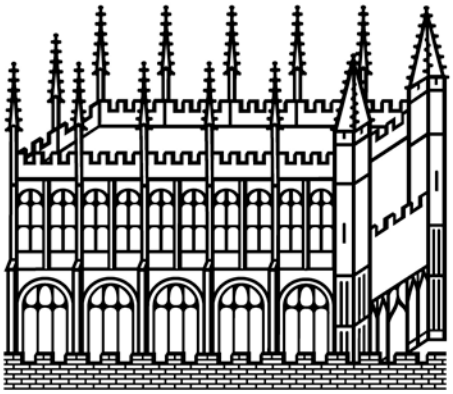

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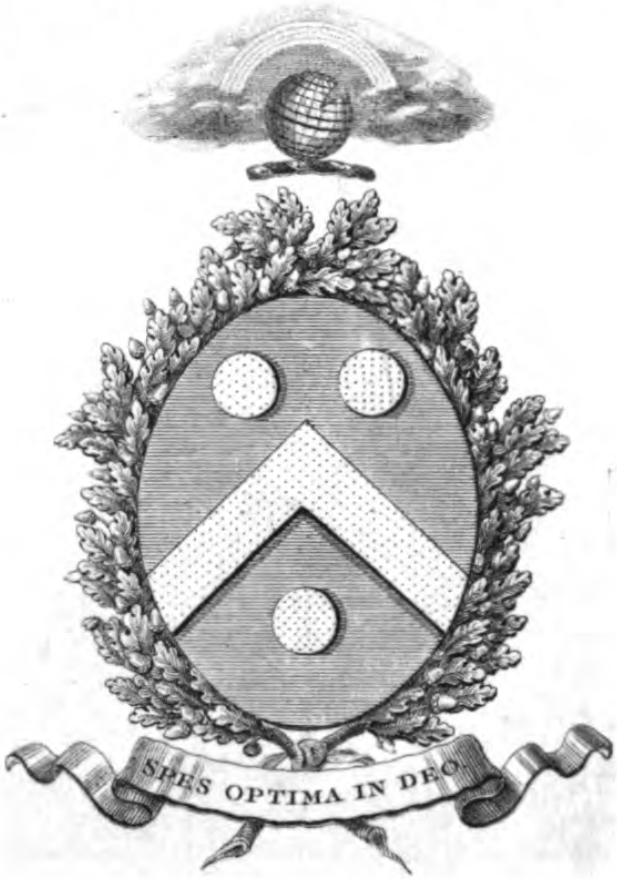
Hope Essays 508.



John Thomas Hope.

The Humouriſt:

BEING

ESSAYS

UPON

Several Subjects,

VIZ.

Account of the Author.
Stock-jobbers.
Authors.
Travels.
Fancy.
Journaliſts.
The Weather.
Hope.
Education.
Prating.
Modern Inventions.
Luxury.
Libels.
Popular Diſcontents.
Great Men.
Theatrical Entertainments.
Method in Writing.
Suicide.
Infidelity.
Publick Sports.
Levity.
The Duty of Authors.
A Club of Authors.
Happineſs.
Women.
Coffee-houſes.
Maſquerades.
Patriotiſm.
Biſhop *Burnet*'s Hiſtory.
Mortality.
The Characters of Different Nations.
Sedition.
Hopers.
Some Characters of the preſent Age.

London, Printed for T. WOODWARD, at the *Half-Moon* over againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s *Church* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. MDCCXXV.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

To the Right Honourable

JAMES *Lord* TYRAWLEY *and* KILLMAIN.

My LORD,

HE that makes free with the Vices and Follies of Mankind, ought to give ſome Proofs of his Judgment in order to be thought qualify'd for a Cenſor: I have but one to offer, which is my Choice of a Patron; for I think the World muſt agree with me, that no one can be ſo properly the Protector of a Satyriſt, as the Man whoſe Life and Actions have nothing to apprehend from ſuch Writings.

It is very fortunate, my Lord, to be able to enumerate a long Train of Anceſtors; but to have equall'd the beſt, and excell'd the moſt of them, is to have no Occaſion for

any. This is your Lordſhip's Caſe; no one that has the Honour to know you, will enquire for your Progenitors; while ſuch as have the Misfortune to be Strangers to your Perſon, muſt have their Curioſity ſufficiently rais'd by the Character of your Family.

My Lord, I will borrow a Complement from Mr. *Dryden*; he made it to the late Earl of *Dorſet*; I forget his Words, but his Thought was to this Purpoſe; I congratulate myſelf for being the firſt that in this Way has paid Homage to the Riſing of that Glory, whoſe Meridian Splendor ſhall be the Subject and Delight of better Pens. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The HUMOURIST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Succeſs of the firſt Volume encouraged the Bookſeller to collect the following Eſſays, and form them into a ſecond.

He apprehends they will not be liable to any Objection, which lay not againſt the firſt Volume; that the Character of the Author, ſo often different from itſelf, will give the Work a graceful Variety; and as the following Tracts were written at ſeveral Times, and upon ſeveral Occaſions, he hopes the great Choice of Subjects, and the different Manner of treating them, will be one Advantage, among many others, which this Volume has over the firſt.

All

All which he humbly ſubmits to the judicious Reader, and hopes to find his Candour proportionable to his Underſtanding and Judgment; which laſt Rule, when put into the Hands of a Man of Senſe, he is content to ſtand or fall by.

Several Errors may have eſcaped the Preſs, but the following are the moſt notorious that have occurr'd to the Publiſher.

PAge 31. l. 22. dele *maintain*. P. 107. l. 28. for 6563, read 1653. P. 111. l. *ult*. for *and* r. *am*. P. 120. l. 8. for *Puppet* r. *Puppets*. P. 145. l. 1. for *Faults* r. *Fault*. P. 152. for *Diverſions* r. *Diviſions*. P. 182. l. 7. for *Niſce* r. *Noſce*. P. 194. l. 9. for *Origer* r. *Origen*. P. 239. l. 5. for *or* r. *of*.

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An Account of the AUTHOR.

HAVING ſet up for an Author, it is expedient, like others, who have gone before me, that I give the Town ſome true and faithful Hiſtory of my ſelf.

I preſume, every one, who knows any thing of the *Britiſh* Nation, will take it for granted, that being a *Welſhman*, I muſt have Noble Blood in my Veins. I am therefore a *Gentleman by Nation*; I was born in *Glamorganſhire*; and my Family, like the great *Buchanan's*, was rather ancient than rich. My Mother uſed frequently to mention a Tradition very current among her Relations, that one of her Line was once very near being made a Lord, but before his Patent was paſſed, he was hang'd for Horſe-ſtealing; whereas, had he but got it once in his Pocket, no ſort of Felony

could have hurt him. This happened before the Arrival of *Julius Cæſar* in this Iſland, and is frequently mention'd by my Mother's Kindred to this Day, to the Honour of our Anceſtor aforeſaid. She had alſo an Uncle in K. *Charles* II's Reign, who having great Ambition, and reſolving to get Preferment, ſtarved honourably about this Town for Six or Seven Years in hopes of it; and at laſt, by his Perſonal Intereſt with that Monarch, was made an Exciſeman, with a Promiſe of the firſt White-Staff that fell. But ſhe owns he never was made a firſt Miniſter; for while he was every Day expecting a Letter from his Majeſty, and a Call to the Council-Table, he died of a Surfeit of Leeks and Brandy at an Alehouſe in *Monmouth*, to the great Grief and Loſs of the Family, who, with him, loſt all their Hopes. It is certain, that at the Time of his unhappy Departure, he expected in a Week's time to ſee himſelf Lord-Steward of the Houſhold, and had for that Purpoſe taken a Place in the *London* Waggon, in order to be carried to Court: So ſure was he of his Point. My good Mother, who loves her Kinsfolk, takes no ſmall Delight in telling us of her elder Brother's conſiderable Fortune; *David Morgan* is the Man, who, after being a Foot Soldier thirty Years, has diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo eminently in the Service, that t'other Day he was actually preferred to a Halbert, being made a Serjeant in *Sabin*'s Regiment, not without the aſpiring Hopes of a Pair of Colours, ſome time or other, before he dies, to the Honour of his Family,

Family, and the Advantage of his Wife and ſix Children, for whom he has not hitherto made any conſiderable Proviſion.

My Father moreover boaſts the Antiquity of his Houſe, and the eminent Men it has produced. He has a great Spirit; and tho' he is forced to ſtoop to get into his Cottage, yet he looks very big when he is there. He ſays, his Grandfather's great Grandfather was a wealthy Gentleman, he could count twenty Cows, fifty Head of Sheep, and ſeveral Goats, and call them ALL his own. It was once talked, that he was to have been a *Welch* Juſtice of the Peace, but his hard hearted Landlord came and ſwept away all he had for Arrears of Rent, and utterly ſpoiled his Squireſhip. After this, the Dignity of his Family and the Greatneſs of his Soul not permitting him to ſoil his Blood with any Trade, he built him a Hovel on the Side of a Ditch by the Highway, and hanging out his Beſom, ſold Ale and Tobacco; in this Station he liv'd in great Repute to his dying Day. He had another Anceſtor, who was famous for breaking and backing of Colts, which being no Handicraft in *Law*, could not ſully the Honour of his Name or Poſterity. But once riding away with a young handſome Horſe, that was ſent to School to him, and not returning ſo ſoon as he ſhould have done, he was apprehended and fetched back by Force, and lodged in the County-Goal among other *mean born* Thieves; which he reſented highly. At the Aſſizes he had his Tryal; and tho' he ſtood greatly up-

on his Honour, and enumerated his famous Anceſtors to the Court; yet the Judge and Jury did not uſe him at all like a *Gentleman*; he ſuffered the Law like any other *baſe-born* Felon. He died bravely, and left behind him, at the Gallows, excellent Advice to his Family, ſtrictly ordering and recommending, that *none of his Children ſhould be put Prentices*; which dying Words of his were piouſly and faithfully obeyed; for they dutifully ſtarved three Parts of the Year, and one Part of it they ſtrolled about *England* for Harveſt-work. A third Relation of his, whoſe Memory he honours highly, kept an Alehouſe near St. *David*'s, in a Pariſh of which he was Parſon. No Man in that Country ſold better Ale, or preached better Sermons, or play'd a Jig better than this our Reverend Kinſman; his Name and Reputation are ſtill dear to us; he left my Father his beſt Crowd.

Thus much of my Family. Now for my ſelf. My Mother having nurſed a Child for a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood, the ſaid Child being about my own Age, took a great Liking to me, and never cared to be from me; and ſo when he was taken Home to his Father's, I was taken Home with him, and there learned to read and write; an Accompliſhment unknown in our Family in the Memory of Man, except in the Inſtance of the Parſon juſt now cited! I alſo learned *Latin*, and *Greek*, and *French*, of all which Languages even our ſaid Couſin was utterly ignorant, tho' he was reckon'd a judicious Explainer of hard Texts.

The

The Gentleman's Steward, who was an eminent Attorney in the Neighbourhood, would now have gladly taken me for a Clerk, and the Gentleman himſelf would have given a Sum of Money with me. But my indulgent Parents hearing of the great Diſhonour intended to their Family, by binding their Son in Indentures, came in great Wrath and fetched me away. They told me, "That it would "have been better for me, and more for my "Honour, never to have learned a Letter, "and remained in the laudable and hereditary Ignorance of the Family, than to be "bound to any Man living: That I might do "any Thing elſe, with all their Hearts, provided I did not break them by going Prentice; "that I might keep Goats, or help to drive "Cattle over the *Severn*; or go over into "*England* a mowing Graſs, or cutting down "Corn, with other *Welſh Gentlemen*, my "Kinſmen and Neighbours: But to go Prentice! —— Here my Mother cried bitterly, and tore her Hair: But, my Father bid her comfort herſelf, *for ſplutter Nails! Hur Son ſhould never go Prentice, he ſhould peg hur Pread firſt.* This pacify'd my Mother, and made her Heart eaſy.

I lived miſerably at Home for about a Fortnight; ſometimes I went a Fiſhing for Victuals, and ſometimes gathering Heath for Fewel; at laſt, Heaven be praiſed, I was relieved, and yet the Honour of my Family ſaved. My young Maſter was going to the Univerſity, and God inſpired his Father to ſend me along

with him. I went thither full of the *Church* and the *Martyr*, and of the Importance, Learning and Sanctity of *Oxford*. In Conſequence of theſe Prepoſſeſſions, I came freely, and blindly, and impiouſly, into all their Notions and their Healths, and their Cant, and thought them all hallowed. I did as the reſt did, and drank down vaſt Quantities of Ale and Sedition.

I lived in this Manner for Two Years, and then, getting acquainted with a ſenſible Fellow of the *Conſtitution Club*, he lent me, and perſwaded me to read, *Locke upon Humane Underſtanding*, and *upon Government*, with his *Letters concerning Toleration*. The ſtrong Reaſon, and invincible Truth, which run thro' theſe Books, made ſuch ſtrange and ſudden Impreſſion upon me, that I became like One awakened out of a ridiculous and turbulent Dream, into the Exerciſe of his Senſe and Underſtanding; I grew, all of a ſudden, ſober and ſtudious, which rendered me preſently ſuſpected to the Univerſity of ill Principles; beſides, the above-mentioned Books were found in my Room, which confirmed me an Apoſtate from the Principles of the Place. The firſt Opportunity was therefore taken to expel me; which I ſoon gave them, by erecting a Bonfire on King *George*'s Birth-Day, and drinking his Health to one of the Fellows of St. *John*'s *College*.

Having, by my Loyalty and Sobriety, and *pernicious Reaſon*, ſcandalized the Univerſity, and merited Expulſion from thence; I was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of myſelf; I had not enough of any popular Science, to live by it;

it; and I was ſo well qualified for Holy Orders, that I diſpaired of ever obtaining them. I was *Moral*, and had the Reputation of a *Scholar*: But I had been buſy with *Reaſon*, and was notoriouſly well-affected to Human Underſtanding, and the preſent Government; for which grievous Errors, and damnable Crimes, I had the Brand of the Univerſity put upon me. My Friend, the Squire's eldeſt Son, took Part with the College againſt me, and continued true to *Oxford*, and *Oxford-Ale*, which is the Study he delights in, and is encouraged in. He is taught that, what ſignifies Learning to him, who is only to be Knight of the Shire, and a Member of *Parliament*? And with this Inſtruction he is extremely well ſatisfied. For, we muſt know, that tho' it is neceſſary for any *vulgar Cub*, who is to be a *little Country Curate*, or *School-Maſter*, to have his Head perplexed with Logick enough to improve his want of Senſe, and make him impertinent, or, in other Words, to qualify him for taking Orders; yet any kind of Learning, eſpecially of uſeful Learning, is thought at *Oxford*, unſuitable to a Gentleman, who is only to be one of the Keepers of the Liberties of his Country, and one of the Makers of its Laws. And it is very true, that the *Pedantry* which paſſes there for Learning would ſpoil any *Gentleman*, and entitle him to *another Name*. And for that ſound and *generous Learning*, which enlarges the Heart and the Faculties, and improves Human Reaſon (and what does not that, deſerves not the Name of Learning) it

is far above the Capacity of the *preſent Profeſſors*, and utterly oppoſite to the *Genius* and *Politicks* of the Place.

In this Perplexity and Straitneſs of my Affairs, I ſtragled up to this Town, thinking it every whit as comfortable to ſtarve in *London*, *like a Scholar*, as in my own Country, *like a Gentleman*; tho' perhaps it may not appear quite ſo *Honourable* to the high Spirits of my *Ancient Nation* and *Family*.

When I arrived at my Inn, I ſaw a thin pale Spectre of a Man walking in the Yard, as if he wanted ſomething, and yet had nothing to do. Being curious who this *Human Phantome* might be, I was told he was a Bookſeller in the *Strand*, who, every Day that the Coach or Waggon came in, hawked at the Inn for *Oxford Scholars*, as Fiſhmongers do at *Billinſgate* for a Mackrel Boat.

Before my Informer had done ſpeaking, this *Living Ghoſt*, who, it ſeems, haunts moſt of the Garrets in *Grubſtreet*, clapped his Glaſs to his Eye, and drawing up the dry Skin of his Face into a hideous Form, fell a kenning me for ſome Time, and then approached me. He told me, that having a particular Veneration for the Univerſity, he was proud of being acquainted with every Gentleman that came from thence, that he preſumed I came from *Oxford*. I told him I did: *Sir*, ſays he, *I Honour that Learned Body. There's the Seat of the* Muſes! *there's the Fountain of Learning! Sir, I Honour the Univerſity.* Here I told him that he muſt then honour me very much, for

that

that ſhe had expelled me —— *How, Sir, Expelled you, Sir!* quoth the Ghoſt; *I am not Sir, at all amazed at it! juſt ſo ſhe ſerves every Ingenious Man! I know* Oxford *very well*; (here he damned it) *Sir, will you accept of a Pint of Wine? I Honour you for your Misfortune —— pray, dear Sir, let me welcome you to Town with a Glaſs of Wine.*

I wondred at the Aſpect and Behaviour of the Man; but ſubmitted, like a Well-bred Perſon, to his Courteſy. While we were over our Liquor, he railed at the Univerſity with great Fluency and Bitterneſs of Words, out of a pure Zeal to me, for whom his Kindneſs encreaſed every Moment; he preſently knew me better than I did, and obliged me with a very pretty Character of myſelf. He made it plain to me, that I had a *fine Genius*, and a *World of Merit*; he added, that the Town was quite deſtitute of Wits and good Writers; and oh! how glibly it would ſwallow any *Satire* or *Lampoon*, or any *Caſe of Bawdy and Divorce*, or any *Narrative about Witches*, or any *Tranſlation*, or any *Second Part*, or any good *Imitation*, or any *Laſt Will and Teſtament*; ſays he, *I don't doubt but you have ſome good Things by you*; and invited me to dine with him next Day.

When I came to his Houſe, he made a ſhift to know me preſently, with the Aſſiſtance of his *Third Eye*; he told me, that *my Lord* ſuch a One deſired to ſee me, (now thought I my Fortune is made.) *But* quoth he, *I wiſh we had ſomething of your's to ſhew his Lordſhip*:

It will increaſe the good Impreſſions I have given him of you. Here, tranſported as I was, I lugged out a Pocket full of Lucubrations, and preſented them with a *thankful Heart*, and a genteel *Univerſity Scrape*, to my kind Friend the Ghoſt.

Next Time I ſaw him, *my Lord* had peruſed my *Poems* with infinite Delight; nay, his Lordſhip preſented his Humble Service to me, and begged of all Things in the World they might be printed. At theſe Words, I was afraid my Heart would have skipp'd out of its Skin: I already felt myſelf rolling about in my Chariot. With my *moſt humbly Duty* to his Lordſhip, I conſented, and inſtantly I was *in Print*. My loving Friend, the Ghoſt, adviſed me to defer my Viſit to his Lordſhip, till I could preſent him with One of my Books. Here again I was all Submiſſion.

The Book came out, but ſtill *my Lord* was ſick, or out of Town, or to be married, and I was to wait upon his Lordſhip *next Week* for half a Year together; during which time I and my Landlord (for I was now at Bed and Board with the Ghoſt) writ ſeveral other *Books*, and *Anſwers* to thoſe *Books*, and *Replies* to thoſe *Anſwers*, and *Confutations* of thoſe *Replies*, and ſo forth; for all which I had ſeveral half Crowns of him at ſeveral times, and he had ſeveral Notes of me for the ſame; for it ſo always happened, that he never got a Farthing by any thing of mine, tho' it came to a fourth Edition, and tho' he was eternally and ſinfully tempting me to defile more Paper.

In the End, out of Tenderneſs to me, he put on a ſtrenuous Reſolution to know of *my Lord*, when, *preciſely*, he would be waited on; and for that Purpoſe one Evening he went out, and I went after him; I dogged him into a Tavern in the *Strand*, and out of it again, and ſo Home. I was grieved to ſee myſelf ſo deceived and abuſed, —— Next Morning he came to my Bed-ſide, with twenty Compliments and Petitions for Pardon from *my Lord*, who invited me to dine with him that Day Sennight, which never came.

Having made this Diſcovery, I began to doubt whether he was at all known to my Lord; and to be fully ſatisfied, I went one Morning to his Lordſhip's Houſe, when the Ghoſt ſaid he would be there, and asked the Porter if Mr. —— was there, naming the Ghoſt? *Sir*, ſays he, *I know no ſuch Man.* I beg'd him to know of my Lord, whether he had been with him that Morning? The civil Porter did ſo, and brought me back Word that my Lord ſwore a great Oath, and ask'd what Buſineſs he ſhould have with that R— ? Why, ſays his Lordſhip, *By —— I ſhould not know the Raſcal's Face if I met him in the Street.*

Inſtantly I returned Home; and having put up my Books, my Linnen, and *all* my other Moveables, in a Sheet of whited brown Paper, I deſcended from my fourth Story at the Ghoſt's, and left him, and his Houſe, with a true *Welch* Heart, full of Ire and Reſentment; not at all abated by empty Pockets. I have now

taken

taken a Room only up three Pair of Stairs backwards, at a Printer's in *Little-Britain*, where I hope to thrive better; and therefore, O indulgent Reader, encourage this Work, which, if it proſpers, ſo ſhall I alſo proſper.

N. B. The Ghoſt, who, beſides his other Trade, is alſo a Clap-Doctor, would fain have initiated me in the Myſteries of *Drury-Lane*, in order to get off a few of his Pocky-Packets; but tho' he tempted me with all his Might, and offered me ſeveral Miſtreſſes of *Men of Quality*, yet I obſtinately perſiſted in my Health, and was never his Cuſtomer.

The Ghoſt has ſold a Book of mine, which never had but one Impreſſion, under Five and Twenty different Titles already, and I hear he will advertiſe it next Week with a Six and Twentieth.

Of the Bubbles.

THE World has often been ruled by Men, who were themſelves ruled by the worſt Qualities, and moſt ſordid Views. *The Prince*, ſays a great *French* Politician, *governs the People, and Intereſt governs the Prince.*

The Manner by which Men climb to Greatneſs, makes no Difference in the Reſpect paid them by the People: A King, who makes his Way to a Throne by the Means of Blood and Treachery, meets with the ſame Incenſe which

which is preſented to the virtuous Monarch; who comes to Empire honeſtly by Choice, or quietly by Deſcent; and a Miniſter, who gets his Staff by Sycophancy, and keeps it by Lies and Oppreſſion, is not leſs adored, than the Stateſman who owes his Exaltation to great Abilities and pure Merit.

Hence it comes to paſs, that few Men care how they riſe in the World, ſo they do but riſe: They know that Succeſs expiates all Rogueries, and never miſſes Reverence; and that he, who was called Villain, or Murderer in the Race, is often chriſtened *SAINT* or *HERO* at the Goal. The preſent Poſſeſſion of Money or Power, is always a ready Patent for Reſpect and Submiſſion. He that gets a Hundred Thouſand Pounds by a Bubble, that is, by ſelling a Bag of Wind to his credulous Countrymen, is a greater Idol in every Coffee-Houſe in Town, than he who is worth but Ninety Thouſand, tho' acquired by honeſt Trading or ingenious Arts, which profit Mankind, and bring Credit to his Country: And thus every *South-Sea* Cub, ſhall, by the ſole Merit of his *MILLION*, vie for Reſpect and Followers with any Lord in the Land, tho' it ſhould ſtrangely happen, as it ſometimes does, that his Lordſhip's Virtues and Parts ennoble his Title and Quality. It matters not, whether your Father was a Tinker, and you, his worthy Son, a *Broker* or a *Sharper*, provided you be but a *South Sea Man*; if you are but that, the whole Earth is your humble Servant.

The

The Behaviour therefore of Mankind having ſhewn, that they think Money the *CHIEF GOOD*, it is no wonder that Pride follows Riches, and that he who bears a heavy Purſe, bears likewiſe a ſtately Brow; when he ſees all Men adore him, it is very natural for him to adore himſelf, and to exalt his own Head in Proportion, as others debaſe theirs.

At preſent, nothing further is neceſſary towards getting an Eſtate, that is Merit and Reſpect, than a little Money, much Roguery, and many Lies. With what Indignation have I beheld a Peer of the Realm courting the good Graces of a little Haberdaſher with great Caſh, and begging a few Shares in a Bubble which the honourable *Goodman Bever* had juſt then invented to cheat his Fellow-Citizens!

But exalted Boobies being below Satyr, I ſhall here only conſider a little the Miſchiefs brought upon the Publick by the Projects which bring them their Wealth. It is melancholly to conſider that Power follows Property, when we conſider at the ſame Time into what vile Hands that Property is fallen, and by what vile Means, even by Bubbles and direct Cheating.

Of our Second-hand Bubbles, I blame not one more than another, their Name ſhews their Nature. The GREAT BUBBLE of All ſet them an Example, and began firſt. By it immenſe Fortunes have been got to particular Men, moſt of them obſcure and unheard of; happy for their own Characters, and for the Nation's Trade, if they had ſtill remained ſo. I hope our All is not yet at the

Mercy

Mercy of Sharpers; ignorant, mercenary Sharpers: but I ſhould be glad to ſee it prov'd that it will not be ſo. Are we a Trading Nation? Where is our Trade? Conſult the Books of Export; number the Ships that go laden out of the River, and the Stagnation and Ruin of Trade will ſtand confeſſed. There's one Comfort remaining to the City of *London*, from the miſerable Loſs of that Trade, which rendred that City ſo long the Mark and Envy of Nations; in Caſe of a great Froſt, our Ships will make as good Fires as *Newcaſtle* Coals.

Do our People and our Poor ſubſiſt by Manufacture? Where is our Manufacture? Even at almoſt an utter Stand; while a few are getting Millions here in Town, many want Work and Bread in all the Trading Towns through the Nation; and perſonal Proſperity is built upon the Ruins of the Publick.

Of the ſame.

EVery *Religion* which refuſes to tolerate other *Religions*, charges itſelf, by ſo doing, with *Tyranny* and *Impoſture*; for no *Religion* can be *true* that is not *merciful*, nor *merciful* if it puniſhes Men for their *Faith*.

There are but few *Societies*, that look with a kind Eye upon each other; even where they have not, for their Baſis or Chief End, the Acquiſition and Preſervation of Riches

and

and Dominion, which are the moſt jealous Things in Nature, as they are the hardeſt to come at. They will be piquing themſelves upon Point of Reputation, and ſome will be ſtriving to appear great, by repreſenting others as little: All *Clubs*, whether they be *Worldly* or *Ghoſtly*, have their *Rival Clubs*; and their Love of themſelves makes them hate one another, tho' it muſt be owned, that your *Holy Clubs* have been ever the moſt Bitter and Bloody of all others.

But it has ſo happen'd, that at preſent a great Share of our Zeal and Violence for the *Church*, is changed into a Zeal for the Stocks; and the Reaſon is plain, there is now-a-Days more to be got by the *Alley* than the *Altar*; ſo that whenever you hear a Sermon, extorted out of the Goſpel, againſt the *South-Sea*, you may ſwear the *Parſon* has got nothing there.

But to return to my Diſcourſe upon *Clubs*: If we would preſerve all the diſtinct Societies in the Common-wealth, whether they be for *Speculations* and *Myſteries*, or for *Trade*, or for *Phyſick*, or for *Arts* and *Sciences*: I ſay, if we would preſerve them ſafe, and independent of each other, we muſt not endow one with Privileges deſtructive of all the reſt. In the Buſineſs of *Companies* and *Stock-Jobbing*, for Example, if you do not keep an equal Hand, your Partiality will infallibly beget *Perſecution* on one Hand, and *Oppreſſion* on the other; *Intereſt* teaches all Men *Zeal*, *Stock-Jobbers* as well as *Churchmen*; and that *Zeal*,

if you put a Knife in its Hand, will be ſporting with Miſery, and dabbling in Blood.

All Men, as I humbly conceive, have an equal Right to *cheat* the Publick, tho' every Man, if you would let him, would keep the whole Advantage of Cheating it to himſelf: It is nothing to the Nation, whether it be bubbled by the *North* or the *South*; but it is of much Importance to Mr. *South*, and Mr. *North*, which of them ſhall be the happy Man, and the *privileged Bubbler*. If the People will be buying Bags of Wind at a great Price, it matters not a Farthing, who is the Seller, provided that to make the Market more plauſible, he has got a *Licenſed Bag*; one Man's blown Bladder is good as another's, and they are only Arts and great Names that makes the Difference.

We have at preſent, in this Land, a great Number of *Wind-Sellers*, who are daily forming themſelves into Societies, and taking in Subſcriptions for improving and carrying on the Trade and Myſtery of *Wind*: This *Wind* is of ſeveral *Climates*, according to the ſeveral Fancies or Gueſſes of the *Projectors*. Some have choſen for their Portion a large Region of Wind beyond Sea, toward the South of *America*, and they have talked many Years of ſending thither great Numbers of Ships for the Company, on this profitable and *ſubſtantial* Trade; but the Voyage is ſo long, that tho' the Lading be *exceeding light*, yet I do not find that any of the ſaid Ships have yet arrived in our River, or perhaps they have

not

not got out of it. Others go *Northward* for their Wind, to *Germany*, *Greenland*, or the *Orcades*, where there is Store of *rare bleak Winds* at *reaſonable Rates*: Others again, who love a warmer Sun, have invented their Wind in certain *American Iſlands*, and theſe laſt boaſt that their Wind is the moſt gainful Wind of all.

Now all theſe worthy Gentlemen agree in this, they ſell their Wind before it is caught; *for*, ſay they, we cannot *Purchaſe* nor *Manufacture our Wind, without ſome ready Money*; and ſo they ſell you a ſwinging Parcel of *wild Wind* for a ſmall Price, and you are to be put in Poſſeſſion of it as ſoon as 'tis *caught* and *tamed*.

Now all theſe *fair Dealers* were going on and getting their Thouſands by their ſaid Trades, till a certain great *Wind Company* in Town, who would engroſs the whole Commodity to themſelves, took a cruel Reſolution to cruſh theſe their Brethern and Rivals: In order to this, they did not pretend, that their Wind was a Bit better than any other Wind in the Alley: No, their Conſciences would not let them go that length; ſo they only alledged, that their *Bags* were *Stamp'd Bags*, and their *Wind* was *Exciſed Wind*; whereas, ſaid they, all the other Corporations of *Wind-Merchants* are no better than *Smuglers*. This Plea was allowed to be good by the *Bench*, (*for the Thing was try'd at a Quarter Seſſions*) and ſo the Sale of all other Wind was ſtrictly prohibited.

Here

Here then is the Beginning of the *Perſecution* in the *Alley*. The *Eſtabliſh'd Jobbers* have pronounced all that Jobb upon *private Judgment*, Interlopers and *Fanaticks*, and called upon the *Secular Arm* to cruſh them, *elſe*, ſay they, *this our Craft* and our *Wind will be ſet at nought*; and hereupon they all cried with one Accord, *Great is the* SOUTH WIND.

The *Diſſenting Bubbles*, being all thus doom'd *Schiſmaticks*, are in a gaſping Condition, expoſtulating and complaining, that in a free Country, and a projecting Age, all the ingenious *Refiners* and *Sellers* of *Wind* are not equally *tolerated*.

Say they, very *judiciouſly*, and very *truely*, *We are all agreed in FUNDAMENTALS*, namely, *in raiſing Millions out of Nothing, and in ſacrificing all other Trade and Manufactures to the Trade and Myſtery of WIND; and yet we are perſecuted by Men who deal in nothing elſe but WIND.*

Of Stock-Jobbers.

I Muſt beg my Readers, for the Benefit of the preſent Age, as well as for the Advantage of Poſterity, to allow me a little more Converſation with them, about the unhappy Circumſtances of my Countrymen, who are engag'd in

in the great Affairs of *Exchange-Alley*: How eaſily are Men betwitch'd into *Ruin* and *Miſery!* The Stocks continue falling, and many Thouſands are, by the Hopes of *exceſſive Gain*, reduced to *abſolute Beggary*. *High Expectations* and *great Plenty* are ſucceeded by *general Diffidence, prevailing Fears, Bankruptcy* and *Poverty*.

It is diſmal and mournful to behold the melancholly deſponding Looks which one every where meets with, both in the Center and Suburbs of the City. The Diſtraction, Apprehenſions, and Deſolation that at preſent reign in the Hearts and Circumſtances of the People, are indeed almoſt univerſal; all Ranks of Men ſuffer. It is however to be obſerved, that many of thoſe who ſo largely contributed to undo Trade and Manufacture, are themſelves undone by the Stocks. Men have, as it were, madly clubbed to deſtroy their Country, and themſelves; nor does this their own woful Fate excuſe or extenuate their Fault. Their own Miſery is the Effect of their Blindneſs; but the Publick is not hurt thro' Ignorance. The Overthrow of Trade, and the Diſcouragement of Induſtry, are Crimes which they have committed with their Eyes open.

People have almoſt ventur'd without a Chance for getting; they had a Hundred to One againſt them: Their principal Dependance in many Caſes were placed upon the Faith and Honeſty of a Knot of Knaves; who being under no Reſtraint, but the fear of hanging,

are not under any Reſtraint at all, while they have ſo many Thouſands in their Pocket: Alas, if a Traytor has but Money enough, what room has he to fear an Ax or a Halter! I could give Inſtances, but I ſpare the preſent Generation.

I was Yeſterday in the *Alley*, that infamous Spot of Earth, where a few Miſcreants thrive at the Expence of their Country, and Treachery preys upon Credulity: There I was ſhewn an unhappy Man (*amongſt many others*,) with this Account of him: He had a good Eſtate in the Country, which brought him in a plentiful Income of 1500 *l.* a Year; but this did not ſatisfy him; he wanted to be worth a Million, and his Wife to be a Dutcheſs; it cut the Hearts both of him and her to behold *little prim, prick-ear'd Citizens* wallowing in Luxury, and boaſting their *Hundred Thouſands*, while they themſelves, who were People of Breeding, and had never ſtood behind Compters, were forced to ſit down with their original Fortune, which only afforded them *enough*: He therefore turned his whole Eſtate into Money, and brought his whole Money into the *Alley*; and behold the Effect! Two Months ago he had 45000 *l.* but it's now all gone, and 10000 *l.* into the Bargain; and all the miſerable Man has left is, *a Wife and ſeven Children.*

Stock jobbing is the accurſed Art of preying upon one another, and of *cheating* and being *cheated* by Conſent. One cannot *get* in this abominable Myſtery, what another does not *loſe*; and a Bargain ſtruck between two

Stock-

Stock-jobbers, is only a Trial of Skill, which of them two ſhall prove the luckier Knave: But whoever gets, the Nation certainly loſes: and all Ranks of Men engaged, run into real Expence and Luxury, without real Wealth; and the Kingdom becomes moſt prodigal, when it is moſt decaying; which is alſo the Sign and Behaviour of particular Bankrupts, when they are firſt becoming ſuch.

This Nation cannot, nor never did thrive but by Induſtry and Trading, *both of which, are much at a ſtand for the preſent*, by the ingenuous and publick-ſpirited Management of Stock-jobbers, and of thoſe who abet them for the Sake of going Snacks. A potent Body of Men! And yet in ſpight of both, the Credit of Jobbing ſeems expiring, and the People, at laſt, ſeem appriz'd of a mercileſs Conſpiracy, to deceive and plunder a free, believing Nation, to enrich a vile Tribe of Stockjobbers. *Thank God*, they want the arbitrary Engines of *France* to ſupport Projects borrowed from *France*: We are yet free; and I am told, that *Jack Ketch* has very powerful and very plauſible Hopes of making his Fortune this Winter, and of ſtripping thoſe who would ſtrip the Kingdom. I muſt own, it would be very natural, and not unpleaſing to one poſſeſſed with the honeſt Principles of Liberty and Juſtice, to ſee the *Spoilers* of a free People *ſpoiled* by the Hangman,

Of South-Sea *Directors.*

THE greateſt *Empires*, and the mightieſt *Stock-jobbers*, have frequently riſen from ſmall Beginnings. The Kingdom of *Macedon* was but a deſpicable Kingdom, till *Philip* and *Alexander* came to be *Directors* of it; nor were Sir ——, and Sir ——, at preſent two potent Emperors, of a more Noble Original than the Kingdom of *Macedon*; tho' they are, in this our Day, Names of much greater Importance, than thoſe of *Alexander* the Great, and his Father *Philip*: Nay, it is confidently aſſerted by ſome conſiderable Antiquaries, that none of the *Roman Emperors*, tho' often baſely born, nor any of the *Heathens Gods*, however diſhoneſtly begot, could boaſt an humbler Beginning than our great *Sir I——n, the famous Heathen God, and Cobler of Stocks*, who from an humble Stall, the inglorious Scene of his Infancy, by *Figures* and *Conjuring*, brought a whole People to *enrich* and *adore* him, at the Expence of their *Eſtates*, and their Senſes.

But as it happened to *Cæſar*, *Alexander*, and ſeveral other of the principal *Directors* and *Diſturbers* of the Affairs of Mankind, that they have been often ſnatched away by uncourteous

courteous and diſaſterous Deſtiny, and their Eſtates have ſuffered amazing Revolutions; even ſo it is juſtly apprehended that many, alas! too many of our *Dictators in Stock*, and *abſolute Monarchs* of the *Alley*, will fall, or rather riſe, by the *baſeſt Blow of Fate*. This conſiderable Comfort will, however, attend them, that they will die *nearer Heaven* than ever they lived, or ever they will live after they are dead; for it is written, *that the Spirit of a Beaſt goeth downward.*

There are already ſeveral mournful Preſſages of their approaching Doom, and their *evil Genius* does already haunt them. Whereever they go, they are purſued by the *Mob* and the *Ravens*, the former hoot them on every Side, and the latter croak over their Heads; at the Name of *De Wit* they tremble, at the Name of *Jack Ketch* they wax pale. The Sight of *Timber* puts them into Agonies, and when they enter into a Door, they ſhut faſt their Eyes, from the Dread of beholding a *Poſt*: A *dry Salter* is their Averſion, for lo! he dealeth in *Hemp*, and they ſweat at the Sight of a *Seſſions Paper*. If a Man, having Buſineſs with them, pats one of them upon the Shoulder, he ſtarts, looks wild, and pulls out his Purſe, as who ſhould ſay, *Take this Bribe, and let me run away.*

It is thought, that having *ruined* all Trade, and *ſanctified* all Knavery, they were in hopes *for filthy ſelf Ends*, to have utterly ruin'd Mr. *Ketch*'s Trade alſo; and had their raw Empire been a little eſtabliſhed, probably

honeſt

they might have ſucceeded, and ſtopped the honeſt Courſe of our Gallows, as effectually as they have ſtopped the Courſe of our Navigation, and our Induſtry. But *Jack* being a diſcerning Fellow, and wiſely foreſeeing that what Men are born to, will *neceſſarily* befal them, is going to ſet up his Equipage as well as they, and hopes to maintain it more honeſtly out of their Spoils, than they do theirs out of the Spoils of a ſeduced People.

Such is the woful Plight they are in, ſuch the terrible Proſpect before them; Money will not do, a whole Nation may be *betray'd*, but a whole Nation cannot be bribed: When the People have been up, *a Million* has not been able to ſave *one Throat*.

To ſhew them that their Fate begins to operate in good earneſt, their Noſes are daily put in mind of what their Necks may ſoon expect from the Publick Juſtice. This is an unlucky Omen; for there is ſuch a ſtrict Confederacy beween theſe two Members, that they ſeldom ſuffer ſeparately, and in ſome Diſeaſes, I am told, never.

Theſe Princely Jobbers feel likewiſe frequent Marks of the Peoples Favour at their *other End*, and receive *ſenſible Warnings* from their very Poſteriors. But their great and principal Monitor is the *Noſe*, which by the many *Tweaks* and *Convulſions* it feels, foretels its miſerable and ſhort Duration; and when that is gone, will the Perſecution ceaſe? Verily nay! Not ſatiated with demoliſhing the comely *Steeple* of the Face, it will rage againſt the

reſt of the Fabrick, and make Martyrs of Member after Member, till it has not left one Muſcle upon another. *Woe be to you Stock-jobbers and Traytors; you are exalted into Chariots, but you ſhall be caſt down into Carts.*

The greateſt Felicity that can, at preſent, attend a *Director* of a *Bubble*, is to have ne'er a *Noſe* at all, or to be bleſſed with a ſhort one; for then *Revenge* not meeting a ſufficient Handle in the *Front*, will naturally fall upon the *Rear*; where, tho' its Marks may prove *black* and *blue*, and very grievous to be born, yet will they remain hid, and conſequently unknown to all but thoſe who ſaw them given; whereas a *Pinch* in the *Snout* proclaim its own Infamy to all that behold it, and is Matter of *Jeer* as well as *Sorrow*.

Now, to thoſe great *Heroes* in *Stock*, who are neither bleſſed with a *ſhort Noſe*, nor ne'er a *Noſe*, I would humbly propoſe a Piece of Advice: I do not pretend to adviſe them to run away from their Roguery, and do honeſtly by the Publick; *no, no ſuch Matter*: I ſhall adviſe them to nothing but what is poſſible: *Let them but ſoak their Noſes thrice a Day in Oil*, and it will enable them to beguile the Gripe of the hardeſt Maſtiff in the *Alley*.

This Receipt will not do for their Necks, which I do not pretend to enſure. *God forbid* I ſhould have any Share in ſtopping or diſappointing the due Courſe of Juſtice.

But as Men are never *hanged* by the *Noſe*, I am only propoſing an Expedient to make it endure pulling with the more eaſe; and I hope

hope I ſhall not for this my Ingenuity be blamed, as if I was partial to the *Noſes* of theſe *great* and *wealthy* Men, any more than I am to their Perſons. The whole Secret of my Kindneſs lies here: I hate to ſee disfigured Faces; and if every *Directing Money Monarch*, who has play'd the Rogue, carried a Purple Noſe about him in Token thereof, I could not, without great Offence to my ſelf, do my Buſineſs at the *S—S— Houſe*.

But now, to conclude: Tho' many *Powerful Princes*, and *Almighty Stock-jobbers*, have riſen to be ſo from ſmall, and often ſudden Beginnings; and tho' the Death of the latter will, in all Probability, have this in common with the Death of the former, that they will die in *perfect Health*; yet (*which is wonderful*) the World has paid a Regard to *theſe Princes* very different to that which it pays to *Stock-jobbers*. I never heard, that an *Imperial Knave* received a *Kick* in the *Breech*, or a *Twang* by the *Noſe*; whereas it often happens, that the *Hams of our moſt illuſtrious Stock-jobbers* are, by ſuch ugly Uſage, render'd unfit to carry them; and then their *Noſes* looked as if they were *parboil'd*.

Enquiring into the Cauſes of this unequal Treatment of Men, who are by different Means equal *Enemies* to *Mankind*, I find them to be theſe two: In the firſt Place, none of our *Clergy* have yet appeared ſo abandoned, as to found *Stock-jobbing* upon *Divine Right*; and in the ſecond Place, there is ſcarce a *Director*, either of the *South* or the *North* Bubble,

who poſſeſſes one great or good Quality, to prevent or leſſen the *general Deteſtation* of all Mankind.

Of AUTHORS.

EVERY Man being a conſiderable Perſon in his own Eyes, he thinks he appears, or ought to appear, to others ſuch as he appears to himſelf; and that his Affairs are the Affairs of Mankind. Having dreamed himſelf into this Importance, he modeſtly deſires the World to ſuſpend their Buſineſs, and hold their Ears open till he has tired them with his Tale. Inſtances of this in private Life would be endleſs. If you viſit a Lady, ſhe entertains you with her uncommon Fancy in Dreſs, and in a Husband; or with what was ſaid to her at a Ball; or with the eminent Wit and Endowments of her little Boy, aged juſt two Months and three Days, on ſuch a Day of the Week, of all Days in the Year; or with the Number and Quality of her Acquaintance; or with her Skill in Jelly and Stomach Water. The Converſation of a Beau rolls upon much the ſame Subjects, but with more Impertinence and leſs Senſe. A Soldier gives you a whole Afternoon's Hiſtory of the Bullet in his Shoulder, or of the Life and Adventure of his late

Leg:

Leg: The Oaths all the while flaſh in your Face, as if he ſtill vomited the Gun-powder, which he once ſwallowed at *Namure*. The Tradeſman praiſes to you with humble Breath the Goodneſs of his Goods, and makes you a Proſe Elegy upon the much lamented Abſence of his dearly beloved Couſin, *Ready Rino*. The Stock-Jobber, becauſe the Stocks fill his Soul, will be eternally filling your Head with the Stocks. The Courtier annoys you with his endleſs and inſipid Breeding; which of all the nauſeous Things in the World, I know is the apteſt to turn a ſenſible Stomach. " Send me ſweet Heaven, I humbly beſeech " thee, any other Companion, a *Ruſſian Bear*, " a *belching Pot-belly'd Alderman*, *a diſputing* " *Parſon*, a *roaring*, *barking Fox-Hunter*; any " Thing, any Thing, ſweet Heaven! but the " ſtupid ſoft Solemnity, the taſteleſs Grin, and " the vile, unmeaning Wire-drawn Complai- " ſance of an *humble* and *vouchſafing* Courtier.

