, they should be diverted from that game by a TALE OF A TUB. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the fol-

lowing treatise; which, I hope, will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work: into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of *wits* in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large *pæderastic* school, with French and Italian masters: There is, also, the *spelling* school, a *very spacious building*; the school of *looking glasses*; the school of *swearing*; the school of *critics*; the school of *salivation*; the school of *hobby-horses*; the school of *poetry*; the school of *tops**; the school of *spleen*; the school of *gaming*; and many others too tedious to re-

* This I think the author should have omitted, it being of the very same nature with the *school of hobby-horses*, if one may venture to censure one, who is so severe a censurer of others, perhaps with too little distinction.

count. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But to return; I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the *moderns*, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*. This was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio**. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study †, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches; which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting; because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and

* *Hor.* Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

† Reading prefaces, &c.

which is very apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty *to-day*, or *fasting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *spoke by Mr What d'y'call'm*, or *in a summer's morning*; any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *Wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being lost. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me, to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene; yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding; because I cannot imagine why we should be at expence to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours; wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August 1697, should descend to the

very *bottom* of all the *sublime* throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen; for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend some curious *wit* may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming ac-

According to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another:

When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another:

To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who, upon a less consideration, would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers? &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation having strenuously maintained the contrary

in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy croud is here? Pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together? Z——ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow. At last, a *wearer*, that stood next him, could hold no longer: A plague confound you (*said he*) for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd; and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that, where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that some-

thing very useful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary, either of *wit*, or *sublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority. For it is here to be noted, that *praise* was originally a pension paid by the world: But the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-simple*; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is that when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, *I speak without vanity*: Which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent

from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists, to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline: First, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: For there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the *world's posteriors*, whether you apply to it the *toe* or the *birch*. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because *nettles* have the prerogative to sting, therefore all *other weeds* must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers: For it is well known among *mythologists*, that *weeds* have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first *monarch* of this island, whose taste and judgement were so acute and refined, did very wisely root the *roses* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thistles* in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound. May it survive, and neglect

the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with razors, which are never so apt to *cut* those they are employed on, as when they have *lost their edge*. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason, I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by *lashes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the *Christian* reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island: Whereas there is

very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural. For the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For as health is but one thing, and has been always the same; whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions: so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: But the reader quickly finds it is all *pork**, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the lat-

* Plutarch.

ter will be always better received than the first. For this being bestowed only upon one or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest, who have no share in the blessing. But satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth *, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud, and in public; or to expose upon the stage by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost *rhetoric* against mankind, in the face of the world: Tell them, *That all are gone astray; that*

* *Vid.* Xenoph.

there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa; with any other common places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the splendida bilis. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else; against pride and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court chapel; and in a city-pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a ball bandied to and fro; and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things, so far as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest; how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play; how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus †,*

* *Hor.* Spleen.

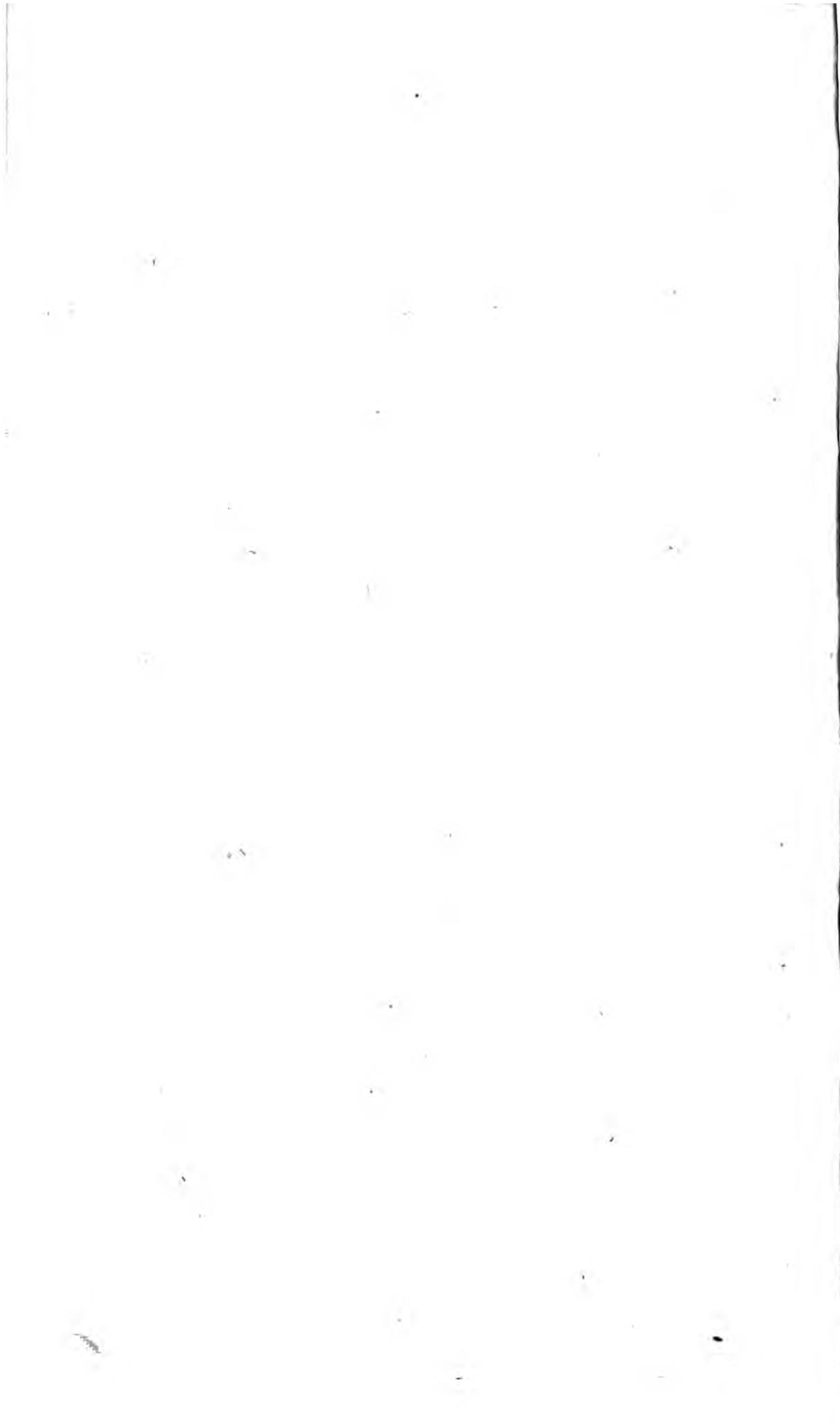
† Juno and Venus, are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I re-

loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or, how *such an orator* makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose: Whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have *challenges* sent him; to be sued for *defamation*; and to be *brought before the bar of the house*.

But I forgot that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards *A panegyric upon the world*, to which I intended to add a second part, intituled, *A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages*. Both these I had thought to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but, finding my commonplace book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune: In the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable and much in the *modern way*, to inform the *gentle reader*, and

member such reflections were cast about that time, but I cannot fix the person intended here.

would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be *large*, in proportion as the subsequent volume is *small*; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the *porch*; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.



A

TALE OF A TUB.*



SECT. I.

THE INTRODUCTION. †



WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads

* The *Tale of a Tub* has made much noise in the world. It was one of Swift's earliest performances, and has never been excelled in wit and spirit by his own, or any other pen. The censures that have passed upon it are various. The most material of which, were such as reflected upon Dr. Swift, in the character of a clergyman, and a Christian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Christianity, that many of her sons, from a mistaken filial piety, have indulged themselves in too restrained and too melancholy

there is room enough? but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *hell*:

—————evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est *.

To this end, the philosopher's way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain *edifices in the air*. But, whatever practice and reputation these kinds

a way of thinking. Can we wonder then, if a book, composed with all the force of wit and humour, in derision of sacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocrisy, and in contempt of flegmatic stiffness, should be wilfully misconstrued by some persons, and ignorantly mistaken by others, as a sarcasm and reflection upon the whole Christian church? Swift's ungovernable spirit of irony has sometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. In the style of truth, I must look upon the *Tale of a Tub*, as no *intended* insult against Christianity, but as a satire against the wild errors of the church of Rome, the slow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans, and the absurd and affected zeal of the Presbyterians. *Orrery*.

† The *Introduction* abounds with wit and humour. But the author never loses the least opportunity of venting his keenest satire against Mr Dryden, and consequently, loads with insults, the greatest, although the least prosperous, of our English poets. Yet who can avoid smiling, when he finds the *Hind and Panther*, as a *complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen*, and when *Tommy Pots* is supposed written by *the same hand*, as a *supplement to the former work*? I am willing to imagine, that Dryden, in some manner or

of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. *First*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *sight*, and ever out of *hearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators,

other, had offended Swift, who, otherwise, I hope, would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppressed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion. But although our satirical author, now and then, may have indulged himself in some personal animosities, or may have taken freedoms not so perfectly consistent with that solemn decency which is required from a clergyman; yet, throughout the whole piece, there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs pedantry and affectation into the lowest degree of contempt, and exposes the character of *Peter* and *Jack* in such a manner, as never will be forgiven, and never can be answered. *Orrery*.

* But to return, and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *stage itinerant*. For, as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of the fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to the perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution; and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the *place of sleep*; but in common acceptation, *a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*: Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilst others *slept*, so now they may *sleep* as long, whilst others *talk*.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number

which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every *genus* and *species*, within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyric essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the *senses* and the *elements* under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines in place, as well as in dignity, is the *pulpit*. Of *pulpits* there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection

in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered *vessel* in every assembly, where it is rightfully used;) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need say nothing. It is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copperplates: A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the *stage-itinerant**, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio in triviis et quadriviis* †. It is the great se-

* Is the *mountebank's stage*, whose orators the author determines either to the *gallows* or a *conventicle*.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.

minary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings, there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a *superior position of place*. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this *phænomenon*. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus*, continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep *impressions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus †.

Lucr. lib. 4.

* Lucret. lib. 2.

† 'Tis certain then, that *voice*, that thus can wound,
Is all *material*; *body* every *sound*.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that, in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest

of all; and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called *the twelve-penny gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now, this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern saints* in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them from the dross and grossness of *sense* and *human reason*. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: And, secondly, Because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles*, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher, are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt, or worm eaten.

The *ladder* is an adequate symbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*; to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of *faction**

*, because * * * * *

* * * * * *Hiatus in*

* * * * * *MS.*

* * * * * * *Of poetry.*

because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and, because, climbing up by slow degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of property, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

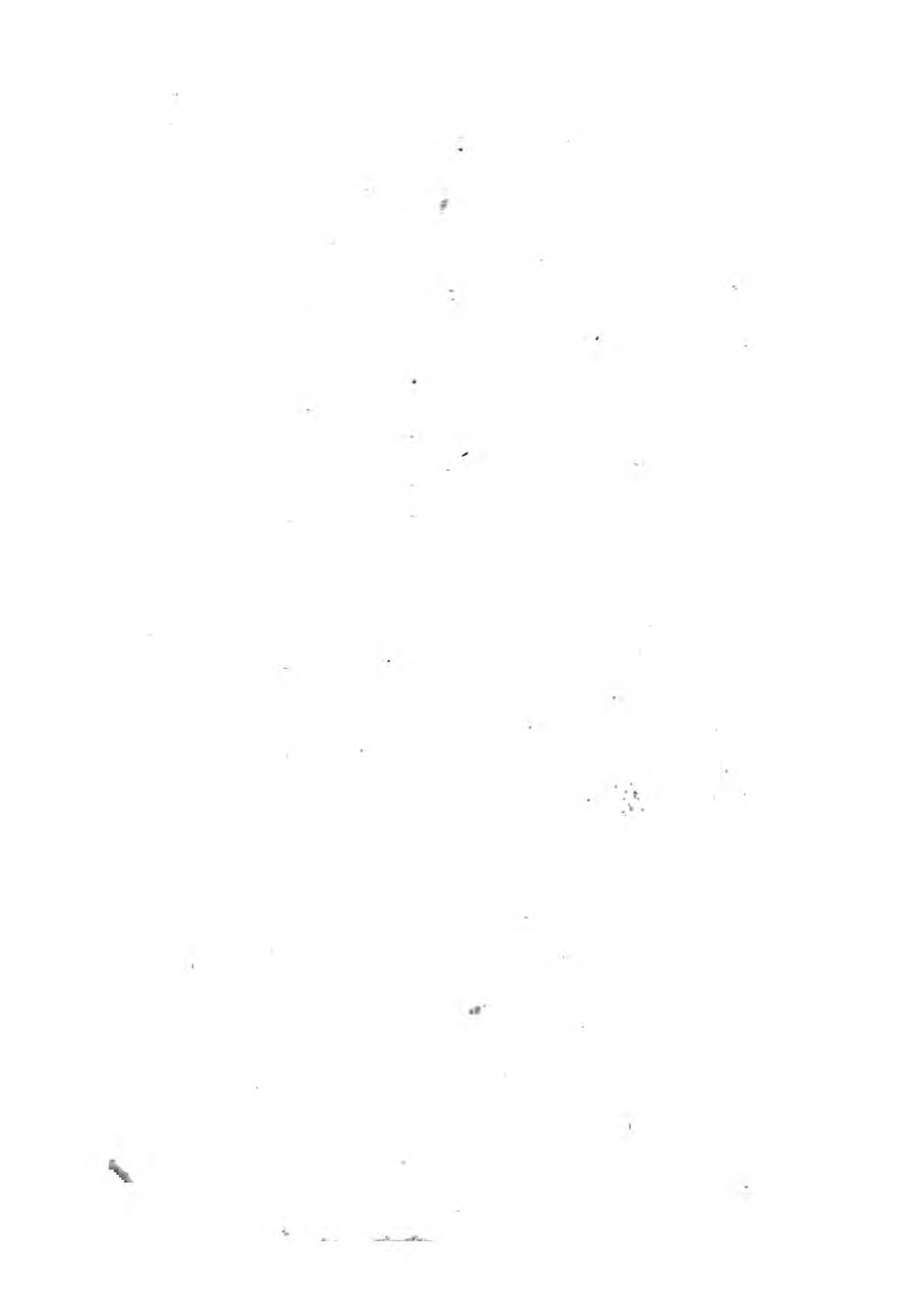
Under the *stage-itinerant* are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, *Sixpenny-worth of Wit*, *Westminster Drolleries*, *Delightful Tales*, *Complete Jesters*, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET, have, in these latter ages, so nobly triumphed over *Time*; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the

* Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading; or when he has no mind to enter on the subject; or when it is a matter of little moment; or, perhaps, to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention.

