



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

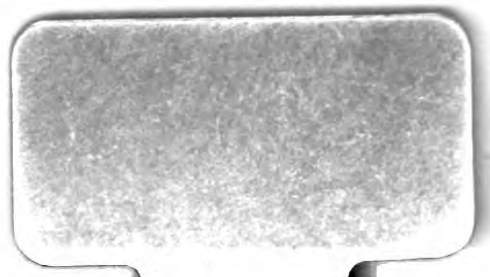
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

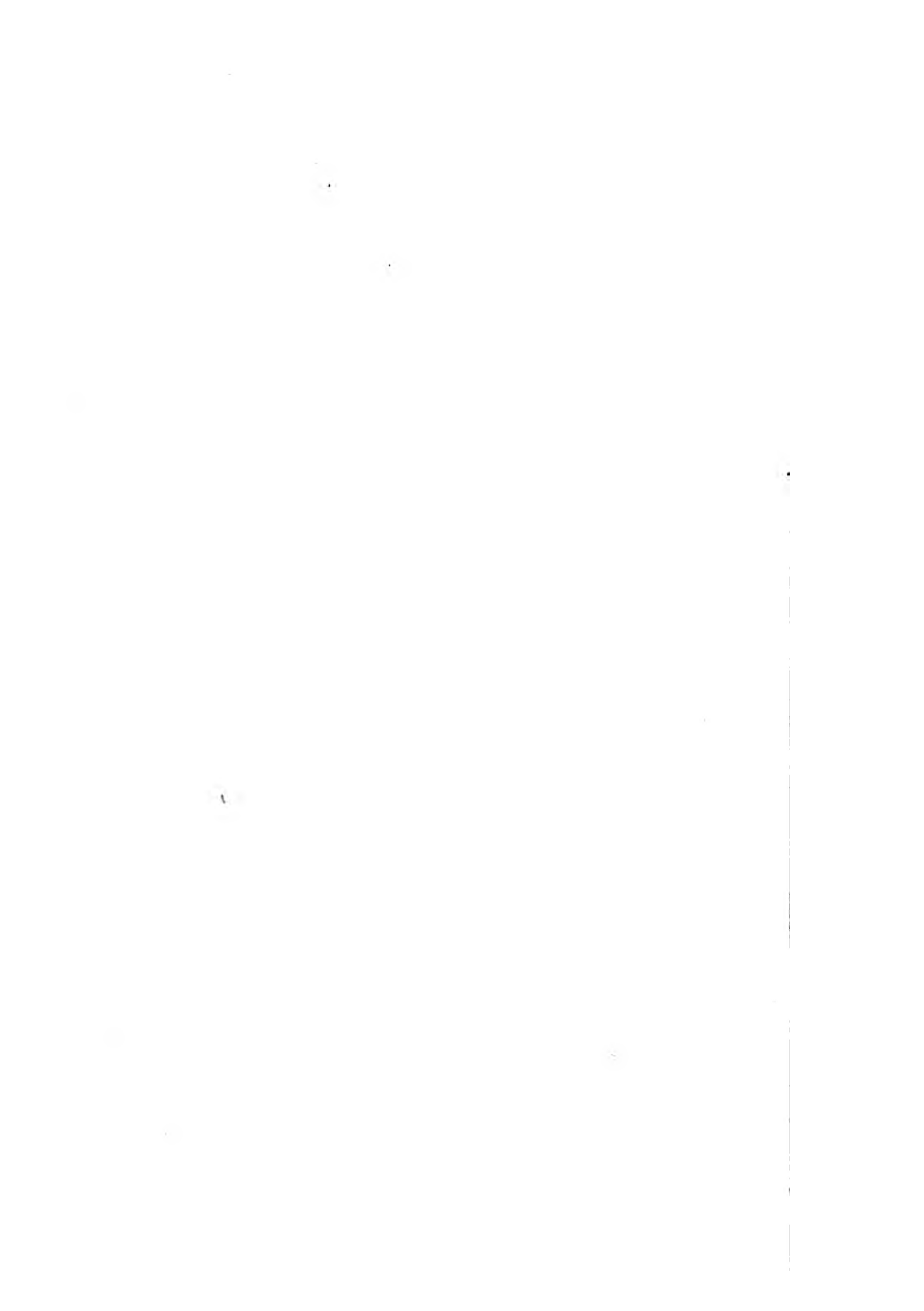


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



2113 e. 30





A
S U P P L E M E N T
T O T H E
M E M O I R S
O F
M r s . W O F F I N G T O N .
B E I N G T H E
A T C H I E V E M E N T S
O F A
PICKLE-HERRING:
O R , T H E
L I F E and A D V E N T U R E S
O F
BUTTER-MILK JACK.

*When Men through Infamy to Grandeur soar,
They light a Torch to shew their Shame the more.*

Y O U N G .

*Ay ; this will rub his Gums for him, I warrant
you.*

B U C K I N G H A M .

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR M D C C L X.

BODL LIBR.
20 OCT. 1916
OXFORD



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
BUTTER-MILK JACK.

CHAPTER I.

*Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of GOD, afraid of me.
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

POPE.

THE Author of the Memoirs of Mrs. WOFFINGTON, has been guilty of two unpardonable Crimes; one of Omission, the other of Commission. He has *omitted* some interesting Facts, and entertaining Anecdotes, concerning that celebrated Actress; and he has *committed* a Breach against Good-Manners and Good-Sense, in traducing the Character of the *Irish*.

His first Defect I purpose to supply in the following Work ; the latter, in my Opinion, ought only to be CORRECTED with a Cudgel.

WITHOUT any farther Preamble, I shall enter on my purposed Work ; in which, I beg my Readers to observe, I shall chiefly treat of the marvellous Adventures of BUTTER-MILK JACK ; since I am confident, they will afford as much Entertainment, and as useful a Moral may be drawn from them, as from any other *true* Story whatever.

I MUST, however, first make this just Observation : That when any Man gains Wealth by infamous Means, and by treading in the Paths of Vice, attains a *Seat*, which ought only to be the Reward of Merit : When that Wealth, and that Power, villainously acquired, are employed only in the Prosecution of villainous Purposes, or to screen enormous Crimes ; — then, it is not only allowable, but laudable, for the Satirist to dip his Shafts in Gall, apply them to the well-strung Bow, draw them to the very Head, send them flaming with their excessive Speed towards the Culprit's Breast, and wet their Feathers in his Blood. This I shall now attempt to do ; and if my Shafts are not too blunted, my Bow
too

too weak, or my Strength too feeble, the hot Blood, which even in *December's* Stage of Life, flows in JOHNNY'S Veins, shall be all taken out; and an Experiment of DICK POEKRICK'S shall be made, whether the Infusion of an innocent Lamb's Blood in BUTTER-MILK JACK'S Body, will not infuse likewise, some of the pacific Behaviour, and gentle, harmless Disposition, of that pretty little Creature.