All, and every of theſe above-named grievous Offenders againſt good Senſe, and the Drum of one's Ear, are ſtill more pardonable, than a certain bold Species of Sinners, whom I am about to mention. I mean thoſe Folks, who by themſelves or others write Books, of which they make themſelves, or their own Obſervations, the Subject. One particular Man thinks that he has ſomething to communicate, which will oblige and edify the World, and every Man in it thinks the ſame. So to it they go, and the whole Earth turn Au-

thors; Woe is me! My Heart throbs while I ſpeak it.

Now, Brother World, and Gentlemen Authors, let me tell you, this Procedure is not at all juſt. I hope I may be allowed to know ſomething of this Matter, it being my profeſs'd Trade; and upon the beſt Computation I can make, I do not find that out of a Million of *Engliſhmen*, one can cull above Nine Hundred and Fifty Thouſand ſolid and ſtatuable Authors — Indeed, if we admit Triflers, Sonneteers, Conveyancers, Phyſicians, and the Army of Sermon-makers, there will not be one in the whole Million left unmark'd for the Standiſh. But leaving out theſe halting Scribblers, and enrolling on the Liſt of Authors only ſuch as are Men of bright Genius, and deep Reading, I humbly conceive the Account will run no higher.

I have long wiſh'd that the Wiſdom of the *Two Houſes*, many of whom are themſelves famous Authors, would put us their Brother Wits under ſome Regulations. *Hackney-Coaches* and *Hackney-Chairs* are under the Inſpection of a certain Office appointed on Purpoſe; and it ſeems ſtrange that the Carriage Cattle of *Grub-ſtreet* are as yet tied down to no Limitations or Rules at all, either as to their Number, Limits or Wages; as if WE were of leſs Conſequence in a Commonwealth, than Draught-Horſes and Chairmen! This touches a ſenſible Spirit like mine, I being alſo partly concern'd. A Coach Horſe, when he grows gouty, or doating, is laid a-

ſide

ſide as diſabled, or ſuperannuate: But an Author, tho' he is ſeized with Lameneſs or the Staggers, or grows blind with hard Labour, ſcorns for all that to drop his Pen; albeit, that his Hand ſhakes, and his Mouth drivels, while he holds it: And it is certain he never will drop it, unleſs the Law takes Mercy upon him, and forces him to it —— Be it therefore enacted —— But I will not rob the Parliament of their juſt Power, nor foreſtal the Buſineſs and Glory of Mr. *Lowndes*.

But, ſome may ſay, *theſe Grey-Headed Wits, and ſeveral green ones, muſt write or ſtarve.* To this the Anſwer is ready —Let the latter be ſent to the *Plantations*, and for a *Quill* give them a *Spade*, which I engage they will handle with equal Dexterity; and as to the *Beaux Eſprits* of the decay'd Kind, let them be honoured with an *Alms-houſe*. I myſelf would willingly have a Bed and a Bit after the Town is grown tired of me; and yet I cannot promiſe them to maintain myſelf at my own Coſt upon any Failure of my Genius, which God avert! I muſt therefore, when that Time comes, humbly court either the fortunate Fate of that ſublime City-Poet, Mr. *Elcanah S—le*, now reſiding in the *Charter-houſe*, or the more fortunate Fate of that ancient and memorable Songſter, Mr. *T—— D——y*, who, I am told, lets Lodgings at *Windſor*, in the Quality of a poor Knight thereof, but a happy one.

Whoever takes Pen in Hand, with an ambitious Purpoſe of coming forth in Print, demands Audience of Mankind, and expects

their Attention and Approbation, while he chides them, and calls them Names; for there is ſcarce a Book or Paper that comes out, but calls the World a Fool or a Raſcal to its Face, and ſets up to chaſtiſe or inſtruct it. Every Author does in effect ſpeak thus, or at leaſt mean thus:

" *Reader*, You are a damn'd ſilly Fellow, " who knows nothing, but I have a Mind to " make a Man of you; be ruled by me, and " read with due Reſpect and Attention the " following Books; which, as I hope to be " ſaved, will teach you more Wiſdom in half " an Hour, than all the Books in the World " could do ſince the beginning of it. *Sir*, " there's no ſuch Book upon the Earth, if " there was, I would not have publiſh'd this. " Alas! Alas! That Mankind ſhould live near " Five Thouſand Years in deep Ignorance; " and they would have lived in the ſame Ig- " norance Five Thouſand Years longer, had I " not luckily lighted my Torch of Knowledge, " and ſprung forth to illuminate the dark " World. *Reader*, read, and be edified; " otherwiſe I pronounce thee an impenetrable " Dunce.

Of PROJECTORS.

THE Philoſophers have defined Man in general to be *A Reaſoning Animal*; which, with proper Reſtrictions and Explanations, may, for ought I know, be a proper Name for him: But if one was to define an *Engliſhman* in particular, eſpecially ſince the miraculous Riſe of Stocks, I do not know how it could be done better than by calling him, *A Projecting Animal*. I can foreſee no Objection to this Definition, unleſs it be, that it fits only thoſe who *catch* others, but not thoſe who are caught themſelves: But to this I anſwer, that as ſoon as the *Project* is on Foot, even thoſe who do not underſtand it, fall a projecting how to get by it, tho' it often happens that the *projecting* Gain ends in Loſs.

There is a certain Word, which was formerly of no great Reputation, but has of late gained great Credit in the City, and has, at preſent, numerous Followers, and Votaries, in *Exchange Alley*; it is, in ſhort, the moſt conſiderable, and moſt bewitching Word within the Liberties, except the Word *SOUTH-SEA*, which is *above All, and before All*, in Court, Coffee-Houſe, and Country, (God preſerve the King's Majeſty!) the Word.

BUBBLE is the Word I mean; it ſignifies ſo many Things, that it is impoſſible to deſcribe it in its full Extent; but its principal End and Meaning is to get a Million or Two out of Nothing.

There are Two or Three other *Gentlemen Words*, which are of faſhionable Importance, and Rivals to Mr. *Bubble*; ſuch as *Stock*, *Project*, *Chimera*, *Bear-Skin*, and the like modern Noun Subſtantives, which cannot ſtand by themſelves: But as the Word *Bubble* carries in its Sound and Signification the full and true Meaning of all theſe other Words, which are only its Deputies and Repreſentatives; ſo it is in higher Vogue than they are, and has the Honour to be oftner mentioned.

The Manner of a Bubble is thus. Two or Three Millions are to be raiſed out of a few Half Crowns, for ſome great Purpoſe never to be executed: Suppoſe for catching of Red-Herrings, and other Salt Fiſh; or for improving the Manufacture of Raw Silk, for which we have too many Hands already; or for carrying on ſome impracticable Trade, without Shipping, in unknown Countries; or for making Remittances of Money from one Part of the Nation to another, which is already performed by every Shopkeeper in every Town. Now it is to be obſerved, that thoſe who ſubſcribe towards carrying on theſe great and gainful Undertakings, do not mean to carry them on at all, but only to ſell their Shares to others; who likewiſe do not mean to carry them on, but only to ſell the ſaid

Shares,

Shares at a higher Price to new Buyers; who alſo do not mean to carry them on, but only to bite freſh Comers, who likewiſe have the ſame honeſt Aim.

I find a very good Account given of theſe Bubbles, in a late Pamphlet, entitled, *A Detection of the artful Schemes of the Dutch, and other foreign Lotteries, now on Foot, with occaſional Remarks*, &c. in which the Author, at the End of his Book, ſpeaks as follows.

" If only a Million be ſubſcribed, (which " Term is ſo common, that we are like to " loſe the Uſe of the Words, *Thouſands*, " *Hundreds*, and other inferior Denominations) " and but the one half *per Cent.* be called in, " then the real Value of the Capital is 5000 *l.* " the pretended Value, 1,000,000 *l.* and the " fictitious Part thereof is 995,000 *l.* and if " the Stock goes on riſing 1, 2, 3, *&c. per* " *Cent.* on the pretended Value, which will " be 200, 400, 600, *&c. per Cent.* on the " real Value; during this Riſe *Exit Projector* " to a new Scheme, and *Enter Bubble*, till " the Stock is in new Hands, ſuppoſe at 10 " *per Cent.* Coſt, which is 100,000 *l.* to which " the 5000 *l.* is 12 *d.* in the Pound; but then " (inſtead of adding Intereſt) deduct Expence " of the Subſtance in Proportion to the Riſe " of the Stock, and there may remain one " Penny in the Pound to the laſt Proprietors, " provided Care to be taken not to run in " Debt more than the Profits produce.

He alſo obſerves, that we have learned from the *Indian Cannibals*, the ſavage Practice of

feeding

feeding upon one another; and, in Truth, there is ſcarce one that comes into theſe Bubbles, but knows that in the End, all that are deeply concerned in them, muſt be greatly hurt, or quite ruined by them. A ſhameful inhuman Principle, to derive Profit to our ſelves knowingly, and avowedly, from the Loſs and Ruin of others!

I was extremely diverted with an Advertiſement in a News Paper about a Week ago; I have not the Paper by me, but the Advertiſement was to this Effect, " That whereas " there were Projects on Foot for the Im- " provement of the *Britiſh Fiſhery*, and (ſays " the Author) great Quantities of Fiſh they " are like to take; and whereas the ſaid Pro- " ject, and the ſaid great Quantities of Fiſh " were like greatly to inhance the Price of But- " ter; therefore, in order to provide ſufficient " Sauce for the ſaid great Quantities of Fiſh, ſe- " veral publick-ſpirited Gentlemen intended to " raiſe by Subſcription, a Sum of One or Two " Millions for the Improvement of the Ma- " nufacture of Butter, *&c.*

The Advertiſement concludes with a *N. B. That the Directors of this New Company intended to reſerve to themſelves, out of the ſaid Subſcriptions, but* 50000 *l. each.*

I do not believe there is Money enough upon the Face of the whole Earth, to anſwer all the Schemes and Projects contrived of late within the Precincts of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Wiſe therefore and ſeaſonable was his Scheme, who publiſh'd Propoſals not long

ſince,

ſince, for diſcovering a New Source of Gold, by making a freſh Gaſh in our Mother Earth, and tearing up Mountains for hidden Treaſure ſomewhere in the New World.

Indeed, ſo Mighty and Expenſive are our modern Underſtandings, that I have long waited to ſee a Project on Foot, for removing the *Alps*, and draining the *Mediterranean* Sea: If nothing has hitherto been offered that Way, I preſume the Reaſon is, becauſe it has not been thought of: I therefore, who have ſtarted the Hint, do hereby make a Preſent of the ſame to *Meſſieurs Ram and Shales*, deſiring only for the Reward of my Invention, a ſmall Share of 500,000 *l.* in the Subſcription for executing theſe noble Deſigns; other Advantage I deſire none, being a Philoſopher, and Contemner of Wealth, in the midſt of a *Crooked* and *Stock-Jobbing Generation*.

Amongſt ſo many Projects for Gain, I was long expecting the Broach and Publication of ſome *Moral Project* for the Encouragement and Promotion of Virtue; but I have ſince conſidered that there can be little Hopes of Profit or Succeſs from ſuch Project, and ſo I expected it no longer.

It is very odd, tho' theſe Bubbles deſtroy all Trade, and conſequently prevent any Increaſe of our Gold and Silver; yet as every one of theſe Projects is only *Imagination and Sound*, ſo at preſent *Millions and Thouſands* are as familiar in every Mouth, as were formerly *Pounds, Shillings and Pence*; inſomuch that it is now a common Thing to hear a Cobler

boaſt

boaſt of his *Thouſands* in ſome new thriving Company, tho' at the ſame time he cannot pay five Shillings for a Quarter's Rent of his Stall, or half the Sum towards his Arrears at the Ale-Houſe. To conclude theſe Thoughts upon modern Projecting. It is all *Deluſion*, all *Deſtruction*; it is nothing but *deceiving*, and *being deceiv'd*; it puts an End to all honeſt Induſtry, and begets *Idleneſs*, *Pride*, *Knavery*, *Credulity*, *Neceſſity*, and *Deſpair*.

Of TRADE.

IT is eaſy to propoſe Difficulties and Doubts, whether in Politicks, in Trade, in Science, in Law or Religion; but it is not ſo eaſy to ſolve 'em: As a Fool may ask more Queſtions than Ten wiſe Men can anſwer. If I were to propoſe one very eſſential Queſtion to the preſent Age, it ſhould be, When will this Bubbling and Sharping, Tricking and Cheating one another, ceaſe in the World? *When ſhall Gaming ceaſe, and Trade return?*

A Tradeſman running into Projects, ſeems, to me, to be like a Weaver contriving New Patterns, and running his whole Stock and Credit out upon the Venture; and, when he has done, and the Spring Trade comes in, ſome new Whim runs away with the Town's

Fancy,

Fancy, or ſome foreign Nick-Nack becomes the Faſhion, or a general Mourning comes upon him, and all his projected fine Things are baulk'd and diſappointed. And what is the Conſequence of it all? Nothing, *but only* the Man is ruined, and others get the Money inſtead of him.

I am, indeed, for encouraging Arts and needful Improvements in Trade; I am for prompting Merchants to rational and probable Adventures, and Sailors to new Diſcoveries: Theſe are all Things valuable in their Nature, ſolid in their Deſign, and glorioufly advantageous in their Succeſs.

By ſeeking out ſuch Adventures and Diſcoveries, all our Increaſe in Colonies and Plantations has been produced: 'Twas by ſuch happy Attempts that the famous Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, and his Aſſiſtants, ſettled the *Britiſh* Nation upon the Northern Continent of *America*; and, had he been encouraged, or rather, had he not been baſely betray'd, he had ſettled us alſo upon the Southern Continent too; and the Power of *Great Britain*, in her Colonies and Iſlands, in that Part of the World, had been ſuperiour, as well in Wealth as in Extent of Land, and in Strength of People, to all the Nations of the World that ever ſettled there: And perhaps, by this Time, we had wanted no *Aſſiento* to carry Negroes to *America*; no Licence to trade to the Gulph of *Mexico*; but the *South-Sea* had been our own, and all the Wealth and Glory of *America* paid Homage to King

But Fate, and the ill Politicks of thoſe Times hinder'd, and the Golden Mountains of *Chili*, the Silver Mines of *Potoſi*, the Wealth of the richeſt Part of the World is ſacrificed to the Luſt and Sloth of the pooreſt and proudeſt Nation under the Sun. But this is by Way of Digreſſion; my preſent Deſign leads another Way: Theſe noble Deſigns, theſe glorious Undertakings, cannot be call'd Projects, cannot be call'd Bubbles; *no no*, far from it; nor, as I can find, did all our Bubble-Projectors ever propoſe one Subſcription for making Diſcoveries.

Where was the Set of Men that offered to ſubſcribe to a Fund of Adventures, to ſearch out the North-Weſt Paſſages, to navigate to the Pole, and ſolve the Difficulty which all the Proficients in Geography ſpeak of, only by Conjecture, *viz.* whether *Europe* and *America* join or no, or whether the *Tartarian* Ocean is to be travers'd or no?

Have any Men, yet, ſubſcribed to a Company for diſcovering the Continents or Iſlands in the Seas, more truly call'd *South-Seas*? I mean, due South of the *Cape de Bona Speranza*, or due South of the *Terra del Fuogo*. Do we think there are any Lands worth poſſeſſing in all the vaſt Southern Tract, from forty or fifty Degrees South, to the other Pole of the World? Why are not theſe Parts as well worth ſearching into, as the Bottoms and Deeps of *Hudſon*'s and *Davis*'s Streights, or the Icy Mountains of the *Waggats* and *Nova Zembla*?

But the Short of the Story is, that our Projects are all Bubbles, and calculated for *Exchange Alley* Diſcoveries; not for enlarging our Commerce, ſettling Colonies, and ſpreading the Dominions of our Sovereign from Pole to Pole.

Why has no bold Undertaker followed the glorious Sir *Walter Rawleigh* upon the River of *Amazon*, the *Rio Parano*, and the great *Oroonoque*, where Thouſands of Nations remain undiſcovered, and where the Wealth, the Fruitfulneſs of the Soil, the Goodneſs of the Climate, and the infinite Numbers of the People, exceed all that has ever been conquer'd or diſcovered in the *American* World?

But all is owing to the mercenary low Humour of the Times we live in; who, groveling in the baſer Methods of getting Money by Fraud and Bite, by deceiving and overreaching one another, ſcorn the glorious Ways by which our Anceſtors grew rich; when they purſu'd, together with their private Advantages, the Honour and Intereſt of their native Country, and of their Poſterity.

If our Subſcriptions had been for ſuch Things as theſe, and the Management had appeared to be as fair as the Deſign was honourable, we had never had an Act of Parliament to ſuppreſs them as publick Nuſances, and a Scandal to a Chriſtian Government; but the *Britiſh* Nation would have been encouraged to exert herſelf to the utmoſt in them: Whereas now, we are all degenerated into Bubble and Bite; and the *Exchange*, as well as *Exchange-*

change Alley, is become a mere Gaming-Stage; where, inſtead of Merchants carrying on uſeful Commerce, we ſee Throngs of Setters and Cullies, ſharping and cheating one another.

Of TRAVELS.

AS every Man is, in his own Opinion, fit to come abroad in Print; ſo every Occaſion that can put him upon prating to Mankind, is ſufficient to ſet his Pen a running; provided he himſelf can hold the principal Character in his own Book. Old *de Montaigne* has given the World a Book, which is little leſs but a Muſter-Roll of his own Appetites, Adventures and Infirmities, interſperſed with cunning Speeches and numerous Quorations; which ſeldom are much to the Purpoſe, but brought in, as I conceive, to prove the memorable Frailty of his Memory, of which he is always complaining; and yet he ſhews, by a thouſand Inſtances, that he has an extraordinary good one. This old Talkative Piece of *French* Vanity, is a good Author in the main, but he is good a Author by Chance: His ſpecial Drift was to fill a Volume with himſelf; he indeed ſays many good Things by the by, but no Thanks to his Deſign.

There

There is ſcarce a Man living, who does not think, that a compleat Hiſtory of his Affairs would be a ſenſible Gratification to the Univerſe. We are a Generation of Scribblers; and if the Bookſellers would but print every Book that is offered to them, as ſometimes they do not, more through Fear than any Knowledge or Skill they have in the Matter, the whole World would not contain the Books that are and would be written.

A Citizen of my Acquaintance, who is ſomething litigious, has been theſe Five and Twenty Years engaged in a *Chancery*-Suit: He ſays, it cannot laſt above Twelve Years longer; becauſe, by that Time, the Defendant will not be worth a Groat, and therefore not be able to ſtand his Ground in that Court; which, being a Court of EQUITY, is a dear one: *And then*, ſays my Friend, *I will have my whole Caſe printed; it will make Forty pretty Pocket Volumes; and Mr. —— will give me any Money for them, if I will take his Word for Payment, which is all the Coin the poor Man has to part with; and even that, alas! is not current: However, I will let him have my Work; he will garniſh it with ſome inſtructive Bawdy.*

If an ignorant Mariner goes a Coaſting a Month or two to catch Herring or Mackerel, the firſt Thing he thinks of, after he comes Home, is the printing his Voyage. I have ſeen a Book of Voyages come forth in a ſmart Size, with a good decent Letter and Cover, and yet the moſt important Thing I could learn from it was, how the Wind ſate two Years before

before upon the Coaſt of *Malabar*; or how the Author dined heartily in ſuch a Latitude upon a large *Porpoiſe*, and drank a Drachm of Rum after it.

There are Sermons enough in St. *Paul's* Church Yard to build another Cathedral, were the Matter ſolid enough.

Then for *Biography*, or the Lives of particular Perſons, there is no End of them. If an honeſt dead Dunce has been but a Lord, or has writ an Epigram, or been a Dignitary in the Church, or endow'd a Vicaridge, —— whip, you have forthwith his Life and Character, and perhaps a Funeral Sermon, naturally tacked to the End of the ſtupid Story.

I cannot, on this Occaſion, omit an Epitaph which I lately met with near *Newberry*, in *Berks*.

" Here lies interr'd the Body of *B. B.* Vi-
" car of this Place: A little before his Death
" he went to Law for the ſmall *Tithes* of
" his *Farm*, and recovered them; and is ſince
" gone to receive the Reward of ſo GREAT
" MERIT.

You obſerve, Reader, how this holy Vicar, knowing that *The Kingdom of Heaven ſuffereth Violence, and that the Violent take it by Force*, got it by the Dint of Squabbling: Happy Man! he purchaſed Paradiſe for himſelf, and Eggs and Apples for his Succeſſors.

Of all the ſeveral Claſſes of Scribblers, there is not a ſillier than that of your Authors of Travels. There are ſeveral Things com-

mon,

mon to all theſe Travellers, and yet peculiar to every particular Traveller. In the firſt Place, every one of them has eſcaped ſome imminent Danger, which no Man was in before; either a Bridge has fallen under him, or a Houſe over him, or Bravo's have ſet upon him, or his Horſe has ſtumbled, or has broken his Shins. In the ſecond Place, he meets with aſtoniſhing Inſtances of Reſpect at every Court, Convent, or Publick Place that he viſits; ſome Dutcheſs dances with him, or ſome King drinks to him, or ſome Miniſter complements him, or ſome famous Antiquary ſhews him Cockle-Shells, and the like curious Rarities. In the third Place, he makes wonderful Remarks and Diſcoveries, that had not been made ever ſince the laſt Book of Travels came out, which made juſt the ſame: He lays it down for certain, that the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Geneva* are both governed without a King; and if he is not miſtaken, the King of *France* has more Power, and more Soldiers, than the King of *Great Britain*. *Holland* produces good Butter, and in *France* they wear wooden Shoes; he did not meet with a Bit of Bag-Pudding in *Italy*, except at an *Engliſh* Merchant's at *Leghorn*. He ſaw a fine Church at *Milan*, and another at *Rome*. N. B. *The Pope lives in the latter.* In ſome Cities he ſtays a Week, and gives you a full and true Account of their Civil and Eccleſiaſtical Polity, with the Manners of the People, their Trade and Manufactures; others he knows as well by Hear-ſay, and deſcribes them

them every whit as accurately. It is Ten to One but for an irreſiſtible Sample of his Sagacity, he talks of *habitable Lodging Rooms*, and acquaints you that a *Chamber of Thirty Foot Square will hold more People than one of Fifteen.* See the GRAND TOUR by a *Right Honourable Author*, or as he calls himſelf, *A Perſon of Honour.*

A Traveller, when once he takes it into his Head to be a Writer, does not blot Paper with the meer Purpoſe of giving his Readers a Detail of *Wonders* and *Remarkables* only: No! his Buſineſs is to entertain you with every paultry perſonal Nick-nack that came in his Way, whether it relates to his Back or his Belly.—Now, what the Devil is it to Mankind whethere the Booby paſſed the *Alps* upon a Mule, or upon a Beaſt that is ſtill nearer a-kin to him? or whether he dined upon Soup or Salmon? or whether he went ſuch Stage in a Coach or a Gondola? The Truth is, a Book of Travels is often nothing elſe but a *Journal of the Author's neceſſary Occaſions.*

I have at this time in my Hands a little Manuſcript, intitled, TRAVELS *from* EXETER *to* LONDON, *with proper Obſervations.* By the Sagacity ſhewn in the Remarks, I take the Author to be ſome polite Squire of *Devon*; but the Spelling being better than is uſually found in the Writings of that *Worſhipful Set* of Men, I conceive he might have committed the Care and Decorations of the Style to the Parſon of his Pariſh.

Travels made and performed from Exeter *to* London.

IN our firſt Day's Journey nothing ſignal befel us, ſave that the Coachman ſtop'd at leaſt a dozen times to drink and light his Pipe. Furthermore, a hard Shower of Rain fell upon us five Miles beyond *Dorcheſter*, but wet us not, we being in the Stage-Coach. We din'd this Day upon a Leg of Mutton and Spinnage, and had good *Southam* Cyder.

As ſoon as we came to our Inn, I took a View of *Dorcheſter*; it has a Market-Houſe in the Middle of it, and there is a River running by it, in which it is credibly reported there is ſome Fiſh. We ſupp'd this Night upon a Neck of Mutton and Broth, and had ſome rare October, as pale as Sack, as ſoft as Sherry, and as ſtrong as Brandy —— Rare Beer, indeed!

When we came to *Piddle Town*, they brought us ſome Run Wine; it was ſmall and ſower, ſo that I (being alſo faſting) could not drink above a Quart thereof. When we came to *Blandford*, I alſo took a View thereof; it has alſo a Market Houſe in the Center, and a River running by it, near unto which there is Store of Meadow Ground: I ſaw there a very comely Bay Gelding, lame of the String-halt ——it was a thouſand Pities. We dined this Day upon a good fat Gammon and Greens, and had moreover excellent October.

We ſtop'd in *Cranbourn Chaſe* at a ſmall Hut upon the Highway; there I gulp'd a thwacking Glaſs of rare *French* Brandy, and eat a Bisket: The Ways here are very good, being all upon the Down; and you ſee on every Side Flocks of Sheep. We din'd this Day upon Beef and Carrots —— The October not ſtrong enough.

When we came to *Salisbury*, I walk'd into the Market-place, and round it, for at leaſt a Quarter of an Hour, becauſe I would be able to give a good Account of this City. It lies low, and has Water about it. It has a large Market-place, and they ſay they have a brave large Church; but our Beer at the Inn was very bad. We ſupp'd this Night on Bacon and Fowls —— The October ſtark nought!

Stockbridge is famous for Store of Fiſh; upon which I concluded, before I ſaw it, that it had a good River near it, and it prov'd ſo. Here I drank ſome Butter'd Ale, and a Dram after it: Excellent *French* Brandy! *Sutton* has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor little ordinary Town. We din'd this Day upon a Hog's Face, and a Couple of Rabbits. No good Beer!

Baſingſtoke ſtands upon the Side of a Hill, and near it there is a Common; there is alſo hard by, a Deer-Park, belonging to ſome great Duke, but I know not who he may be; it is like he has a Place at Court, for they ſay he ſeldom lives there: Here we drank a Dram, and I jogg'd on.

We lay at *Hertford-Bridge*. It ſtands cloſe by a good Heath, twenty Miles over for ought I know to the contrary. My Landlady was a Widow Woman, and a very good Woman ſhe was——I never ſupp'd better in my Life.——

We had Bacon and Eggs, and a roaſted Turkey, and ſome good brown Beer. As we went through the aforeſaid Heath, we ſaw a Gibbet, where a Highwayman had been hang'd; may they all come to the ſame untimely Fate!

Egham is a long Town, not worth one's Pains to deſcribe it ſo exactly as I have deſcribed the reſt. There are two or three Inns in it, but ne'er a Market-Houſe: Here I firſt ſaw the River *Thames*, and a lovely ſweet River it is— we din'd at *Tim Harris*'s: we had a Leg of boil'd Pork and Turnips, and ſome curious *Red Port*. The Maid of the Houſe knew me; but I pretended not to know her; for I ſuppoſe ſhe expected ſomething from me; ſo I thought it became us Travellers to carry our Wits about us.

Brentford is the longeſt Town I ever ſaw; it ſtands upon the aforeſaid River *Thames*, and has a Market-Houſe in it. Here I ſaw ſitting upon a Bench in the Street, a grave, fat, old Gentleman, with Whiskers, and a Fur Cap; he had likewiſe on a long grave Coat, like a Gown; I bow'd to him, taking him to be Mayor of the Town, but they told me he was a Waterman, paſt Buſineſs—Here I drank half a Pint of *Liſbon!* very good!

Beyond *Hammerſmith* I began to ſee a great many fine Houſes on both Sides of the aforeſaid River *Thames*; I was ſurprized to hear that many of them belonged to Tradeſmen in the City; for I thought they had all along belong'd to *Noble Dukes*. Juſt as we came into *Hammerſmith*, a Wheel broke off from the Coach; and while it was mending I went to an Ale-houſe, where I ask'd the Tapſter ſeveral Queſtions about the Place and the People; as well knowing that we Travellers ſhould improve our ſelves. He prov'd in Converſation to be an underſtanding Lad; for I found he had been once at a Grammar School; ſo when I paid for my Pint of Ale, I gave him a Penny over and above for himſelf. The Ale here was but poor Stuff. The Country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of People.

At *Kenſington* the King has a Houſe, and a large Garden. Here are alſo ſeveral other Gardens very fine; but (more Shame is theirs) they ſell whatever they produce. The Ale here alſo is ſtark naught. We went thro' *Hide Park* to *London*, which is as pretty a Piece of Road as ever Crow flew over.

Our Author goes on to tell us how he came to his Inn, what he had for Supper; and again he diſgraces the Ale.

LONDON is certainly the greateſt City upon Earth; at leaſt there is nothing like it in *Devonſhire*: But our Beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as Bull's Blood, and as thick as Muſtard. Every thing is ſhamefully dear there; you pay Half a Crown

or three Shillings for a Chicken; which with us would not yeild above a Groat or Five Pence: But they have ſo many Cuſtomers, that they juſt ask and have what they pleaſe. You ſee a great Number of Coaches ſtanding in the Street ready to be hired; and they will carry a Beggar for his Money, as ſoon as a Lord, and ſooner; for they ſay that Perſons of Quality, inſtead of paying the Coachman, do often run him thro' the Body, and it ſeems there is no Law againſt Lords; which is the Reaſon that Perſons of Quality are greater—than any Sort of Men whatſoever. Theſe Coaches are very convenient, if they were not ſo confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three Doors he will have a Shilling; whereas in our Country you may have a Couple of Horſes a dozen Miles for Half a Crown.

The Houſes are all built of Brick, and for the moſt Part, one Houſe holds ſeveral Families: So fond are People of living in *London*, notwithſtanding the Badneſs of the Drink.

Here are alſo hireling Chairs; they are cover'd with black Leather, and braſs Nails; they have fine Saſh Windows, and a Saſh Door, and fine Silk Curtains, and rare ſoft Cuſhions; one of them is carried by two ſhort Fellows, with no Heels to their Shoes: They uſe two long Poles, and pace along with wonderful Expedition. *Theſe Chairs too are deviliſh dear.*

There are Houſes here call'd Chocolate-Houſes, covered all over with Sconces and Looking-Glaſſes. Hither Gentlemen, who

have nothing to do but to dreſs themſelves, repair to ſhew their fine Cloaths. It is worth while to ſee a whole Row of theſe Beaus ſit looking at one another, or at themſelves; or if they do any thing elſe, it is only to ſwear, and take Snuff, or to play at Dice; and then all the while they play, they are conſtantly damning themſelves. It is almoſt become a Proverb here in *London*, that *all your fine Fellows are prodigiouſly ignorant, and prodigiouſly wicked*; inſomuch that they are the Jeſt of Men of Wit, and pity'd by Men of Virtue; and ſhun'd by both.

There is a fine River running by *London* full of Ships and Boats; one of theſe Boats will carry you for Six-pence, and ſome of them for Three Pence, a great Way: And it would be very pleaſant, if it were not for the Abuſe and ugly Language you meet with; for the People upon the Water will affront you to your Teeth, and call you a hundred Names, tho' you do not ſay a Word to them. It is to no Purpoſe to be angry, and to threaten them; they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the Boat, and to box with ſeveral of theſe ſaucy Fellows, but not one of them would accept of my Challenge; nay, the Women are as bad as the Men; *the more Shame is theirs.*

I went to St. *Paul*'s Church, which is almoſt as big as a Town, and much taller, to ſee *my Lord Mayor*; he was an elderly Man, in a red Gown, pretty fat, and he ſlept all the Time of Divine Service; for which I thought he was to blame, ſeeing it would have better

become

become a Magiſtrate like him to have reproved the People for walking about the Church as they did, and talking of their own worldly Affairs.

Weſtminſter-Hall is a vaſt great Room, where Law and Juſtice have been often ſold ſo dear, that one had often better go without them. The Lawyers ſtroll about here, and look deviliſh ſharp and greedy for Fees. There are in the Hall other Toymen beſides the Lawyers; and they too ſell you their Bawbles at treble Prices: So here is nothing but biting on all Hands.

Not far from hence is the Houſe of Commons: I went to ſee it, and to ſee the Manner of their Proceeding, and came away very much diſſatisfied, for a dozen Members talk'd at a time, and I could underſtand not a Word of the Debate. I alſo viſited the Houſe of Lords; there indeed I perceived more Order, but neither heard nor ſaw any thing remarkable, but ſome grave Folks in odd Habits.

There is a Street in *London* call'd *Drury-Lane*, which is a very ſcandalous Place, being for the moſt part inhabited by filthy lewd Women; and yet it is frequented by *Great Men, and grave Citizens*; it is therefore no Wonder theſe ſhameleſs Jades wear fine Cloaths and gold Watches.

In this great City People are quite another thing than what they are out of it; inſomuch, that he who will be very great with you in the Country, will ſcarce pull of his Hat to you in *London*. I once dined ar *Exeter* with

a Couple of Judges, and they talk'd to me *there*, and drank my Health, and we were very familiar together: So when I ſaw them again paſſing through *Weſtminſter-Hall*, I was glad of it with all my Heart, and ran to them with a broad Smile, to ask them how they did, and to ſhake Hands with them; but they look'd at me ſo coldly, and ſo proudly as you cannot imagine, and did not ſeem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my Mind to my ſelf. At another Time, I was at the Play-Houſe, (which is a rare Place for Mirth, and Muſick, and dancing) and being in the Pit, ſaw in one of the Boxes a Member of Parliament of our Country, with whom I have been as great as Hand and Glove; ſo being overjoy'd to ſee him, I call'd to him aloud by his Name, and ask'd him how he did; but inſtead of ſaluting me again, or making any Manner of Anſwer, he look'd plaguy ſour, and never opened his Mouth, tho' when he is in the Country, he is as merry a Grigg as any in forty Miles, and we have crack'd many a Bottle together.

Of FANCY.

REASON and Imagination, tho they are very unlike each other, the one acting by Certainty and Rule, and the other roaming caſually from Object to Object, and ſporting it ſelf with Phantoms and Non-entities, yet ſeldom, or never, are abſolutely ſeparated; Reaſon checks Fancy in its moſt extravagant Sallies, and Imagination enlivens Reaſon in its moſt ſolemn Demarches. Reaſon without Fancy is dull, and Fancy without Reaſon is mad.

I have ſeen in ſome of our devout Formularies, if I remember right, Prayers againſt romantick Thoughts; which Prayers I thought as romantick as the Thoughts they were employ'd againſt. I cannot apprehend that rambling Imaginations, which are not exerciſed in the raiſing and improving any criminal Appetite, have any Taint of Vice in them; nor do I ſee what Sin reſults from building Caſtles in the Air. It is certain, that Men of the moſt lively Imaginations, have much more Pleaſure in Life, than thoſe groveling Mortals, who walk very regularly, but very ſtupidly, by the Leading-Strings of common Senſe. I believe it will be hard to ſhew, that the Quick-

neſs and Velocity of the animal Spirits, is any Iniquity, or their Slowneſs, any Virtue. I break no Commandment by imagining my ſelf a King; nor is it the Sign of any Grace in me, that I live and act like an Earth-Worm.

For my own part, I muſt own my ſelf a mighty Debtor to my Imagination; it has furniſhed me, and does hourly furniſh me, with finer Sights, and higher Scenes of Pleaſure, than ever the viſible Creation has done. To demonſtrate this to my Reader, I ſhall preſent him with the Travels of my Imagination, for about half an Hour, as I walked Yeſterday by the Side of a River, among a Parcel of Cows.

Giving full Scope to my Fancy, it carried me, the firſt thing it did, in the Twinkling of an Eye, to *Rome*; there in as ſhort a Space of Time I climb'd through a Gradation of Preferments, till I was made a Cardinal, and Favourite of the *Pope*: But the moſt Holy Father tempting me to ſomething very wicked and indecent, I deſerted the *Vatican* in great Wrath and Reſentment; and, like a good Proteſtant, throwing away my Beads, and my Scarlet Hat, I took a ſhort Trip to *Conſtantinople*, where, after having ſhewn eminent Marks of Wiſdom in the *Divan*, and unparallel'd Proofs of Valour in the Field, I was for my great Merit, by the univerſal Conſent, declared *Grand Seignior*. Here I reigned with vaſt Applauſe for ſeveral Years; but at laſt conſidering that an Emperor of the *Turks* is only

only the chief Butcher of his own People; and remembring withal, that a Plurality of Wives is inconſiſtent with the Doctrine of the eſtabliſh'd Church of *England* (to ſay nothing of the *Alcoran)* I ſtole out of the *Seraglio* one Moon-Light Night, and walked five hundred Leagues before Morning; and then I arrived at a certain King's Court, where, by my good Dancing, and my Skill in Dreſs, I merited the King's Daughter, and had her given me for a Wife; but ſhe prov'd ſuch an errant Scold, that there was no living with her; ſo we were divorced.

My next Tour was to another King's Court, where half an Hour after I arrived, I was made firſt Miniſter, and had the abſolute Diſpoſal of his Majeſty and his Dominions committed to me: I filled this Poſt with great Sufficiency, and made a ſweet Penny of my Maſter and his Revenues; and I was cried up every Moment in my own hearing, for the ableſt Stateſman in the World; and indeed the higheſt of my Maſter's Subjects ſhewed me humble Faces, and ſupple Backs. It is remarkable, that all the while I ſuſtained this Character, I was poſſeſs'd with an irreſiſtible Spirit of Lying and Oppreſſion; and yet I ſpoke all Men fair, and ſeemed the openeſt and ſincereſt Creature living; I was two Years at the Head of Affairs, when his Majeſty took a ſudden Liking to his Barber, and at once made him his principal Counſellor in my Place, and inſtantly all the World run after the Barber,

extolling his vaſt Genius for Buſineſs, and his great Experience in State Affairs.

While I was preparing to leave this Court, not without ſome ſilent Fears of being hang'd before I could eſcape: His Majeſty concluding, that tho' I was good for nothing elſe, yet I would make a good and ſtatutable Churchman, created me, unexpectedly, an Archbiſhop. I thought I now ſhould live opulently and ſafely in the Boſom of the Church, and was wonderfully pleaſed with my new Figure, and Equipage, and Revenues. But alas! my Content ſoon vaniſhed; for ſuch a Train of turbulent Paſſions took up their Abode in my Breaſt, that I found no Content at all: I grew covetous, ambitious, impatient and revengeful; I wanted to reduce all the Lands in the Nation into my own Poſſeſſion, and all Men in the Nation to my own Standard of Thinking; and becauſe I found them both impoſſible, I grew ſtark mad. I declared for Racks, Tortures and Burnings, and ſhewed all other Symptoms of Inhumanity and Phrenzy; but luckily calling to mind, that when I was a Cardinal, I had the ſelf ſame Tortures and Ravings, I coucluded the Cauſe to be in the Cloth, and ſo off I tore it, and preſently I was in my Senſes, and my eaſy and merciful Temper returned.

After this I travelled a long Way, and coming into a pleaſant Country, I turned Peaſant, and marrying a jolly Milk-maid, we lived together in a Cottage with great Quiet, Induſtry

and

and Content; till my Landlord, who was a Man of Quality, debauched my Wife, which had almoſt broke my Heart. This Sting and Diſgrace having thrown me into a violent Melancholy, I was in a declining Condition, and ſending for a Phyſician, I grew worſe: *ſo I diſcarded him*, and grew better.

Having gathered a little Strength, I came to *London*, when, without knowing how, I was made a Director of the *South Sea*. I met them at all their Courts and Committees, and think in my Life I never kept ſuch unſavoury Company. In this Station, my Mind was as violently rent with Avarice, Emulation, and the like miſchievous Paſſions, as when I was a Churchman. I had already got one Million, and could neither reſt by Day, nor ſleep by Night, till I had got another; I was therefore teaſing my Head with Plans, and Schemes, and Roguries, how to come at the ſaid t'other Million; when my Landlady's Maid, by calling me to Dinner, ſtopp'd the Wantonneſs of my Imagination, diſſolved all my Wealth, and reduced me to an humble Author, with Three and Six-pence and a few Farthings in my Pocket.

Of JOURNALISTS.

MAny of our Journaliſts might properly take for their Titles, *The Diaries of the Mob*, whoſe Actions they diligently record, and whoſe *Wit* and Language they faithfully imitate, and make their own.

It provokes one's Indignation, almoſt as much as it does one's Pity, to ſee thoſe lifeleſs Drudges, with all their native Darkneſs and Impotence about them, pretend to be witty.

Wit is a Thing as much out of their Reach, as Truth is out of their Practice. *Wit* is the Sparklings of a fine Underſtanding, quick in its Apprehenſion, clear in its Conception, and lively in its Communication: It is the Workings of a powerful Fancy, happy in ſtarting new Images, or throwing old ones into new and ſurpriſing Lights: It is a perpetual Fund of Entertainment to itſelf and to others: It ſees Things as the World ſees them not; it dwells not on ſtale Objects; it is always new making or new-moulding; it finds Ridicule where others find Merit, and finds Cauſe to laugh where others find none; it ſuffers nothing to paſs unheeded, but pulls Things to Pieces, and examines with admirable Quick-

neſs,

neſs, whether they are really what they paſs for: It peeps through all the Diſguiſes of exalted Knaves, and ſhews their moſt ſolemn Pretences for the publick Good, to be often but mere Cloak and Farce: It ſometimes puts Eyes into the buzzard Multitude, and ſhews them the vile Tricks and diſhoneſt Ends of the Knaves that lead them; though this laſt too ſeldom happens; ſo thick is the Sealing of their Light.

By theſe few Lineaments of Wit, which I have here drawn, may be eaſily ſeen whether our Gentlemen Journaliſts have the leaſt Provocation to be thankful to Heaven for a Gift which it never gave them. Sure never lived a more ſtupid Tribe. They are Diggers, mere Diggers, and in the vileſt Soil about Town, the poor and unproſperous Region of *Grubſtreet*: The ſleepy Slaves have not Invention enough to tell a dull Lye, without being beholden for it either to the *Church*, the *State*, or the *Coffee-houſe*; Places that a Lyar, who had any Parts or Soul in him, would ſcorn to be obliged to.

But theſe unfurniſh'd Animals will, in ſpight of Inſtruction, and in direct Violence to their heavy Natures, be ſtill labouring at *Jeſt* and *Sarcaſm*; and to ſhew that they are impartial Men, they firſt make a Jeſt of themſelves; and it is to be obſerved, that their *Waggery* is often perſonal, and *happily* and *properly* aimed at ſome particular Man, who is either above their Abuſe, or below the Notice of all other Men. I have been ſometimes amazed how theſe Wretches could ſet up for being rational,

and

and yet be diverted with the ill-ſavour'd Stupidities that they publiſh: But their Caſe is much the ſame with the Clowns in the Country, who, though caſt in a different Mould, are formed of the ſame Metal with their Oxen. Theſe Creatures, to ſhew their Wit, and the Sprightlineſs of their Natures, will often ſalute a Gentleman, with *Soho*, Sir, *you leave your Crupper behind you.* Now though all the Joke of this was, that the Gentleman's Crupper was not *before* him; yet the *Wag* opening all his Jaws, and ſhewing his immenſe Throat and dreadful Gums, has often ſet his Admirers into ſuch a roaring Laugh, as muſt have rent their Sides, had they not been covered with Calf-Skin. Now pray enquire of ſome of our witty Journaliſts, whether they have not often been full as loud on as ſmall Provocation.

The Way of theſe Brutes, when they would be ſevere upon any whom they ſingle out for an Antagoniſt, is to rob the Bench at *Billingſgate* of their moſt refin'd Names and Phraſes, and to beſtow them without Intermiſſion or Mercy; after which they utter a conquering *Bray*, and triumph all over the Town.

Now, tho' to be ſcurvily treated by ſuch contemptible Pens, who can treat neither Men nor Matters well, is no worſe than a Beagle's Belch in your Face, after a hearty Meal upon Carrion; yet the falling publickly upon Mens Perſons, and raking into their private Affairs, when the Publick is not concerned, argues ſuch a monſtrous Baſeneſs and Cruelty of Mind, that whoever is guilty of it, ought

not to be tolerated in the Society of Men and Chriſtians; yet ſuch is the Practice of many of them, in whom I have ſeen much raving and ſtupid Abuſe, but could never yet find the leaſt inſtructive Reflection, or the fainteſt Glance of Wit.

Of the WEATHER.

IT is remarkable what a Sympathy there is between a humane Spirit and the Weather: I own my ſelf one of thoſe who are moſt affected by it, and the Condition of the Atmoſphere is always mine. When the Sun is under a Cloud, ſo is my Spirit; and when he ſhines, ſo does it. The Reader, I doubt not, is beforehand with me, and has already obſerv'd that this Eſſay is writ in the fineſt of Weather. When it is a rainy Day, I droop and yawn over my Pen, and then I never fail to ſend my Lucubrations, by way of Letter, to ſome Journaliſt, who, I thank him for his Complaiſance and Diſcernment, never fails to print them.

When the Ancients reckon'd *Phœbus* the Patron and God of Wit, they only meant the wonderful Efficacy of Sunſhine towards animating the Fancy, and inſpiring gay Thoughts. Hence it is, that tho' I ſee a dull Piece of Work coming from the Hand of a Brother-Writer, yet

yet I do not at firſt Sight dub the Man a Dunce, till I know whether it rain'd or ſhin'd while he was about it. If the Air has not been favourable to him, during the Time of his Pregnancy and Lying-in, I have Patience till *Phœbus* ſmiles; and then, if, upon Trial, his Brains prove heavy, I ſhake my Head, and wiſh his Right Arm in a Scarf, and a Seal upon his Scrutore, if he has one.

