

A
T A L E
O F A
T U B.

Written for the Universal Improve-
ment of Mankind.

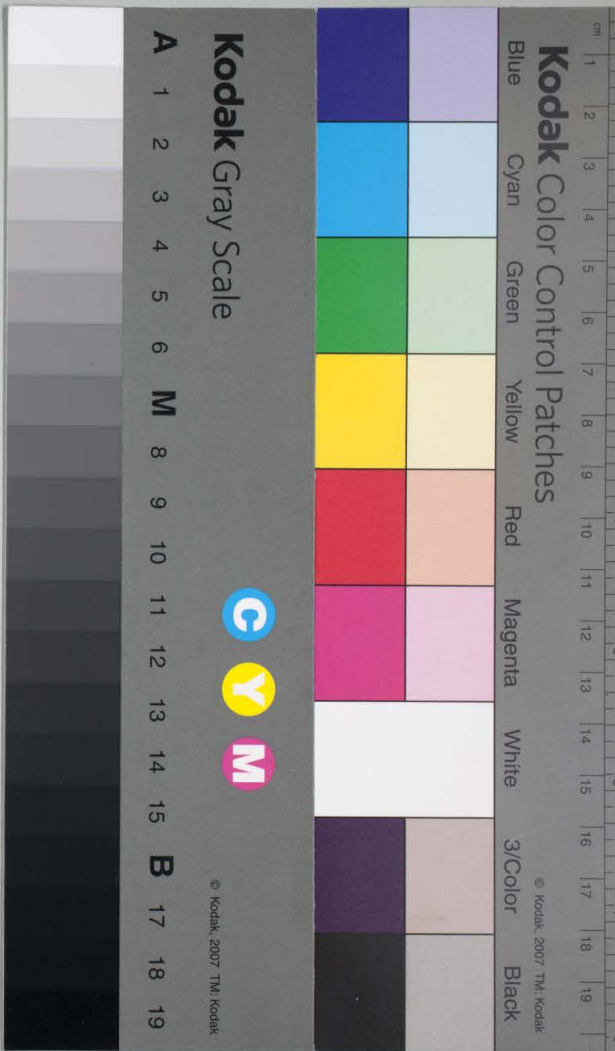
Din multumque desideratum.

To which is added,
An ACCOUNT of a
B A T T L E
BETWEEN THE
Antient and Modern BOOKS
in St. James's Library.

Bafima eacabafa eanaa irraurifla, diarba da caeo-
taba fobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib. 1. C. 18.*

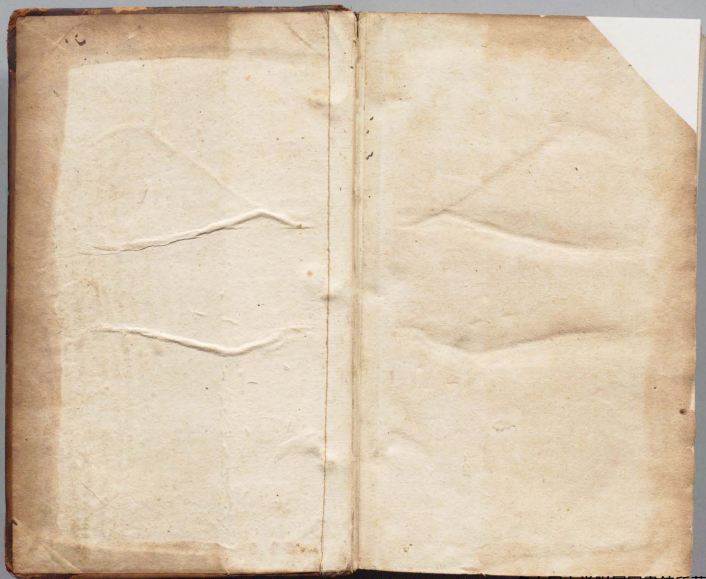
*Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli volarunt tempora Musæ. Lucret.*

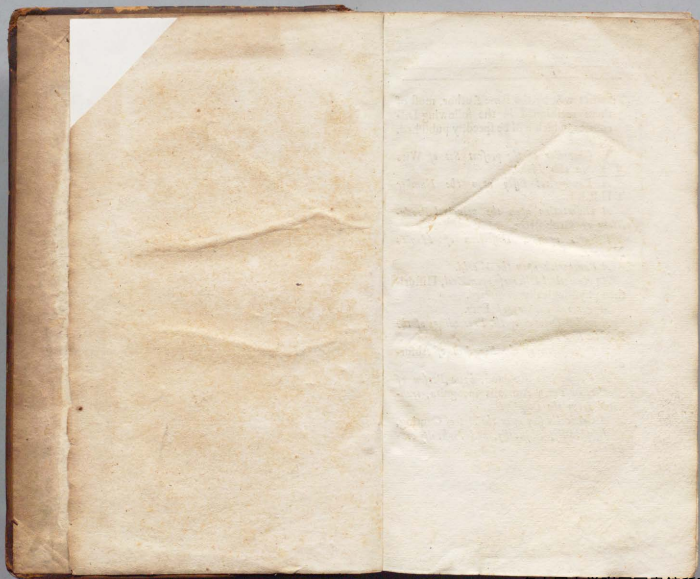
L O N D O N :
Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*.
M D C C I V.





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

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

A Panegyric Essay upon the Number THREE.

A Dissertation upon the principal Productions of Grub-street.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, Histori-theo-physi-logically considered.

A general History of Ears.

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

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.

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

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

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L O N D O N :

Printed for John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall,
MDCCIV.



John Richardson.

TO
The Right Honourable,
J O H N
Lord S O M M E R S.

My LORD,

TH O' the Author has written a large Dedication, yet That being address'd to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the Honor of being known to; A Person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present Writers; And, I being wholly free from that Slavery, which Booksellers usually lye under, to the Caprices of Authors; I think it a wise Piece of Presumption, to inscribe these Papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's Protection of them. God and your Lordship know their Faults, and their Merits; for as to my own Particular, I am altogether a Stranger to the Matter; And, though every Body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the Sale of the Book, at all the worse, upon that Score. Your Lord-

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D E D I C A T I O N .

ship's Name on the Front, in Capital Letters, will at any time get off one Edition: Neither would I desire any other Help, to grow an Alderman, than a Patent for the sole Privilege of Dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a Dedicator, give your Lordship a List of your own Virtues, and at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your Modesty; But, chiefly, I should celebrate your Liberality towards Men of great Parts and small Fortunes, and give you broad Hints, that I mean my self. And, I was just going on in the usual Method, to peruse a hundred or two of Dedications, and transcribe an Abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; But, I was diverted by a certain Accident. For, upon the Covers of these Papers, I casually observed, written in large Letters, the two following Words, *DETUR DIGNISSIMO*; which, for ought I knew, might contain some important Meaning. But, it unluckily fell out, that none of the Authors I employ, understood *Latin* (tho', I have them often in pay, to translate out of that Language) I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the Curate of our Parish, who Englished it thus, *Let it be given to the Worthiest*; And his Comment was, that the Author meant,
his

D E D I C A T I O N .

his Work should be dedicated to the sublimest Genius of the Age, for Wit, Learning, Judgment, Eloquence and Wisdom. I call'd at a Poet's Chamber (who works for my Shop) in an Alley hard by, shewed him the Translation, and desired his Opinion, who it was that the Author could mean; He told me, after some Consideration, that Vanity was a Thing he abhorr'd; but by the Description, he thought Himself to be the Person aimed at; And, at the same time, he very kindly offer'd his own Assistance *gratis*, towards penning a Dedication to Himself. I desired him, however, to give a second Guess; Why then, said he, It must be I, or my Lord *Sommers*. From thence I went to several other Wits of my Acquaintance, with no small Hazard and Weariness to my Person, from a prodigious Number of dark, winding Stairs; But found them all in the same Story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this Proceeding was not of my own Invention; For, I have somewhere heard, it is a Maxim, that those, to whom every Body allows the second Place, have an undoubted Title to the First.

THIS, infallibly, convinced me, that your Lordship was the Person intended by the Author. But, being very unacquainted
in



DEDICATION.

in the Style and Form of Dedications, I employ'd those Wits aforesaid, to furnish me with Hints and Materials, towards a Panegyric upon your Lordship's Virtues.

IN two Days, they brought me ten Sheets of Paper, fill'd up on every Side. They swore to me, that they had ransack'd whatever could be found in the Characters of *Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus*, and other hard Names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have Reason to believe, they impos'd upon my Ignorance, because, when I came to read over their Collections, there was not a Syllable there, but, what I and every body else, knew as well as themselves: Therefore, I grievously suspect a Cheat; and, that these Authors of mine, stole and transcribed every Word, from the universal Report of Mankind. So that I look upon my self, as fifty Shillings out of Pocket, to no manner of Purpose.

IF, by altering the Title, I could make the same Materials serve for another Dedication (as my Betters have done) it would help to make up my Loss: But, I have made several Persons, dip here and there in those Papers, and before they read three Lines, they have all assur'd me, plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any Person, besides your Lordship.

DEDICATION.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordship's Bravery, at the Head of an Army; Of your undaunted Courage, in mounting a Breach, or scaling a Wall; Or, to have had your Pedigree trac'd in a Lincal Descent from the House of *Austria*; Or, of your wonderful Talent at Dress and Dancing; Or, your Profound Knowledge in *Algebra, Metaphysics*, and the Oriental Tongues: But to ply the World with an old beaten Story of your Wit, and Eloquence, and Learning, and Wisdom, and Justice, and Politeness, and Candor, and Evenness of Temper in all Scenes of Life; Of that great Discernment in Discovering, and Readiness in Favouring deserving Men; with forty other common Topicks: I confess, I have neither Conscience, nor Countenance to do it. Because, there is no Virtue, either of a Publick or Private Life, which some Circumstances of your own, have not often produced upon the Stage of the World; And those few, which for want of Occasions to exert them, might otherwise have pass'd unseen or unobserved by your *Friends*, your *Enemies* have at length brought to Light.

'Tis true, I should be very loth, the Bright Example of your Lordship's Virtues should be lost to after Ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they



DEDICATION.

they will be so very necessary to adorn the History of a *late Reign*; And That is another Reason, why I would forbear to make a Recital of them here; Because, I have been to'd by Wise Men, that as Dedications have run for some Years past, a good Historian will not be apt to have Recourse thither, in search of Characters.

THERE is one Point, wherein I think we Dedicators would do well to change our Measures; I mean, instead of running on so far, upon the Praise of our Patron's *Liberality*, to spend a Word or two, in admiring their *Patience*. I can put no greater Compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an Occasion to exercise it at present. Tho', perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much Merit to your Lordship upon that Score, who having been formerly used to tedious Harangues, and sometimes, to as little Purpose, will be the readier to pardon this, especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all Respect and Veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

and most Faithful Servant,

The Bookseller,

THE

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now Six Years, since these Papers came first to my Hands, which seems to have been about a Twelvemonth after they were writ: For, the Author tells us in his Preface to the first Treatise, that he hath calculated it for the Year 1697, and in several Passages of that Discourse, as well as the second, it appears, they were written about that Time.

As to the Author, I can give no manner of Satisfaction; However, I am credibly informed, that this Publication is without his Knowledge; for he concludes the Copy is lost, having lent it to a Person, since dead, and being never in Possession of it after: So that, whether the Work received his last Hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective Places, is like to remain a Secret.

If



The Bookfeller to the Reader.

If I should go about to tell the Reader, by what Accident, I became Master of these Papers, it would, in this unbelieving Age, pass for little more than the Cant, or Jargon of the Trade. I, therefore, gladly spare both him and my self so unnecessary a Trouble. There yet remains a difficult Question, why I publish'd them no sooner. I forbore upon two Accounts: First, because I thought I had better Work upon my Hands; and Secondly, because, I was not without some Hope of hearing from the Author, and receiving his Directions. But, I have been lately alarm'd with Intelligence of a surreptitious Copy, which a certain great Wit had new polish'd and refin'd, or, as our present Writers express themselves, fitted to the Humor of the Age; as they have already done, with great Felicity, to Don Quixot, Boccacini, la Bruyere, and other Authors. However, I thought it fairer Dealing, to offer the whole Work in its Naturals. If any Gentleman will please to furnish me with a Key, in order to explain the more difficult Parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the Favour, and print it by it self.

THE

THE
Epistle Dedicatory,
TO
His Royal Highness
PRINCE POSTERITY.

S I R,

HERE present *Your Highness* with the Fruits of a very few leisure Hours, stolen from the short Intervals of a World of Business, and of an Employment quite alien from such Amusements as this: The poor Production of that Refuse of Time which has lain heavy upon my Hands, during a long Prorogation of Parliament, a great Dearth of Foreign News, and a tedious Fit of rainy Weather: For which, and other Reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a Patronage as that of *Your Highness*, whose

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numberless Virtues in so few Years, make the World look upon You as the future Example to all Princes: For altho' *Your Highness* is hardly got clear of Infancy, yet has the universal learned World already resolv'd upon appealing to Your future Dictates with the lowest and most resign'd Submission; Fate having decreed You sole Arbitrer of the Productions of human Wit, in this polite and most accomplish'd Age. Methinks, the Number of Appellants were enough to shock and startle any Judge of a Genius less unlimited than Yours: But in order to prevent such glorious Tryals, the *Person* (it seems) to whose Care the Education of *Your Highness* is committed, has resolv'd (as I am told) to keep You in almost an universal Ignorance of our Studies, which it is Your inherent Birth-right to inspect.

IT is amazing to me, that this *Person* should have Assurance in the face of the Sun, to go about persuading *Your Highness*, that our Age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one Writer upon any Subject. I know very well, that when *Your Highness* shall come to riper Years, and have gone thro' the Learning

ing of Antiquity, You will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the Authors of the very Age before You; And to think that this *Insolent*, in the Account he is preparing for Your View, designs to reduce them to a Number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my Zeal and my Spleen for the Honor and Interest of our vast flourishing Body, as well as of my self, for whom I know by long Experience, he has profess'd, and Still continues a peculiar Malice.

'Tis not unlikely, that when *Your Highness* will one Day peruse what I am now writing, You may be ready to expostulate with Your *Governour* upon the Credit of what I here affirm, and command Him to shew You some of our Productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well inform'd of his Designs) by asking *Your Highness*, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a Demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found: Nor to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the Abyss of Things? 'Tis certain, that in their own Nature they were *light* enough to swim upon the



Surface for all Eternity: Therefore the Fault is in Him, who tied Weights so heavy to their Heels, as to depress them to the Center. Is their very Essence destroyed? Who has annihilated them? Were they drowned by *Purges* or martyred by *Pipes*? Who administered them to the Posteriors of— But that it may no longer be a Doubt with *Your Highness*, who is to be the Author of this universal Ruin; I beseech You to observe that large and terrible *Scythe* which *Your Governour* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the Length and Strength, the Sharpness and Hardness of his *Nails* and *Teeth*; Consider his baneful abominable *Breath*, Enemy to Life and Matter, infectious and corrupting: And then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal Ink and Paper of this Generation to make a suitable Resistance. Oh, that *Your Highness* would one day resolve to disarm this Usurping *Maitre de Palais*, of his furious Engins, and bring Your Empire *bors du Page*.

IT were endless to recount the several Methods of Tyranny and Destruction, which *Your Governour* is pleased to practice

since upon this Occasion. His inveterate Malice is such to the Writings of our Age, that of several Thousands produced yearly from this renowned City, before the next Revolution of the Sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy Infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their *Mother-Tongue* to beg for Pity. Some he stifles in their Cradles, others he frights into Convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; Some he flays alive, others he tears Limb from Limb: Great Numbers are offered to *Moloch*, and the rest tainted by his Breath, die of a languishing Consumption.

BUT the Concern I have most at Heart, is for our Corporation of *Poets*, from whom I am preparing a Petition to *Your Highness*, to be subscribed with the Names of one hundred thirty six of the first Rate, but whose immortal Productions are never likely to reach your Eyes, tho' each of them is now an humble and an earnest Appellant for the Laurel, and has large comely Volumes ready to shew for a Support to his Pretensions. The *never-dying* Works of these illustrious Persons, Your

B 3

Governour,



Governour, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable Death, and *Your Highness* is to be made believe, that our Age has never arrived at the Honor to produce one single Poet.

We confess *Immortality* to be a great and powerful Goddess, but in vain we offer up to her our Devotions and our Sacrifices, if *Your Highness's Governour*, who has usurped the *Priesthood*, must by an unparalleled Ambition and Avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our Age is altogether Unlearned, and devoid of Writers in any kind, seems to be an Assertion so bold and so false, that I have been sometime thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable Demonstration. 'Tis true indeed, that altho' their Numbers be vast, and their Productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the Scene, that they escape our Memory, and delude our Sight. When I first thought of this Address, I had prepared a copious List of *Titles* to present *Your Highness* as an undisputed Argument for what I affirm. The Originals were

posted

posted fresh upon all Gates and Corners of Streets; but returning in a very few Hours to take a Review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their Places: I enquired after them among Readers and Bookfellers, but I enquired in vain, the *Memorial of them was lost among Men, their Place was no more to be found*; and I was laughed to scorn, for a *Clown* and a *Pedant*, devoid of all Taste and Refinement, little versed in the Course of *present Affairs*, and that knew nothing of what had pass'd in the best Companies of Court and Town. So that I can only avow in general to *Your Highness*, that we do abound in Learning and Wit; but to fix upon Particulars, is a Task too slippery for my slender Abilities. If I should venture in a windy Day, to affirm to *Your Highness*, that there is a huge Cloud near the *Horizon* in the Form of a *Bear*, another in the *Zenith* with the Head of an *Ass*, a third to the Westward with Claws like a *Dragon*; and *Your Highness* should in a few Minutes think fit to examine the Truth; 'tis certain, they would be all changed in Figure and Position, new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that Clouds there

B 4

were,



were, but that I was grossly mistakn in the *Zoography* and *Topography* of them.

BUT Your *Governour*, perhaps, may still insist, and put the Question; What is then become of those immense Bales of Paper, which must needs have been employ'd in such Numbers of Books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an Objection? It ill befits the Distance between *Your Highness* and Me, to send You for ocular Conviction to a *Jakes* or an *Oven*; to the Windows of a *Bards-House*, or to a so-called *Lanthorn*. Books like Men their Authors have no more than one Way of coming into the World, but there are ten Thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to *Your Highness* in the Integrity of my Heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this Minute I am writing; What Revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for Your Perusal, I can by no means warrant; However, I beg You to accept it as a Specimen of our Learning, our Politeness and
our

our Wit. I do therefore affirm upon the Word of a sincere Man, that there is now actually in being, a certain Poet called *John Dryden*, whose Translation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large Folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for ought I know, is yet to be seen. There is another call'd *Nabun Tate*, who is ready to make Oath that he has caused many Rheams of Verse to be published, whereof both himself and his Bookfeller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentick Copies, and therefore wonders why the World is pleas'd to make such a Secret of it. There is a Third, known by the Name of *Tom Dursy*, a Poet of a vast Comprehension, an universal Genius, and most profound Learning. There are also one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, most profound Criticks. There is a Person styled Dr. *B-ily*, who has wrote near a thousand Pages of immense Erudition, giving a full and true Account of a certain Squable of wonderful importance between himself and a Bookfeller: He is a Writer of infinite Wit and Humour; no Man raillyes with a better Grace, and in more sprightly Turns. Further, I avow to *Your Highness*, that with these Eyes I have beheld



held the Person of *William W-st-n*, B. D. who has written a good sizeable Volume against a *Friend of Your Governour* (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little Favour) in a most gentlemanly Stile, adorned with utmost Politeness and Civility; replete with Discoveries equally valuable for their Novelty and Use; and embelish'd with *Traits* of Wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy Yoke-mate to his fore-mention'd *Friend*.

WHY should I go upon further Particulars, which might fill a Volume with the just Elogies of my cotemporary Brethren? I shall bequeath this Piece of Justice to a larger Work; wherein I intend to write a Character of the present Set of *Wits* in our Nation: Their Persons I shall describe particularly, and at Length, their Genius and Understandings in *Mignature*.