C H A P T E R II.

*I'll do't, or perish in the generous Cause;
Hear this, and tremble, you that 'scape
the Laws!* POPE.

JACK M*****, otherwise PICKLE-HERRING, otherwise JACK-PUDDING, otherwise BUTTER-MILK JACK, was born in the Metropolis of *Ireland*, in the Year of our Lord, 1703, of poor and honest Parents. His Father was a Journeyman Carpenter, who by Industry and hard Labour made a Shift, with the Assistance of his Wife, to keep Soul and Body together.

As to JACK'S Mother she was of an antient and honourable Profession;—that of selling Butter-Milk in a Cellar near

C—*don* Market; but with bad Success; the Profits arising from so bad a Trade, as well as those accruing from her Husband's manual Labour, serving only just to keep them Inhabitants of this nether World, and enabling them to *breathe*, instead of being said to *live*.

JACK, however, was with Difficulty, sent, while young, to a School, where he learnt to read and write, and cast Accounts. His School-master was so good as to give him what little he could instruct him in *Gratis*; and being, moreover, a Relation, he bred him up in the Fear of the Lord, and continually *distilled* good Principles into him. As the Scripture sayeth, that the Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom, so may it be said to be the Ending of it also. JACK's Master was convinced of this Truth; and therefore, it is no Wonder, if Sanctification, Regeneration, Redeeming Grace—But hold!—I am writing in a Style which will not be proper to be used, 'till JACK has departed this wicked World; and then only by the *proper Person*.

THE Progress JACK made in Learning, was no way extraordinary, nor was it contemptible; he being able to read a
Lesson

Lesson in his Spelling-Book, and to scrawl his own Name by the Time he had arrived to his fourteenth Year. Then it was that he was taken Apprentice by his own Father, to learn the Art or Mystery of a Carpenter ; but it was not long JACK continued at it, an Occasion soon after happening that gave him an Opportunity of displaying those Seeds of Ambition which were naturally sown in him, but had hitherto, for Want of a proper Occasion to call them forth, lain dormant.

As this is the great Hinge on which depended his future Life, it will not be proper for one who knows Pen-Craft so well as I do, to point it out without beginning another Chapter.

CHAPTER III.

I will a round unvarnish'd Tale deliver.

SHAKESPEAR.

THE famous VIOLANTE in those Days, kept a Booth in George's Lane, where JACK was a constant Attendant. He had from his most tender Years, been extremely fond of the *polite* Entertainments exhibited there, and wished he had Abilities to enable him to appear before the Public, and to be enrol-
led

led in the gay List of those who trod the Stage.

HE thought of this continually, and endeavoured by his Grimace and Buffoonery, (for he was a d——d comical Fellow at that Time) to attain the Summit of his Ambition. He would often resolve within himself, to run away from his Father and Mother, and offer his service to VIOLANTE, in the Character of a *Pickle-Herring*, but in the Moment when he the most fully resolved it, the Fear naturally attendant on Youth, intimidated him, and made him dread the Loss of his Butter-Milk and Bonnocks, by forsaking them.

THE Actors beheld with Joy JACK'S rising Genius, and encouraged him to hope for great Things. Once on a particular Time, he told them of his great Desire of belonging to their Society, and of his Resolution of leaving his Father and Mother, if they would protect and employ him. They promised to serve him as much as they could, and for that Purpose spoke to VIOLANTE about him. This artful Woman had before taken Notice of JACK'S sprightly Genius, and looked on him as a bold pushing Fellow; and if she could be convinced of his Abilities

bilities as a *Merry Andrew*, she said, she had no Objection to the employing him ; for she well knew, that a *Pickle-Herring* or *Jack Pudding*, gave more Joy to three Fourths of the World, than the rolling Thunder of a SHAKESPEAR, the profound Judgment of an ADDISON, or the melting Tenderness of an OTWAY.

VIOLANTE was a Woman, who as CÆSAR said of CASSIUS, “ could read the very Thoughts of Men.” And though she gave this Answer to the Actor who mentioned JACK to her, yet she had secretly determined to engage him ; for she had discerned in him those Qualities of Mind, and Power of Face, as would dare the Hisses of clamorous Throats, and extort Applause from greasy Rogues.

BUT her chief Inducement for engaging him in her Service was, that she had heard he had been *Mouth-Piece* to the well-known BUCKINGER, and occasionally, acted as *Pickle-Herring* ; in both which Characters he had acquitted himself with Honour, and gained great Applause.

C H A P.

CHAPTER IV.

———— *Something I'd unfold,*
If that the God would wake ; for something
still there lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read
thro' Mists :
'Tis great, prodigious ! 'tis a dreadful
Birth
Of wondrous Fate, and now, just now
disclosing ! DRYDEN.

THIS was the Time when Mad.
 VIOLANTE was in Possession of
 PEGGY WOFFINGTON. PEGGY was then
 the Darling of the Town, whom she en-
 tertained with Dancing and Playing both
 in public and private. The favourable
 Reception she had met with, determined
 the Manager to spare no Pains or Expence
 to return the Obligations she had received
 from the Public, by adding to their En-
 tertainments, and thereby augmenting
 her own Gains.

I HAVE before observed, that JACK
 was well received by the Actors. Indeed,
 he had so far gained their Hearts, that
 they admitted him behind the Scenes,
 and not unfrequently gave him some
 Hints for his Improvement in his intend-
 ed

ed Profession. JACK, in Return for their Favours, exerted his utmost Endeavours to please ; and was so successful, that by his Comicalness, and his antic Gestures, he so much diverted the Men that they would perfectly cry for Joy ; and as for the Women, they were so extremely well pleased at him, that as DRYDEN says, “ they would piss for Extacy.”*

IN Consequence of this, JACK was engaged by VIOLANTE ; who considered, that if he had the Art of pleasing a few, he might as easily please all. PEGGY WOFFINGTON heard with Joy JACK’s Success : She congratulated him on it ; and, as is said, welcomed him to his new Occupation with a sweet Kiss.

IT is not unlikely that the Reason of PEGGY’s taking a Fancy to JACK, might arise from the Similarity of their Situations. PEGGY was the Daughter of a Journeyman Bricklayer, JACK was the Son of a Journeyman Carpenter, PEGGY was but illiterate at that Time, so was JACK. PEGGY had *advanced* herself beyond

* *One sees a Dancing-Master cap’ring high,
And raves and pisses in pure Extacy.*

Translation of *Juvenal*.

beyond what she could have expected, so had JACK, &c. &c.