All our Journals are ſuch feeble phthifical Performances, and ſo conſtantly ſo, that one may boldly pronounce 'em either to be writ in a thick Air, or, which I much more ſuſpect, that the Heads of their Authors are unhappily and everlaſtingly wrapp'd up in Clouds and Darkneſs. The ſame might be ſaid, with equal Truth, of many other Books, Poems, and Papers, pretending to more Genius and Politeneſs: But huſh! *Genus irritabile Vatum!* Tho' *Moles* have no Eyes, they may, for ought I know, have Teeth.

Sun-ſhine alſo opens People's Hearts, and diſplays Chearfulneſs round their Faces. My Friend *Joſhua Scrape*, in the City, is worth a Hundred Thouſand Pounds; but he lives generally in great Fear of Want; or rather, he ſtarves himſelf for fear he ſhall ſtarve. And yet, in a Sun-ſhine Day, he beſtows a generous Two-pence upon the powdering of his Wig, he puts on a clean Cravat, and Stockings without Darns; and fearleſsly fills his Belly. I met him once in a fine Morning upon *Change*, and he took me by the Hand, led me to a Tavern, and treated me with a

Gill

Gill of *Mountain*, which cou'd not coſt him leſs than Three-pence: I thank'd the Sun in my Heart, for having open'd the old Man's. I never met him ſince but upon dark or rainy Days, and then his Perſon is very dirty and neglected, and his Face full of Deſpair. The Gift of another Gill, in ſuch Weather, would make him Cuſtomer to the Rope Makers.

I have ſo long made Obſervations upon the Weather, that I know perfectly well its great and certain moral Effects upon humane Minds. When therefore I have Buſineſs with any one, I conſider the Man and the Element; I know ſeveral, who, with the Aſſiſtance of the Sun, are very honeſt Fellows, but in a Shower of Rain, are as great Knaves as any in the *Alley*. I carry'd a Bill one Morning, which required prompt Payment, to Mr. *Braſs Farthing*, in *Lombard-ſtreet*; he ſcratch'd his Head in an equivocating Manner, and made a Thouſand Shifts, and a Thouſand Words. Juſt as I was going to be angry at the Man, I happened to look out, and finding there was a great Fog, I knew there was no good to be done with him till the Sky was more favourable, and diſpoſed Mr. *Braſs Farthing* to more Honeſty—ſo away I went. I ſtay'd at Home all Day, watching the Weather, and happily about Six in the Evening the Sun came about. I bleſſed my Stars, and took Coach, driving with all ſpeed to Mr. *Braſs Farthing*'s; I gueſs'd right, the Man was in an honeſt Humour, and without my ſaying a Word, he pull'd a Bag out of his Drawers, and fell a counting

ing out my Money to me with great Alacrity. But before he had told it all, the Sun dipt in, and then I ſaw the old Man's Face ſettle into Sullenneſs, and his Fingers linger'd over the Gold; however, he could not now go back, and I carry'd away my Money with me.

Of HOPE.

IF it were not for Hope, Heart would break, ſays an old Proverb. I have taken from this venerable Saying a Hint, or rather a *Text*, for my following Diſcourſe, upon the *Wildneſs of humane Hope.* I call that *Hope* wild, which has only a ſtrong Imagination for its Foundation; for I do not mean to ſay any thing here concerning Hope grounded upon Reaſon or Chriſtianity.

We are miſled by the Partiality we have for our ſelves, to ſuppoſe that the Univerſe is by our Merit engag'd in our Intereſt; and ſo there is not an *old Waſherwoman* in Town, but thankfully believes that the Sun-ſhines purely to dry her Linnen: Tho' our *Dyers*, and ſeveral other important Tradeſmen, humbly conceive that the Favour is meant altogether to them. Once, upon a rainy Morning, I heard a Hackney-Coachman, as he was driving through *Temple-Bar*, cry to one of his Brethren, *You ſee,*

ſee, Jack, *Providence takes Care of us*; *Ay*, *ſays* Jack, *the Weather*, *G—d d--mn it*, *has not favour'd us this Fortnight before.* At Night the Rain ceas'd: *Now*, ſays a Woman that ſold grey Peaſe, *this is what I pray'd for.* The *Author* and *Publiſher* of the *Shrewsbury Puddings* was once praiſing the Excellency of his own Works to me, and begging me, if I had any *Reliſh* for 'em to let him take ſome of my Money. *Maſter*, quoth he, *there is none like them in all the three Kingdoms of* Europe. I asked him why others could not make 'em as well as he? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *God Almighty would not let them take the Bread out of my Mouth.*

A Widow that keeps a Country Inn, had a Son, who work'd Journey-work with the King's Baker, who makes Biskets for the Navy. The Lad had Mettle in him, and kept a Miſtreſs; by which means, running into greater Expence than his weekly Revenues would anſwer, he was forced to borrow Money on *Hownſlow-heath*; but not doing it in a legal Way, the Law took Advantage of him, and he was condemn'd to be hang'd for the ſame; *No matter*, ſaid his Mother, *I warrant that the King will ſoon fetch him out of* Newgate; *for his Majeſty*, *God bleſs him*, *would never eat a Bit of Bread but what was of my* Iſaac's *Kneading.*

No Man's Condition is ſo good, but that he hopes it will be better. I believe it never happens that a Man, in the loweſt Station of Life,

Life, aims preſently at the higheſt; and as ſeldom that he does not aim at one higher than his own. *Hope* being begot by our Deſire, is only a Compliment paid to our Wiſhes; ſo that while we have any thing to deſire, we have always ſomething to hope: *Hope* therefore is as immortal as Deſire, but more limited: For, Deſire having for its Object *All Things*, good or agreeable, which it is out of human Power to procure, muſt be frequently deſerted by Hope: But *Aim*, which is a Species of *Deſire*, or the Deſire of ſomething which we think we can procure, has always *Hope* for its Companion; and Hope is ſaid to be Chimerical or *Vain*, when it is built rather upon Fancy than Probability and good Judgment.

I know not how I am become guilty of ſo much Philoſophy, a Theme far from my Thoughts when I began this Eſſay. Whether it will conduce to the profeſs'd Deſign of it, the Reader will judge, when he has read the Whole.

This ſame Romantick Hope, like many other earthly Things, is, in its Beginning and Continuance, attended with Pleaſure, but never fails to end in Mortification and Sorrow. He, who for ſeven Years together, hopes for a fine Lady, or a fine Poſt, enjoys ſo far ſeven Years Happineſs, which is perhaps wofully cancell'd by twenty Years Grief. Hope, which is a Thing profuſe of Money and Time, often waſtes a whole Eſtate, and the larger

Part

Part of a whole Life in idle Purſuits; and then kindly drops its miſerable Votary within the cold Confines of Poverty and old Age.

To cheriſh vain Hopes within one's ſelf, may be only Complexion, or at worſt, Folly; but for another Perſon to feed them, by fair Profeſſions, and deluſive Promiſes, is wicked and barbarous. It implies a wilful and cruel Intention to rob a Man of his Life and Fortune, which is complicated Murder. This is a Crime which may be committed by People of any Degree or Figure; but is actually committed oftenеſt by thoſe who are in the higheſt. Stateſmen are uſually ſaid to practiſe it more than any others, becauſe they have more Dependents than others. Happy therefore is that Miniſter who ſtands clear of this terrible Guilt; and more happy they who have eſcaped the terrible Effects of it.

Some hope themſelves into Goal, and ſome into a Halter, but few into their Wiſhes; *Utopius* had once a good Eſtate, but he has ſpent it, in Hopes of getting a better. He had done ſome Service at the *Revolution*; and knowing little of Mankind, believed that Merit was a good Recommendation to a Miniſtry; he therefore turn'd Courtier, and had good Countenance ſhewn him, being promiſed any Thing he asked for, twenty Years together. This kept him in Heart, tho' he never got any Thing; and he frankly minc'd away a large Mannor, ſelling it by Piece-meal, twenty Acres at a time. When it was all gone, and his Houſe ſtood a Treſ-

paſſer

paſſer in another Man's Fields; and *Utopius* having withal too much Spirit too keep his Manſion-Houſe without a Foot of Ground to it, he even ſold the antient Hall, for which he boaſted he got as much as bought him a Birth-Night Suit, and a Couple of Perriwigs. While his Money laſted, he lived very comfortably, and very chearfully upon Promiſes; but when his Caſh was conſumed, Matters did not go quite ſo well; tho' he breakfaſted every Morning upon the Smiles of a firſt Miniſter, yet he often found himſelf very hungry at Noon. At preſent, he has neither Money, nor Liberty; he lives in the *King's-Bench*, in hourly Expectation of a conſiderable Employment; for thirty Years Diſappointment has not cured him of his Credulity. He ſtill hopes.

I knew a Lady in King *Charles* II's time, who having Money, and a fine Perſon, had the Tender of many Hearts, and mine among the reſt; but ſhe read Romances, and refuſed us all, becauſe we were not *Heroes*, and Kings Sons. She *hoped* for nothing leſs than a Huſband gifted with an Empire; but having ſtaid long for the Arrival and Addreſſes of ſome *Prince Royal*, and ſtaid in vain; ſhe out of Spite to him, marry'd (in the forty fifth Year of her Age) her Brother's Footman: However, to ſhew that ſhe has not altogether departed from her Character, ſhe *hopes*, one time or other, to ſee her Spouſe a Lord.

Of EDUCATION.

PEople, put by their Education into a narrow Tract of Thinking, are as much afraid of getting out of it, as Children of quitting their Leading-Strings when firſt they learn to go. And whereas a Mind that would improve itſelf, muſt, before it can do ſo, ſet it ſelf at large, be free from Prejudice, and bold in its Enquiries, the very contrary Method is, for the moſt Part, practiſed in bringing up of Youth. They are taught a raging Fondneſs for a Parcel of Names, that are never explained to them; and an implacable Fierceneſs againſt another Set of Names, which are always explained falſly to them; ſo they jog on in the heavy Steps of their Fore-fathers, or in the wretched and narrow Paths of poor-ſpirited and ignorant Pedagogues: They believe they are certainly in the right, and therefore never take the Pains to find out that they are certainly in the wrong.

I would here obſerve, what an artful Piece of Knavery it is in thoſe, who are entruſted with the Education of our Youth, to be eternally praiſing to their Pupil's, the peculiar Orthodoxy and Advantages of their *Univerſity* above all others. This is a Way to ſour the Minds

Minds of Youth; and inſtead of enlarging them, which is the Buſineſs of Education, to contract them, which is the Buſineſs and Effect of Pedantry. Such Teachers make their Pupils Bigots to themſelves, and ill-bred and uncharitable to all the World beſides; that is, they make them like themſelves.

From this Cauſe it comes to paſs, that many *Engliſh* Gentlemen are as much afraid of reading ſome *Engliſh* Books, as the poor blind Papiſts are of reading Books prohibited by their Prieſts; which are, indeed, all Books that have either Religion or Senſe in them. I once heard a noble *Engliſh* Lord declare, upon the caſual mention of Mr. *Hobbes*, that he had heard that he was a great Man; *but*, ſays his Lordſhip, *I never read him, for it is dangerous.* I eaſily gueſſed what had put his Lordſhip into ſo great a Fright about Mr. *Hobbes:* The Peer had had *a narrow Univerſity Education.* It is true, he had been for a ſhort Time abroad, but he was all the while under the Government of a poor ill-judging ſcanty-hearted Prieſt, who brought home his Noble Pupil quite out of Conceit with *Old England*, his own native Country, of *Holland*, or *Geneva*, the latter of which he had never ſeen; but full of the Finery of the *French* Court, and of the Praiſes of its Government.

How nicely are thoſe Men taught, who are taught Prejudice? A Tincture of Bigottry appears in all the Actions of a Bigot He will neither, with his good liking, eat or drink, or ſleep, or travel with you, till he has received

full

full Conviction, that you waſh your Hands, and pare your Nails juſt as he does.

Here is a *Squire* come down from *London*, who is very rich, and has bought a World of Land in our County of *Wilts*; the firſt Thing he did, when he came among us, was to declare that he would have no Dealings, nor Converſation with any *Whig* whatſoever; and, to make his Word good, having beſpoke ſeveral Beds, and other Furniture, to a conſiderable Value, of an Upholſterer here, he returned the whole upon the poor Man's Hands, becauſe his Wife had a Brother who was a Presbyterian Parſon.

But this worthy and ingenious 'Squire was very well ſerved by an Officer of the Army, at a Horſe-Race here: They were drinking, among other Company, the *King's Health*, at the Door of a publick Houſe, on Horſeback; the Officer, when it came to his Turn, drank it to this *Doughty Highflyer*, who happened to be next to him; upon which he made ſome Difficulty at pledging it, ſuggeſted that publick Healths ſhould not be propoſed in mixed Company. *You would ſay*, ſays the Officer, if you durſt, *That a High Churchman would not have his Majeſty's Health propoſed to him at all*; upon this, he ſwore he was a High Churchman, and was not aſhamed of it; *ſo I gueſs'd*, ſaid the Officer *by your Diſloyalty*; *but, Sir*, ſays the Officer, *even Diſloyalty to your Prince, need not make you ſhew your ill Breeding in Company.* The 'Squire chafed moſt virulently at this, and urged, as a Proof of his

good Breeding, that he had been bred at *Oxford*; *ſo I gueſs'd*, ſays the Officer, *by your Ignorance:* This nettled the Squire to the height, and fired his little Soul at the Expence of the *outer Caſe*, for he proceeded to give ill Words, and to call ill Names; but the Officer quickly taught him, by the *Noſe*, to hold his Tongue, and ask Pardon. Thus it always fares with High-Church in *fighting* as it does in *diſputing*, ſhe is conſtantly beaten; and the *Courage* and *Underſtanding* of her *Paſſive Sons* *TALLY* to each other.

But when promiſcuous Converſation, and promiſcuous Reading, are thus declined and forbid, two of the greateſt Cures of Bigotry and Poorneſs of Soul are loſt; therefore the groſſeſt Ignorance among thoſe that live thus, and reſolve to live thus, is nothing wonderful. The greateſt Genius upon Earth, beſet with ſuch Fears and Reſtraints, would be uſeleſs and concealed; and Motions and Diſcoveries made by his own Thoughts would alarm him, and for his own Eaſe he would check them all he could, and be a Blockhead for the Peace of his own Mind; ſo that deprived of the Benefit of his Reaſon and of Information, he muſt lead the Life of a Mole in perpetual Darkneſs; He might indeed make a good Plowman, a good Mechanick, and a very *good High Churchman*; but there he muſt ſtick, he can never be a Chriſtian in point of Charity, nor a Gentleman in point of Breeding; nor a good Citizen in point of publick Spirit, tho' originally capable of being all Three.

What

What ſhall we ſay then to the Bulk of the World, naturally heavy and dull? The Task of keeping them blind muſt be very eaſy; as it is further evident, from the wretched Qualifications of moſt of thoſe *High-Church Kn——s*, who perform it.

Of PRATING.

THE Deſign of my writing this Eſſay, is, to convince dull ſtupid reaſoning Blockheads of the Pleaſure and Advantage of *Prating*, and the Authority there is for the Practice of it.

As the greateſt Perfection I have is talking in all Companies on all manner of Subjects, I am frequently, and in Deriſion, call'd a *Prater*; but my natural Temper being more inclinable to Talk than Fight, I always get the better of my Adverſaries by the Sharpneſs of my Tongue, or the Length of my Diſcourſe; and am now reſolved to bring that Name into Eſteem, which has hitherto been a Mark of Ignominy.

Prating is of ſo great Antiquity, that I am at a loſs where to fix its Origin; but 'tis to this Spirit that we owe the celebrated Productions of *Socrates, Plato, Speuſippus, Xenocrates, Ariſtotle, Zeno, Theophraſtus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Zanctius, Voſſius, Origen, Juſtin Martyr,*

Tertullian, *Greg. Nazianzen*, *Duns Scotus*, and many other laborious Philoſophers and Fathers: To this Spirit we owe the inimitable *Pratings* of *Reeves* and *Muggleton*; and to this Spirit we owe the ingenious Lucubrations of *Miſt* and *de Foe*.

To ſtrengthen the more this my Defence of *Prating*, by the Authority of the Ancients, I ſhall mention the famous *Pyrrho*; who, as *Laertius* informs us, was ſo remarkable for it, that tho' his Hearers left him in the midſt of his Diſcourſe, he nevertheleſs continued Prating till he ended it. This is ſtill imitated by many Profeſſors at our Univerſities, who conſtantly *prate* their Philoſophy, tho' without an Audience. The ſame Author ſays of the great *Ariſtotle*, that *he thought it a Diſgrace to be ſilent*, and St. *Hierom* affirms, *that he was the Prince of Praters*. *Theophraſtus*, who was a Scholar to *Ariſtotle*, ſaid to a young Man who was ſilent, *You do fooliſhly in holding your Peace*. In ſhort, Antiquity is full of Profeſſors of this Art; for we have Examples of greater Weight than the above-mentioned, ſuch as the *Pythian* Prieſteſs, and the ancient *Sybilline Oracles*, which were exceeding famous for anſwering Queſtions before they were propos'd; and to come to our own Times, we have the famous *dumb Prater Cambpell*, who is notorious for the ſame Practice.

It is a common Obſervation, that the leſs a Man talks, the more he is able to write: This may be true, perhaps, in my Friend *Campbell*; but it will appear ridiculous to any one

one who frequents the *Grecian*, where he hears Pamphlets in *Embrio*, and a whole Packet of ſucceeding *Journals*.

All *Praters* have their deſired End, which is to be heard; and tho' their Diſcourſe be ever ſo ridiculous, they ought nevertheleſs to be encouraged, becauſe it gives an Opportunity for free Debate and Enquiry.

'Tis with Pleaſure I reflect on the undetermin'd Diſputes of Philoſophers, Aſtrologers, Mathematicians and Divines in all Ages, who gain'd no Credit with their Adverſaries, and by the Impartial were only eſteemed according to the Elegance of their *Prating*. There is no fix'd Rule to judge of the Strength of an Argument; but all Nations and all Religious have their different Principles, by which alone they will ſuffer themſelves to be try'd. This makes me admire *Praters* of all kinds: Yet I confeſs, thoſe who are ſupported by Authority, and have the Liberty of prating Weekly to the Idle and Unlearned, ſhould in a more eſpecial manner be regarded; but at the ſame time that I rejoice at this Liberty, I cannot but regret our Loſs in the Reſtraint on the whole Body in Conv—n, where Prating always flouriſhes in Perfection, and mutual Diſcord and Harmony daily encreaſe. It may be ſaid perhaps by the Enemies to Con————ns, that if they were permitted to ſit, they would prohibit all Prating but their own; but no one would be a greater Enemy to them than my ſelf, if they wou'd not allow the ſame Liberty to others.

By what I have ſaid, it will appear I am no Friend to the *Pythagorean* Syſtem; for nothing provokes me ſo much as their Practice of forcing any of their Scholars when his Parent dies, who has been in the leaſt remarkable for Prating, to ſit with his Legs in cold Water till the Corps is burnt, as a Charm to prevent Hereditary Loquacity. Yet the Author of this Syſtem ſeems to be the moſt confirm'd *Prater* of Antiquity; for the five Years Silence which he enjoin'd his Diſciples, was calculated only as a Latitude for his own *Prating*, as *Jamblicus* informs us in his Life of that great Philoſopher; and, if we may depend on the ſame Authority, he was not only ſucceſsful in his prating to Men, but to Beaſts alſo; as St. *Anthony* was to Fiſhes, "For (ſays "he) he laid hold of the *Daunian* Bear, "which did much Hurt to the People there-"abouts; and having ſtroaked her a while, "and given her Maza and Fruits, and ſworn "her that ſhe would never more touch any "living Creature, ſhe ſtraitway hid herſelf in "the Hills and Woods, and never after at-"tempted any Aſſault. At another time ſee-"ing an Oxe at *Tarentum* in a Field cropping "Beans, he reproved him for it in ſo hand-"ſome a manner, that the Oxe not only re-"frain'd immediately from Beans at that "time, but would never after touch any.

Many are the Examples of this Kind, in all Ages, and in all Countries; and, not to mention the profound Adepts among our Nobility, we ſee the ſame noble Spirit even in the

the meaneſt People, eſpecially in their politick *Pratings.* How many noble Exclamations, and ſharp ſarcaſtic Sentences on the Miniſtry, have proceeded from the Mouth of my Shoemaker, while he has been fitting me with Shoes? And how many ingenious Diſſertations on the miſerable Effects of delivering up *Gibralter* and *Port-Mahone* to the *Spaniards* have I heard from my Barber, while he ſhaved me. In this they ſeem to imitate the meaner ſort of the *Athenians*; for, as *Plutarch* ſays, *an* Athenian *Servant, while he is digging and delving, will give his Maſter an Account of the Articles and Capitulations in a Treaty of Peace.* The *Romans* were all great Encouragers of Prating, except *Publius Piſo*; but the following Accident was the Cauſe of his future Delight in it. " *Publius Piſo*, the Rhetorician, as the " above Author informs us, being unwilling " to be diſturbed with much Talk, gave Or- " ders to his Servants to anſwer to ſuch " Queſtions only as he ſhould ask him, and " ſay no more. Then having a Deſign to " give an Entertainment to *Clodius*, the chief " Magiſtrate, he order'd him to be invited, " and provided a ſplendid Banquet for him: " At the time appointed ſeveral other Gueſts " appear'd; they only waited for *Clodius*'s " coming, who tarried much longer than was " expected; ſo that *Piſo* ſent his Servant ſe- " veral times to him, to know whether he " would be pleaſed to come to Supper or no? " Now in regard it grew late, and that *Piſo* " deſpaired of his coming; *What*, ſaid he to

" his Servant, *did you call him? Yes*, reply'd " the Servant. *Why then does he not come a* " *way?* —— *Becauſe he told me he could not* " *come.* —— *Why did you not tell me ſo* " *before?* —— *Becauſe, Sir, you never ask'd* " *me the Queſtion.*

There are other ſorts of *Praters* in Eſteem, ſuch as Mountebanks and Merry-Andrews; *Eſculapius*, *Hippocrates*, *Galen* and *Paracelſus*, ſtand the foremoſt in this Claſs. Certainly theſe are Men that command Reſpect from all, their Deſign being to *prate* Mankind into Health: I know not how this Practice came to be ſo little in Uſe, as it is at preſent among us; but ſince the Reign of King *Charles* II. when Men of Figure and Fortune became Merry-Andrews for the Good of the Nation, I do not hear that any one has been very famous this Way. Their Cuſtom now is gravely to kill; formerly 'twas merrily to ſave: Doctor *Foſſilino* comes to a Patient, feels his Pulſe, writes a Receipt, takes his Fee, makes a Bow, and ſullenly retires; ſo that the Pulſe muſt declare the Caſe, not the Patient: He will as ſoon bear the rude Winds to reach him, as the Patient's Words; and whatever the Diſtemper is, Oils and Vomits muſt reſtore him. I was, not long ſince, pleaſed with the Performance of a Mountebank, before a Multitude of Country-People, who harangued in a moſt florid Manner, on the ill Conſequences attending the Neglect of their Conſtitutions, and on the Goodneſs of his Medicines; and having ended his Diſcourſe, he left

left *Merry-Andrew* to finiſh what he ſo well begun; who diverted the Audience with a facetious Ridicule on Vomits, telling them, that when he practiſed himſelf as a Doctor, his ſole Remedy was a Vomit; and notwithſtanding he had Patients troubled with the Spleen, Cholick, Gravel, Stone, Small-Pox, Ague, Fever, their Bones put out of Joint, or broken, or had loſt Silver-Spoons, or ſeen Spirits, Vomiting was the only Cure; and unleſs they would ſubmit to that, he would not pretend to help them.

Many Things more might be ſaid in Defence of this Art; but let it ſuffice to add, that *Prating* is an exerciſing of the Tongue; by which is acquired the true Knowledge of Good and Ill, and the Diſtinction of a happy or a miſerable Life; and it has this Advantage of all other Arts, that it leads to the Choice and Enjoyment of a happy one: From which it may be argued, that all young Men ſhould immediately learn to *Prate*, and all old Men continue to do ſo; the Young, that whilſt they are growing old, they may gain this Excellence; the Old, that they may be youthful in Mind, and ſtill enjoy that Tranquillity which ariſes from the Continuance of ſo pleaſing and profitable an Art. 'Tis true, we have lately had Examples of Men running into what is call'd Diſtreſs, by *Prating*, but as Happineſs conſiſts in thinking our ſelves happy, and as Men differ in the Notion of it, what appears to us to be Fines, Impriſonment, Pillories and Baniſhment, may

by others be eſteemed Eaſe, Honour, Pleaſure and Happineſs.

I ſhall conclude this uſeful Subject with ſome Verſes of a late celebrated poetical *Prater*, who, after having given a Deſcription of the many Years Toil and Trouble of Philoſophers, in ſearching for a happy Life in Cells and Deſarts, ſays,

Again to view the World they are inclin'd,
And what they ſought in Cells, in Cities find;
Deſpiſe the ſtudied Schemes of their creating,
And own no ſolid Pleaſure, but in Prating.

Of MODERN INVENTIONS.

IT is a common Obſervation, and ſadly lamented by ſome topping modern Authors, that we are miſerably inferior to the Ancients in Genius and Invention. I confeſs, I am not ſo faſhionable a Deſpiſer of my Cotemporaries, as to think this Complaint entirely juſt; which I ſhall endeavour to evince in the following Inſtance.

One Art in which Thoſe, who flouriſhed in the wonder-working Days of Antiquity, are ſuppoſed to excel us, is that of *Reſtoring old Age to Youth*; an Art, which we find mention'd more than once, in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*,

ſes, to be practis'd with great Succeſs; and particularly in the ſeventh Book, where we have a very pompous and beautiful Deſcription of this Operation, as it was perform'd upon one *Æſon*, by a certain Sorcereſs named *Medea*, whom his Son *Jaſon*, the famous Knight-Errant, picked up in *Colchos*, brought back with him to *Greece*, and married. This *Æſon*, it ſeems, was very old and decrepid, having one Leg in his Grave, and the other juſt upon the Brink of it.

Jam propior Letho, feſſuſque ſenilibus annis.

Upon their Return, their Father *Æſon* not being able, by Reaſon of his Age, to partake in the Rejoicings which his Countrymen made upon this Occaſion; *Jaſon* requeſted his Spouſe to exert her Magick Art, and make his Father younger, by taking from himſelf ſome of thoſe many Years which he had yet to come, and adding them to him; but ſhe, like a fond new-married Lady, would by no means be prevail'd upon to retrench her own *Dear*'s Life, but offered to take another Method, which would fully anſwer the ſame End, without injuring her Husband, namely, by *Reſtoring old* Æſon to Youth.

In order to this, ſhe retires from Court, and in the Dead of the Night offers up a Prayer to the Goddeſs of *Night*, the *Moon*, and to ſeveral other gloomy Powers, (the Deities that preſide over Sorcery and Witchcraft,) to favour her

her Deſign; who received her Petition very graciouſly, and immediately diſpatched a Chariot drawn by Dragons through the Air, into which ſhe mounted, and drove through ſeveral Countries, (too many to recount,) where ſhe gather'd magical Herbs, and other Ingredients for her myſterious Operation.

All theſe ſhe put together into a Cauldron, and boiled them up into a ſacred Hodge-podge, with twenty ſolemn Ceremonies and Incantations. This Soup (ſays my Author) had that wonderful Virtue in it, that whatever it touched, was endowed with a ſudden Bloom; and where-ever it fell, it occaſioned an inſtant Spring. When our Prieſteſs ſaw this, ſhe took her hoary Patient, whipp'd his Wind-pipe aſunder, and let out all his frozen inanimated Blood; then with two Funnels (one fixed in his Mouth, and the other in the Wound which ſhe made in his Throat) recruited his old Carcaſs with her holy Preparation, or Sovereign *Elixir Salutis*. Immediately my old Gentleman reviv'd; his grey Locks and Beard turned into a dark Brown; his pale wither'd Cheek plumped up, and aſſumed a roſie Freſhneſs; his Limbs grew as vigorous as ever, and he danced a Rigadoon for Joy, to the Amazement of all Spectators.

Bacchus look'd down from his Summer-Houſe in Heaven, and obſerved this Metamorphoſis; which tickled his Fancy ſo well, that he made the ſame Experiment upon his old Nurſe with equal Succeſs.

The whole Transformation is deſcribed at length by *Ovid* very elegantly; but I take the miraculous Manner of it to be merely Fictious and Poetical; the Moral of which in plain *Engliſh* is, that *Medea* was a very underſtanding Woman in thoſe Days, and had found out the Secret of *Coſmeticks* and *Reſtoratives*, which ſhe impoſed upon that ſuperſtitious Age (when ſuch *Arcana* were but little known) for the Effects of a ſupernatural Art.

But becauſe Witchcraft and Sorcery are forbidden by our Laws; and it is made Death to dig up magical Roots, Herbs or Bones; or to make Invocations to infernal Powers, or to ride in flying Chariots, whether drawn by Dragons or other Creatures; therefore too many raſhly conclude, that the Art of *Reſtoring old Age to Youth*, is entirely loſt amongſt us; whereas it never flouriſhed in ſo much Perfection. I believe, there are in this Town no leſs than Fifteen Hundred or Two Thouſand Souls that get their Living by this Art: Indeed they do not practiſe it in ſo theatrical and ſplendid a Manner as the ancient *Medea* did, for the Reaſon before-mention'd; but if I can prove from daily Experience, that their Operations have the ſame Effect of making old People young, I hope it will not be denied that we ſtill retain the ſame Art.

I ſuppoſe, by *making Old People Young*, no Body will underſtand me to mean the actual Reſtoration of *Youth*, ſo that the Patient ſhall be, ſtrictly ſpeaking, fewer Years old after the Operation than before, which is a Thing impoſſible

poſſible to God and Man, and what the Ancients never pretended to; but only a Reſtoration of all the Powers, Faculties, and Beauties of Youth, ſo that the Perſon thus metamorphos'd is to all Appearance, and to all Intents and Purpoſes whatſoever, a young Man, though in Reality he may be Fourſcore Years of Age. Perhaps I need not have premis'd this; but as the Point before us is a very nice Point, and of the utmoſt Conſequence to Mankind, I am willing to guard againſt all Miſtakes and Objections.

To proceed therefore, who that ever peruſes the Fag-End of our News-Papers (which are crowded with Publick Notices for the Good of Mankind) can be ignorant that this City abounds with certain Artiſts, who make it their Profeſſion to take away or prevent all the Infirmities, Blemiſhes and Deformities that are incident to human Bodies, eſpecially in their declining State, and to preſerve a blooming Beauty, and youthful Vigour in both Sexes to the extremeſt old Age? Every Day produces ſome new Diſcovery of this Kind, and the World is earneſtly invited to partake with the Author in the Benefit of it. Any Perſons therefore that do not like their preſent Complexion, or have miſſed their Opportunity, and are apprehenſive of falling into Contempt, may be *repaired* and *beautified*, after the neweſt Faſhion, at very reaſonable Rates. Amongſt all the numberleſs Preparations of this Kind, the following, as they ſeem to be moſt curious, I ſhall recommend to the Publick.

The Chimical Liquor for the Hair, which gradually changes red, grey, or Hair of any other diſagreeable Colour, whether of the Head or Eyebrows, into any Degree of a *Brown*, or by obſerving the Directions given with each Bottle, into the moſt beautiful *Black* in Nature, that neither *Time* nor *Weather* can alter; for the Colour will for ever remain as lively as if it naturally grew ſo. It has, with general Satisfaction to the World, been ſold above Six Years by Mr. *Lockton* only, at the *Griffin*, the Corner of *Buckler's-Bury*, in the *Poultry*; where a Lock of Hair may be ſeen that was ſtained with it before it was expoſed to Sale. Price Half a Guinea a Bottle. If it does not prove infallible, return the Liquor, and the Money ſhall be repaid.

Publiſhed for Twenty Years paſt, with great Succeſs and Encouragement, *The fam'd Royal Eye-Water*, which is never known to fail of curing red, ſwell'd, or ſore Eyes, in 24 Hours: It ſtrengthens weak and watry *Eyes*, and adds *Vigour* and *Briſkneſs* to the Sight, eſpecially where the Eye is naturally dim, or of too dull a Water. If frequently uſed, it will keep your Eyes in conſtant good Temper, and preſerve the Sight to an *incredible Age*, without giving the leaſt Pain or Smart in the Application. Sold for Twelve Pence a Bottle, at Mr. *Crouch's*, at the *Bell* in the *Poultry*, Bookſeller, and Mr. *Huxley's*, an Hatter, at the *Black-Boy*, againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church, in *Fleetſtreet*.

Beauty's Reſtorative Lotion, or Waſh; being the moſt beneficial one of that Kind in the World,

World, for all Deformities in the Skin, as Pimples, Scurf, Tan, Pits from the Small Pox, Worms about the Face, Chin or Noſe, Wrinkles, *&c.* — It likewiſe reſtores *loſt* or *decay'd* Beauty, and gives a graceful and ſprightly Air to the Phyſiognomy, rendering dingy Skins, yellow Necks and Breaſts, red Hands or Noſes, (thoſe Enemies to Beauty,) of a pure White — being the only approved Waſh now uſed by moſt Perſons of Quality, and is only to be ſold at Mrs. *Garway's* Toy-Shop, the South Entrance of the *Royal-Exchange* Gate. Price Five Shillings the Quart Bottle.

The Pleaſant Odoriferous Tincture for the Breath, Teeth and Gums; a few Drops of which inſtantly make the moſt offenſive *Breath* ſmell incomparably fine and charming — Make the blackeſt and moſt foul Teeth extremely white — Abſolutely cures the Scurvy in Gums, *&c.* and is now ſold only at Mr. *Radford's* Toy-Shop, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* againſt St. *Clement's* Church-Yard in the Strand, near *Arundel* Street. Price Three Shillings and Six Pence a Bottle, with Directions.

Specifick Drops for Deafneſs, Thickneſs of Hearing, Pain and Noiſe in the Ears, *&c.* to be had only, by the Author's Appointment, of the Gentlewoman at the *Two Blew Poſts* in *Haydon-Yard*, in the *Minories*, at Three Shillings and Six Pence a Bottle, with Directions.

Vivifying Drops for Barrenneſs in Women and Imbecillity in Men; which renovate the vital Ferment of the Blood, rectify the languid

State

State of the Fluids, rouze, fortify and increaſe the Spirits, invigorate the Nerves, reſtore Juvenile Warmth, *&c.*—They potently ſtrengthen and corroborate the Parts of Generation, effectually promote Conception, and render both Sexes prolifick in a wonderful Manner, as Thouſands have experienc'd; are now only ſold at Mr. *Radford*'s Toy-Shop, *&c.* Price Five Shillings the Bottle, with Directions.

Here is, you ſee, a compleat Syſtem of artificial *Youth*, as it is every Day advertis'd in the Publick Prints. From whence it appears, that we may furniſh our ſelves with new Heads of Hair, either *Black* or *Brown*; new Eyes, Ears, Cheeks, Necks, Hands, Breath, Teeth, Gums; as likewiſe with a new Set of animal Powers; and all for the Value of about *Thirty Shillings*; for ſo ſmall an Expence may we be (as it were) born again, and flouriſh a ſecond Time in the Bloom and Vigour of Youth.

I cannot help thinking that our modern Artiſts excel the ancient Ones, becauſe they frequently perform their Operations upon Perſons, whoſe Conſtitutions are broken and exhauſted by Diſeaſes, (unknown in former Times,) as well as Old Age; nay, what is ſtill more, we have the Art of *Reſtoring VIRGINITY* as well as *Youth*, which I think the Sorcereſſes of Antiquity never attempted.

What Miracles they daily work upon all Sorts of People of both Sexes, we have from their own Hands; and there are Thouſands

in

n every Part of the Town to confirm the Truth of what they aſſert.

Were I inclined to be ill-natured, I could mention ſeveral blooming Toaſts, and very good Maids, that are, at this Time, as old as my Grandmother, and have had as many Children; as likewiſe many brisk old Boys of Threeſcore and Ten, that rake about Town with all the Gaiety of Three and Twenty, and never miſs a Ball or a Birth-Night.

To conclude; I hope I have fully vindicated the preſent Age in this Particular, and proved our ſelves a Match for the Ancients; and perhaps I ſhall hereafter conſider ſome other *Occult Sciences*, which are ſuppoſed to have periſhed with the *Roman* Commonwealth.

Of LUXURY.

AS I was walking, ſome Time ago, through one of the great Markets of this City, I was reflecting what a deſtructive and voracious Creature Man is, and what a dreadful Havock he makes every Day in the viſible Creation; at how vaſt an Expence of other Lives his own is maintained; and how the Earth, the Air, and the Waters, are ranſacked for his Support and Luxury. A Man muſt be void of all Thought, who can behold the immenſe

Quan-

Quantities of Fleſh, Fowl, Fiſh, Herbs, Fruit, and other Proviſions, which are hung out to Sale in theſe great Repoſitories of humane Suſtenance, without reflecting on his own Dignity, and his Superiority over other Beings.

If the World, with all its Productions and Inhabitants, was deſigned by Nature for this End, what infinite Obligations do we lie under to that Power, who puts us into ſuch vaſt Poſſeſſions? If they were not ſo deſigned, what terrible Uſurpers and Tyrants are we grown, to commit ſuch Depredations in the World without any other Authority, but Violence; and to ſacrifice the Lives of ſo many of our Fellow-Creatures (though of an inferior Degree) to our own Luxury and Wantonneſs? For my part, I cannot help thinking that we have ſtretched our Power over the Creation beyond its due Limits; and that many of our prime Diſhes are made up of Creatures, which were not originally deſigned for the Food of Man. Some People queſtion whether Creatures that have *Life*, were at all intended for our Meat; but only Fruit, Herbs, Corn, Roots, and other Vegetables. It is certain that the Fleſh of *Swine* was forbidden by God himſelf to the *Jews*; and I do not find that Prohibition any where expreſly withdrawn in the *New Teſtament*. But I would not ſtart Difficulties in Divinity, nor throw out Bones of Controverſy in an Age, already too much diſtemper'd with Contention: I will therefore draw my Inſtances from Things which are not diſputed, or will be of no ill Conſe-

Conſequence, if they ſhould. It was but very lately that the croaking *Frog* was forced out of his native Pool to be ſerved up in a *Friccacee* at Tables of Quality; the *Frog*, who uſed to skip about the Meadows, or ſport in the Waters, without any Danger but from unlucky School Boys, who would now and then take a cruel Delight in *ſticking* him through the Back, or *blowing* him up till he burſt. He was in no Fear of becoming the Prey of Man, who uſed to look upon him as a kind of *Toad*, and would as ſoon have eaten one as the other. In the ſame Manner, it is often mentioned as an Act of great Fortitude and Reſolution in the Man, who firſt ventured a living *Oyſter* down his Throat.

Illi Robur & Æs triplex,
Circa pectus erat.

In Favour of this Opinion, that *Animals* were not created for our Food, it may be obſerved, that Bows, Guns, Nets, and other Engines, wherewith alone we can catch moſt ſort of Creatures, which are now in the higheſt Vogue, are but the modern Inventions of Art, (I mean *Modern*, if we compare them with the firſt Ages of the World,) and conſequently, that thoſe Creatures, which could not be taken without them, were not deſigned for the *Natural* and ordinary Uſe of Man. It may be ſaid, that *Hounds* and *Beagles naturally* hunt Hares, Deers, Boars, and other Wild Creatures: But I anſwer, that, if they do, they

do

do it for themſelves, and not for us; and if we wreſt the Prey out of their Mouths, it is owing to Modern Art, in training them up to our Uſe, and at our Command. For thoſe Creatures indeed which are tame, ſuch as *Sheep* and *Oxen*, there is more Appearance of Reaſon that they were deſign'd for our Eating; but, even here, may it not be asked, whether theſe Creatures were not originally wild, till, perhaps, they were tamed by the Art of Man for his own Uſe; eſpecially ſince we read ſo much of *wild Bulls and mad Bulls* amongſt the Ancients? Or (if they were *naturally* tame) may it not be ſuppoſed that they were made for our *Labour* and Diverſion, like *Dogs* and *Horſes*, inſtead of our Food?

There is another good Reaſon why animal Creatures were not made for our Food; which is, that we can live without them, and that the vegetable Part of the Creation is ſufficient to maintain us. Not to inſiſt on the fabulous Accounts of the *Golden Age*, it is very reaſonable to think that the firſt Ages of Men fed only upon Apples, Strawberries, Roots and Corn; indeed, it is unreaſonable to believe otherwiſe, unleſs we believe that *Art* and *Nature* were born together, and that Men ſprung up (like *Cadmus*'s Harveſt of Warriors) with *Bows* and *Arrows* and *Drag-nets* in their Hands. If therefore Men could at firſt live upon *Herbs* and *Fruit*, why not now? It is ridiculous to ſay that they cannot; nay, amidſt all the modern Variety of invented Delicacies, we ſtill allow *Bread* to be the *Staff of Life*, and the

the poor People in almoſt every Country live chiefly upon it to this Day. In *France* and *Spain*, green Herbs and Fruit feed three parts of the Inhabitants; the *Highlanders* of *Scotland* will undergo any Fatigues with *Oatmeal* and *Water*; and it is a common Reproach upon the *Iriſh*, that they live upon *Potatoes*; which (were it true) is only an Accuſation, that they have not departed from the Laws of Nature, nor debauched themſelves with the Refinements of Art. Whatever they feed upon, it cannot be denied that they are, for the Generality, Stout, Comely Men, and well qualified for any *Maſculine* Employments.

Of all Nations in the World, the *Engliſh* are the moſt *carnivorous*, and conſequently the moſt eſtranged from the primitive Inſtitutions of Nature. We are no better than *Beaſts of Prey* to all other Creatures, whom we purſue and deſtroy with all our Induſtry and Cunning. It cannot but be very ſurpriſing to many Strangers to ſee the whole Town almoſt one continued *Shambles*, beſtuck, in every Part, with vaſt Quantities of *raw Fleſh*, which might, well enough, make the *Frenchman* cry out, that *deſe* Engliſh *eat nothing but de Beef and de Mutton.*

Abſtinence from *Fleſh-meat* was one of the chief Doctrines which *Pythagoras*, of old, inculcated into his Diſciples; and tho' his Philoſophy is long ſince exploded, yet methinks there is ſomething very pathetick, if not convincing, in his Reaſons againſt eating of *Fleſh*, particularly of *Oxen*; *Ungrateful Man! how has*

has the painful Ox *deſerved his Death at thy Hands? Or how can you expect that the Gods ſhould bleſs you with a plenteous Harveſt, if you murder your faithful Husbandman the* Steer, *and barbarouſly ſhed the Blood of the Labourer of your Field?*

I am acquainted with a Gentleman in the Country, who is ſo warmly affected with this *Pythagorean* Principle of Gratitude, that he keeps a Groom on purpoſe to look after ſuch Horſes as are paſt Service, and allows them the ſame Quantity of Corn every Day, which they uſed to have, when they carried him over Hedges and Ditches in Purſuit of an Hare or a Fox.

I do not deſire to revive the *Pythagorean* Philoſophy in *England*, eſpecially that Part of it relating to *Eating*, being my ſelf a paſſionate Admirer of *Beef and Mutton*; though I muſt confeſs my ſelf a *Pythagorean* ſo far as to believe, that *Fleſh* is not the *natural* Food of Man; but I do not ſay it is a Sin to eat it, or that it diſagrees with our Conſtitutions; for perhaps long Cuſtom (that ſecond Nature) has reconciled it to them. I am alſo ſo much a *Pythagorean*, that I cannot behold the noble Ox, who has ſerved Mankind ſeveral Years in the Field, nor the harmleſs *Sheep*, who cloaths us warm, and ſupports our Manufacture, brought to the Slaughter-houſe, and butcher'd for our Luxury, without ſome ſecret Grief and Cumpunction.

What I would infer from all this, is, That ſince Man (whether by the poſitive Inſtitution of Nature, or by his own Uſurpation and Cunning)

Cunning) is abſolute Lord of the Creation; ſince Earth, Air, and Sea, are under his Command, and the whole Animal and Vegetative World ſubſiſts only to make him happy; he ought to conduct himſelf worthy of a Creature, ſo much diſtinguiſhed in Beauty and Happineſs above all others; and while he boaſts himſelf to be the only rational Being of the Creation, let him take care that he does not ſink himſelf by unreaſonable Actions below the meaneſt of Brutes: For though Men, who conſult the Good of the Publick, and imploy their Time in laudable Actions, may deſerve to be made happy with all the Treaſures of Nature; yet it is very unreaſonable that the whole Creation ſhould be laviſh'd away in this profuſe Manner, to ſupport a worthleſs *Fop*, or a thoughtleſs *Debauchee*.

Of LIBELS.

MOST of our Malecontent Writers having either made their Peace, or their Terms; and accordingly changed their warmeſt Satire againſt ſome Men, into fulſome Panegyricks upon the ſame Perſons; leſt this laudable Art of *Defaming an Adminiſtration* ſhould be loſt amongſt us, I intend to publiſh the following *Rules* for the Uſe of the Novices in this Way;

by

by the Help of which a *Writer* of the loweſt Claſs may become popular under any Miniſtry.

