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THE
Publick Spirit
OF THE
TORIES,

Manifested in the CASE of the

Swift
Irish DEAN,

AND HIS

Man TIMOTHY.

Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.

Hud. Cant. 1. p. 20.

LONDON:

21.

Sold by J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane. 1714.
Price 3 d.



THE
Publick Spirit
OF THE
TORIES.

NOTHING ever surpriz'd me more than the great Impudence of the Whigs, in laying a Claim to publick Spirit of late; when, at the same Time, there is no Set of Men have a lesser Share of it, than they. If such a Thing be to be found in this Nation, it is lodg'd amongst the Tories; they are the only Publick Spirited Men. For what is Publick Spirit, other than to be ready to engage in any thing to serve the Turn and Interest of a Party. And if this, as it certainly is, be the Sense of those Two Words,
A what

The History of the Usage the *Irish* Dean, and his Man *Timothy*, have met with from the Tories, being something curious, and an Instance of their Publick Spirit, shall be the Subject of the following Sheets.

It will be impossible to give a truer Character of the *Irish* Dean, whom for the future we shall call *Philatbeus*, than that which an old Friend, and intimate Acquaintance of his has given him; one, whom like his other old Friends, he has of late disown'd.

In the 59th Page Of the Tale of a Tub, Printed in 1711, you will find it thus written. This is indeed 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 Plots, (Band-Boxes) Meal-tubs, and Exclusion-Bills, and Passive-Obedience, and Addresses of Lives and Fortunes, and Prerogative and Popery, and Liberty of Conscience, and Letters to a Friend, from an Understanding, and a Conscience rag'd with perpetual Turning; from a Head broken in an 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 profest Enemies to me and the Government, and revenged their Parties Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins. Fourscore and Eleven Pamphlets have I writ under Three Reigns, and for the Service of Six and Thirty Factions.

Nothing I think can be added to compleat this Character, more necessary than Four Lines of a late Poem written by a Reverend Divine, which are thus;

*In State Opinions A-la-mode,
He hated Wh—n like a Toad;
Had giv'n the Faction many a Wound,
And libel'd all the Junta round.*

Now

he had a Pen for their Service, if they paid him; but I dare say when their Pence are gone, as I hope in God, 'twill not be long e'er they are, they will then find the old Proverb true, *Point d' Argent, Point d' Sm — t*, I would say *Swiss*. For I doubt not but he would have answer'd with *Hudibras*, had the same Questions been put to him.

*What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year;
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two Hundred more.*

And so leaving the Doctor and his Conscience to complain, as my Lord *Howard* did of his being a Witness, that they have suffered too much Drudgery, and wishing the Party Joy of so unenvied a Jewel as this Dean *Philarbeus*, we will turn our Eyes a little upon his Man *Timorby*, who hits the old Proverb to a T. of like Master, like Man.

Now as I have made use of that Ingenious Author of *Hudibras* to help me to describe the Dean, so I cannot better give you his Man *Timothy's* Character than from the same Hand, where speaking of *Ralpho*, he says,

*His Knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another Kind.
His Wit was sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crack'd and broken,
He much of Terra * incognita,
Th' Intelligible World cou'd say,
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for Profound
And Solid Lying much renown'd.*

* Latin for the South-Sea.

This

time to make of *Timothy*, Doctor *Philathew's* Journeyman. For he is the constant Drudge, while his Master is labouring in the Vineyard, like an honest Parson, with two or three Friends, and only steps in to help when *Timothy* is at a Loss.

And now observe what Fruit this very Fellow has reaped from his Principles, and the Publick Spirit of the Tories.

From being in an exalted Habitation, *anglice*, a *Garret*, supported by *Copy-Money*, and the kind Benevolence of a trusting Bookfeller, all which scarce kept this wretched Soul and Body together, and from hiding his Head, for fear of a fatal clap on the Shoulder, the Publick Spirit of the Tories has relieved him, I say, from all these Miseries; and in their Room, has given him all the Happiness that a Man haunted with a Guilty Conscience can Enjoy. They have enabled him to live in Splendor and Plenty, and appear in Publick, (in Dress I mean, and not in Print) like a Gentleman. This is a Change in a Man's Fortune, sufficient to tempt one of no more Principle than he or his Master, to write Volumes on the Tory Side.

This is Publick Spirit with a Witness. However, I would advise *Timothy* to consider the *Ant*, which lays up in the Summer, lest she should be starved in the Winter; for though the Moon, that inconstant Planet, which seems to rule *England* be now in the Full, it may not be long before it is in the Wain; And then Squire *Timothy* may be stripped of his Fine Feathers, with which he has plumed himself, and return'd to the *Garret* from whence he came, and perhaps thence to the Place of Execution.

I have now set forth the Mens Characters and Rewards, who are very justly suspected to be guilty of the *Examiners*, I shall now proceed to examine the Merit of their Work, which if it follows them, will meet perhaps a warmer Fire than that which consumed Doctor *Sacheverell's* vile Sermon.

Lord has declared he does never read Pamphlets, so this Paper has escaped his Knowledge, and thence proceeds the Author's Safety; for had he but known the Abuses this Villain has cast on the House of *Hanover*, Duke of *Marlborough*, Earl of *Godolphin* and other such Worthies, no doubt they wou'd have met with their Reward. It is therefore pity but some publick spirited Man shou'd inform the Noble Peer, that there is such a Paper as the *Examiner*, which comes out twice a Week, upon a half Sheet, and is full of indecent Reflections on the Whigs; and indeed, all that are not as vile as himself, and 'tis not to be doubted but such an Information would have a mighty Effect. And till this be done, I wou'd advise every honest *Briton*, whenever he shall find himself personally abused, to take what Redress he shall judge proper, and not let the Rogue have what Liberty he pleases. For though publick Resentment be asleep; yet there is no reason why a private one shou'd not be awake.

And now I have concisely given you the Characters and Works of these two famous Writers, Dean *Philabers* and his Man *Timothy*; can any one sufficiently admire the Publick Spirit of the Tories, in giving them such ample Rewards? When the Party suffers by entertaining such vile abject Wretches, and when their abusive Way of Writing makes no unbiass'd Man, but censure a Cause for being so defended, what a Generous Publick Spirit it is, without any farther regard than their being Zealous, to heap so great Benefit on them. I leave my Reader to proceed in Reflections of this Nature, which the more he dwells upon, the more he will admire the Publick Spirit of the High-Church-Men. And surely since they have so much Publick Spirit, the Nation cannot be in such Danger, as the discontented Whigs wou'd represent it to be. No! we shall never be near Ruin, till we have two Deans made in one Year, the one for Lying, and the other for Swearing. Which will not probably happen in this Honest Age, where Virtue meets so constantly with a warm Reception.