As to JACK, whom however, on Account of his *Preferment*, I shall for the future, call *my Hero*, his Business was now unfolded to him by the Manager; for as yet he had been ignorant what Character he was to assume. She told him, that as she had great Confidence in his Skill, and a good Opinion of his Agility, she would entrust him with that essential Office, the *carrying the Broom* before PEGGY. My Hero was not less surprized than rejoiced at the Honour done him. He considered his Promotion as honourable as that of a Jesuit to a red Hat; and his Office equally as important; and, fired at his Success in this his first setting out in Life (sure Sign of what was to follow!) like COLLEY CIBBER, in a similar Instance, let fall some pearly Drops of Joy.

CHAPTER V.

*So 'though less worthy Stones are drown'd
by Night,
The faithful Di'mond keeps its native Light;
And is oblig'd to Darkness for a Ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd
by Day.* COWLEY.

MY Hero is now entered into a new, and more pleasing Scene of Life, than going to School, and spoiling his Eyes, by poring over Books, scribbling Pot-hooks and Hangers, or living with an old Father and Mother, and feeding on Butter-milk and Potatoes. He is now put in Possession of a noble *Broom*, once the Glory of the Woods, but now destined by Fate to bring Glory on its Possessor.

AND here, before I proceed, let me mention an Anecdote, which will at once throw new Lights on a Work of *Ireland's* great Patriot and sincere Friend; rescue this Piece from Oblivion; and cause its Author to be considered in a far better Light, than such Pages he writes, might, otherwise, cause him to be considered in.

B

IT

IT is well known, that in the Year 1703 Dean SWIFT wrote his *Meditation on a Broom-Stick*: It is well known that that Piece was looked upon then, and is looked upon now, as an ingenious and a witty Performance: It is well known, that the Broom-stick, the Subject of the Dean's Meditation, and by him immortalized, was formerly in a flourishing State in a Forest, full of Sap, full of Leaves, and full of Boughs. But it is not known to any one besides myself, that the Dean's Broom-Stick was the identical Broom-Stick, carried *on* the Shoulders, *in* the Hand, *by* the Side, and *near* the Breast of JOHN —, Esq; when he officiated as *Pickle-Herring* at Mad. VIOLANTE's Booth. This is a Discovery worthy the Attention of the Learned, the Applause of the Ingenious, and the Astonishment of all.

THIS wonderful Discovery is of so much Importance to the World, that I were to the last Degree culpable, not to investigate and disclose it. As it would be wrong, however, to bolt out Things at Random before the Mind is duly prepared, like a Country Booby at Courting, or the Oxford Scholar with his Goose, I shall mention it, in

C H A P.

CHAPTER VI.

*Leave me to trifle with much Grace and
Ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.*

AMONG some posthumous Papers of the great Dean SWIFT, I have one now before me, entitled, “*The wonderful Discovery: Or, PICKLE HERRING restored to his BROOM-STICK.*”

I WAS at first reading this Work, I own, much surprized at its Title, and wondering what its Subject could be. But on opening it, this Memorandum, explaining the Reasons of its being written, attracted my Eyes. “*Memorandum. I have thought proper to inform the Reader in whose Hands these Sheets may happen to fall, that the sole Cause of my writing them, was to restore to PICKLE-HERRING what belongeth to PICKLE-HERRING. Justice requireth my saying this, as Honesty demandeth it.*” There are some other Things mentioned in the Memorandum, which at this Time, it would be impolitic to mention, as well as some in the Work itself, which I am not warranted to publish in any Piece di-

stinct from it. I shall however explain some Passages in the Dean's *Meditation on a Broom-Stick*, which I am enabled to do, by Means of the *Wonderful Discovery*. And this I the more willingly do, that I may not lay under the Accusation of giving the World a *Revelation unrevealed*.

IN the *Wonderful Discovery*, there is one Passage that shews the high Regard that the Dean had for Mr. FAULKNER, his Printer, and an Assurance that he alone, of any Bookseller, was enabled to give a compleat Edition of his Works. But this, with Submission, is *no* Discovery at all; for the Dean's giving his *Original* Papers to FAULKNER, evidently proves the one, and the crude Conjectures of some bold Blunderer in a late Edition of the Dean's Works, printed for one EWING, in *Dublin*, the other.--- But the above Passages, referring to my Hero's *Broom-Stick*, are, I apprehend of more Consequence than either; at least, to the present Work.

IN the Dean's *Meditation*, speaking of JOHNNY'S *Broom-Stick*, and referring to the Use he put it to, he says, "It is now
" turned upside down, the Branches on
" the Earth, the Root in the Earth."

i. e. as the Manuscript explains it, JOHNNY often leans on the *Broom-Stick*, at which Time he puts it in the Position I have mentioned in my Meditation. “ It is “ now employed in kindling a Fire.”

i. e. as the MS. explains it, By JOHNNY’s dextrous Management, it now kindles a Flame in each Fair-One’s Breast. “ It “ now enters the SCENE, proud of those Birchen Spoils it never bore.” *i. e.* according to the Sense of the same MS. It is now honoured by JOHNNY, in gaining the Applauses of a raptured Audience; yet’ though it is proud of the Applauses paid, those Plaudits are not given to it, but its Master, and the Merit thereof belongeth to him alone. These are the Lights thrown on these hitherto mistaken Passages, and which I would prove more fully by citing more to the same Purport, but that I shall shortly publish the Work itself.

CHAPTER VII.

*Nothing! thou elder Brother e'en to Shade!
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was
made,
'And, well fix'd, art alone of ending not
afraid.* ROCHESTER.

WELL Readers; I left off, I think, with my Hero, when he had been engaged at the Booth for Mad. VIOLANTE; but I did not tell you how he performed there, nor how he happened to quit it. No. These Particulars are reserved entirely for a Chapter by themselves, I intending in this to write on, or quote—Nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,
Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence.
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate.* OLDHAM.

OUR Hero was much approved of by the Town in the Character he had assumed; and the most judicious who remember him on the Booth, and who had been Witnesses to his diverting
Tricks

Tricks and merry Gambols, think it is a great Pity he should ever have quitted his Party-coloured Dress, in which he *shined*, to strut in a Character he is wholly *unfit for*.—But this by the bye.

LONG Time our Hero continued the Favourite of the Public. His Mimicry was inimitable, and his Impudence unrivalled. In this latter Qualification he so far excelled, and so permanent is a *Virtue*, as well as an Impression, in a youthful Mind, that even now he is old, he doth not depart from it. The Reader will find many Instances of this *Virtue* in the Course of my Hero's Life, and of what vast Service it has been to him in every Scene of it.