NOW, tho' it is eſteemed an eaſy Matter to find a Stick to beat a Dog, yet to Baſtinado great Men with Prudence and Diſcretion, is a Task that requires ſome Thought and *Fineſſe*; for as every Porter can talk groſs Ribaldry amongſt Women, ſo can every Scribler write coarſe Treaſon or blunt Scurrility againſt his Superiors: But in either Caſe it requires a certain Delicacy and maſterly Addreſs to wrap up foul Meanings in clean Linnen, and cloath the rankeſt Ideas in the moſt decent Garb of Expreſſion. Perſons who ſucceed in theſe Arts, never fail of growing admired Writers and pleaſing Companions, the Town being always tickled with artful Lewdneſs and courtly Invective; but broad Obſcenity and unguarded Scandal offend the looſeſt Debauchees and moſt inveterate Malecontents: For this Reaſon *Sedley* meets with Applauſe, for what *C——l*'s Authors deſerve a Cudgel, and no Body pities *P—* or *Def-e* in the Pillory, who reads Dr. *Swift* or Mrs. *Manley* with Admiration.

The great Secret therefore of *Political Railing* is to inveigh without nauſeating, and to grumble ſecurely in Defiance of the ſecular Arm; which is the Myſtery into which I would initiate our modern Authors and political Declaimers.

In order to this, it will be neceſſary to review the ſeveral Styles or Modes of Scandal

which have obtain'd in all the different Ages of the World.

The firſt and moſt ancient is the fabulous or *allegorical* Mode, which has often been made uſe of to convey ſmart Things againſt Courts and Court Favourites with great Succeſs; for the Ambiguity or *double Entendre* of a Fable raiſes the Curioſity of every Reader, to diſcover the ſecret Sting which it contains, and gratifies his Chagrin with more than ordinary Satisfaction when it is diſcovered. Beſides, here is an eternal Recourſe for Slander to the moſt malignant Author, even of the ſloweſt Invention; for what can be eaſier than to ſay the ſame dreadful ill Things of Beaſts, which are daily utter'd in Coffee Houſes and Clubs againſt our rational Governors? What Difficulty is there in metamorphoſing a grave *Miniſter of State* into a wily *Fox*, ſet over an honeſt Flock of Sheep to guard them from Dogs and Vermin; but inſtead of that, intending nothing but their Deſtruction, and worrying them to Death? In the ſame Manner, and with no leſs Eaſe, a *Courtier* will make a good *Spaniel*, fawning upon his Maſter for a *Bone* or a Cruſt of Bread; by which no Body will fail to underſtand a *Penſion* or a *Place*: The *Lion* in the Forreſt will do very well for *King*, and the *Jack all* for his *chief Favourite*. The ſame may be done with Birds, or Fiſh, or even inanimate Things, whom they have full Liberty, upon theſe Occaſions, to endow with the Gift of Speech. Or if this Method is too common, there is another ſort

of

of *Allegory* leſs trite, which is compoſed by transforming the Virtues, Vices, and Paſſions of Mankind into ſhadowy or imaginary Perſons, and making them talk and act in ſuch a manner as the *Great Ones*, whom they would expoſe, are ſaid to do. Thus *Ambition*, in the Abſtract, may be repreſented in Concert with *Avarice*, *Grandeur* and *Luxury*, debateing how to enſlave a Nation, and, for a Moral, he may be pluck'd from the Throne, which he had *uſurped*, by *Virtue*, *Liberty* and *Religion*.

This Method of Writing is the oldeſt of any that is extant, and was uſed by the firſt Nations upon Record. *Æſop*, amonſt the *Grecians*, is a very primitive Fable-monger, and is ſuppoſed in many of his merry Stories, to reflect upon the *Great Men* of his Country. The *Roman Grumbletonians* vented their Spleen in the ſame myſterious Manner; and in our own Country, *Hudibras*, *Atalantis*, and *John Bull*, are Inſtances that are not inferior to the Antients in this Reſpect.

Another Mode of *Political Satire* is the *Ironical* or *Mock Panegyrick*. This too is of very ancient Date, but not ſo commonly uſed as it has been of late. Several of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Orators made uſe of it in their publick Harangues to the People; and the Speech of *Mark Anthony*, in *Shakeſpear*, upon the Death of *Cæſar*, is an admirable Specimen of this fulſome ſort of Defamation, and of the Succeſs which it naturally obtains upon the Minds of the Populace. *Anthony* knew that

Brutus was too popular a Man for him to traduce in an open Manner; he alſo knew that the People were too ſenſible of the Oppreſſions which *Cæſar* had exerciſed over them, to revenge the Death of ſuch a Tyrant without Art and Management; and therefore he craftily begins his Oration with a plauſible Encomium upon *Brutus* and the other *Aſſaſſins*, often repeating that *They were honourable Men*, and at the ſame Time inſinuates how well *Cæſar* had deſerved at their Hands, and how unjuſtly they had ſlain him; then telling them, that *Cæſar* had made them his *Heirs*, he ſtops ſhort on a ſudden, and recollects himſelf thus,

I have o'erſhot my ſelf to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the honourable Men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar ——

Upon which the ſage Mob exclaims, *They honourable Men! Villains, Traytors, Murderers, we'll be revenged —— — Ho! Brands, Firebrands! Down with the Traytors Houſes.*

I need not quote any *Engliſh Railers* who have followed this Method; we have for this Year or two paſt abounded in this ſort of State-Panegyrick; I will therefore, under this Head, content my ſelf with preſcribing a Rule or two proper to be obſerved by all *Ironical Defamers.*

Firſt, As there is no Man in the World, how good ſoever, who has not ſome Faults; and as, on the other Hand, every Man, how bad ſoever, has ſome Virtues; take a particular

cular Care that you do not in any of your Mock-Applauſes, praiſe any one for good Qualities which he is thought to *poſſeſs*, but dwell entirely upon thoſe which he is known to *want*. By this Means you cannot fail of having your Grimace underſtood, and raiſing the malignant Grin of your Readers.

The ſame Rule will hold, if you would laſh the Times under any King or Government whatſoever; if the Nation is engaged in a *War*, extoll the general *Peace* and *Tranquillity* which reigns in it; if Money or Proviſions are ſcarce, thank God and the Government for the *Plenty* which it enjoys; if any other Nation outwits it in a Treaty, commend the Policy of its Miniſters; or if they loſe a Battel, cry up the Conduct of its Generals. In ſhort, whatever be the State of the Publick, always make that the Subject of your Panegyrick which other People complain of; for at all Seaſons, and in all Governments, there will be Matter of Complaint to thoſe whoſe Conſtitution or Intereſt inclines them to be diſcontented.

Secondly, if you find it neceſſary to banter any Publick Proceeding, which is generally applauded, and reaſonably ſet on Foot; never forget in your ludicrous Approbation to give it another Turn, and inſiſt upon ſuch Topicks as will create Jealouſy in the Minds of Men, and diſguſt them againſt thoſe who undertake it. In caſe of a *War*, though ever ſo neceſſary or unavoidable, repreſent it as the Effect of a noble Spirit that delights in *Danger* and *Knight-*

Errantry, in quelling Foreign Tyrants, and freeing *Foreign* Nations, without any *Selfiſh* Regard to *Domeſtick* Conſiderations. Extol the diſintereſted Merit of a Prince, who exhauſts his own Blood and Treaſure in Defence of his unhappy Neighbours, and the common Cauſe of Mankind. If *Peace* be negotiated, ſet forth the Advantages of living in *Eaſe*, *Indolence*, and an heroick Contempt of the Concerns of the World; magnify the Terms of Pacification, and add to them *Articles* which were never propoſed —— In other Caſes you cannot fail of applying the ſame Rule.

Laſtly, The *Ironical Stile* may be of Service to you on the greateſt Occaſions, and ſerve to ridicule the moſt ſolemn Things, and notorious Truths, if you do but put ſome fantaſtical Expreſſions into the pompous Eulogium, or print ſome ambiguous Words in ſignificant *Italick* Characters.

I now proceed to another *Mode* of Political Scandal, namely the *Hiſtorical*, or that of *drawing Parallels*; which is much more Modern than any of the reſt, and is at preſent very much in vogue. How many naughty Great Men have been laſhed through the Sides of *Catiline* and his Conſpirators, *Julius Cæſar*, *Marius*, *Francis* Lord *Bacon*, and others? There is ſcarce a Character of Antiquity that is remarkable for Pride, Avarice, Corruption, Ambition, or Domination, (all Words of great Uſe to *Political Railers*) which has not been drawn forth in the blackeſt Colours, and by the

the Addition of Modern Incidents adapted to ſome of our Cotemporaies.

It ought to be obſerved by all Perſons, who deſire to ſucceed in this *Art*, that they need not be very nice in ſuiting their Characters, and drawing their *Parallels*: If they do but pitch upon ſome Villain of Note in Hiſtory, they may add what Vices they pleaſe to make the Original compleat; on the other Hand, if the ancient Knave have ever ſo many Vices, which the modern was never charged with, yet where a Reader has conceived an ill Opinion of the Man, he will believe any thing they can ſuggeſt of him, and being poſſeſſed that he is very bad, will proceed to believe him worſe than he is; for it is a good Obſervation of my Lord *Clarendon, that accuſed Perſons are commonly charged with more than the worſt Men ever deſerved.*

The *Categorical* Mode is that when an Author deſcants upon the Heinouſneſs of publick Crimes and Corruptions, and adjuſts what are ſo in Princes or Stateſmen, with broad Inſinuations againſt the Great Men of his own Country and the preſent Age.

The *Hypothetical* Mode begins with an *If*, and ends with a Declaration of what publick Miniſters deſerve from the People, *ſuppoſing* them to be guilty of ſuch and ſuch Enormities. To this and the foregoing Mode is commonly added.

The *Lying* Mode, which is ſomewhat like the *Ironical*, and conſiſts (after having ſet forth the Blackneſs of Corruption, and the Puniſhment which it deſerves) in a poſitive Affirma-

tion, that our preſent Miniſters are guilty of none of the Crimes before-mentioned; and in a ſolemn Thankſgiving for our Happineſs under a wiſe and honeſt Adminiſtration.

The next *Mode* I ſhall mention is, the *Foreign* Mode, which ſeems to be entirely a modern Invention; for I do not remember one Inſtance of it amongſt the Ancient Railers. This Mode is a ſufficient Guard for the moſt licentious Invective againſt any Government, by cloſing it with a cautious Declaration, that what has been ſaid has no Relation to our *own Times* or *Nation*, but only with Regard to what has happened in *former* Reigns, and in *other Countries*.

The laſt and moſt uſeful *Mode* is the fictitious *Mode*, or the Mode *de futuro*, which allarms the Apprehenſions of Mankind with imaginary Dangers, and Deſigns of the Writer's own Invention. This Mode has one peculiar Advantage above the reſt, as it gains the Author the Reputation of removing thoſe Dangers, which had never any Foundation, and diſappointing thoſe Deſigns, which never entered into any other Man's Head; ſuch as, for Inſtance, *making* Great Britain *a Province to* Bremen *and* Verhden, or *ſubjecting it to a military Power*, or *ſuppreſſing the Liberty of the Preſs*, or *pulling down the Church*, or any ſuch terrible and provoking Deſign.

It would be eaſy to recollect other *Modes* of Railing at Governments; but I think theſe are ſufficient to ſet up any Perſon of the leaſt common Senſe, in that Trade, and to carry

him

him through it with Applauſe and Impunity, which latter is the ſureſt Mark of a fine ſeditious Genius: For as we commonly ſay, that Highwaymen or Houſebreakers are not hanged for being Rogues, but for being caught in their Rogueries; ſo it is the Opinion of moſt People, that a Man who cannot talk or write Treaſon, without incurring the Penalty of the Laws, deſerves to loſe his Ears.

Of POPULAR DISCONTENTS.

AS the Body Politick has, in many Reſpects, been compar'd to the Body Natural, ſo there is one Particular that ſhews the Weakneſs of both, in which the Parallel holds very exactly; and that is, the Tendency that ſome Governments have to particular Defaults or Miſchiefs, as ſome humane Bodies have to particular Diſeaſes.

I think it may be affirm'd with Freedom, and I am ſure it may be maintain'd with Truth, That the weak Part in the Conſtitution of our Government, is a Tendency to Tumult, Sedition, and Rebellion; and never did the natural Ill-Will to ſuperior Power, and the inbred Malice to Authority, ſhew itſelf more, or diffuſe itſelf farther, than it has of late Years.

There is no Grievance that any Subject of *Great Britain* can be liable to, much leſs that any Numbers of 'em can ſuffer, that the Law has not preſcrib'd a Remedy for. And it is very obvious, that the ſeeking Redreſs by legal Methods, is the only ſure Way of obtaining it. Any other Methods are much more likely to lead to greater Evils, than thoſe complain'd of; and if any one looks ſo far back into our Hiſtory as the Reign of *Henry* III. or comes down ſo low as the late Civil Wars, which began 1641, he will be ſufficiently convinced of this Truth, by thoſe two Inſtances, tho' he intermits all the intervening Calamities which the People ſuffer'd within that Period of Time, and which (almoſt all) aroſe from the ſame Origin.

The ſeveral Turns that appear'd in thoſe tumultuous and bloody Times, (I ſay, in thoſe two great Inſtances,) will convince any Man of good Senſe, how little he ought to depend upon the Fury of a Mob, or upon Proſecutions forc'd by tumultuous Petitions. I may challenge any one to ſhew a ſingle Inſtance where the many-headed Beaſt was made uſe of, that the blind Monſter did not turn upon thoſe who firſt taught it to know its own Strength.

How ſtrictly therefore ought we to guard againſt the Diſeaſe we ſeem moſt ſubject to. And yet it was Matter of great Surprize to many, who wiſh well to the Peace of the Kingdom, and to the Security and Happineſs of the preſent Government, that in a late Inſtance, many Gentlemen, for whom we

ought

ought to have very favourable Sentiments, with Regard to their great Eſtates, as well as their known good Diſpoſitions to his Majeſty and the Royal Family, ſhould yet give Way to the popular Clamour of that Time, even in their Legiſlative Capacities; not conſidering, that the ſame Spirit which they endeavour'd to raiſe, or at leaſt did not attempt to allay, might very ſoon turn upon themſelves, but would moſt certainly upon the Government, to which thoſe Gentlemen, no doubt, were well affected.

This Spirit of Diſcontent has ſomething in the Nature of it like Fire; and if 'tis kept up, there muſt be Fuel for it to prey upon; and that always ends in the Government itſelf, whatever the firſt Pretences are.

The Reaſon of this is evident; becauſe as long as humane Nature continues depraved, there will always be a Reluctancy to Obedience: And therefore 'tis obſerved, That thoſe Proceedings never ſet up any thing, but are always employ'd to pull down; and for this I ſhall quote no leſs Authority, than that of the Uſurper *Cromwell*, who, mounted upon the Back of this Monſter, had driven the People of *England*, like Cattle, before him; yet, in 1653, they had ſo far turn'd againſt him, and his Meaſures, that he was forced to declare, *That they had a Principle among them of deſtroying and pulling down, tho' nothing was ſet up in its ſtead.* Thoſe whom he had taught to cry, *No Biſhops, No King*, now cry'd, *No Chancery, no Laws, no Property.*

It

It imports little, from what poor ſmall Springs the Torrents of Faction firſt ariſe, if they are fed with Care and improved by Induſtry, and meet with Diſpoſitions fitted to receive and embrace them. That of the *Praſini* and *Veneti*, was as violent and fatal at *Conſtantinople*, as that of the *Gwelphs* and *Gibellins* in *Italy*; though one began only upon the divided Opinions and Affections, about two publick Theatres, or Play-Houſes, called the Blew and the Sea Green: Whereas t'other pretended the Right of inveſting Biſhops, to be in the Emperor, or the Pope. Whatever the Beginnings of Factions are, the Conſequences are the ſame, and the Ends too of thoſe chiefly engaged in them, which is to act the ſame Part in different Masks, and to purſue private Paſſions or Intereſts, under publick Pretences.

Upon the Survey of theſe Diſpoſitions in Mankind, and theſe Conditions of Government, it ſeems much more reaſonable to pity, than to envy the Fortunes and Dignities of Princes, or great Miniſters of State; and to leſſen or excuſe their venial Faults, or at leaſt their Misfortunes, rather than to encreaſe or make them worſe by ill Colours and Repreſentations. For, as every Prince ſhould govern, as he would deſire to be governed if he were a Subject, ſo every Subject ſhould obey, as he would deſire to be obey'd if he were a Prince; ſince this moral Principle, of doing as you would be done by, is certainly the moſt undiſputed and univerſally allow'd of any other

ther in the World, how ill ſoever it may be practiſed by particular Men.

It would be hard to leave Princes and States with ſo ill Proſpects and Preſages of Eaſe or Succeſs in the Adminiſtration of their Governments, as theſe Reflections muſt afford them; and therefore I will not end this Eſſay without ſome Offers at their Safety, by fixing ſome Marks like Lights upon a Coaſt, by which their Ships may avoid at leaſt known Rocks or Sands, where Wrecks or Dangers have been uſually obſerved: For, to thoſe that come from Heaven by Storms, or the fatal Periods decreed above, all the World muſt ſubmit.

The firſt Safety of Princes and States, lies in avoiding all Councils or Deſigns of Innovation, in ancient and eſtabliſh'd Forms and Laws, eſpecially thoſe concerning Liberty, Property, and Religion, which are the Poſſeſſions Men will ever have moſt at Heart; and thereby, leaving the Channel of known and common Juſtice, clear and undiſturbed.

The ſecond, in purſuing the true and common Intereſt of the Nation they govern, without eſpouſing thoſe of any Party or Faction; or if theſe are ſo formed in a State, that they muſt incline to one or other, then to chuſe or favour that which is moſt popular, or wherein the greateſt or ſtrongeſt Part of the People appear to be engaged. For, as the End of Government appears to be *Salus Populi*, ſo the Strength of the Government is the Conſent of the People; which made the Maxim of *Vox Populi*,

Populi, Vox Dei: That is, the Governors who are few, will ever be forced to follow the Strength of the Governed, who are many, let them be either People or Armies, by which they govern.

A third, is the countenancing and introducing, as far as is poſſible, the Cuſtoms and Habits of Parſimony into the Countries they govern; for frugal and induſtrious Men are uſually ſafe and friendly to the eſtabliſh'd Government, as the idle and expenſive are dangerous, from their Humours or Neceſſities.

The laſt conſiſts in preventing Dangers from Abroad; for foreign Dangers raiſe Fears at Home, and Fears among the People raiſe Jealouſies of the Prince or State, and give them ill Opinions, either of their Abilities, or their good Intentions. Men are apt to think well of themſelves and of their Nation, of their Courage and their Strength; and if they ſee it in Danger, they lay the Fault upon the Weakneſs, ill Conduct, or Corruption of their Governors; the ill Orders of State, ill Choice of Officers, or ill Diſcipline of Armies; and nothing makes a Diſcontent or Sedition ſo fatal at Home, as an Invaſion, or the Threats and Proſpect of one, from Abroad.

Upon theſe four Wheels, the Chariot of a State may in all Appearance drive eaſy and ſafe, or at leaſt not to be too much ſhaken by the uſual Roughneſs of Ways, unequal Humours of Men, or any common Accident: Further is not to be provided againſt; for though the Beginnings of great Fires are often diſcovered,

and

and thereby others eaſily prevented with Care; yet ſome may be thrown in from Engines far off, and out of Sight; others may fall from Heaven; and 'tis hard to determine, whether ſome Conſtellations of Celeſtial Bodies, or Inflammations of Air from Meteors or Comets, may not have a powerful Effect upon the Minds, as well as Bodies of Men; upon the Diſtempers and Diſeaſes of both, and thereby upon Heats and Humours of vulgar Minds, and the Commotions and Seditions of a People who happen to be moſt ſubjected to their Influence: In ſuch Caſes, when the Flame breaks out, all that can be done, is to remove, as faſt as can be, all Materials that are like to increaſe it; to employ all Ways and Methods of quenching it, to repair the Breaches and Loſſes it has occaſioned, and to bear with Patience what could not be avoided, or cannot be remedied.

Of GREAT MEN.

THere are divers Enormities which are highly complained of in *Great Men* by an inferior Sort of People, at the ſame Time that they imitate them in thoſe very Enormities, and very often outdo them. I therefore, being an impartial Perſon, and determined in this

Eſſay

Eſſay to apologize for my Superiors, and endeavour to prove, that thoſe Gentlemen call'd *Men of Quality*, are not worſe than the meaneſt of the People.

The firſt I ſhall mention, is their *Breach of Promiſes*, and the frequent *Diſappointments* which they are ſaid to be guilty of. I confeſs, this is a grievous Charge, and no Body has a greater Averſion to kicking his Heels in a *Levee-Room*, or hearing ſhim-ſham Excuſes from a *Great Man*, than my ſelf. I think it very provoking, when my Lord has appointed me to wait on him at ſuch a Time, to be told by his Porter, that he is gone out, or not well, and can not be ſpoken with; neither can I at all reliſh a thouſand Diſappointments and dilatory Excuſes for not ſerving me, after I have had ten Times as many Promiſes, that he would do it — But, for God's ſake, is this Grievance confined to *Great Men*, or ought the Accuſation to be ſo? Is not the ſame Practice common to the greateſt Part of Mankind, and have we not Inſtances every Day of Perſons of all Ranks and Conditions, who ſhew their Dexterity in deceiving their Dependants in the ſame Manner? How many worthy Attornies do I know, who put off their Clients from Term to Term, with ſolemn Promiſes that their Buſineſs ſhall be done out of Hand; and yet never remember a Word of it after their Backs are turn'd? There is another Set of Men, who fall into this Enormity, not out of an evil Diſpoſition, or any vicious Intent, but merely out of Wantonneſs, and to

give

give themſelves an Air of Importance. I know one of this Sort, who is ſo careful of being punctual on any Account, that rather than be true to any Appointment which he has made, he will walk to and fro by the Door, for an Hour together, in the Rain till he is wet through: And I was lately peſter'd with a Printer of this Complexion, who (when I have been publiſhing a Poem) has given me more Vexation in attending the Preſs, than the noble Lord did to whom I inſcribed it—Another Charge againſt great Men, is that of refuſing to pay their juſt Debts; this alſo is a very heinous Charge, eſpecially if we conſider how reaſonable moſt Tradeſmen are in their Bills, and that they do not make their noble Cuſtomers pay, at moſt, above *Cent per Cent* for their Credit; is it not a very hard Caſe that for ſuch a moderate Profit, the poor Men ſhould be obliged to call ten or a dozen Times for their Money, and perhaps not get it at laſt without allowing the Steward twenty Shillings *per Cent.* out of their juſt Demands? — But neither is this Charge, if I apprehend right, ſo peculiar to great Men, as it is generally imagined; indeed I wonder to hear this Complaint urged againſt a Sett of Men, at a Time, when it ſeems to be a Maxim agreed on by all Men, *To pay no Body if they can help it*; not to mention that it is alſo inculcated as an Article of Religion, by the Example of ſeveral Reverend Divines, whom I need not mention: Only I muſt obſerve by the way, that I do not mean the Right Reverend Biſhops, who, being en-

enrolled amongſt the Number of *great Men*, partake in the general Calumny, and in my preſent Apology — But to proceed; who are more polite Pay-maſters than moſt of the ſmart *Black-bag* Beaus and fine Gentlemen about Town, (who can in no Senſe be called *great Men*;) or what is more faſhionable in all Profeſſions than to be *dunn'd?* It gives Men an Air, to be followed and ſollicited for Money, and ſhews them to be Perſons of Buſineſs and Importance: A very fine Gentleman of my Acquaintance in the *Temple* is ſo ſenſible of this, that he is always buſy when his *Waſherwoman* wants to be paid, and makes the poor Soul run after him twenty times before he has Leiſure to put his Hand into his Pocket; at other Times no Body is more *faſhionably idle* than himſelf; and you may find him humming a Tune out of his Window, or jaunting from one Coffee-Houſe to another, in ſearch of Engagements. In ſhort, I know no Perſons in the World ſo remarkable for *prompt Payment* as our modern *Poets*, and other ingenious *Authors*, who always go with ready Money in their Hands; which they ſeem to do for this ſage Reaſon — *becauſe they know no Body cares to truſt them.*

I am obliged to a Book, intitled, *The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices publick Benefits*, for another good Argument in Defence of my Clients in this particular, which is contained in this following Paradox, (*viz.*) *That if every Body paid his Debts* honeſtly, *a great many* honeſt *Men would be ruined:* For, as it is learned-

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ly argued in the aforeſaid Book, that we are indebted to particular private Vices for the flouriſhing Condition and Welfare of the Publick; and as, if Luxury ceaſed, great Part of our Commerce would ceaſe with it; and if the *Reformation of Manners* ſhould ſo far prevail as to aboliſh Fornication, Multitudes of Surgeons would be ruined; ſo, if every Body ſhould grow honeſt and pay his Debts willingly, what would become of the long Robe and *Weſtminſter-hall?* I ſhall leave this Conſideration with thoſe whom it may concern, and paſs to another Objection againſt *great Men*, which is the weightieſt of them all; namely, their accepting of Places and Penſions from the Crown. I readily agree with theſe Objectors, that it would be much better for the Nation, if the King would be pleaſed to have no Miniſters at all, but do all his Buſineſs and dreſs his Dinner himſelf. This would certainly be the moſt effectual Method to leſſen our Taxes, and pay off the publick Debts: Or, in caſe he does not care to undertake ſo much Buſineſs himſelf, let him turn away the preſent Sett of Miniſters, and put the Truſt into other Hands, and I'll warrant you Things would be much eaſier. But while great Men have all the Places, and we are forced to work for our Bread, how can it be expected that People will not complain.

But is it not very unreaſonable to hear a Taylor or a Shoemaker railing at the Miniſtry, and calling all Men in Places bribed and corrupted; at the ſame time that he is himſelf,

with

with great Induſtry, and an hundred little underhand Practices, making Intereſt to be Church-warden or Overſeer, that he may have the fingering of Publick Money, and play over the Tricks of State in a lower Sphere? And yet what is more common than to ſee this? Or where are Factions, private Intereſts, Corruptions and Cabals more commonly carried on to obtain Offices of Truſt and Profit, than in Colleges of both our *Univerſities*? And yet where is there more clamour, grumbling and preaching againſt their Superiors, for the like Practices?—— I mention this to ſhew, that the old Proverb, *Set a Whore to catch a Whore*, may be obſerved to be true thro' all Stations of Life.

But, methinks, of all People, our common Hackney Writers have the leaſt Reaſon to rail againſt Penſions and Penſioners; ſince it is plain that they are Penſioners themſelves in the moſt abandoned Manner. Is it not very merry to hear the profound Journaliſts weekly exclaiming againſt being the Hirelings of a Court, and doing the dirty Jobbs of a Miniſtry (which indeed are infamous enough!) whilſt they are palpably Penſioners of the Multitude, and get a skulking Livelihood by writing to the Taſte of Porters and Carmen? A mercenary Spirit is not to be juſtify'd in any Man, or upon any Occaſion; but certainly it is full as honeſt, and ſomewhat more creditable, to be the mercenary Inſtruments of a Court, than of an ignorant Rabble.

There is one Complaint more againſt the preſent great Men; which, if it be true, even their Apologiſt cannot juſtify them in; I mean the Neglect and Diſregard of all their Friends under Misfortunes and Proſecutions upon their Account. I have often heard this urged againſt them; but it ſeems ſo romantick an Accuſation, ſo inconſiſtent with their own private Intereſt, (even ſuppoſing them not to have a Grain of publick Honeſty left) and ſo oppoſite to the Conduct of all great Men before them, that I have not Faith enough to believe it. I thank God I never had the Trial of 'em my ſelf upon ſuch an Occaſion; and hope never to ſee an Inſtance of it in any other, it being certainly the moſt melancholly Caſe in the World, to be violently proſecuted by one Party, purely upon a Party Account, and tamely deſerted by the other.

Of THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

IF I might be allowed a little Suſpenſion of more ſerious Thinking, I would beg my Readers Attention to ſome Account which I have to communicate concerning the gay Part of Mankind, but more particularly, the Stage, and the Lovers of that manly Diverſion.

I am ſorry to ſay, that the Managers of both Houſes have enter'd into a Confederacy to ruin a Sett of inoffenſive harmleſs Fellows, I mean, thoſe Authors and Actors of portable Pieces of Drollery, the Raree-ſhow Men; and am concerned to think, that Men whom the World allows to have no Religion, ſhould have it in their Power to marr the Endeavours of others, who have ſuffered Perſecution for theirs, and are, by the Voice of our Legiſlature, pronounced to be good Proteſtants and natural Subjects.

This is principally owing to the Manager of the *New Houſe*. I won't pretend to aſſign a Cauſe for ſo ungenerous a Proceeding of his; but it is to me a ſtrong Reaſon to ſuſpect him tainted with *Jacobitiſm*.

I confeſs this is the only Way I have found of accounting for thoſe prodigious Phænomena, which of late have appeared on our Stages; tho' ſome People who have Faith in Prophecy think they portend Deſtruction to Poetry, and Downfal to Wit, while others more ſuperſtitious, attribute their Appearance to Miracle, and ſay, that Comedy having received foul Play from ſome about her, died a little ſuſpiciouſly, and ever ſince her Ghoſt haunts in thoſe diſmal Shapes the Place in which ſhe was murder'd. If it be ſo, I know of no Conjuror qualified to lay the dreadful Goblin, tho' I hope Doctor *Fauſtus* may do ſomething.

If I knew under what Species of the Drama to rank theſe new Whims, I would entertain you with a Criticiſm upon them; but neither

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle nor *Horace* can inform me: However, my Landlord, who is a Wit by Accident, and a Joiner by Profeſſion, has given me ſome Light into the Myſtery. I find by his Diſcourſe, that he had a great Hand in compoſing the famous *Opera* of *Jupiter* and *Europa*; nay, his Vanity often hints, that the wittieſt Things in it were entirely his: From him I learn'd, that the Reaſon why *Mercury* and others of the Gods were not burleſqued in that Entertainment, as *Jupiter* and the Majority were, was pure Zeal for the Chriſtian Religion, and that the Author thought the beſt Way to bring the Pagans and the Poets into Contempt, was to make ſome of their Firſt-rate Gods keep very ſcurvy Company: He told me a Number of other idle Stories; but none with ſo much Warmth, as when he railed againſt the Joiner, who works for the other Houſe, for ſtealing the ſame Conceit, and out-doing it by introducing a Crowd of Deities into *Doctor Fauſtus*, and that Way mimicking the Cataſtrophe of a Puppet ſhew.

This noble Emulation between the Two Houſes, recalls to my Mind a Paſſage that happened in a City, where I ſpent a Winter ſome few Years ago. There was in Town a Company of Comedians, who now and then play'd with tolerable Profit and Applauſe, till unluckily for them arrived in Town another Shew-Maſter, with a Company of ſtrolling Puppets: Upon his beginning to act, War was declared, and during the Seaſon ſeveral Hoſtilities were committed on both Sides, but the

Victory

Victory ſeemed to incline to the Puppets: They had ſuch a pleaſant way of mimicking the Actors, and burleſquing them at the ſame Time, that all the Town gave the Cauſe for them: This enraged the other to ſuch a Degree, that they were reſolved to make Repriſals, and accordingly took up a Whim of mimicking the Puppet in their Voice, Geſture and Wit; which they performed ſo well, that they recovered their Fame, and crowned the Seaſon with the Glory of having foil'd their Adverſaries in theſe Feats of Stupidity, and excell'd the Wooden Actors in their own Way.

To be a little ſerious; if Affairs go on at this Rate, the Poet and the Player will become uſeleſs Things, while the Joiner, the Dragon-maker and Poſture-Maſter run away with all the Credit and Profit. How far the Intereſt of the Actors are ſtruck at, is plain from a Deſign which I hear is form'd of making theſe wretched Interludes the ſole Entertainment of one of our Theatres. What the good Actors have to apprehend, will only appear to thoſe, who know that the Perſons who acted the Parts of the *Bull* and *Dragon* in the two late Pieces of Mummery, (which two Parts all the Criticks allow to be the beſt written of the Whole) are upon that Occaſion diſpenſed with from their uſual Employments of Candle-ſnuffing.

I can't but obſerve, that in the new Entertainment, tho' the *Dragon* has much the Advantage of the old one, yet the *Devil* is far inferior, as being a Perſon of no Honour in the World, the firſt Thing he performs being

a Breach of Promiſe to the Doctor; though I have heard ſeveral ingenious Perſons in his Excuſe ſay, that therein conſiſts the Moral of the Farce; it may be ſo, but I can conceive none unleſs it be allowed, as ſome others give out, that he learned thoſe Tricks from the Author; and then indeed, a notable one will ariſe, to wit: *Evil Communication corrupts good Manners.*

Of the TRAGEDY *of* HUMPHREY *Duke of* GLOUCESTER.

THE Town has been lately obliged with a Dramatick Performance, in which the honeſt Spirit of an *Engliſh* Poet againſt Popery, and all its Adherents, is very conſpicuouſly and boldly diſcovered: I believe I need not trouble my Readers with any other Apology for the following Obſervations upon that excellent Tragedy.

I deſign to do this, without taking upon my ſelf the Air of a Critick, and without examining nicely into the Conduct of the *Drama*, the Unities of Time and Place, or any other of the Mechanical Parts of Writing; but ſhall conſult the Paſſions, and point out ſuch Sentiments as, I think, ought to warm the Heart of every good *Engliſhman*. I do not take this

Method, becauſe I think that Mr. *Philips*'s Play will not bear a more critical Examination, but becauſe this has always been my Method of judging of theſe Performances; and I freely declare, that I had rather ſee one Play which abounds with nervous Senſe and bold Thoughts, even though the *Dramatical* Rules were but indifferently obſerved, than a Thouſand cold languid ones, written with all the Propriety in the World.

The Two chief Characters in this Play are *Humphry* Duke of *Glouceſter*, and Cardinal *Beaufort* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, between whom there is an admirable Contraſte drawn, the former being an able and honeſt Politician, the latter a wicked, turbulent and ambitious Prelate; ſo that the monſtrous Vices of the One brighten and ſet off the inimitable Virtues of the Other. I have not heard any Objections made againſt the Poet for drawing the *Duke* ſo good a *Man*, but abundance for making the *Cardinal* ſo bad; whereas all Hiſtory ſets him in the ſame bad Light, and mentions him in the ſame infamous Manner. What is the Reaſon of ſuch Objections, or who are the Authors of them, I ſhall not at preſent enquire; but ſince it is ſo, I will ſay no more of the *Duke* (who is tacitly confeſſed to be juſtly drawn) but confine my ſelf to the *Cardinal*, and ſhew, by ſeveral Paſſages in this Play, that he is drawn conſiſtent with the Character of a *Popiſh* or *High-Church* Prelate.

The firſt Place where the Cardinal appears, is in the ſecond Scene of the firſt Act, in which he

he prevaricates with the Earl of *Warwick* about the falſe Accuſation laid againſt the Duke's Wife, for conſpiring the *Death* of the King by *Sorcery* and *Witchcraft*, pretending that he had no Hand in that Charge; upon which, in the third Scene, *Warwick* breaks out into this excellent Soliloquy:

Farewel, Hypocriſy and Pride! grey Hairs
And griping Hands!—ambitious, harſh and dreadful
Ev'n to thy Friends—what a Diſgrace, that Men,
That Kings *ſhould ſtand in awe of ſuch a Pageant,*
A Shew of Sanctity trick'd up in Scarlet?
Believe in Sorcery; —— *No, Cardinal,*
Thy Wit is not ſo dull—What have the Laity
To do with Faculties they dare not uſe?
Reaſon, in us, is carnal—Beaſts that we are,
To ſuffer Rome *to ſhackle our free Thoughts,*
And fool our very Senſes.

In the eight Scene of the ſame Act, the Duke of *Glouceſter* is introduced with his Dutcheſs, bewailling the Sentence paſſed upon her by the Church, upon the Pretence beforementioned. Upon which the Duke exclaims thus,

Audacious Prelates! Miniſters of Rome!
Moſt wicked Agents to the infernal Foe!
But I defy your infamous Tribunal,
Upheld by Frauds and ſuperſtitious Fears! —

Are there not Crimes ſufficient in the World;
But you muſt raiſe fantaſtick Treſpaſſes,
And tyrannize by Fables?—foul Deluſions!

In the ſecond Scene of the ſecond Act, the Duke upbraids his Uncle the Cardinal with the Treatment of his Wife; upon which the Cardinal ſpeaks thus,

Beau. *Was ſhe not ſentenced by due Courſe of Law?*
Though ſentenc'd ſhort — far ſhort of her Demerits.

The Duke replies,

Glouc. *Her whole Demerits are, that in Religion*
She reaſons more perhaps than you allow:
Perhaps rejects, as frivolous and vain,
What Churchmen teach of Witchcraft and of Spells.

Again in the ſame Scene,

Audacious Prieſt!—unworthy of the Garb
Of holy Men: Unhallowed by thy Life;
The Scandal of the Church;—a VIPER in the STATE! —
Thou Reprobate! doſt Thou preſume to cenſure?
Malice, Hypocriſy, Avarice and Pride,
And Turbulency *and* Ambition *——— and*
Leud Deſires (the Infamy of Age!)
Pollute thy ſacred Dignity and ſtain thy Robes:——

In

In the next Scene follows this Soliloquy,

Away!—I would not learn from Thee!
Thou temperate Villain; in Unforgiveneſs cool;
Who putteſt a Gloſs of Sanctity on Malice,
And ſeem'ſt to weep, and ſeem'ſt to pray, for thoſe
Thou would'ſt deſtroy———

In the ſecond Scene of the third Act, the Queen ſpeaks thus diſdainfully of her great Favourite the Cardinal,

——We muſt join with Glouceſter;
Ask his Forgiveneſs: — and renounce this Cardinal,
This wily, this moſt inauſpicious Prieſt;——
But, 'tis the Curſe of wild ambitious Churchmen
Ever to Plot, and never to ſucceed!

In the ſame Scene the Cardinal deſies the *Parliament* in theſe Words.

Beau. *Let them* attaint——*We ſhall appeal to* Rome.

In the eleventh Scene of this Act, he ſpeaks thus to *Warwick*, who threatned to call him to Account for ill-adviſing the King.

Beau. *Raſh Boy, thy Menaces riſe ſhort of me,*
Who move within a Sphere, exalted high
Above thy Lay-Condition!

The Earl of *Warwick* ends this Act very pathetically, in theſe Words:

Warwick ſolus.

Proud—and rich Cardinal—No wonder thou
art proud;
Thy Order can be proud *and* poor: *In Shew*
Moſt humble; in Heart moſt arrogant—— the
Monk
That asks an Alms, is a proud, lazy Varlet.—
Fie upon this Mockery!——
O, might I live to bleſs the happy Day,
When Rome *no more uſurps tyrannick Sway!*
Or, that deny'd; may our Deſcendants ſee
The Land throughout, from Superſtition free,
With Kings, who fill an independent *Throne,*
And know no Pow'r ſupreme, beſides their own.

In the ſecond Scene of the fourth Act, we meet with *Beaufort* again diſſembling with the Duke of *York*, and feigning a great Reſpect for his Nephew the Duke of *Glouceſter*, particularly on Account of the *Ties of Blood*, which gives Occaſion to this juſt and beautiful Reply.

York. *The Ties of Blood!* — *No*, Wincheſter,
the Prieſthood,
To Celibacy vow'd, are dead to all Endear-
ments—

What

What Ties have you? —— Nor conjugal, nor
filial Love,
Nor Brotherhood nor Parents Griefs or Joys,
Nor Friendſhip's generous Flame, nor Sympa-
thies
Of any Kind, affect your Hearts ———
Beau. —— *Forbear,*
I muſt not hear you thus inveigh againſt
Your Spiritual Guides.
York, *Our mercileſs Oppreſſors! ——*
In all your Intereſts ſever'd from the People,
Of worldly Wealth, and Pomp, and Power, you would
Engroſs the whole; and leave to us, the Cares,
The Servitude, the Penury of Life:
Giving us empty Benedictions, in Exchange
For the ſubſtantial Bleſſings you enjoy.

In the ſeventh Scene of the ſame Act, we meet with this ſeaſonable Obſervation out of the Mouth of the Earl of *Salisbury*.

——— When Treaſons, manifeſt,
Are ſo contriv'd (as Treaſons often are)
That they defy the Force of written Laws;
Or when the Wealth, or Dignity of Traitors,
Sets them above the Reach of common Juſtice;
ATTAINDERS are the Refuge of the State.

In the tenth Scene, the ſame worthy *Salisbury* ſpeaks of *Beaufort* in this manner,

——— Nor muſt he hold
A Seat in Parliament —— for what have we

To do with Cardinals, *whoſe whole Allegiance*
The See of Rome *uſurp*———

In the ſeventh Scene of the laſt Act, when he is charg'd by *York* and *Warwick* with murdering the Duke, he replies in the modern Cant,

And ſhall the Church, you wound through me,
not cenſure!
O Religion!———

Again, in the tenth Scene, *Warwick* tells him;

Nothing thy Soul abhors, but Truth and Virtue!

In the ſame Scene, when he is told that the Ruffians, whom he employ'd, have confeſs'd the Facts, he breaks out into this Exclamation,

Daring Impiety!——— *Where will it end,*
When holy Dignities are vilify'd?———

Salisbury returns;

Preſuming Inſolence of Rome's *Authority!*
You think, that with Impunity you may
Offend againſt the Civil *Pow'r.*

This is the Character which Mr. *Philips* has drawn of Cardinal *Beaufort*; and I will appeal to all unprejudic'd and unbigotted People, whether it is not the Character which Hiſtory delivers down; whether it is not the natural

natural Character of an ambitious Popiſh Prelate; and I hope we ought not to blame the Author's Addreſs, if under this Character he has couch'd an *Allegory*, and (as the Proverb ſays) *killed two Birds with one Stone*. I know there are ſome Perſons who are ſo nice, that they cannot hear an ill Clergyman deſcribed (though with the greateſt Regard to Truth) without a thouſand Fears for the *Church*, and Apprehenſions for Religion: But I deſpiſe ſuch vain Superſtition; and if there lives in this Iſland any Prelate who reſembles that antient one, in his Pride, Ambition, Turbulency and Rancour; one who is (as Mr *Philips* deſcribes him) a *Scandal to the Church*, and a *Viper in State*; I ſhall rejoice, for the Honour of Religion, to ſee him treated as his Iniquities deſerve.

You ſee, Reader, that I have confined myſelf in this Letter to the Character of the Cardinal; but I cannot conclude, without acknowledging the Satisfaction I received from ſeveral other Parts of the Play, particularly thoſe two excellent Scene's where *Beaufort* attends the Murder of the good Duke, and that where he dies diſtracted with Remorſe, which are above any Commendation.

Of METHOD *in* WRITING.

TIS moſt certain that they have very good Grounds who make the Obſervation, That the too ſtrict and over-ſcrupulous Care of Connexions renders the modern Compoſitions oftentimes tedious and flat. And by the Omiſſion of them, it ſeems to me, that thoſe noble Remains of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, and the Reflections of the excellent Monſieur *Paſchal*, are two of the moſt uſeful and entertaining Books which Antiquity, or the later Ages has produced: This is copying after Nature herſelf. Thus, as a moſt ingenious Author expreſſes it, a Meadow where the Beauties of the Spring are profuſely blended together, makes a more delightful Proſpect, than a curious *Parterre* of ſorted Flowers in our Gardens; and we are more tranſported with the Beauty of the Heavens, and Admiration of their Creator, in a clear Night, when we behold Stars of all Magnitudes promiſcuouſly moving together, than if thoſe glorious Lights were ranked in their ſeveral Orders, or reduced into the fineſt Geometrical Figures.

When

When that wiſe and great Emperor obſerves, *That the Buſineſs of Mankind is ſtrangely trifling and tranſient*; *Things*, ſays he, *are ſo hollow, and ſo quickly hurried off, that the World looks ſomewhat like a Scene of Necromancy, and ſeems to be more Apparition than real Life*: He does not ſpin out his Subject to its utmoſt Length; but leaves it ſo, that we may apply to his Manner of Writing what my Lord *Roſcommon* ſays upon another Occaſion.

The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line,
Drawn to French Wire, wou'd thro' whole Pages ſhine.

This Way does not hinder his reſuming the ſame Subject, or ſomething very near it, at another Time: As when he ſays in another Place with that (*Brevitas Imperialis*) Imperial Brevity, which *Pliny* the younger ſo juſtly admires in *Trajan*, *That the Extent of human Life is but a Point*; *that the Faculties of Senſe and Perception are weak and unpenetrating*; *the Body ſlenderly put together, and but a Remove from Putrefaction*; *the Soul a rambling ſort of Thing*. Man is indeed compounded of Appetites inconſiſtent with each other, and of jarring Inclinations: It ſeems not improbable that we are the loweſt Degree of rational Creatures, of a Nature between Angels and Beaſts, lying open to Depredations of various Kinds, and harraſs'd by the Excitements of Senſe, and the Suggeſtions of Reaſon; for Human Nature, like a Frontier Country, is almoſt always the Seat of War. But to proceed. This

This Manner of Writing does not ariſe from thinking ſuperficially, and lightly touching the Surface of Things; there is a great deal of Difference between thinking more than you write, and writing all that you think. If I were asked this Queſtion, Why does a Man ſpend ſo many Hours of his Time in thinking, and to ſo little Purpoſe? My Anſwer would be, That no doubt it is for want of a Method to regulate the Thoughts, and from a Weakneſs in the Mind, whereby we are unable to fix them long on a Subject; for few Peoples Minds have Strength enough to continue with a ſteady Intention upon one Subject: There is an Agility in the Body, which is a Proof of its Strength; but there is an Activity in the Mind, which is a Sign of its Weakneſs; as we ſee little Children run, when they have not Strength enough to walk ſlowly. If the Aſſertion be true, That Mankind are all equal in the chief Endowments and Privileges of Nature, it ſeems probable, that the Differences which appear between the Capacities of Men, does not ariſe from the Inequality of Reaſon, but from a different Method in the Uſe and Application of Reaſon, and from the various Nature of the Subjects upon which it is imploy'd.