IN the mean time, I do here make bold to present *Your Highness* with a faithful Abstract drawn from the Universal Body of all Arts and Sciences, intended wholly for Your Service and Instruction: Nor do I doubt in the least, but *Your Highness* will peruse

peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable Improvements, as *other young Princes* have already done by the many Volumes of late Years written for a Help to their Studies.

THAT *Your Highness* may advance in Wisdom and Virtue, as well as Years, and at last out-shine all Your Royal Ancestors, shall be the daily Prayer of,

S I R,

Decemb.
1697.

Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

THE



THE
P R E F A C E :

THE Wits of the present Age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems, the Grandees of *Church* and *State* begin to fall under horrible Apprehensions, lest these Gentlemen during the Intervals of a long Peace, should find leisure to pick Holes in the weak sides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much Thought employ'd of late upon certain Projects for taking off the Force and Edge of those formidable Enquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate Points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some Time as well as Cost, to perfect. Mean while, the Danger hourly increasing, by new Levees of Wits all appointed (as there is Reason to fear) with Pen, Ink, and Paper, which may at an hour's Warning be drawn out into Pamphlets, and other Offensive Weapons, ready for immediate Execution:

It



It was judged of absolute necessity, that some present Expedient be thought on, till the main Design can be brought to Maturity. To this End, at a Grand Committee, some Days ago, this important Discovery was made by a certain curious and refined Observer; That Sea-men have a Custom when they meet a *Whale*, to fling him out an empty *Tub*, by way of Amusement, to divert him from laying violent Hands upon the Ship. This Parable was immediately mythologiz'd; The *Whale* was interpreted to be *Hob's Leviathan*, which tosses and plays with all other Schemes of Religion and Government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to Rotation. This is the *Leviathan* from whence the terrible Wits of our Age are said to borrow their Weapons. The *Ship* in danger, is easily understood to be its old Antitype the *Commonwealth*. But, how to analyze the *Tub*, was a Matter of Difficulty; when after long Enquiry and Debate, the literal Meaning was preserved: And it was decreed, that in order to prevent these *Leviathans* from tossing and sporting with the *Commonwealth*, (which of it self is too apt to fluctuate) they

they should be diverted from their Game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And my Genius being conceived to lye not unhappily that way, I had the Honor done me to be engaged in the Performance.

THIS is the sole Design in publishing the following Treatise, which I hope will serve for an *Interim* of some Months to employ those unquiet Spirits, till the perfecting of that great Work; into the Secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous Reader should have some little Light.

IT is intended that a large Academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three Persons; which by modest Computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current Number of *Wits* in this Island. These are to be disposed into the several Schools of this Academy, and there pursue those Studies to which their Genius most inclines them. The Undertaker himself will publish his Proposals with all convenient speed, to which I shall refer the curious Reader for a more particular Account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal Schools. There is, first, a large *Pedagogick*



stick School, with French and Italian Masters. There is also, the Spelling School, a very spacious Building: The School of Looking-Glasses: The School of Swearing: The School of Criticks: The School of Salvation: The School of Hobby-Horses: The School of Poetry: The School of Tops: The School of Spleen: The School of Gaming; with many others too tedious to recount. No Person to be admitted Member into any of these Schools, without an Attestation under two sufficient Persons Hands, certifying him to be a *Wit*.

BUT, to return. I am sufficiently instructed in the principal Duty of a Preface, if my Genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my Imagination to take the *Tour* of my Invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following Treatise. Nor so, my more successful Brethren the *Moderns*, who will by no means let slip a Preface or Dedication, without some notable distinguishing Stroke, to surprize the Reader at the Entry, and kindle a wonderful Expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious Poet, who soliciting his
Brain

Brain for something new, compared himself to the *Hangman*, and his Patron to the *Patient*: This was * *Insigne, recens, indictum ore alio*. When I went thro' that necessary and noble † Courſe of Study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious Touches, which I shall not injure the Authors by transplanting: Because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a *Modern Picce* of Wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the Carriage. Some things are extremely witty *to day*, or *fasting*, or *in this Place*, or *at eight a Clock*, or *over a Bottle*, or *spoken by Mr. Whatdicallum*, or *in a Summer's Morning*: Any of which, by the smallest Transposal or Misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *Wit* has its Walks and Purlicus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a Hair, upon peril of being lost. The *Moderns* have artfully fixed this *Mercury*, and reduced it to the Circumstances of Time, Place and Person. Such a Jest there is, that will not pass out of *Convent-Garden*; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at *Hide-Park Corner*. Now, tho' it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the rowardly Passages I shall deliver in the following



lowing Treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present Scene; yet I must need subscribe to the Justice of this Proceeding: because, I cannot imagine why we should be at Expence to furnish Wit for succeeding Ages, when the former have made no sort of Provision for ours; wherein I speak the Sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most Orthodox Refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplish'd Person who has got into the Taste of Wit calculated for this present Month of *August* 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the *Sublime* throughout this Treatise; I hold it fit to lay down this general Maxim. Whatever Reader desires to have a thorow Comprehension of an Author's Thoughts, cannot take a better Method, than by putting himself into the Circumstances and Posture of Life, that the Writer was in, upon every important Passage as it flowed from his Pen; For this will introduce a Parity and strict Correspondence of Ideas between the Reader and the Author. Now, to assist the diligent Reader in so delicate an Affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected,

lected, that the shrewdest Pieces of this Treatise, were conceived in Bed, in a Garret: At other times (for a Reason best known to my self) I thought fit to sharpen my Invention with Hunger; and in general, the whole Work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of Physick, and a great want of Money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid Peruser to go along with me in a great many bright Passages, unless upon the several Difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these Directions. And this I lay down as my principal *Pestulatum*.

BECAUSE I have profess'd to be a most devoted Servant of all *Modern Forms*; I apprehend some curious *Wit* may object a-me, for proceeding thus far in a Preface, without declaiming according to the Custom, against the Multitude of Writers, whereof the whole Multitude of Writers most reasonably complains. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of Prefaces, wherein the Authors do at the very beginning address the gentle Reader concerning this enormous Grievance. Of these

C 2

I have



I have preserv'd a few Examples, and shall set them down as near as my Memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus ;

For a Man to set up for a Writer, when the Press swarms with, &c.

Another ;

The Tax upon Paper does not lessen the Number of Scriblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another ;

When every little Would-be-wit takes Pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the Lists, &c.

Another ;

To deserve what Trash the Press swarms with, &c.

Another :

S I R. It is meerly in Obedience to your Commands that I venture into the Publick; for who upon a less Consideration would be of a Party with such a Rabble of Scriblers, &c.

Now,

Now, I have two Words in my own Defence, against this Objection. First: I am far from granting the Number of Writers, a Nuisance to our Nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several Parts of the following Discourse. Secondly: I do not well understand the Justice of this Proceeding, because I observe many of these polite Prefaces, to be not only from the same Hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several Productions: Upon which I shall tell the Reader a short Tale.

A Mountebank in Leicester-Fields had drawn a huge Assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unweildy Fellow, half stifled in the Press, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here; Pray, good People, give way a little; Bless me! what a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together: Z---ds, what squeezing is this! Honest Friend, remove your Elbow. At last a Weaver that stood next him could hold no longer; A Plague confound you (said he) for an over-grown Sloven; and who (in the Devil's Name) I wonder, helps to make up the Crowd half so much as your self? Don't

C 3 you



you consider (with a Pox) that you take up more room with that Carcass than any five here? Is not the Place as free for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass (and be d---n'd) and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

THERE are certain common Privileges of a Writer, the Benefit whereof, I hope there will be no Reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is coucht underneath: And again, that whatever Word or Sentence is printed in a different Character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of *Wit* or *Sublime*.

As for the Liberty I have thought fit to take of praising my self, upon some Occasions or none; I am sure it will need no Excuse, if a Multitude of great Examples be allowed sufficient Authority: For, it is here to be noted, that *Praise* was originally a Pension paid by the World; but the *Moderns* finding the Trouble and Charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *Fec-Simple*; since which time, the Right of Presentation is wholly in our selves. For this Reason it is, that when

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an Author makes his own Elogy, he uses a certain Form to declare and insist upon his Title, which is commonly in these or the like Words, *I speak without Vanity*; which I think plainly shews it to be a Matter of Right and Justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every Encounter of this Nature, thro' the following Treatise, the Form aforesaid is imply'd; which I mention, to save the Trouble of repeating it on to many Occasions.

'TIS a great Ease to my Conscience that I have writ so elaborate and useful a Discourse without one grain of Satyr intermixt; which is the sole Point wherein I have taken Leave to dissent from the famous Originals of our Age and Country. I have observ'd some Satyrists to use the Publick much at the rate that Pedants do a naughty Boy ready hors'd for Discipline; First expostulate the Case, then plead the Necessity of the Rod, from great Provocations, and conclude every Period with a Lash. Now, if I know anything of Mankind, these Gentlemen might very well spare their Reproof and Correction: For, there is not through all Nature another so callous and insensible a Member as *the World's Posteriors*, whether you apply

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ply



ply to it the *Toe* or the *Bitch*. Besides, most of our late Satyrists seem to lye under a sort of Mistake, that because *Nettles* have the Prerogative to Sting, therefore all other *Weeds* must do so too. I make not this Comparison out of the least Design to detract from these worthy Writers: For it is well known among *Mythologists*, that *Weeds* have the Preeminence over all other Vegetables; and therefore the first *Monarch* of this Island, whose Taste and Judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the *Roses* from the Collar of the *Order*, and plant the *Thistles* in their stead, as the nobler Flower of the two. For which Reason it is conjectured by profounder Antiquaries, that the Satyrical Itch, so prevalent in this Part of our Island, was first brought among us from beyond the *Tweed*. Here may it long flourish and abound: May it survive and neglect the Scorn of the World, with as much Ease and Contempt, as the World is insensible to the Lashes of it. May their own Dullness, or that of their Party, be no Discouragement for the Authors to proceed: but let them remember, it is with *Wits* as with *Razors*, which are never so apt to cut those they

are

are employ'd on, as when they have *lost their Edge*: Besides, those whose Teeth are too rotten to bite, are best of all others qualified to revenge that Defect with their Breath.

I am not like other Men, to envy or undervalue the Talents I cannot reach: for which Reason I must needs bear a true Honor to this large eminent Sect of our *British* Writers. And I hope, this little Panegyrick will not be offensive to their Ears, since it has the Advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature her self has taken Order, that Fame and Honor should be purchas'd at a better Pennyworth by Satyr, than by any other Productions of the Brain; the World being soonest provoked to *Praise* by *Lashes*, as Men are to *Love*. There is a Problem in an ancient Author, why Dedications, and other Bundles of Flattery run all upon stale musty Topicks, without the smallest Tincture of any thing New; not only to the torment and nauseating of the *Christian* Reader, but (if not suddenly prevented) to the universal spreading of that pestilent Disease, the Lethargy in this Island: Whereas, there is very

little



little Satyr which has not something in it untouch'd before. The Defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of Invention among those who are Dealers in that kind: But, I think, with a great deal of Injustice; the Solution being easy and natural. For, the Materials of Panegyrick being very few in Number, have been long since exhausted: For, as Health is but one Thing, and has been always the same, whereas Diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily Additions: So, all the Virtues that have been ever in Mankind, are to be counted upon a few Fingers; but his Follies and Vices are innumerable, and Time adds hourly to the Heap. Now, the utmost a poor Poet can do, is to get by heart a List of the Cardinal Virtues, and deal them with his utmost Liberality to his Hero or his Patron: He may ring the Changes as far as it will go, and vary his Phrase till he has talk'd

round; but the Reader quickly finds, it is all * *Pork*, with a little variety of Sawce: For there is no inventing Terms of Art beyond our Idea's; and when Idea's are exhausted, Terms of Art must be too.

BUT,

BUT, tho' the Matter for Panegyrick were as fruitful as the Topicks of Satyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient Reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one or a few Persons at a time, is sure to raise Envy, and consequently ill Words from the rest, who have no share in the Blessing: But Satyr being levelled at all, is never resent'd for an Offence by any, since every individual Person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular Part of the Burthen upon the Shoulders of the World, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the Difference between *Athens* and *England* with respect to the Point before us. In the *Athenian* * *Commonwealth*, it was the Privilege and Birth-right of every Citizen and Poet, to rail aloud and in publick, or to expose upon the Stage by Name, any Person they pleas'd, tho' of the greatest Figure, whether a *Creon*, an *Hyperbolus*, an *Alcibiades*, or a *Demosthenes*:



nes: But, on the other side, the least reflecting Word let fall against the *People* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the Authors, however considerable for their Quality or their Merits. Whereas, in *England* it is just the Reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost *Rhetorick* against Mankind, in the Face of the World; tell them, "That all are gone astray; That there is none that doth good, no not one; That we live in the very Dregs of Time; That Knavery and Atheism are Epidemick as the Pox; That Honesty is fled with *Astræa*; with any other Common Places equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the * *Splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole Audience, far from being offended, shall return you Thanks, as a Deliverer of precious and useful Truths. Nay further; It is but to venture your Lungs, and you may Preach in *Covent-Garden* against Foppery and Fornication, and something else: Against Pride, and Dissimulation, and Bribery, at *White-Hall*: You may expose Rapine and Injustice in the *Inns of Court* Chapel:

pel: And in a *City Pulpit* be as fierce as you please, against Avarice, Hypocrisy and Extortion. 'Tis but a *Bill* bandied to and fro, and every Man carries a *Racket* about Him to strike it from himself among the the rest of the Company. But on the other side, whoever should mistake the Nature of things so far, as to drop but a single Hint in publick, How such a one starved half the Fleet, and half poyson'd the rest: How such a one from a true Principle of Love and Honor, pays no Debts but for *Wenchies* and *Play*: How such a one has got a Clap, and runs out of his Estate: How *Paris* bribed by *Juno* and *Venus*, loath to offend either Party, slept out the whole Cause on the Bench: Or, how such an Orator makes long Speeches in the Senate, with much Thought, little Sense, and to no Purpose. Whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *Scandalum Magnatum*; to have *Challenges* sent him; to be sued for *Defamation*; and to be brought before the Bar of the *House*.

BUT,



BUT, I forget that I am expatiating on a Subject, wherein I have no Concern, having neither a Talent nor an Inclination for Satyr: On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present Procedure of human Things, that I have been for some Years preparing Materials towards *A Panegyrick upon the World*: to which I intended to add a Second Part, entitled, *A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages*. Both these I had Thoughts to publish by way of Appendix to the following Treatise; but finding my Common-Place-Book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another Occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that Design, by a certain Domestick Misfortune, in the Particulars whereof, tho' it would be very seasonable, and much in the *Modern* way, to inform the *gentle Reader*, and would also be of great Assistance towards extending this Preface into the Size now in Vogue, which by Rule ought to be *large* in Proportion as the subsequent Volume is *small*; Yet I shall
now

now dismiss our impatient Reader from any further Attendance at the *Porch*; and having duly prepared his Mind by a preliminary Discourse, shall gladly introduce Him to the sublime Mysteries that ensue.



cult Point; It being as hard to get quit of
Number as of Hell;

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

To this End, the Philosopher's Way in all Ages, has been by erecting certain *Edifices in the Air*; But, whatever Practice and Reputation these kind of Structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in; not excepting even that of *Socrates*, when he suspended in a Basket to help Contemplation; I think, with due Submission, they seem to labor under two Inconveniencies. First, that the Foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *Sight*, and ever out of *Hearing*. Secondly, that the Materials being very transitory, have suffered much from Inclemencies of Air, especially in these North-West Regions.

THEREFORE, towards the just Performance of this great Work, there remain but three Methods that I can think on; Whereof the Wisdom of our Ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring Adventures, thought fit to erect

rect three wooden Machines, for the Use of those Orators who desire to talk much without Interruption. These are, the *Pulpit*, the *Ladder*, and the *Stage-Itinerant*. For, as to the *Bar*, tho' it be compounded of the same Matter, and designed for the same Use, it cannot however be well allowed the Honor of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior Situation, exposing it to perpetual Interruption from Colaterals. Neither can the *Bench* it self, tho' raised to a proper Eminency, put in a better Claim, whatever its Advocats insist on. For if they please to look into the original Design of its Erection, and the Circumstances or Adjuncts subservient to that Design, they will soon acknowledge the present Practice exactly correspondent to the Primitive Institution, and both to answer the Etymology of the Name, which in the *Phœnician* Tongue is a Word of great Signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *The Place of Sleep*; but in common Acceptation, *A Seat well bolster'd and cushion'd, for the Repose of old and gouty Limbs: Senes ut in otia iuta recedant*. Fortune being indebted to them this Part of Retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long *Talkt*, whilst others

D 2 *Slept,*



Sleep, so now they may *Sleep* as long whilst others *Talk*.

BUT if no other Argument could occur to exclude the *Bench* and the *Bar* from the List of Oratorical Machines, it were sufficient, that the Admission of them would overthrow a Number which I was resolv'd to establish whatever Argument it might cost me; In imitation of that prudent Method observ'd by many other Philosophers and great Clerks, whose chief Art in Division has been, to grow fond of some proper mystical Number, which their Imaginations have rendred Sacred, to a Degree, that they force common Reason to find room for it in every part of Nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every *Genus* and *Species* within that Compass, by coupling some against their Wills, and banishing others at any Rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound Number *THREE* is that which hath most employ'd my sublimest Speculations, nor ever without wonderful Delight. There is now in the Press, (and will be publish'd next Term) a Panegyric Essay of mine upon this Number, wherein I have by most convincing Proofs, not only reduced the *Senses* and the *Elements*

ments under its Banner, but brought over several Deserters from its two great Rivals *SEVEN* and *NINE*.

NOW, the first of these Oratorical Machines in Place as well as Dignity, is the *Pulpit*. Of *Pulpits* there are in this Island several sorts; but I esteem only That made of Timber from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our Climate. If it be upon its Decay, 'tis the better, both for Conveyance of Sound, and for other Reasons to be mentioned by and by. The Degree of Perfection in Shape and Size, I take to consist, in being extremely narrow, with little Ornament, and best of all without a Cover; (for by ancient Rule, it ought to be the only uncover'd *Vessel* in every Assembly where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near Resemblance to a Pillory, it will ever have a mighty Influence on human Ears.

OF *Ladders* I need say nothing: 'Tis observ'd by Foreiners themselves, to the Honor of our Country, that we excel all Nations in our Practice and Understanding of this Machine. The ascending Orators do not only oblige their Audience



in the agreeable Delivery, but the whole World in their *early* Publication of their Speeches; which I look upon as the choicest Treasury of our British Eloquence, and whereof I am informed, that worthy Citizen and Bookseller, Mr. *John Dunton*, hath made a faithful and a painful Collection, which he shortly designs to publish in Twelve Volumes in Folio, illustrated with Copper-Plates. A Work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a Hand.

THE last Engine of Orators, is the *Stage-itinerant*, erected with much Sagacity, *sub Fove pluvia, in triviis & quadriuis.* It is the great Seminary of the two former, and its Orators are sometimes preferred to the One, and sometimes to the Other, in proportion to their Deservings, there being a strict and perpetual Intercourie between all three.

FROM this accurate Deduction it is manifest that for obtaining Attention in Publick, there is of necessity required a *superior Position of Place.* But, altho' this Point be generally granted, yet the Cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that

that very few Philosophers have fallen into a true, natural Solution of this *Phænomenon.* The deepest Account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That Air being a heavy Body, and therefore (according to the System of * *Epicurus*) continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and press'd down by Words; which are also Bodies of much Weight and Gravity, as it is manifest from those deep *Impressions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due Altitude, or else they will neither carry a good Aim, nor fall down with a sufficient Force.

*Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est.
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere
Sensus. Lucr. Lib. 4.*

AND I am the readier to favour this Conjecture, from a common Observation; that in the several Assemblies of these Orators, Nature it self hath instructed the Hearers, to stand with their Mouths open, and erected parallel to the Horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular



cular Line from the Zenith to the Center of the Earth. In which Position, if the Audience be well compact, every one carries home a Share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the Contrivance and Structure of our Modern Theatres. For, First; the Pit is sunk below the Stage with due Regard to the Infiltration above deduced; that whatever *weighty* Matter shall be delivered thence (whether it be *Lead or Gold*) may fall plum into the Jaws of certain *Criticks* (as I think they are called) which stand ready open to devour them. Then, the Boxes are built round, and raised to a Level with the Scene, in deference to the Ladies, because, That large Portion of Wit laid out in raising Pruriencies and Protuberencies, is observed to run much upon a Line, and ever in a Circle. The whining Passions, and little starved Conceits, are gently wasted up by their own extreme Levity, to the middle Region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid Understandings of the Inhabitants. Bombast and Buffoonry, by Nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the Roof, if the prudent

dent Architect had not with much Foresight contrived for them a fourth Place, called the *Twelve-Penny Gallery*, and there planted a suitable Colony, who greedily intercept them in their Passage.

NOW this Physico-logical Scheme of Oratorical Receptacles or Machines, contains a great Mystery, being a Type, a Sign, an Emblem, a Shadow, a Symbol, bearing Analogy to the spacious Commonwealth of Writers, and to those Methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain Eminency above the inferior World. By the *Pulpit* are adumbrated the Writings of our *Modern Saints in Great Britain*, as they have spiritualized and refined them from the Dross and Grossness of *Sense and Human Reason*. The Matter, as we have said, is of rotten Wood, and that upon two Considerations; Because it is the Quality of rotten Wood to give *Light* in the Dark: And secondly, Because its Cavities are full of Worms: Which is a Type with a Pair of Handles, having a Respect to the two principal Qualifications of the Orator, and the two different Fates attending upon his Works.

THE



THE *Ladder* is an adequate Symbol of *Faction* and of *Poetry*, to both of which so noble a Number of Authors are indebted for their Fame. Of *Faction*, because

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* * * * * Of *Poetry*, because its Orators do *perorare* with a Song; and because climbing up by slow Degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many Steps of the Top: And because it is a Preferment attained by transferring of Propriety, and a confounding of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

UNDER the *Stage-itinerant* are couched those Productions designed for the Pleasure and Delight of Mortal Man; such as, *Six-penny-worth of Wit*, *Westminster Drolleries*, *Delightful Tales*, *Compleat Jestlers*, and the like; by which the Writers of and for *GRUB-STREET*, have in these later Ages so nobly triumpht over *Time*; have clipt his Wings, pared his Nails, filed his Teeth, turned back his Hour-Glass, blunted his Scythe, and drawn the Hob-Nails

out

out of his Shoes. It is under this Classis, I have presumed to list my present Treatise, being just come from having the Honor conferred upon me, to be adopted a Member of that illustrious Fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the Productions of the *Grub-Street* Brotherhood, have of late Years fallen under many Prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual Employment of two *Junior* start-up Societies, to ridicule them and their Authors, as unworthy their established Post in the Commonwealth of Wit and Learning. Their own Consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean; Nor has the World been so negligent a Looker on, as not to observe the continual Efforts made by the Societies of *Gresham* and of *Will's*, to edify a Name and Reputation upon the Ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling Grief to Us upon the Regards of Tenderness as well as of Justice, when we reflect on their Proceedings, not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For, how can it be forgot by the World or themselves, (to say nothing of our own Records, which are full

full



full and clear in the Point) that they both are Seminaries, not only of our *Planting*, but our *Watering* too: I am informed, Our two *Rivals* have lately made an Offer to enter into the Lists with united Forces, and challenge Us to a Comparison of Books, both as to *Weight* and *Number*. In Return to which, (with License from our *President*) I humbly offer two Answers: First, We say, the Proposal is like

* *Viz. A-
has moving
the Earth.*

that which *Archimedes* made upon a * *smaller* Affair, including an Impossibility in the Practice; For, where can they find Scales of *Capacity* enough for the first, or an Arithmetician of *Capacity* enough for the second. Secondly, We are ready to accept the Challenge, but with this Condition, that a third indifferent Person be assigned, to whose impartial Judgment it shall be left to decide, which Society each Book, Treatise or Pamphlet do most properly belong to. This Point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; For, We are ready to produce a Catalogue of some Thousands, which in all common Justice ought to be entitled to Our Fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled Writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the

the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our Prudence, that the Determination should be remitted to the Authors themselves; when our Adversaries by *Briguing* and *Caballing*, have caused so universal a Defection from us, that the greatest Part of our Society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest Friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own Us.

THIS is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a Subject; because We are extreme unwilling to inflame a Controversy, whose Continuance may be so fatal to the Interests of Us All, desiring much rather that Things be amicably composed, and We shall so far advance on our Side, as to be ready to receive the two *Prodigals* with open Arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their *Husks* and their *Harlots*; which I think from the * present Course of their Studies they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and like an indulgent Parent, continue to them our Affection and our Blessing.

* *Virtuoso Experiments, and Modern Concocted.*

BUT



BUT the greatest Maim given to that general Reception, which the Writings of our Society have formerly received, next to the transitory State of all sublunary Things, hath been a superficial Vein among many Readers of the present Age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the Surface and the Rind of Things; whereas, *Wisdom* is a *Fox*, who after long hunting, will at last cost you the Pains to dig out: 'Tis a *Cheese*, which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the courser Coat; and whereof to a judicious Palate, the *Maggots* are the best. 'Tis a *Sack-Peffer*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. *Wisdom* is a *Hen*, whose *Cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *Egg*; But then, lastly, 'tis a *Nar*, which unless you chuse with Judgment, may cost you a Tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *Worm*. In consequence of these momentous Truths, the *Gruban* Sages have always chosen to convey their Precepts and their Arts, shut up within the Vehicles of Types and Fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning,

dorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these Vehicles after the usual Fate of Coaches over-finely painted and gilt; that the transitory Gazers have so dazzled their Eyes, and fill'd their Imaginations with the outward Lustre, as neither to regard or consider, the Person or the Parts of the Owner within. A Misfortune we undergo with somewhat less Reluctancy, because it has been common to us with *Pythagoras*, *AEsop*, *Socrates*, and other of our Predecessors.

HOWEVER, that neither the World nor our selves may any longer suffer by such Misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much Importunity from my Friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious Dissertation upon the prime Productions of our Society, which besides their beautiful Externals for the Gratification of superficial Readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined Systems of all Sciences and Arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by Untwisting or Unwinding, and either to draw up by Exantiation, or display by Incision.

THIS



THIS great Work was entred upon some Years ago, by one of our most eminent Members: He began with the History of *Reynard the Fox*, but neither lived to publish his Essay, nor to proceed further in so useful an Attempt, which is very much to be lamented, because the Discovery he made, and communicated with his Friends, is now universally received; Nor, do I think, any of the Learned will dispute, that famous Treatise to be a compleat Body of Civil Knowledge, and the *Revelation*, or rather, the *Apocalyps* of all State *Arcana*. But the Progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my Annotations upon several Dozens; From some of which, I shall impart a few Hints to the candid Reader, as far as will be necessary to the Conclusion at which I aim.

THE first Piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose Author was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher. This dark Treatise contains the whole Scheme of the *Metempsychosis*, deducing the Progress of the Soul thro' all her Stages.

THE

THE next is *Doctor Faustus*, penn'd by *Arctephius*, an Author *homo notæ*, and an *Adeptus*; He published it in the * nine hundred eighty th *thousand*, fourth Year of his Age; this Writer proceeds wholly by *Reincarnation*, or in the *via humida*: And the Marriage between *Faustus* and *Hellen*, does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the *Male* and *Female Dragon*.

WHITTINGTON *and his Cat*, is the Work of that Mysterious Rabbi, *Jehuda Hannasi*, containing a Defence of the *Gue-mars* of the *Jernsalem Misna*, and its just preference to that of *Babylon*, contrary to the vulgar Opinion.

THE *Elind and Panther*. This is the Master-piece of a famous Writer † now living, intended for † *Viz. in the Year 1697.* a compleat Abstract of sixteen thousand Schoolmen from *Scotus* to *Bel-larmin*.

Tommy Potts. Another Piece supposed by the same Hand, by way of Supplement to the former.

E

THE



THE *Wise Men* of Gotham, *cum Appendix*. This is a Treatise of immense Erudition, being the great Original and Fountain of those Arguments, bandied about both in *France* and *England*, for a just Defence of the *Modern Learning* and Wit, against the *Presumption*, the *Pride*, and the *Ignorance* of the *Antients*. This unknown Author hath so exhausted the Subject, that a penetrating Reader will easily discover, whatever hath been written since upon that Dispute, to be little more than Repetition. An Abstract of this Treatise hath been lately published by a *worthy Member* of our Society.

THESE Notices may serve to give the Learned Reader an Idea, as well as a Taste, of what the whole Work is likely to produce: wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my Thoughts and my Studies; and if I can bring it to a Perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employ'd the poor Remains of an unfortunate Life. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a Quill worn to the Pith in the Service of the State, in *Pro's* and *Con's* upon *Papish Plots*, and *Meal Tabs*,

Tab's, and *Exclusion Bills*, and *Passive Obedience*, and *Addresses of Lives and Fortunes*; and *Prerogative*, and *Property*, and *Liberty of Conscience*, and *Letters to a Friend*: From an Understanding and a Conscience, thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; From a Head broken in a hundred places, by the Malignants of the opposite *Factions*; and from a Body spent with *Poxes* ill cured, by trusting to *Bawds* and *Surgeons*, who, (as it afterwards appeared) were profess'd Enemies to Me and the Government, and revenged their Party's Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins. Four-score and eleven Pamphlets have I writ under three Reigns, and for the Service of six and thirty *Factions*. But finding the State has no further Occasion for Me and my Ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into Speculations more becoming a Philosopher, having to my unspeakable Comfort, pass'd a long Life, with a *Conscience void of Offence towards God and towards Man*.

BUT to return. I am assured from the Reader's Candor, that the brief Specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our Society's Productions, from an Aspiration



sion grown, as it is manifest, out of Envy and Ignorance; That they are of little farther Use or Value to Mankind, beyond the common Entertainments of their Wit and their Style: For, these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest Adversaries: In both which, as well as the more profound and mystical Part, I have throughout this Treatise closely followed the most applauded Originals. And to render all compleat, I have with much Thought and Application of Mind, so ordered, that the chief Title prefixed to it, (I mean, That under which I design it shall pass in the common Conversations of Court and Town) is modelled exactly after the Manner peculiar to *Our Society*.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the Business of * Titles, having observed the Humor of multiplying them, to bear great Vogue among certain Writers, whom I exceedingly Reverence. And indeed, it seems not unreasonable, that Books, the Children of the Brain, should have the Honor to be Christned with variety

* The Title Page in the Original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several Titles which the Author here speaks of.

riety of Names, as well as other Infants of Quality. Our famous *Dryden* has ventured to proceed a Point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a Multiplicity of * *God-fathers*; which is an Improvement of much more Advantage, upon a very obvious Account. 'Tis a Pity this admirable Invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general Imitation, when such an Authority serves it for a Precedent. Nor have my Endeavours been wanting to second so useful an Example: But it seems, there is an unhappy Expence usually annexed to the Calling of a God-father, which was clearly out of my Head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the Pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employ'd a World of Thoughts and Pains, to split my Treatise into forty Sections, and having entreated forty Lords of my Acquaintance, that they would do me the Honor to stand, they all made it a Matter of Conscience, and sent me their Excuses.



SECTION II.

ONCE upon a Time, there was a Man who had three Sons by one Wife, and all at a Birth, neither could the Mid-wife tell certainly which was the Eldest. Their Father died while they were young, and upon his Death-Bed, calling the Lads to him, spoke thus.

SONS: Because I have purchased no Estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good Legacies to bequeath You; And at last, with much Care as well as Expence, have provided each of you (here they are) a new Coat. Now, you are to understand, that these Coats have two Virtues contained in them: One is, that with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: The other is, that they will grow in the same Proportion with your Bodies, lengthning and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well. Pray Children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my Will (here it is) full Instructions in every Particular concerning

concerning the Wearing and Management of your Coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the Penalties I have appointed for every Transgression or Neglect, upon which your future Fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my Will, that you should live together in one House like Brethren and Friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

HERE the Story says, this good Father died, and the three Sons went altogether to seek their Fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting, what Adventures they met for the first seven Years, any further than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their Father's Will, and kept their Coats in very good Order; That they travelled thro' several Countries, encountered a reasonable Quantity of Gyants, and slew certain Dragons.

BEING now arrived at the proper Age for producing themselves, they came up to Town, and fell in love with the Ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief Reputation: The Dutches's

E 4 d'Argent,



d'Argent, *Madame de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d'Orgueil*. On their first Appearance, our three Adventurers met with a very bad Reception; and soon with great Sagacity guessing out the Reason, they quickly began to improve in the good Qualities of the Town: They Writ, and Raillyed, and Rhymed, and Sung, and Said, and said Nothing; They Drank, and Fought, and Whor'd, and Slept, and Swore, and took Snuff: They went to new Plays on the first Night, haunted the *Chocolate-Houses*, beat the Watch, lay on Bulks, and got Claps: They bilkt Hackney-Coachmen, ran in Debt with Shop-keepers, and lay with their Wives: They kill'd Bayliffs, kick'd Fiddlers down Stairs, eat at *Locketts*, loyter'd at *Will's*: They talk'd of the Drawing-Room and never came there, Dined with Lords they never saw; Whisper'd a Dutchels, and spoke never a Word; expos'd the Scrawls of their Laundress for Billets-doux of Quality; came ever just from Court, and were never seen in it; attended the Levee *sub dio*; Got a List of the Peers by heart in one Company, and with great Familiarity retail'd them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those Com-

mittees

mittees of Senators who are silent in the *House*, and loud in the *Coffee-House*, where they nightly adjourn to chew the Cud of Politicks, and are encompass'd with a Ring of Disciples, who lye in wait to catch up their Droppings. The three Brothers had acquired fourty other Qualifications of the like Stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplish'd Persons in Town: But all would not suffice, and the Ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible: To clear up which Difficulty, I must with the Reader's good Leave and Patience, have recourse to some Points of Weight, which the Authors of that Age have not sufficiently illustrated.

FOR, about this Time it happened, a Sect arose, whose Tenents obtained and spread very far, especially in the *Grand Monde*, and among every Body of good Fashion. They worshipp'd a sort of *Idol*, who as their Doctrine delivered, did daily create Men, by a kind of Manufactory Operation. This *Idol* they plac'd in the highest Parts of the House, on an Altar erected about three Foot: He was shewn in the Posture of a *Persian Emperor*, sitting



ting on a *Superficies*, with his Legs interwoven under him. This God had a *Goose* for his Ensign; whence it is, that some Learned Men pretend to deduce his Original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left Hand, beneath the Altar, *Hell* seemed to open, and catch at the Animals the *Idol* was creating; to prevent which, certain of his Priests hourly flung in Pieces of the uninformed Mass, or Substance, and sometimes whole Limbs already enlivened, which that horrid Gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *Goose* was also held a Subaltern Divinity, or *Deus minorum gentium*, before whose Shrine was sacrificed that Creature, whose hourly Food is Human Gore, and who is in so great Renown abroad, for being the Delight and Favourite of the *Aegyptian Cercopithecus*. Millions of these Animals were cruelly slaughtered every Day, to appease the Hunger of that consuming Deity. The chief *Idol* was also worshipped as the Inventor of the *Tard* and the *Needle*, whether as the God of Seamen, or on Account of certain other mystical Attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

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THE Worshipers of this Deity had also a System of their Belief, which seemed to turn upon the following Fundamental. They held the Universe to be a large *Suit of Cloaths*, which invests every Thing: That the Earth is *invested* by the Air; The Air is *invested* by the Stars; and the Stars are *invested* by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this Globe of Earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and fashionable *Dress*. What is that which some call *Land*, but a fine Coat faced with Green: or the Sea, but a Waistcoat of Water-Tabby? Proceed to the particular Works of the Creation, you will find how curious *Journey-man* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable* Beaux: Observe how sparkish a Perewig adorns the Head of a *Beech*, and what a fine Doublet of white Satin is worn by the *Birch*. To conclude from all, What is Man himself but a *Micro-Coat*, or rather a compleat Suit of Cloaths with all its Trimmings. As to his Body, there can be no Dispute; but examine even the Acquirements of his Mind, you will find them all contribute in their Order, towards furnishing out an exact *Dress*: To instance no more; Is not Religion a *Cloak*, Honesty a *Pair of Shoes*, worn



worn out in the Dirt, Self-love a *Surtout*, Vanity a *Shirt*, and Conscience a *Pair of Breeches*, which tho' a Cover for Lewdness as well as Naitiness, is easily slipt down for the Service of both.

THESE *Postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of Reasoning, that those Beings which the World calls improperly *Suits of Cloaths*, are in Reality the most refined Species of Animals, or to proceed higher, that they are Rational Creatures, or Men. For, is it not manifest, that They live, and move, and talk, and perform all other Offices of Human Life? Are not Beauty, and Wit, and Mien, and Breeding, their inseparable Proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not They who walk the Streets, fill up *Parliament*—, *Coffee*—, *Play*—, *Bawdy-houses*. 'Tis true indeed, that these Animals, which are vulgarly called *Suits of Cloaths*, or *Dresses*, do according to certain Compositions receive different Appellations. If one of them be trimm'd up with a Gold Chain, and a red Gown, and a white Rod, and a great Horse, it is called a *Lord Mayor*; If certain Ermines and Furs be placed in a certain

tain Position, we stile them a *Judge*, and so, an apt Conjunction of Lawn and black Satin, we entitle a *Bishop*.

OTHERS of these Professors, tho' agreeing in the main System, were yet more refined upon certain Branches of it; and held, that Man was an Animal compounded of two *Dresses*, the *Natural* and the *Celestial Suit*, which were the Body and the Soul: That the Soul was the outward, and the Body the inward Cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former, of daily Creation and Circumfusion. This last they proved by *Scripture*, because, in *Them we Live, and Move, and have our Being*; As likewise by Philosophy, because they are *All in All, and All in every Part*. Besides, said they: Separate these two, and you will find the Body to be only a senseless unfavory Carcass. By all which it is manifest, that the outward Dress must needs be the Soul.

TO this System of Religion were tagged several subaltern Doctrines, which were entertained with great Vogue; as particularly, the Faculties of the Mind were deduced by the Learned among them

in



in this manner: *Embroidery*, was *Sheer Wit*; *Gold Fringe* was *agreeable Conversation*, *Gold Lace* was *Repartee*, a huge long *Perewig* was *Humor*, and a *Coat full of Powder* was very good *Raillery*: All which required abundance of *Finesse* and *Delicatsse* to manage with Advantage, as well as a strict Observance after Times and Fashions.

I have with much Pains and Reading, collected out of antient Authors, this short Summary of a Body of Philosophy and Divinity, which seems to have been composed by a Vein and Race of Thinking, very different from any other Systems, either *Antient* or *Modern*. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the Reader's Curiosity, but rather to give him Light into several Circumstances of the following Story: that knowing the State of Dispositions and Opinions in an Age so remote, he may better comprehend those great Events which were the Issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous Reader, to peruse with a world of Application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this Matter. And so leaving these broken Ends, I carefully gather

ther up the chief Thread of my Story, and proceed.