Great Street Authors' Triumph over Time.



London, Pub. by Thomas Tegg, III, Cheap-side, July 1-1810.



hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-street* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* start-up societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean. Nor has the world been so negligent a looker on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham*, and of Will's†, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings, not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be

* Gresham college was the place where the Royal society then met, from whence they removed to Crane-court in Flect-street.

† Will's *coffee-house* in Covent-garden, was formerly the place where the poets usually met; which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

forgot by the world, or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries, not on'y of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *president*, I humbly offer two answers. First, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a *smaller* affair*, including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of *capacity* enough for the first, or an arithmatician of *capacity* enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide, which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which, in all common justice, ought to be intitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the

* *Viz.* About moving the earth.

determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorized to say, upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all; desiring much rather that things be amicably composed: and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their *husks* and their *harlots*; which, I think, from the present course of their studies*, they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received, (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things), hath been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things: Whereas,

* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

wisdom is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: It is a *cheese*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the *maggots* are the best: It is a *sack-posset*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. *Wisdom* is a *hen*, whose *cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *egg*. But then, lastly, it is a *nut*, which, unless you chuse with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In consequence of these momentous truths, the Grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the out-ward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings,

I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society: which, besides their beautiful externals for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members. He began with the history of Reynard the *fox**; but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received: nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypse* of all state *arcana*. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall im-

* The author seems here to be mistaken; for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox, above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the rest, it has been thought, by many people, to contain some satirical design in it.

part a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the *metempsychosis*, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr. Faustus, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He published it in the nine-hundredth-eighty-fourth year of his age*. This writer proceeds wholly by *reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: And the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the *male* and *female dragon*.

Whittington and his cat is the work of that mysterious *Rabbi*, Jehuba Hannasi; containing a defence of the *Gemara* of the *Jerusalem Misna* †, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

* The chymists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily. *Hawkes*.

† The *Gemara* is the decision, explanation, or the interpretation of the Jewish rabbies; and the *Misna* is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil, or common law. *Hawkes*.

The *Hind and Panther*. This is the master piece of a famous writer now living*, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The *Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice*. This is a treatise of immense erudition; being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the *moderns* learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *ancients*. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise hath been lately published, by a *worthy member* of our society †.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed

* *Viz.* in 1698.

† This I suppose to be understood of Mr. Wotton's discourse of antient and modern learning.

the poor remains of an unfortunate life*. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pro's* and *con's* upon *Popish plats*, and *meal-tubs*†, and *exclusion bills*, and *passive obedience*, and *addresses of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conscience*, and *letters to a friend*: From an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

* Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others, who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings.

† In King Charles II.'s time, there was an account of a *Presbyterian* plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.

But to return: I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance, That they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles *, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well

* The title page, in the original, was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of.

as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of *god-fathers**; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: But it seems, there is an unhappy expence usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

* See Virgil translated, &c. He dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.

SECT. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife*, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

Sons, Because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expence have provided each of you, (here

• By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenters, are designed. *W. Wotton.*

In the character of Peter, we see the Pope, seated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of Martin, we view Luther, and the first reformers. And in the description of Jack, we behold John Calvin and his disciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed against Peter and Jack. To Martin he shews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit. *Orrery.*

they are) *a new coat**. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live. The other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will † (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together, in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

Here, the story says, this good father died and the three sons went altogether to seek their fortunes.

* By his coats, which he gave his sons, the garment of the Israelites. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with submission) of the learned commentator; or by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of *Christianity*, by the wisdom of the divine founder, fitted to all times, places, and circumstances. *Lambin.*

† The New Testament.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met with for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but especially three who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil*. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the

* Their mistresses are, the Duchess d'Argent, Mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil; *i. e.* covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the antient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of Christianity.

W. Wotton.

watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*, got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the *house*, and loud in the *coffee-house*; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics; and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount; and, by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town. But all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened, a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion*. They worshipped a sort of *idol* †, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three foot. He was shewn in the posture of a Persian Emperor, sitting on a *superficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *goose* for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *hell* seemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating: to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cer-

* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

† By this *idol* is meant a tailor.

copithecus*. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief *idol* was also worshipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large *suit of cloaths*, which *invests* every thing: That the earth is *invested* by the air; the air is *invested* by the stars; and the stars are *invested* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable *dress*. What is that which some call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *sea*, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* Nature hath been, to trim up the vegetable beaux: Observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a *beech*, and what a fine doublet of white sattin is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is

* The Ægyptians worshipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.

man himself but a *micro-coat* * ; or rather a complete suit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no dispute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *pair of shoes*, worn out in the dirt; self-love a *surtout*; vanity a *shirt*; and conscience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly *suits of cloaths*, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty and wit, and mein, and breeding, their inseparable properties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up *parliament*—, *coffee*—, *play*—, *bawdy houses*? It is true indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called *suits of cloaths*, or *dresses*, do, according to certain com-

* Alluding to the word *microcosm*, or a little world, as man hath been called by philosophers.

positions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a *Lord Mayor*; if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a *Judge*; and so, an apt conjunction of lawn and black sattin, we intitle a *Bishop*.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *dresses*, the *natural* and the *celestial suit*; which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by *scripture*; because *in them we live, and move, and have our being*: as likewise by philosophy; because they *are all in all, and all in every part*. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines*, which were entertained

* The first part of the *tale*, is the history of Peter. Thereby Popery is exposed. Every body knows, the Papists have made great additions to Christianity; that in-

with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner. *Embroidery* was *sheer wit*; *goldfringe* was *agreeable conversation*; *gold lace* was *repartee*; a huge long *periwig* was *humour*; and a *coat full of powder* was very good *raillery*: All which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of antient authors, this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity; which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of think-

deed is the great exception which the *Church of England* makes against them: Accordingly, Peter begins his pranks with adding a *shoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Wotton.*

The actions of Peter, are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome, such as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confession, transubstantiation, and those dreadful monsters the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous author, derived their original from the famous bulls of Colchis, described by Ovid.

*Terribiles vultus, præfixaque cornua ferro ;
Pulvereamque solum pede pulsa vere bisulco ;
Fumificisque locum mugitibus implevere.*

Met. i. vii. V. 112.

ing, very different from any other systems, either *ancient* or *modern*. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader, to peruse, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats, one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sown, you would

swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament*. And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great *shoulder-knots*; came up †: Straight all the world wore *shoulder-knots*; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the *quota* of *shoulder-knots*. *That fellow*, cries one, *has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?* Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *playhouse*, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, *I am first sculler*. If they stepped to the *Rose* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we sell no ale*. If they went to visit a la-

* His description of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import: "The coats, their father had left them, were of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion. *Christiani religio absoluta et simplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a Heathen.

W. Wotton.

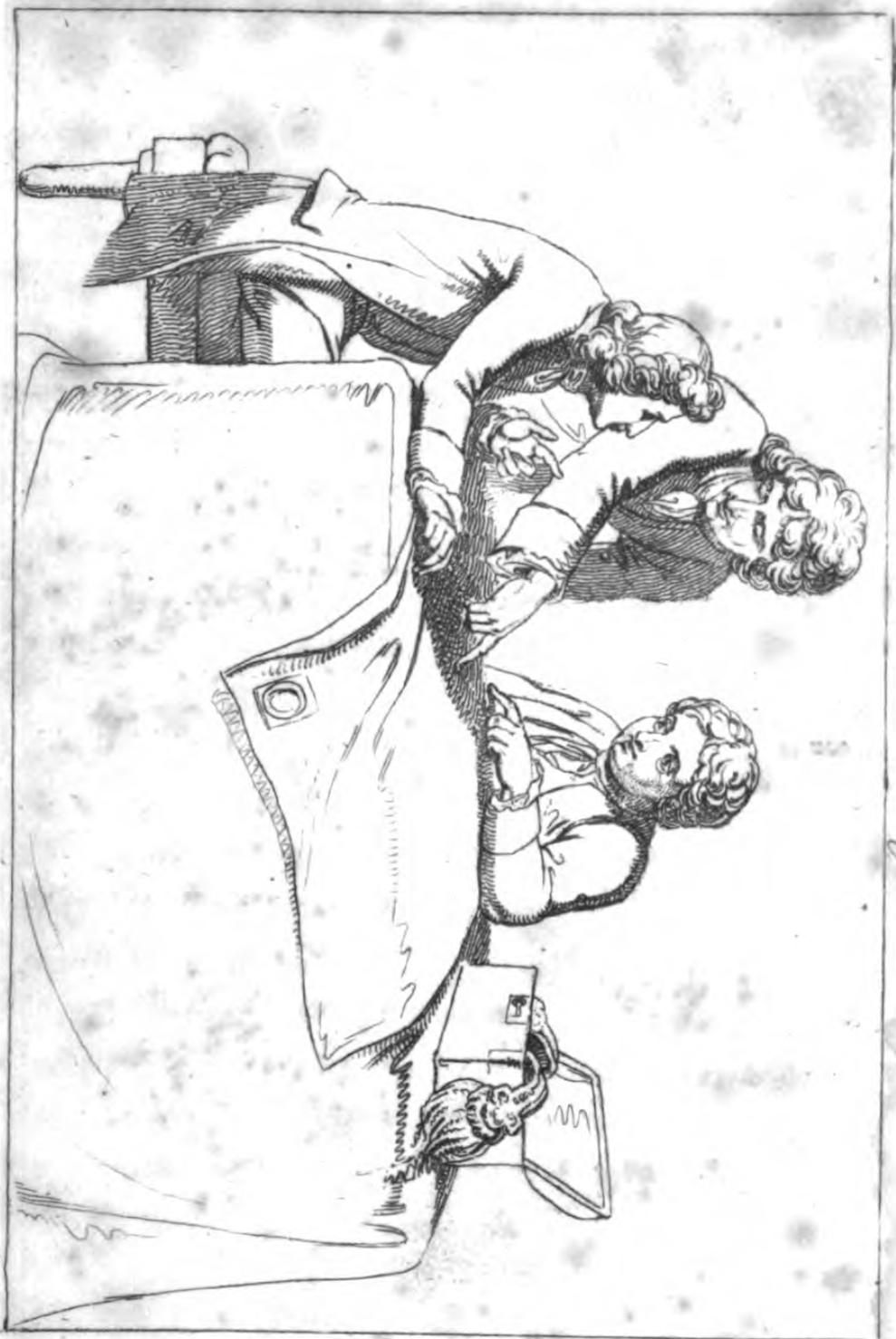
† By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the church, such as were neither for convenience or edification; as a *shoulder-knot*, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

dy, a footman met them at the door, with *Pray send up your message*. In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the *shoulder-knot*. What should they do? What temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet *shoulder-knots* appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book-learned* than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. *It is true*, said he, *there is nothing here in this will, totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: But I dare conjecture, we may find them inclusive, or totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, *Brothers, there is yet hope; for though we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall*

* When the Papists cannot find any thing which they want in scripture, they go to *oral tradition*. Thus Peter is introduced dissatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occasion for in the *will*; when neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis*.

W. Wotton.

Peter, John & Martin examining the Will.



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make them out tertio modo, or totidem literis. This discovery was also highly commended: Upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R, when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuscripts. " 'Tis true" (said he) " the word *Calendæ* hath " in Q. V. C. * been sometimes written with a " K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it " has been ever spelt with a C. And, by conse- " quence, it was a gross mistake in our language " to spell *knot* with a K; but that from hence- " forward he would take care it should be writ- " ten with a C." Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; *shoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions,

* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus*: Some ancient manuscripts.

upon which it entirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their time; and we must now imagine them in their decline: For a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that *month*. In two days, all mankind appeared closed up in bars of *gold-lace**. Whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of *gold-lace*, was as scandalous as a —, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already, in the affair of *shoulder-knots*. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the *shoulder-knots* was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of *gold-lace* seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant: It did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*; and especially that wonderful piece, *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself; like commentators on the *Revelations*, who proceed prophets without

* I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

understanding a syllable of the text. *Brothers,* said he, *you are to be informed, that of wills duo sunt genera, nuncupatory * and scriptory. That in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, conceditur: but, si idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur. For brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold-lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—, that is very true, cries the other; I remember it perfectly well,* said the third. And so, without more ado, they got the largest *gold-lace* in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up, *all in fashion,* a pretty sort of *flame-coloured sattin †* for linings;

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the scripture, or rather greater.

† This is *purgatory*, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter, but here, only to shew how scripture was perverted to prove it; which was done, by giving equal authority, with the *canon*, to *Apocryphu*, called here a *codocil annexed*.

It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brothers dresses, refers to some particular error in the *church of Rome*; though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of *flame-coloured sattin*, is manifestly intended *purgatory*; by *gold-lace* may perhaps be un-

and the *mercier* brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen : *An' please your worships*, said he, *my Lord C—, and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night. It takes wonderfully ; and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten a clock.* Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will, to take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before they went to sleep *. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command ; (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal), says he that was the scholar, *I remember to have read in wills, of a codicil annexed ; which is indeed a part*

derstood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The *shoulder-knots* and *silver fringe* are not so obvious, at least to me. But the indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

* That is, to take care of hell ; and in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.

of the will; and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us; and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dextrously. I have had it by me some time. It was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's ; and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured sattin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the sattin bought and worn.*

Next winter, a *player*, hired for the purpose by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with *silver-fringe*†; and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which, the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: *Item, I charge and command my said three sons, to wear no sort of silver-fringe upon or about their said coats, &c.* with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition,

* I believe this refers to that part of the *Apocrypha*, where mention is made of *Tobit* and his dog.