Of SUICIDE.

AS there is not a Nation in *Europe* in which *Self-Murder* is ſo frequent as in our own, it is a melancholly Conſideration that there can be no Methods found out ſufficient to deter us from this deteſtable Practice, and to prevent the Miſchiefs that generally enſue from thence to our Friends, Relations, and Families.

Men indeed, that thro' Troubles and Diſappointments, thro' real Misfortunes, or a natural Sourneſs and Diſſatisfaction in their own Tempers, are grown into a Diſtaſte of Life, and weary of themſelves and the World, are not to be bound and ty'd down by the ſame Laws and Reſtraints that uſually influence others: It is the Fear of Puniſhment only that can keep us in any Order or Obedience Human Nature is too perverſe, baſe and untractable, to be ſubdued by gentler or more reaſonable Means, and therefore it muſt of Neceſſity be a Matter of the greateſt Difficulty (as well as of the utmoſt Importance and Concern) to put a Stop to an Evil of this ſort, the very perpetrating of which renders all Laws that Men can contrive againſt it, vain and ineffectual.

The

The Condition of humane Life, it muſt be acknowledged, is none of the moſt elligible; the Variety of Ills and Calamities that even the beſt State of it is ſubject to; the Shortneſs and Uncertainty of its Duration; the Weakneſs of our Reaſon; the Want of Fortitude to ſupport ourſelves under the leaſt Pain or Affliction; the Extravagance, the Impetuoſity of our Paſſions; the Diſorders they occaſion in us, and the little Satisfaction we find in the Enjoyment of them, are ſufficient Teſtimonies of the Truth of this Aſſertion: We are perpetually hurried away from one Extream to another; all our Happineſs conſiſts in Novelty and the Deſire of Change; and provided we can but in any Circumſtance alter our Condition, we care not whether it be for the better or the worſe; we have not Judgment to diſcern our own Good, nor Reſolution enough to embrace it if we had; our boaſted Wiſdom and Abilities may ſerve to raiſe our Curioſity, but can never ſatisfy it: The Knowledge we have, only adds to our Unhappineſs, and 'tis a Misfortune to us that we know ſo much, ſince we cannot know more; it is chiefly Noiſe, Oſtentation, and Show, and the moſt that we can learn from it, are our own Infirmities and Weakneſſes.

Neither is the Remedy, conſider'd in itſelf, however it may be repreſented, worſe than the Diſeaſe: Upon due Reflection we ſhould find that the terrible Ideas which we are apt to form to our ſelves of Death, are only Phantoms of our own Imagination; that there is

no-

nothing in it ſo frightful or alarming but it may be looked upon with the greateſt Tranquillity and Indifference; Men may with Eaſe reaſon themſelves into a Contempt of it: If it were only a Diſſolution of this tranſitory and fantaſtick Being, only to be annihilated, to be deprived of our Exiſtence, it were no Evil, becauſe we ſhould not be ſenſible of the Loſs; had we no other Proſpects, no Hope of a happy Futurity in View: Were our Expectations, our Deſires, to terminate in this Life, the Vanity, the Folly, the Impertinence of it would juſtify the laying violent Hands upon ourſelves, and *to live* would be the moſt ſenſeleſs and idle Thing a wiſe Man could do; we ſhould wonder what our Errand here could be; it would in all Appearance be too trifling to keep us in Countenance in the Performance of it; and what the ancient Sage ſaid of the Prieſts of *Rome, That he was ſurpriſed that they who were ſo well acquainted with the Farce and holy Juggles of their Religion, could ſee one another without laughing*; might with vaſtly more Juſtice be apply'd to all Mankind in general: Is not Life itſelf a Farce more ridiculous than any other that we can act? Wherein does the Dignity of human Nature, the Superiority that we claim over other Creatures, diſcover itſelf, but in that Immortality which the Author of Nature has aſſured us from his own Mouth is peculiar to us alone? For the reſt, we are pretty much upon a Level with the other Works of the Almighty, and the Inſtinct of Brutes anſwers all the Purpoſes of living as

well

well and as fully as the Reaſon of Man; nay, perhaps, if the Matter was duly examined into, the Advantage would lie on their Side: Tho' their Enjoyments and Pleaſures may not be altogether ſo exquiſite as ours, they are, at the ſame time, free from all our Anxieties and Troubles.

Since therefore we ſhould be in a worſe Condition than the Brutes, or any other Animal, unleſs we were to have ſome Retribution in another World, it is no Wonder that Men ſhould become their own Murtherers, in proportion as the Belief of a future State leſſens in the Eſteem of the People; which it muſt neceſſarily do, when all Means that can be thought of, are taken to bring it into Contempt, and it is induſtriouſly inſinuated both in Diſcourſe and Writing to be only a Chimæra, or the Dream of ſome diſtempered Imagination. How prejudicial ſuch heterodox Opinions are to Society, what an Effect they have both upon the Morals and Actions of Men, let this one Article of *Suicide*, which ſeems to prevail among us in a greater Degree now than ever, be a Witneſs. Were we to have that juſt Senſe of another Life, and the Certainty of future Rewards and Puniſhments, which we are taught by the revealed Word of God himſelf to entertain, we ſhould readily perceive that we have not the Diſpoſal of ourſelves ſo abſolutely veſted in us, that it is in our Power to put an End to our Being without offending the Author of it in the higheſt Manner imaginable, whenever Spleen, Vexation,

tion, or the common Accidents of Life ſhall make us out of humour with it. It was certainly for the beſt and wiſeſt Ends that we were ſent upon a Pilgrimage into this World, tho' they may be paſt our finding out; however the whole Univerſe is as much a Myſtery as this; we ſee perfect Harmony, Beauty and Order in every Part of it, and yet the Deſign, the Reaſon for which it was created, is not poſſible to be gueſs'd at, at leaſt by Beings ſo imperfect, ſo ſhort in their intellectual Faculties, as we ſeem to be. This conſidered, ought not we to leave complaining, and be contented with our Condition here, to bear with Chearfulneſs and Patience all the Calamities and Afflictions that are the undoubted Portion of this Life, and are inſeparably annex'd to our very Nature; to deſiſt from our vain and uſeleſs Inquiries after Things which can never be known; to wait the Determinations of Providence, and to reſt intirely ſatisfy'd in the Aſſurance that in the End he will order every Thing for the beſt?

It is an Obſervation, which may perhaps have ſome Foundation in Truth, that *Suicide* has always been moſt in Requeſt among the moſt brave and ſenſible People; that both the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* were famous for it; and under any great Misfortune, or Diſgrace, believed it not only to be juſtifiable, but Praiſe-worthy: But then it ought to be conſider'd, that neither their Religion, nor the Laws of their Country, condemn'd it; nor did they apprehend any miſchievous Conſe-

quences

quences from it to the Community in general, ſince Self-Murther was confined almoſt wholly to their Heroes, Philoſophers, and Great Men, and ſeldom extended itſelf to any of inferiour Degree: But the Caſe with us is quite the Reverſe of this; this Evil in *England* reigns chiefly among the middling ſort of People, and conſequently may in time ſpread to ſuch a Degree, as to make it become univerſal, if proper Precautions are not taken againſt it. As for the Great Men of theſe Days, they cannot think themſelves unfortunate while they are in full Poſſeſſion of everything that can adminiſter to Eaſe, the Enjoyments and Pleaſures of Life. The whimſical and imaginary Diſtreſſes that ſo frequently gave Occaſion to the Heroes of Antiquity to deſtroy themſelves, can make no Impreſſion upon the Moderns; and while we have our Health, and Means wherewithall to indulge and gratify our Appetites, we have more Senſe than to diſquiet our ſelves with Evils of our own creating; the Poor, and thoſe afflicted with Pain and Diſeaſes, are in the preſent Way of Thinking (and indeed very juſtly,) the only Unhappy. Conſcious Virtue, and the Satisfaction that ariſes from a Life well-ſpent, are, without the Aſſiſtance of Religion, but indifferent Supports under the Preſſure of Hunger, Poverty, and Want; Human Nature muſt exert itſelf with all its Power to be able to ſuſtain ſo ſevere a Tryal; a juſt and reaſonable Dependance upon the Almighty, a perfect Reſignation to his Will, a

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firm Belief in having ample Recompence in another Life, for what we ſuffer in this, are the only Means to affect this, and in the greateſt Extremity of Grief, to make us look down with Diſdain upon a Remedy, which no Body is to be excuſed for making uſe of, but thoſe who never heard of any other.

Of INFIDELITY.

A Due Veneration for Religion, and a Principle of Morality and Virtue, are ſo neceſſary to the Peace and Order of Society, that if only the preſent Eaſe and Happineſs of Mankind, and what reſpected this Life, were to be conſidered, the People could not receive too ſtrong Impreſſions in their favour; nor be capable of making good Subjects nor valuable Members of any State or Commonwealth in the World, unleſs they had taken ſufficient Root in their Minds, and were in ſome Degree to influence them in every Action of their Lives.

Superſtition, *Error*, and *Enthuſiaſm*; the *Tricks*, *Impoſitions*, and *Tyranny* of *Prieſts*; the *Heaps* of *Holy Rubbiſh*; the *Bigotry*, *Nonſenſe*, and *Impoſture*, which ſome of our ſagacious Moderns have endeavoured, with ſo much Zeal and Induſtry, to diſcover and publickly expoſe in the Religion of their Country; are undoubtedly, if their Allegations be juſt, great Grievances, and will highly deſerve to be redreſſed whenever the Times and Circumſtances of Affairs ſhall admit: But nevertheleſs theſe ingenious and diſcerning Gentlemen would do well to conſider, before ſuch a thing

thing were attempted, whether the rooting out theſe Evils might not introduce worſe; whether it were not better, for the ſake of Peace and Quiet, and the good Government of the World, that Men ſhould be even *Bigots*, than *Atheiſts*; and then, if the taking away from a Religion, its *Myſteries*, *Creeds*, *Articles* of *Faith*, and *Ceremonies*, ſuppoſing them to be no more than mere human Inventions, and endeavouring to bring its *Prieſthood* into Contempt, is not the ready way to make them ſo?

I am ſenſible that at preſent there cannot be a more opprobrious Name than Bigot; and Bigottry indeed, in the common Acceptation of the Word, is the Bane of all Religion: and beſides innumerable other Evils, is ſometimes the Occaſion even of Atheiſm itſelf. Thus in *Italy*, and other Countries, where it moſt abounds, the better Sort of People are almoſt all *Atheiſts*, eſpecially the *Religious*, and ſuch as are in *Holy Orders*, who, we may preſume, are beſt acquainted with the Juggle. It is natural for Men to run from one Extreme into the other, and when they find their own Religion too fooliſh and abſurd for their Belief, without troubling themſelves to examine further into the Matter, they generally conclude it to be the ſame with all the reſt, and ſo give Credit to none. It is therefore no wonder that the *Italians* ſhould be the moſt vicious and profligate People in *Europe*: there can be no moral Virtue and Goodneſs where Religion has loſt its Efficacy and Eſteem,

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which it muſt always do among Men of Senſe, when it is turned into Farce, or ſupported by Violence and Perſecution. For this Reaſon the publick Worſhip of a Country ought to be as decent, rational, and ſimple as poſſible; much *Pomp*, *Ceremony*, and *Show*, never in any reſpect anſwer the End for which they were deſigned: For as they evidently tend to make the better Sort *Athieſts*, ſo on the contrary, they never fail to ſeize the Imagination of the Vulgar in ſuch a manner, as always to leave a ſtrong Tincture of *Superſtition* and *Enthuſiaſm* behind them; they ſtrike too deep an Impreſſion upon weak Minds, and, inſtead of raiſing in them a better Spirit of Devotion, occaſion them to be gloomy, moroſe, full of vain and fantaſtick Terrors, diſqualify them in a great meaſure for the Buſineſs of this Life, and amuſe and deceive them with falſe and romantick Ideas of the next.

Nevertheleſs *Superſtition*, in its worſt Conſequences, is not ſo prejudicial to Religion as *Infidelity* is; tho' the former may render it generally ineffectual and contemptible to the *Beaux Eſprits* and more Refined Spirits of the Age, (to whom, by the way, 'tis great Odds but it had been ſo however) yet it has not quite ſo ill an Effect upon the *Rabble*; it ſtill ſerves to keep them orderly and in awe, which could never be done under the Reſtraint of mere human Laws only. *Superſtition*, 'tis true, makes the People, among whom it prevails, for the moſt part, degenerate, inactive, ſervile, mean-ſpirited, and unfit even for the ordinary

Affairs

Affairs and Offices of Life; but then, on the other Hand, it uſually keeps them quiet, content, peaceable, obedient, and in due Submiſſion to the Government under which they live: If they will do nothing to promote the Grandeur and Proſperity of their Country, they will never attempt to diſturb its Repoſe; if they want Spirit and Bravery, or a Capacity for great Undertakings, they will not, however, be mutinous, factious, or unruly; if they cannot be great and powerful, they may nevertheleſs be happy and quiet.

However, we ought not to take it for granted, that every thing is *Bigotry* and *Superſtition* which the *Wits* and *Free-Thinkers* are pleaſed to make themſelves merry with under that Denomination; for when they are in this Vein of Pleaſantry and Good-humour, they will not ſcruple to deride any thing that wears the Face of Religion; the *Holy Scripture* will eſcape no better with them than the *Alcoran* of *Mahomet*; and the *Doctrine* of the *Trinity*, the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and the *Miracles* of our *Saviour* (if it be no Offence to call him ſo) are Matter of as much Mirth to them at ſuch a time, as the *Tricks* and *Juggles* of the *Prieſts*, the *Divine Right* of *Tythes*, or the *Danger* of the *Church*: and they deal about their Satyr as freely againſt the *Revelations* of *God*, as the *Inventions* of *Men*; nor will ever be brought to diſtinguiſh between what is *ſacred*, and what is really *ridiculous*. They ſcoff at the Story of *Ghoſts* and *Apparitions* the better to deſtroy the Belief of a *future State*,

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and endeavour to remove the Apprehenſions of them from the Minds of the Rabble, only becauſe they imagine that in ſome meaſure they may promote the Cauſe of Religion: For if our Religion did in reality abound with as many Errors and Abſurdities as they can poſſible charge it with, every Body ought not to be let into the Knowledge of it. It is neceſſary upon all accounts for their own ſakes as well as ours, that the common People ſhould be kept ignorant in theſe Matters; and if there are any Abuſes crept into the Religion of their Country, they ought by all Means to be concealed from them, unleſs they could be immediately reformed as ſoon as known.

It has not been deny'd but *Superſtition* is the Parent of many Miſchiefs, and, next to *Infidelity*, of all Evils is the worſt; and yet with Submiſſion to our *profound Adepts* in *Religion* and *Politicks*, whoſe main Drift it ſeems to be to introduce *one* under colour of exclaiming againſt the *other*, it would be wrong to attempt the rooting out the former, if it were to give the leaſt Encouragement to the latter. *Infidelity*, were it generally to prevail, could poſſibly end in nothing but *Anarchy* and a Diſſolution of all *Government*; ſo that it certainly would be better to have but an indifferent Religion, or even a bad one, than none at all: *Religion* is the Pillar of *Government*, it ſuſtains and ſupports it, and therefore if that be taken away, the Superſtructure muſt of Courſe fall to the Ground.

Whatever Faults theſe Authors may find in our Religion, no Body ought to be acquainted with it, except thoſe that can diſcover it of themſelves; and they are generally more prudent than to communicate it to others, unleſs they have likewiſe catch'd the Itch of Scribbling; and a Pen in the Hand of ſuch a Perſon is as dangerous as a Sword in that of a Madman: They know little, and therefore will believe nothing, and are almoſt as ignorant as they are poſitive and dogmatical; they read *Machiavel* and *Hobbes* as School-Boys do their Leſſon, and almoſt get them by Rote without once apprehending their Meaning; they produce their Authorities for Principles, which thro' all their Writings they have oppoſed, and pretend to prove from them ridiculous and new-fangled Opinions of their own: They make a Jeſt of all Virtue and Religion, becauſe they ſomewhere have heard that thoſe Authors have done the ſame; and at the very time that they are telling us in their Papers, that Man is of himſelf baſe, ſelfiſh, treacherous, deceitful; and, in a Word, a Compound of Vice and Folly, they are for utterly aboliſhing all Religion, which, if he is as bad a Creature as they aſſert, is the only thing that can poſſibly keep him within any Bounds or Moderation, or oblige him to lay the leaſt Reſtraint upon his wild Luſts and Appetites. What Purpoſe does all this anſwer? What can theſe pernicious and profligate Writers have in View, in thus creating Diſtruſt and Doubts in Men's Minds, and ſetting them at Variance

with one another? Tho' they may become the Idols of the Mob by this Means, yet it makes them the Jeſt and Contempt of Men of Senſe; and themſelves and their Writings are equally the Objects of Averſion and Scorn; their lewd and diſſolute Lives are the beſt Recommendation that can be of their Doctrines, and *one* can't fail to ſet forth in a proper Light and illuſtrate the *other*; eſpecially if they ſhould continue, as they have begun, to indulge themſelves in a full Liberty of *acting*, *ſpeaking*, and *writing* in open Defiance of all Laws, and even of the Rules of Civility and common Decency.

Of PUBLICK SPORTS.

IT has been a Maxim among all great and wiſe Nations to promote and encourage, as much as poſſible, all kinds of *publick Sports* and *Diverſions*; the Advantages that ariſe from them to a State, the Benefit they are of to all Degrees of People, the right Purpoſes they may be made to ſerve in dangerous and troubleſome Times, have generally been ſo well known to thoſe who have had the Direction of Affairs in their Hands, that the Men in Power have ſeldom permitted them to ſuffer any thing from the Reſentments and Cenſures of their Adverſaries, notwithſtanding the

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Zeal and Violence with which they have always been oppos'd by *narrow-ſpirited* and *ignorant Reformers*, who either thro' Malice, want of Senſe, or ſome other *ſecret Reaſon*, that they have not car'd to own, have been for aboliſhing all *publick Aſſemblies* and *Entertainments*, of what Nature ſoever, (hopeful Project!) as Nurſeries of *Lewdneſs and Debauchery*.

It were indeed to be wiſh'd that the Project, for a general *Reformation of Manners*, which was begun ſome Years ago, and carry'd on for a little while with all poſſible Vigour and Application, had been as eaſily feaſible as it was well deſign'd: Virtue, Integrity, Honeſty, and Simplicity of Manners, were they univerſally to prevail, would certainly procure many Bleſſings to a Nation, which otherwiſe it muſt be in a good Meaſure a Stranger to: Order, Frugality, Fair-dealing, Juſtice and Love between Man and Man; Induſtry and Submiſſion to our Superiours, are without doubt more to be eſteem'd than all the ſenſual Enjoyments that Wealth or Grandeur can bring along with them. The Splendor, the Luxury of the Great and Rich, their Vices and Follies, their ſumptuous and coſtly Buildings, Food and Apparel, tho' it muſt be acknowledg'd that by theſe Means they keep the Poor employ'd, and promote Trade and Manufactures; yet we ſhould nevertheleſs pay too dear for any Advantages that might flow from their Extravagancies, if it were to be at the Expence of our Virtue or our Morals. How-

ever, as Human Nature is created in too great Subjection to its Appetites and Inclinations, to free itſelf intirely from their Controul, it is to be feared, and daily Experience confirms us in it, that all Endeavours to this End will yield no other Satisfaction to the Authors, than what ariſes from the Applauſe of good and virtuous Men: Vanity, Pride, Profuſeneſs, violent and inordinate Deſires are almoſt inſeparable from Health, Eaſe, and Abundance: We are not ſo much in our own Power, as to be able to lay what Reſtraint we pleaſe upon ourſelves; and therefore provided Crimes of a more flagitious Kind are puniſhed with Severity and Rigour, it will become the Wiſdom of a Nation to ſuffer thoſe which ſpring only from the ordinary Frailties of our Nature to eſcape with Impunity.

Beſides, it would be fond to imagine that human Laws could effect a Reformation, which the *Chriſtian Religion* itſelf has left unaccompliſh'd; the divine Author of the Univerſe knew too well that either we muſt be endow'd with another Being, or our Nature muſt be new-moulded, before we could arrive at ſuch a State of Perfection; it was not his Deſign we ſhould do ſo in this Life; our Paſſions, our Deſires, our Appetites, fantaſtick and fooliſh as they may appear to be, were notwithſtanding given us for the wiſeſt Ends, and not only them, but even our Vices too, if I might be allowed to ſay it, are in ſome Meaſure neceſſary to our Exiſtence: To be otherwiſe or better than we are at preſent, we muſt

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ceaſe to be Men; our Infirmities and Follies are work'd into our very Frame and Conſtitution, and may be too the one is no more under our Direction than the other. This conſider'd, it is plain that it can be no Offence in the Sight of God, for any State or Country, for juſt and prudential Reaſons, to indulge the People in the Enjoyment of ſuch Liberties and Pleaſures, which tho' perhaps they may not be exactly conformable to the ſtricteſt and niceſt Rules of Morality that are laid down by the Caſuiſts for us to walk by; yet they are perfectly ſo to human Nature, and can be attended with no ill Conſequences, or at leaſt, if they are, with none which may not prevent Evils of a worſe kind. It very frequently happens, that too ſtrong Reſtrictions, too rigid and ſevere a Diſcipline, are the Occaſion of more fatal and terrible Miſchiefs than thoſe that they are deſign'd to guard againſt. While Men have Appetites, as has been hinted already, they will, in proportion to the Degree and Violence of them, run all Risks and Hazards, break thro' all Laws and Reſtraints to gratify them, if there cannot be Means found out for them to do it at an eaſier Rate.

Were therefore all publick Aſſemblies or Diverſions to be prohibited, which however in a City of any Conſideration would be as well a very dangerous as difficult Expedient, it would not tend in the leaſt to the ſuppreſſing of Vice and Immorality: Vice is not confin'd to one Place more than another; *Convents* and *Cloyſters* are as much the Seat of

Lewdneſs and Iniquity, as *Play-houſes* and *Ridottos*; and, if Report ſays true, exceed the latter infinitely in the Foulneſs and Blackneſs of the Kind. Confinement, Abſence from Company, and the Methods that are uſually taken to preſerve the Chaſtity of Virgins, are ever ineffectual, and not ſeldom fatal; they are Nurſeries for looſe and wanton Thoughts and Deſires, which Liberty, proper Recreations and Pleaſures might have diverted. Freedom and Mirth are not ſuch formidable Enemies to the Fair Sex, as Melancholly, Gloom, and the Spleen; and therefore ought not only to be indulg'd in them, but encourag'd. I would not be thought an Advocate for Vice and Debauchery, nor can I believe that every Aſſembly of the Gay, the Faſhionable, and the Young, is juſtly to be charged with promoting theſe Enormities, however it may lie under that infamous Imputation: But to affirm, as ſome have done, that the Corruption and Degeneracy of the Times are owing to a Dancing or a Ball, (tho' it ſhould continue after Midnight) is of a Piece with the reſt of the Conduct of theſe Pretenders to Sanctity and Religion.

In a Country of ſuch an Extent as our own, where Artizans and Manufactures of all Kinds naturally abound, one Half of the Poor and Labouring Men at leaſt muſt ſubſiſt by adminiſtring to the Luxury only, and Pleaſures of Perſons of Rank and Condition; and therefore it is better to bear with ſome Inconveniences from thence, than to ſuffer any thing

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that may create Expence, or occaſion the Circulation of Money, to want Encouragement, or at leaſt not to connive at it. By theſe means ſo many People that would otherwiſe be a Burthen and Charge to the Nation, and fill our Streets and Highways with Thieves and Vagabonds, find Employment, and become ſerviceable to the Publick. In peaceable Times we cannot well be too profuſe, as we cannot be too frugal in Time of War; the more Hands our Riches get into, the more the Nation in general profits by it; and where it is hoarded up in the Coffers of private Perſons, notwithſtanding the immenſe Wealth of the Subject, the State is very frequently reduc'd to Bankruptcy. All Means ought therefore to be contrived to prevent ſuch an Evil as this; and what is likely to compaſs this more effectually, than to indulge People of Quality and Fortune in a ſumptuous and expenſive Way of Living? *Operas*, *Balls*, *Play Houſes*, and *Publick Aſſemblies* of what kind ſoever, that require rich and coſtly Dreſs, and employ a great Number of Artificers and Tradeſmen, for this Reaſon are publick Benefits, and ought never to be ſuſpended but upon extraordinary and ſolemn Occaſions, or when it can be proved that they have offended in a notorious Degree indeed againſt Decency and Good Manners. It would be well however, if Means could be found out to exclude Perſons of an inferiour Rank from theſe Diverſions, who cannot frequent them without a manifeſt Prejudice to themſelves and their Families; which yet I doubt

there is no way of doing, but by raiſing the Prices to treble what they are at preſent.

It ought to be conſider'd further, that theſe Diverſions take People off from diving into the Secrets of Government, and buſying themſelves in Matters which do in no Meaſure belong to them. Men of Leiſure and Fortune would elſe in all Likelihood at every Turn be plotting againſt the State, and ſtirring up the Populace to Sedition and Tumult; they would reflect, if they had nothing elſe to amuſe themſelves with, upon the Weight that their Wealth gave them in the Nation, and be forming Factions and Diviſions conſequent thereupon, to embroil and perplex the Publick Affairs, and ruin thoſe that had the Management of them, in order to ſtep into their Places; and the whole Kingdom might by this Means be liable to be thrown into Diſorder and Confuſion by every ſenſeleſs Coxcomb, who had made himſelf popular by ſquandering away his Money among the Rabble.

Of LEVITY.

THere is hardly one Misfortune of Life, which does not proceed from the Inconſtancy, Levity, and Fickleneſs of our own Tempers; our Ideas are ſo unſettled and variable, and Things repreſent themſelves to us in ſuch a different Manner, at different Times, that if we were to alter our Conduct as often as we do our Opinions, and endeavour to make them ſquare and tally with each other, all Peace and Order would be loſt, the World would be turned Topſy-turvy, and become at once a Medly of Contradictions, Folly and Confuſion.

A prudent Man therefore, and one well verſed and practiſed in the Affairs of the World, never will let any Set of Principles that he may entertain, be the only Rule and Meaſure of his Actions, how ſtrongly ſoever he may be prepoſſeſs'd in their Favour; a Man who converſes daily, and has continual Dealings, with People of different Climates, Cuſtoms, and Manners from his own, ſmothers, according as he ſees Occaſion, his own private Opinions, and conforms himſelf to theirs, in every Reſpect, wherein his Intereſt either then is, or probably may hereafter be concerned:

His Buſineſs is to advance his Fortunes, and to make every Thing ſubſervient to them, and not to diſpute and wrangle about Points which are fit only for the Amuſement of idle People, and cannot poſſibly anſwer any Purpoſe, or be of the leaſt Uſe or Advantage to Life, if they could all be ſettled and determin'd.

Beſide, we are ſo prone to change, and have ſo little Power even over our ſelves, that we are not ſure but what to Day we approve and eſteem we may diſlike as much and deſpiſe to Morrow; ſhould we therefore ever once declare our Opinions, and afterwards find it convenient to change them, it would be an Obſtacle in the way, that could be hardly ever removed, were the Occaſion never ſo great and preſſing.

It is certainly a Thing not to be accounted for, that ſo few ſhould be able to keep their own Secrets, when there is none but is fully convinced of the Neceſſity of it; we are ſenſible, that the Perſons to whom we reveal 'em think meanly of us for it, and only make us the Object of their Sport and Contempt, and yet we very frequently ask the Advice of thoſe whoſe Underſtanding at the ſame time we deſpiſe, and which we are reſolved beforehand not to take, for the Pleaſure of unburthening our ſelves to them: Every one without doubt has ſome particular Foibles as well as Vices, that are interwove into his Conſtitution, and are no more to be remedied than an ill Shape, diſtorted Limbs, or any Deformity of the Body; but then he ought to endeavour to hide

them

them as much as poſſible, to play the Hypocrite ſo well with the World, as not to be detected in them, to have ſuch a Guard over himſelf, as to keep all his Follies and weak Sides from the Knowledge of his moſt intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

The higheſt Point of Wiſdom is therefore well to diſguiſe and conceal our Follies; how numerous ſoever and various they are, they will never leſſen us in our own Eſteem: Let us only preſerve the Opinion of the World, and we may venture even to amuſe and divert ourſelves with our favourite Follies in private (as Folly ſometimes is as alluring as Vice) provided in Publick we but keep up to the Dignity of our Character, and of Humane Nature. Were we not to endeavour to throw a Veil over our more ſecret and retired Actions, we ſhould appear more ridiculous and miſchievous than Apes and Monkeys, and be intolerable even to one another; for we can almoſt at firſt View diſcern the leaſt Spot or Blemiſh in another, tho' it is with exceeding Difficulty we are brought to diſcover one in our ſelves; for this Reaſon Hypocriſy has ſuch a Share among the Ingredients of which we are compoſed; it is given to ſupply the Place of Virtue, as the Apothecaries in their Medicines make uſe of Oyſter-Shells in ſtead of Pearls; they are much eaſier to be obtained, and anſwer all the Purpoſes of the other almoſt as well.

Were a Man to give a Looſe to his Imagination, and to embrace every new Opinion that ſhould offer itſelf to his Thoughts, before he had well and duly conſidered it; it would occaſion infinite Doubt and Uneaſineſs to himſelf, and as much Mirth and Diverſion to others, if he ſhould be weak enough to diſcover the Deluſions he lay under, or to act in Conformity to them.

We ſhould therefore avoid all Occaſions of amuſing ourſelves with Things, which are often idle and unprofitable in themſelves, and never worth a Moment's Conſideration; the old Track, the beaten Road is certainly the beſt for us to travel in, and if we ſhould deviate from that, in hopes of finding out one better or ſhorter, it is great Odds but we loſe our Way, and meet with a thouſand Difficulties and Troubles before we reach our Journey's End. Buſineſs ſhould put Speculations of all kinds out of our Heads; or if we ſhould ſometimes ſuffer our Imagination to run away with us, and follow it through all its Flights and Extravagancies, yet let it not interfere with the common Concerns of Life; let us not make our Folly known to the reſt of the World by any Means whatever, and in our Cloſets, and by our ſelves, as has been ſaid already, we may indulge ourſelves in them at Pleaſure.

To conclude; we cannot be too cautious, nor keep too ſtrict an Eye upon our Words and Actions, when we conſider how weak, how frail, how fooliſh a Being this is that we

are poſſeſs'd of; Impertinence, Loquaciouſneſs, idle and unmanly Mirth will, in an unguarded Hour, break out almoſt in ſpite of ourſelves, and in the Gaiety of our Heart we very frequently lay ourſelves open, and expoſe all our Weakneſſes and Frailties to any one that has Malice and ill-Nature enough to take Notice of them. This, however, is an Error in our Make, it is the Fault of our Complexion, and not our own, and the Ills that it ſubjects us to ought to be reckoned among the other common and unavoidable Calamities of Life.

Of the DUTY *of* AUTHORS.

THE different Notions that different Men uſually entertain of the ſame Thing, have made it a Queſtion among ſome ſanguine Philoſophers, whether Virtue and Vice are not merely imaginary Beings, or have any other Exiſtence than what Climates, Cuſtoms, Opinions, and very frequently Caprice and Humour, are pleaſed to give them. Moral *Good* and *Evil* (ſay they) are confined to Countries; they vary according to the Turn of Mind, Temper, and Manners of the Inhabitants, to the Form of Government under which they live,

live, to the Nature of its Religion and Laws. In ſome Places a Man would be puniſhed with Death, for an Action which in others would entitle him to the higheſt Honour and Reward. Our Weakneſs, our Want of Reſolution, of Sagacity, of Knowledge, of Abilities to receive it, render it impoſſible for us to fix any Criterion whereby to judge of Right and Wrong, Truth and Falſhood, Juſtice and Injuſtice, to diſtinguiſh between Reality and Appearances, to ſearch beyond the Surface of Things; and therefore it is, that we can never agree in our Opinions concerning them, nor free our Minds from the Errors which in a great Meaſure occaſion all the Follies, Infelicities, and Misfortunes of Life.

Whatever Foundation there may be in Reaſon or Nature for this Hypotheſis, thoſe Gentlemen who ſo confidently advance it, ſhew themſelves by that Means to have but little Regard for Mankind, or the Good of Human Society; all Truths are not fit to be told; the Bulk of the People ſhould be taught no more than what immediately concerns the Purpoſes of Living: To be induſtrious, to be peaceable, to be obedient to their Governors, to be content with their Condition, is all that they ought to be acquainted with; every Thing elſe is idle and impertinent to them, and will make them either Enthuſiaſts or Madmen; it will make them dangerous to the State, and uneaſy to themſelves; and, as it always happens with ordinary Capacities, the

more

more they endeavour to know, the leſs will they be able to underſtand. In too great a Thirſt after Knowledge they ſeldom fail to loſe their common Senſe; it occaſions them to be lazy, inſolent and proud, and while they buſy themſelves about vain and fruitleſs Speculations, which they can never ſatisfy themſelves in, or which would ſignify nothing if they did, they neglect all the Buſineſs and Duties of Life.

However Circumſtances or Times may alter the Nature of Things, and whether there be any Reality in Virtue or no, it is certain that it is the Duty of every Man to conform himſelf to the Laws and Cuſtoms of the Community in which he lives, and not out of a wretched Affectation of Superior Talents and Underſtanding to others, to advance new Notions and new Opinions, and endeavour to render the old received ones ridiculous to the Rabble: Men muſt be kept ignorant to be made happy, they muſt be deceived and enſnared like Children into their own Good, they are in no wiſe capable of judging of Things abſtracted and out of the common Road; and therefore the Authors who trouble themſelves or them with ſuch kind of Writings, can have no End in it either prudent or honeſt; every Hour that a Tradeſman or a Labourer ſpends from his Buſineſs, except in lawful and neceſſary Recreations, is an Injury done to his Country, as well as to himſelf and his Family; he ought to conſider what Advantage the Nation reaps from his Work,

and

and that to be a good Patriot (a Character that, at preſent, every Body ſeems ſo fond of) he muſt be an induſtrious Pains-taking Man.

It has been often obſerved, that when People once begin to throw off the Prejudices of Education, and ſet up to think for themſelves, they ſeldom ſtop there; that from disbelieving the Stories of Witches and Apparitions, without we proceed with the greateſt Caution, we ſhall be apt to carry our Doubts a little farther, and ſo by Degrees (however averſe we might have been to it at firſt) bring ourſelves to believe the whole Buſineſs of Religion a Fable. This, it is very much to be fear'd, is pretty near the Caſe at preſent; that general Diſſoluteneſs and Corruption of Manners which prevails among the People, perhaps more now than ever, could be hardly owing to any other Cauſe except this; Religion will ſtill be ſome Check upon Vice, while it continues to have any Footing at all in the World, and therefore Men would act at leaſt with more Fear and Reſtraint if its Power was not almoſt at an end.

The remedying of this Evil, the bringing People to a due Senſe of Religion and Virtue again, would be worth the while of ſome of us ſage Inſtructors of the Times to attempt, if we could find Leiſure from our more important Concerns to turn our Thoughts that way: I cannot indeed but acknowledge that it is expected of us, that we ſhould keep a watchful Eye over the Adminiſtration; that we ſhould

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from time to time make the ſtricteſt Inquiries into their Conduct, and lay it before our worthy Patrons and Readers, with proper Reflections and Animadverſions thereupon ; and therefore, that it would be beneath even the meaneſt among us to write dull and heavy Lectures of Morality (for every thing of that kind muſt be ſo) which no Body would read ; or if any Body did, which would be more becoming Pedants than Politicians to give. I will farther allow, that it might tend, in a good Meaſure, to ſpoil the Sale of our Works, the firſt and moſt immediate Concern of an Author, and afford a favourable Opportunity for ſome new Writer to raiſe up; who, by purſuing the contrary Scheme, might get the Start of us in the Eſteem of the Town, and live and flouriſh upon our Ruin. And yet methinks, notwithſtanding all theſe Difficulties that lie in our way, we ought to employ the good Opinion that our Readers and Admirers have of us to their own Advantage, and try if we cannot with as much Eaſe make them honeſt Men, as we have made them deep Politicians; if we cannot as well teach them their own Duty as that of Princes and Miniſters of State, if they will not as readily learn to manage their own Families at home, as to ſettle the Affairs of the Nation.

Indeed if we would but put our excellent Talents to a proper Uſe, we might by our Writings promote, in a great Meaſure, the Cauſe of Religion and Virtue. Our Genius is very well adapted to that of our Readers,

and

and if we were not to uſe them to Treaſon and Nonſenſe, they might find Entertainment in better things; the Fault is chiefly on our own Side. Let us then, to make Atonement for what is paſt, endeavour to alter our Conduct for the future; we ſhould ſoon perceive the good Effects of it, and by this means might have a Share in healing thoſe Diviſions and Diſtractions which we have occaſioned. To turn the Hearts of the People againſt the Government, to ſet them at Variance with one another, to ſtir them up to Tumult and Sedition, to create Diſturbances in the State, and Schiſms in the Church; to villify and blacken the Characters of innocent Men upon account of their religious or political Principles, and to breed Feuds and Diſſenſions in private Families, have been the Means that we have hitherto purſu'd to acquire Wealth and Reputation: Let us put in Practice the contrary Methods, and ſee, if the Taſte of the Town is ſo abſolutely depraved, that they will endure nothing which is not ſtuff'd with Treaſon, Blaſphemy and Nonſenſe.

Of a CLUB *of* AUTHORS.

I Have lately receiv'd an Honour ſo very much above my own Merits, as well as the Heighth of my Ambition, that I find my ſelf irreſiſtibly betray'd into the common Weakneſs of boaſting of my good Fortune. It is ſome Time ago ſince Chance threw me into the Converſation of a Man, whoſe firſt Appearance promis'd very little; but upon cloſer View of him, I diſcover'd in him a Fund of ſurly good Senſe, ſuch as we often ſee in notable Men of Buſineſs; and which afterwards warm'd itſelf into a careleſs agreeable Vein of Humour, which is generally found in Men of no Buſineſs at all. The Surprize which two phlegmatick People are in, when they find themſelves in tolerable Company, engag'd us by Degrees to a reciprocal Confidence: I found him a very uneaſy Man in his own Temper, which was not at all ſooth'd by the Liberality of Fortune. He told me he ow'd half his Subſiſtence to his Pen, and that he was a Pedagogue to Mankind, as he preſum'd, much againſt their Inclination, as well as his own. He hated and deſpis'd his miſerable Profeſſion, and grew exaſperated upon the Thought of thoſe cruel Neceſſities that

that oblig'd him to it. He mentioned ſome of his Productions to me, which the World have generally attributed to much greater Names; but was withal ſo ingenuous in diſcovering their Weakneſſes and Defects, all the little Lapſes of Haſte and Heats of Imagination, that I was pleas'd with the Delicacy of his Taſte, and could not but obſerve how injurious it is always to judge of the Spirit and Abilities of a Writer, by his own Performances. He was very ſincere, and diſcours'd without Affectation. He was ſufficiently mortify'd by the mention of moſt of his Works, and not perfectly ſatisfy'd with the beſt of them. He appear'd to be a Man of real Goodneſs and Modeſty, a great deal of polite Knowledge, and ſtrong maſculine Penetration; but his Merits and his Talents are utterly loſt to the World, for the want of thoſe common Bounties which blind Fortune laviſhes away, to adorn the Follies of ten thouſand Coxcombs. But I ſhall leave, at preſent, the Character of this amiable unhappy Man, reſerving a Right to reſume it at Pleaſure hereafter.

That which led me into the mention of him now, was a Viſit which he made me the other Morning: Amongſt ſeveral agreeable Compliments which he paid me, he told me, he had ſo good an Opinion of me, that he would entruſt me with his very Follies: Things, *ſaid he*, ſo dear, ſo very precious, that even my Money, if I had any, ſhould not be ſo carefully conceal'd and preſerv'd. He then began to tell me how many Shifts he was forc'd to,

to

to avoid his own Thoughts, and to deceive thoſe Pangs of the Mind, which a generous Spirit endures from the Senſe of its own unmerited Sufferings, Shame and Penury. *A Thinking Soul,* (ſaid he, reciting from *Dryden,*)

A thinking Soul is Puniſhment enough:
But when 'tis great like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood——

Therefore, continu'd he, no Thinking; I am not aſham'd of running from the Enemy whom I can never conquer; but inſtead of taking Refuge in the mock Wiſdom of Stoiciſm, and very gravely perſwading my ſelf, that I am not a Man, and diſowning my Senſes, whilſt my Wants and my Misfortunes loudly give the Lye to my Philoſophy, I plunge my ſelf deep in idle Amuſements, I ſtudy all poſſible Occaſions of Thoughtleſsneſs, I ſollicit the moſt whimſical Acquaintances, without the leaſt ſerious Eſteem of them; I liſten after Tales of News, without being concern'd in them, and am contented to laugh at Jeſts ſometimes without underſtanding them. It is entirely with this View that I loſe my ſelf twice or thrice a Week, in the Converſation of an obſcure Club, compoſed of the moſt extraordinary Characters, ſuch as are very converſant in the World, and at the ſame time live very much above it. Not a Man of them but is capable of the deepeſt Humility, as well as the ſublimeſt Flights within the Compaſs of Humanity.

manity. They are a Species a-part from the reſt of Mankind; they hate all the World, and do not heartily love one another; they are not held together by Intereſt any more than by Affection, but by a kind of Spight, ſuch as you may obſerve in the Commerce of Cats at Midnight, and becauſe they are avoided by every other Species: There is not ſuch a Creature as a thorough Fool amongſt them; and it would be as hard to affirm, that there is one Man of cool and perfect Senſe. The Coxcomb and the Madman ſeem to be the moſt diſtinguiſhable Characters, which are finely varied thro' the whole Aſſembly.

By this Time my Curioſity was ſufficiently rais'd, to know what and who theſe whimſical Animals were, who had engroſs'd ſo much of my Friend's Leiſure. He gratify'd my Impatience, by telling me that they were no other than the ancient and laudable Society of Authors, reſiding in and about the City and Suburbs of *Weſtminſter*. I was at a loſs to imagine, how ſo diſcordant a Fraternity came at firſt to form themſelves into a ſelect Body, unleſs it were in Mockery of many of our more grave and more ridiculous Inſtitutions: But I was yet more at a loſs to comprehend, how they could poſſibly contribute to the Entertainment of one ſo nice and ſevere in his other Pleaſures as my Friend. Oh, ſays he, 'tis impoſſible to make you conceive the Jumble of the Sublime and Burleſque, the falſe Spirit of one, the important Dulneſs and Solemnity of another: You ſee Ridicule grafted

upon

upon Fuſtian, *Seneca* crying Pippins, and *Cleopatra* in a Hackney-Coach.

He then told me, that he had obtain'd Leave from the venerable Preſident to introduce me to their Acquaintance; and that I might, if I pleas'd, take my Seat that very Evening. I thank'd him for the Honour he intended me, but immediately apprehended, that I might find there ſome of my Brethren, with whom I had the Misfortune to be at War? and therefore I propoſed to defer it for ſome time, till we might ſee if the Calm of the enſuing Winter would not produce mutual Diſpoſitions towards a Peace. As for that, ſaid he, be in no Pain, the Diſputes of Party-Writers, like thoſe of opponent Lawyers, are only implacable before their Clients. I found my ſelf ſo much a Novice in theſe Affairs, that I recollected my ſelf from my Surprize as ſoon as poſſible, and promis'd to wait upon him in the Evening.

He call'd upon me punctually to his Appointment, and conducted me thro' ſeveral intricate Allies to a tolerable Houſe, conſidering its Situation, which was within the Purlieus of *Vinegar-Yard*: He aſcended the Grades two Story high before me, and then left me at the Stairs-head for a Moment, to give Notice of my Arrival, and to prepare my Reception. I was in profound Meditation on the Oddneſs of this Buſineſs, when he returned to introduce me. I enter'd with almoſt as much Reverence as the *Sophy*'s Miniſter to his firſt Audience of the *Czar*. The Preſident appear'd

pear'd to be a very decent Perſon: My Friend firſt informing him who I was, he with an elevated Tragedy Tone pronounced me Welcome: After this he deſcended to a Panegyrick of my many Virtues and great Abilities, which it ſeem'd that Aſſembly had thought worthy of a Seat and a Voice in their Body: He next proceeded to inform me of their Laws and Conſtitution, chiefly their Times of meeting, and their Penalties on Offenders; then he gave me a ſhort Hiſtory of the Society it ſelf, and of the moſt eminent Members of it, particularly ſuch as had ſuſtain'd the Office of Preſident, which he himſelf then bore, though (as he was pleas'd to add) far unequal and unworthy. Upon this, the profound Silence which had been hitherto obſerv'd was interupted with a univerſal *Hum.* After this he proceeded to point out ſeveral of the Members to me, and join'd their Names to their reſpective Works, (every Perſon as he was mention'd riſing up to ſalute me,) making every now and then an excurſory Eulogium on the Merit of a particular Member, or the Happineſs of the Inſtitution in general. But it is impoſſible, ſaid he in a pathetic Stile, by Words alone, to make you ſenſible of that happy Harmony which Reigns here; Time alone and your own Experience muſt compleat that agreeable Diſcovery, while every ſucceeding Day ſhall add to your Satisfaction. Wou'd you believe that thoſe two Members, whom I laſt mention'd, were entring into a determin'd and concerted War, which will laſt through

the

the whole Winter, who now ſit together in a peaceable Confederacy, and light their Pipes friendly at the ſame Candle!