THESE Opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the Practices of them, among the refined Part of Court and Town, that our three Brother Adventurers, as their Circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three Ladies they address'd themselves to, (whom we have named already) were ever at the very Top of the Fashion, and abhorred all that were below it, but the breadth of a Hair. On the other side, their Father's Will was very precise, and it was the main Precept in it, with the greatest Penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their Coats, one Thread, without a positive Command in the Will. Now, the Coats their Father had left them, were, 'tis true, of very good Cloth, and besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a Piece, but at the same time, very plain, and with little or no Ornament; And it happened, that before they were a Month in Town, great *Shoulder-knots* came up: Strait, all the World was *Shoulder-knots*; no approaching the Ladies *Ruelles* without the *Quota* of



of *Shoulder-knots*: That Fellow, cries one, has no Soul; where is his *Shoulder-knot*? Our three Brethren soon discovered their Want by sad Experience, meeting in their Walks, with forty Mortifications and Indignities. If they went to the *Play-house*, the Door-keeper shewed them into the Twelvopeny Gallery. If they called a Boat, says a Water-man, I am first Sculler: If they slept to the *Rose* to take a Bottle, the Drawer would cry, *Friend we sell no Ale*. If they went to visit a Lady, a Footman met him at the Door with, *Pray send up your Message*. In this unhappy Case, they went immediately to consult their Father's Will, read it over and over, but not a Word of the *Shoulder-knot*. What should they do? What Temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet *Shoulder-knots* appeared extremely requisite. After much Thought, one of the Brothers who happened to be more *Book-learned* than the other two, said, he had found an Expedient. 'Tis true, said he, there is nothing here in this Will, totidem verbis, making mention of *Shoulder-knots*, but I dare conjecture, we may find them inclusive, or totidem syllabis. This Distinction was immediately approved by all:
and

and so they fell again to examine the Will. But their evil Star had so directed the Matter, that the first Syllable was not to be found in the whole Writing. Upon which Disappointment, he who found the former Evaion, took heart, and said, *Brothers, there is yet Hopes; for tho' we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio modo, or totidem literis*. This Discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the Scrutiny, and soon pickt out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same Planer, Enemy to their Repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty Difficulty! But the distinguishing Brother (for whom we shall hereafter find a Name) now his Hand was in, proved by a very good Argument, that K was a modern illegitimate Letter, unknown to the Learned Ages, nor any where to be found in antient Manuscripts. 'Tis true, said he, the Word *Calende* hath in * Q. V. C. * quibusdam veteribus codicibus been sometimes writ with a K, but erroneously, for in the best Copies it is ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross Mistake in
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Lace in the Parish, and walk about as fine as Lords.

A while after, there came up *all in Fashion*, a pretty sort of flame-coloured Satin for Linings, and the *Mercer* brought a Pattern of it immediately to our three Gentlemen. *An please your Worships* (said he) *My Lord C—, and Sir J. W. had Linings out of this very Piece last Night, it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a Remnant left, enough to make my Wife a Pin-cushion by to-morrow Morning at ten a Clock.* Upon this they fell again to romage the Will, because the present Case also required a positive Precept, the Lining being held by Orthodox Writers to be of the Essence of the Coat. After long search, they could fix upon nothing to the Matter in hand, except a short Advice of their Father's in the Will, to take Care of *Fire*, and put out their *Candles* before they went to Sleep. This, tho' a good deal for the Purpose, and helping very far towards Self-Conviction, yet not seeming wholly of Force to establish a Command; and being resolved to avoid farther Scruple, as well as future Occasion for Scandal, says He that was the Scholar; *I remember to*
have

have read in Wills, of a Codicil annexed, which is indeed a Part of the Will, and what it contains hath equal Authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same Will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be compleat for want of such a Codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper Place very dexterously; I have had it by me some Time, it was written by a Dog-keeper of my Grand-father's, and talks a great deal (as good Luck would have it) of this very flame-colour'd Sattin. The Project was immediately approved by the other two; an old Parchment Scrawl was tagged on according to Art, in the Form of a Codicil annexed, and the Sattin bought and worn.

NEXT Winter, a *Player*, hired for the Purpose by the Corporation of *Fringe-makers*, acted his Part in a new Comedy, all covered with *Silver-Fringe*, and according to the laudable Custom gave Rise to that Fashion. Upon which, the Brothers consulting their Father's Will, to their great Astonishment found these Words: *Item, I charge and command my said three Sons, to wear no Sort of Silver Fringe upon, or about their said Coats, &c. with a Penalty*



nalty in case of Disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some Pause, the Brother so often mentioned for his Erudition, who was well skill'd in Criticisms, had found in a certain Author, which he said should be nameless, that the same Word which in the Will is called *Fringe*, does also signify a *Broom-stick*, and doubtless ought to have the same Interpretation in this Paragraph. This, another of the Brothers disliked, because of that Epithet, *Silver*, which could not, he humbly conceived, in Propriety of Speech be reasonably applied to a *Broom-stick*: But it was replied upon him, that this Epithet was understood in a *Mythological*, and *Allegorical* Sense. However, he objected again, why their Father should forbid them to wear a *Broom-stick* on their Coats, a Caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; Upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a *Mystery*, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pryed into, or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their Father's Authority being now considerably sunk, this Expedient was allowed to serve as a law-ful

ful Dispensation. for wearing their full Proportion of *Silver Fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old Fashion, long antiquated, of *Embroidery* with *Indian Figures* of Men, Women and Children. Here they had no Occasion to examine the Will. They remembered but too well, how their Father had always abhorred this Fashion; that he made several Paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter Detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting Curse to his Sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few Days, they appeared higher in the Fashion than any body else in Town. But they solved the Matter by saying, that these Figures were not at all the *same* with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the Will: Besides, they did not wear them in that Sense, as forbidden by their Father, but as they were a commendable Custom, and of great Use to the Publick. That these rigorous Clauses in the Will did therefore require some *Allowance*, and a favourable Interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano Salis*.



BUT, Fashions perpetually altering in that Age, the Scholastick Brother grew weary of searching further Evasions, and solving everlasting Contradictions. Resolved therefore at all Hazards to comply with the Modes of the World, they concerted Matters together, and agreed unanimously, to lock up their Father's Will in a *Strong-Box*, brought out of *Greece* or *Italy*, (I have forgot which) and trouble themselves no further to examine it, but only refer to its Authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general Mode to wear an infinite Number of *Points*, most of them *tagg'd with Silver*: Upon which the Scholar pronounced *ex Cathedra*, that *Points* were absolutely *Jure Paterno*, as they might very well remember. 'Tis true indeed, the Fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the Will; However, that they, as Heirs general of their Father, had Power to make and add certain Clauses for publick Emolument, though not deduceable *totidem verbis* from the Letter of the Will, or else, *Multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for *Canonical*, and therefore on the

the following *Sunday* they came to Church all covered with *Points*.

THE Learned Brother so often mentioned, was reckoned the best Scholar in all that, or the next Street to it; insomuch, as having run something behind-hand with the World, he obtained the Favour from a *certain Lord*, to receive him into his House, and to teach his Children. A while after, the *Lord* died, and He by long Practice upon his Father's Will, found the Way of contriving a *Deed of Conveyance* of that House to Himself and his Heirs: Upon which he took Possession, turned the young Squires out, and received his Brothers in their stead.

SECT.



S E C T. III.

A Digression concerning Criticks.

TH O' I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all Occasions, most nicely to follow the Rules and Methods of Writing, laid down by the Example of our illustrious *Moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my Memory led me into an Error, from which I must immediately extricate my self, before I can decently pursue my principal Subject. I confess with Shame, it was an unpardonable Omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due Discourtes, Expostulatory, Supplicatory, or Deprecatory with my *good Lords* the *Criticks*. Towards some Attonement for this grievous Neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short Account of Themselves and their *Art*, by looking into the Original and Pedigree of the Word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the antient and present State thereof.

B Y

BY the Word, *Critick*, at this Day so frequent in all Conversations, there have sometime been distinguished three very different Species of Mortal Men, according as I have read in *Antient Books and Pamphlets*. For first, by this Term were understood, such Persons as invented or drew up Rules for Themselves and the World, by observing which, a careful Reader might be able to pronounce upon the Productions of the *Learned*, form his Taste to a true Relish of the *Sublime* and the *Admirable*, and divide every Beauty of Matter or of Style from the Corruption that Apes it: In their common Perusal of Books, singling out the Errors and Defects, the Nauseous, the Fulsom, the Dull, and the Impertinent, with the Caution of a Man that walks thro' *Edenborough* Streets in a Morning, who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the Filth in his Way, not that he is curious to observe the Colour and Complexion of the Orduce, or take its Dimensions, much less to be padding in, or tasting it: but only with a Design to come out as cleanly as he may. These Men seem, tho' very erroneously, to have understood the Appellation

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pellation of *Critick* in a literal Sense; That, one principal Part of his Office was, to Praise and Acquit; and, that a *Critick* who sets up to Read, only for an Occasion of Censure and Reproof, is a Creature as barbarous, as a *Judge*, who should take up a Resolution to hang all Men that came before Him upon a Tryal.

AGAIN; by the Word, *Critick*, have been meant, the Restorer of Antient Learning from the Worms, and Graves, and Dust of Manuscripts.

NOW, the Races of these two have been for some Ages utterly extinct; and besides, to Discourse any further of them, would not be at all to my Purpose.

THE Third, and noblest Sort, is that of the *TRUE CRITICK*, whose Original is the most Antient of all. Every *True Critick* is a Hero born, descending in a direct Line from a Celestial Stem, by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who began *Tigellius*, who begat *Etcætera* the Elder, who begat *B-t-ly*, and *Rym-r*, and *W-t-n*, and *Perrault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcætera* the Younger.

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AND these are the *Criticks*, from whom the Commonwealth of Learning has in all Ages received such immense Benefits, that the Gratitude of their Admirers placed their Origine in Heaven, among those of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Perseus*, and other great Deservers of Mankind. But Heroick Virtue it self hath not been exempt from the Obloquy of evil Tongues. For it hath been objected, that those Antient Heroes, famous for their Combating so many Giants, and Dragons, and Robbers, were in their own Persons a greater Nuisance to Mankind, than any of those Monsters they subdued; And therefore, to render their Obligations more Compleat, when all other Vermin were destroy'd, should in Conscience have concluded with the same Justice upon themselves: as *Hercules* most generously did, and hath upon that Score, procured to himself more Temples and Votaries than the best of his Fellows. For these Reasons, I suppose it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the Publick Good of Learning, that every *True Critick*, as soon as he had finished his Task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to Rati-

bane,



bane, or Hemp, or from some convenient *Altitude*, and that no Man's Pretensions to so illustrious a Character, should by any means be received, before That Operation were performed.

Now, from this Heavenly Descent of *Criticism*, and the close Analogy it bears to *Heroick Virtue*, 'tis easy to assign the proper Employment of a *True, Antient, Genuin Critick*; Which is, to travel thro' this vast World of Writings: to pursue and hunt those monstrous Faults bred within them: to drag out the lurking Errors like *Cacus* from his Den; to multiply them like *Hydra's* Heads; and rake them together like *Augeas's* Dung. Or else to drive away a sort of *dangerous Fowl*, who have a perverse Inclination, to plunder the best Branches of the *Tree of Knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* Birds that eat up the Fruit.

THESE Reasonings will furnish us with an adequate Definition of a *True Critick*; that, He is a *Discoverer and Collector of Writers Faults*. Which may be further put beyond Dispute by the following Demonstration: That whoever will examine the

the Writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient Sect has honored the World, shall immediately find from the whole Thread and Tenor of them, that the Ideas of the Authors have been altogether conversant, and taken up with the Faults, and Blemishes, and Oversights, and Mistakes of other Writers; and let the Subject treated on be whatever it will, their Imaginations are so entirely possess'd and replete with the Defects of other Pens, that the very Quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own: By which means the whole appears to be nothing else, but an *Abstract* of the *Criticisms* themselves have made.

HAVING thus briefly considered the Original and Office of a *Critick*, as the Word is understood in its most noble and universal Acceptation, I proceed to refute the Objections of those who argue from the Silence and Pretermission of Authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very Art of *Criticism*, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *Modern*; and consequently, that the *Criticks* of *Great Britain* and *France*, have no Title to an Original so Antient and Illustrious

as



as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the contrary, that the most ancient Writers have particularly described, both the Person and the Office of a *True Critick*, agreeable to the Definition laid down by me; their grand Objection from the Silence of Authors will fall to the Ground.

I confess to have for a long time born a Part in this general Error; From which I should never have acquitted my self, but thro' the Assistance of our Noble *Moderns*, whose most edifying Volumes I turn indefatigably over Night and Day, for the Improvement of my Mind, and the Good of my Country: These have with unwearied Pains made many useful Searches into the weak Sides of the *Antients*, and

* See Wotton of *Antients and Modern Learning.* given us a comprehensive List of them. * Besides, they have proved beyond Contradiction, that the very finest

Things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to Light by much later Pens, and that the noblest Discoveries those *Antients* ever made of Art or of Nature, have all been produced by the transcending Genius of the present Age.

Age. Which clearly shews, how little Merit those *Antients* can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind Admiration paid them by Men in a Corner, who have the Unhappines of conversing too little with *present Things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole Compass of Human Nature, I easily concluded, that these *Antients*, highly sensible of their many Imperfections, must needs have endeavoured from some Passages in their Works, to obviate, soften, or divert the Censorious Reader, by *Satyr*, or *Panegyrick* upon the *True Criticks*, in Imitation of their *Masters the Moderns*. Now, in the

* *Satyr*, and *Panegyrick* upon *Criticks.* *Common-Places* of * both these, I was plentifully instructed,

by a long Course of useful Study in *Prefaces* and *Prologues*; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent Perusal of the most Antient Writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest Times. Here I found to my great Surprise, that although they all entred, upon Occasion, into particular Descriptions of the *True Critick*, according as they were governed by their Fears or their Hopes; yet whatever they toucht of that kind, was

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with



with abundance of Caution, adventuring no farther than *Mythology* and *Hieroglyphick*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial Readers, for urging the Silence of Authors, against the Antiquity of the *True Critick*; tho' the *Types* are so opposite, and the Applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any Reader of a *Modern Eye* and *Taste* could over-look them. I shall venture from a great Number to produce a few, which I am very confident, will put this Question beyond Dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these *Antient Writers* in treating Enigmatically upon this Subject, have generally fixed upon the very same *Hieroglyph*, varying only the Story according to their Affections or their Wit. For first; *Pausanias* is of Opinion, that the Perfection of Writing correct, was entirely owing to the institution of *Criticks*; and, that he can possibly mean no other than the *True Critick*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following Description. He says, *They were a Race of Men, who delighted to nibble at the Superfluities, and Excrescencies of Books; which the Learned at length observing, took*

Warning

Warning of their own Accord, to lop the Luxuriant, the Rotten, the Dead, the Superfluous, and the Overgrown Branches from their Works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following *Allegory*: *That the * Nauplians in Argia, learned the Art of pruning their Vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer Fruit.* † *Lib. 4.*

But † *Herodotus* holding the very same *Hieroglyph*, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold to tax the *True Criticks*, of Ignorance and Malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the Western Part of Libya, there were ASSES with HORNS*: Upon which Relation * *Ctesias* * *Vide excerptis ex eo acceptis per Photium.* yet refines, mentioning the very same Animal about *India*; adding, *That whereas all other ASSES wanted a Gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that Part, that their Flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme Bitterness.*

Now, the Reason why those Antient Writers treated this Subject only by *Types*

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and



whereof, whoever drinks, that Person's Brains
flies out of his Nostrils.

THERE was also among the *Antients* a sort of *Critick*, not distinguisht in *specie* from the Former, but in Growth or Degree, who seem to have been only the *Tyros* or *junior* Scholars; yet because of their differing Employments, they are frequently mentioned as a *Seçt* by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger Students, was to attend constantly at Theatres, and learn to spy out the *worst* Parts of the Play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take Note, and render a rational Account, to their Tutors. Fleish at these smaller Sports, like young Wolves, they grew up in Time, to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large Game. For it hath been observed both among *Antients* and *Moderns*, that a *True Critick* hath one Quality in common with a *Whore* and an *Alderman*, never to change his Title or his Nature; that a *Grey Critick* has been certainly a *green* one, the Perfections and Acquirements of his Age being only the improved Talents of his Youth; like *Hemp*, which some Naturalists inform us, is bad for *Suffocations*, tho' taken

taken but in the *Seed*. I esteem the Invention, or at least the Refinement of *Prologues*, to have been owing to these younger Proficients, of whom *Terence* makes frequent and honourable mention, under the Name of *Makivoli*.

Now, 'tis certain, the Institution of the *True Criticks*, was of absolute Necessity to the Commonwealth of Learning. For all Human Actions seem to be divided like *Themistocles* and his Company; One Man can *Fiddle*, and another can make a *small Town a great City*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kick'd out of the Creation. The avoiding of which Penalty, has doubtless given the first Birth to the Nation of *Criticks*, and withal, an Occasion for their secret Detractors to report; that a *True Critick* is a sort of *Mechanick*, set up with a *Stock* and *Tools* for his Trade, at as little Expence as a *Taylor*; and that there is much Analogy between the *Utenfils* and *Abilities* of both: That the *Taylor's Hell* is the Type of a *Critick's Common-place-Book*, and his Wit and Learning held forth by the *Goose*: That it requires at least as many of these, to the making up
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of one Scholar, as of the others to the Composition of a Man: That the Valor of both is equal, and their *Weapons* near of a Size. Much may be said in answer to these invidious Reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a Falshood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater Layings out, to be free of the *Critick's* Company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true Beggar*, it will cost the richest Candidate every Groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a *True Critick*, it will cost a Man all the good Qualities of his Mind; which, perhaps, for a less Purchase, would be thought but an indifferent Bargain.

HAVING thus amply proved the Antiquity of *Criticisms*, and described the Primitive State of it; I shall now examine the present Condition of this Empire, and shew

* A Quotation after the manner of a great Author. Vide Bently's Dissertation, &c.

how well it agrees with its ancient self. * A certain Author whose Works have many Ages since been entirely lost, says in his fifth Book and eighth Chapter, of *Criticks*, that their *Writings* are the *Mirrors* of Learning.

Learning. This I understand in a literal Sense, and suppose our Author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect Writer, must inspect into the Books of *Criticks*, and correct his Invention there as in a Mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the *Mirrors* of the Ancients were made of *Brass*, and *fine Mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal Qualifications of a *True Modern Critick*, and consequently, must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For, *Brass* is an Emblem of Duration, and when it is skilfully burnished, will cast *Reflections* from its own *Superficies*, without any Assistance of *Mercury* from behind. All the other Talents of a *Critick* will not require a particular Mention, being included, or easily deduceable to these. However, I shall conclude with three Maxims, which may serve both as *Characteristicks* to distinguish a *True Modern Critick* from a Pretender, and will be also of admirable Use to those worthy Spirits, who engage in so useful and honorable an Art.

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THE first is, That *Criticism*, contrary to all other Faculties of the Intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* Result of the *Critic's* Mind: As Fowlers reckon the first Aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the Mark, if they stay for a Second.

SECONDLY; The *True Critics* are known by their Talent of swarming about the noblest Writers, to which they are carried meerly by Instinct, as a Rat to the best Cheese, or a Wasp to the fairest Fruit. So, when the *King* is a Horse-back, he is sure to be the *dirtyest* Person of the Company, and they that make their Court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

LASTLY; A *True Critick*, in the Perusal of a Book, is like a *Dog* at a Feast, whose Thoughts and Stomach are wholly set upon what the Guests *sling away*, and consequently, is apt to *Snarl* most, when there are the fewest *Bones*.

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THUS much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of Address to my Patrons, the *True Modern Critics*, and may very well atone for my past Silence, as well as That which I am like to observe for the future. I hope, I have deserved so well of their whole *Body*, as to meet with generous and tender Usage at their *Hands*. Supported by which Expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those Adventures already so happily begun.

SECT.



SECT. IV.

A TALE of a TUB.