YET 'though his Business of a *Merry-Andrew* which he had taken up, and appeared in with so much Lustre, might naturally be expected to engage all his Attention, and divert his Mind from more serious Thoughts, he was not idle in employing his Leisure Hours, on the Trade he had partly learnt before his *Advancement* in Life, of his Father. Ambition, the glorious Fault of Angels and of Gods, was an Inhabitant in my Hero's Breast, and by his matchless Assurance, of which he had a greater Stock than

than any Man living, he doubted not of one Day being enabled to set up in the Trade of a Carpenter, as a Master, which he wisely considered, would be much better than continuing always as a *Pickle-Herring*. Besides, he reflected that his Powers might decay, or that the Town might at some future Time entertain a Distaste of what had formerly given them Joy; so that upon these, and other Accounts, he determined to apply himself to the Art of Mensuration, and gain as much Insight into other Branches of Knowledge, as his Leisure from his necessary Avocation would admit of. This Resolution he accordingly put in Practice.

LET us now take the usual Liberty of Authors, and entreat the Reader to fancy, that while our Hero is toiling at his *Pickle-Herring Occupation* in public, and in private, acquiring what Knowledge he can in his Trade of a Carpenter, from the latter End of this Chapter, to the Beginning of the next, two Years and nine Months have rolled away.

CHAPTER. IX.

*Cælia was coy, and hard to win,
 With Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part ;
 But when she once had try'd the Sin,
 She hugg'd the charming tingling Dart :
 Cry'd, nearer, Dearest, to my Heart,
 Thou'rt Lord of all witbin.*

MOUNTFORT.

OUR Hero, whether from some Disgust taken by him to his Function of *Jack-Pudding*, or that he was discharged by *VIOLANTE*, or from whatever Cause it sprung, quitted the Booth, and worked as a Journeyman Carpenter.

IN this Occupation he continued some Time, maintaining himself by the honest Labours of his Hands, and Sweat of his Brows ; 'though, if what my Hero has himself told me, may be depended on, like *ALIBEG*, the *Persian*, he still keeps the Broom with which he had acquired so much Renown, as a Testimonial of his Merit, that on so mean a Foundation, could erect so noble a Superstructure as he has since done.

His Lodgings happened at that Time, luckily for him, to be near the House of
 a certain

a certain Midwife. This said Midwife, you must know, had a Daughter, and such a one, as in my Hero's Opinion, the World could not parallel. JACK often had seen her, but had not seen her with Impunity, Her bright Eyes kindled a Flame in JACK's Breast, which he wanted her Good-Nature to quench. He had Assurance, and he was convinced of it. Unlike therefore, those Tongue-tied Lovers in Romance, who languish in Secret, and dare not reveal the Sentiments of their Minds, he paid his Addresses to her with all the Ardor of a vigorous Lover; told her the Pleasures of mutual Love; and did not forget to remind her, that the Raptures of Enjoyment approached the nearest of any to celestial Blisses. The Nymph had for some Time been coy in Appearance; but in secret had not viewed her Admirer with Scorn, nor heard the amorous Tale with Insensibility. At length she seemed to hear him with some Pleasure, and vouchsafed him some Smiles. JACK was delighted at the Encouragement given him, which blew the Fire to his impetuous Passions, and made him impatient for the nuptial Knot. The Nymph was charmed at his *pushing* Spirit, and thought it denoted something pleasing.

pleasing. Our Hero, emboldened with his Success hitherto, attacked at last the very Citadel of Love, and stormed it Sword in Hand.

THE Scene that ensued is luxurious, and exceeds all Description. Faint Prose sickens beneath the Task of painting it, and even Verse unless written by the Muse herself, is too feeble to shew its Raptures. She however, shall paint the Transaction; —she alone is capable of doing it, for she alone was present at it.

I saw 'em kindle to Desire,
 While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire.
 Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
 He grown more fierce, and she less coy.
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays:
 Exchanging Love a thousand Ways.
 Kind was the Force on either Side, }
 Her new Desire she could not hide, }
 Nor would *Jack-Pudding* be deny'd. }
 Then she, transported in his Arms,
 Yields to our Hero all her Charms.
 His panting Breast to hers now join'd;
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd:
 Vast and luxuriant! such as prove
 The Immortality of Love.
 For who but a Divinity, }
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree, }
 And melt them into Extacy? }
 Now,

Now, like the Phoenix, both expire, }
 While from the Ashes of their Fire, }
 Sprung up a new and soft Desire. }
 Like Charmers thrice they did invoke
 The God, and thrice new Vigour took.

And if that is not often enough, I should wonder at it.

THIS first *Affair* that our Hero had with his *Cælia*, was so sweet, that she remembered it ever after. Nay, to prove effectually what an Impression it had made on her Mind, I shall mention the following true and most interesting Anecdote 'though I confess, it be something out of its proper Place.

ABOUT half a Year after JACK was married to her, his Vigour, like red-hot Metal quenched in Water, grew cool; yet, strange to say! his Wife's Desires increased. One Morning in particular, when the hot Weather, for it was in *June*, contributed to raise CÆLIA's Passions; as they lay in Bed with the Bed-Cloaths off them, the Wife grew uneasy, and made several very *significant* Motions to MAN JOHN. MAN JOHN was however very calm, and wanted Rest more than Play. CÆLIA still teased, and JOHN still hung down his Head. At length, impatient at his Wife's Wants, JOHN exclaimed "What the D—l
 " would

would the Woman have? Have not you forgot your Fooling yet?" The Wife answered out of ROCHESTER, (a *modest* Book she took great Delight in perusing;)

"How should I those Show'rs forget?"

"'Twas so pleasant to be wet,

"They kill'd Love, I know it well,

"I died as oft as e'er they fell."

THE Story says, JOHN was so well pleased at the Quickness of the Reply, the Beauty of the Metaphor, and the languishing Tone in which the Words were pronounced, that he instantly took his Wife in his Arms, and—rendered her due Benevolence.

CHAPTER X.

*And Doubts and Fears to Jealousy will turn,
The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn.*

CONGREVE.

IN two Months after our Hero's *Affair* with CÆLIA, he having in the mean Time warmly solicited the Mother's Consent, and at length obtained it, he was married, and thought himself one of the happiest of Men; for his Wife, though not overburthened with Money, yet kept a Chandler's Shop, (which was well stocked with Goods,) and had a great deal of Custom.

C

OUR

OUR Hero still worked as a Journeyman, but hoped that Fate would soon put it in his Power to commence Master. He now applied himself to save whatever Money he could get, and to get Money by whatever Means he could the soonest obtain it.