When he had finiſh'd, I found my ſelf in the utmoſt Pain how to acquit my ſelf of a proper Anſwer to an Harangue conceived in Terms ſo much ſuperiour to the Dialect of common Men: But my Friend very ſeaſonably reliev'd me from this Diſtreſs, by informing the Preſident, that I was ſo much oppreſs'd with the Senſe of the Honour I had received, and of my Obligations to the Aſſembly for it, that he beg'd my Acknowledgments might be referred to ſome other Time, when I ſhould be more in my own Power; which was eaſily granted, and I took my Place immediately.

Of HAPPINESS.

SIR *William Temple*, who lov'd Writing as well or better than any Man of that or any other Time, beſides the ſeveral agreeable Tracts which he has given us, has alſo left behind him many Heads or Hints of Subjects, which if he had had more Leiſure, or better Health, it ſeems probable he deſign'd to have treated at large. Some of theſe ſtrike the Mind very pleaſingly; and a Man needs only to be ſure of the ſame Genius which diſtin-

guiſhes the Works of that Writer, to enter immediately upon his Fragments, and piece them out for the Entertainment and Advantage of the Publick.

Among theſe, that which he calls *Quirry*'s Philoſophy is not the leaſt agreeable. This *Quirry* it ſeems was no better provided for in Life, than in the Circumſtance of a Poſtillion; and after the Fatigue of a hard Day's riding, we are told, he had not Intereſt enough with any Body at the Inn to get his Boots pull'd off; upon which he took the Heroic Reſolution, which has made him immortal, viz. *To go to Bed with them on.* The Moral of this is no more than that Contentedneſs is Happineſs: He that has the Art of making himſelf eaſy in ill Fortune, is much richer than he that is diſſatisfied in a very good one: *Poor and Content,* (as *Shakeſpear* ſays) *is rich, and rich enough.*

This is a very ſhort Road, which moſt Moral Writers have mark'd out to Happineſs: But the worſt of the Caſe is, that very few, either of them or their Diſciples, have ever travel'd thro' it; and, unleſs Morality were able of it ſelf to give us that Content which it ſo highly magnifies and preſcribes, it only leaves us where it firſt found us, with no more than this cold Advice, *Be Content*; which is the ſame thing in other Words, as, *Be Happy*: Whereas it is generally found a more difficult Task to be content in our preſent Condition, than to acquire that which we fancy would give us perfect Happineſs.

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The *Epicureans*, a Sect which has been ever prevalent, have laid it down in their Writings, and aſſerted it in their Practice thro' all Ages, that *Pleaſure* only is Happineſs. And if the Idea of this Word were but juſtly enlarged, I do not know whether every Man is not, in ſome Senſe or other, an *Epicurean*. By Pleaſure, the Followers of *Epicurus* have generally underſtood thoſe of the ſenſual Sort; tho' the Philoſopher himſelf, in his own Choice, meant no ſuch Matter. But as nothing is a Pleaſure to him, who takes no Pleaſure in it; it follows, that every Man's own Pleaſure, not any particular one choſen for him by another, muſt conſtitute his own particular Happineſs.

But the Species of Pleaſure are juſt as various as our Taſtes: The Rational, the Senſual, the Sordid, the Sublime, do all ſeverally claim the firſt Rank of Happineſs; and do each of them give in their reſpective Gratifications as Evidences of it: Money, Knowledge, Power, Fame, are ſo many Deities, who are all worſhipp'd as the only true One, who has real and ſubſtantial Happineſs in its Power, to reward the Homage of its Votaries. In the mean while, nothing is prov'd: We look with Contempt on each others Pleaſures and Purſuits, and perſiſt inflexibly in our firſt Opinions.

I preſume, my particular Senſe of this Matter would not be able to turn the Ballance either way, and that the World will take the Liberty to feel and think juſt as it pleaſes, and as it has done before, be my Opinion what it

will. I ſhall therefore, for this once, notwithſtanding any private Inclination to the contrary, keep my Silence and ſave my Credit, after having juſt obſerv'd, that notwithſtanding the different Notions of Happineſs, every individual Man diſowns he is in Poſſeſſion of it, tho' every one hopes and expects he ſhortly ſhall be.

This, however, I may venture to be ſure of, whether Pleaſure be Happineſs or no; Pain, the Reverſe of it, is perfect Miſery. And thus much may be ſafely ſaid in Derogation even of this Idol Pleaſure, be it of what Species it will, that it is not neceſſary to Life, which Eaſe is. It ſeems ſtrange therefore, that Happineſs ſhould be ſeated in a ſuperfluous Thing, which any Man may be without, and the Generality really are. Pleaſure may be deſirable, but Eaſe is of abſolute Neceſſity, and the only Thing that is ſo.

After Eaſe in a Man's Perſon, the next Ingredient in Happineſs, is Eaſe in his Circumſtances. I grant, that this does not naturally follow in its proper Order; but Wiſdom, Liberty and Reputation ought all, no doubt, to take Place of Wealth; but yet, according to the World and the Times we live in, and Humour of Mankind, Riches do and ever will claim the Preheminence. Without theſe, a Man has really neither Wiſdom, Liberty, nor any thing valuable, Your Fortune is the firſt Thing that falls under every Man's Conſideration; if That be conſiderable, you may be allow'd to ſpeak in your Turn, to do as much

Good

Good in the World as you can; you ſhall not be puniſh'd for your Honeſty, nor laugh'd at for your Underſtanding: But where this is wanting, what is ſo ridiculous as a poor Man's Wiſdom? Your Integrity is Affectation, and all you ſay or think Impertinence.

The next Thing that follows, in my Opinion, is Knowledge, or the Liberty of the Mind. This is a Source of exquiſite Satisfaction, a domeſtick private Treaſury, hidden from the Obſervation of the Envy of the World; in its Security conſiſts a great Part of its real intrinſick Excellence. He that has it, can never loſe it: Like the heavenly Treaſure, it partakes of an unperiſhable Nature; and it has this in common with Riches of all other Sorts, that it is ever increaſing and begetting more. Knowledge is one of the brighteſt Rays of the Divine Nature; it is only beſtow'd upon the favourite Creature, Man; and (if one may be allow'd to think ſo) only upon the higheſt Favourites among them.

The next Article in humane Happineſs, ſeems to be Liberty, or every Man's Right to the arbitrary Diſpoſal of his own Perſon. This is ſo natural a Right, that one ſhould ſcarcely call it a Happineſs, but that in all Societies there have been ever ſome unreaſonable Men, who have invaded it with the utmoſt Stretch of Force and Cunning; and the Want of this is the moſt heavily born of all Misfortunes. There is ſomething in Servitude, or Impriſonment, like Poverty, (as indeed it frequently attends it) which caſts a Gloom over the whole Mind, diſarms the

Faculties of their natural Spirit, and confines and oppreſſes the very Soul of Man. There is nothing that Mankind are ſo well agreed in, as the Love of Liberty; ſome deſpiſe Money, many avoid Power and ſhun Applauſe; but all court and admire Liberty, tho' at the ſame Time there is nothing truer, than that the greater Part of the World is under a miſerable Slavery.

The next grand Incident in Happineſs, is Reputation; and however many may affect to undervalue this, a Man muſt have attained very far, either in Innocence or Impudence, who can entirely defy the Cenſure of others, and be indifferent as to what is ſaid about him. I do not value the Objection, that a Man ought not to fix his Happineſs in any foreign Good, and which does not ariſe from himſelf. While we converſe with Men, and ſuffer ſo much by Slander and Defamation, 'tis unnatural not to be deſirous of their Favour and Eſteem. Perhaps there is ſome Vanity in this: No matter; there is Virtue at the Bottom; and he who is ſollicitous for Fame, will at leaſt endeavour not to deſerve Reproach. Morality itſelf, if I miſtake not, allows us to be a little ſelfiſh; and is an Action the leſs Praiſeworthy, becauſe when we do it, we know the Applauſe of Men (ſurely a very ſlender and innocent Reward) will certainly attend it?

But the higheſt and nobleſt Ingredient of mortal Happineſs, which ought indeed to have been firſt mention'd, and which of itſelf is able to compenſate the Abſence of every other Article,

ticle, is that happy Peace of Mind which ever attends a Conſciouſneſs of Piety and Innocence, and which is an Introduction to that Happineſs which is reſerv'd in a future World to crown our Patience and our Sufferings in this.

Of WOMEN.

SOme of my Fair Correſpondents have lately reproach'd me with Negligence and Indifference to their Sex; but if they could know how vain I am of ſo obliging a Reprimand, they would be ſenſible too how little I deſerv'd it. I am not ſo entirely a Statue as to be inſenſible of the Power of Beauty; nor ſo abſolutely a Woman's Creature, as to be blind to their little Weakneſſes, their pretty Follies and Impertinencies.

It will be neceſſary to inform my Reader, that my Landlady is an eminent Milliner, and a conſiderable Dealer in *Flanders* Lace. She is one of thoſe whom we call notable Women; ſhe has run thro' the Rough and Smooth of Life, has a very good plain Senſe of Things, and knows the World, as far as ſhe is concern'd in it, very well. I am very much entertain'd by her Company; her Diſcourſe is ſure to be ſeaſon'd with Scandal, ancient and

modern, which, tho' the Morals and Gravity of my Character doe not allow me to join in, yet, ſuch is the Infirmity of humane Nature, I find it impoſſible to be heartily diſpleaſed with it as I ought.

If I come in at a Time when the Sh p, which is commodiouſly ſituated above Stairs, is full of Company, I uſually place my ſelf in an obſcure Corner of it, and obſerve what paſſes with ſecret Satisfaction. 'Tis pleaſant to hear my Landlady, by the mere Inceſſancy of *Tittle Tattle*, perſwade her pretty Cuſtomers out of all the Underſtanding that they brought along with them; and on the other Side of the Compter to ſee the little Boſoms pant with Irreſolution, and ſwell at the View of Trifles, which Humour and Cuſtom have taught them to call neceſſary and convenient. Hard by perhaps ſtands a Cuſtomer of inferior Quality, a Citizen's Wife ſuppoſe her, who is reduced to the hard Neceſſity of regulating her Expences by her Husband's Allowance, and is burſting with Vexation to know her ſelf ſtinted to Lace of but Fifty Shillings a Yard; whereas if ſhe could riſe to Three Pound, ſhe might be Miſtreſs of a very pretty *Head*, and what ſhe really thinks ſhe needs not be aſham'd to be ſeen in. But for want of this, all goes wrong, ſhe hates her Superiors, deſpiſes her Husband, neglects her Children, and is aſham'd and weary of her ſelf.

This ſeems ridiculous to my Men Readers, and it certainly is ſo; but are our Follies and Extravagancies more reaſonable? Or rather,

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are they not infinitely more dangerous and deſtructive? What Violences do we not commit upon our Conſciences for the mere Gratification of our Avarice? How much of the real Eaſe and Happineſs of Life do we daily ſacrifice to the Vanity of Ambition? Is it poſſible then, ſince even the greateſt Men are but a bigger Sort of Children, to be ſeriouſly angry that Women are not more? If in my old Age I am ſtruck with the Harmony of a Rattle, or long to get aſtride on a Hobby-horſe; if I love ſtill to be careſs'd and flatter'd, and am delighted with good Words and high Titles, why ſhould I be angry that my Wife and Daughters do not play the Philoſopher, and have not more Wit than my ſelf?

General and unlimited Cenſures of either Sex are very unreaſonable and unjuſt: 'Tis hard to ſay, to which kind Nature has been moſt liberal of her beſt Gifts; I mean thoſe which refer to the Underſtanding. Judgment ſeems ever to have been the more proper Talent of the Male Sex; a Strength and Depth, a Cloſeneſs and Juſtneſs of Thinking, a Capacity for projecting and executing great Works, has always appear'd in Men, tho' but in very few even of them. Fancy, Humour, Spirit and Ingenuity, are every where the allow'd Talents of Women; and we ſee continually in the leſſer Concerns of Life, they are more knowing and more *habile* than Men. The Government of the Family is very juſtly entruſted to them; and ſo far am I from exclaiming (as is the uſual Topick among med-

dling People) againſt the Dominion of the Wife over the Husband, that I think in my Conſcience the Superiority is very natural; and all Attempts to ſubvert the preſent eſtabliſh'd Government, till the Sovereign ſhall be graciouſly pleaſed to abdicate, are nothing leſs than flat Rebellion. I do firmly believe, (and ſhall be proud at half an Hour's Warning to be ſtoned to Death for my Opinion,) that the long Proſperity of the United Provinces, and of the Town of *Amſterdam* in particular, is wholly owing to this Form of Family-Government. The OEconomy, the Parſimony, and extreme Neatneſs, which are ſo very viſible, as well as neceſſary there, are the happy Effects of this domeſtic Conſtitution. I cannot forbear to mention here a Paſſage in a Converſation which I had with an old Dutch-Man of the *De Wit* Faction, who told me, that their late *Stadt-Holder*, the Prince of *Orange*, introduced ſuch an arbitrary *Regimen* into his Family, as made all conſiderate *Hollanders* tremble. They look'd upon his uſurping a Dominion by his own Fireſide, as a Prelude to the Slavery of their Country; and tho' the Princeſs was a ſoft eaſy-temper'd *Engliſh* Woman, and ſuffer'd her ſelf to be deceiv'd by his ſpecious Appearance, he was always after his Marriage ſuſpected among ſenſible Men as little better than a Traitor in his Heart.

Upon the Whole, if we reflect that Women are debarr'd of all the Advantages of Education, and Cuſtom has preſcrib'd ſo narrow a Sphere for their Actions, that it is become in-

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decent even to do a laudable and virtuous Action out of their own confin'd Diſtrict, we ſhall not find Occaſion to determine this Diſpute ſo very much in Favour of our ſelves. And, on the other Side, the Opinion we have of their Weakneſs and Inability for their own Protection, and the certain Knowledge we have how much they are in our Power, and how much of the Happineſs or Bitterneſs of Life depends upon the uſe we make of it, ought to be irreſiſtible Arguments with us to treat them with that Tenderneſs and Affection, that Conſtancy and Fidelity, which they firſt pay us, and afterwards juſtly expect from us, and without which, (whatever elſe they enjoy,) they will never believe themſelves thoroughly happy.

Tom Whiffle marry'd a Wife by the Command of his Father, becauſe the Match was, upon ſome other Accounts, convenient to the Family-Affairs. The Lady then was very young; and as her Choice was not at all conſulted, ſhe did not give her ſelf much Thought about it; ſhe knew ſhe did not violently love her new Husband, but ſhe did not immediately know how much he deſerv'd to be hated. As her Education had been carefully virtuous, and her Principles incorrupt, ſhe ſet her ſelf aſſiduouſly to conſider the Merits of her Spouſe, and to find ſomething amiable in a Man, to whom Virtue did not permit her to be any longer indifferent. She miſtook, innocent and unexperienced as ſhe was, the Tranſports of firſt Enjoyment, as the Pledges of mutual Tenderneſs;

derneſs and future Happineſs; but, unhappy for her, the ſame Diſcoveries which created, or at leaſt aſſiſted her growing Paſſion, viſibly abated even the Formalities and Pretences of his. He begins very ſoon to conſider her as an Incumbrance upon his Happineſs; he is early diſguſted at her Perſon, which Novelty at firſt only recommended, and from thence begins to quarrel with her very Fondneſs and Eſteem of him, becauſe they take from him all Pretence of hating her. She is frighten'd and allarm'd at ſo ſtrange and unreaſonable a Sourneſs of Temper; ſhe is loth to believe or underſtand it, but perſiſts, with renew'd Endearments, to ſooth his ill Temper, and at the ſame time to exaſperate the more his Averſion to her ſelf. His Inhumanity now grows too plain to be miſtaken any longer: What does ſhe do? Does ſhe exclaim with Anger and Paſſion? Does ſhe reſent it with Indignation? Does ſhe appeal to the Laws, and make a Tale for the Publick? Does ſhe urge her Birth, her Family, her Innocence, or her Fortune? No, ſhe contents her ſelf with the Conſciouſneſs of her own Virtue; a ſublime and noble Satisfaction! She refers her ſelf and her Cauſe to the Deciſion of Heaven; ſhe is griev'd for her Husband, but ſhe does not hate him; ſhe is the leſs ſeen abroad, the leſs viſited at home; ſhe applies her ſelf to the Concerns of her Family, and the ſtricter Guard over her ſelf; ſhe ſtill meets her Husband even with a Smile, and ſuffers her ſelf to be hourly inſulted by the Follies which he brings home with him, without

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breaking out into the juſteſt Rage and Reproaches. With what Words can I ſufficiently applaud ſuch charming Virtue; or how exclaim againſt the ill-diſcerning World, who are ſilent in her Praiſe, while they extol the Husband as the Mirror of modern Gallantry, and the perfect Model of a Fine Gentleman!

Of COFFEE-HOUSES.

I Should have acquainted my Readers, that, in order well to ſuſtain my preſent Character, I took Lodgings in one of the buſieſt Parts of the Town, for the Advantage of the moſt various Obſervation. The Neighbourhood of the *Temple* is very proper for this Purpoſe. The adjacent Coffee-houſes allow one the eaſieſt and moſt familiar Introduction to the Converſation of Men of all Characters. Buſineſs and Pleaſure are here practis'd in the ſame Scene; and the Profeſſors of both, tho' they have the ſincereſt Contempt for each other, do yet preſerve a moſt inviolable Reſpect and Toleration. In one Room, you ſee a Knot of phlegmatic Politicians, with great Gravity ſettling the Ballance of the North, and foreſeeing the Event of the Duke of *Holſtein*'s Pretenſions: In another, you find the Company divided upon Works of Wit and Learning,

ing, drolling upon *Burnet*'s Hiſtory, or the King *John* of Mr. *Cibber*. In a third Houſe, Dreſs and Gallantry are the reigning Sciences; Learning is ridiculous, and all Thought held in utter Diſgrace: Theſe are a Sect of Philoſophers, formed entirely upon that golden Precept, *Niſce Teipſum*; for they really know nothing elſe: And whereas Books are the neceſſary Means to Perfection in other Studies, they need only Looking Glaſſes to become Maſters in this. Theſe Gentlemen are in the moſt miſerable Slavery to meer Idleneſs, and drag away very uncomfortable Lives in the tedious Drudgery of doing nothing. Step into the next Houſe, you inſtantly mix with a dirty Crowd of buſy Faces, who converſe in ſo loud and obſtreperous a Dialect, and are really ſo verydifferent from the gentle Creatures you laſt left, that one can ſcarce imagine them to be of the ſame Species: And above Stairs, perhaps, ſits a Committee of deſpairing *Jacobites* in the Anguiſh of their Souls, gnaſhing their Teeth at the Eſtabliſhment of our preſent Happineſs.

From Scenes ſo agreeably vary'd as theſe are, a Man of my Humour receives the deepeſt Amuſement. I am perhaps too apt to dwell upon Trifles, and reflect ſolemnly upon Occurrences which I doubt affect no one ſo much as my ſelf But when I find my ſelf in a crowded Coffee-houſe; the Obſervation immediately recurrs to me, how differently the ſame Perſons, at different Times, judge of the ſame Things; that *Time*, which always goes

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on at the ſame Pace, and is ever in it ſelf of the ſame ineſtimable Value, ſhould at ſome Seaſons be priz'd at an infinite Worth, and at others be conſider'd only as a cumberſom Drug, a Burthen that is by all Means to be ſhaken off ſome how or other, and the ſooner too the better. I have taken Notice with what Expedition and Diſpatch Men get rid of their Buſineſs, tho' they are not able to paſs a happy Hour out of it; and, that of all the Arts which Men have invented, how many of them only tend to the meer deſtroying of Time. It is with this View we daily flatter Women we do not love; we tipple Wine we do not reliſh; we converſe without Friendſhip; and we go to Church without Devotion.

The Generality of Coffee-Houſes are the proper Theatres of *Idleneſs*; but becauſe that Word reflects a little too hard upon our dear ſelves, and we are reſolved to be flatter'd in little Matters as well as great, we have ſubſtituted the Word *Buſineſs* in its Place; and where that will not do, *Converſation* is a plauſible Pretence, and is always ready in every one's Mouth you meet. This Excuſe, if it were true, would be a very good one. But of the Millions who can talk, how few are qualified to converſe? The Truth is, Converſation is not the Genius of the *Engliſh* Nation; we conceive Things, I ſuppoſe, as well and pleaſurably as other People; but we have not the ſame Eaſe in bringing forth: We cannot or we will not tell all we know to every Man we meet, nor do we care to hear thoſe

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that will. Hence it is that a talking Man is ever induſtriouſly avoided. We demand Brevity even from the Pulpit, tho' our patient Attendance there be inſtituted among our religious Duties, and though the Preacher is authoriz'd by Law to inſtruct us, as well as led by irreſiſtible Inclination. At the Bar, the ſhorteſt Harangue is ever moſt welcome; and in Parliament, they who ſpeak beſt have many times leſs Credit than they who ſay nothing. For the ſame reaſon, the whole *French* Nation is with us in utter Contempt. We deal very much in Ridicule, and we apply this ſevere and impartial Teſt to all their diſcourſive Follies with great Succeſs; and we ſeem to be in conſtant Apprehenſion of this our ſelves, chooſing therefore to be ſilent and ſafe rather than florid and impertinent. At preſent, we have the greateſt Hatred for that which the Ancients called *Oratory*; or at leaſt, what we read with Pleaſure in the Cloſet, we nauſeate and deſpiſe in the World. An eloquent Man is almoſt certainly a very troubleſome one. Were *Cicero* to live again, and be an *Engliſhman*, we ſhould oblige him to alter his Stile, to retrench ſome of his Ornaments, put his Flowers into his Pocket, and (with Reverence be it ſpoken) beg him ſometimes to keep to the Point. An Addreſs to our Paſſions, is always very juſtly reſented; we expect to be dealt with like Men, not like Children. An Orator that would ſucceed now a Days, is to lay the Reaſon of his Caſe before his Judges, if there be any Reaſon on his Side; and to

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take care to do it as ſuccinctly as poſſible at his Peril. In ſhort, he that would become a popular Speaker, not by the Clamour of a Faction, but by the concurrent Applauſe of his Country, muſt imitate Mr. *Reeve* and Mr. *Wearg*. He muſt endeavour to ſpeak the ſame Things, and in the ſame Manner; he muſt know a great deal without Oſtentation, and he muſt be very ſucceſsful without Vanity.

To return to the Converſation of our *Coffee-Houſes*. After the *Reſtoration*, the King who brought back with him many of the Manners of the *French* Nation, inſinuated the ſame converſible Humour into his Favourites and Followers. There were ſeveral Coffee-Houſes then erected, where Aſſemblies of the *Literati* profeſſed to meet, and the Town had due Notice given them, at what Hour the reſpective Boards ſat to ſpeak Sentences, and ſay Things worth the Hearing. *John Dryden* took his Place very ſolemnly every Evening at *Will's*, which is remembred and duly honour'd, for his ſake, to this Day. But theſe Meetings expir'd with the Reign, of that Prince or ſoon after; and all Inſtitutions which have ſucceeded ſince, have diſcover'd more Affectation in the Projectors of them, than any of that Spirit which formed the firſt Aſſemblies of this kind. The Coffee-Houſe where Politeneſs is ſaid to reſide at preſent, may well enough be ſaid to be but the Leavings of *Pharſalia*, the Epitome of what was once to be there ſeen. At the Court End of the Town, Converſation is ſupported by good Breeding, which is indeed a ſecond Sort of

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good Senſe; it ſupplies the Place of it, and keeps People at Arms-Length from each other, and prevents them from a cloſe Inſpection into each others *Foibles:* Thus Ignorance is the Parent of mutual Eſteem. The Wit of this Set of Men conſiſts either in the Scandal of the Abſent, (as indeed does that of moſt of the World,) or elſe in a ſly Artificial *Banter* of the Perſon preſent: This is an Abuſe but of late Growth. It was born within a Court, and is generally confined to it. A Man muſt live there to become a Maſter in it. It conſiſts in a certain low Sort of Craft, a Cant unworthy of an Honeſt Man, tho' it be every Day practis'd in the very Preſence-Chamber it ſelf. To excel in this worthy Myſtery, you are to invent Expreſſions, which the Perſon to be abuſed may well enough conſtrue in his own Favour, and which every one elſe may be able to expound in his Deriſion and Contempt. I would fain have Men of Honour be aſhamed of this mean ſort of Couſenage, which the moſt ordinary Tradeſman is as capable of as themſelves, and which an honeſt Foot-Soldier would heartily deſpiſe.

I ſhall conclude with a Reflection, which to me ſeems melancholly enough: All looſe, idle Converſation is forbidden to Chriſtians; Lyes are unworthy of Men of Honour; Impertinence is far beneath the Men of Letters, and Prophaneſs is offenſive to Men of Senſe; and yet without ſome or all of theſe, how many well-dreſs'd Aſſemblies muſt be dumb for ever?

Of MASQUERADES.

I Muſt deſire my Reader, as he values his Repoſe, not to let his Thoughts run out upon any thing that's lewd or frightful, for two Hours at leaſt before he goes to Bed. *Titus Livius* the *Roman* Hiſtorian is my uſual Enterainment, when I don't find my ſelf diſpos'd for cloſer Application. Happening to come home ſooner than ordinary two Nights ago, I took it up, read the 8th and following Chapters of his 39th Book; where he gives us a large Account of ſome Nocturnal Aſſemblies lately ſet up at *Rome*; I think he calls 'em *Bacchanals*, and deſcribes their Ceremonies, Rites of Initiation, and Religious Practices; together with their Muſick, Singing, Shrieks and Howlings. The Men were dreſs'd like Satyrs, and rav'd like Perſons diſtracted with enthuſiaſtick Motions of the Head, and violent Diſtortions of the Body. The Ladies ran with their Hair about their Ears, and burning Torches in their Hands; ſome cover'd with the Skins of Panthers, others with thoſe of Tygers; all attended with Drums and Trumpets, while they themſelves were the moſt noiſy. To this Diverſion, ſays the Hiſtorian, were added the Pleaſures of Feaſting and Wine, to draw the more

more in; and when Wine, the Night, and a mix'd Company of Men and Women, jumbled together, had extinguiſhed all Senſe of Shame, there were Extravagancies of all Sorts committed; each having that Pleaſure ready prepar'd for him, to which his Nature was moſt inclin'd.

'Tis with Deſign I have referred my Reader to the very Place; being reſolv'd not to trouble him with any farther Relation of theſe Midnight Revellings, for fear I ſhould draw him into the ſame Misfortune I unluckily fell under my ſelf. The very Idea of it makes me tremble ſtill; when I think of thoſe monſtrous Habits, fantaſtical Geſtures, hideous Faces, and confus'd Noiſes I had in my Sleep: Join to theſe the many Aſſignations made for the next Night, the Signs given for the preſent Execution of former Agreements; and the various Plots and Contrivances I overheard, for parting Man and Wife, and ruining whole Families at once. Theſe frightful Appearances put me into ſuch uncommon Agitations of Body, and I look'd ſo ghaſtly at my firſt waking, that a Friend of mine, who came early in the Morning to make me a Viſit, was ſtruck with ſuch a Terror at the Sight of me, that he made to the Street-Door as faſt as he could, where he had only Time to bid one of my Servants run for a Phyſician immediately, for he was ſure I was going mad.

'Tis to this very Relation of my Author, I'm now well aſſur'd, all our dreadful Accounts of Witches are owing; their riding thro' the Air

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on Broom-ſticks, their meeting at Midnight, and dancing in gloomy Groves, together with the other very credible Pranks they play there. It does not at preſent occur to my Mind, whether we have any other Cuſtom among us that takes its Riſe from hence.

I can't forbear giving my Reader ſome of the leſs frightful Particulars of ſo extraordinary a Viſion. I was convey'd (methought I knew not how) into a very large Place, lighted up with flaming Torches, and well furniſhed with animated Statues, as different in their Dreſſes, as *præternatural* in their Shapes. I had heard much of Hobgoblins and Spirits from a very Boy; and now I did not doubt but I was got amongſt 'em. All the Hopes I had left was, that this was but Purgatory at moſt, and ſo I ſhou'd find a Retreat at laſt. In this Meditation I was accoſted by a huge grim Phantom of a very aduſt Complexion, his Face like a ſhrivell'd Piece of Parchment juſt come out of the Oven. This confirm'd me in my Notions of *the middle State*; one would have ſwore the Fire had parch'd his Skin, by the Colour and Drineſs of it; and the many wry Mouths that he made, prov'd him to be in continual Pain. At firſt I did not underſtand his Language; but finding he aim'd at *Engliſh*, I ask'd him, with great Humility and Reſpect, to help me out, if he could. My Buſineſs, ſays he, is rather to *draw* People *in*; and I don't doubt you'll be better reconcil'd to the Place by and by. To the Devil, ſays I; for now I begun to be angry; when we were diverted by a long mea-

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gre Apparition in the Shape of an old Woman, who paſs'd cloſe by me with a ſlow trembling Pace, and a Crutch in her Hand; ſhe was muffled up in a Woolen Shroud, her Head danc'd all the Way ſhe went, and her Voice, at every Word ſhe mumbled to her ſelf, kept Time to it. 'This, ſays he, is a handſome 'young Fellow that lives in my Neighbour-'hood, (for I was conſulted in his Dreſs,) he's 'true *Fleſh and Blood*, I'll aſſure you, and you 'ſhall ſee him preſently, as ſoon as the Sign 'agreed on is given, follow that *Right Reve-'rend* there in the Corner into yonder Apart-'ment: She's a fine Lady, but marry'd againſt 'her own Conſent.'—— He was going on, when ſome Body gave him a Touch o' the Elbow; and ſo we parted, to my great Regret; tho' I think I never ſaw a more hanging Look in my Life. Paſſing forward, I was got, before I was aware, in the midſt of a Set of awkward Machines, all very ſtiff and upright; they were Corn-cutters, Magicians, Prieſts, and Tooth-drawers, as it were eaſy to gueſs by their ſeveral Habits; they ſtar'd in each other's Face, but not one Word paſs'd among 'em. What a Labyrinth of Deluſions, thought I, is here! What a Collection of ugly Faces! Turning my Eyes on one Side, I ſaw, at a little Diſtance, a luſty Figure all in black, with a Pair of Ram's Horns upon his Head, and a little Creature in his Hand, in Appearance, a young Woman, dreſs'd in a *Quaker*'s Habit; they were ſoon out of Sight; he hurry'd her into a little Room juſt by, ſhe having neither Force

nor

nor Power to reſiſt him. At the ſame time I overheard one whiſpering at my left Hand; *To Morrow Night at Nine, the uſual Place*, and then repeated two Verſes out of *Rocheſter*, which I have forgot. I had before obſerved at the lower End of the Room, two as cloſe as they could be, ſqueezing each other's Hand, and talking very ſoftly about a *jealous Husband, the Garden-Window, the laſt Child*, &c. A few Minutes after, as I was preſſing forward, I had like to have diſoblig'd a Cardinal by a *Shove* I gave him; his Eminence was juſt going to ſwear; when conſidering his Character, he very mildly ſaid, *Methinks you might have more Reſpect for the Church.* What happen'd immediately after, was the only thing that gave me ſome Diverſion, (my Reader will eaſily believe I was glad of any) travelling up and down I met with a laced Coat, a Hat, and a Feather, talking to an awkward Piece of Formality that was dreſs'd in all the Colours of the Rainbow. *Madam*, ſays he, *Your excellent Qualities, and exquiſite Parts have ſo aſſaulted the Fort of my Fancy; that I muſt of Neceſſity reſign my ſelf up to you, as a Trophy of your Victories.* To which the Anſwer was, (for I heard it plainly:) *Sir, I ſhall fall ſick for want of a Capacity to digeſt your Favours.* As great a Confuſion as I was in, this gave me ſuch a *Fit* of Laughing, that I had a Ring about me preſently; and I could not help crying out; *Fair* Belinda, *let the Showers of your Mercy mitigate the Fires of my Fancy.* Here if I had not had ſome very feeling Proofs, that I had

now

now to do more with Fleſh than Spirit; I ſhould have been tempted to have believ'd my ſelf in Purgatory ſtill; for I remember even in my Sleep, that Mr. *Bayes*, in the *Rehearſal*, ſays, that Spirits muſt not always be confin'd to ſpeak Senſe. Not far off there was a Knot of them got together, ſome in Lawyers Gowns, but more in the Prieſts; they were talking of a *Pretender*, *a bold Stroke*, *Madam* Sobieski, *and her Daughter*; but the greateſt Part of theſe, one might eaſily ſee, were of the Feminine Gender, by the Awkwardneſs of their Looks, and the Lowneſs of their Stature. It were endleſs to enumerate the various Appearances of this Night; it was a very diſmal one to me: And I awak'd with this Reflection: The Government, methought, muſt be afraid, not only upon a publick Account, for fear theſe nightly Meetings prove dangerous to the Commonwealth; but alſo each for himſelf, leſt he ſhould find his *Wife* or *Daughters* concern'd in this Extravagance.

I can't help reflecting here very ſeriouſly, upon the Levity of our Minds; what little Command we have over our Thoughts, and how little Chain, or Connection there is generally in them. In this Condition, frighted as I was at my firſt waking, the Ideas of the laſt Maſquerade ſo plagued me, that I could not get rid of them for my Life: I endeavour'd to divert my Thoughts, but in vain; What, ſays I, has this to do with Maſquerades? After ſome Trial, finding it impoſſible, I was

forc'd

forc'd to yield to the Violence of this Motion, and ſo reſolv'd to make a Collection out of the beſt Authors, of what I had formerly read upon this Head. I preſently betook my ſelf to my Common-place Book, and in an Hour's Time had drawn up the Plan of my future Diſcourſe. That any Reader may be the more fully acquainted with my Deſign, I ſhall here preſent him with the *Title*, and the *Contents* of each Chapter: The Book, I hope, will be publiſh'd by the Beginning of *Lent*.

TITLE-PAGE.

The Society trading in By blows; *or, The Court of* Aſſiſtance, *for multiplying the* Species, *and preventing the total Extinction of ſeveral Noble Families in this Kingdom. Humbly dedicated to all true Lovers of Mankind, eſpecially thoſe of the Female Sex. By a Friend to his Country.*

Omne tulit punctum. qui miſcuit *utile dulci.*

N.B. *The moſt private Families have ſometimes been improv'd by this Society.*

CONTENTS.

The Introduction, ſhewing the Advantages all Nations muſt reap from ſuch a *Society*. Some plain Proofs of its great Uſefulneſs to this Kingdom in particular. An Anſwer to the Queſtion, Why Maſquerades ſeem ſo peculiarly adapted to the Genius of the *Engliſh* Nation? The Introduction concludes with a Recommendation of them, by a Member of the Society for the Reformation of Manners.

Ch. 1. Of Metaphorical Maſquerades. Inſtances of them. The Devil's cheating *Eve* under the Diſguiſe of a Serpent. The *Epheſian* Matron. The *French* Abbe. The Thief-catcher deſiring to be excus'd, for that he never ſaw Company on Sundays. The Pretender's Aſſurance that he would take care of the Church, *&c.*

Ch. 2. Of Maſquerades literally taken. Several Significations of the Word both ancient and modern. *Maſque* originally denotes an old Hag, a Witch; from thence it came to mean a Whore. The great *Salmaſius* derives it from a *Greek* Word, which ſignifies any thing that's ridiculous. At preſent it's us'd for a Highwayman, an Inhabitant of *Drury-Lane*, and ſometimes a Woman of Quality.

Ch. 3. Of the Riſe and Progreſs of Maſquerades. That they are very ancient. *Origen* in his fourth Book againſt *Celſus*, ſays, Some Ladies in *Greece*, who met together for their Diverſion, firſt began them, to prevent being diſcover'd next Day.

Ch. 4. Of the Improvement of Maſquerades in our Days. The great Perfection they are come to. They are no longer a Matter of Speculation, but Practice. Twenty Heroick Actions done, for one good Thing ſaid, by the *Trading Society.*

Ch. 5. Of the *Secret* of the *Trade.* The ſeveral Arts whereby it's carried on; as Hugging, Kiſſing, Bawdry, Love Letters, Squeezing, Cock-Broth, Gellies, Lying, and Swearing.

Ch.

Ch. 6. An Account of ſome extraordinary Events that have lately happen'd to the Society in the Way of *Trade.* A Pope got with Child by a little Country Girl. The Husband debauching his own Wife. A young Lady acting the *Orange-Wench* to that Perfection, that ſhe forgot herſelf, till it was too late; with ſeveral other Things very curious and diverting.

To which is added,

The humble Petition of the Tire-Women, Mantua-makers, Old Aunts, Gentlemen-Uſhers, Cozin-Germans, Stale Houſe-keepers, Match-makers, Letter-carriers, Governants, and all Goers-between, of what Denomination ſoever, in and about the City of *Rome*, ſhewing the the incredible Damage they and their Families have ſuſtain'd, by ſome Midnight Societies, commonly call'd *Maſquerades*, lately ſet up in this City; whereby the beſt Branch of their Trade is entirely loſt; and if ſpeedy Relief be not afforded them, they and their Children muſt be reduc'd to Beggary. *Tranſlated out of* High-Dutch, *from an Authentick Copy.*

Of the SAME.

MY Readers have Reaſon to be ſurprized, that amidſt all the Variety of Subjects in which I indulge my Speculations, I have not oftener touch'd on the preſent reigning Humour of *Maſquerading*. But for this I have better Reaſons than I have hitherto thought fit to own; and one is, that I have laid it down long ſince, as a Rule to my ſelf and my Writings, not to interfere with Religious Controverſies; and ſince the Church have thought fit to enter the Liſts againſt ſo faſhionable a Diverſion, it would be as preſuming in me to become a Second in their Quarrel, as it would be unſafe to be declared an Antagoniſt.

Another Reaſon is, that were I to confine my ſelf upon this Subject, to ſpeak in my own Character, I ſhould be under a ſort of Neceſſity of diſobliging ſome of my Diſciples, whoſe Favour I have moſt Reaſon to value and eſteem. Let no Man at this Age of the World reproach me for being a *Time Server*; I inſiſt upon it, that I am a *Plain-Dealer* as far as I am able, an honeſt Man, and an open Speaker, ſo far as Mankind is willing to bear it.

What

What pity would it be for me to tell Fifteen Hundred pretty Gentlemen and Ladies, who are all, no doubt, my conſtant Readers, and are fond of me to Diſtraction, that their darling Amuſement is but a moſt miſerable murdered Copy of a fine Original. Why am I alone, of all the World, expected at this Time of Day, to be ſnarling odious Truths, and putting People of Condition out of Countenance for themſelves and their Diverſions? Ay, but (ſays one of my Correſpondents) *Maſquing* is a Humour of Trans-Alpine Growth, and though cultivated here at an infinite Expence, it is after all, forced and unnatural. The Climate is not propitious: Meer Novelty ſucceeds at firſt, but the Truth is, we are only affecting a Pleaſure which we do not really feel, and it is impoſſible we ever ſhould — It may be ſo indeed; but it would be very imprudent in me to ſay it.

Maſquerading (ſays another) even in *Italy*, where the Humour is genuine, is ſupported after another manner: There is no Expence there in the Caſe; the whole Town, at certain Seaſons, concurs in promoting the Jeſt. The open Streets are the Theatres of their Diverſion, and every Man's Houſe is common to the Frolicks of all the reſt: After a certain Period, this is intirely ſuſpended, ſo that the whole Country recover a new Appetite againſt the Revival. But ours is meer Boys-play to this; To meet in a large Room Five or Six times a Year, and for as many Hours at a Time, and then to be turn'd out whether In-

clination be exhauſted or not, is ſomewhat ſo very Childiſh, that no Words can make the Thing more ridiculous than it really appears at firſt Sight to any one who has ever breath'd the Air of *Venice*.

All this did not hinder me from being preſent laſt Night at that Aſſembly. I own, I was ſtruck with the Gayety and ſplendid Appearance of it, I went in the Figure of a maimed Statue without a Head; which was allowed, according to the Wit of that Place, to be very good Humour, and drew a great many notable Inquiries upon me; ſuch, as *Where have you left your Brains, Friend*, with abundance of other ſilly Queſtions, which tho' very ſmart there, will h rdly bear repeating here.

I had at firſt ſo much Company about me, that there was not above one Perſon that was better attended; but I ſoon after found an Opportunity of ſhifting my Dreſs, and in a blue *Domino* (which I hope a certain Lady, in the Habit of a *Gypſy*, had ſome Reaſon to diſtinguiſh) I was at Liberty to ſurvey the Aſſembly at my Leiſure. I found the Repreſentations which had been made of the Manners and Characters of the Place, were ſome of them true, and others abſolutely falſe.

Of the former ſort, I found all thoſe Errors and Improprieties in Character which I had been aſſur'd of before. It was not a little ſtrange at firſt to ſee an *Harlequin* ſix Foot high, ſtalking along with the Pace and Solemnity of a Judge; a *Turk* ſwearing the moſt horrid Chriſtian Oaths imaginable; and a Benedictine

tine *Nun* hobling about big with Child. As to the Oddneſs of the Characters which were aſſum'd there, it would be endleſs to mention them. Other Writers have already been ſo inſufferably witty upon this Subject, that they have exhauſted it; I muſt therefore be content to confine my ſelf to ſtrict Truth: A Man of great Quality was obſerv'd to ſhine very much in the Habit and Attitudes of a Prize-Fighter. Anothor did pretty well in the Stile of a Hackney-Coachman; but he afterwards aſſum'd the Man of Quality, and miſtook it wretchedly. An *Iriſh* Dean perſonated a Muſty very handſomely, and a famous Poet made a moſt incomparable *Hottentot*. A Lawyer within the Bar pickt Pockets with very great Succeſs, and a Maid of Honour became very terrible in the long Stride and fierce Cock of a Captain of *Dragoons*. But all the Stories of groſs Indecencies and dangerous Privacies, I will be ſo juſt to ſay are baſe Forgeries, though I hope they have been publiſh'd with a very good Intent.

I have no great Genius at projecting; but I confeſs that the Indignation which an envious Man has at the Succeſs of another, has rais'd in me an Emulation to ſurpaſs the Immortal *Heidegger*, even in his own Science. I will not pretend to conceal, but that there is ſomewhat of Selfiſhneſs as well as Ambition in my Deſign, and Profit finds a Corner for Reception in my Heart, as well as Glory. I may the more freely own this, becauſe (like thoſe never-to-be-forgotten and illuſtrious Spirits, my

Brother Authors,) I never ſo much as pretended to ſerve my Country for nothing.

It is therefore propoſed, that at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, as ſoon as Tragedies, Comedies, Paſtorals, Farces, *&c* ſhall be entirely ſuſpended and laid aſide, which by a reaſonable Computation will happen with the Expiration of the preſent Winter Seaſon, Subſcriptions will be taken in for a Ball.

To make this of general and univerſal Uſe and Entertainment, the Terms of Subſcribing will be ſo very moderate, as only to be ſufficient to anſwer the Expence of the Candles, Guards, *&c.* and to ſupport the Projector in a decent Equipage during the Seaſon.

As to the Entertainment: The good Company will be deſir'd to ſup before they come, or rather to ſuſpend entirely that unwholſome Meal; and by way of Refreſhment, they may, if it be thought proper, bring a ſufficient Quantity of *Cinnamon-Water* or *Rattafia* in their Pockets.

And whereas the Habits are the greateſt Article of Expence in Mr. *Heidegger*'s Inſtitution, it is farther propoſed, that theſe ſhall be entirely diſcontinued and laid aſide for the future; and inſtead of impertinent and ill-judg'd Affectations, which are at preſent practis'd, to make Perſons appear what they are not, it is apprehended that Gentlemen and Ladies may much better, as well as much cheaper, diſguiſe themſelves, by appearing to be what they really are.

Pro-

Projectors are not uſually Philoſophers, or elſe I could reaſon and refine upon this with great Delight to my ſelf, and Emolument to the Reader. Mankind is ever mask'd without knowing it. We learn to diſguiſe our ſelves in Childhood. Good Breeding is nothing but putting on the Vizard well, and good Manners is only wearing it handſomely. We ſeldom lay it aſide even when we are alone, as though we were afraid of ſeeing our ſelves naked. We never ſpeak what we think; and there are ſome Thoughts we fly from with a ſtudied Dexterity.

If ſuch an Aſſembly were to diveſt themſelves in this Manner, and to ſpeak and act naturally, and without Reſtraint, no wonder they would be diſguis'd to their intimate Friends, for they would appear but very new Acquaintance even to themſelves.

In Complaiſance to the Inclinations of ſome Ladies, whom Mr. *Heidegger*'s rigid Virtue will not ſuffer to appear above half bare, the Projector intends to admit to the Company, if they pleaſe, *in puris naturalibus*, or ſtark-naked.