† This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a *broom-stick**; and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet *silver*; which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a *broom-stick*. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a *broom-stick* on their coats; a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a *mystery*; which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of *silver-fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with Indian *figures* of

* The next subject of our author's wit, is the glosses and interpretations of scripture, very many absurd ones of which are allowed in the most authentic books of the church of Rome. W. Wetton.

men, women, and children*. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the fashion than any body else in the town. But they solved the matter, by saying that these figures were not at all the *same* with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some *allowance*, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously,

* The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

Ibid. Images in the church of Rome, give him but too fair a handle, *The brothers remembered, &c.* The allegory, here is direct. *W. Wotton.*

to lock up their father's will in a *strong box* *, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which; and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, most of them *tagged with silver*. Upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra* †, that *points* were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will: However, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or else *multa absurda*

* The papists formerly forbade the people the use of scripture in a vulgar tongue: Peter therefore *locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy*. These countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the *vulgar* Latin, which is the authentic edition of the *Bible* in the church of Rome, is the language of old Italy. *W. Wotton.*

† The *Popes*, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the *church of Rome*, that are not mentioned in scripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with silver were absolutely jure paterno*; and so they wore them in great numbers. *W. Wotton.*

sequerentur. This was understood for *canonical*; and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar, in all that, or the next street to it; insomuch, as having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a *certain lord**, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the *lord* died; and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that house to himself and his heirs. Upon which he took possession, turned the young 'squires out, and received his brothers in their stead †.

* This was Constantine the Great, from whom the *Popes* pretend a donation of St Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

† *Ibid*. The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome, at first by the favour of the emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Constantine the Great*, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, *having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c.* W. Wotton.

SECT. III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS*.

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords* the *critics*. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them

* The several *digressions* are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grub-street philosophers. *Orrery*.

with a short account of themselves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in *ancient books and pamphlets*. For, first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world; by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, from his taste to a true relish of the *sublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning: who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of *critic* in a literal sense;

that one principal part of his office, was to praise and acquit; and that a *critic*, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a *judge*, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant the restorers of ancient learning, from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third, and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every *true critic* is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat Bentley and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat *Etcætera* the younger

And these are the *critics* from whom the common-wealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the oblo-

quy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other *vermin* were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves; as Hercules most generously did; and hath, upon that score, procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient *altitude*; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character, should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, and the close analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a *true ancient genuine critic*; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake

them together like Augeas's dung : or else drive away a sort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true *critic* ; that he is a *discoverer and collector of writers faults* ; which may be farther put beyond dispute, by the following demonstration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers ; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed, and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distill into their own ; by which means, the whole appears to be nothing else but an *abstract* of the *criticisms* they themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation ; I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors ; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of

criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, wholly *modern*; and consequently, that the *critics* of Great Britain and France, have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have produced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble *moderns*: whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the *ancients*, and given a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things, delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens*; and that the noblest discoveries, those *ancients* ever made of art and nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those *ancients* can

* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

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criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and consequently, that the *critics* of Great Britain and France, have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

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* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with *present things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these *ancients*, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by *satire* or *panegyric*, upon the *true critics*, in imitation of their *masters*, the *moderns*. Now, in the *common places* of both these*, I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in *prefaces* and *prologues*; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the *true critic*; though the *types*

* Satire and panegyric upon critics.

are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taste* could overlook them. I shall venture, from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these *ancient writers*, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very *same hieroglyph*; varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For, first, Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct, was entirely owing to the institution of *critics*. And that he can possibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says*, “They were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescences of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches, from their works.” But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: “That the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit.” But Herodotus†, holding the

* Lib. —

† Lib. 4.

very same *hieroglyph*, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice, telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that “in the western part of Libya, there were ASSES with horns.” Upon which relation Ctesias* yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India: adding, “that whereas all other Asses wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.”

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible, as the *critics* of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound: for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place †, how “a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an Ass.” From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic* by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short,

* *Vide* excerpta ex eo apud Photium.

† Lib. 4.

this dread was so universal, that, in process of time, those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the *true critics* of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*; and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical. So Diodorus*, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that, “in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it.” Lucretius gives exactly the same relation :

Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem retro consueta necare.†

Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been used with much severity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least, one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiqui-

* Lib.

† Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees whose blossoms with their odour kill.

ty of the *true critics*. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he hath set down these remarkable words. "Amongst the rest," says he, "there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues. These serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils."

There was also among the *ancients*, a sort of *critics*, not distinguished in *specie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the *tyro's* or *junior* scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was, to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the *worst parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fledged at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed, both among *ancients* and *moderns*, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his na-

ture ; that a *grey critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth ; like *hemp*, which some naturalists inform us is bad for *suffocations*, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of *prologues*, to have been owing to these younger proficient, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the institution of the *true critics*, was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company : One man can *fiddle*, and another can make *a small town a great city* ; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of *critics* ; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a *taylor* ; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both : that the *taylor's hell* is the type of a *critic's common place-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *goose* ; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a

man; that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections: and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the *critics* company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticism*, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of *critics*, that “their writings are the mirrors of learning*.” This I understand in a literal sense; and suppose our author must mean, that whosoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the *mirrors*

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. *Vide* Bentley's dissertation, &c.

of the ancients were made of *brass*, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*; and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For *brass* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast *reflections* from its own *superficies*, without any assistance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, That *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* result of the *critic's* mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay for a second.

Secondly, The *true critics* are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the *king* is on horseback, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

Lastly, A *true critic* in the perusal of a book, is like a *dog* at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests *fling away*: and consequently is apt to *snarl* most when there are the fewest *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics*; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now with much pains and study conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our *learned brother*, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head,

than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch that, unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. PETER,; and then he must be styled FATHER PETER, and sometimes MY LORD PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn *projector* and *virtuoso*; wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to LORD PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect, of the chief amongst them; without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting,

the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several *academies* abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers the eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed, with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent *, lately said to have been discovered in *Terra Australis Incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons, to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his

* That is purgatory.

sovereign remedy for the *worms**, especially those in the *spleen*. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights†. As soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the *worms* would void insensibly by perspiration ascending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a *whispering office*‡, for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholic; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy counsellors, pages, parasites,

* *Penance* and *absolution* are played upon under the notion of a *sovereign remedy for the worms*, especially in the *spleen*: which, by observing Peter's prescription, would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*, &c. *W. Wotton*.

† Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

‡ By his *whispering office*, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest, who takes it, is described by the *ass's head*. *W. Wotton*.

and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much *wind*. An *ass's* head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an *office of insurance** for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, shadows, — — and rivers; That these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly societies* may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows*†; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much

* This I take to be the office of *indulgences*, the gross abuse whereof first gave occasion for the Reformation.

† I believe are monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c. among the Papists.

renowned, was his famous universal *pickle**. For having remarked how your common *pickle*†, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost, as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this *pickle*, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but for its many sovereign virtues, was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlompimp*‡, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *sparge-*

* Holy water he calls an *universal pickle*, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. *W. Wotton.*

† This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

‡ And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle by the powder of *pimperlompimp* receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings.

W. Wotton.

*faction**, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scald-heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities he most valued a certain set of *bulls*†, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the *golden fleece*; though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of Colchis are recorded to have *brazen feet*. But whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents,

* *Sprinkling*.

† The papal *bulls* are ridiculed by name; so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning. *W. Wotton*.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the *Pope's bulls*, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead, and the seal of fisherman; and therefore said to have *leaden feet* and *fishes tails*.

from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or, by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, it is certain, That Lord Peter's *bulls* were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage, was preserved, as likewise that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their nostrils*; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of *squibs* and *crackers*†. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the *bulls* of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace,

* These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire, the more liable it is to be interpreted into high treason against the King. *Orrery*.

† These are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

“ Varias inducere plumas;
 and
 Atrum desinit in piscem.”

For these had *fishes* tails; yet upon occasion could *out-fly* any bird in the air. Peter put these *bulls* upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright *naughty boys**, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the *golden fleece*: they continued so extremely fond of *gold*, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar*, and *spit*, and *belch*, and *piss*, and *fart*, and *snivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui juctu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both: it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women mis-

* That is, Kings who incurred his displeasure.

carry, and children fall into fits : who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the *north-west* got a parcel of right english *bull-dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be a master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money ; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, *his Lordship* would return a piece of paper in this form* :

“ TO all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that *A. B.* remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death ; we will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his

* This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *Servus servorum*.

Ibid. Absolution *in articula mortis*, and the tax *camera apostolica*, are jested upon in Emperor Peter's letter.

W. Wotton.

“ own habitation, whether he stands condemned
 “ for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest,
 “ treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall
 “ be your sufficient warrant. And if you fail
 “ thereof, G—d d—mn you and yours to all
 “ eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

Man's man,

EMPEROR PETER.”

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the *learned* among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *vere adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions; especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imi-

tation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it *shook* itself, and began to *turn round* for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself *God Almighty**, and sometimes *monarch of the universe*. I have seen him (says my author) take three old *high-crowned hats* †, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of *keys* at his girdle ‡, and an *angling rod* in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called *God upon earth*, and other blasphemous *titles* are given him.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church.—The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are assumed by the Pope in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter, *I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven*. *Hawkes*.

Ibid. The Pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. *W. Wotton*.

him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well educated spaniel, would present them with his *foot* *; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick on the mouth; which hath ever since been called a *salute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their complements, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade* † was, to kick both their *wives* one morning out of doors ‡, and his own too; and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals §. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him ex-

* Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper scape reflection. *W. Wotton.*

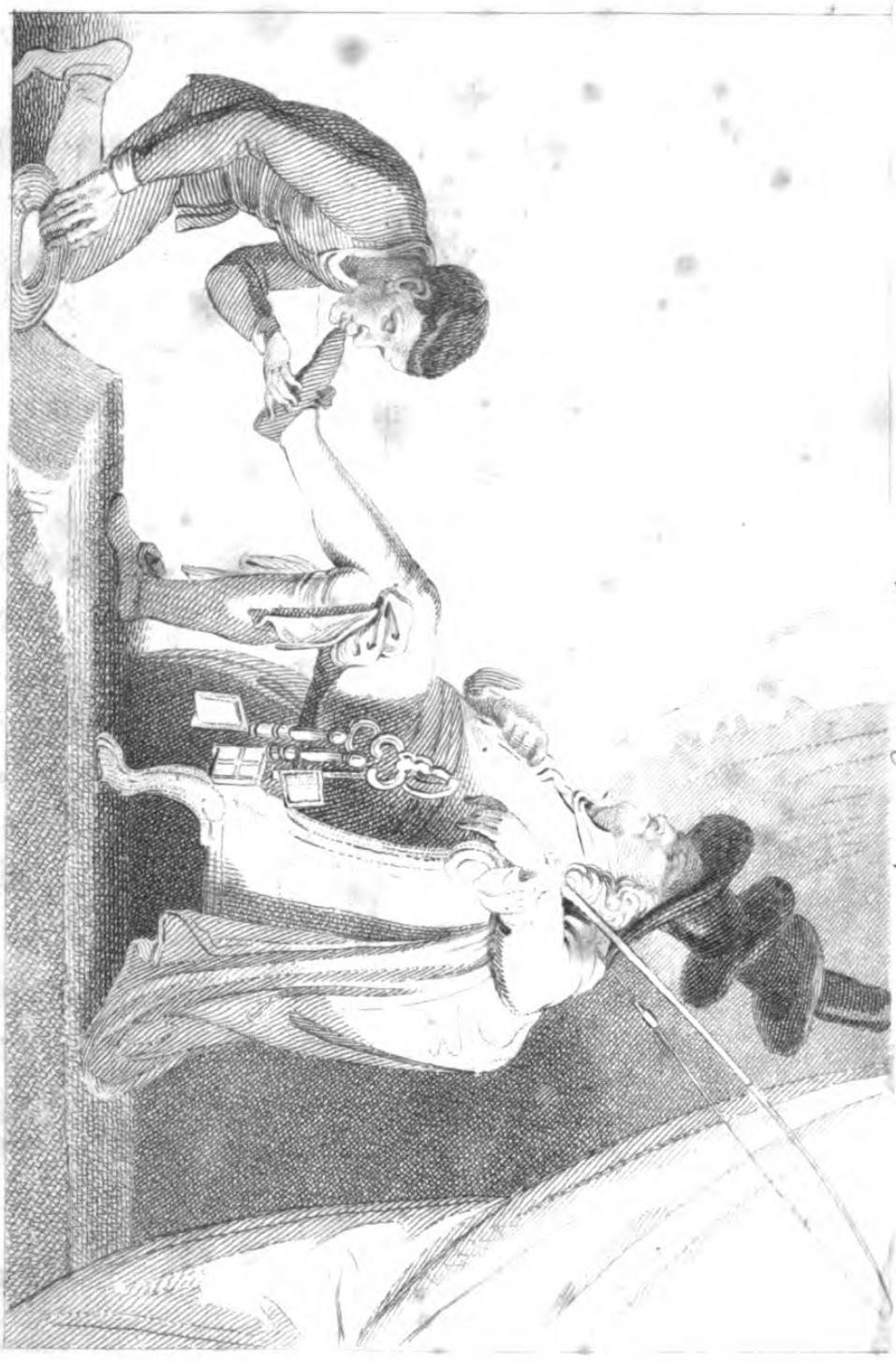
† This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of an horse, when you do not expect it.

‡ The *celibacy of the Romish clergy* is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors.