BEFORE his Marriage, he thought if he could obtain CÆLIA, for a Wife, he should be the happiest of Mortals, and after he had been married a few Weeks, he did not think himself the *unhappiest*. But not many Months had revolved, before he changed his Opinion, and looked on Marriage as the very D——l. JACK now grew fretful and peevish in his Temper, fullen and snappish to his Wife, a Burthen to himself, and a Torment to his Acquaintance. He grew penurious and jealous. He fancied his Wife did not fairly account with him for the Commodities she sold in the Shop, while he was at Work, and he feared she made Use of her *own*, in a Manner that was destructive of his Quiet and her own Honour.

A FERTILE Imagination, however, secured him from Fear in one Respect, though it could not guard him from it in another. To prevent her defrauding

defrauding him of the Sums she received, he would mark the Price of the smallest Article in a Book, and would force her faithfully to account for the same. Yet still he thought she might cheat him, by underselling his Goods; and, by receiving Money for her Favours, make up the Deficiency. Authors may talk what they will of Woman's Invention, yet that of a jealous Man is not less fruitful. JACK recollected that in his *Pickle-Herring* Character, he had frequently mentioned a *SPANISH Padlock*. He knew the Use of it, and he was determined to try the Experiment. A *Spanish* Padlock was got, and he put it on with his own Hands, then defying his Wife's Gallantries, and in his *Honour* safe. But the Dæmon that reigned at large in his Brain, soon suggested, that if a Woman is vicious, she will even break through Iron Bars. So, though the Padlock was made of Iron, yet as there was a small Hole in the Middle, for a *necessary* Purpose, he was afraid that her Gallants, would, if they did not absolutely enjoy her, yet make Use of much the same Method, that *TRISTRAM SHANDY's* Surgeon did, to baptize a Child in the Womb of its Mother,

ther, * and this Thought gave him inconceivable Torment.——In a Word, the poor Man was at his Wits-end, how to preserve his Honour.

CHAPTER XI.

*Nature has made Man's Breast no Windows,
To publish what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash Folly blab it:
And a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.*

HUDIBRAS.

OUR Hero was not long troubled with these tormenting Thoughts; for his Wife quitting this terrestrial World to enjoy a better, at once gave him Ease, and an Opportunity of pushing his Fortune, in a more elevated Manner, than he had hitherto the least Idea of doing with Success.

WHEN his Wife was consigned to the Grave, he sold off all his Shop Goods, and determined to exert himself to the utmost,

* Le Chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le Moyen d'une *petit Canulle*, de pouvoir baptiser immédiatement l'Enfant, sans faire aucun Tort à la Mere.

utmost, and employ all his Assurance and Cunning to raise himself from the abject State in which he had been born, and had hitherto been doomed to continue in.

It is a just Remark of *Homer*, "that vicious or cunning Men have greater Opportunities of benefiting themselves than virtuous or wise ones." Our Hero experienced its Truth. After he had sold all the Stock in Trade, it luckily happened for him that the Parliament House was then soon to be built. He went to Captain P——, and offered his Service as an Overseer to the Workmen, and was accepted.

THIS magnificent Fabric, he then laid down as a Certainty, should be the strong Foundation on which he would erect his Fortune; and he was resolved, that if Impudence, Vigour, Perseverance, and Villainy, rightly conducted and properly maintained, could make a Man's Fortune, they should his, for he would excel in all.

To attain this desirable End by such *laudable* Means, he put in Practice all the Arts he was Master of. He found Fault with one Workman, and detracted from the Merit of another. He wondered at the *extravagant high Prices* of

the Carpenters, and even those of other Professions, of which he knew but superficially, threw him into Amazement. This Game he would frequently play off with the Captain, who began to conceive a good Opinion of him for his *Honesty* and *Plain-Dealing*.

At length he had so far gained the Friendship and Esteem of the Captain, (so called, but who was indeed, the Surveyor,) that he had a vast deal of the Work in his own Hands; which although he knew not how to execute, yet he found out Men enough who did; and by agreeing with them for low Prices, and making Excuses for not paying 'even those, he had amassed up a round Sum of Money, and triumphed in his ill-got Spoils.

C H A P T E R XII.

*Honour, the Error and the Cheat,
Of the ill-natur'd busy Great!
Fond Idol of the slavish Crowd!
Nonsense invented by the Proud!*

BEHN.

NO longer now was our Hero called plain JACK, or by that more disagreeable Name JOHNNY, but JOHN M——,

M——, Esq; and as it is a known political Maxim, that Power should always be preserved by the same Means with which it is acquired, so our Hero determined, that the same *Artifice*, the same *Meanness*, the same *Villainy*, that had founded his Fortune, should also support and raise it.

THERE are in most Men, some Obstacles that lie in their Way, to *Power and Wealth by the shortest Road*; some Difficulties to be surmounted; some old Principles to be forsaken; and some new ones to be adopted. The Obstacles, are Opportunities of Preferment; the Difficulties, are the Means of gaining them; the old Principles, are those narrow ones, that having been instilled into Youth, are but with Difficulty, conquered and rejected by Age; and the new Principles requisite for acquiring Wealth and Power by the shortest Road, are, bravely to disobey the Admonitions of saucy *Conscience*, the Dictates of impertinent *Reason*, and the Lessons of Quixotic *Honour*.

OUR Hero had met with the *Opportunity*, I have before mentioned, to prefer himself, and the *Means* were luckily in his Power. As to his rejecting any good Principles he had embraced

braced in his Youth and squared his Life by, there was no Necessity for it; for it is well known, that he had never any good Principles at all. *Reason* he laughed at; *Conscience* was his Coin; and *Honour* a mere Bubble. In Consequence of these *just* Notions, he mounted Ambition's fiercest Horse, determined to overleap all the Barriers of Religion, and Morality, and to get to the End of his Journey as soon as possible.—Nay, *Nature* herself was to be subdued; and although the most abandoned Villain, at certain Times, hears her Call, and obeys her Voice, yet our Hero, more intrepid than the most intrepid, determined, if the saucy Minx should call to him, and desire him not to ride at such a prodigious Speed, he would not discontinue his Pace; but rising himself on his Stirrup, to have the greater Strength, would with the Butt-End of his Whip, knock out her Brains, and trample on her dead Body, with his Horse's Hoofs, *Shod with Hemp*. This bloody Murder, which he actually committed on our universal Parent Nature soon after, I shall shortly mention.

C H A P T E R

C H A P T E R XIII.

*Fortune was never worshipp'd by the
Wise,*

*But, set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies ;
She for her Pleasure, can those Fools ad-
vance,*

*And toss them Top-most on the Wheel of
Chance.* DRYDEN.