I HAVE now with much Pains and Study, conducted the Reader to a Period, where he must expect to hear of great Revolutions. For no sooner had Our *Learned Brother*, so often mentioned, got a warm House of his own over his Head, than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him; inasmuch, that unless the Gentle Reader out of his great Candor, will please a little to exalt his Idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *Hero* of the Play, when he happens to meet Him; his Part, his Dress, and his Mien being so much altered.

HE told his Brothers, he would have them to know, that he was their Elder, and consequently his Father's sole Heir; Nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call Him, *Brother*, but Mr. PETER; And then he must be stiled, *Father Peter*; and sometimes, *My Lord Peter*. To support this Grandeur, which he soon began to consider, could not be maintained with-

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out a Better *Fondest* than what he was born to; After much Thought, he cast about at last, to turn *Projector* and *Virtuoso*; wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous Discoveries, Projects, and Machines, which bear great Vogue and Practice at present in the World, are owing entirely to *Lord Peter's* Invention. I will deduce the best Account I have been able to collect of the Chief amongst them, without considering much the Order they came out in; because, I think, Authors are not well agreed as to that Point.

I hope, when this Treatise of mine shall be translated into Foreign Languages, (as I may without Vanity affirm, That the Labor of collecting, the Faithfulness in recounting, and the great Usefulness of the Matter to the Publick, will amply deserve that Justice) that the worthy Members of the several *Academies* abroad, especially those of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept these humble Offers, for the Advancement of Universal Knowledge. I do also advertise the most Reverend Fathers the *Eastern* Missionaries, that I have purely for their sakes, made use of such Words and Phrases, as will best admit



mit an easy Turn into any of the *Oriental* Languages, especially the *Chinese*. And to I proceed with great Content of Mind, upon reflecting, how much Emolument this whole Globe of Earth is like to reap by my Labors.

THE first Undertaking of *Lord Peter*, was to purchase a large Continent, lately said to have been discovered in *Terra Australis incognita*. This Tract of Land he bought at a very great Penny-worth from the Discoverers themselves, (tho' some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several Cantons to certain Dealers, who carried over Colonies, but were all Shipwreckt in the Voyage. Upon which, *Lord Peter* sold the said Continent to other Customers again, and again, and again, with the same Success.

THE second Project I shall mention, was his Sovereign Remedy of the *Worms*, especially those in the *Spleen*. The Patient was to eat nothing after Supper for three Nights: As soon as he went to Bed, he was carefully to lye on one Side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other:

other: He must also duly confine his two Eyes to the same Object; and by no means break Wind at both Ends together, without manifest Occasion. These Prescriptions diligently observed, the *Worms* would void insensibly by Perspiration, ascending thro' the *Brain*.

A third Invention, was the erecting of a *Whispering-Office*, for the Publick Good and Ease of all such as were Hypochondriacal, or troubled with the Cholick; as likewise of all Eves-droppers, Physicians, Midwives, small Politicians, Friends fallen out, Repeating Poets, Lovers Happy or in Despair, Bawds, Privy-Counsellors, Pages, Parasites, and Buffoons; In short, of all such as are in Danger of bursting with too much *Wind*. An *Ass's* Head was placed so conveniently, that the Party affected might easily with his Mouth accost either of the Animal's Ears; which he was to apply close for a certain Space, and by a fugitive Faculty, peculiar to the Ears of that Animal, receive immediate Benefit, either by Eructation, or Expiration, or Evomition.



ANOTHER very beneficial Project of *Lord Peter's*, was an Office of *Enfurance*, for Tobacco-Pipes, Martyrs of the Modern Zeal, Volumes of Poetry, Shadows, - - - - - and Rivers: That these, nor any of these shall receive Damage by *Fire*. From whence our *Friendly Societies* may plainly find themselves, to be only Transcribers from this Original; tho' the one and the other have been of great Benefit to the Undertakers, as well as of equal to the Publick.

Lord Peter was also held the Original Author of *Pappets* and *Raree-Shows*; the great Usefulness whereof being to generally known, I shall not enlarge further upon this Particular.

BUT, another Discovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal *Pickle*. For having remarkt how your common *Pickle* in use among Huswives, was of no further Benefit than to preserve dead Flesh, and certain kinds of Vegetables; *Peter*, with great Cost as well as Art, had contriv'd a *Pickle* proper
for

for Houses, Gardens, Towns, Men, Women, Children, and Cattle; wherein he could preserve them as Sound as Insects in Amber. Now, this *Pickle* to the Taste, the Smell, and the Sight, appeared exactly the same, with what is in common Service for Beef, and Butter, and Herrings, (and has been often that way applied with great Success) but for its many Sovereign Virtues was quite a different Thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain Quantity of his *Powder Pimperlim pimp*, after which it never failed of Success. The Operation was performed by *Spargefaction* in a proper Time of the Moon. The Patient who was to be *pickled*, if it were a House, would infallibly be preserved from all Spiders, Rats, and Weazels; If the Party affected were a Dog, he should be exempt from Mange, and Madnes, and Hunger. It also infallibly took away all Scabs and Lice, and scall'd Heads from Children, never hindring the Patient from any Duty, either at Bed or Board.

BUT of all *Peter's* Rarities, he most valued a certain Set of *Bulls*, whose Race was by great Fortune preserved in a lineal Descent from those that guarded the *Golden-
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Fleets*.



Fleece. Tho' some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the Breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their Ancestors in some Qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a Foreign Mixture. The *Bulls of Colchas* are recorded to have *brazen Feet*; But whether it happened by ill Pasture and Running, by an Allay from Intervention of other Parents, from stolen Intrigues; Whether a Weakness in their Progenitors had impaired the seminal Virtue; Or by a Decline necessary thro' a long Course of Time, the Originals of Nature being depraved in these latter sinful Ages of the World; Whatever was the Cause, 'tis certain that *Lord Peter's Bulls* were extremely vitiated, by the Rust of Time in the Metal of their Feet, which was now sunk into common *Lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their Lineage, was preserved; as likewise that Faculty of breathing out *Fire* from their Nostrils; which notwithstanding, many of their Detractors took to be a Feat of Art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual Course of Dyet, which was of *Squibs* and *Crackers*. However, they had
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two peculiar Marks which extremely distinguished them from the *Bulls of Jason*, and which I have not met together in the Description of any other Monster, beside that in *Horace*;

Varias inducere plumas,

and

Atrum desinit in piscem.

For, these had *Fishes Tails*, yet upon Occasion, could *out-fly* any Bird in the Air. *Peter* put these *Bulls* upon several Employments. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright *Naughty Boys*, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon Errands of great Importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious Reader may think much to believe it; An *Appetitus sensibillis*, deriving it self thro' the whole Family, from their Noble Ancestors, Guardians of the *Golden-Fleece*; they continued so extremely fond of *Gold*, that if *Peter* sent them abroad, though it were only upon a Compliment; they would *Roar*, and *Spit*, and *Belch*, and *Piss*, and *Fart*, and *Snivle* out *Fire*, and keep a perpetual
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petual Coyl, till you flung them a Bit of Gold; but then *Pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as Lambs. In short, whether by secret Connivance, or Encouragement from their Master, or out of their own liquorish Affection to Gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering Beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an Alms, would make Women miscarry, and Children fall into Fits; who, to this very Day, usually call Sprites and Hobgoblins by the Name of *Bull-Beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the Neighbourhood, that some Gentlemen of the *North-West*, got a Parcel of right *English Bull-Dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of *Lord Peter's* Projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be Master of, a high Reach, and profound Invention. Whenever it happened that any Rogue of *Newgate* was condemned to be hang'd, *Peter* would offer him a Pardon for a certain Sum of Money, which when the poor Caitiff had made all Shifts to scrape up and send; *His Lord-*
ship

ship would return a Piece of Paper in this Form.

TO all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jaylor, Constables, Bayliffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the Hands of you, or any of you, under the Sentence of Death. We will and command you upon Sight hereof, to let the said Prisoner depart to his own Habitation, whether he stands condemned for Murder, Sodomy, Rape, Sacrilege, Incest, Treason, Blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient Warrant: And if you fail hereof, God damn You and Yours to all Eternity. And so we bid you heartily Farewel.

Your most Humble

Man's Man,

EMPEROR PETER.

THE Wretches trusting to this, lost their Lives and Money too.



I desire of those whom the *Learned* among Posterity will appoint for Commentators upon this elaborate Treatise; that they will proceed with great Caution upon certain dark Points, wherein all who are not *Verè adepti*, may be in Danger to form rash and hasty Conclusions, especially in some mysterious Paragraphs, where certain *Arcana* are joyned for Brevity sake, which in the Operation must be divided. And, I am certain, that future Sons of Art, will return large Thanks to my Memory, for so grateful, so useful an *Innuendo*.

It will be no difficult Part to persuade the Reader, that so many worthy Discoveries met with great Success in the World; tho' I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest Number; My Design having been only to single out such, as will be of most Benefit for Publick Imitation, or which best served to give some Idea of the Reach and Wit of the Inventor. And therefore it need not be wondred, if by this Time, *Lord Peter* was become exceeding Rich. But alas, he had kept his Brain so long, and so violently

lently upon the Rack, that at last it shook it self, and began to *turn round* for a little Ease. In short, what with Pride, Projects, and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest Imaginations in the World. In the Height of his Fits (as it is usual with those who run Mad out of Pride) He would call Himself *God Almighty*, and sometimes, *Monarch of the Universe*. I have seen him, (says my Author) take three old *high-crown'd Hats*, and clap them all on his Head, three Story high, with a huge Bunch of *Keys* at his Girdle, and an *Angling-Rod* in his Hand. In which Guise, whoever went to take him by the Hand in the Way of Salutation, *Peter* with much Grace, like a well educated Spaniel, would present them with his *Foot*, and if they refused his Civility, then he would raise it as high as their Chops, and give them a damn'd Kick on the Mouth, which hath ever since been call'd a *Salute*. Whoever walkt by, without paying him their Compliments, having a wonderful strong Breath, he would blow their Hats off into the Dirt. Mean time, his Affairs at home went upside down; and his two Brothers had a wretched Time; Where his first *Bontade*



was, to kick both their *Wives* one Morning out of Doors, and his own too, and in their stead, gave Orders to pick up the first three Strolers could be met with in the Streets. A while after, he nail'd up the Cellar Door, and would not allow his Brothers a Drop of *Drink* to their *Vituals*. Dining one Day at an Alderman's in the City, *Peter* observed him expatiating after the manner of his Brethren, in the Praises of his Surloyn of Beef. *Beef*, said the Sage Magistrate, is the King of Meat; *Beef* comprehends in it the Quintessence of Partridge, and Quail, and Venison, and Pheasant, and Plum-pudding, and Custard. When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the Fancy of cooking up this Doctrine into use, and apply the Precept in default of a Sirloyn, to his brown-Loaf: *Bread*, says he, Dear Brothers, is the Staff of Life; in which Bread is contained inclusive the Quintessence of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Venison, Partridge, Plum-pudding, and Custard: And to render all complet, there is intermingled a due Quantity of Water, whose Crudities are also corrected by Yeast or Barn, thro' which means it becomes a wholesome fermented Liqueur, diffused thro' the Mals of the Bread. Upon the Strength of these Conclusions,

elusions, next Day at Dinner was the brown Loaf served up in all the Formality of a City Feast. Come Brothers, said *Peter*, fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good Mutton; or hold, now my Hand is in, I'll help you. At which word, in much Ceremony, with Fork and Knife, he carves out two good Slices of the Loaf, and presents each on a Plate to his Brothers. The Elder of the two, not suddenly entering into *Lord Peter's* Conceit, began with very civil Language to examine the Mystery. My Lord, said he, I doubt, with great Submission, there may be some Mistake. What, says *Peter*, you are pleasant; Come then, let us hear this Jest, your Head is so big with. None in the World, my Lord; but Dales I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleas'd a while ago, to let fall a Word about Mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my Heart. How, said *Peter*, appearing in great Surprise, I do not comprehend this at all— Upon which, the younger interposing, to set the Business right; My Lord, said he, My Brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the Mutton, your Lordship hath promised us to Dinner. Pray, said *Peter*, take me along with you, either you are both Mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve



approve of; If You there, do not like your Piece, I will carve you another, tho' I should rake that to be the choice Bit of the whole Shoulder. What then, my Lord, replied the first, it seems this is a Shoulder of Mutton all this while. Pray, Sir, says Peter, eat your Vittels and leave off your Impertinence, if you please, for I am not dispos'd to relish it at present: But the other could not forbear, being overprovok'd at the affected Seriousness of Peter's Countenance. By G—, My Lord, said he, I can only say, that to my Eyes, and Fingers, and Teeth, and Nose, it seems to be nothing but a Crust of Bread. Upon which, the second put in his Word; I never saw a Piece of Mutton in my Life, so nearly resembling a Slice from a Twelve-penny Loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen, cries Peter in a Rage, to convince you, what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful Puppies you are, I will use but this plain Argument; By G—, it is true, good, natural Mutton as any in Leaden-Hall Market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundring Proof as this, left no further Room for Objection: The two Unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their Mistake as hastily as they could. Why, truly, said

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the first, upon more mature Consideration— Ay, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the Thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of Reason. Very well, said Peter. Here Boy, fill me a Beer-Glass of Claret. Here's to you both with all my Heart. The two Brethren much delighted to see him so readily appeas'd returned their most humble Thanks, and said, they would be glad to pledge His Lordship. That you shall, said Peter, I am not a Person to refuse you any Thing that is reasonable; Wine moderately taken, is a Cordial; Here is a Glass a piece for you; 'Tis true natural Juice from the Grape; none of your damn'd Vintner's Brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry Crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no Hurt. The two Brothers, after having performed the usual Office in such delicate Conjunctions, of staring a sufficient Period at Lord Peter, and each other; and finding how Matters were like to go, resolv'd not to enter on a new Dispute, but let him carry the Point as he pleas'd; for he was now got into one of his mad Fits, and to Argue or Expostulate further, would only serve

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to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy Matter in all its Circumstances, because it gave a principal Occasion to that great and famous *Rupture*, which happened about the same time among these Brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But, of That, I shall treat at large in another Section.

HOWEVER, it is certain, that *Lord Peter*, even in his lucid Intervals, was very lowly given in his common Conversation, extream wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the Death, than allow himself to be once in an Error. Besides, he had an abominable Faculty of telling huge palpable *Lies* upon all Occasions; and swearing, not only to the Truth, but cursing the whole Company to Hell, if they pretended to make the least Scruple of believing Him. One time, he swore, he had a *Cow* at home, which gave as much Milk at a Meal, as would fill three thousand Churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn Sower. Another time, he was telling of an old *Sign-Post* that

that belonged to his *Father*, with Nails and Timber enough on it, to build sixteen large Men of War. Talking one Day of *Chinese Waggons*, which were made so light as to sail over Mountains: Z—nds, said *Peter*, where's the Wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large House of Lime and Stone travel over Sea and Land (granting that it slipt sometimes to bait) above two thousand German Leagues. And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a Lye in his Life; And at every Word; By G—, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the Truth; And the D— I broil them eternally that will not believe me.

IN short, *Peter* grew so scandalous, that all the Neighbourhood began in plain Words to say, he was no better than a Knave. And his two Brothers long weary of his ill Usage, resolv'd at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a Copy of their *Father's Will*, which had now lain by neglected, time out of Mind. Instead of granting this Request, he called them *damn'd Sons of Whores, Rogues, Traytors*, and the rest of the vile Names he could muster up. However, while he was

abroad



abroad one Day upon his Projects, the two Youngsters watch their Opportunity, made a Shift to come at the *Will*, and took a *Copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused: Their Father having left them equal Heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lye in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next Enterprize was to break open the Cellar-Door, and get a little good *Drink* to spirit and comfort their Hearts. In copying the *Will*, they had met another Precept against Whoring, Divorce, and separate Maintenance; Upon which, their next Work was to discard their Concubines, and send for their Wives. Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a Solicitor from *Newgate*, desiring *Lord Peter* would please to procure a *Pardon* for a *Thief* that was to be *hanged* to morrow. But the two Brothers told him, he was a *Coxcomb* to seek Pardons from a Fellow, who deserv'd to be hang'd much better than his Client; and discovered all the Method of that Imposture, in the same Form I delivered it a while ago, advising the Solicitor to put his Friend upon obtaining a *Pardon from the King*. In
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the midst of all this Clutter and Revolution, in comes *Peter* with a File of Dragoons at his Heels, and gathering from all Hands what was in the Wind, He and his Gang, after several Millions of Scurrilities and Curfes, not very important here to repeat, by main Force, very fairly kicks them both out of Doors, and would never let them come under his Roof from that Day to this.

S E C T.



S E C T. V.

A Digression in the Modern Kind.

WE whom the World is pleas'd to honor with the Title of *Modern Authors*, should never have been able to compass our great Design of an everlasting Remembrance, and never dying Fame, if our Endeavours had not been to highly serviceable to the general Good of Mankind. This, *O Universe*, is the adventurous Attempt of me thy Secretary;

*Quemvis perferre labores
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*

To this End, I have some Time since, with a World of Pains and Art, dissected the Carcass of *Human Nature*, and read many useful Lectures upon the several Parts, both *Containing* and *Contained*; till at last it *smelt* so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great Expence to fit up all the Bones with exact Contexture, and in due Symmetry;

Symmetry; so that I am ready to shew a very compleat Anatomy thereof to all curious *Gentlemen and Others*. But not to Digress further in the midst of a Digression, as I have known some Authors inclose Digressions in one another, like a Nest of Boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *Human Nature*, I have found a very strange, new, and important Discovery; That the Publick Good of Mankind is performed by two Ways, *Instruction*, and *Diversion*. And I have further proved in my said several Readings, (which, perhaps, the World may one Day see, if I can prevail on any Friend to steal a Copy, or on certain Gentlemen of my Admirers, to be very Importunate) that, as Mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater Advantage by being *Diverted* than *Instructed*; His Epidemical Diseases being *Fastidiousity*, *Amorphy*, and *Ositation*; whereas in the present universal Empire of Wit and Learning, there seems but little Matter left for *Instruction*. However, in Compliance with a Lesson of great Age and Authority, I have attempted carrying the Point in all its Heights; and accordingly throughout this Divine Treatise, have skilfully kneaded



up both together, with a *Layer of Utile*, and a *Layer of Dulce*.

WHEN I consider how exceedingly our Illustrious *Moderns* have eclipsed the weak glimmering Lights of the *Antients*, and turned them out of the Road of all fashionable Commerce, to a degree, that our choice Town Wits of most refined Accomplishments, are in grave Dispute, whether there have been ever any *Antients* or no: In which Point we are like to receive wonderful Satisfaction from the most useful Labours and Lucubrations of that Worthy *Modern*, Dr. *B---ily*. I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *Modern* hath ever yet attempted an universal System in a small portable Volume, of all Things that are to be Known, or Believed, or Imagined, or Practised in Life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an Enterprize was thought on some Time ago by a great Philosopher of *O-Brazile*. The Method he proposed, was by a certain curious Receipt, a *Nostrum*, which after his untimely Death, I found among his Papers; and do here out of my great Affection to the *Modern Learned*, present them with it, not doubting,

ing, it may one Day encourage some worthy Undertaker.

You take fair correct Copies, well bound in Calf's Skin, and Lettered at the Back; of all Modern Bodies of Arts and Sciences whatsoever, and in what Language you please. These you distil in balneo Mariae, infusing Quintessence of Poppy Q. S. together with three Pints of Lethe, to be had from the Apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the Sordes and Caput mortuum, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first Running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two Drams. This you keep in a Glass Vial Hermetically sealed, for one and twenty Days. Then you begin your Catholick Treatise, taking every Morning fasting, (first shaking the Vial) three Drops of this Elixir, snuffing it strongly up your Nose. It will dilate it self about the Brain (where there is any) in fourteen Minutes, and you immediately perceive in your Head an infinite Number of Abstracts, Summaries, Compendiums, Extracts, Collections, Medulla's, Excerpta quaxdam's, Florilega's, and the like, all disposed into great Order, and reducible upon Paper.