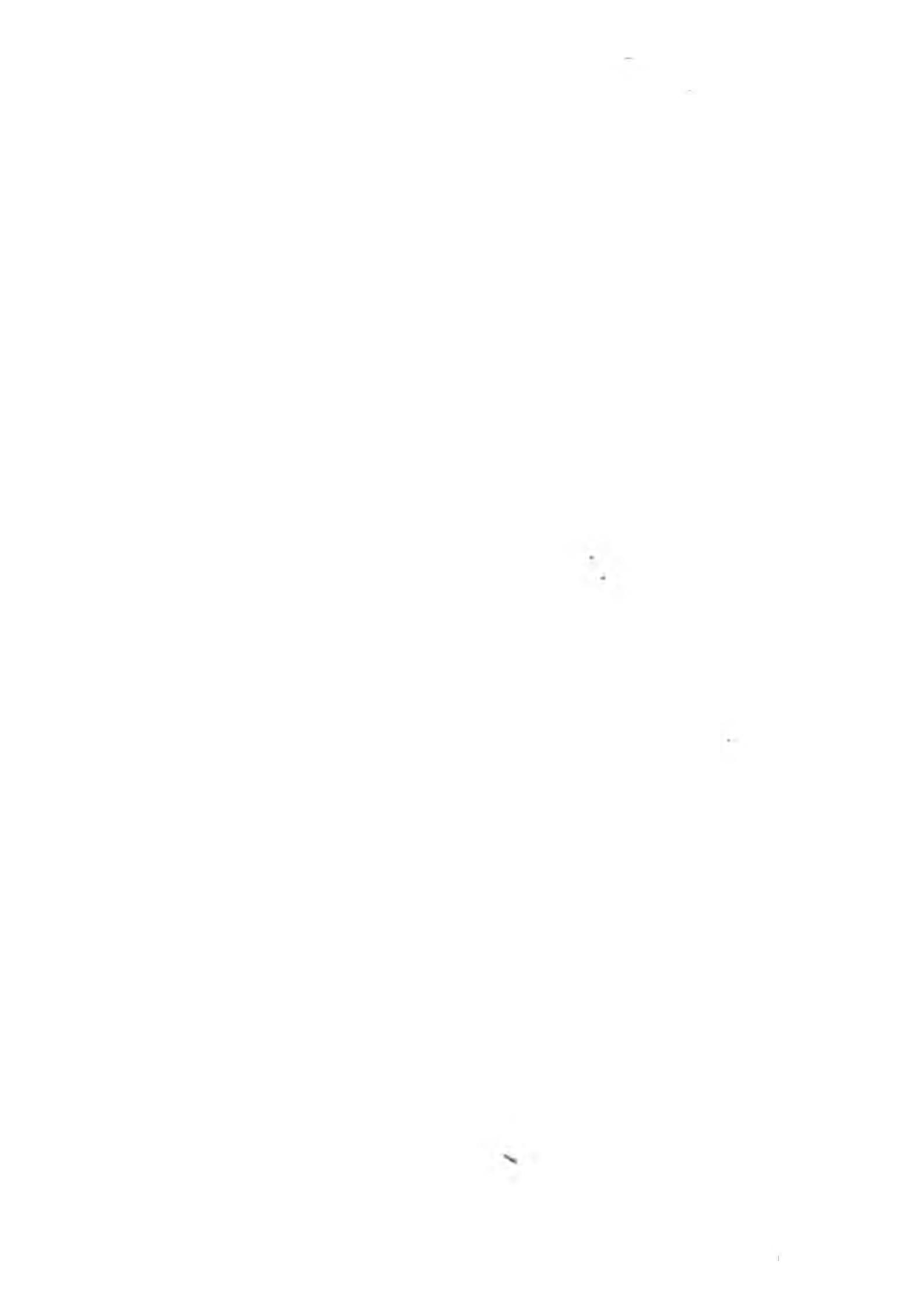
W. Wotton.

§ The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.

Sold Peter presenting his feet.



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patiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the said magistrate, "is the king of meat: Beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: And to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barn, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up, in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton*: or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and

* *Transubstantiation.* Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls *palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton.* W. Wotton.

knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My Lord," said he, "I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake." "What!" says Peter, "you are pleasant: come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with." "None in the world, my Lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart." "How!" said Peter, appearing in great surprise, "I do not comprehend this at all."—Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright; "My Lord," said he, "my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordship hath promised us to dinner." "Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you. Either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of. If you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder." "What then my Lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while." "Pray, Sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please; for I am not disposed to relish it at present." But the other could

not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. "By G—, my Lord," said he, "I can only say, that, to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf." "Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter in a rage, "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; By G—, it is true, good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall-market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection. The two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistakes as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration—" "Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of reason." "Very well," said Peter. "Here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret: Here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said, they would be glad to pledge his Lordship. "That you shall," said Peter. "I am not a person to refuse you any

thing that is reasonable. Wine, moderately taken is a cordial. Here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintners brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter, and each other; and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits; and to argue or expostulate further, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous *rupture**, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive; and would at any time rather argue to

* By this *rupture* is meant the Reformation.

the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lyes* upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour*. Another time he was telling of an old *sign post* † that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains: “Z—ds,” said Peter, “where’s the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land, granting that it stopped sometimes to bait, above two thousand German leagues ‡.” And that which was the good of it,

* The ridiculous multiplying of the virgin Mary’s *milk* amongst the Papists, under the allegory of a *cow* which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches. *W. Wotton.*

† By this *sign-post* is meant the *cross* of our blessed Saviour;—and if all the wood that is shewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm. *Hawkes.*

‡ The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the

he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and every word, "By G—, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d——l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them "damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors," and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the *will*, and took a *copia vera**; by which they presently saw how grossly

ridiculous invention of Popery. The church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly superstitious people, and rook them out of their money. The world had been too long in slavery; but our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed; and he deserves well of mankind, that does expose it. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

* Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar door, and get a little good *drink* to spirit and comfort their hearts*. In copying the *will*, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce and separate maintenance: upon which their next work was, to discard their concubines, and send for their wives †. Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a *pardon* for a *thief* that was to be *hanged* to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb, to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago; advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a *pardon from the king* ‡. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file

* Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

† Allowed the marriages of priests.

‡ Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money; but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

of dragoons at his heels* ; and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors †, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECT. V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

WE, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of *modern authors*, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind.

* By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes, who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the Reformers.

† This type shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.

This, *O Universe!* is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary ;

——Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of *human nature*, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts both *containing* and *contained* ; till at last it *smelt* so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact con-texture, and in due symmetry ; so that I am ready to shew a very complete anatomy thereof, to all curious “ gentlemen and others.” But, not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors inclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes ; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery ; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *instruction* and *diversion*. And I have farther proved in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on any certain gentlemen of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *instructed* ; his epidemical dis-

eases being *fastidiousity, amorphy, and oscitation*; whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for *instruction*. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights? and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a *layer of utile*, and a *layer of dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious *moderns* have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the *ancients*, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town-wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any *ancients* or no*; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy *modern*, Dr Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however forced

* The learned person here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any *ancients* in the world.

to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago, by a great philosopher of O. Brazil*. The method, he proposed, was by a certain curious *receipt*, a *nostrum*, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, present them with it; not doubting, it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

“ You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil in *balneo Mariæ*, infusing quintessence of poppy q. s. together with three pints of lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed, for one and twenty days; then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about

* This is an imaginary island, of kin to that which is called the *Painters wives island*, placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker.

the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medulla's, excerpta quædam's, florilegia's, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper."

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author, called *Homer*; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, *for an ancient*, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured, he designed his work for a complete body* of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a *cabalist* as his disciples would represent him, his account of the "opus magnum" is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially, either Sendivogus,

* *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est. Xenoph. in conviv.*

Behmen, or Antophrosophia Theomagica*. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among *modern wits*, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a *save-all*. For want of which, if the *moderns* had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have still behind a fault, far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as discipline of the church of England †: a defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr.

* A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, was *Vaughan*; as appears by the answer written to it by the learned Dr Henry Moor. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustain, that perhaps was ever published in any language.

† Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, &c. among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.

Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatise of *ancient and modern learning*; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of *flies* and *spittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgements, for the great *helps* and *liftings* I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in Homer, already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compass*, of *gunpowder*, and the *circulation of the blood*. But I challenge any of his admirers, to shew me in all his writings, a complete account of the *spleen*. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of *political waging*? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory, than his long dissertation upon *tea*? And as to his method of

salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, *My new help for smatterers; or, The art of being deep-learned, and shallow-read:—A curious invention about mouse traps:—An universal rule of reason; or, Every man his own carver;* together with a most useful engine for *catching of owls*. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellences of what I am writing, because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. **Be-**

sides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose; wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *sublime* and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *last writer*; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the *freshest modern*, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in *monster-mongers*, and other *retailers of strange sights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most elegant description underneath. This hath saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last *moving* and *standing* piece of rhetoric, *Sir, upon my word, we are*

just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of *Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomena's, Apparatus's, To the readers.* This expedient was admirable at first. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so: however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should: for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of *preface* and *dedication*, (which is the usual *modern* stint), as if it were so much *Latin*. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits*, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort: and therefore having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best

to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; *a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.*

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgement to an established custom of our newest authors, by *a long digression unsought for, and an universal censure unprovoked*; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.



SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circum-

stances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off: whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past; and could not tell, on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they

called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the *will*, (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN*, and the other took the appellation of JACK†. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow suffer-

* Martin Luther.

† John Calvin.

ers; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same. But when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory; a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject: because *memory* being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with *invention*, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other; upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the most antic you can possibly conceive: and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there

was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribbands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points*; (I mean only those *tagged with silver**, for the rest fell off). Now, this material circumstance having been forgot in due place; as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the *will*. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of *points*; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already very narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the *points*, which, being *tagged with silver*, (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had with much sagacity

* *Points* tagged with silver, or those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepest in the body of Popery.

double sown, to preserve them from *falling*. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was, to let it remain; resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution*.

* The criticisms of the Martinists (whom we may suppose the members of the church of England) were, it is to be hoped, more candid than those contained in the following note: for Martin is treated with a much less degree of sar-

But his brother Jack*, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite dif-

casm than the other two brothers.—The church of England can scarce be angry at such a favourable account of Luther; especially as we have since reformed from Luther himself; and, so far as our judgements can teach us, have restored our habits still nearer to the original fashion, which they bore at the perfection of the testament.

Orrery.

* In the character of Jack, a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the cheerfulness of a smile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedness; and the purer or more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the abomination. However wide, therefore, the difference of Peter and Jack might have been in fashioning their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflections upon his character. They had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him. And sometimes it was the work of Swift and his companions: sometimes not a syllable of it was his work; it was the work of one of his uncle's sons, a clergyman; and sometimes it was the work of a person who was to be nameless. Each of these malicious conjectures reigned in its turn: and it will be found, that bold assertions, however false, almost constantly meet with success; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the severest institutes of fate, if time and truth did not soon obliterate all marks of the victory. *Orrery.*

ferent spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a *histori-theo-phisi-logical* account of *zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and from thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a *tangible substance*. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the *modern* way of *subscription*; not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brim-full of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. *What, said he, a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his*

damned crusts upon us for mutton, and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against. Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that *zeal* is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a *tearing*; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of *gold lace*, a little too hastily, he rent the *main body* of his *coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in *taking up a stitch*, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with *pack-thread* and a *skewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery*: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: *Ah, good brother Martin, said he, do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear,*

pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter, as it is possible. I would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours, of suspecting I was related to such a rascal. But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will: that he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of opposition to him: that it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them; and therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction.

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose,

both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of *ethics*; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that *opposes*, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the *respondent*; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the *gravity* of one side advances the *lightness* of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the *weight* of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's *levity*, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's *patience* put Jack in a *rage*. But that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places, which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery: so that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half rifled by *bullies*; or like a fresh tenant in Newgate, when he has refused the payment of *garnish*; or like a discovered *shop-lifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange women**;

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange, were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women. The same use was made of a building called the *New Exchange* in the strand. This edifice has been pulled down; the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are

or like a *bawd* in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of *rags*, and *lace*, and *rents*, and *fringes*, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *fox's* arguments* as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to *reason*, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bob-tailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction? To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain report-

now no remains of *Exchange women*, but in Exeter 'change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion. *Hawkes.*

* The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap, and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs; that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision. *Hawkes.*

ed, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack *the bald**; sometimes, Jack *with the lanthorn* †; sometimes, *Dutch* Jack ‡; sometimes, *French* Hugh §; sometimes, Tom *the Beggar* ||; and sometimes, *Knocking* Jack of the North ¶. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æolists*, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

————— Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.

* That is, Calvin; from *calvus*, bald.

† All those who pretend to inward light

‡ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists.

§ The Hugonots.

|| The Guenses, by which name some Protestants in Flanders were called.

¶ John Knox the reformer of Scotland.

SECT. VII.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

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I HAVE sometimes *heard* of an *Iliad* in a *nut-shell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftner *seen a nut-shell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great *modern* improvement of *digressions*: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in *soups* and *olio's*, *fricassees* and *ragousts*.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations. And as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but

are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and *debauched appetite*, as well as to a *crazy constitution*: and to see a man hunting through an *olio* after the *head* and *brains* of a *goose*, a *widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther they affirm, that *digressions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *state*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *hands* of its own; and often either *subdue* the *natives*, or drive them into the most *unfruitful corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its *cradle*, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by *invention*; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subject, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with

knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between *us* and the *ancients*, and the *moderns* wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and a more prudent method, to become *scholars* and *wits*, without the fatigue of *reading* and *thinking*. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fishes* by the *tail*. For to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate*, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the *back-door*. For the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus physi-

cians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows by flinging *salt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old sciences* unravelled like *old stockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its *close order*, so that a view, or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to *systems* and *abstracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For *labour* is the seed of *idleness*, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and *sublime*, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of

new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonstration of it from the rules of *arithmetic*.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any *species* of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age; and which of all others hath borne the most, and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the *ancients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated, or compiled into systems for *modern* use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it hath, in some sort, been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the *modern* wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with *their proper uses*. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these *channels*, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient ty-

pical description of the Indian pygmies; *whose stature did not exceed above two feet; sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia** Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this *vein* hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, *who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk†*; yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums*? *Quotations* must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons*, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of *bright*

* *Ctesia fragm. apud Photium.*

† Herodot. l. 4.

parts, and *flowers*, and *observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the *sieves* and *boulders* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which *passed through*, or what *staid behind*.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest, and most universal subjects. For what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full? And if you will bate him but the circumstances of *method*, and *style*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to *ascend the sky*.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we *modern* wits should ever have an opportunity

to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction; and we ourselves buried, beyond redress, in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the *guild*: a happiness derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of *pens* was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, *that in the region far to the North, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers**.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return, with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern.

* Herodot. l. 4.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æolists* maintain the original cause of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out:

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi*; that is to say, the *spirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world. For examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*;

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

what are all these but several appellations for *wind*? which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our nostril? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that *wind* still continues of great emolument in *certain mysteries*, not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the *compass* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight. That since *wind* had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *anima's* or *winds*, to which the sage *Æolists*, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in our

four corners of the world; which gave occasion for that renowned *cabalist*, Bumbastus*, of placing the body of men in due position to the four *cardinal* points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quintessence* is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide enough against a storm*†. At other times were to be seen several hundred linked together in a

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus. He was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus.

† This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.

circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a *tun*; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their *vessels*. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle: because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning *puffeth men up*: And, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: *Words are but wind, and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind*. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions by *eructation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours issuing forth; having first, by their turbulence and convulsions

within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more complete; because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening *belches*, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all *inspiration* can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria**, was the *almighty North*: an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant* †. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was si-

* *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the Supreme Deity. *Hawkes*.