AFTER our Hero had acquired a tolerable good Fortune, and was in a fair Way of gaining a better, he paid his Addresses to an old Lady, the Widow of a Clergyman, who was reputed to be worth at least fifteen thousand Pounds. She had one Daughter only, who had been provided for some Time before.—Our Hero imagined if he should succeed in this Attempt, he should be completely happy.

OUR Desires and our Thoughts are so contradictory, that they quickly lift us up to a Mountain of Happiness, and as soon descend with us to the Vale of Miſery.—Our Hero found it so.—After courting the Widow for some Time (and as *Report* says, with Halberd in Hand) he obtained her, and was then as wretched as before. This indeed

indeed is no Wonder, since Happiness, is only found with Wisdom and Virtue, and our Hero was in Possession of neither.

YET as he had now Fortune sufficient, as he thought, to *buy* Happiness, he was not sparing of it, to gain whatever most gratified his Passions. After this new Acquisition, his ruling Passion was, an ungovernable Lust of *Green Fruit*, and on this he “ feasted voluptuously every Day.”

HIS Wife and himself, however, lived a most unhappy Life together. Love was banished from the genial Bed, and Quarrels, Strife, and Discord, reigned at large. The Wife, conscious of her own Folly, in marrying so worthless a Wretch, ceased at length upbraiding, and silently submitted to her Fate.

OUR Hero, still the bold Pusher of his Fortune, had an Eye to his Interest; and by his excessive Assurance, having ingratiated himself with some Men of Rank and Fortune, so as to be appointed Surveyor of their Estates, Estimator of the Prices of Building, &c. had a fair Prospect of being soon one of the most wealthy Men in his Profession.

FORTUNE too, as if fond of her Mission, contributed her Aid. He had some Time after his Marriage, bought a Ticket in the Lottery, which proved on drawing, a Prize of two thousand Pounds. He lived notwithstanding this Addition to his Fortune, much in the same Manner, not splendid nor mean in House-keeping, yet in gratifying his lawless Passions, extravagant to an Excess.

HIS Wife, poor Woman, he treated worse and worse; nor is this to be wondered at: Worth and Worthlessness are ever at Variance; and Virtue and Vice, Honour and Meanness, Truth and Falshood dwelling in one House, must be but sorry Companions; and being, in a Manner, forced to associate with each other at Bed and Board, must add Grief to Anguish, and make Misfortune more poignant.

BUT not long did she endure this comfortless State. A kindly Fit of Illness seizing her, carried her, soaring on the bright Wings of Cherub Innocence, from this World of Woe, to those Celestial Regions, where there is no Sorrowing, no Misery, no Mourning, but an uninterrupted Series of supreme Felicity, and transcendent Glory, reigns for ever and ever.

CHAPTER



CHAPTER XIV.

—O thou public COMMONER!
 I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
 That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,
 Did I speak all thy Deeds.
 Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon
 winks;
 The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
 And will not hear it. SHAKESPEAR.

OUR Hero was not one of those tender-hearted Beings whom the Death of a *Wife* could affect, nor so weak, as to impute it, in a great Measure, to his own ill Treatment. No. He was determined to act the Hero, with more than *Roman* Fortitude, or Stoic Philosophy. And though ZENO reduced from Affluence to the most abject Poverty, might say, "I feel not, nor am sensible of my Change of State;" or CATO, viewing the pale Corpse of his lifeless Son, might declare, "I'm satisfied;" yet our Hero, more heroic than either, could contemplate the Death of the Bone of *his* Bone, and Rib of *his* Rib, not only without a Sigh, but with Pleasure; confiding, no Doubt, that of the Dispensations of the Great First Cause, in giving or taking away, *Whatever is, is right.* HE

HE now began to exert himself still more in the Cause of *Green Fruit* than he had formerly done; never seeing any pleasing to the Eye, but what he purchased for his Taste. Numberless were the poor little Victims that fell a Prey to his ungoverned Appetite. Not the most tender Years, not the warm Rhetoric of streaming Eyes and uplifted Hands of untainted Youth, could plead the Cause of Virtue and of Nature, before the Tribunal of black Lust.—They both fell a Sacrifice to uncontrouled Desire, and inordinate Sensuality.

BUT though *Green Fruit* was most to his Taste, yet that which was ripe was not rejected. He was continually prowling about in Fields, in Churches, in Taverns, in Brothels, for the Gratification of his sensual Passions.—To particularize Instances of *all* these Facts, were impossible within the Limits of so small a Work as the present; not to mention a *few* were improper.

HE had been told that there was a fine Girl at a certain Tavern, that in the Mysteries of Love, excelled all others of the same Vocation. Rejoiced at the News, he flew till he had reached the Tavern; then, calling for a Bottle of Wine and some Jellies, he desired

D

Miss

Miss POLLY might be sent for, and in the mean Time, amused himself with some Jellies, and a few Glasses of Wine.

POLLY soon came, and on the Door opening, flying to embrace her with all the Ardor of Lust, he was of a sudden arrested by an invisible Hand, and nailed to the Ground. His Hands were both extended; his Body inclining backwards; his Forehead contracted; his Eye-Balls ready to jump out of their Sockets; and his Mouth opened. An electric Stroke could not have a more instantaneous or forcible Effect, than this invisible Hand forced the Object that appeared, to have on our Hero. He seemed struck with Amazement and petrified with Horror "like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heaven."

WITHOUT any farther Periphrasis, I must inform my Reader, that it was indeed, *Heaven* itself that nailed him to the Ground. It was his own Sister that appeared to him; and the involuntary Attitude in which he was thrown, was the natural Consequence of those Sensations which the Deity has wisely implanted in Man, but which Man cannot fathom, nor from their various Operations, trace their fundamental Causes.

THIS

THIS Sister I have taken no Notice of before. She was the only one our Hero had; and in her juvenile Years, being debauched by one of her Playmates, soon after went on the Town; where she continues at present, (if I mistake not,) the Sister of Infamy, the Slave of Wickedness, and the Stink-pot of Lutt.

CHAPTER XV.

*Thus form'd for Speed, he challenges the
Wind,
And leaves the Scythian Arrow far be-
hind.
He scours along the Field with loosen'd
Reins,
And treads so light he scarcely prints the
Plains.* DRYDEN.

IT might seem to an indifferent Spec-
tator, a very odd Sight to behold the
great AUGUSTUS CÆSAR playing at
Marbles, SOCRATES at Blind Man's
Buff with Children, DIOCLESIAN kill-
ing of Flies, or DEMOSTHENES run-
ning like a Lunatic up a Hill, or talk-
ing to the Waves: And it might seem
as odd, to behold a *grave wise* Senator
running naked in *Stephen's-Green* to the
no small Amusement of the congregated

Spectators. The former Instances *have* happened, but the latter, I believe, never did. Yet thus much is certain, that a Man honoured with a Seat in a certain House of Commons, ran naked for a Wager round *Stephen's Green*: And this same Man was no other than our Hero.