I must needs own, it was by the Assistance of this *Arcanum*, that I, tho' otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an Attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain Author called *Homer*, in whom, tho' otherwise a Person not without some Abilities, and for an *Antient*, of a tolerable Genius; I have discovered many gross Errors, which are not to be forgiven his very Ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas,

* *Homerus omnes res humanas Poematis complexus est.*
Xenoph. in *Conv.*

we are assured, he design'd his Work for a * compleat Body of all Knowledge Human, Divine, Political, and Mechanick; it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a *Cabalist* as his Disciples would represent Him, his Account of the *Opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially, either *Sendivogus*, *Belman*, or *Anthroposophia Theomagica*. He is also quite mistaken about the *Sphera Pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and (if the Reader will admit so severe a Censure) *Vix crederem Autorem hunc,*

hunc, unquam audivisse ignis vocem. His Failings are not less prominent in several Parts of the *Mechanicks*. For, having read his Writings with the utmost Application usual among *Modern Wits*, I could never yet discover the least Direction about the Structure of that useful Instrument, a *Save-all*. For want of which, if the *Moderns* had not lent their Assistance, we might yet have wandred *in the Dark*. But I have still behind, a Fault far more notorious to tax this Author with; I mean, his gross Ignorance in the *Common Laws of this Realm*, and in the Doctrine as well as Discipline of the Church of *England*. A Defect indeed, for which both he and all the *Antients* stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *W--s--n*, Batchellor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of *Antient and Modern Learning*; A Book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy Turns and Flowings of the Author's Wit, the great Usefulness of his sublime Discoveries upon the Subject of *Flies and Spittle*, or the laborious Eloquence of his Style. And I cannot forbear doing that Author the Justice of my publick Acknowledgments, for the great *Helps and Listings* I had



had out of his incomparable Piece, while I was penning this Treatise.

BUT, besides these Omissions in *Homer* already mentioned, the curious Reader will also observe several Defects in that Author's Writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every Branch of Knowledge has received such wonderful Acquirements since his Age, especially within these last three Years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in Modern Discoveries, as his Advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge Him to be the Inventor of the *Compass*, of *Gun-powder*, and the *Circulation of the Blood*: But, I challenge any of his Admirers to shew me in all his Writings, a compleat Account of the *Spleen*: Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the Art of *Political Wagering*? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long Dissertation upon *Tea*? And as to his Method of *Salvation without Mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own Knowledge and Experience, a Thing very little to be relied on.

IT

IT was to supply such momentous Defects, that I have been prevailed on after long Sollicitation, to take Pen in Hand; and I dare venture to Promise, the judicious Reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of Use upon any Emergency of Life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that Human Imagination can *Rise* or *Fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the Perusal of the Learned, certain Discoveries that are wholly untoucht by others; whereof I shall only mention among a great many more; *My New Help of Smatterers*, or the *Art of being Deep learned, and Shallow read*. *A curious Invention about Mouse-Traps*. *An Universal Rule of Reason, or Every Man his own Carver*; Together with a most useful Engine for *catching of Owls*. All which the judicious Reader will find largely treated on, in the several Parts of this Discourse.

I hold my self obliged to give as much Light as is possible, into the Beauties and Excellencies of what I am writing, because it is become the Fashion and Humor most applauded among the first Authors

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thors of this Polite and Learned Age, when they would correct the ill Nature of Critical, or inform the Ignorance of Courteous Readers. Besides, there have been several famous Pieces lately published both in Verse and Prose; wherein, if the Writers had not been pleas'd, out of their great Humanity and Affection to the Publick, to give us a nice Detail of the *Sublime*, and the *Admirable* they contain; it is a thousand to one, whether We should ever have discovered one Grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this Occasion, had been more proper in a Preface, and more agreeable to the Mode, which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honorable Privilege of being the *Last Writer*; I claim an absolute Authority in Right, as the *freeldest Modern*, which gives me a Despotick Power over all Authors before me. In the Strength of which Title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious Custom, of making the Preface a Bill of Fare to the Book. For I have always lookt upon it as a high Point of Indiscretion in *Monster-mongers* and *other Retailers of strange Sights*; to hang
out

out a fair large Picture over the Door, drawn after the Life, with a most eloquent Description underneath: This hath sav'd me many a Threepence, for my Curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offer'd to go in, tho' often invited by the urging and attending Orator, with his last *moving* and *standing* Piece of Rhetorick; *Sir, Upon my Word, we are just going to begin.* Such is exactly the Fate, at this Time, of *Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomena's, Apparatus's To-the-Readers's.* This Expedient was admirable at first; Our Great *Dryden* has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible Success. He has often said to me in Confidence, that the World would have never suspected him to be so great a Poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his Prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; However, I much fear, his Instructions have edify'd out of their Place, and taught Men to grow wiser in certain Points, where he never intended they should: For it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy Scorn, many of the yawning Readers in our Age, do now a-days twirl over forty or fifty
Pages



Pages of *Preface* and *Dedication*, (which is the usual *Modern Stint*) as if it were so much *Latin*. Tho' it must be also allowed on the other Hand, that a very considerable Number is known to proceed *Criticks* and *Wits*, by reading nothing else. Into which two *Factions*, I think, all present Readers may justly be divided. Now, for my self, I profess to be of the former Sort; and therefore having the *Modern Inclination* to expatiate upon the Beauty of my own Productions, and display the bright Parts of my Discourse; I thought best to do it in the Body of the Work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable Addition to the Bulk of the Volume, a Circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skillful Writer.

HAVING thus paid my due Deference and Acknowledgment to an established Custom of our newest Authors, by a long Digression unsought for, and an universal Censure unprovoked; By forcing into the Light, with much Pains and Dexterity, my own Excellencies and other Mens Defaults, with great Justice to my self, and Candor to them; I now happily resume my Subject, to the infinite Satisfaction both of the Reader and the Author.

SECT.

S E C T. VI.

A TALE of a TUB.

WE left *Lord Peter* in open Rupture with his two Brethren; both for ever discarded from his House, and resigned to the wide World, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are Circumstances that render them proper Subjects for the Charity of a Writer's Pen to work on; Scenes of Misery ever affording the fairest Harvest for great Adventures. And in this, the World may perceive the Difference between the Integrity of a generous Author, and that of a common Friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in Prosperity, but on the Decline of Fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous Author, just on the contrary, finds his Hero on the Dunghil, from thence by gradual Steps, raises Him to a Throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as Thanks for his Pains: In imitation of which Example, I have placed *Lord Peter* in a Noble House, given Him a Title



Title to wear, and Money to spend. There I shall leave Him for some Time; returning where common Charity directs me, to the Assistance of his two Brothers, at their lowest Ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my Character of an Historian, to follow the Truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

THE two Exiles so nearly united in Fortune and Interest, took a Lodging together; Where, at their first Leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless Misfortunes and Vexations of their Life past, and could not tell, of the sudden, to what Failure in their Conduct they ought to impute them; When, after some Recollection, they called to Mind the Copy of their Father's *Will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm Resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future Measures to the strictest Obedience prescribed therein. The main Body of the *Will* (as the Reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable Rules about the wearing of their Coats; in

in the Perusal whereof, the two Brothers at every Period duely comparing the Doctrine with the Practice, there was never seen a wider Difference between two Things; horrible down-right Transgressions of every Point. Upon which, they both resolved without further Delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the Whole, exactly after their Father's Model.

BUT, here it is good to stop the hasty Reader, ever impatient to see the End of an Adventure, before We Writers can duely prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two Brothers began to be distinguished at this Time, by certain Names. One of them desired to be called *MARTIN*, and the other took the Appellation of *JACK*. These two had lived in much Friendship and Agreement under the Tyranny of their Brother *Peter*, as it is the Talent of Fellow-Sufferers to do; Men in Misfortune, being like Men in the Dark, to whom all Colours are the same: But when they came forward into the World, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the Light, their Complexions appear'd extremely different; which the present Posture of their Affairs gave



gave them sudden Opportunity to discover.

BUT, here the severe Reader may justly tax me as a Writer of short Memory, a Deficiency to which a true *Modern* cannot but of Necessity be a little subject. Because, *Memory* being an Employment of the Mind upon Things past, is a Faculty, for which the Learned, in our illustrious Age, have no manner of Occasion, who deal entirely with *Invention*, and strike all Things out of themselves, or at least, by Collision, from each other: Upon which Account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great Forgetfulness, as an Argument unanswerable for our great Wit. I ought in Method, to have informed the Reader about fifty Pages ago, of a Fancy *Lord Peter* took, and infused into his Brothers, to wear on their Coats whatever Trimmings came up in Fashion; never pulling off any, as they went out of the Mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a Medley, the most Antick you can possibly conceive; and this to a Degree, that upon the Time of their Falling out, there was hardly a Thread of the Original Coat to
be

be seen, but an infinite Quantity of *Lace*, and *Ribbands*, and *Fringe*, and *Embroidery*, and *Points*; (I mean, only those *tagg'd with Silver*, for the rest fell off.) Now, this material Circumstance, having been forgot in due Place; as good Fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two Brothers are just going to reform their Vestures into the Primitive State, prescribed by their Father's *Will*.

THEY both unanimously entred upon this great Work, looking sometimes on their Coats, and sometimes on the *Will*. *Martin* laid the first Hand; at one Twitch brought off a large Handful of *Points*, and with a second Pull, stript away ten dozen Yards of *Fringe*. But when He had gone thus far, he demurred a while: He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first Heat being over, his Violence began to cool, and he resolv'd to proceed more moderately in the rest of the Work; having already very narrowly scaped a swinging Kent in pulling of the *Points*, which being *tagg'd with Silver* (as we have observed before) the judicious Workman



man had with much Sagacity, double sown, to preserve them from *falling*. Resolving therefore to rid his Coat of a huge Quantity of *Gold Lace*; he pickt up the Stitches with much Caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose Threads as he went, which proved to be a Work of Time. Then he fell about the embroidered *Indian* Figures of Men, Women and Children; against which, as you have heard in its due Place, their Father's Testament was extremely exact and severe: These, with much Dexterity and Application, were after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the Embroidery to be workt so close, as not to be got away without damaging the Cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any Flaw in the Body of the Coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of Workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest Course was to let it remain, resolving in no Case whatsoever, that the Substance of the Stuff should suffer Injury; which he thought the best Method for serving the true Intent and Meaning of his Father's *Will*. And this is the nearest Account I have been able to collect, of

Martin's

Martin's Proceedings upon this great Revolution.

BUT, his Brother *Jack*, whose Adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great Part in the Remainder of this Discourse; entred upon the Matter with other Thoughts, and a quite different Spirit. For, the Memory of *Lord Peter's* Injuries, produced a Degree of Hatred and Spight, which had a much greater Share of inciting Him, than any Regards after his Father's Commands, since these appeared at best, only Secondary and Subservient to the other. However, for this Meddly of Humor, he made a Shift to find a very plausible Name, honoring it with the Title of *Zeal*; which is, perhaps, the most significant Word that hath been ever yet produced in any Language; As, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *Analytical* Discourse upon that Subject; wherein I have deduced a *Histori-theo-physi-logical* Account of *Zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *Notion* into a *Word*, and from thence in a hot Summer, ripened into a *tangible Substance*. This Work containing three large Volumes in Folio, I design very shortly to

K publish



publish by the *Modern* way of *Subscription*, not doubting but the *Nobility* and *Gentry* of the *Land* will give me all possible *Encouragement*, having already had such a *Taste* of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that *Brother Jack*, brim-full of this miraculous Compound, reflecting with *Indignation* upon *PETER's* Tyranny, and further provoked by the *Dependency* of *Martin*; preface his *Resolution* to this purpose. *What?* said he; *A Rogue that locks up his Drink, turned away our Wives, cheated us of our Fortunes; paumed his damned Crusts upon us for Mutton; and at last kickt us out of Doors; must we be in His Fashions with a Pox? a Rascal, besides that all the Street cries out against.* Having thus kindled and enflamed himself as high as possible, and by *Consequence*, in a delicate Temper for beginning a *Reformation*, he set about the *Work* immediately, and in three *Minutes*, made more *Dispatch* than *Martin* had done in as many *Hours*. For, (*Courteous Reader*) you are given to understand, that *Zeal* is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a *Tearing*; and
Jack,

Jack, who doated on that *Quality* in himself, allowed it at this *Time* its full *Swinge*. Thus it happened, that stripping down a *Parcel* of *Gold Lace*, a little too hastily, he rent the *main Body* of his *Coat* from *Top* to *Bottom*; and whereas his *Talent* was not of the happiest in *taking up a Stitch*, he knew no better way, than to dern it again with *Packthread* and a *Scemer*. But the *Matter* was yet infinitely worse (I record it with *Tears*) when he proceeded to the *Embroidry*: For, being *Clumfy* by *Nature*, and of *Temper*, *Impatient*; withal, beholding *Millions* of *Stitches*, that required the nicest *Hand*, and sedatest *Constitution*, to extricate; in a great *Rage*, he tore off the whole *Piece*, *Cloth* and all, and flung it into the *Kennel*, and furiously thus continuing his *Career*; *Ab, Good Brother Martin*, said he, *do as I do, for the Love of God; Strip, Tear, Pull, Rent, Fley off all, that we may appear as unlike that Rogue Peter, as it is possible: I would not for a hundred Pounds carry the least Mark about me, that might give Occasion to the Neighbours, of suspecting I was related to such a Rascal. But Martin*, who at this *Time* happened to be extremely *Stegmatick* and sedate, begged his *Brother*,
K 2 of



of all Love, not to damage his Coat by any Means; for he never would get such another: Desired him to consider, that it was not their Business to form their Actions by any Restriction upon Peter's, but by observing the Rules prescribed in their Father's Will. That he should remember, Peter was still their Brother, whatever Faults or Injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a Thought, as that of taking Measures for Good and Evil, from no other Rule, than of Opposition to Him. That it was true, the Testament of their good Father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their Coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing Agreement, and Friendship, and Affection between them. And therefore, if straining a Point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the Advance of Unity, than Increase of Contradiction.

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless, would have delivered an admirable Lecture of Morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my Reader's Repose, both of Body and Mind: (the true ultimate End of Ethics;) But Jack, was already gone

gone a Flight-shot beyond his Patience. And as in Scholastick Disputes, nothing serves to rouse the Spleen of him that Opposes, so much as a kind of Pedantick affected Calmness in the Respondent; Disputants being for the most part like unequal Scales, where the Gravity of one Side advances the Lightness of the Other, and causes it to fly up and kick the Beam: So it happened here, that the Weight of Martin's Arguments exalted Jack's Levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his Brother's Moderation. In short, Martin's Patience put Jack in a Rage; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his Brother's Coat so well reduced into the State of Innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his Shirt; or those Places which had escaped his cruel Clutches, were still in Peter's Livery. So that he looked like a drunken Beau, half ruffled by Ballies; Or like a Fresh Tenant of Nengate, when he has refused the Payment of Garnish; Or like a discovered Shoplifter, left to the Mercy of Exchange-Women; Or like a Bawd in her old Velvet Petticoat, resigned into the secular Hands of the Mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a



Meddley of *Rags*, and *Lace*, and *Rents*, and *Fringes*, unfortunate *Jack* did now appear: He would have been extremely glad to see his Coat in the Condition of *Martin's*, but infinitely gladder to find that of *Martin's* in the same Predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole Business another Turn, and to dress up Necessity into a Virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *Fox's* Arguments, as he could muster up, for bringing *Martin* to *Reason*, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtail'd Condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas, was left for the forlorn *Jack* to do, but after a Million of Scurrilities against his Brother, to run mad with Spleen, and Spight, and Contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal Breach between these two. *Jack* went immediately to *New Lodgings*, and in a few Days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his Wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the Report, by falling into the oddest Whimsies that ever a sick Brain conceived.

AND

AND now the little Boys in the Streets began to salute him with several Names. Sometimes they would call him, *Jack the Bald*; sometimes, *Jack with a Lanthorn*; sometimes, *Dutch Jack*; sometimes, *French Hugh*; sometimes *Tom the Beggar*; and sometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North*. And it was under one, or some, or all of these Appellations (which I leave the Learned Reader to determine) that he hath given Rise to the most illustrious and Epidemick Sect of *Æolists*; who with honourable Commemoration, do still acknowledge the Renowned *JACK* for their Author and Founder. Of whose Originals, as well as Principles, I am now advancing to grauity the World with a very particular Account.

— Mellao contingens cuncta Lepore.

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SECT.



S E C T. VII.

A Digression in Praise of Digressions.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an *Iliad* in a *Nut-shell*; but it hath been my Fortune to have much oftner seen a *Nut-shell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt, that Human Life has received most wonderful Advantages from both; but to which of the two the World is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the Curious, as a Problem worthy of their utmost Enquiry. For the Invention of the latter, I think the Commonwealth of Learning is chiefly obliged to the great *Modern Improvement of Digressions*: The late Refinements in Knowledge, running parallel to those of Dyer in our Nation, which among Men of a judicious Taste, are dress'd up in various Compounds, consisting in *Soups* and *Ollives*, *Fricassées* and *Ragousts*.

'Tis true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred People, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite Innovations: And as to the Similitude from
Dyer,

Dyer, they allow the Parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the Example it self, a Corruption and Degeneracy of Taste. They tell us, that the Fashion of jumbling fifty Things together in a Dish, was at first introduced in Compliance to a depraved and *dibanch'd Appetite*, as well as to a *crazy Constitution*; And to see a Man hunting thro' an *Ollio*, after the *Head* and *Brains* of a *Goose*, a *Widgeon*, or a *Woodcock*, is a Sign, he wants a *Stomach* and *Digestion* for more substantial Victuals. Further, they affirm, that *Digressions* in a Book, are like *Forcin Troops* in a *State*, which argue the Nation to want a *Heart* and *Hands* of its own, and often, either *subdue the Natives*, or drive them into the most *unfruitful Corners*.

BUT, after all that can be objected by these supercilious Censors; 'tis manifest, the Society of Writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable Number, if Men were put upon making Books, with the fatal Confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the Purpose. 'Tis acknowledged, that were the Case the same among Us, as with the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when Learning
was



was in its *Cradle*, to be reared and fed, and clothed by *Invention*; it would be an easy Task to fill up Volumes upon particular Occasions, without further expatiating from the Subject, than by moderate Excursions, helping to advance or clear the main Design. But with *Knowledge*, it has fared as with a numerous Army, encamped in a fruitful Country; which for a few Days maintains it self by the Product of the Soyl it is on; Till Provisions being spent, they send to forrage many a Mile, among Friends or Enemies it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring Fields trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no Sustainance but Clouds of Dust.

THE whole Course of Things being thus entirely changed between *Us* and the *Antients*; and the *Moderns* wisely sensible of it, we of this Age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent Method, to become *Scholars* and *Wiss*, without the Fatigue of *Reading* or of *Thinking*. The most accomplisht Way of using Books at present, is twofold: Either first, to serve them as some Men
do

do *Lords*, learn their *Titles* exactly, and then brag of their Acquaintance. Or Secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer Method, to get a thorough Insight into the *Index*, by which the whole Book is governd and turned, like *Fishes* by the *Tail*. For, to enter the Palace of Learning at the *great Gate*, requires an Expence of Time and Forms; therefore Men of much Haste and little Ceremony, are content to get in by the *Back-Door*. For, the Arts are all in a *flying March*, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the *Rear*. Thus Physicians discover the State of the whole Body, by consulting only what comes from *Behind*. Thus Men catch Knowledge by throwing their *Wit* on the *Posteriors* of a Book, as Boys do Sparrows with flinging *Salt* upon their *Tails*. Thus Human Life is best understood by the wise man's Rule of *Regarding the End*. Thus are the Sciences found like *Hercules's Oxen*, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old Sciences* unravelled like *old Stockins*, by beginning at the *Foot*.