Of PATRIOTISM.

AS popular Diſcontents and Clamour are ſeldom known in Arbitrary Governments, the Frequency of them in *England* is the greateſt Inſtance of our Freedom we can give: Were we Slaves, or did our Superiours intend to make us ſo, there would ſoon be a Stop put to our Complaints; we ſhould never be ſuffered to murmur at our Grievances, were they real, and they had been the Occaſion of them; and conſequently we ſhould be rather puniſhed than redreſſed.

As apt as the People are to be ſtirred up to Sedition and Tumult, they are ſtill as eaſily to be quelled; they are terrified with any Shadow of Authority, and it is with Difficulty they are brought to believe themſelves ſo much intereſted in a Cauſe, as to engage them to hazard their Lives in the Service of it: In ſhort, were their Principals, or they who kindle up the Seeds of Faction among them, but once ſhipped off to the Plantations, it would be no hard matter to keep them quiet; and if not dutiful Subjects, they might be made uſeful Members of Society.

It is ſo common an Artifice for thoſe, who would attempt the Subverſion of a Govern-

ment,

ment, to diſguiſe their Deſigns, under a Shew of Publick Spirit, and Zeal for the Liberties of their Country, that whoever makes them a Pretence for ſpreading groundleſs and unreaſonable Jealouſies among the People, ought always to be ſuſpected for a Cheat and an Impoſtor; whether they who have the Adminiſtration of Affairs in their Hands are blameable in their Conduct or no: Eſpecially when it does not appear that the diſcoverers have any other View in their doing it, but their own private Intereſt; as they certainly cannot have, who would endeavour, at all adventures, to diſtreſs an Adminiſtration, tho' it were with the utter Ruin of the State.

Beſides, the People whoſe Welfare they would perſuade us is what they only have at Heart, are manifeſtly the worſe for every Difference that ariſes between themſelves and the Perſons in Power; it is their mutual Intereſt to cultivate a good Underſtanding with each other: Where this is wanting, Stocks will fall, Trade and Buſineſs decay, our Funds become the Property of Foreigners; and, in the End, the Nation be reduced to Beggary and Slavery, by thoſe very Means that were taken to avoid them.

Nor is the Difference between an honeſt and a corrupt Adminiſtration of ſo much Conſequence to the People, in reſpect to their particular Rights and Privileges, that where a Change might have any Influence over the more important Concerns of the Nation, any little Grievances ſhould incite them to attempt

it; as the means of redreſſing themſelves, whenever there is a real Occaſion, always remain in their own Hands; nor would the Advantages obtained by it bear any Proportion to the Miſchiefs that would enſue from thence, were it even to meet with Succeſs.

For whatever the Heads of Factions or Parties may pretend to tell them of a Legal or a Natural Right which they have, not only to chuſe whom they pleaſe to rule over them, but alſo to call them to account for every thing, as they, either out of Humour or Opinion, ſhall judge amiſs; it is certain, whether it be ſo or no, they ought, for their own ſakes, to be extremely cautious upon what Occaſions they exert it: And if the Ferment ſhould ever work ſo high in them, that they ſhould take ſuch a Step, before they conſider well the Conſequences, an ambitious or a deſigning Prince would not wiſh for a better Opportunity to make himſelf Abſolute than this.

And this is what ſome Princes, who have aimed at Deſpotick Power, have been ſo well apprized of, that they have, even in their own Dominions, been at the Bottom of Inſurrections themſelves, and ſet their Creatures underhand to ſtir up and encourage their Subjects to revolt: They knew their want of Unanimity, their Inconſtancy, and the natural Suſpicion that one Man in ſuch Circumſtances has of another, would make them eaſy to be ſubdued, and that afterwards there would be few but would compound for their Lives with the Loſs

of

of their Liberties; and, in the courſe of time, perhaps they might reconcile it to themſelves too, when they come to find that as to their Manner of Living, their Taxes, and being obliged to ſerve in the Wars, 'twas much the ſame in an Abſolute Monarchy as a Free State.

As to the other Advantages of the one Form of Government above the other, the Remembrance of them would be loſt in a State of Slavery and Subjection, and the common People, where they are not in want of the Neceſſaries of Life, ſeldom conſider any thing more. His preſent Majeſty was ſo ſenſible of this, that foreſeeing where our Diviſions might hurry us, unleſs they were timely prevented, he has, out of an unprecedented regard to the Good of his Subjects, been inclined to give up a Branch of his own Prerogative, to remedy, if poſſible, this Evil, and ſecure us, as it were, againſt ourſelves.

The People, it muſt be acknowledged, have very little Malevolence of their own; and had they Convenience or Leiſure to inform themſelves truely of the State of Affairs, and ſee how egregiouſly they were impoſed upon by thoſe Perſons who are undermining the Conſtitution, under the Sanction of ſerving them, and ſacrificing both them and the Adminiſtration, at the ſame time, to their own Ambition and Avarice, their Indignation would turn againſt their Idols, and they would wonder at the Lenity of the Government in ſuffering them to paſs with Impunity.

For however contemptible theſe popular Orators are in themſelves, the Aſcendant they have got over the People by their wild and extravagant Harangues, make them ſo far obnoxious to a State, that they ought to be exterminated as publick Nuſances, and the common Peſts of Society. The preſent unhappy State of Credit in this Kingdom is in a great Meaſure owing to them, and they have taken advantage of the Credulity and Paſſions of the People, to baffle every Scheme that has been offered to retrieve it.

And indeed there can be none, who has any Share of Property, but muſt, in ſome Degree, feel the ill Effects of theſe Proceedings; and therefore, if there are any among them that give into this Clamour againſt the Adminiſtration, they are joining with their Enemies to undo themſelves: They are the Tools of publick Incendiaries, who, if thro' their means they ſhould advance themſelves into Truſt and Power, they will make no other uſe of either, than to ruin them, and plunder their Country.

In ſhort; all Order, all the Ends of Government are loſt, while it is thus in the Power of every Malecontent, or mercenary Scribbler, to inſult the Adminiſtration, and deceive the People. The Calamities we have brought upon ourſelves, by our own Avarice and Folly, have been made the means of inflaming the Populace, againſt thoſe very Perſons who were uſing all their Endeavours to help us out of them; there has been a prepoſterous Union

on of Parties, who, for above theſe twenty Years together, have been attempting the Deſtruction of each other, to break the Meaſures of the Adminiſtration, and perplex the Affairs of the Nation: Whigs have promoted the Intereſt of the Pretender, and Jacobites declared for Liberty and a Free Parliament!

Indeed we have been ſo often deceived by Perſons who have ſet themſelves up for Patriots, that were there no other Cauſe of Suſpicion, the aſſuming that Character alone is ſufficient to make either a Man's Underſtanding, or his Honeſty, queſtioned: They are to be conſidered as mere Fanaticks in Politicks, and ought to be treated, with the ſame Contempt, as we would a Troop of French Prophets, who ſhould pretend to a new Revelation. For whatever thoſe of a higher Rank may pretend, it muſt be either Knavery or Madneſs for a Man, who has not a Shilling of his own, or is himſelf a Priſoner for Life (as there are many ſuch Inſtances at preſent) to ſtand up vehemently for the Liberty and Property of others.

Of Pope INNOCENT XIII.

WE *Rhapſodiſts* do not find ſo much Difficulty in Writing, as in the Choice of proper Subjects. 'Tis eaſy enough to furniſh a Scrawl of ſuch a Length, after it is once determined what it ſhall be *upon*. Popularity is the *Jack* we all *Bowl* at; but the *Byaſſes* are of ſuch infinite Variety, and the *Ground* it ſelf ſo very uncertain, that it is no wonder ſo few are excellent in this Sport; and they who are Winners at laſt, owe their Succeſs not to their Skill, but ſome *Random* Caſt which good Fortune reſolves to favour.

I find my ſelf extreamly preſs'd by ſome Friends, who will needs fancy it in my Power to give them the Secret Hiſtory of that *Cock-Bawd* of *Babylon* lately deceas'd, who was called in his Youth *Michael-Angelo Conti*, but in his old Age turn'd *Anti Chriſt*, and took upon him the meek Sirname and goodly Appearance of Pope *Innocent* XIII.

I cannot deny, but that I have in my Power ſomewhat that would be very grateful to this ſame Proteſtant *Itch*, which is ſo laudable in *Engliſhmen*; but I hope I may be allow'd, without any juſt Suſpicion of my own *Proteſtantiſm*, for once to hold back the *Satyric*

Curry;

Curry-comb, and leave my good Readers to the delightful Exerciſe of *Scrubbing* themſelves, or one another, as their reſpective *Cacoethetic* Senſations may require. For to confeſs a Secret, tho' I ever had an Abhorrence of the Abominations of that *old Scarlet Whore* abovemention'd, I had always ſomewhat of a Tenderneſs and Opinion of her Perſon, which now naturally devolves upon her Memory. She was, to ſay the Truth, a Strumpet of a good old Houſe, which has been fruitful of them in all Ages. The Duke of *Poly* begot her. She was a notable ſtirring Woman in her Family: She had ſeveral very likely Baſtards, who are all infallibly provided for, and are at this Day conſiderable Luminaries in the Church: I am told they mightily reſemble their Mother. In ſhort, ſhe was a Friend to us Men of Learning, and to add no more, *She is dead.*

It were eaſy enough to oblige the Reader with ſome Frailties of his late *Holineſs* about Forty Years ago, while we good *Proteſtants* allow'd him to be of the *Maſculine* Gender, and long enough before our Religious Zeal had metamorphos'd him into a *Tawdry* Old Bawd: But I conſider, that the looſe Eſcapes of a young Fellow are, properly ſpeaking, of no Religion; and when a *Fryer* of Eight and Twenty is convicted of begetting a Baſtard within the Pale of the Church, it is unreaſonable to ſuppoſe he muſt have had no other Motives but the *Propagation* of Popiſh Superſtition. All Sects, however they may differ in the Theory, or the Modes of Devotion, are,

I think, pretty *Catholic* in their Wickedneſs. Good People! We cannot endure one another's Religion; becauſe, *Forſooth*, every one is ſure that his alone is *Right*: But we have the moſt univerſal Charity for each other's Vices, where we certainly know we are all in the Wrong!

'Tis very well for the World that they are at laſt agreed on *ſomething*; —— a fine Condition we ſhould be in, were Princes to declare for *Uniformity* in *Wickedneſs*, as they have often done in *Religion*; and as they were wont to bar all Ways to Heaven but *One*, ſhould in like manner think proper, by their Royal Edicts, to ſtop all the Avenues *downwards* but their own. What Confuſions would ſuch a Tyranny introduce! A People have ſometimes ſubmitted to be *ſav'd*, according to the Way the Magiſtrate has preſcrib'd; but I doubt they would underſtand it as one of the foremoſt Principles of Natural Liberty, that every Man has a Right to be *damn'd* in a Way of his own. What an awkward Figure would a meer fine Gentleman of our Times make, were he obliged by a Penal Law to change his Taſte, and become a ſtaunch Toper and Bottle Companion? How miſerably would an old Alderman ſhuffle in the Trammills of Gallantry, and an idle Vermin of a Poet be ſeen to ſweat and ſtruggle in the Toils of Ambition? The Terms of ſuch a Conformity would indeed be extremely hard; nor could there be any Meaſures of *Comprehenſion* projected with a National Church, who ſhould teach that there was no other poſſible Method of going

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to *Old Nick*, beſide that which was *Eſtabliſhed by Law* —— By the means of univerſal Toleration, and upon the Principles of private Judgment and mutual Indulgence, theſe Miſchiefs are happily prevented; and the World has come to a very prudent Reſolution, that Men neither can, nor ought to be forc'd to be wicked alike, any more than to be wiſe, handſome, tall, valiant, or well-dreſs'd alike.

Well! Peace be with the Soul of that good Writer, whoever he was, that firſt found out the Art of *Digreſſion*; and rot and conſume the Memory of him who was the Inventer of Method, Order, Deſign and Proportion; that Villain of a Scribbler, who firſt taught a Beauty and a Symmetry in Writing, the Harmony *of Parts*, and the Happineſs and Juſtneſs of *the Whole!* For my poor part, ſure I am, that I have Reaſon to curſe him as often as I think of him, which I now do by theſe Preſents, and ſo I return with great Satisfaction to *Pope Innocent* XIII.

I believe it muſt be granted that he was no *Proteſtant*; and indeed, without a Miracle, it was hardly poſſible, had he liv'd for ever, he would have become one; for tho' there are always great Numbers of Gentlemen of the Reformed Religion at *Rome*, yet the faſhionable Opinion of his *Holineſs*'s Infallibility effectually ſilences the Arguments of all Travellers of Breeding; and the *Pope* himſelf was ſo unhappily ignorant of all the Northern Languages, that he could not poſſibly have the Benefit of thoſe learned Volumes written

in

in Defence of the Reformation in *Engliſh*, *High Dutch*, and other Proteſtant Dialects.

But, on the other Hand, it is more than probable, that he was not a bigotted *Papiſt* either: Whatever Opinion he might have of the Piety and Infallibility of ſome of his Predeceſſors, he muſt be very certain that he had none of his own; however he might have been cheated by others, he did not ſurely impoſe upon himſelf. We will, with the Permiſſion of the Proteſtant Reader, ſuppoſe him a Man of Senſe; at leaſt, that he formerly had been ſo; and in that Caſe we cannot imagine that he himſelf thought that *Infallibility* came into him, as Underſtanding and Memory left him. It did not indeed become him to *ſmoke* the Cheat the firſt of all the World, and to cry out, "Gentlemen, Chriſtians, you *Proteſtants* in the North! This Buſineſs here is all Roguery!—I am indeed choſen *Pope*, for the ſake of my grey Beard and my bad Health, I preſume; but the D—l a Grain of Senſe or Honeſty have I now more than before——I was an old *Lecher*, a harden'd *Atheiſt* Yeſterday, and I am the ſelf-ſame individual ſtinking *Hirco* and old Rogue To-day ——As you ſay, Gentlemen, I am indeed the *Beaſt* in the *Revelations*; I deſire therefore that ſome good *Proteſtant* State would immediately quarter a ſufficient Number of Troops in my Dominions, and hang me with all convenient Speed out of the higheſt Window in the VATICAN, as I confeſs I deſerve."—This perhaps would be no more than Truth

and

and Reaſon in it ſelf, but at the ſame time ſuch a barbarous Soliciſm in Politicks, as never yet came out of the Mouth of a Prince, inveſted with abſolute Sovereignty, and ſituated in the moſt delightful Part of the World —Thus far have I, in Memory of the ancient Friendſhip between my ſelf and the Houſe of CONTI, ventured, even in a Proteſtant Country, and I hope without Offence, to ſpeak ſomewhat in Mitigation of the Enormities of a miſerable Man now deceas'd, which, without doubt, were infinitely great and abominable, and in ſome Reſpects incapable of Extenuation.

I do not know whether it be neceſſary to add, for the Inſtruction of the Reader, who may happen to be moſt *furiouſly* Proteſtant, that the late *Pope*, bad as he was, had, in Reality, neither Horns, Hoof, nor Tail; *Sawcer* Eye, nor *Harpy*'s Claw; nor did he uſually *patch* or *paint*, wear a *Night-Rail* or a *Hoop Petticoat*, as our fruitful Imaginations have repreſented him to us in *England*. Having perſonally ſeen him, as well as ſeveral of the *Effigies* of him, which have been carried about in Triumph, and burnt on the fifth of *November*, and other *Holydays*. I can the better declare, that he certainly never ſat for his Likeneſs to any of them, no more than the *Pretender*; but the *Devil*, for ought I know, may be a very juſt Reſemblance.

It is equally certain, that he never literally belch'd out Fire and Smoke againſt us *Proteſtants* on an *Aſh-Wedneſday*. He ſpoke of the Reform'd

Reform'd Princes with the ſame Temper as he of did all others. The Extirpation of the *Northern Hereſy* he knew would be a Miracle which he had not *Holineſs* enough to compaſs. He found that he himſelf was very well provided for, for Life, which therefore he deſired to make as long and as eaſy as poſſible. 'Tis certain, his natural Diſpoſition was Peace and Charity with all Mankind, witneſs his friendly and Chriſtian Intercourſe with the GREAT TURK, who, if I miſtake not, is more a *Heretick* in his Heart, than the firmeſt *Proteſtant* can pretend to be.

He hated the Pretender, and deſpis'd him: He found him quarter'd upon the *Pontificate* at the Time of his own Exaltation to it, and he never had Addreſs enough to get rid of him. He often preſs'd him to turn *Proteſtant*; 'twas certainly good Advice on both Sides. The *Pretender* might then have had the Shadow of a Poſſibility of ſucceeding ſome time or other, and the good *Pope* would inſtantly have turn'd him out of Doors for his Hereſy —— But it would not do; he ſoon found that the *Pretender* was a Fool by Conſtiution; and a Rogue only by Education; the worſt Compoſition in the World for a Great Man! He had juſt Wit enough to diſcover, that the *Pope* might poſſibly have an Intereſt in this Advice, and for that Reaſon he was reſolute to refuſe it. His *Holineſs* uſed him ever after this like a Child, gave him Sweet-meats and good Words, play'd with his Wife, and ſtood Godfather to his Son —— —— And ſo fare thee well, Old *INNOCENT* XIII.

Of

Of King PHILIP'S *Reſignation.*

THE Reſignation of his moſt Catholick Majeſty, *Philip* the fifth, in Favour of Don *Lewis*, his eldeſt Son, is an Event ſo ſurprizing, and is ſo little formed upon the Reaſons that Influence the Actions of the reſt of Mankind, that it deſerves to be treated in as ſerious a Manner as 'tis poſſible to do it.

There are ſome very penetrating Perſons, who ſince the Abdication has been publickly known, pretend that they long ago foreſaw it; and affirm, that as for many Years the Mails from *Spain* brought nothing but an Account of the Court Devotions, Expeditions to ſeveral Churches and back again, and a ſort of Journal of her Catholick Majeſty's Breeding, Births and Miſcarriages, it is not ſurprizing that a Prince ſhould at laſt entirely leave the World who had apparently ſo little to do in it.

But for my part, I can never ſo much ſuſpect a crown'd Head of any Intention to depoſe himſelf, as when it begins to be probable that other Perſons are upon the Point of doing it for him: And it is certain, that his late Majeſty, (ſince he had ſuch a Humour lurking about him,) might have found a much more

more proper Occaſion to have put it in practice than that which he has now choſen. The long War which was rais'd upon his Acceſſion to that Monarchy, gave him, no doubt, frequent Thoughts as well as very tempting Opportunities to quit it: But ſince it was not in the Power of the repeated Inſtances and moſt preſſing Sollicitations of the Earls of *Peterborough* and *Stanhope*, to perſwade him to reſign his Crown at a Time when his Imperial Majeſty ſtood ready to accept it, and offered very frankly to deliver him from all the Cares and Fatigues of it, I own I deſpaired of ever ſeeing it at all.

Not now to examine the Reaſonableneſs of ſome Conjectures which are made concerning ſome politick Motives for this Reſignation, I am content to take his Majeſty's own Word for it, that it is intirely the Effect of a Review of thoſe Miſeries that have attended his Adminiſtration, and a due regard to the future Proſperity of his Soul. This, it ſeems, was the Effect of Four Years Deliberation; ſo that to the Comfort of us Mortals, humane Nature did not loſe the Battle ſcandalouſly, but made a very good Defence, and ſecured, after all, the Palace of *Ildefonſo*, and Six Hundred Thouſand Crowns *per Annum* for its Retreat. The worſt of the Caſe is, that the Payment of this depends a little too much upon the Diſcretion of his preſent moſt Catholick Majeſty Don *Lewis*.

We do not yet know how this Abdication is received in the World; but I think his Holineſs

lineſs will not uſe his Majeſty at all handſomely, if he does not at leaſt pay him the Complement of Canonization, (as far as that is in his Power at preſent) and admit him into the Chapter of abdicated Kings, where I preſume his Place will be at the Left Hand of our *James* the Second.

How this Humour may take in the World, is yet uncertain; but I think it not improper to give all Fathers, Unkles, and other old *Putts*, who have any thing to leave their Poſterity, this ſhort Caution, not to take altogether four Years in deliberating upon it, for fear Death (to which, alas! the oldeſt and wiſeſt of us are liable) ſhould unexpectedly ſtep in, and intercept ſo pious a Reſolution.

I am thinking, if for the Sins of the World, three or four of the greateſt Princes of *Europe* ſhould have the Grace to copy after this Example, what a deplorable Condition would Mankind be in! Lord, what ſhould we do for ſome Body to rule us! In ſuch a Caſe, ſome of our Pretenders might do well enough, the *Sophi* and the Duke of *Holſtein* would then paſs for good pretty Fellows.

I do not name the *Chevalier de St. George*, becauſe in all Probability he will have reſign'd his Diadem too, before any ſuch Event can poſſibly happen. The Toils of Empire, the Weight of a Crown, will be good ſonorous Expreſſions in an Inſtrument of Abdication, and not more ridiculous than his other Acts of Government.

The conjugal Piety of the Catholick Queen is certainly very laudable, in accompanying the Retreat of her Husband; ſhe demonſtrates the Conſtancy of a Paſſion truly virtuous, and that ſhe ſtill loves the Man whom ſhe eſpous'd a King: His Majeſty too has found the Art of ſoftening the Severity of monaſtick Piety, and with the allow'd Indulgences of innocent and domeſtick Satisfactions, wiſely fortifies himſelf againſt all Temptations from Abroad. Had this Abdication been as well from the the Royal Bed as from the Crown of *Spain*, the groſs and ſenſual World would have underſtood that he had deliver'd himſelf from the One at the Expence of the Other; but this Scandal is now diſappointed, at the ſame Time that her Majeſty is not at all precluded from returning into the World at ſuch Times as the King is employ'd in his Meditations on Death, and the other Offices of his Retirement.

I can't but think it is a great Default in the Conſtitutions of all the Governments I know of, that this Trick of Abdicating is not at all provided againſt. Great Care is always taken to bind the Souls and Bodies of the Subjects to ſtrict Allegiance, and they are expected to wait with due Patience till their Sovereign, by Death or otherwiſe, is graciouſly pleaſed to diſcharge them; but not a Tittle of Security is given on the Prince's Part, that he ſhall not think fit to elope, and turn them over to the next Comer at half an Hour's Warning; ſo that in this Caſe a whole People, who have unadviſedly

unadviſedly fallen in Love with their Sovereign, are left to break their Hearts for him at their Leiſure. I own, I am for bringing Things to a better Certainty: Coronation Oaths ought certainly to be more binding than Soldiers Weddings, which oblige no longer than till the next Orders for marching.

This however muſt be own'd in Praiſe of Abdications, that they are a ſure Road to Fame and Immortality. The worſt Prince that ever liv'd, and he that has worn his Crown for many Years, as it were in mere ſpight to his People, has it always in his Power to grow into their good Graces at laſt, and become popular by reſigning it; and the moſt inactive Monarch that may ever reign hereafter, tho' he paſs his Days in perpetual Sleep, tho' he ſhall come to the Crown by Chance, and maintain it by meer Fortune, tho' he ſhall never diſtinguiſh himſelf by one great Action, either to his own Honour, or the Happineſs of his People, even after his Sceptre is become as inſignificant as a Child's Bauble, will ever be remember'd for having reſign'd it. *Lewis* the Fourteenth of *France*, will be always diſtinguiſh'd for placing the Crown of *Spain* upon the Head of his Grandſon, but not more than his Grandſon for renouncing it.

The two Princes moſt famous for their Abdications (perfectly voluntary) were the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, and *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*. I do not intend to take this Opportunity of cramming my Readers with more Hiſtory than they can well bear; but the Rea-

ſons of their Reſignation were ſo very different from thoſe of his Catholick Majeſty, and at the ſame time ſo well underſtood and approv'd of by the World, that I may be allow'd juſt to mention them. *Charles* the Fifth was one of the greateſt Characters the World ever ſaw; he had paſs'd a long Life full of Dangers and Glories, and he continu'd ſtill to entertain moſt unmeaſurable Deſigns; when it pleas'd the ſecret Hand of Providence to fight againſt his vaſt and daring Genius, and by an unaccountable Series of ill Succeſſes, to fruſtrate thoſe amazing Views which had no Limits but thoſe which are preſcrib'd to the World it ſelf: Being at length worn out with Age and Cares, as well as made wiſer by his Diſappointments, he quitted the World at a Time when he was the greateſt Prince in it, and retir'd to a religious Houſe, but not to the monkiſh Dreams and Follies of it. He embraced the Truths of Chriſtianity, as it then began to be reformed from the Corruptions of Popery, and dy'd as every wiſe and good Man would wiſh to do, in a reaſonable and well-choſen Retirement. He was the Wonder of his own Age, and the Admiration of all ſucceeding Times. Queen *Chriſtina* renounced her Crown for the beſt Reaſon in the World, which was, She foreſaw ſhe ſhould not be able long to hold it: She reſign'd with a very good Grace, and upon a very good Penſion; and ſhe had Intereſt or Addreſs enough to ſecure the punctual Payment of it: She retir'd to *Rome*, and it was ſaid, ſhe had ſome Thoughts of aſſuming the

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ſacred Purple, being better qualify'd to ſuſtain the very Papacy itſelf, than her Holineſs Pope *Joan*, who we Proteſtants ſay actually attain'd it.

To moralize a little (as better People than my ſelf are wont) towards the latter End of a Rhapſody: How tranſient and unſtable are the beſt and greateſt ſublunary Things! How fickle is humane Nature! Strange, that a Man of Forty ſhould not have choſen his Profeſſion, but be doubting at thoſe Years, whether he ought to be a King or a Monk! This ſhould inſtruct us what very Trifles we little People are quarrelling about, when even a Monarchy, which after all is undoubtedly the prettieſt Place in the Government, is not always a Poſt for Life.

Of Biſhop BURNET'S HISTORY.

THE Knowledge of the World, and an Acquaintance with Books, are the two grand Claſſes into which the Studies of all ſuch as are, or wou'd be thought, eminent among Men, are divided. Theſe powerful Parties behold the Labours of each other with mutual Contempt. The Man of Addreſs and Application conſiders Learning no more than as a buſy kind of Sloth and Diligence in Trifles, and a very proper Amuſement for Children and little minded Men, who are unequal to the Conduct of the World, and can never poſſibly have any Share in it. The Scholar, on the other hand, thinks of Ambition as a Madman's Dream, the Fumes of Vanity, and a ſickly Mind, as well as a Combination of bad and unhappy Paſſions: He holds, that Greatneſs, which is but a better Species of Miſery, is juſtly ſought for, and always found abroad; but Wiſdom, which alone, ſays he, is true Happineſs, is only to be met with at home.

But notwithſtanding the *Eulogiums* which every Man pays to his own Manner of paſſing his Time, (for it is all but little more than mere *Paſs-Time* and Amuſement at laſt,) it is moſt certain, that a very ſmall Proportion of that

that which is honour'd with the Name of Learning, has the leaſt Relation to true Wiſdom; and of all the Thouſands that ſpend their Years in Converſation, how ill do we after all judge of our Neighbours, how are we deceiv'd even in our ſelves!

After all our Diſputes, every Man's own Conſtitution, or that Caſt of Inclination which he firſt received, and which has by Time acquir'd the Strength of Habit, will irreſiſtibly determine him to call Happineſs by a Name of his own chuſing, and not to receive it from another. 'Tis a fine thing to dance at Court in a Birth-night Aſſembly —— but not to me, who had rather be ſwinging upon a Gate in the Country. *Horace* was an inimitable Poet —— it may be ſo: Wou'd I were a *Teller* of the *Exchequer*.

The Knowledge of Books qualifies a Man to paſs his Time alone; an Inſight into Men makes him ſafe and eaſy in Company. A learned Man is but a ſort of Brute in a polite Circle: A Courtier would languiſh and want Company, even in a Library. A Taſte of Books is a happy Refuge for the Unfortunate; Penetration and deep Diſcernment are of moſt infinite Service in Proſperity. Letters will not always give the Mind real Eaſe, no more than Greatneſs ſincere Joy, ſo deficient are the beſt Things here; but we ought not therefore to neglect them. Every thing has its Seaſon, and ſo have they. A Man that ſtudies Happineſs wiſely, will unite all Taſtes, if poſſible, in his own Perſon; but theſe ſhould be indulg'd only

to ſerve and pleaſe him, not to govern him. We may lay our Snares for Pleaſures as wide as poſſible, taking great Caution not to be caught in them our ſelves. How miſerable do we ſee Children, who have broken or thrown away one Play-thing, when they come to conſider they have ne'er another. We ſhould lay in a Proviſion of future Entertainments in great Variety, and chooſe them in the ſame View as we do our Books: No Man ever read more than One at a time, and yet he would be very unhappy that had but One to read: But he that would have a good Library, muſt have Books which he does not certainly reſolve ever to look into; and yet in the Courſe of a little Time, even theſe will find ſome Minute to give him a Satisfaction which he would have wanted without them. A Man ſhould endeavour to hoard up a Store of Pleaſures, as Miſers do of Money, not ſo much that they intend ever to uſe them, but it is a Joy to know we have them in our Power.

If my unworthy Opinion of the Preference in theſe two Studies, Books and Men, might be of any Weight, after I have declared that every Man's trueſt Pleaſure is that which makes him Happieſt, and that his own Senſes will ever have the caſting Voice in this Debate; I ſay, if any thing I could add would have any Conſequence after this, I ſhould be ſure to do ſome Honour to my own reigning Inclination, by mentioning it. But thus much may be ventur'd to be ſafely laid down towards the Reconciliation of this Diſpute: The

Knowledge

Knowledge of thoſe Books which lead us into the Knowledge of Mankind, ſeems to be a Study of the greateſt Uſe, as well as the higheſt reaſonable Entertainment.

It does not import much by what Titles ſuch Books are dignify'd; whether the Author aſpir'd to the Name of an Hiſtorian, or was contented with the humble Appellation of a Memoir Writer, very little affects me; I am only concern'd to ſee the Machines which acted the World formerly, ſince it is neither in my Fortune nor my Duty, buſily to enquire into thoſe which govern it at preſent; I am delighted with an honeſt Narrative of what paſs'd behind the Curtain in ſuch a Reign, and from thence to be able to underſtand and reconcile ſeveral Actions which appear'd very confuſedly upon the publick Theatre of that Time: What little Paſſions have govern'd the Greateſt Men; what great Events have been conducted from the moſt contemptible Beginnings, and by the meaneſt Inſtruments!

I frankly own, Biſhop *Burnet*'s Hiſtory of his own Time anſwers this End amply to me. I have learnt from him what I did not know before, and am as little aſham'd to confeſs I have been inſtructed, as I find the reſt of the World is to own they have been entertain'd by him. I am not a little out of Countenance at the paltry Objections which I every Day hear made againſt this Work. Some quaint People have rais'd a great Clamour at his Stile, and this indeed is not without an Appearance of Juſtice; and yet this is nothing better than

quarreling with a Man about his Dreſs. The Length of the Work may well enough paſs for an Excuſe, eſpecially conſidering the Author's continual Avocations to the Duties of his Character, and that this Work was not left us as a Specimen of fine Writing, but as true Hiſtory, and a plain Recapitulation of Facts.

Others wrangle that this Publication was deferr'd ſo long, till all the Authorities he cites were dead or out of the Way; but I could name another Hiſtory which came into the World with much more Deliberation, againſt which theſe Gentlemen have no Objection, tho' I confeſs I have a great many. The Biſhop appointed this Work to be publiſhed not before Six Years after his Death, in Imitation of the great *Thuanus* and others; but we ſee in *England*, that Party Malice will ſurvive much longer than that Term, after the Subject of it is deceas'd; and I can't but think it ſome Injury to the Intereſts of Truth, and the Cauſe of common Liberty, that this Piece appear'd ſo ſoon.

The poor Charge, that the Author is too fond of himſelf, and is the Hero of his own Romance, ſcarce deſerves an Anſwer, in the Opinion of any that have really read the Book, which they cavil againſt. The Biſhop frequently declares, that he does not pretend to inform us of any Thing which is in other Books, or which was not true to his own Knowledge; and having bound himſelf by this Method, he was obliged to give us at large

large an Account of thoſe Intimacies and Converſations with the Princes and Miniſters of his Time, which are the Subject of ſo much impertinent Mirth at preſent, but which were the real Opportunities of the Diſcoveries which he then made, and has tranſmitted to Poſterity.

The impudent Fictions which have been invented to depreciate the Credit of this Work, have ſome of them already been detected, by a Hand which has been long eminent in the Intereſt of Truth and Liberty, and whoſe uncommon Zeal for them both has prompted him to give theſe Libellers the Honour of a Correction, which otherwiſe they could never have been thought worthy of. They have indeed retracted the Forgery, but are not aſham'd of it; and with a moſt infamous and feeble Malice, are ſtill endeavouring to fix their own ſcandalous Artifices upon the Friends of the late Prelate, which were too groſs to affect the Memory or the Labours of himſelf.

But that nothing may be wanting on their Part to ſtain the Reputation of this Work, they moſt nauſeouſly counterfeit a Paſſion for the Glorious Memory of our Deliverer K. *William*, and exclaim with the common Violence of that Prince's Admirers, againſt the black Inſinuation drop'd in the Cloſe of his late Majeſty's Character: But I have it in Commiſſion from one of my Correſpondents, who appeals to the next Volume to make good his Aſſertion, that the Biſhop was very far from any Imagination of that Crime, which is commonly miſtaken for the conceal'd Senſe of that Paſſage.

Of MORTALITY.

AS I was the other Day ſitting very ſolitary, and projecting ſomething for the Advantage and Inſtruction of my gentle Readers, whom I had almoſt determin'd to lead into ſome very ſolemn and ſober Speculation, ſuitable to the Influence which an Eaſterly Wind has always upon my Temper, I was of a ſudden interrupted with a printed Account of the natural Death of his late Holineſs, *Innocent* XIII.

I was now turning my Thoughts with great Application, towards a ſort of Funeral Banquet, ſomething equivalent to Sack, Biskets and Roſemary; and reſorting, upon this Occaſion, to my File of Hints, Memorandums, and other Author-like Tools and Conundrums, I found my ſelf well enough provided with many grave Reflections, and pompous Apoſtrophe's, upon the Tyranny of Death, and the natural Frailty of Princes; all which, I remember'd, had been gather'd together, and intended for Publication, upon the Demiſe of *Philip* of *Orleans*, late Grandſon and Regent of *France*: How the Wind happen'd to change, and the Publick came to be diſappointed of thoſe Flowers, is a Secret of Authorſhip,

thorſhip, not proper to be communicated to every ordinary Reader.

Be that as it may; moſt certain and undeniable it now is, that I have at this preſent, in my Cuſtody, a moſt curious Collection of beautiful Sentiments upon this Subject, moſtly Originals, ſome Capital Pieces, and ſeveral very good Copies. I have it in my Power, for Inſtance, to make it demonſtratively clear at an Hour's Warning, as well by ſolid Argument and undeniable Reaſoning, as by many pertinent Similes and Alluſions, that *Death* is the common Lot of All; and Sovereign Princes are no more than their dear and loving Subjects exempted from this fatal Neceſſity. I can prove from a very good Poet, that Death, with a moſt unwelcome Impudence, approaches the *Ruelle* of a Monarch, as familiarly as the Bed-ſide of a Tradeſman. He is an unbred Watchman, that thumps as frankly at the Gate of a Palace, as at the Door of a Hovel. I can call in Hiſtory to prove, that *Alexander* the Great, and his Co-temporary, the Fellow that liv'd in the *Tub*, are both dead; ſo is *Harry* the Fifth, and his Friends *Piſtol* and *Nim*; ſo too is *William* the 3d; ſo, *Elkannah Settle*.

I can make it appear very probable, that moſt Men in all Ages have generally dy'd, as certainly and as duely as they were born; that ſcarce one Man in a Million has had the good Luck to live for ever; that the Doctrine of *Re juveneſcency* is all an Impoſture, and not within the Power of Chymical or *Galenical* Medicine:

Medicine: That the wiſeſt and moſt modeſt of the Faculty, in all Ages, as well as of our own Time and Nation, have generally diſclaimed all Pretences to it. The learned Doctor *Caſe* once own'd in Confidence to me, that he knew nothing of it. The great *Byfield* was at beſt very doubtful about it; his own *Sal*, he thought, came the neareſt to the Thing; and I am told his Widow continues of the ſame Opinion. The great Dr. *F——d*, who is thought to inherit the Profundity of Science, as well as the Practice of thoſe great *Opifers*, is reſolved for the future, to content himſelf with endeavouring only to *prolong* Life as far as poſſible, having had Occaſion, in the Courſe of his Practice, to obſerve that his Talent does not lie towards giving abſolute *Immortallity*.

I have alſo now lying by me, a choice Parcel of Critical, Moral, and Philoſophical Reflections upon Mr. *Aſgyll*'s pernicious Book, which has corrupted ſuch Numbers of unwary Youth of the laſt and preſent Generation, by pretending to prove that every Man is left to his Choice in this Matter, and may either *dye* or not at his own Diſcretion. I can ſhow that the Privilege of *Tranſlation*, is a very rare and uncommon Caſe, and by no Means to be expected, much leſs depended upon by ordinary People now a Days. And tho' I am, generally ſpeaking, an Enemy to Perſecution for Matters of Opinion, and as well as I like Mr. *Aſgyll* perſonally, and over a Bottle; yet I think I can give very cogent Reaſons why the Ma-

giſtrate

giſtrate ſhould interpoſe in this Matter, and my good Friend ought to receive a further Anſwer than he has yet done, from the *Secular Arm*. Were People to be allowed to reaſon themſelves out of this Humour of Dying, What muſt become of great Numbers of good Subjects, who have ſold Annuities, or bought Reverſions? In what a forlorn Condition ſhould we behold all eldeſt Sons, younger Brothers, City Wives, and Court Husbands? Commiſſions in the Army would ſell at infinite Prices, and Phyſicians muſt live then, as their Patients do now, upon *Water-gruel*. The Hangman's Office would then be, like a good Preferment in the Church, a mere *Sine Cure*. Baſtards would be too hard for Pariſh Nurſes, and live in ſpight of the Overſeers, to ſtare *Legitimacy* out of Countenance. In ſhort, the beſt Trades and Profeſſions would be miſerably over-ſtock'd; not to mention the extreme Inconveniency it would be to *Great Britain*, to have all its *Poor* immortalized, before the Legiſlature had fallen upon a Method to ſet them to Work.

Theſe are ſome few of the many Thouſand Miſchiefs, publick and private, which would infallibly enſue, allowing my ingenious Friend's moſt damnable *Hypotheſis* to be true, and to be embraced and received as ſuch; eſpecially if we conſider, that ſuch is the Tenour of this pernicious Belief, that the meaneſt *Proſelyte* to it might very ſafely give the Magiſtrate an Interview at *Smithfield*, and

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get the better of him at the old Logick of Fire and Faggot.

But what will the Reader ſay, if, after all this, I ſhould pretend to prove that this unhappy Man, the Founder of this Sect, does not even believe in *Himſelf*; that he is a Heretick even in his own Religion, and that in his own Soul and Conſcience he denies the Truth of thoſe very Principles which he has invented himſelf. I am capable of demonſtrating that he is as great an Impoſtor as *Mahomet*; that he had the ſame carnal Ends and worldly Views, but by very good Luck for the World, not the ſame Succeſs; that his Book is as full of Falſities as the *Alcoran*; nay, I can even prove, where he himſelf, under ſome Twinges of Conſcience, or at ſome unguarded Hour, has confeſs'd all this, and a great deal more.

And is it not a very melancholly Conſideration to reflect what Multitudes are at this Inſtant, the profeſs'd Diſciples of this wretched Impoſtor? The Caſe more nearly affects me perhaps, as I have ſome Reaſon to ſuſpect that the Deluſion is crept into my own Family, there being a certain venerable Anceſtor of mine, old as I am my ſelf, who by her great Age might have had her Company very well excus'd ſome Years ago; but by her perfect Health and florid Complexion, ſeems now to threaten me with Mr. *Aſgyll*'s Principles. This occaſions very great Perplexity in my private Affairs; and is the more ſurprizing, becauſe her Phyſician is of my own chuſing, and, as

Phyſi-

Phyſicians are reckoned now-a-Days, is a very ſenſible Man.

But to ſay the Truth, this Hereſy is a Plant which has not thriven ſo kindly in *Great Britain* as elſewhere: In ſome Parts of *Germany*, I am credibly informed, they are reduced into a regular Sect; have Conſtitutions, Synods, Articles and Creeds of their own: They are called after the Name of their Founder *Aſgyllites*; and they believe in him, and pay him the ſame Honours as the *Jews* do at this Day to *Moſes*. To deny the Law of *Aſgyll*, is to blaſpheme; and it is there, a Religious Act to conceive certain high and ſublime Ideas of a Man whom I have ſmoak'd a Pipe with.

How happy are you, my Courteous Reader, (if peradventure you are indeed ſo happy) not to be led away by this Deluder! And how happy am I, never to have been ſeduced by the Vanity of Ambition, or the Hopes of Gain, to have been guilty of *Aſgyll*'s Sin, and invented an Impoſture of my own! The making of Creeds, Articles, and Subſcriptions for other People to ſwallow, is, no doubt, the eaſieſt and pleaſanteſt Part of Authorſhip; tho' perhaps not ſo pleaſant, nor ſo eaſy, to ſwallow them ones ſelf. Tho' poſſibly a good Writer may ſometimes have had few or no Readers, the idleſt Enthuſiaſt that ever run mad, has never failed of Multitudes of Followers. Were the genuine Diſciples of *Locke* and *Muggleton* to be poll'd throughout *England*, I am aſham'd to think where the Minority would be found.

The Characters of Different Nations.

THE high Opinion which every Nation entertains of itſelf, as well as the Contempt it has of all its Neighbours, is generally very ridiculous and unjuſt. The *Italians* perſwade themſelves that all the Happineſs of Human Life is confin'd to that Tract of Earth which they poſſeſs, and that all the reſt of *Europe* are ſordid *Tra-montane* Wretches, who drag out their Lives in the moſt abject Miſery. The *Frenchman* makes no Scruple of informing a Stranger that all Politeneſs is limited to the Territories of *Louis* the Fifteenth; and the *Hollanders*, that the whole World are Slaves, except themſelves. All this while, our own Countrymen look down with Pity and Contempt upon their ſeveral Pretenſions, and reſt firmly ſatisfy'd, that they themſelves are the happieſt, the politeſt, as well as the freeſt Nation on the Globe.

But, letting alone the peculiar Vanities and Braggadocios of every Country, 'tis certain that there is ſome certain Character which only can be apply'd to each particular People, and which peculiarly diſtinguiſhes them from all the reſt of Mankind. The Tunes, Voices, Pencils, Chiſſels of Italy, are no more to be co-

pied

pied by us, or tranſplanted hither, than their delightful Air, or their clear Sky. A *Frenchman*, I preſume, may be allow'd to be a better and more natural Orator, Taylor, Dancer, Mimick, than another Man, There is a ſort of buſy Slothfulneſs, a careful Thoughtleſſneſs in a *Dutchman*, which is inimitable by all the World; a heavy Affectation of low Mirth, and a ſort of ungenerous Niggard-Honeſty, particular, to himſelf.

As Rivers riſe and flow, and Mountains ſtand,
Thro' ev'ry Age the Mark of ev'ry Land:
So this or that peculiar Inclination
Remains unalter'd, and denotes a Nation.

As for us *Britains*, if we ought to have any Regard to the Opinion of our Neighbours in this Matter, we are pretty juſtly reproach'd with too great a Partiality in our own Favour; and tho', when we ſpeak of our ſelves as divided into Parties, we are extremely liberal of our Cenſures, and mutually blacken each other with the vileſt Accuſations; yet when we conſider the Nation in general, apart from the whole World, we are equally laviſh in its Commendations, and are, as we may reaſonably preſume, inſufferably nauſeous to any but our ſelves.

If there be any thing that eminently diſtinguiſhes the *Engliſh* from any other Nation, I think it is the Variety there is in their Manners, Humours, Cuſtoms, Talents, and their Flexibility and Inconſtancy in all of theſe: Theſe

Diverſions

Diverſions in thinking and acting, may be obſerv'd in the Religion, the Laws, the Government of our Country. We not only in ſome Reſpects almoſt generally differ from each other, but at ſome Times even from our ſelves; and this Medley is as often viſible in publick as private Life: To this Variety of Complections, are owing the frequent Revolutions we meet with in our Hiſtory, rather than to any great Grievances that occaſion'd 'em, or any very great Advantages, which are reaſonably expected from 'em.

This remarkable Diverſity is accounted for by looking back to the Original of the *Britiſh* Nation, and obſerving the Characters of the ſeveral Countries from whence we are deſcended, who all imported their own Cuſtoms and Manners along with themſelves. This Conſideration, together with that of the Climate we live in, and the Air we breathe, where 'tis nothing wonderful to ſee the Weather change three Times a Day, will, in ſome Meaſure, expound ſeveral odd Vagaries and whimſical Events, both tragical and comical, with which this Nation has in all Ages, amus'd itſelf, and ſurpriz'd the reſt of *Europe*; but notwithſtanding we may perhaps have ſuffer'd ſome Inconveniences from this Humour, 'tis certain that it has been attended alſo with many happy Advantages.