† *Pausan.* l. 8.

tuated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *σκοτία*, or, the *land of darkness*. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination*, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest *inspiration*; fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head, in certain *bladders*, and discharging it among the sectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuoso's of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving *winds* in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus*. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those *barrels*, whereof they

* An author who writ *de artibus perditis, &c.* of arts lost, and of arts invented.

fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this *barrel*, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a *northern* chink or crany. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his *vessel*. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance, which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the *wind*, in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea; first *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and at last *bursting it into a foam**. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oraculor *belches* to his panting disciples; of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been ve-

* This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

ry ancient in the world; because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous *effluvioms* of *wind*, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the *same* influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular *gusts*, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstasy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of *female* priests* is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our *modern* Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the *Sibyls*.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till

* Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing, he falls down plum into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the *east* into the *west*; or like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these *metaphysical* conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true, that as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough: for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very

high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act, or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the *Camelion**, sworn foe to *inspiration*, who, in scorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by *eructation*. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Moulinavent*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned sect of Æolists; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulinavent*, which is the French name for a wind-mill.

Laplanders, are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied, in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholesale from the *same* merchants, but also to retail them after the *same* rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT. IX.

ADIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL,
THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF
MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

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NOR shall it any wise detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of *madness*, or *phrensy*. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, *the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions;* we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency

of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of poultry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons. And it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the *upper region* of man is furnished like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it

hath been already said) are of as various original, as those of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances, to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites*. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *Pope*, and setting up the *reformed* religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia, to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain *state-surgeon*†, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*. Nor

* This was Harry the Great of France.

† Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach.

did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent *female*, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*: For,

Idque petit corpus mens, unde est saucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire. Lucr.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *semen*, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principle that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

—————Teterrimi belli
Causa—————

The other instance is, what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king*, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this *phænomenon*. At last the *vapour* or *spirit* which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*†, and gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time

* This is meant of the present French King, Lewis XIV.

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chymistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or *western civet*, the back parts of man (according to his division mentioned by the author, p. 331.) being the west.

in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits, which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known; from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples: because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both *ancient* and *modern*, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reason; agreeing, for the most part, in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the *academy* of *modern Bedlam*; (whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place.) Of this kind

were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *straw*. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of *atoms* and *void*, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his *romantic* system, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my *phenomenon* of *vapours*, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for

which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name besides that of *madness*, or *phrensy*. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned; for there is a peculiar *string* in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This if you can dextrously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height; instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen*, (who, it seems, in those days

were as arrant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere**. For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a *philosopher*. Which I desire *some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr Wotton; a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances. Whether you will consider his *notions* or his *looks*, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *visions*, where *distortion* of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brethren *modernists* themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

* Epist. ad Fam. Trebat.

Lastly, Whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of *enthusiasm*, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current. Of such great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madness*, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, *conquests* and *systems*, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible.

Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it strikes, and spreads over the understanding, or upon what *species* of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same *vapour*, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander *the Great*, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain* * *
 * * * * * * * * *
 Hic multa * * * * * *
desiderantur. * * * * * *
 * * * And this I take to be a clear
 solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the *moderns* mean by *madness* only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain *vapours* issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this *madness* been the parent of all those mighty revolutions, that have happened in *empire*, in *philosophy* and in *religion*. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own *power*, his *reasons*, or his *visions*: and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in

* Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.

his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets *astride* on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For cant and vision are, to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as *dupe* and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by *happiness*, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that *it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived*. And, first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: and the reason is just at our elbow; because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between *things past* and *things*

conceived. And so the question is only this: whether things that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be said to *exist*, as those that are seated in the *memory*? Which may be justly held in the affirmative: and very much to the advantage of the former; since this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *delusion*! How shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! So that if it were not for the assistance of artificial *mediums*, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities: an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of *unmasking*; which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the *world*, or the *play-house*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity,

so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch. These never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now, I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in the most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognisance, the *outside* hath been infinitely preferable to the *in*. Whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman *flayed*, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a *beau* to be stripped in my pre-

sence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his *brain*, his *heart*, and his *spleen*. But I plainly perceived, at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. From all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held *anatomy* to be the ultimate end of *physic*. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the *films* and *images*, that fly off upon his senses from the *superficies* of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the *possession of being well deceived*; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to *madness*: it is certain, that, according to the system I have above deduced, every *species* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of *vapours*; therefore, as some kinds of *phrensy*

give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other *species*, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain. Now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed, the two principal branches of *madness*; and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes; over-hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man chusing a proper conjecture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprise; but, unlucky timing it, has left the brand of *madness* fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius*, with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles*, with hatred

and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the *fool* and *madman* for the good of the public. But this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same *vapour* long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis**; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowls, John How, Esq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be impowered to *send for persons, papers, and records*; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a

* Tacit.

state † * * * *civil* and *military*; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great sollicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have done that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators faces? Let the Right Worshipful the *Commissioners of Inspection* give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here mislaid! Let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and *three-pence* ‡ in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies* §.

† *Ecclesiastical.* Hawkes.

‡ A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Westminster.

§ *Cornutus* is either horned or shining; and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

He walks duly in pace; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and *the whore of Babylon*; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of *fire*, and *shop-lifters*, and *court-customers*, and *privileged-places*. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the *city* among his brethren? Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time; somewhat thick of hearing; very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of *whispering nothing*; a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to *give* his word to every body, that he never *keeps* it; one that has got the common *meaning* of words, but an admirable retainer of the *sound*; extremely subject to the *looseness*, for his *occasions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, *Sir*, says he, *give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song; but give me the penny first*. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting

with money for a *song*.) What a complete system of *court-skill* is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel, (first stopping your nose), you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet, is the reversion of his own ordure; which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out, ready to receive your penny; and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing, to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to

kiss. The *keeper* desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the antichamber; and the *orator* of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a *taylor*, run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not further enlarge ———
Hark in your ear * ———— I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of *beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians*, that the world might recover by such a reformation. But what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excell and arrive at great perfection in their several

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and shall inforce by this one plain instance, that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hardmouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his *reason*, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off: upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations, in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimfull of that *modern* charity and tenderness usually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A FURTHER DIGRESSION*.

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years, between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly pop out a *play*, a *pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world, for the general reception and applause they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received†. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here

* This section has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the tale not being continued till section 11, and this being only a further digression, no apology can be thought necessary for making the title correspond with the contents. *Hawkes*.

† This is literally true, as we may observe in the prefaces to most plays, poems, &c.

return my humble thanks to *his Majesty*, and both houses of *parliament*; to the *Lords* of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council; to the reverend the *judges*; to the *clergy*, and *gentry*, and *yeomanry* of this land: but, in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffee-house*, and *Gresham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moor-fields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Westminster-hall*, and *Guild-hall*: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude; and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of *booksellers* and *authors*, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author, how his last piece has succeeded: *Why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain. And yet, by G—, he writ it in a week, at bits and starts, when he would steal an hour from his urgent affairs;* as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the

rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: *He blesses his God, the thing takes wonderfully; he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop.* You beat down the price; *Sir, we shall not differ;* and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please: *And, pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will; I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate.*

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accident and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a *rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy sunday, an ill run at dice, a long taylor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning;* but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite, (especially a *prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly*), I doubt the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher. *It is certain, said he, some grains of folly are of course annexed as part of the composition of human nature; only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them*

inlaid or imbossed: *and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.*

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain paultry *scribler*, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts*, and usually passes under the name of *the author of the first*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble *operator* will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanely as he hath already done Dr. Blackmore, L'Estrange, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that great *rectifier of saddles**, and *lover of mankind*, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the *furniture of an ass*, in the shape of a *second part*, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back; that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to *his own house*, till the *true beast* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time, I do here give this public

* Alluding to the trite phrase, *Place the saddle on the right horse.* Hawkes.

notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse, the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a runing, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cup-board. What the *guest* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor*; and the *dogs* under the table may gnaw the *bones**. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of *scraps*.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes; the *superficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned*: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each.

* By *dogs* the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himself before, in his *Digression upon Critics*.

The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to *stare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps *perspiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do hereby humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the *deepest scholars*, in his dominions, and shut them up close for *seven* years, in *seven* chambers, with a command to write *seven* ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we *mysterious* writers can seldom reach, till we have

gotten into our graves; whether it is, that *Fame*, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the *stock* is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a *carcase*; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For *night* being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore the true illuminated* (that is to say, the *darkest* of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose *scholastic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them;

* A name of the *Rosycrucians*.—These were fanatic alchemists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end. It was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabala. Warburton on the *Rape of the Lock*.

the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower*.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by *seven*, and divided by nine †. Also, if a devout brother of the *Rosy Cross* will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries

* Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

† This is what the *Cabalists* among the Jews have done with the *Bible*, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of *Bythus* and *Sige**, and be sure not to forget the qualities of *Achamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis, humecta prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tristitia solida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein Eugenius Philalethes † hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

* I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *Achamoth*, and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author; which he has placed in the title page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *basyma cacabasa, &c.* are really in Irenæus; and upon inquiry, it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.

† *Vid. Anima magica abscondita.*

To the above-mentioned treatise, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abscondita*, written by the same author, Vaughan, under the name of Eugenius Philalethes; but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of *Achamoth*, or its qualities: so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis, &c.* are, as we have said, transcribed from Irenæus, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was, to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road.

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject; and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way: whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my readers favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling*; if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), if his *horse* be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straitest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty. But then surely we must own such a

man to be a scurvy companion at best: he *spatters* himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his *horse* are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves, and be d——n'd: he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children, run out to gaze; a hundred *noisy curs** run *barking* after him; of which if he honours the boldest with a *lash of his whip*, it is rather out of sport than revenge: but should some *sourer mongrel* dare too near an approach, he receives a *salute* on the chops by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels,

* By these are meant what the author calls, the *true critics*.

(nor is any ground lost by the blow), which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack ; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Æolists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose convert-

ing imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make *shadows*, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, ingrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment: and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For though, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. *Gentlemen*, said he, *I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth; to be the philosopher's stone, and the univereal medicine**. In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most poultry occasions of life. He had

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture-phrases on all occasions.

a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will*; and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once, at a strange-house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side; he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of man-

* The Protestant *dissenters* use *scripture phrases* in their serious discourses and composures, more than the *Church of England men*. Accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. *W. Wotton.*

kind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it*.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat †; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals *like a Christian* ‡.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to *snap-*

* I cannot guess the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance.

Ibid. Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himself clean, because having consulted the will, (i. e. the New Testament), he met with a passage near the bottom, i. e. in the 11th verse of the last chapter of the Revelations, "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still," which seemed to forbid it. Whether foisted in by the transcriber, is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament. *Hawkes.*

† The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

*dragon**, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which issued in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the scull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, *to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects*. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home; but was wont to say, that *a wise man was his own lantern*.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the street; and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into the kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that *he submitted, with entire resignation, as to a trip, or blow of fate, with whom he found by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swingeing fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, said he, some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and*

* I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

therefore Nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him? besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or film can wholly disconcert; like a lamp among a pack of roaring bullies, when they scower the streets; exposing its owner, and itself, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But, farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune: It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes! ye blind guides!

*miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction: but, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulph, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant * Laurcalco, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes! and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisome bog.*

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of *devotion*, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called *Babel*,—by others, *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury-plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes,

• *Vide Don Quixote.*

and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel*. Then it was that those, who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would of a sudden with one hand out with his *gear*, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let *in* the ambient heat; and in summer, lapped himself close and thick, to keep it *out*†.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of *hangman-general*‡; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no other *vizor*, than a long *prayer* §.

He had a tongue so muscous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence: He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to

* The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

† They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

‡ They are severe persecutors, and all in form of cant and devotion.

§ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, *to seek God*, when they resolved to murder the King.

improve the Spanish accomplishment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the *tarantula*; and would run dog-mad at the noise of *music*, especially a *pair of bag-pipes* *. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in *Westminster-hall*, or *Billingsgate*, or in a *boarding-school*, or the *Royal Exchange*, or a *state coffee house*.

He was a person that *feared* no colours †, but mortally *hated* all; and upon that account bore a cruel aversion against *painters*, insomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones, to pelt at the signs.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to *wash* himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water, though it were the midst of *winter*; and was always observed

* This is to expose our dissenters aversion against instrumental music in churches W. Wotton.

† They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings on all the churches in England.

to come out again much *dirtier*, if possible, than he went in *.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a *soporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*. It was a compound of *sulphur* and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's salve* †.

He wore a large plaister of artificial *caustics* on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

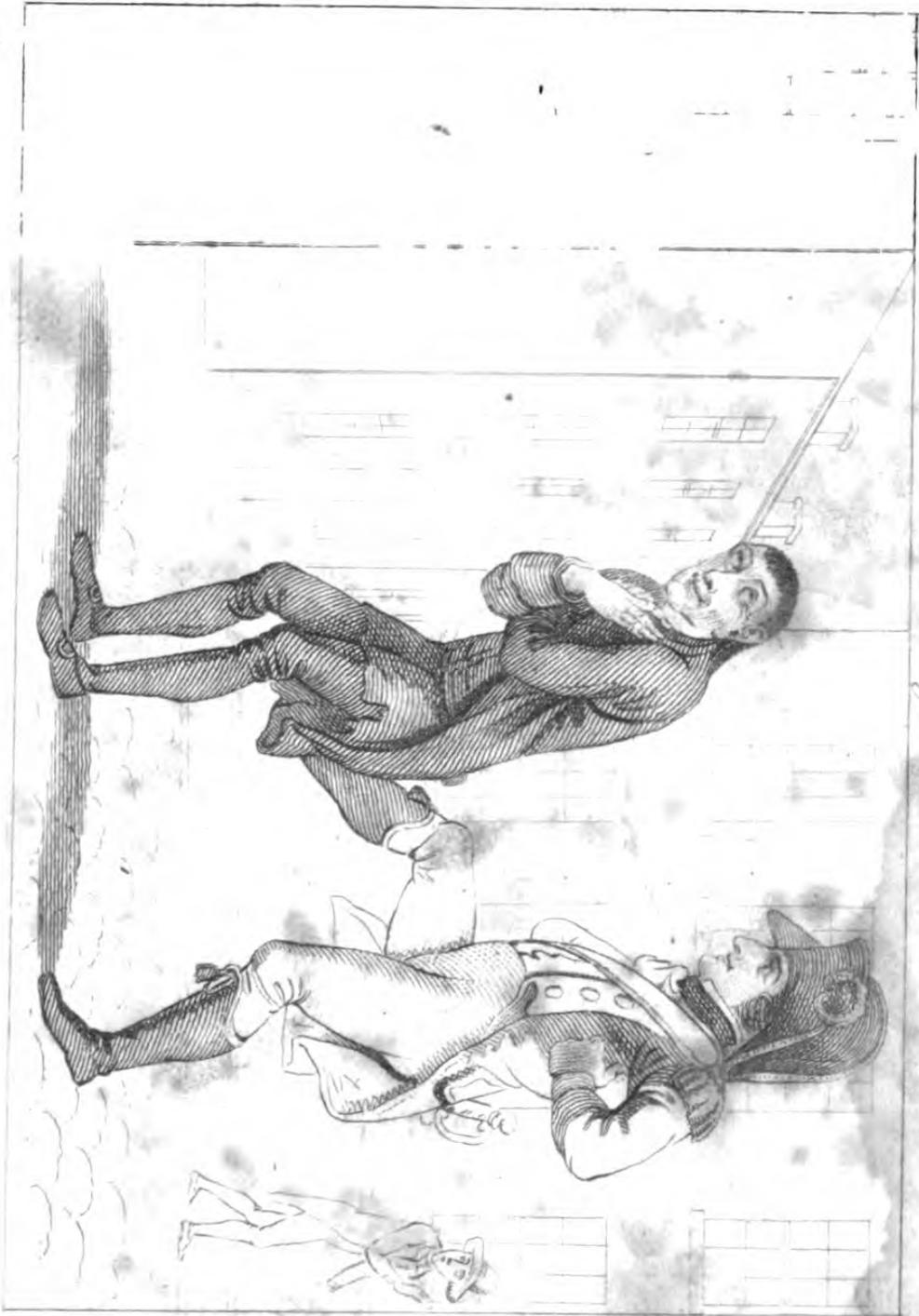
He would stand in the turning of a street; and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps*; to another, *Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse*. *Madam, shall I intreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hand?* *Noble Captain, lend a reasonable thwack for the love of God, with that cane of your's, over these poor shoulders* ‡. And when he had by such earnest solicitations,

* Baptism of adults by plunging. *Hawkes*.