BESIDES



BESIDES all this, the Army of the Sciences hath been of late with a world of Martial Discipline, drawn into its *close Order*, so that a View, or a Muster may be taken of it with abundance of Expedition. For this great Blessing we are wholly indebted to *Systems and Abstracts*, in which the *Modern Fathers* of Learning, like prudent Usurers, spent their Sweat for the Ease of Us their Children. For *Labor* is the Seed of *Idleness*, and it is the peculiar Happiness of our Noble Age to gather the *Fruit*.

Now the Method of growing Wise, Learned, and *Sublime*, having become so regular an Affair, and so established in all its Forms; the Number of Writers must needs have encreas'd accordingly, and to a Pitch that has made it of absolute Necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckon'd, that there is not at this present, a sufficient Quantity of new Matter left in Nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular Subject to the Extent of a Volume. This I am told by a very skillful *Computer*, who hath given
a full

a full Demonstration of it from Rules of *Arithmetic*.

THIS, perhaps, may be objected against, by those, who maintain the Infinity of Matter, and therefore, will not allow that any *Species* of it can be exhaulted. For Answer to which, let us examine the noblest Branch of *Modern Wit* or Invention, planted and cultivated by the present Age, and, which of all others, hath born the most, and the fairest Fruit. For tho' some Remains of it were left us by the *Antients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compil'd into Systems for *Modern Use*. Therefore We may affirm, to our own Honor, that it has in some sort, been both invented, and brought to a Perfection by the same Hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated Talent among the *Modern Wits*, of deducing Similitudes, Allusions, and Applications, very Surprizing, Agreeable, and Apposite, from the *Genitals* of either Sex, together with *their proper Uses*. And truly, having observed how little Invention bears any Vogue, besides what is deriv'd into these *Channels*, I have sometimes had a Thought, That the happy
Genius



Genius of our Age and Country, was prophetically held forth by that
* *Croße fragm.*
apud Pliniam. typical Description
 of the *Indian Pygmies*; whose
Stature did not exceed above two Foot;
Sed quorum pudenda crassa, & ad talos usque pertingentia. Now, I have been very
 curious to inspect the late Productions, wherein the Beauties of this kind have
 most prominently appeared. And altho' this *Vein* hath bled so freely, and all
 Endeavours have been used in the Power of Human Breath, to dilate, extend, and
 and keep it open: Like the

† *Herodot. L. 4.* Scythians, † *who had a Custom, and an Instrument, to blow up the Privities of their Mares, that they might yield the more Milk*; Yet I am under an Apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all Recovery; And that either some new *Fonde* of Wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must c'en be content with Repetition here, as well as upon all other Occasions.

THIS will stand as an uncontestable Argument, that our *Modern Wits* are not to reckon upon the Infinity of Matter, for a constant Supply. What remains therefore,

therefore, but that our last Recourse must be had to large *Indexes*, and little *Compendiums*; *Quotations* must be plentifully gathered, and bookt in Alphabet; To this End, tho' Authors need be little consulted, yet *Criticks*, and *Commentators*, and *Lexicons* carefully must. But above all, those judicious Collectors of *bright Parts*, and *Flowers*, and *Observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on; by some called the *Sieves* and *Boulters* of Learning; tho' it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *Pearls* or *Meal*; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed thro', or what staid behind.

By these Methods, in a few Weeks, there starts up many a Writer, capable of managing the profoundest, and most universal Subjects. For, what though his *Head* be empty, provided his *Common-place-Book* be full; And if you will bate him but the Circumstances of *Method*, and *Style*, and *Grammar*, and *Invention*; allow him but the common Priviledges, of transcribing from others; and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see Occasion; He will desire no more Ingredients towards fitting up a Treatise, that shall
 make



make a very comely Figure on a Book-feller's Shelf, there to be preserv'd neat and clean, for a long Eternity, adorn'd with the Heraldry of its Title, fairly inscribed on a Label; never to be thumb'd or greas'd by Students, nor bound to everlasting Chains of Darknes in a Library: But when the Fulness of Time is come, shall haply undergo the Tryal of Purgatory, in order to *ascend the Sky*.

WITHOUT these Allowances, how is it possible, we *Modern Wits* should ever have an Opportunity to introduce our Collections, list'd under so many thousand Heads of a different Nature? for want of which, the Learned World would be deprived of infinite Delight, as well as Instruction, and we our selves buried beyond Redress in an inglorious and undistinguish'd Oblivion.

FROM such Elements as these, I am alive to behold the Day, wherein the Corporation of Authors can out-vie all its Brethren in the *Field*. A Happiness deriv'd to us with a great many others, from our *Scythian* Ancestors; among whom, the Number of *Pens* was so infinite,

finite, that the * *Grecian Elo-* * *Horaces*. L. 4.
quence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, *That in the Regions, far to the North, it was hardly possible for a Man to travel, the very Air was so replete with Feathers.*

THE Necessity of this Digression, will easily excuse the Length; and I have chosen for it as proper a Place as I could readily find. If the judicious Reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other Corner he please. And so I return with great Alacrity to pursue a more important Concern.



S E C T. VIII.

A TALE of a TUB.

THE Learned *Æolists*, maintain the Original Cause of all Things to be *Wind*, from which Principle this whole Universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolv'd; that the same Breath which had kindled, and blew up the Flame of Nature, should one Day blow it out.

Quod procul à nobis scilicet Fortuna gubernans.

THIS is what the *Adæpti* understand by their *Anima Mundi*; that is to say, the *Spirit*, or *Breath*, or *Wind* of the World: Or Examine the whole System by the Particulars of Nature, and you will find it not to be disput'd. For, whether you please to call the *Forma informans* of Man, by the Name of *Spiritus*, *Animus*, *Aflatus*, or *Anima*; what are all these, but several Appellations for *Wind*? which is the ruling Element in every Compound, and
into

into which they all resolve upon their Corruption. Further, what is Life it self, but as it is commonly called, the *Breath* of our Nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by Naturalists, that *Wind* still continues of great Emolument in certain *Mysteries* not to be named, giving Occasion for those happy Epithets of *Turgidus*, and *Inflatus*, apply'd either to the *Emittent*, or *Recipient* Organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient Records, I find, the *Compass* of their Doctrine took in two and thirty Points; wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important Precepts, deduceable from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which, the following Maxim was of much Weight; That since *Wind* had the Master Share, as well as Operation in every Compound, by Consequence, those Beings must be of chief Excellence, wherein that *Præmeridium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore, *Man* is in highest Perfection of all created Things, as having by the great Bounty of Philopopers, been endued with three distinct *Animæ* or *Winds*, to which the Sage *Æolista*, with
L 2 much



much Liberality, have added a fourth, of equal Necessity, as well as Ornament with the other three; by this *quartum Principium*, taking in the four Corners of the World. Which gave Occasion to that Renowned *Cabalist*, *Bumbastus*, of placing the Body of Man, in due Position to the four Cardinal Points.

IN Consequence of this, their next Principle was, that, *Man* brings with Him into the World a peculiar Portion, or Grain of *Wind*, which may be called a *Quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *Quintessence* is of Catholick Use upon all Emergencies of Life, is improveable into all Arts and Sciences, and may be wonderful refined, as well as enlarged by certain Methods in Education. This, when *blown* up to its Perfection, ought not to be covetously boarded up, stifted, or hid under a Bushel, but freely communicated to Mankind. Upon these Reasons, and others of equal Weight, the Wise *Eolists*, affirm the Gift of BELCHING, to be the noblest Act of a Rational Creature. To cultivate which Art, and render it more serviceable to Mankind, they made Use of several Methods. At certain Seasons

sons of the Year, you might behold the Priests amongst them in vast Numbers, with their Mouths gaping wide against a Storm. At other Times were to be seen, several Hundreds link'd together in a circular Chain, with every Man a Pair of Bellows applied to his Neighbour's Breech, by which they blew up each other to the Shape and Size of a *Tub*; and for that Reason, with great Propriety of Speech, did usually call their Bodies, their *Vessels*. When, by these and the like Performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue for the Publick Good, a plentiful Share of their Acquirements into their Disciples Chaps. For we must here observe, that all Learning was esteemed among them, to be compounded from the same Principle. Because, First, it is generally affirm'd, or confess'd, that Learning *puffeth Men up*; And Secondly, they proved it by the following Syllogism; *Words are but Wind; and Learning is nothing but Words; Ergo, Learning is nothing but Wind*. For this Reason, the Philosophers among them, did in their Schools, deliver to their Pupils, all their Doctrines and Opinions by *Eruciation*, wherein they had



acquired a wonderful Eloquence, and of incredible Variety. But the great Characteristick, by which their chief Sages were best distinguished, was a certain Position of Countenance, which gave undoubted Intelligence to what Degree or Proportion, the Spirit agitated the inward Mass. For, after certain Gripings, the *Wind* and Vapors issuing forth; having first by their Turbulence and Convulsions within, caused an Earthquake in Man's little World; distorted the Mouth, bloated the Cheeks, and gave the Eyes a terrible kind of *Relievo*. At which Junctures, all their *Belches* were received for Sacred, the Sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite Consolation by their meager Devotes. And to render these yet more compleat, because the Breath of Man's Life is in his Nostrils, therefore, the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening *Belches*, were very wisely conveyed thro' that Vehicle, to give them a Tincture as they passed.

THEIR Gods were the four *Winds*, whom they worshipped, as the Spirits that pervade and enliven the Universe, and as those from whom alone all *Inspiration* can properly

properly be said to proceed. However, the Chief of these, to whom they performed the Adoration of *Latria*, was the *Almighty North*. An Antient Deity, whom the Inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in *Greece*, had likewise in highest Reverence.

* *Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This God, tho' endued with Ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder *Aelists*, to possess one peculiar Habitation, or (to speak in Form) a *Celum Empyream*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain Region, well known to the Antient *Greeks*, by them call'd, *Συνορια*, or the *Land of Darkness*. And altho' many Controversies have arisen upon that Matter; yet so much is undisputed, that from a Region of the like *Denomination*, the most refined *Aelists* have borrowed their Original, from whence, in every Age, the zealous among their Priesthood, have brought over their choicest *Inspiration*, fetching it with their own Hands, from the Fountain Head, in certain *Bladders*, and discharging it among the Sectaries in all Nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily Gasp and Pant after it.



Now, their Mysteries and Rites were performed in this Manner. 'Tis well known among the Learned, that the Virtuoso's of former Ages, had a Contrivance for carrying and preserving *Winds* in Casks or Barrels, which was of great Assistance upon long Sea Voyages; And the Loss of so useful an Art at present, is very much to be lamented, tho' I know not how, with great Negligence omitted by *Pancirolius*. It was an Invention ascribed to *Æolus* himself, from whom this Sect is denominated, and who in Honor of their Founder's Memory, have to this Day preserved great Numbers of those *Barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their Temples, first beating out the Top. Into this *Barrel*, upon Solemn Days, the Priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the Methods already described, a secret Funnel is also convey'd from his Posteriors, to the Bottom of the Barrel, which admits new Supplies of Inspiration from a *Northern* Chink or Cranny. Whereupon, You behold him swell immediately to the Shape and Size of his *Vessel*. In this Posture he dissembogues whole Tempests upon his Auditory, as the

the Spirit from beneath gives him Utterance; which issuing *ex adytis*, and *penetrabilibus*, is not performed without much Pain and Gripings. And the *Wind* in breaking forth, deals with his Face, as it does with that of the Sea; first *blackning*, then *wrinkling*, and at last, *bursting it into a Foam*. It is in this Guise, the Sacred *Æolist* delivers his oracular *Blebs* to his panting Disciples; Of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified Breath; others are all the while hymning out the Praises of the *Winds*; and gently wasted too and sto by their own Humming, do thus represent the soft Breezes of their Deities appeas'd.

It is from this Custom of the Priests, that some Authors maintain these *Æolists*, to have been very antient in the World. Because, the Delivery of their Mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other Antient Oracles; whose Inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous *Effluviams* of *Wind*, delivered with the same Pain to the Priest, and much about the same Influence on the People. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed



directed by *Female* Officers, whose Organs were understood to be better disposed for the Admission of those Oracular *Guffs*, as entering, and passing up thro' a Receptacle of greater Capacity, and causing also a Prurieny by the Way, such as with due Management, hath been refined from a Carnal, into a Spiritual Extasie. And to strengthen this profound Conjecture, it is further insisted, that this Custom of *Female* Priests is kept up still in certain refined Colleges of our *Modern Ecclists*, who are agreed to receive their Inspiration, derived thro' the Receptacle aforesaid, like their Ancestors, the *Sybil*s.

AND, whereas the Mind of Man, when he gives the Spur and Bridle to his Thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally fallies out into both Extrems of High and Low, of Good and Evil; His first Flight of Fancy, commonly transports Him to Ideas of what is most Perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own own Reach and Sight, not well perceiving how near the Frontiers of Height and Depth, border upon each other; With the same Course and Wing, he falls down plum into the lowest Bottom of Things; like one who travels the *East* into the *West*;

or

or like a strait Line drawn by its own Length into a Circle. Whether a Tincture of Malice in our Natures, makes us fond of furnishing every bright Idea with its Reverse; Or, whether Reason reflecting upon the Sum of Things, can like the Sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the Globe, leaving the other half, by Necessity, under Shade and Darkness: Or, whether Fancy, flying up to the Imagination of what is Highest and Best, becomes over-shot, and spent, and suddenly falls like a dead Bird of Paradise, to the Ground. Or, whether after all these *Metaphysical* Conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true Reason; The Proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much Circumstance, is altogether true; That, as the most uncivilized Parts of Mankind, have some way or other, climbed up into the Conception of a *God*, or Supream Power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their Fears with certain gally Notions, which instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a *Devil*. And this Proceeding seems to be natural enough; For it is with Men, whose Imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same Rate, as with those whose



whole Bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the Advantage of a nearer Contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal Prospect of the Precipice below. Thus, in the Choice of a *Devil*, it hath been the usual Method of Mankind, to single out some Being, either in Act, or in Vision, which was in most Antipathy to the God they had framed. Thus, also, the Sect of *Aelists*, possessed themselves with a Dread, and Horror, and Hatred of two Malignant Natures, betwixt whom, and the Deities they adored, perpetual Enmity was established. The first of these, was the *Camelion*, sworn Foe to *Inspiration*, who in Scorn, devoured large Influences of their God, without refunding the smallest Blast by *Erudition*. The other was a huge terrible Monster, called *Moulinavent*, who with four strong Arms, waged eternal Battel with all their Divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their Blows, and repay them with Interest.

Thus furnisht, and set out with *Gods*, as well as *Devils*, was the renowned Sect of *Aelists*; which makes at this Day so illustrious a Figure in the World, and whereof,

whereof, that Polite Nation of *Lapländers*, are beyond all Doubt, a most Authentick Branch; Of whom, I therefore cannot, without Injustice, here omit to make honourable Mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in Point of Interest, as well as Inclinations, with their Brother *Aelists* among Us, as not only to buy their *Winds* by wholesale from the same Merchants, but also to retail them after the same Rate and Method, and to Customers much alike.

Now, whether the System here delivered, was wholly compiled by *Jack*, or, as some Writers believe, rather copied from the Original at *Delpbos*, with certain Additions and Emendations suited to Times and Circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that *Jack* gave it at least a new Turn, and formed it into the same Dress and Model, as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this Opportunity, of doing Justice to a Society of Men, for whom I have a peculiar Honour,



nor, and whose Opinions, as well as Practices, have been extremely misrepresented, and traduced by the Malice or Ignorance of their Adversaries. For, I think it one of the greatest, and best of human Actions, to remove Prejudices, and place Things in their truest and fairest Light; which I therefore boldly undertake without any Regards of my own, beside the Conscience, the Honor, and the Thanks.

S E C T.

S E C T. IX.

A Digression concerning the Original, the Use, and Improvement of Madnes in a Commonwealth.

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just Reputation of this famous Sect, that its Rise and Institution are owing to such an Author as I have described *Jack* to be; A Person whose Intellectuals were overturned, and his Brain shaken out of its natural Position; which we commonly suppose to be a Distemper, and call by the Name of *Madnes* or *Phrenzy*. For, if we take a Survey of the greatest Actions that have been performed in the World, under the Influence of Single Men; which are, *The Establishment of New Empires by Conquest; The Advance and Progress of New Schemes in Philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of New Religions:* We shall find the Authors of them all, to have been Persons, whose natural Reason hath admitted great Revolutions from their Dyer, their Education, the Prevalency



valency of some certain Temper, together with the particular Influence of Air and Climate. Besides, there is something Individual in human Minds, that easily kindles at the accidental Approach and Collision of certain Circumstances, which tho' of paltry and mean Appearance, do often flame out into the greatest Emergencies of Life. For, great Turns are not always given by strong Hands, but by lucky Adaption, and at proper Seasons; and it is of no import, where the Fire was kindled, if the Vapor has once got up into the Brain. For, the *upper Region* of Man, is furnished like the *middle Region* of the Air; The Materials are formed from Causes of the widest Difference, yet produce at last the same Substance and Effect. Mists arise from the Earth, Steams from Dunghills, Exhalations from the Sea, and Smoak from Fire; yet all Clouds are the same in Composition, as well as Consequences: And the Fumes issuing from a Jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a Vapor, as incense from an Altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me: And then it will follow; that as the Face of Nature never produces Rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so Human Under-

Understanding, seated in the Brain, must be troubled and over-spread by Vapors, ascending from the lower Faculties, to water the Invention, and render it fruitful. Now, altho' these Vapors (as it hath been already said) are of as various Original, as those of the Skies, yet the Crop they produce, differs both in Kind and Degree, meerly according to the Soil. I will produce two Instances to prove and Explain what I am now advancing.

A certain Great Prince raised a mighty Army, filled his Coffers with infinite Treasures, provided an invincible Fleet; and all this, without giving the least Part of his Design to his greatest Ministers, or his nearest Favorites. Immediately the whole World was alarmed; the neighbouring Crowns, in trembling Expectation, towards what Point the Storm would burst; the small Politicians, every where forming profound Conjectures. Some believed he had laid a Scheme for Universal Monarchy: Others, after much Insight, determined the Matter to be a Project for pulling down the *Pope*, and setting up the *Reformed Religion*, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper Sagacity, sent him into

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Asia



Asia to subdue the *Turk*, and recover *Palestine*. In the midst of all these Projects and Preparations; a certain *State-Surgeon*, gathering the Nature of the Disease by these Symptoms, attempted the Cure, at own Blow performed the Operation, broke the Bag, and out flew the *Vapor*; nor did any thing want to render it a compleat Remedy, only, that the Prince unfortunately happened to Die in the Performance. Now, is the Reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *Vapor* took its Rise, which had so long set the Nations at a Gaze? What secret Wheel, what hidden Spring could put into Motion so wonderful an Engine? It was afterwards discovered, that the Movement of this whole Machine had been directed by an absent *Female*, whose Eyes had raised a *Protuberancy*, and before Emission, she was removed into an Enemy's Country. What should an unhappy Prince do in such ticklish Circumstances as these? He tried in vain the Poet's never-failing Receipt of *Corpora queque*; For,

*Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia
amore;*

Unde feritur, co tendit, gestitq; coire. Lucr.

HAVING

HAVING to no purpose used all peaceable Endeavors, the collected Part of the *Semen*, raised and enflamed, became adust, converted to Cholera, turned head upon the spinal Duct, and ascended to the Brain. The very same Principle that influences a *Bully* to break the Windows of a Whore, who has jilted Him, naturally stirs up a Great Prince to raise Mighty Armies, and dream of nothing, but Sieges, Battles, and Victories.

————— *Cunns teterrima belli*

Causa —————

THE other Instance is, what I have read somewhere, in a very antient Author, of a Mighty King, who for the space of above thirty Years, amused himself to take and lose Towns; beat Armies, and be beaten; drive Princes out of their Dominions; fright Children from their Bread and Butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre, Subject and Stranger, Friend and Foe, Male and Female. 'Tis recorded, that the Philosophers of each Country were in grave Dispute, upon Causes Natural, Moral, and Political.