POSTERITY (for I hope these Chapters will be immortal) will scarce believe, that a Man of Fortune could throw off all Decency, all Shame, all Regard for Reputation, as to perform such an Act at which Virtue starts, and Delicacy shudders. Yet the present Age, knows it to be a Fact, and a neighbouring Nation will *swear* to it, if required. It is true such an Act is scarce to be paralleled in History, yet the same Wretch that performed *that*, has also performed other *unparalleled* Acts.—After mentioning this curious Anecdote, it might seem unnecessary to mention another, much of the same, though more *innocent* Nature performed by the same Person, and at the same Place: I mean, that of dressing himself in Footmens Cloaths, and running Races for Wagers. This our Hero likewise performed, and being swift of Foot, generally won the Prize.

C H A P.

CHAPTER XVI.

——— If, ye Pow'rs divine,
 Ye mark the Movements of this nether
 World,
 And bring them to Account; crush, crush
 those Vipers,
 Who, singled out by a Community,
 To guard their Rights, should for a Grasp
 of Ore,
 Or paltry Office, sell 'em to the Foe!

MAHOMET.

OUR Hero was now as notorious as
 any Man in Ireland, and had no-
 thing to wish for but a Seat in the——
 to render himself truly happy. For he
 had now attained a very good Fortune,
 and was employed as a Measurer, Sur-
 veyor, &c. not only for Men of Rank
 and Fortune, but for the G——t also.

CONSCIOUS of his Abilities, he set
 himself about practising them; and hav-
 ing in his Occupation of a *Pickle-Her-*
ring, both in the Service of BUCKIN-
 GER and VIOLANTE, experienced, that
 not only the Little, but the Great Vul-
 gar, delighted in his Mimicry, and
 playing the Zany, he determined that
 he would now assume the same Charac-
 ter at the Tables of the great Men, with
 whom he had the Honour to associate.

THIS was a lucky Thought, and a wise Resolution.—He practised it, and met with as great Success as his most sanguine Hopes presaged. His Patrons and his Friends looked on him as a complete Mimic, and entertaining Companion; and delighted in his Company, as much as the Kings of *England*, of yore, used to delight in Persons of the same Occupation our Hero was, and whom they kept to divert them, in the same Manner as the Friends and Patrons of our Hero did him.

HAVING at length gained the Friendship of many like himself, he was put into a Method of acquiring a Seat in the——(a Scheme he had long thought of,) without much Trouble or Expence. Five hundred Pounds only, was the Price of the Borough; and that Sum our Hero paid, not only without Murmuring, but with Alacrity; and thought he had a cheap Bargain.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVII.

*For in this thankless World, the Givers
Are envy'd ev'n by the Receivers:
'Tis now the cheap and frugal Fashion
To hide not pay the Obligation.*

COWLEY.

SOME Time after the — was disgraced by having another unworthy Member added to it, PEGGY WOFFINGTON came to *Dublin*, and our Hero resolved immediately to pay her a Visit.

THIS Resolution he was preparing to perform, when an Acquaintance called on him, and asked him if he would go to Mrs. *Woffington* with him, for he was going to return Thanks for a very great Favour she had bestowed on him.

OUR Hero agreed to the Proposal, yet wondered a little at his Friend's going on such an Errand. If it had been to have asked a Favour he would not have been surprized, but to return Thanks for an Obligation, he thought very odd in these modern Times.

I WILL allow my Reader seven Minutes and a Quarter to guess who this Gentleman was that called on our Hero. Verily, it was another Hero; and it
is

is but fit that two Heroes should for once be seen together.

IN sober Sadness, it was no other than the ingenious Gentleman, who, some Time ago, wrote an Epigram about Mrs. WOFFINGTON, and *as how* her bright Eyes put out the Stars in the Skies, and when she was ill, that the Sun was in Eclipse, and many other as fine Expressions. Lest the Reader should not know him by this Description, I must inform him, that it is the very Person mentioned in the 27th Page of Mrs. WOFFINGTON's Memoirs, and there called FRANK ANDERSON. This was the Gentleman whom our Hero was to attend; and the Favour which the said Gentleman had received from the Lady he was going to visit was, his having been appointed P—— of T—— C—— through her Means, and the Reason of his paying the Visit, was, as I said before, to return her Thanks for the same.

THUS have I revealed the whole of this Secret, for the Reader sees, that we Authors are as bad at keeping Secrets as the Fair Sex are. It is true there are some Secrets that we can both keep, but as the Song says, they must be *our*

own. As

As soon as the two Friends arrived at PEGGY'S, they bowed and scraped, and saluted her, and bowed and scraped again, and then sat down. Our Hero, contrary to his usual Custom, was silent, and looked amorously on PEGGY: FRANK was silent, and looked earnestly on his Shoes. Silence continued for some Time—Silence still—still Silence—At last FRANK says “ ’Tis warm Weather, Madam,”—“ It is so, Sir,” quoth she.—Silence again—still so—“ I’ll wait upon you another Time, Madam,” says FRANK, “ I have thought of something”——FRANK now began scraping again, and having gone thro’ the Ceremony, was preparing to withdraw, when as the Duce would have it, while his Body was projecting towards PEGGY in the most thankful Posture he could put it in, a Chair behind him, which he could not see, for FRANK had no Eyes in his Back, gave Notice he had offended it by a shrieking Noise, as if complaining of the Injury done it. FRANK, unwilling to hurt it, endeavoured as much as possible not to tread on it, but his Legs carrying him faster back than his Inclination chose, he threw down the poor Chair, and himself fell over it, with his two Legs raised on it as high as PEGGY’S Middle. His Wig

too, a complete Bob, called by the Coll—g—s his amorous, or courting Wig, fell on the Floor, scattering its hoary Honours around. Our Hero could not view his Friend's Misfortune with Insensibility. He flew to him with all the Haste which a good Man always uses to assist the Distressed, and was sorry to see the blushing Stream trinkling down his bruised Face. FRANK would not however stay to cook it, but withdrew with all the Speed he could to his own Room in the C———

C H A P T E R XVIII.

*Once in a Season Beasts too taste of Love:
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the Year.*

OTWAY.

AS to our Hero, after FRANK was departed, he laughed at his Misfortune, and joked with PEGGY concerning it with the utmost Freedom. They then entered into a serious Conference, enquiring after each others Welfare, and protesting their Joy at their present Meeting.