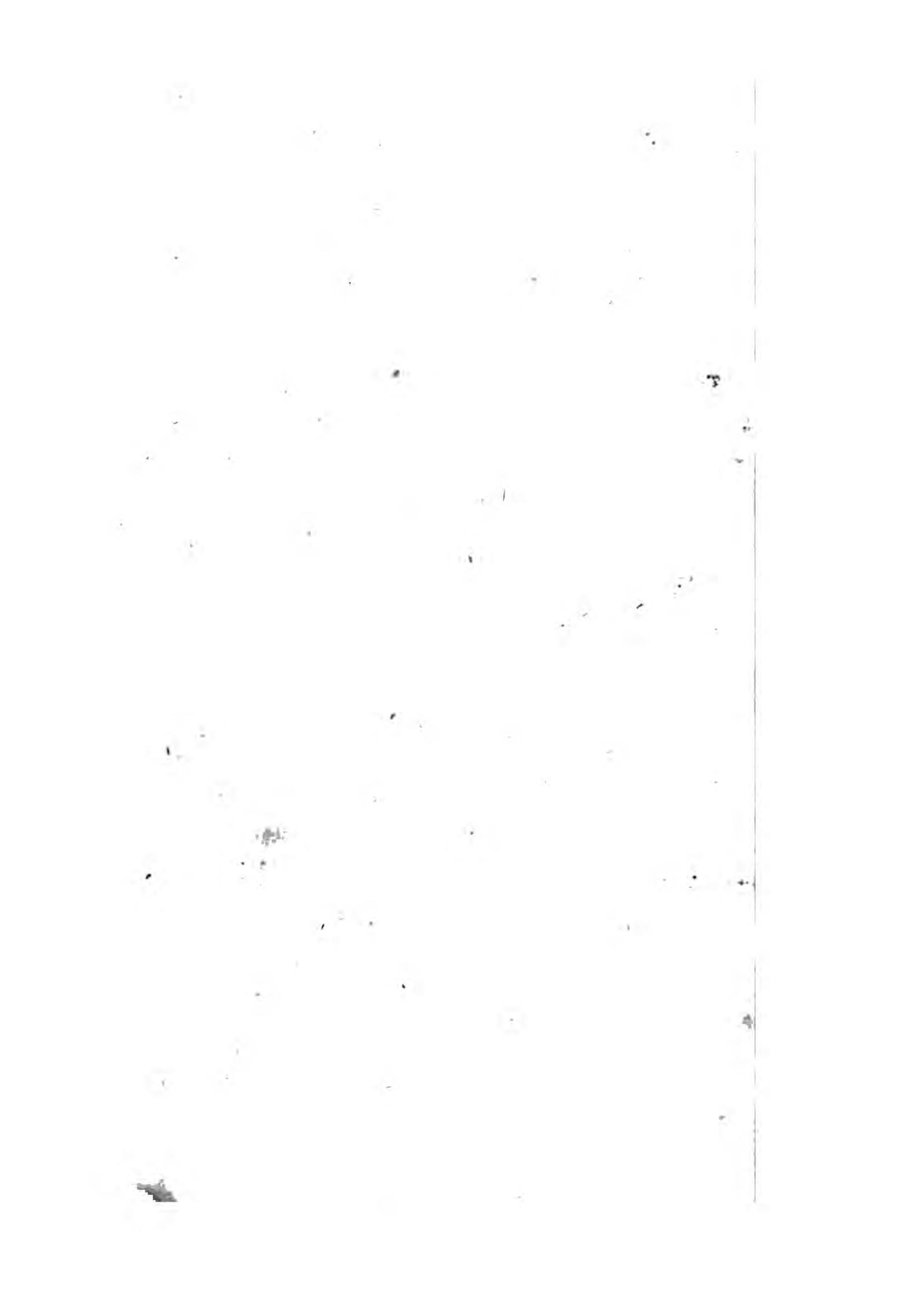
† Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell or damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven; both in such a dirty, nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.

‡ The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

Two Walking-Deceitfuls



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made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good*. *Observe this stroke*, said he, shewing his bare shoulders, *a plaguy janisary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours, mind this broken head deserves a plaister. Had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French King, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-chapel; and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.*

It was highly worth observing, the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other*. Peter had

* The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most averse against each other, yet bear a near resemblance, in many things, as hath been observed by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists, in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called, *The fanaticism of the church of Rome*, is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their

lately done *some rogueries*, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend: for the phrenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape and size, and their mien; insomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, *Mr. Peter, you are the King's prisoner*; or, being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they least intended it. *W. Wotton.*

at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends, to accost Jack with open arms, *Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray, send me one of your best medicines for the worms.* This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his *coat* bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of *lace* and *embroidery*; but, at the same time, went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen philosopher*. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a

distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both. * * *

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*Desunt non-
nulla.*

The old Slavonian proverb said well, That *it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears.* Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons. For, if we look into primitive records we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human *ears*. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how

can it be otherwise, when, in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest *tenure*? For if the only slitting of one *ear* in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, for so many loppings and mutilations, to which the *ears* of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this *island* of ours was under the *dominion of grace*, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of *ears* once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the *outward* man, but as a type of grace in the *inward*. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the *superior* region of the body, as in the *ears* and *nose*, there must be a parity also in the *inferior*. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the *males* in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us, that *when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch* *. And the *females* were

* Lib. de aere, locis, et aquis.

nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already *used the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect. Others, who stood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and was sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devout sisters, who look upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but especially that of the preacher, whose *ears* were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical *paroxysms*, turning sometimes to *hold forth* the one, and sometimes to *hold forth* the other. From which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of *holding forth*.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if in process of time, a cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against

all *ears* above a certain standard *. Upon which; some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my *general history of ears*; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of *ears* in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several *handles*, whereof the *six*† senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among these last, *curiosity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp; *curiosity*, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *handle* it is, that an

* This was K. Charles II. who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

† Including Scaliger's.

author should seize upon his readers ; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain ; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his grip.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid *handle*, a firm hold upon my gentle readers ; it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp ; leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural *oscitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs ; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising ; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas ! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a *protection* out of the King's-bench ; and of a reconciliation between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain *rainy night* to trepan brother Martin into a *spunging-house*, and there strip him to the

skin*: how Martin, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels; how a *new warrant* came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, *stole his protection, and made use of it himself*. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in *court and city*; how *he got upon a great horse†, and eat custard‡*. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them,

* In the reign of K. James II. the Presbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the Papists, against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of. But upon the Revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of K. James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

† Sir Humphrey Edwyn, a Presbyterian, was some years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

‡ Custard is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

by all the friendship that hath passed between us from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy: I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer; and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long, is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as *going too short*; and holds true, especially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble *Jesuit** who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a *book* that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackarel* a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the

* Pere d'Orleans.

bookseller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle, what subjects will best go off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to *much rain*. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his *almanack* upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the *bulk* and the *subject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation; and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desire to know, *considering my urgent necessities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *westward*, and said, *I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, (but not in verse), or a small treatise upon the——, it would run like wild-fire.* But if it hold up, *I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which, I am sure, will turn to account**.

At length we agreed upon the expedient, that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his connection of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him, it was a *dry subject*, and the printing could not safely be ventured, unless he could *enliven it with a little humour.*
Hawkes.

will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a *fly* driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately with very good appetite, alight, and finish his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to say upon the subject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being *profound*, that it is with *writers*, as with *wells*: a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any *water* be there; and often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides *dryness* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and a half under ground, it shall pass however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiser a reason, then because it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to *write upon nothing*: when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death

of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to *dose*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repose* of mankind, in times so turbulent and unquiet as these*. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a *wit*, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the *same* temples built and consecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muses*, between which two

* This was written before the peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September 1697.

deities they believed the strictest friendship was established*.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks, at their ease from a window, to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposeure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the *master*, and to give *method* and *reason* the office of his *lacqueys*. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon occasions, where I could be neither *wise* nor *sound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the *modern* way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight *flowers*, and *shining hints* of the best *modern* authors, digested

* Trezenii, Pausan. l. 2.

with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an *author*; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a *towardly word* to be wholly neglected or despised in *discourse*, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in *print*. But now, since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the *issues* of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.



A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN

BOOKS

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.



THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot, about *ancient and modern learning*. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix, the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle, (now Earl of Orrery); to which Mr. Boyle replied at large, with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminously rejoined.

In this dispute, the town highly resented, to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two Reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader, to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet; and so of the rest.

1772 *1773* *1774* *1775* *1776* *1777* *1778* *1779* *1780* *1781* *1782* *1783* *1784* *1785* *1786* *1787* *1788* *1789* *1790* *1791* *1792* *1793* *1794* *1795* *1796* *1797* *1798* *1799* *1800* *1801* *1802* *1803* *1804* *1805* *1806* *1807* *1808* *1809* *1810* *1811* *1812* *1813* *1814* *1815* *1816* *1817* *1818* *1819* *1820* *1821* *1822* *1823* *1824* *1825* *1826* *1827* *1828* *1829* *1830* *1831* *1832* *1833* *1834* *1835* *1836* *1837* *1838* *1839* *1840* *1841* *1842* *1843* *1844* *1845* *1846* *1847* *1848* *1849* *1850* *1851* *1852* *1853* *1854* *1855* *1856* *1857* *1858* *1859* *1860* *1861* *1862* *1863* *1864* *1865* *1866* *1867* *1868* *1869* *1870* *1871* *1872* *1873* *1874* *1875* *1876* *1877* *1878* *1879* *1880* *1881* *1882* *1883* *1884* *1885* *1886* *1887* *1888* *1889* *1890* *1891* *1892* *1893* *1894* *1895* *1896* *1897* *1898* *1899* *1900* *1901* *1902* *1903* *1904* *1905* *1906* *1907* *1908* *1909* *1910* *1911* *1912* *1913* *1914* 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THE

PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of *glass*, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned, from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add strength to the *sinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax those of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain* that will endure but one *scumming*: let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry.

But of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the *lash* of his *bettors*; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply: wit without knowledge being a sort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon *whipped* into *froth*; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

▲
FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE

BATTLE

*Fought Last Friday, &c. **

WHOEVER examines with due circumspection, into the *annual records of time*, will find it remarked, that *War is the child of pride*, and

* The *Battle of the Books* took its rise from a controversy between Sir William Temple and Mr. Wotton: a controversy which made much noise, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the last century. This humorous treatise is drawn up in an heroic comic style, in which Swift, with great wit and spirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chasms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: they neither convey any latent ideas; nor point out any distinct or occult sarcasms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended; others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of Horace is inserted;

*Pride the daughter of Riches**. The former of which assertions may be soon granted: but one cannot but so easily subscribe to the latter. For

and Virgil is introduced only for an opportunity of comparing his translator, Dryden, to *the lady in a lobster; to a mouse under a canopy of state; and to a shrivelled beau within the pent-house of a full-bottomed periwig*. These similies carry the true stamp of ridicule. But rancour must be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of Dryden; many of whose dedications and prefaces are as fine compositions, and as just pieces of criticism, as any in our language. The translation of Virgil was a work of haste and indigence. Dryden was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.—The two chief heroes among the modern generals, are Wotton and Bentley. Their figures are displayed in the most disadvantageous attitudes. The former is described, “full of spleen, dulness, and ill manners.” The latter is represented, “tall, without shape or comeliness; large, without strength or proportion.”—The *battle*, which is maintained by the ancients with great superiority of strength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of Bentley, and his friend Wotton, by the lance of the Honourable Charles Boyle, youngest son of Roger the second Earl of Orrery, and father of the present Earl. He was a fellow of the royal society, and invented the astronomical machine called the *Orrery*.
Orrery.

* Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke, opt. edit.*—now called *Wing's sheet almanack*, and printed by J. Roberts for the company of Stationers.