We are perhaps oblig'd to this Part of the *Engliſh* Character for our Improvement in uſeful Arts, for the Extenſiveneſs and Variety of our Commerce, and for what we *Plume* our ſelves

ſelves upon much more, the Preſervation of our Liberties. The Reaſon why ſome of our Neighbours have loſt their original Freedom, is becauſe too many of 'em concurr'd to the Reſignation of it. But we *Engliſhmen*, who never yet were unanimous in any thing, have always had ſome among us who have been contradictory enough to ſtruggle for *Magna Charta*, in ſpight of certain well-bred Perſons, who have in all Ages been willing to part with it.

I know that Liberty is the favourite Characteriſtick which we generally apply to our ſelves; and every Man muſt own, and feel it with Pleaſure, that with us it is ſomewhat more than a mere Name, a Sugar-Plumb for the Rabble; every *Engliſhman* is capable of convincing himſelf that he is a Freeman, by the Evidence of his Senſes, and the plain Teſtimony of Matter of Fact; and he knows too that the greateſt Man in *Great Britain* cannot invade this, without his Knowledge, nor take it from him without his Conſent.

We envy not the happier Land that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies;
Nor at the Coarſeneſs of our Heav'n repine,
That o'er our Head the Frozen Pleiads *ſhine:*
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's *Iſle,*
That makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak
Mountains ſmile.

I think it has been abundantly prov'd that the *Engliſh* are generally a brave People, Fearleſs

leſs of Death or Danger; which renders them at leaſt equal to any of their Neighbours in War, either by Sea or Land: But it muſt be alſo own'd, that being us'd to Eaſe and Plenty in their own Country, they do not ſo well endure Hardſhips, Inconveniences, and Want of Proviſions, as ſome other Nations who are us'd to fare worſe at Home; for which Reaſon Prince *Maurice* of *Orange* us'd to put the *Engliſh* Troops upon the earlieſt Service, before (as his Expreſſion was) they had digeſted their Beef.

Neither is it any Compliment to ourſelves to ſay, that we are the beſt Manufacturers in Silk and Woollen, as well as the beſt Improvers of Mechanick Arts in *Europe*; but the Misfortune is, that we love our Eaſe and Pleaſure ſo well, and the Price of Labour is thereby ſo dear, that our Neighbours are able to underſell us in Trade, by which Means very great Advantages are loſt to the Nation, as well as our Streets and Highways infeſted by Thieves and Beggars. It is not perhaps conſiſtent with the general Liberty which is exactly maintain'd in *England*, to force this ſort of Perſons to Labour and Induſtry, and to make themſelves uſeful Members of their Country. This is however a very conſiderable Article in the Proſperity of the Publick, and very frequently comes under the Conſideration of the Legiſlature, and is ſtill, in my poor Judgment, capable of very conſiderable and neceſſary Improvements. The Laws made for the Relief of the Poor, might perhaps be better form'd (upon

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ſome Scheme) for the effectual Employing them: Neither is it of any Service to the Publick Intereſt, that one Manufacture ſhould be encourag'd by the Suppreſſion of another, or of any valuable Branch or Trade. The great Thing to be kept in View is the Cheapneſs of Labour; and therefore all Schemes which tend to make the Poor rich, that is, in other Words, idle and extravagant, tho' they will be always popular, are fatal and ruinous to the Trade of the Nation. It values but little that we ſend the beſt Goods to foreign Markets, if they are not proportionably cheap; which will never be while a Merchant is obliged to pay an *Engliſh* Workman as much for a Day's Labour, as would ſupport a *Frenchman*, or a *Dutchman*, a Week.

To return from this Digreſſion. The *Engliſh* are pretty generally inclined to Melancholly, one infallible Symptom of a fine Underſtanding. They are generally excellent in thoſe Sciences they apply to, and in the Study of Letters they have produced the greateſt Men, tho' not the greateſt Numbers of them. In Works of Genius and Underſtanding, ſome few of them have even rivall'd the Antients; many of them diſcover'd Mines of uſefull Knowledge as well as ſolid Pleaſure, and even the common People are better informed than in moſt other Nations.

The pleaſing Medley of Characters and Humours particular to *Old England*, make up together a very fine Scene; and the general Face of Peace and Proſperity that covers all,

will

will well enough excuſe a warm *Engliſh-man* in thinking it the fineſt Country in the World.

Of SEDITION.

THE Multitude of Papers is a Complaint ſo common in the Introduction of every new one, that it would be a Shame to repeat it; for my own Part, I am ſo far from repining at this Evil, that I ſincerely wiſh there were ten times the preſent Number: By this Means one may hope to ſee the Appetite for Impertinence, Defamation, and Treaſon, (ſo prevalent in the Generality of Readers) at laſt ſurfeit it ſelf, and my honoured Brethren, the Modern Authors, be obliged to employ themſelves in ſome honeſter Manufacture than that of the *Belles Letters.*

'Tis impoſſible for one, who has the leaſt Knowledge or Regard for his Country's Intereſt, to look into a Coffee-Houſe without the greateſt Concern. Induſtry and Application is the true and genuine Humour of a Trading City; where this is every where viſible, all is well. Buſineſs and Money are the only Themes of Contemplation at *Amſterdam*, the great Mart of *Europe*; but as ſoon as the *Dutch* Merchants learn from us the Art of loſing

loſing their Time, and can be content to waſte a Mourning in collecting the Venal Excreſcences of the Day, we need not long envy 'em either their extenſive Traffick, or their Navigation. Whenever I ſee this falſe Thirſt of Knowledge in my own Countrymen, I am ſorry they have ever learnt to read. I would not be thought an Enemy to Literature (being indeed a very learned Perſon myſelf;) but when I obſerve a worthy Trader, without any natural Malice of his own, ſucking in the Poiſon of Popularity, and boiling with Indignation againſt an Adminiſtration which the Pamphleteer informs him is very corrupt, I am grieved that ever *Machiavel*, *Hobbes*, *Sidney*, *Filmer*, and the more Illuſtrious Moderns, including myſelf, appear'd in Human Nature.

Idleneſs is the Parent of innumerable Vices, and Detraction is generally the firſt, tho' not immediately the moſt miſchievous that is born of it The Mind of Man is of ſuch an ill Make, that it reliſhes Defamation much better than Applauſe; ſo that every Writer who makes his Court well to the Multitude, muſt ſacrifice his Superiors to his Patrons. I thought proper to premiſe this, that if at any time hereafter, the Purſuit of Truth and Reaſon ſhould direct me to eſpouſe the unpopular Side of a Queſtion, it may be believed, that I did not miſtake the Road to Fame, but purpoſely avoided it. A Man ought nor, indeed, to be out of Countenance in not ſucceeding with the Rabble, who, at his firſt

ſetting out, pretends to be above the Methods of gaining 'em.

We ought certainly always to preſerve a Regard for the *People*: Some Notice there ſhould ſtill be taken of their Sentiments, and their Intereſts ſhould be conſtantly conſulted. They are the Bulk of Mankind, for whoſe Sake, 'tis not amiſs to believe, Government was originally erected. But whether at the ſame Time they have Capacity and Opportunity to know thoroughly their own, and the National Intereſt; and conſequently, whether that ſame Sovereign and Sacred Authority which their Flatterers pretend is ſeated in them, has any Foundation in Reaſon, or ought to take place in ſo excellent a Conſtitution as our own, is the firſt humble Doubt I beg leave to propoſe.

That there is a very great and indefeaſible Authority in the *People*, or Commons of *Great-Britain*, every one allows; but by the People, in this Place, I refuſe to underſtand the confus'd Herd of Vagabonds, whoſe Ignorance and Poverty naturally retain 'em to the Intereſt of Rebellion and Publick Confuſion. Thoſe that fill up the Cry of Diſcontent, have generally the leaſt Right to ſay any thing upon that Subject; and for that Reaſon ſeveral of the moſt flouriſhing Writers ought to be very ſilent; for they only are poſſeſs'd of this popular Authority, who are intitled to it from the Property they enjoy: Power is ever naturally and rightfully founded here, and this Power being delegated into the Hands of

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Parliament, it there becomes legally abſolute, and the People are by their very Conſtitution obliged to a Paſſive Obedience.

Nothing is better known than this, nothing on all Sides more generally allow'd, and one would imagine nothing could ſooner ſilence the Clamour of little Stateſmen and Politicians; that Jargon of Publick-Spiritedneſs, which waſtes ſo much of the Time of the buſy Part of our Countrymen. The Misfortune is, that tho' every one (who is not indeed crack-brain'd with the Love of his Country) will own that the Populace, by having delegated the Right of inſpecting Publick Affairs to others, have no Authority to be troubleſome about it themſelves; yet every one excepts himſelf from the Multitude, and imagines that his own particular Talent for Publick Buſineſs ought to exempt him from ſo ſevere a Reſtraint. Hence ariſes the great Demand for News-Papers and Coffee: Happy is it for the Nation and the Government, that the Diſtemper and the Medecine are found at the ſame Place, and the Blue-Apron Officer who preſents you with a News-Paper to heat the Brain, and diſturb the Underſtanding, is ready the ſame Moment to apply thoſe compoſing Specificks, a Diſh and a Pipe. Otherwiſe what Revolutions and Abdications might we not expect to ſee? I ſhould not be ſurpriz'd to hear that a General Officer in the Train'd-Bands had run ſtark ſtaring mad out of a Coffee-Houſe at Noon-Day, declared for a Free Parliament, and proclaim'd my Lord Mayor King of *England*.

But to leave Jeſting; this National Diſtemper, this Zeal for the Publick, as they fancy it, is a very ſerious Affair: For my part, I often wonder how ſo many of my Countrymen have caught it; they would perſuade us that it was born with 'em, that it is the firſt Principle of every great and honeſt Mind, and never fail to heap a great many ſuch Compliments upon themſelves. The Truth of the Buſineſs is, that Impertinence is very infectious, and 'tis at any time in the Power of one prating idle Fellow to corrupt a whole Pariſh. I have ſometimes obſerved this Humour creeping upon myſelf, and by uſing the ſame Coffee-Houſe two or three Days, have found myſelf inſenſibly diſaffected, from the Harangues of a warm honeſt Fellow, whoſe Underſtanding I have all the while deſpis'd. The Love of one's Country is a Sacred and Noble Paſſion, worthy of a Patrician's Boſom, one whoſe Birth, Fortune, and illuſtrious Accompliſhments, decree him to Publick Service; but in a Labourer, or a Servant, 'tis all Pretence, Ignorance, Idleneſs, and Impudence.

The Scenes of this Infection are, as we hinted before, every Coffee-Houſe; but there are ſome that are particularly ſacred to Diſcontent and the Good of the Publick. About the *Exchange* they riſe early to put themſelves out of Humour; at *Temple Bar* the Malignants do not meet till Twelve; towards *Charing Croſs* and the *Cocoa Tree*, where they dreſs better they cannot get together before Two: At Night they aſſociate again about the *Temple*, where

where ſome Body or other undertakes to talk the Miniſtry out of their Places, or himſelf into a Conſumption.

There are ſeveral of this wrong-headed Species always to be found in Parliament-Time plying in the Lobby of the Houſe of Commons, and expecting the Deciſion of a Queſtion with the utmoſt Concern and Impatience. If it proves a Sun-ſhiny Afternoon, they adjourn to the Park, and dine upon the Repetition of the Debate. How many Families are betray'd to Want and Wretchedneſs by this fatal Impertinence? How much more reaſonable would it be, to transfer Part of this idle whimſical Concern to the Proviſion for thoſe Families, who can only eat from their Labour and Application? Little innocent Orphans, even in the Life-time of their Parents!

I was oblig'd to take Shelter from a Shower t'other Day, in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, and as I was examining the Monuments of the Poets, I was addreſs'd by a Perſon of ſo mean an Appearance, that I expected nothing leſs than a Petition for a Teaſter, which, for a certain Reaſon I don't think proper to mention, I was immediately preparing to deny: But I found myſelf very much miſtaken, his only Deſign was to know my Sentiments, whether the Maſter of the Rolls was not a much properer Perſon to be Speaker in the next Parliament, than any one that was named by the Court. I anſwered, that the Duty upon Leather was not ſo great, but a very comfortable

Livelihood might be got out of that Manufacture.

To conclude: As the Wiſdom of the Legiſlature has taken care that none ſhall be ruined by the Service of their Country, by providing Revenues proper to the Poſts of Importance, and inſiſting upon viſible Landed Eſtates, as the Qualification of all that ſerve in Parliament; what pity is it that this Care cannot be further extended, that Men who can aſſiſt the Publick Welfare only by their Wiſhes, who cannot be idle an Hour without Prejudice to themſelves, ſhould be allow'd to talk themſelves into Goals, and leave their Families to the Publick Maintenance, with Impunity? That there ſhould be Hoſpitals erected for the Cure of every ſort of Madneſs but this?

Of

Of HOPERS.

MY Friend *Bookwit*, whoſe Character I have ſomewhere mention'd before, and to whom I am oblig'd for my Introduction into that Illuſtrious Body of modern Writers meeting in *Vinegar-Yard*, has ſuch a particular Vein of Humour in all his Pleaſures, ſomewhat ſo low, and at the ſame Time ſo novel and agreeable in his Diverſions, that it is impoſſible not to be in ſome Degree ſtruck with his Taſte, though one cannot perhaps entirely approve it.

Giles Bookwit, tho' he is one of thoſe very few People who knows how to marſhal their own Thoughts, and is capable of bearing his own Company, and converſing with himſelf; tho' he very well underſtands the Value of a good old Book, and is at the ſame Time well enough turn'd for the Converſation of Men of faſhionable Breeding and modern Wit; yet his ſovereign Taſte is in a much lower Strain: he finds his Entertainment where few other Men would look for it, among People that were born without Senſe, and live without Money; Fellows, that one would imagine were created in the very Idleneſs of Nature, and ſupported purely for the Sport of Fortune.

Bookwit knows all the odd Fellows in Town, from *Conſtitution-Hill* to the Sign of the *Sieve* without *Aldgate*; not only by Sight, but by Name and Converſation, their Talents, Intereſts and Pretenſions; and as one Friend knows another, he can inform you of their Hours, and Places of Rendezvous, and their diſtinct and ſeparate Lodgings—ſuch of them as have any. He can tell you exactly where the *Half Wits* are to be met with, where the *Half Senſibles*. He has Intimacies with moſt of them, and a very good general Character among all the reſt; and indeed he very well deſerves it, for he really excells them all even in their own Way. I have ſeen him at the *Tilt yard* Coffeehouſe, more wrong headed and fantaſtical than any Half pay Officer in the Room; he deſcends inſtantly to their Level of Comprehenſion, as tho' he had left three Parts of his own Underſtanding at the Door. He ſeems to wade *ex tempore* into the Depth of his Company's Parts, and utters the falſeſt weakeſt Things, with now and then a Fouriſh of falſe Reaſoning, and ſuch a Torrent of inceſſant Eloquence, and a viſible Self-ſatisfaction; which is, in all other People, an infallible *Criterion* between a Man of half Senſe and thorough Underſtanding.

How ſtrong and nervous have I heard ſome of his Harangues upon Liberty and Publick Spirit! How has he maul'd off ſome late *South Sea* Directors! How ſigh'd out *Creſcit amor nummi, &c.*——and *auri ſacra fames*, and all the ſevere Things againſt ready Money, which are to be met with in *Lillie*'s Grammar! And when

when he has found himſelf in a good pathetical Key, I have known him, by the meer Variation of the Poſition of two or three capital Words, ſay the ſame thing a thouſand Times over, till he has fetch'd Tears into the Eyes of the whole Company, and ſometimes too into his own. After this he has adjourn'd to *Slaughter*'s, where he has been very ſuitable Company to a Fidler, and more than once led an innocent Dancing Maſter into a critical Diſſertation upon a *Rigadoon*.

One of the Evenings laſt Week he call'd upon me, at an Hour when he knows I am not Writing, and invited me to take a Turn with him in the *Temple Garden*. I waited on him with a great deal of Pleaſure; for I think it among the firſt Bleſſings of Life, to have an honeſt, prudent and chearful Friend; one with whom a Man may be both merry and wiſe; open, and yet ſafe. Amongſt other idle and unbending Diſcourſes, I happen'd to enquire after our immortal Friends in *Vinegar-Yard*: He gave me a very whimſical Account of them; but, ſays he, I have a better Treat for you to Night. There is, you know, among Mankind a very numerous Party, who are Proof againſt Miſery and Contempt, and ſuperior even to Hunger it ſelf; not by the Force of Religion or Philoſophy, but by the meer Strength of their own natural and conſtitutional Folly; nor is this becauſe they do not feel their preſent Wretchedneſs; far enough from that, they are very ſenſible of it; but they tell you they *Hope* for better Days. You ſee my Friend, commu-

nued he, that Madmen and Deſperadoes are cool Thinkers and ſenſible Perſons, (tho' not half ſuch entertaining Company,) compar'd to theſe idle, and (if I may be allow'd to call them ſo,) *deſperate Hopers.*

As I was lift'ning to my Friend's Reflections, I found he had led me inſenſibly to one of the *Temple* Avenues, which is ordinarily known by the Name of *Ram-Alley.* A Place, which, I am told, is the Night-Scene of a good deal of obſcure Gallantry among Serjeants Clerks, and Judges Footmen; a Market where *Half-pence* paſs in current Payment, and abundance of dirty Love is hung out to Sale, ready made, and at reaſonable Rates.

But the Reader is not to imagine that our Errand here was upon this Account; I do not remember of late Years, that my Affairs have been ſo extremely preſſing. We entered into a Houſe, which at firſt had but a very *Dingy* Appearance; but my Friend immediately made his Way into a Ground Room, which was illuminated with a very good Fire, encompaſs'd by a moſt venerable Circle of ſeemingly ancient Worthies. I own their firſt Appearance gave me Pleaſure, for I could not immediately diſcern in their Faces the Fool and Madman, which *Bookwit* had prepared me to expect, excepting only, that there was a Pair of Whiskers and a *Picqued* Beard among them, which looked a little ſuſpiciouſly.

It was eaſy enough to obſerve that my Friend was, as he is every where, very welcome: Upon his Entrance, they all *grounded* their

their *Pipes* in Token of Reſpect; even the Maſter of thoſe awful Whiskers, juſt mention'd, only paus'd to diſcharge an ample *Whiff*, and then roſe to ſalute him. But upon my Appearance, they became as dead Men, all kill'd with Conſternation and Terror. I juſt heard two or three of them mumble out, *Death! who's that?* and then they became ſpeechleſs. But *Bookwit*, who well knew their Diſtemper, was not at a Loſs for a Remedy; he only whiſper'd two Words to honeſt *Whisker*, and I became immediately a more deſirable Man to 'em than *Bookwit* himſelf.

Their Civilities to me had almoſt involv'd them in a Civil War; but the ancient Perſon with the *Picqued* Beard, by his perſonal Authority, ſilenc'd all their Pretenſions, and aſſum'd the Privilege of entertaining me, as he call'd it, to himſelf. He would needs make me ſeat my ſelf in his own Place within the Chimney, an Honour which I was at firſt determin'd to decline; but I found him invincible in his Complaiſance: *Pugh*, ſaid he, *you are too modeſt, Sir, you don't know* me; *what the* Dickens! *Have not I been whip'd at the Cart's Tail too?* —— Gueſs, gentle Reader, my Amazement at theſe Words; I was almoſt petrify'd with Aſtoniſhment: I now found what Method *Bookwit* had taken to procure me their good Graces, and ſat me down wherever they were pleas'd to place me, as deaf, and as dumb, and as much a Cheat, as the famous D——*n* C——*ll* himſelf.

As ſoon as I recover'd from my Trance, I found my Friend far gone in Speculation and Prophecy, according to the exact Taſte of the worſhipful Company. He aſſur'd them very ſolemnly, that the Queen was far gone with Child again. The whole Circle here unanimouſly *Hop'd* that it would prove a Prince. *Bockwit* reply'd, it was certainly a Prince; nay, a Couſin of his, that was Neceſſary-Woman to her Majeſty, had hinted in her Letters, that the Queen went with *Twins*, and that they were both Princes The good Company did not heſitate at all upon the Strength of this ſort of Evidence, but were rather perplexed with gueſſing what Title the ſecond-born *Twin* was to bear; and all agreed in *Hoping* that the Midwife would take care to diſtinguiſh the eldeſt, for fear of entangling the Succeſſion. My Friend aſſur'd them that due Care would be taken of that Matter; and as for the Dignities they ſpoke of, he added, that the Titles of the two Dukedoms, *York* and *Albany*, which us'd formerly to go together, were now to be divided between the two Princes. Which Imagination of *Bockwit's*, tho' but juſt coin'd out of his own idle Fancy, ſeem'd as convincing to them as immediate Revelation itſelf; and they could not poſſibly reſiſt the Belief that Twins would be born, now they were ſo eaſi'y and happily provided for.

A great deal of other good News was told, not worth repeating. *Mr. Mac Brazen* of —— *'s Inn*, being wearied with the Fatigues of his Place, had lately reſign'd his Poſt, and accepted

a Penſion; and they had it all over the Court, that the ingenious Mr. *Kettle-phiz* was to ſucceed him.

While theſe Matters were under Conſideration, there came in one whom they call'd Serjeant *Stuart*, he having had that Poſt in the Guards in King *James*'s Reign. After having ey'd *me* with a Countenance as foul as Thunder, till he was ſatisfy'd of my Honeſty, as they were pleas'd to call it, he diſcover'd himſelf more freely, and told us the melancholy News of the Death of the poor Gentleman in *Newgate*, who was confin'd there for nothing in Nature but conſpiring to aſſaſſinate the Prince of *Orange*; but, continu'd he, he's happy, and we muſt be contented —— — What moſt troubles me, is, that I hear a near Relation of mine, as brave a Fellow as ever broke Bread, is to be whipp'd in *Ireland*, only for ſaying, *The Government might kiſs his Breech*. *Bookwit* ſeeing me ſo ill ſorted with my Company, affected to be ſeiz'd with a very violent Spleen at the bad News, and roſe up to be gone, leaving a reviving Twelve-pence behind, and —— *Well*, Serjeant, *one may* Hope *theſe Doings wont't laſt always*.

As ſoon as I had got out of that wretched Hovel of *Hoping* Lunaticks, before deſcrib'd, I begg'd Leave of my Friend to take a Turn in the *Temple*; and by the Aſſiſtance of the Moon-light, endeavour'd to digeſt that monſtrous Load of Villany and Madneſs, which I had been obliged to ſwallow but juſt before. And I muſt beg Pardon of my Reader, if in my Reflec-

Reflections upon this extraordinary Scene, I ſhall grow more ſolemn and ſententious, more wiſe in my own Eyes, and more a Coxcomb in his, than perhaps he may be diſpoſed to approve of.

The firſt Turn or two paſſed in deep Silence, which was interrupted by *Bookwit*, in this Manner: My Friend, ſays he, there is a certain wiſe Saying, which in the Abundance of my Reading, I once met with, but when and where, through the Shortneſs of my Memory, I have long ſince forgot; it is this, That *Hope is the Dream of one that is awake.* This is exactly true of our Friends yonder by the Fireſide. Imagination is to them what real Appearances are to others: The Night-time is only a Seaſon of more deep and thorough Repoſe to them; and they are leſs than ever under the Dominion of Fancy, at a Time when it becomes abſolute over the reſt of the World.

Reaſon is a moſt excellent Painter, and repreſents Things to us juſtly, and as they are in real Life; but when he grows weary of his Pencil, and betakes him to his Reſt, his Back is no ſooner turn'd, but a little unlucky Boy, a younger Brother of his, by Name *Fancy*, uſurps the Maſter's Chair, and ſcrawls in Water Colours ten thouſand idle Figures, Dolphins, Unicorns, Griffins and Mermaids, Mountains of Gold, and Rocks of Diamonds—but the Maſter returns, ſmiles at the Urchin's Labours, wipes them out, and all's forgotten.

But,

But, my Friend, anſwer'd I, how unhappy is it when the Maſter does not return at all, when the whole Hiſtory-piece of humane Life is entruſted to the Dawbing of that little Brat you ſpeak of? How ſad is it, when this ſame Youngſter grows ſtrong and ſturdy, and is embolden'd by long Poſſeſſion to ſhut the Door, and bar it againſt the Entrance of his elder Brother? What wretched Deſigns will he not then venture on? Witneſs your Friends we juſt left in the Alley.

However, reply'd *Bookwit*, ſince Reaſon cannot watch for ever, but muſt ſometimes nod in all; happy he that has a good Fancy, that can fill up this neceſſary *Interregnum* pleaſantly, can dream luckily and at his Eaſe? What a Curſe is it to be for ever haunted with Horrors and black Impreſſions; never to ſhut the Eye of Reaſon, but inſtantly to behold a Spectre or a Goblin; not to dare to put out the Candle for a Moment, leſt a Fury ſhould enter with a Torch! Not ſo our Friends imagine; their Ideas are of a better Complexion. Every one has not ſuch good Fortune; for my own part, I find Cauſe to envy theſe People you are ſo apt to compaſſionate. Let Judgment and Philoſophy wink but one Moment with me, and Fancy and Opinion are inſtantly ready to ſcrawl out Contempt and Poverty in capital Characters; I turn away; I ſhut my Eyes; but in vain. I ſee the odious Figures in my Sleep.——

I found my Friend was going very faſt into his own Caſe, and therefore endeavour'd to divert him from it as well as I was able. What ſeems moſt pleaſant to me, ſaid I, in the Circumſtance of your good Friends yonder, is, that ſo many grave People ſhould be able to meet together every Night, and to dream as it were in *concert*. This is an Improvement which I could not have conceiv'd of before. I may, without Vanity, pretend to ſome Knowledge in Architecture; and, tho' I ſay it, have built ſome Millions of Caſtles — in the Air; which, if I were to ſhew the Models of them, you would do me the Juſtice to own, that they were not amiſs of the ſort: But all theſe Performances of mine were begun, carried on, and compleated entirely by my ſelf, and without the Advice or Aſſiſtance of any Mortal whatever; for between you and I, my Friend, I always thought this Taſte of mine for Building, tho' infinitely titulating to my ſelf, was a ſecret Reproach to my Beard, and would infallibly, when diſcover'd, deſtroy that high Opinion which my Hypocriſy had hitherto preſerv'd.

Not ſo, anſwer'd *Bookwit*, for this ſame Practice of *Dreaming*, *Caſtle-building*, and all the other Modes of *Hoping* are, I believe, juſt as common as the Abſence of the Maſter *Reaſon*; and I do not care if I own to you, that I have endeavour'd to cultivate and improve this Habit in my ſelf. It ſerves one good Purpoſe however, if nothing elſe; it eats up ſo much Time, and wears out a good Part of

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an uneaſy fooliſh Life. I think it may well enough be allow'd to ſtand upon the ſame Footing with *Cheſs* and *Ombre*, or any of thoſe faſhionable Expedients we fly to, when we are ſick of our Time and our Company, and want to get rid of our ſelves. Shall I own to you, my Friend, continued he, that I have been vain and weak enough to fancy to my ſelf Fame, Wealth and Immortality; even from my Writings; that I once projected a Work which was to have inſur'd me the great Name and Age of *Homer*, the Fortune and eaſy Splendour of *Horace*, and the Honour of Knighthood into the Bargain!

This is ridiculous, but every Man has his weak Moments, his Hours of *Hoping*, had he but, like you and I, the Honeſty to own it. Nay, there are ſome that even live upon *Hope* as well as our Friends in *Ram-Alley*, tho' they put on a better Face, and wear a more thriving Appearance. Step To-morrow to the *Cocoa-Tree*, you'll find *Hope* and *Chocolate*, the only two Things that go down there. Slender Fare! but no Matter, it is thought ſufficient, and it is ſo.

Some of the moſt Common-place Sentiments among the Poets, are thoſe which turn upon the Vanity of *Hope*; let the learned Reader refer to the Word *Spes* in the *Indexes*, and he will have ample Proof of this; but I am apt to think that the Poets among *Us* have treated that Topick with more Spirit and ſevere Juſtice than any others, perhaps becauſe they have had more Occaſion to quarrel with their Commons than thoſe of other Ages and Nations.

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In this they have exceeded the proper Province of their own Art, and borrow'd from Philoſophy. The late Mr. *Prior* has admirably expos'd this *Foible* in humane Nature.

The hoary Wretch, who all his Days
Has ſtruggl'd with continual Sorrow,
Renews his Hope, *and blindly lays*
The deſp'rate Bet upon To-morrow.
To-morrow comes; 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day, like all the former, flies;
Yet on he goes to Hope *Delight*
To-morrow, till To-night he dies.

But I preſume the Reader, by this Time, begins to *Hope* that I have almoſt done with him; and this is a ſort of *Hope* which I cannot be merry with for my Heart; for I my ſelf begin to doubt that he has Reaſon on his Side, though at the ſame Time I feebly *Hope* he has not.

On my own Part, I moſt devoutly *Hope* that one Day or other I my ſelf ſhall become a very great and popular Author; that my Redundancies may paſs for Eloquence, my Obſcurities for Conciſeneſs, little Petulancies for natural Humour and Bombaſt and Fuſtian for true Sublime; that the frequent Blunders of my Printer and my ſelf may be excus'd on the Score of cert in Excellencies, which neither of us are aware of; and that when by the Errors of the Pen and the Preſs we are utterly unintelligible, the kind Reader will be pleaſed to ſuppoſe the Senſe to be induſtriouſly and

artfully conceal'd, and graciouſly ſubſtitute one of his own. I *Hope* to ſee a Subſcription for all my Works, upon Royal Paper, in Ten Volumes in *Folio*, ſet on Foot by one of the great Parties in this Kingdom, out of meer Gratitude, and join'd in and carry'd on by the other out of Spight and Emulation, that ſo I may at laſt be entirely independent of them both, and like a true Man of Condition, as I expect to be never read or write any more as long as I live. I *Hope* the candid Reader will adjudge theſe very Lines to be the juſt Standard of *Engliſh* Writing, and the printed Character an exact *Elziver*; and above all, I *Hope* that I my ſelf am not a Madman, nor in a Dream all this while, and liable to awake by and by, and be told that this Eſſay, which has coſt me ſo much Pains, was the Imagination of a Sleeper, and muſt be wrought a-new before it will turn to any Account.

Some Characters of the preſent Age.

THere is nothing I would not do to oblige my dear Readers, and to convince them of this Fondneſs, I am now reſolved to preſent them with a Collection of Pictures; they are all done by the beſt Hands, except one or two, of my own drawing. I ſhall ſay nothing of the Colours, tho' I think them very good; and if I underſtand any Thing of their different Tones, or Union, they are well apply'd. For the *Portraits* themſelves, they are drawn after the Life, and if ſome Parts of Nature are not found admirably repreſented, when they come to be compared with the Originals, I'll be content ne'er to handle Pencil again as long as I live.

And to ſhew the World that I'm not in any wiſe animated in this Undertaking by Pique or Anger, I will point at no Blots, that are not real ones, and my Cenſures ſhall be the Cenſures of Mankind.

The firſt that preſents himſelf to my Fancy, and ſeems to petition for a preſent Diſpatch of his Picture, is Don *Altiero*. And here I have nothing to fear; however I may ſhow him to others, I'm ſure for a very good Reaſon, he won't know himſelf. Don *Altiero* is ſelf-ſufficent,

ficient, and therefore always unequal, haughty, and diſdainful; Diſguſt and Conceit are near Neighbours. Envy and his own Merit rob him of being happy: He has ſo particular a Fondneſs for himſelf, and ſets ſo mean a Price on what belongs to others, that he's never contented. You ſhall ſeldom ſee him laugh; he is very upright, and moves by Springs: Tie but a Pair of Spectacles to his Noſe, he is a *Spaniard*; and yet in another Senſe, he's a Man of great and ſudden Revolutions; he's not more different from others, than he is at different Times from himſelf; a chance Word will change, turn, overturn him; if you pleaſe him to Day, he grows upon you; it will coſt you dearer the next Viſit, and you muſt put a greater Force upon your ſelf, or elſe, my Life for it, you'll part diſcontented with each other: Tho' he ſhould hide his Reſentment, till he is going, you will find it in his *Adieu*; and then he looks gravely, and ſteps regularly for ſix Months after, whenever he ſees you. *Gallice Il boude.* If you have caught him in a Fault, the Indifference is for Life, unleſs his Reſentment be mitigated by putting you upon an equal Footing. I rather pity than laugh at that awkward Way of acting he has, all the while he's diſguſted; he can't help it; it comes from thoſe frequent good-natured Thoughts he has entertained in his Mind about you, ever ſince you laſt failed in your Duty to him. No Man courts Applauſe more than he does, and no Man takes more Pains to hide it; he is very vain, but you are not to think ſo. There

is

is a Set of Creatures that are his Admirers, who gratify him by asking *how he would have done in ſuch or ſuch a Caſe*: They know he is brim full of his own Ideas; and Theſe in return have his good Word. For my own Part, I comfort my ſelf, when out of Favour, to think of the little baſe Characters he approves of. " What he has good and deſerv-
" ing, is ſpoiled by affecting ſomething won-
" derful. He has more to do than twenty
" of the ſame Trade; that is, a few Small
" Concerns, dignify'd with the Name of *Bu-*
" *ſineſs.*" You muſt never hope for Candour, Familiarity and Freedom, from one whoſe only Aim is to Govern; and this is Don *Altiero*'s Idol. The beſt Scheme, the faireſt Cauſe in the World ſhall be loſt for him, unleſs he has been conſulted in the firſt Place, and with the Reſpect, Deference and Submiſſion due to him. He is above you, all the while he deigns to converſe with you. Half his Underſtanding is ſufficient for any Body elſe; and if you deſign to oblige him, you will pretend to no more. He will ask you a Queſtion about your Family, your Concerns, and while your are anſwering, his Curioſity is gone, he interrupts you, and talks of another Subject. He is generally loaded with ſecret Intelligence, as well as Pride; which laſt very often ſaves you the Pains of hearing what only comes from a *Valet de Chambre*, or an *Under-Clerk* at beſt; however, *he keeps the beſt Company, his Acquaintance is very large; he din'd Yeſterday with Sir* Inigo Lanthorn, *and*

is

is juſt going to viſit my Lady Bundle: All this while forgetting, that a Man that ſees Company, never thinks of telling it. " This Pic-
" ture would want one ſurprizing Stroke,
" ſhould I forget to tell you he has Parts;
" and that it is his Happineſs, that Pride,
" Vanity, and ill Manners may be the Vices
" of a Man of Senſe.

Another Character which I am equally fond of is that of *Tony Trivial*, Eſq; *Tony* is Maſter of a good popular Phiz. He has had a Place at Court theſe ſeven Years, and has not one Acquaintance there yet. He is looked upon as a Man, *ſans conſequence*, and ſo has neither Friends nor Enemies. *Tony Trivial* is got to that very Pitch of Contempt, that ſome extraordinary *Philoſophers* have imprudently wiſh'd to arrive at. All the World agrees with him, they let him alone, no Body troubles him. They don't ſo much as mind him, even to avoid him. He takes one Man by the Sleeve, another by the Button, whiſpers to a Third; but all with the ſame Succeſs. He is not felt, he is not heard. I ſaw him the other Day, tip a Gentleman upon the Shoulder; ſays the Gentleman, turning round, What do you ſay Mr. ——— but as ſoon as he ſaw it was the inſignificant *Tony*, he clos'd his Lips, without deigning to pronounce his Name. *Tony* comes to ſee me ſometimes, and as he ſeems to be made for nothing elſe but to *dine at Noon, and ſup at Night*, I can bear him well enough at thoſe Times: He always begs I would look upon him as *no Body*, and I always do as I

am

am desired. He is no more to me than his own Picture, which he forced upon me about a Year ago. In short, I know neither good nor ill of *Tony*, but that he now and then gets it into his Head to talk for the Court; tho' I assure you he means nothing by it, nor does no hurt. This, I observe, recurs once or twice a Year, but does not last long at a Time; the Court is Almighty; it's infallible, irresistible; and here he does not care to be contradicted, which is all he ever shows any Passion about. Some Time ago he gave me an Account of Sir *George Byng*'s beating ~~the~~ *Spaniards*, with the Names of every Ship taken or sunk, about a Fortnight before that Gentleman got into the *Streights*; and the other Day he assur'd me there was an Order coming out (and he was glad of it) to forbid any Man, from the first of next Month, to think the worse of his Superiors for their ill Usage of him.

Simplus has good Nature and Nonsense. I happen'd to travel with him a whole Day together; in which Time I pick'd out of him all he had been learning in the Space of twenty five Years; and so the Correspondence dropp'd. I shall not set down all the Informations I receiv'd from him, but only recite some of the most important. In the first Place, he instructed me in the Life and Story of his Father's Bay Gelding, who after leaping over several double Ditches, died at last of the Cholick, greatly lamented. In the second Place, he open'd to me the whole Mystery of distilling Plague-Water, which his Mother taught him when he

was

was very young. Then I was given to know how often he had made the Parſon drunk, and how he had ſtolen from the Doctor two valuable Receipts, the one for ſtewing Carps, the other for evading an Oath. He likewiſe told me, as a Thing which I was not to ſpeak of, (as certainly I never ſhall,) how he had Temptations from the Dairy Maid, and how he did not reſiſt thoſe Temptations, of which he has heartily repented ever ſince ſhe was turn'd away. Nor did he conceal from me ſeveral witty Sayings of his own, which as he believ'd were not yet known in Town. He ſaid I was his Friend, and he was willing I ſhould make uſe of them upon Occaſion. Thus honeſt *Simplus* told me all that to him ſeem'd worth knowing.

The following *Groteſco* (for I can call it no other) was ſent me from *Paris*, as ſomething extroardinary. I muſt own, I ſee nothing natural in it: It has not any Reſemblance, at leaſt among Us: A mere Chimera drawn from Fancy, that has no Original to match with it.

There is a certain Lady *here* ſeems to have annihilated or bury'd her Husband to ſuch a Degree, that he is not mention'd in the World. 'Tis doubted whether ſuch a Man be living or no. I believe I had never heard of him, had not a Friend of mine deſired me to enquire if the Lady was inclined to marry. He is a Cypher, of no Uſe in the Family, except it be to ſhow an Example of perfect Submiſſion and Silence. He has nothing to do with Portion or Settlement. Were it not that he does

not Lie in, one would almoſt take him for the Wife, and her for the Husband. She receives the Money, pays the Butcher and Vintner, gives the Treat, entertains the Company, and in the Country is a Juſtice of Peace. He can reſolve you nothing upon the Spot. If you ask him to dine with you, he will tell you, by and by, whether he can or no; he is not ſure the Family goes out of Town the next Day. They live after the *Roman* and *Greek* Manner; ſhe has her Name, he his. It is a long time, and not before one is well acquainted with the Language of the Town, that one comes to know at laſt, Sir *T— L—* and my Lady *C—* have been Man and Wife theſe Twenty Years.

Æmilia is famous for the Severity of her Manners, and has good Conduct. She is devout, conſtant at Prayers, liberal to the Church; ſhe never Games, ſeldom goes to a Play, rails at nothing but Vice, loves to be employed in doing Service. She is Well-bred, Modeſt, Humble; pays a juſt Reſpect to thoſe above her; uſes thoſe of her own Rank with a becoming Frankneſs; and her Children and Family with Tenderneſs. In a word, ſhe is every thing ſhe ſhould be: No Body more Provident of their Time, nothing more Regular. She ſleeps little; eats leſs; and often wiſhes ſhe might never have Occaſion to Taſte any thing ſtrong again, as long as ſhe lives. I ſhall take another Opportunity to do honour to this Lady, by drawing her Picture at length.

I wiſh I were as ſure there is nothing mean or little in this Eſſay, as I am, that there is nothing

nothing Great or Heroick. They tell me I am obſcure, and that I muſt make it more my Buſineſs to pleaſe in general, and that *this* is the way; which laſt, I am apt enough to believe: Therefore do as much expect Thanks for this Rhapſody of Stuff, from the greateſt Part of my Readers, as I'm ſenſible it requires a large Indulgence from ſome of them. Beſides, Satire is not my Talent, no more than Ill-nature is my Inclination.

Je pers le gout de la Satire;
L'Art de louer malignement
Cede au ſecret de pouvoir dire
Des Verités *Obligeamment.*

With what Pleaſure could I ſpeak of *Eunomius*? How could I dwell on every Excellency? Zeal for the Publick Good takes place of all other Concerns. He bravely defended the Cauſe of Liberty, and the Prince he now ſerves, in the worſt of Times; and has always promoted the Honour of Religion and Virtue by his Authority and Example. So much Sweetneſs of Behaviour, ſuch Politeneſs make Virtue attractive, and give Charms even to the ſevereſt Studies. His extenſive Apprehenſion, ſuperior Judgment, well-grounded Moderation, experienced Probity, univerſal Knowledge, have advanced him to the higheſt Dignity, and juſtly render him dear to his Country, as well as to his Sovereign; the People would have choſe *Eunomius*, if the Prince had not.

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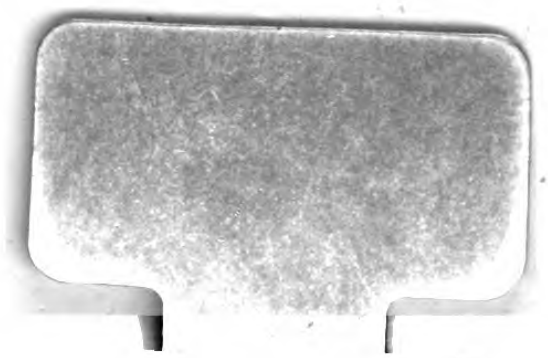
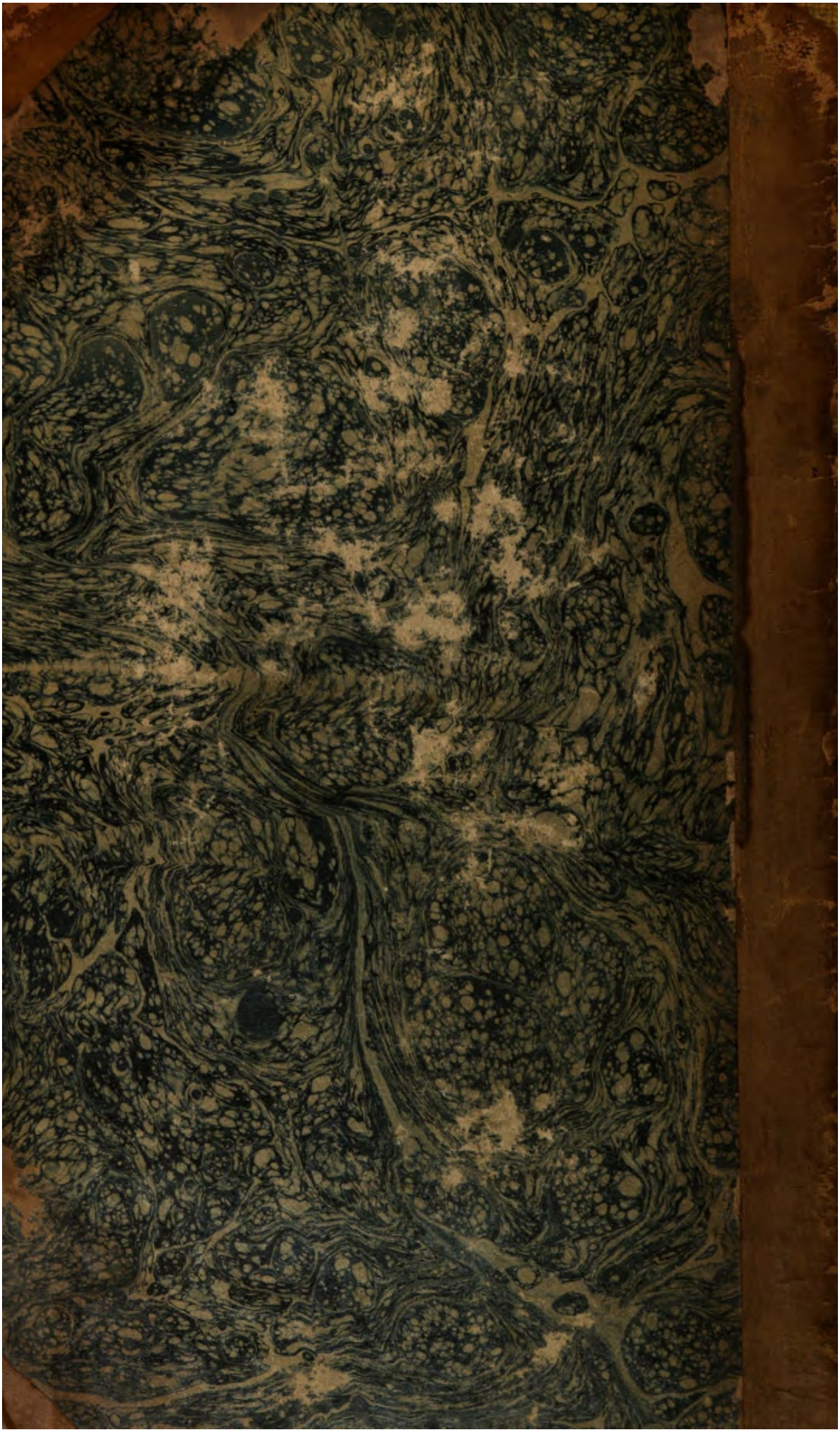
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