OUR Hero had not talked long before he made the following remarkable Speech, " My Dear, you know the
World

World well, and I am not wholly ignorant. Let us not fool away our precious Time. Here are the Tributes due to your Charms, and let me then enjoy them." By this you may see our Hero was a Man of few Words, where few Words were best.—They retired to a Bed-Chamber, and then,----and then----what then? Why then, they went to Bed together.

As long as PEGGY continued in *Dublin*, our Hero continued visiting her; yet the Reader must not imagine that she alone engaged his Attention. Far from it. He visited, and was visited by, many others.

YET in these promiscuous Amours there are many Inconveniencies, and among the Rest, that of being wounded with a poisoned Dart; CUPID as often shooting those as any other. Our Hero experienced the Truth of this Assertion. PEGGY having been wounded with one of those Darts (in *England*, poisoned half the People of *IRELAND* with the Venom of the same Wound. Our Hero, however, regarded not his Misfortune much, he having frequently been subject to the same.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIX.

————— *There she flourish'd,*
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye ;
Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its
Sweetness,
Then cast it, like a loathsome Weed, away.
 DRYDEN.

AT the latter End of the eleventh Chapter, the Reader may remember I promised to relate the Account of the bloody Murder, committed by our Hero on our universal Parent Nature; and this I shall now do, not because I promised it, but because it is the most interesting Part of this true History.

AFTER his Surgeon had cured him of his Disorder, he continued his amorous Intercourse with the Fair-sex as much as ever, and particularly with Children. But although he had long gone on with Impunity, an Affair now happened that absolutely destroyed, what little Reputation he had left, and even his Life had like to have been paid a just Forfeit to the Laws.

As he was riding on the *Strand* with one of his W——s, he saw a Girl whose
 Innocence

Innocence and Beauty struck him. She appeared to be about six Years old, and her he determined for his infamous Purpose. He communicated his Intention to his Wh—c, and she promised to aid him in it. The little Girl was easily induced to come into the Chaise, and they then drove to a Tavern.

BEING shewn into a Room above Stairs, and Wine and Glasses being brought and the Waiter withdrawn, our Hero attacked the little Girl, being assisted by his Wh——e in the wicked Act.-----Modesty must here draw the Scene.—It is not fit to proceed.—Suffice it to say, he committed an Act which even many Outlaws, Pyrates, and Murderers, would have looked on with Horror.

YET though he imagined no one would discover his Iniquity, it was not long before he was alarmed. A Prosecution was commenced against him, and his guilty Mind terrified him incessantly. He wanted to hush the Affair, and made some Propositions for it, but they were rejected with Disdain.

AT length the Bill of Indictment was found, and in due Time the Trial came on. I am sorry I am not at Liberty to suppress or conceal the Event of it. Were I writing a Novel, Invention

E.

and

and Inclination might act as they please; but as I am now writing a *true History*, Truth alone must guide my Pen. In a Word, by his Interest, his Bribery, his Fortune, and his Power, he eluded those Laws, which, if duly administered, would have not only tumbled him from the Seat in which he sat, but would have sent him out of a World, in which he was unfit to continue, both on Account of the malignant Influence, his Example might have on others, and for that best of Reasons, because he *deserved* continuing no longer in it.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XX.

*Think, timely think, on the last dreadful
Day,*

*How you will tremble there to stand expos'd,
The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts!*

DRYDEN.

OUR Hero after his being acquitted, instead of reforming his Life, went on still in the same Road, adding Impudence to Iniquity, and sinning with Impunity. — In this same Road he has travelled ever since.

HAVING now brought down this History to the present Time, I shall dismiss the Reader, and address my HERO.

S I R!

I HAVE recorded your Actions with the Freedom of a *British* Satirist, and with the Truth of an impartial Biographer. Your own Conscience, if not rendered totally callous by the constant Violation and Abuse of it, must bear Witness, I have not exaggerated your Vices, your Villainies, or your Follies. A Regard for the Public was

the chief Inducement of my writing them. This may seem strange, and even incredible, to you; for not having the least Concern for your own Reputation, or the Interests of Society, you may rashly imagine that others have not; and that all Professions of Patriotism, and public Spirit, are like your own Notions of Honour and Virtue. --- I shall briefly prove both these Assertions.

I APPEAL to yourself, whether I have mentioned the *third Part* of the Villainies you have committed, and which are known to the Public in general; and whether Crimes of so heinous a Nature as yours are, *can* be too glaringly described, or too severely punished. Satire, you must consider, was intended to expose and correct those Crimes that come not within the Letter of the Law. Your Crimes *have been* cognizable by Law, and by Law have been tried; yet, by an Abuse of what was designed to be the Guard of Innocence, and the Terror of Iniquity, you have escaped its Fangs, and now triumph in Security. Yet think not, although Wickedness defends Wickedness from receiving its Punishment in one Respect, that, therefore, it is invulnerable in another. Far from it.

While

While a Detestation of Vice subsists amongst Men, there will ever be found some to brandish the sacred Weapon in the Defence of Truth, and to point it against the Slaves of Vice; and not to suffer as POPE says on a similar Occasion, " *A Rogue to go in Quiet to his Grave.*"

THE other Assertion of my having a Regard to the Public Good in writing your Atchievements, I shall now prove.

WHEN the Public find the Lash of Satire inflicted on Crimes the Law does not punish, they will naturally be deterred from the Commission of them, which if pursued, may meet a similar Fate, and be transmitted with Infamy to Posterity. The present Work then, considered in this just Light, is of public Utility; and, abandoned as you are, I hope it will have some good Effect on You. I have mentioned, you see, no Names; yet conscious Villainy, I doubt no, will make the Application, and assume the Character. If the Cap fits you, wear it; and at the same Time, remember, that the World blames not an Author for *recording* Wickedness, but the HERO for *acting* it. Nay, I hazard not too much, if I assert, that the World is obliged to an Author for painting Wickedness,

edness, and describing those Rocks and Shelves on which others have split, and which they, by having them pointed out to them, may avoid. Vanity dictates not this Assertion, but conscious Truth.

AND now I shall conclude with giving you the following good Advice; (and by the bye, let not my Satire make you contemn my Counsell,) Consider, that according to the Course of Years, your Continuance in this wicked World is but short; and if you quit it with those Dispositions you are now possessed of, how vast must be your Misery, how great your Torment! and what a wretched Accompt must you deliver to him, whose Penetration no Sagacity can elude, whose Mercy no Artifices can gain, whose Justice no Gold can bribe! ----- Reflect seriously on these Things; ----- and may GOD of his Grace, mend your Heart, change your Disposition, and make you a better Man!