Pride is nearly related to *Beggary* and *Want*, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from *North* to *South*, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are *Lust* and *Avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *Pride*, are certainly the issues of *Want*. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of *dogs*, which in its original seems to be an institution of the *many*, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be seized on by some *leading dog*; who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy*; or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of the females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case), jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that state is reduced to a manifest *state of war*, of every *citizen* against every *citizen*; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune, than the

rest, seizes and enjoys the prize : upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy and snarling against the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find, the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each ; and that *Poverty*, or *Want*, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case), has a great share, as well as *Pride*, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms ; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at : for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, *laying and being* upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus, the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the

Ancients; and the other was held by the *Moderns*. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the *Ancients*, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east*: and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the *Ancients* would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the *Moderns* would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place; or else that the said *Ancients* will give leave to the *Moderns*, to come with shovel and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the *Ancients* made answer, How little they expected such a message as this, from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood: that as to their own seat, they were *aborigines* of it; and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand: that if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the *Moderns*, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any), were not largely recompensed by the *shade* and shelter it afforded them: that as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they

did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself: that they would therefore advise the *Moderns*, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Ancients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much indignation; who still insisted upon one of the two expedients. And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war; maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that *ink* is the great missive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a sort of engine called a *quill*, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *copperas*; by its bitterness and venom, to *suit* in some degree, as well as to *foment*, the

genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides; the beaten party being content to be at the same expence to keep itself in countenance, (a laudible and ancient custom happily revived of late in the art of war); so the *learned*, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them, the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, *Disputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives*, for passengers to gaze at: from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy*.

In these books is wonderfully instilled, and preserved, the spirit of each warrior, while he is

* Their title-pages.

alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *dust* or to *worms*, but then vanishes or dissolves: so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every *book*, till *dust* or *worms* have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore, *books of controversy*, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them: but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his

stead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the largest size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned, between the *learned*, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed; that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor: for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last, between the *Ancient and Modern books* in the *King's library*. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an *historian*, and retained by neither

party, have resolved to comply with the urgent *importunity of my friends*, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal library*, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity**, had been a fierce champion for the *Moderns*; and in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the *Ancient* chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock: but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: a quality to which those of the *Modern* party are extreme subject; for, being light-headed, they have in speculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *Ancients*; which he resolved to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apart-

* The Honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *pro solita, humanitate sua*.

Ibid. Dr. Bentley was then library-keeper. The two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop. *Hawkes*.

ments; when at the same time, whatever *book* had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the *Ancients*, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned dust*, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of *Moderns* into the *keeper's* eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *schoolmen*, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his *spleen*, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his *books*, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle, poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven wise masters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, those *books* that were advocates for the *Moderns*, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger per-

formed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of *light horse*, *heavy armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the *foot* were, in general, but sorrily armed, and worse clad: their *horses* large, but extremely out of case and heart. However, some few, by trading among the *Ancients*, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *discord* grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary *Ancient* squeezed up among a whole shelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to dispute the case and to prove by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits towards the *Moderns*. But these denied the premises; and seemed very much to wonder, how the *Ancients* could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that), that the *Moderns* were *much* the more *ancient** of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *Ancients*, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their sub-

* According to the modern paradox.

sistence from you. But the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our *horses* were of our own breeding, our *arms* of our own forging, and our *cloths* of our own cutting and sowing." Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned awhile ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed aloud, and, in his pleasant way, swore, *By — he believed them.*

Now, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late negotiation, with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the *Ancients*; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive. Upon which several of the *Moderns* fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple having been educated and long conversed among the *Ancients*,

was of all the *Moderns* their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain *spider*, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of *flies*, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the center, wherein you might behold the *constable* himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *person* by *swallows* from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from below; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself: and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *spider's* citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his

passage, and thrice the center shook. The *spider* within feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that *Nature* was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the *bee* had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *spider* was adventured out; when, beholding the chasms, and ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the *bee*, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight); "A plague spilt you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do, (in the devil's name), but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, friend, (said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll; "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no

more: I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray, have patience," said the bee, "or you will spend your substance; and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider; "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows, to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour, to let me know the reason that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the *spider*, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge *on* his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond, without house or home, without stock or inheritance; born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a dronepipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon

nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle, (to shew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice: for then, it seems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights and my music; and providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden: but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you, and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say. In that building of your's, there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to

say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt, and poison in your breast. And although I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt, you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this, whether is the nobler being of the two; that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and ingendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all, but fly-bane and a cob-web: or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below stood silent awhile, waiting in suspence what would be the issue. Which was not long undetermined: for the *bee*, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses without looking for a reply; and left the *spider*, like an orator *collected* in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened, upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the *regent's humanity*, who had tore off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of *Moderns**; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an *ass*, the *regent* mistook him for a *Modern*; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the *Ancients*, just when the *spider* and the *bee* were entering into the contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life, he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. "The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the *bee* has learn-

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æsop.

edly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the *Moderns* and *us*. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever any thing so *modern* as the *spider*, in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of *you* his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the *mathematicks*. To all this, the *bee*, as an advocate retained by us the *Ancients*, thinks fit to answer, that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the *Moderns*, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails; (the guts of *modern* brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a *cobweb*; the duration of which, like that of other *spiders* webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For any thing else of genuine that the *Moderns* may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the *spider's* poison; which, however they pretend to spit

wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the *insects* and *vermin* of the age. As for us the *Ancients*, we are content, with the *bee*, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our *wings* and our *voice*; that is to say, our *flights* and our *language*. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature. The difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with *honey* and *wax*; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are, *sweetness* and *light*."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the *books*, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop. Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm debates upon the choice of their *leaders*; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the *horse*, where every private *trooper* pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to

Dryden and Withers. The *light-horse* were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux*. There came the *bowmen* under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the *atmosphere*, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into *meteors*, or, like the *cannon-ball*, into *stars*. Paracelsus brought a *squadron* of *stinkpot-flingers* from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of *dragoons* of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great *Aga*†; part armed with *scythes*, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in *poison*; part shot *bullets* of a most malignant nature, and used *white powder*, which infalliably killed without *report*. There came several bodies of *heavy-armed foot*, all *mercenaries*, under the ensign of Guiccardine, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The *engineers* were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Ballar-

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau. *Hawkes.*

† Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted against as false by Sir William Temple, in his essay, p. 44. 45. *Hawkes.*

mine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or disciple. In the last place, came infinite swarms of *calones* *, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that followed the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without *coats* to cover them †.

The army of *Ancients* was much fewer in number: Homer led the *horse*, and Pindar the *light-horse*; Euclid was chief *engineer*; Plato and Aristotle commanded the *bowmen*; Herodotus and Livy the *foot*; Hippocrates the *dragoons*; the *allies* led by Vossius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the *regal library*, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that

* *Calones*. By calling this disorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scriblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work. They are styled *calones*, because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army, or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever. *Hawkes*.

† These are pamphlets which are not bound or covered.

passed between the two parties below; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the *Milky Way*. The senate assembled: he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of *Ancient* and *Modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celestial interest was but two deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent speech in their favour; which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the *Ancients*. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought, by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for *velum*. Jupiter having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter. These are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them

to Jupiter's great toe. And yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men *accidents* or *events*; but the gods call them *second causes*. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the *Moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticism*. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise*, and *Impudence*, *Dulness* and *Vanity*, *Positiveness*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-manners*. The goddess herself had claws

like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an *ass*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own *gall*; her *spleen* was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. “Goddess,” said Momus, “can you sit idle here, while our devout worshippers, the *Moderns*, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? who then hereafter will ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haste therefore to the *British isle*, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.”

Momus having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage; and as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy. “It is I,” (said she) “who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents; by me *beaux* become politicians, and *school-boys* judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate, and conclude upon the

depths of knowledge; and coffeehouse-wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over *Poetry*, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few *upstart Ancients* dare oppose me?—But come, my aged parents, and you my children dear, and thou my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout *Moderns*, who are now sacrificing to us a *hecatomb*, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by *tame geese*, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain. But, in hovering over its *metropolis*, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden? and now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unseen, and, landing

upon a case of shelves, now desart, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoso's*, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast. For, at the head of a troop of *Modern bowmen*, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short thread; Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and over charge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an *Octavo* compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with driness; the thick turned into paste-board, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children, artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form, and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise, she march'd on towards the *Moderns*, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the *divine* Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave

Wotton," said the goddess, " why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour and opportunity of the day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth; which flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulness* and *Ill-manners*, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist; and the *hero* perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presided over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his *dragoons*, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave *Ancient* received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * *

* * * * * *Hic pauca*
 * * * * * *desunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga** on their shields
 to his chariot. * * *

* * * * * *Desunt*
 * * * * * *nonnulla.*
 * * * * * * *

Then Aristotle observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow; which missed the valiant *Modern*, and went hissing over his head. But Des Cartes it hit: the steel point quickly found a *defect* in his *head-piece*; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*.

* * * * * * * *
 * * * * * *Ingens hiatus*
 * * * * * *hic in MS.*
 * * * * * * * *

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty ma-

* Dr. Harvey. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded. Other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons. *Hawkes.*

naged by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert * advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour †: Madman! who had never once *seen* the wearer, nor understood his strength. Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground; there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout *Modern*; who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race ‡. He fell and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant, in stanzas of four lines. *Hawkes*.

† *Vid.* Homer.

‡ Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of Cooper's *Hill*.

Homer slew Wesley *, with a kick of his horse's heel. He took Perault by mighty force, out of his saddle; then hurled him at Fontenelle; with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body. He was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of valour; when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons: but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the drags of his strength in a high trot; which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance; when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within; which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave *Ancient* suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together: for

* Mr. Wesley, who wrote the *Life of Christ in verse*, &c. *Hawkes*.

the helmet was nine times too large for the head ; which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig : and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden in a long harrague, soothed up the good *Ancient* ; called him *Father* ; and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess *Diffidence* came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves *, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *Modern* yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses ; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	<i>Alter hiatus in MS.</i>
*	*	*	

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he listed, over the field. He made a mighty slaughter among

* *Vid.* Homer.

the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous *Modern*, (but one of the *mercenaries*), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand; which falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point*. "Brave *Modern*," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you; for never did my arm so deceive me before. But what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed *the Modern a pair of spurs*, and Blackmore gave Lucan a *bridle*. * * *

* * * * * *Pauca*
* * * * * *desunt.*

Creech: but the goddess *Dulness* took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew —, and —, and Old-

* His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet. *Hawkes.*

ham, and —, and Afra and Amazon*, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's *light-horse*. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce *Ancient*, imitating his address, his pace and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill, would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins; first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passed into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the *Modern* have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venust†. And now both heroes drew their swords. But the *Modern* was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape.

* Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems. *Hawkes*.

† His poem called the *Mistress*. *Hawkes*.

At last he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, "Godlike Pindar!" said he, "spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner." "Dog" said Pindar, "let your ransom stay with your friends: but your carcass shall be left for the *fowls of the air*, and the *beasts of the field*." With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses feet, the other half was borne by the frightened steed thro' the field. This Venus took*, and washed it seven times in *ambrosia*; then struck it thrice with a sprig of *amaranth*; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a *dove*, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * * *

† I do not approve the author's judgment in this; for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his *Mistress*.

It may however be considered, that Cowley's Pindarics were but copies of which Pindar was the original. Before Pindar; therefore his Pindarics might fall, and his *Mistress* be preserved as properly his own. *Hawkes*.

* * * * * *Hiatus valde*
 * * * * * *deflendus in MS.*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their *heavy-armed foot**, a captain, whose name was *Bentley*; the most deformed of all the *Moderns*; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an *Etesian* wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron; but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distill from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail†, and (that he might never be un-

* The episode of Bentley and Wotton.

As the account of the battle of the books is an allegorical representation of Sir William Temple's essay, in which the Ancients are opposed to the Moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action. *Hawkes.*

† The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

provided of an *offensive* weapon) a vessel full of *ordure* in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the *Modern* chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *sons of whores*, and *d—n'd cowards*, and *confounded loggerheads*, and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonsensical scoundrels*; that if himself had been constituted general, those *presumptuous dogs** the *Ancients* would long before this have been beaten out of the field. "You," said he, "sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant *Modern*, kill an enemy,

* *Vid.* Homer de Thersite.

you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look; "Miscreant prater," said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy *learning* makes thee more *barbarous*; thy study of *humanity*, more *inhuman*; they *converse* among poets, more *grovelling*, *miry*, and *dull*. All arts of *civilizing* others, render thee *rude* and *untractable*; *courts* have taught thee *ill manners*, and *polite conversation* has finished thee a *pedant*. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durst not reply; but half choaked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great atchievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving, by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the *Ancients* army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb; which they

passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some strangling sleepers, unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two *mungrel curs*, whom *native greediness* and *domestic want* provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier; they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow: mean while, the conscious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while t'other scouts the plain, if happily to discover, at distance from the flock, some *carcase* half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or omnious ravens: so marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley. On he went, and in his van *Confusion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the *Ancients* army, Phalaris and Æsop,

lay fast asleep. Bentley would fain have dispatched them both; and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess *Affright* interposing, caught the *Modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream*. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile *poetaster* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the *Ancient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild ass* broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small *rivulet*, that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men, *Helican*. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

prone on his breast; but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his *shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but *mud*. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of *slime* and *mud*: for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to *draw too deep, or far from the spring*.

At the fountain-head, Wotton discerned two heroes. The one he could not distinguish; but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the *allies* to the *Ancients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself. "Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army! what renown should I purchase among the chiefs? But to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance*, what *Modern* of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, Oh, *Mother!* if what fame

* *Vid.* Homer.

reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of his prayer the gods granted, at the intercession of his *mother*, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind, sent from *Fate*, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the *goddess* his *mother*, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted *Ancient*; upon which lightly grasing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance against so great a leader unrevenged; but Apollo enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a *goddess*, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of —, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been *given him by all*

*the gods**, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Arabian Desart, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a *wild ass*, with brayings importune, affronts his ear; the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise; which *echo*, foolish nymph, like her *ill-judging sex*, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy, long-ear'd animal: so Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping *Ancients*. Boyle observed him well; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately, with his own hands, new polished and gilded; rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, than called the *Christ Church-wits*. Hawkes.

this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning*; if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champain: so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in *phalanx*. First, Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast. But Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of *lead*; which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach; and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side: nor stopt, or spent its force, till

* This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such authority.

it had also pierced the valiant Wotton; who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs: so was this pair of friends transfix'd, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

	And, now	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	<i>Desunt cætera.</i>

A
DISCOURSE
CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION
OF THE
S P I R I T,
IN A
LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A
FRAGMENT.

THE
BOOKSELLER'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse came into my hands perfect and entire: but there being several things in it, which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whose judgment I entirely submit it.

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

SPIRIT, &c.*

*For T. H. Esquire, at his Chambers in the Academy
of the Beaux Esprits in New-Holland.*

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world

* This discourse is not altogether equal to the two former, the best parts of it being omitted; whether the bookseller's account be true that he durst not print the rest, I know not, nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be rely'd on, in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves than his relation.

O

should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing thro' *Westminster-Hall*, and *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and *Fleet-street*, to peruse *titles*; and, I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of *A Letter to a Friend*: nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, *a neighbour at next door*, *a mortal enemy*, *a perfect stranger*, or *a person of quality in the clouds*; and these upon subjects in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, *long schemes in Philosophy*; *dark and wonderful Mysteries of State*; *Laborious Dissertations in Criticism and Philosophy*; *Advice to Parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear. (For let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *Letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your hands.) I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well, when we parted; that the

post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other, modern excuses, for haste and negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois Virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them, I shall send an account of those *phænomena*, as soon as we can determine them at *Gresham*.

I have not had a line from the *Literati* of *Tobinambou*, these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of forms, or of business, let me intreat, you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

SECT. I.

'TIS recorded of *Mahomet*, that upon a visit he was going to pay in *Paradise*, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, wing'd horses, and celestial sedans:

but he refused them all, and would be born to Heaven upon nothing but his *ass*. Now, this inclination of *Mahomet*, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout *Christians*; and doubtless, with very good reason. For, since that *Arabian* is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them, wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, tho' there is not any other nation in the world, so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety, or ease; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, beside this of *Mahomet*.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: And therefore whatever in my small reading occurs, concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down, by way of common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politicks, eloquence, or knowledge; I lay my *memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by

antient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore, I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For, towards the operation already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the *rider* and the *ass*; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever; I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, tho' in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the term, *ass*, we shall make use of *gifted*, or *enlightned teacher*; and the word *rider*, we will exchange for that of *fanatic auditory*, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of enquiry before us, is to examine, by what methods this *teacher* arrives at his *Gifts*, or *Spirit*, or *Light*; and by what

intercourse between him and his assembly, it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings, I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholick use, I esteem this present disquisition: for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a *fanatick* strain, or tincture of *enthusiasm*; which improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of *Arabia*, *Persia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some *fanatick* branch: such are the *Philosopher's Stone*;* the *Grand Elixir*; the *Planetary Worlds*; the *Squaring of the Circle*; the *Summum Bonum*; *Utopian Common-wealths*; with some others of less or subordinate note; which all serve for nothing else, but to employ

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

or amuse this grain of *enthusiasm*, dealt into every composition.

But, if this plant has found a root in the fields of *Empire*, and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon *holy ground*. Wherein, though it hath passed under the general name of *Enthusiasm*, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word in its universal acceptation, may be defined, *A lifting up of the soul or its faculties above matter*. This description will hold good in general; but I am only to understand it, as applied to *Religion*; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first, is the immediate act of God, and is called *Prophecy* or *Inspiration*. The second, is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed *Possession*. The third, is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my enquiry. But, the fourth method of *Religious Enthusiasm*, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and *mechanick operation*, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because

tho' it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemick, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the Spirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our *British workmen*. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this *trade*, producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said that there is one branch of *Religious Enthusiasm*, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which in its original, was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages, hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates* tells us, that among our ancestors, the *Scythians*, there was a nation called,* *Longheads*, which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses

* *Macrocephali*.

of molding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and finding room above, shot upwards, in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way, for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the *Scythian Longheads*, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which, there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called *Round-heads*, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms, yet in its beginning, was meerly an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature, at last, took the hint, and did it of her self; so that a *Round-head* has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a *Longhead* among the *Scythians*.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish first between an effect grown from *art* into

nature, and one that is natural from its beginning; Secondly between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For, the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised, hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art, proceed in general upon the following fundamental; that, *the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit*: because the *senses* in men are so many avenues to the fort of *reason*, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *senses*, or else to juggle them out of their stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed or engaged in a civil war against each other, the *spirit* enters and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the *profane* must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed: for it is positively denied by certain criticks, that the *spirit* can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both, it appears; First, that *the Apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant, an universal agreement in opinion, and form of worship; a harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, the *Spirit* instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases in their own. Lastly, (say these objectors) the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the *Spirit*, and bar up its antient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For, they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the *cloven tongues* never sat upon the apostles' heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections, seems

to consist in the different acceptation of the word, *Spirit*; which, if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the *Spirit* we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account, our modern artificers, find it an expedient of absolute necessity, to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration, than which, nothing is observed to be a greater splendor of mechanick light, as we may, perhaps, farther shew in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the *phenomenon* of *Spiritual Mechanism*, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *Spirit*, the assembly has a considerable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum*, is as follows: they violently strain their eye-balls inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of *see-saw*, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height, chusing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice, in any part of it, so singular and improbable, as not to be traced in distant regions, from reading

and observation. For, first, the **Jauguis*, or enlightened saints of *India*, see all their visions, by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly the art of *see-saw* on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial extasies, hath been derived to us, from our † *Scythian* ancestors, where it is practised at this day, among the women. Lastly the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of *Ireland*, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation hath, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old *Tartars*. Now it is usual for a knot of *Irish*, men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco, handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh; at the same time, there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires, and they move their bodies up and down, to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Meanwhile you may observe

* Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.

† Guagnini Hist. Sarmat.

their eyes turned up in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the *Spirit* approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first, you can see nothing: but after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while, the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them, by a meer spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which the *Spirit* would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the *Spirit*, with relation to that part, which is born by the *assembly*; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

SECT II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent pen-men, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion, between the wild *Indians* and us, lies in this; that we worship *God*, and they worship the *Devil*. But, there are certain criticks, who will by no means admit of this distinction; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever, adore the *true God*, because, they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest *goodness* and *ability* to help them; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others, again, inform us, that those idolaters adore two *principles*; the *principle of good*, and that of *evil*: which indeed, I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion, that mankind, by the meer light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea hath been managed by the *Indians* and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me, the difference

appears little more than this, that they are put oftner upon their knees by their *fears*, and we by our *desires*; that the former set them a *praying*, and us a *cursing*. What I applaud them for, is their discretion, in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the *white* god, to cross or interfere with that of the *black*. Not so with us, who pretending by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *Cælum Empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments, as themselves seem most to value and possess: after they have sunk their *principle* of *evil* to the lowest center, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any *rake-hell* of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and sawcer eye; I laugh aloud, to see these reasoners, at the same time, engaged in wise dispute, about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the Devil, seriously debating, whether such and such

influences come into men's mind from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good :

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi————

Thus do men establish a fellowship of *Christ* with *Belial*, and such is the analogy they make between *cloven tongues*, and *cloven feet*. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our *English* enthusiastic preachers, were *Possession*, or *Inspiration*, and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps, to little purpose. For, I think, it is in *life* as in *tragedy*, where, it is held, a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternal power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual, to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen, descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little

poultry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? therefore, I am resolved immediately, to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery, of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a *trade*, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience .

<p style="text-align: center;">* * * *</p> <p><i>Here the whole scheme of spiritual Mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation, but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * *</p>	<p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p> <p>* * * *</p>
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Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of meer custom,

humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use: these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration, and by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife, that covers her still with a wet clout, for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For, it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore, cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal. That all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is their air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little common wealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing else than a violent heat, can disentangle these

creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour, to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence: if the bite hath been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon the politicks; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of parctices the voice is best governed, towards the composition and improvement of the *Spirit*; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incompleat, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For, it is to be understood, that in the language of the spirti, *cant* and *droning* supply the place of *sense* and *reason*, in the language of men: because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar, hath not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadeñce of the syllables; even as a discreet *composer*, who in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it *nonsense*, before he can make it *musick*. For this reason it hath been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in

greatest perfection, when managed by *ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an *ass*. And the profounder criticks upon that passage, are of opinion, the word in its genuine signification, means no other than a *jaw-bone*; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*: but in so nice a case, I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty, to *pick* from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient, towards the art of canting, is a competent share of *inward light*; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods, and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this *light*, resembling *lanthorns*, compact of leaves from old *Geneva* bibles; which invention, Sir *H-mphry Edw-n*, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming, the scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, *Thy word is a lanthorn to my feet, and a light to my paths*.

Now, the art of *canting* consists in skilfully adapting the voice, to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience, with its most significant cadence.

The force, or energy of this eloquence, is not to be found, as among antient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but agreeable to the modern refinements in musick, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a single *vowel* to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the musick of one solitary *liquid*. But these are trifles; when even sounds inarticulate, are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall *blow his nose so powerfully*, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the *excrements* of his brain, with the same reverence as the *issue* of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetorick, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the *Spirit* being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps, I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of *Canting, Philosophically, Physically, and Musically considered*.

But, among all improvements of the *Spirit*, wherein the voice hath born a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the*

sound through the nose, which under the denomination of * *snuffling*, hath passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and hath flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of *bag-pipes*, which having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the *brethren*, tottered for a time, and at last fell with *monarchy*. The story is thus related.

As yet, *snuffling* was not; when the following adventure happened to a *Bambury Saint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the *wicked*, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward: an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For, some think, that the *Spirit* is apt to feed on

* *The snuffling of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters did too much affect.* W. Wotton.

the *flesh*, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at *leap-frog* between both; and, sometimes, the *flesh* is uppermost, and sometimes the *Spirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a *rider*, wears huge *ripon* spurs, and when it comes to the turn of being *bearer*, is wonderfully head-strong and hard mouthed. However it came about, the *Saint* felt his *vessel* full extended in every part (a very natural effect of strong *inspiration*;) and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture; he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all *before*. The surgeon had now cured the parts, primarily effected; but the disease driven from its post, flew up into his head; and as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease repelled from its first station, fled before the *rod* of *Hermes*, to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the *nose*, broke down the *bridge*, and retired to the head quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there

is in human noses, an *idiosyncrasy*, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the musick of a flagelate is made by the *stops*. By this method the twang of the nose, becomes perfectly to resemble the *snuffle* of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *British* ears; whereof the Saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the *Spirit*; for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Strait, every pastor copied after this original; and those, who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *Saints* owe their empire to the *snuffling* of one *animal*, as *Darius* did his, to the *neighing* of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read, how the* *Persian beast* acquired his faculty, by *covering a mare* the day before.

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For,

* Herodot.

allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is in the commonwealth of *artificial enthusiasm*, some real foundation for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance, of some choice professors, though in the most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*: as lanthorns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoak, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some antient oracle, and your understanding will be *equally* informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternal *Spirit*, possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the *heat* of zeal, working upon the *dregs* of ignorance, as other *Spirits* are produced from *lees*, by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the *Spirit*

delights to dwell within them, as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible; I shall here, very briefly, deduce the history of *Fanaticism*, from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the *Spirit*.

The most early traces we meet with of *Fanatics*, in ancient story, are among the *Ægyptians*, who instituted those rites, known in *Greece* by the names of *Orgya*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*, whether introduced there by *Orpheus* and *Melampus*, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of *Osyris*, whom the *Grecians* called *Dionysius*, and is the same with *Bacchus**: which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, over-charged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too *literal* an understanding; and because anti-

* *Dido. Sic. L. 1. Plut. de Iside & Osyride.*

quity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of *conjuring*. These are the men, who pretend to understand a book, by scouting thro' the *Index*, as if a traveller should go about to describe a *palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *privy*; or like certain fortune-tellers in *Northern America*, who have a way of reading a man's destiny, by peeping in his *breech*. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, * there was not one vine in all *Ægypt*, the natives drinking nothing but *ale*; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owning its invention and progress, not only to the † *Ægyptian Osyris*, but to the *Grecian Bacchus*, who in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself was very seldom, or never drunk: for it is recorded of him, that he was the first ‡ inventor of the *mitre*; which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of *bacchanals* did) to prevent vapours and the *head-ach*, after hard drinking. And for this reason (say some) the *Scarlet Whore*, when she makes the kings of the

* *Herod. L. 2.*

† *Diod. Sic. L. 1. & 3.*

‡ *Id. L. 4.*

earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, tho' she never baulks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her *triple mitre*. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition *Osyris* made thro' the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the *bacchanalian** ceremonies were so many types and symbols. From which account, it is manifest, that the fanatick rites of these *bacchanals* cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions, an entire *mixture and confusion of sexes*; they affected to ramble about hills and desarts: their garlands were of *ivy* and *vine*, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *fir*, the parent of *turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *satyrs*, were attended by *goats*, and rode upon *asses*, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its *appurtenances*, which were so many shadows and emblems of

* See the particulars in Diod. Sic. L. 1. & 3.

the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of *Attica*, the whole solemnity * stript of all its types, was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the votaries, not flying in coveys, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of *Orpheus*, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to † *communicate his orgies* to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *castrated* himself, upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next *Fanaticks* we meet with, of any eminence, were the numerous sects of *Hereticks* appearing in the five first centuries of the *Christian æra*, from *Simon Magus* and his followers, to those of *Eutyches*. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in

* *Dionysia Brauronia.*

† *Vid. Photium in excerptis à Conone.*

a centre, and that is the *community of women*. Great were their solitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last *Fanaticks* of note, were those which started up in *Germany*, a little after the *Reformation* of *Luther*; springing, as *mushrooms* do at the *end of a harvest*: such were *John of Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuster*, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in *leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece*, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For, human life is a continual navigation, and, if we expect our *vessels* to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the *flesh*, as seamen lay in store of *beef* for a long voyage.

Now from this brief survey of some principal sects, among the *Fanaticks*, in all ages (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the *Family of Love*, *Sweet Singers of Israel*, and the like: and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines, about *women*, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the seed, or principle, which has ever put men upon *visions*

in things *invisible*, is of a corporeal nature : for the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest *spirits* may be extracted from *human flesh*. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below : and thus the *thorn in the flesh* serves for a *spur* to the *spirit*. I think, it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much, as a tenuous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice, to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the *Quakers* first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them, for the *furor* — persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are in their complexion, of all others, the most amorous : for, *zeal* is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a hum, a sigh or a groan; the stile compact of insignificant words, incoherences and repetition. These,

I take, to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the *saints*? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened, by observing, with wonder, how unaccountable all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their *outward men*; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the *sex* hath certain characteristicks, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must by the necessary course of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into *matter*. Lo-

vers, for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of *Platonicks*, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same *pit* is provided for both; and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the *constellations*, found himself seduced by his *lower parts* into a *ditch*.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

*Pray burn this
Letter as soon
as it comes to
your hands.*

FINIS.

Directions for placing the Plates.

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