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litical,



tical, to find out where they should assign an original Solution of this *Phænomènon*. At last the *Vapor* or *Spirit*, which animated the Hero's Brain, being in perpetual Circulation, seized upon that Region of Human Body, so renowned for furnishing the *Zibeta Occidentalis*, and gathering there into a Tumor, left the rest of the World for that Time in Peace. Of such mighty Consequence it is, where those Exhalations fix, and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same Spirits which in their superior Progress would conquer a Kingdom, descending upon the *Annus*, conclude in a *Fistula*.

LET us next examine the great Introducers of new Schemes in Philosophy, and search till we can find, from what Faculty of the Soul, the Disposition arises in mortal Man, of taking it into his Head, to advance new Systems with such an eager Zeal, in Things agreed on all Hands impossible to be known: From what Seeds this Disposition springs, and to what Quality of human Nature these Grand Innovators have been indebted for their Number of Disciples. Because, it is plain, that several
of

of the Chief among them, both *Antient* and *Modern*, were usually mistaken by their Adversaries, and indeed, by all except their own Followers, to have been Persons crazed, or out of their Wits, having generally proceeded in the common Course of their Words and Actions, by a Method very different from the vulgar Dictates of *unrefined* Reason: agreeing for the most Part in their several Models, with their present undoubted Successors in the *Academy of Modern Bedlam* (whose Merits and Principles I shall further examine in due Place.) Of this Kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelsus*, *Des Cartes*, and others; who, if they were now in the World, tied fast, and separate from their Followers, would in this our undistinguishing Age, incur manifest Danger of *Pblebotomy*, and *Whips*, and *Chains*, and *dark Chambers*, and *Straw*. For, what Man in the natural State, or Course of Thinking, did ever conceive it in his Power, to reduce the Notions of all Mankind, exactly to the same Length, and Breadth, and Height of his own: Yet this is the first humble and civil Design of all Innovators in the Empire of Reason. *Epicurus*,
M 3 modestly



modestly hoped, that one Time or other, a certain Fortuitous Concourse of all Mens Opinions, after perpetual Jostlings, the Sharp with the Smooth, the Light and the Heavy, the Round and the Square, would by certain *Clinamina*, unite in the Notions of *Atoms* and *Void*, as these did in the Originals of all Things. *Cartesius* reckoned to see before he died, the Sentiments of all Philosophers, like so many lesser Stars in his *Romantick* System, rapt and drawn within his own *Vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such Imaginations as these in particular Men, without Recourse to my *Phenomenon* of *Vapors*, ascending from the lower Faculties to over-shadow the Brain, and thence distilling into Conceptions, for which the Narrowness of our Mother-Tongue has not yet assigned any other Name, beside that of *Madness* or *Phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great Prescribers, do ever fail providing themselves and their Notions, with a Number of implicate Disciples. And, I think, the Reason is easie to be assigned: For, there is a peculiar *String* in the Harmony of Human Understanding, which in several

several Individuals is exactly of the same Tuning. This, if you can dextrously screw up to its right Key, and then strike gently upon it; Whenever you have the good Fortune to light among those of the same Pitch, they will by a secret necessary Sympathy, strike exactly at the same Time. And in this one Circumstance, lyes all the Skill or Luck of the Matter; for if you chance to jar the String among those who are either above or below your own Height, instead of subscribing to your Doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you Mad, and feed you with Bread and Water. It is therefore a Point of the nicest Conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble Talent, with respect to the Differences of Persons and of Times. *Cicero* understood this very well, when writing to a Friend in *England*, with a Caution, among other Matters, to beware of being cheated by our *Hackney-Coachmen* (who, it seems, in those Days, were as arrant Rascals, as they are now) has these remarkable Words. * *Est* * Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.
quod gaudeas se in ista loca
venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere. For, to speak a bold Truth, it is a fatal Mis-carriage, so ill to order Affairs, as to pass

M 4 for



for a *Fool* in one Company, when in another, you might be treated as a *Philosopher*. Which I desire *some certain Gentlemen of my Acquaintance*, to lay up in their Hearts, as a very seasonable *Innuendo*.

THIS, indeed, was the Fatal Mistake of that worthy Gentleman, my most ingenious Friend, Mr. *W--t--n*: A Person, in appearance, ordain'd for great Designs, as well as Performances; whether you will consider his *Notions* or his *Looks*. Surely, no Man ever advanced into the Publick, with fitter Qualifications of Body and Mind, for the Propagation of a new Religion. Oh, had those happy Talents misapplied to vain Philosophy, been turned into their proper Channels of *Dreams* and *Visions*, where *Distortion* of Mind and Countenance, are of such Sovereign Use; the base detracting World would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his Brain hath undergone an unlucky Shake; which, even his Brother *Moderlists* themselves, like Ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very *Garras* I am writing in.

LASTLY,

LASTLY, Whoever pleases to look into the Fountains of *Enthusiasm*, from whence, in all Ages, have eternally proceeded such fatting Streams, will find the Spring Head to have been as *troubled and muddy* as the Current; Of such great Emolument, is a Tincture of this *Vapor*, which the World calls *Madness*, that without its Help, the World would not only be deprived of those two great Blessings, *Conquests* and *Systems*, but even all Mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same Belief in Things Invisible. Now, the former *Postulatum* being held, that it is of no Import, from what Originals this *Vapor* proceeds, but either in what *Angles* it strikes and spreads over the Understanding, or upon what *Species* of Brain it ascends; It will be a very delicate Point, to cut the Feather, and divide the several Reasons to a nice and curious Reader, how this numerical Difference in the Brain, can produce Effects of so vast a Difference from the same Vapor, as to be the sole Point of Individuation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and *Monseur Des Cartes*. The present Argument, is the most abstracted that ever I engaged



engaged in, it strains my Faculties to their highest Stretch; and I desire the Reader to attend with utmost Perpenstity; For, I now proceed to unravel this knotty Point.

THERE is in Mankind a certain * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
Hic multa * * * * *
desiderantur. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * And this I take to be a
 clear Solution of the Matter.

HAVING therefore so narrowly past thro' this intricate Difficulty, the Reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the Conclusion; that if the *Moderns* mean by *Madness*, only a Disturbance or Transposition of the Brain, by Force of certain *Vapors* issuing up from the lower Faculties; Then has this *Madness* been the Parent of all those mighty Revolutions, that have happened in *Empire*, in *Philosophy*, and in *Religion*. For, the Brain in its natural Position and State of Serenity, disposeth its Owner to pass his Life in the common Forms, without any Thought of subduing

subduing Multitudes to his own Power, his *Reasons*, or his *Visions*; And the more he shapes his Understanding by the Pattern of Human Learning, the less he is inclined to form Parties after his particular Notions; Because that instructs him in his private Infirmities, as well as in the stubborn Ignorance of the People. But when a Man's Fancy gets *astride* on his Reason, when Imagination is at Cuffs with the Senses, and common Understanding, as well as common Sense, is kickt out of Doors; the first Profelyte he makes, is Himself, and when that is once compas'd, the Difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; A strong Delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For, Cant and Vision are to the Ear and the Eye, the same that Tickling is to the Touch. Those Entertainments and Pleasures we most value in Life, are such as *Dupe* and play the Wag with the Senses. For, if we take an Examination of what is generally understood by *Happiness*, as it has Respect, either to the Understanding, or the Senses; we shall find all its Properties and Adjuncts, will herd under this short Definition: That, *it is a perpetual Possession of being well Deceived.*



Deceived. And first, with Relation to the Mind or Understanding: 'tis manifest, what mighty Advantages Fiction has over Truth; and the Reason is just at our Elbow; because Imagination can build nobler Scenes, and produce more wonderful Revolutions than Fortune or Nature will be at Expence to furnish. Nor is Mankind so much to blame in his Choice, thus determining him, if we consider that the Debate merely lyes between *Things past*, and *Things conceived*; And so the Question is only this; Whether Things that have Place in the *Imagination*, may not as properly be said to *Exist*, as those that are seated in the *Memory*; which may be justly held in the Affirmative, and very much to the Advantage of the former, since This is acknowledged to be the *Womb* of Things, and the Other allowed to be no more than the *Grave*. Again, if we take this Definition of Happiness, and examine it with Reference to the Senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fade and insipid do all Objects accost us, that are not convey'd in the Vehicle of *Delusion*? How shrunk is every Thing, as it appears in the Glass of Nature? so, that if it were not for the Assistance of artificial

cial *Mediums*, false Lights, refracted Angles, Vernish, and Tinsel; there would be a mighty Level in the Felicity and Enjoyments of Mortal Men. If this were seriously considered by the World, as I have a certain Reason to suspect it hardly will; Men would no longer reckon among their high Points of Wisdom, the Art of exposing weak Sides, and publishing Infirmities; an Employment in my Opinion, neither better nor worse than that of *Unmasking*, which, I think, has never been allowed fair Usage, either in the *World* or the *Play-house*.

IN the Proportion that Credulity is a more peaceful Possession of the Mind, than Curiosity, so far preferable is that Wisdom, which converses about the Surface, to that pretended Philosophy which enters into the Depth of Things, and then comes gravely back with Informations and Discoveries, that in the Inside they are good for nothing. The two Senses, to which all Objects first Address themselves, are the Sight and the Touch; These never examine further than the Color, the Shape, the Size, and whatever other Qualities dwell, or are drawn by Art upon the Outward



ward of Bodies; and then comes Reason officiously, with Tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite thro'. Now, I take all this to be the last Degree of perverting Nature; one of whose eternal Laws it is, to put her best Furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the Charges of all such expensive Anatomy for the Time to come; I do here think fit to inform the Reader, that in such Conclusions as these, Reason is certainly in the Right; And that in most Corporeal Beings, which have fallen under my Cognizance, the Outside hath been infinitely preferable to the *In*: Whereof I have been further convinced from some late Experiments. Last Week I saw a Woman *slay'd*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her Person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the Carcass of a *Beau* to be stript in my Presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected Faults under one Suit of Cloaths: Then I laid open his *Brain*, his *Heart*, and his *Spleen*; But, I plainly perceived at every Operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the De-

fects

fects encrease upon us in Number and Bulk: From all which, I justly formed this Conclusion to my self. That whatever Philosopher or Projector can find out an Art to lodder and patch up the Flaws and Imperfections of Nature, will deserve much better of Mankind, and teach us a more useful Science, than that so much in present Esteem, of widening and expoling them (like him who held *Anatomy* to be the ultimate End of *Physick*.) And he, whose Fortunes and Dispositions have placed him in a convenient Station to enjoy the Fruits of this noble Art; He that can with *Epicurus*, content his Idea's with the *Films* and *Images* that fly off upon his Senses from the *Superficies* of Things; Such a Man truly Wise, creams off Nature, leaving the Sower and the Dregs, for Philosophy and Reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined Point of Felicity, called, *the Possession of being well deceived*; The Serene peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves.

BUT to return to *Madness*. It is certain, that according to the System I have above deduced; every *Species* thereof proceeds from a Redundancy of *Vapor*; therefore,



fore, as some Kinds of *Phrenzy* give double Strength to the Sinews, so there are of other *Species*, which add Vigor, and Life, and Spirit to the Brain: Now, it usually happens, that these active Spirits, getting Possession of the Brain, resemble those that haunt other Waste and Empty Dwellings, which for want of Business, either vanish, and carry away a Piece of the House, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the Windows. By which are mystically display'd the two principal Branches of *Madness*; and which some Philosophers not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their Causes, over-hastily assigning the first to Deficiency, and the other to Redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main Point of Skill and Address, is to furnish Employment for this Redundancy of *Vapor*, and prudently to adjust the Seasons of it; by which Means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic Emolument in a Commonwealth. Thus, one Man chusing a proper Juncture, leaps into a Gulph, from thence proceeds a Hero, and is called the Saver of his Country;

Another

Another attieives the same Enterprize, but unluckily timing it, has left the Brand of *Madness*, fixt as a Reproach upon his Memory; Upon so nice a Distinction are we taught to repeat the Name of *Curtius* with Reverence and Love; that of *Empedocles*, with Hatred and Contempt. Thus, also it is usually conceived, that the Elder *Brutus* only personated the *Fool* and *Madman*, for the Good of the Publick: but this was nothing else, than a Redundancy of the same *Vapor*, long misapplied, called by the *Latins*, * *Ingenium par* * *Tacit. negotiis*: Or, (to translate it as nearly as I can) a sort of *Phrenzy*, never in its right Element, till you take it up in Business of the State.

UPON all which, and many other Reasons of equal Weight, though not equally curious; I do here gladly embrace an Opportunity I have long sought for, of Recommending it as a very noble Undertaking, to Sir E——d S——r, Sir C——r M——ve, Sir J——n B——ls, J——n H—— Esq; and other Patriots concerned, that they would move for Leave to bring in a Bill, for appointing Commissioners to Inspect into *Bedlam*, and

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the Parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for Persons, Papers, and Records: to examine into the Merits and Qualifications of every Student and Professor; to observe with utmost Exactness their several Dispositions and Behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their Talents, they might produce admirable Instruments for the several Offices in a State, * * * * *
Civil and Military; proceeding in such Methods, as I shall here humbly propose. And, I hope, the Gentle Reader will give some Allowance to my great Sollicitudes in this important Affair, upon Account of that high Esteem I have ever born that honourable Society, whereof I had some Time the Happiness to be an unworthy Member.

Is any Student tearing his Straw in piece-meal, Swearing and Blaspheming, biting his Grate, foaming at the Mouth, and emptying his Pisspot in the Spectator's Face? Let the Right Worshipful, the Commissioners of Inspection, give him a Regiment of Dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a Sound without Period or Article?

What

What wonderful Talents are here mislaid! Let him be furnished immediately with a green Bag and Papers, and * three ^{* A Low-Pence} in his Pocket, and away ^{per's Coach} with Him to ^{Westminster-Hall.} ^{hire.} You will find a Third, gravely taking the Dimensions of his Kennel; A Person of Foresight and Infight, tho' kept quite in the Dark; for why, like *Moses*, *Ecce cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one Pace, intreats your Penny with due Gravity and Ceremony; talks much of hard Times, and Taxes, and the *Whore of Babylon*; Bars up the wooden of his Cell constantly at eight a Clock: Dreams of *Fire*, and *Shop-lifters*, and *Court-Customers*, and *Priviledg'd Places*. Now, what a Figure would all these Acquirements amount to, if the Owner were sent into the City among his Brethren! Behold a Fourth, in much and deep Conversation with himself, biting his Thumbs at proper Junctures; His Countenance chequered with Business and Design; sometimes walking very fast, with his Eyes nailed to a Paper that he holds in his Hands: A great Saver of Time, somewhat thick of Hearing, very short of Sight, but more of Memory. A Man eye in Haste, a

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great



great Hatcher and Breeder of Business, and excellent at the Famous Art of *whispering Nothing*. A huge Idolater of Monosyllables and Procrastination; so ready to *Give* his Word to every Body, that he never *keeps* it. One that has forgot the common *Meaning* of Words, but an admirable Retainer of the *Sound*. Extremely subject to the *Looseness*, for his *Occasions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his Grate in his familiar Intervals; *Sir*, says he, *Give me a Penny, and I'll sing you a Song: But give me the Penny first*. (Hence comes the common Saying, and commoner Practice of parting with Money for a *Song*.) What a compleat System of *Court-Skill* is here described in every Branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong Application? Accost the Hole of another Kennel, first stopping your Nose, you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly Mortal, raking in his own Dung, and dabling in his Urine. The best Part of his Diet, is the Reversion of his own Ordure, which expiring into Steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His Complexion is of a dirty Yellow, with a thin scattered Beard, exactly agreeable to that of his Dyet upon its first Declination:
like

like other Insects, who having their Birth and Education in an Excrement, from thence borrow their Color and their Smell. The Student of this Apartment is very sparing of his Words, but somewhat over-liberal of his Breath; He holds his Hand out ready to receive your Penny, and immediately upon Receipt, withdraws to his former Occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the Society of *Warwick-Lane*, should have no more Concern, for the Recovery of so useful a Member, who, if one may judge from these Appearances, would become the greatest Ornament to that illustrious Body? Another Student struts up fiercely to your Teeth, puffing with his Lips, half squeezing out his Eyes, and very graciously holds you out his Hand to kiss. The *Keeper* desires you not to be afraid of this Professor, for he will do you no Hurt: To him alone is allowed the Liberty of the Anti-Chamber, and the *Orator* of the Place gives you to understand, that this solemn Person is a *Taylor* run mad with Pride. This considerable Student is adorned with many other Qualities, upon which, at present, I shall not further enlarge. - - - -



Heark in your Ear - - - - -
 I am strangely mistaken, if all his Ad-
 dress, his Motions, and his Airs, would
 not then be very natural, and in their pro-
 per Element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to
 insist upon the vast Number of *Beaux*,
Fidlers, *Poets*, and *Politicians*, that the
 World might recover by such a Reforma-
 tion; But what is more material,
 beside the clear Gain redounding to
 the Commonwealth, by so large an Ac-
 quisition of Persons to employ, whose
 Talents and Acquirements, if I may be so
 bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at
 least misapplied: It would be a mighty
 Advantage accruing to the Publick from
 this Enquiry, that all these would very
 much excel, and arrive at great Perfection
 in their several Kinds; which, I think,
 is manifest from what I have already
 shewn; and shall inforce by this one plain
 Instance: That even, I my self, the Au-
 thor of these momentous Truths, am a Per-
 son, whose Imaginations are hard-mouth'd,
 and exceedingly disposed to run away
 with his *Reason*, which I have observed
 from long Experience, to be a very light
 Rider,

Rider, and easily shook off; upon which
 Account, my Friends will never trust me
 alone, without a solemn Promise, to vent
 my Speculations in this, or the like man-
 ner, for the universal Benefit of Human
 kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, cour-
 teous, and candid Reader, brimful of
 that *Modern* Charity and Tenderneſs, usu-
 ally annexed to his *Office*, will be very
 hardly persuaded to believe.



S E C T. X.

A TALE of a TUB.

IT is an unanswerable Argument of a very refined Age, the wonderful Civilities that have passed of late Years, between the Nation of *Authors*, and that of *Readers*. There can hardly pop out a *Play*, a *Pamphlet*, or a *Poem*, without a Preface full of Acknowledgements to the World, for the general Reception and Applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due Deference to so laudable a Custom, I do here return my humble Thanks to *His Majesty*, and both Houses of *Parliament*; To the *Lords* of the King's most honourable Privy-Council, to the Reverend the *Judges*: To the *Clergy*, and *Gentry*, and *Yeomanry* of this Land: But in a more especial manner, to my worthy Brethren and Friends at *Will's Coffee-House*, and *Gresham-College*, and *Warwick-Lane*, and *Moor-Fields*, and *Scotland-Yard*, and *Westminster-Hall*, and *Guild-Hall*: In short, to all Inhabitants and

and Retainers whatsoever, either in Court, or Church, or Camp, or City, or Country; for their generous and universal Acceptance of this Divine Treatise. I accept their Approbation, and good Opinion with extream Gratitude, and to the utmost of my poor Capacity, shall take hold of all Opportunities to return the Obligation.

I am also happy, that Fate has flung me into so blessed an Age for the mutual Felicity of *Booksellers* and *Authors*, whom I may safely affirm to be at this Day the two only satisfied Parties in *England*. Ask an *Author* how his last Piece hath succeeded; *Why, truly he thanks his Stars, the World has been very favourable, and he has not the least Reason to complain: And yet, By G—, He writ it in a Week at Bits and Starts, when he could steal an Hour from his urgent Affairs*; as, it is a hundred to one, you may see further in the Preface; To which he refers you, and for the rest, to the Bookeller. There you go as a Customer, and make the same Question: *He blesses his God, the Thing takes wonderful, he is just printing a Second Edition, and has but three left in his Shop. You beat down the Price: Sir, we shall*



shall not differ; and in hopes of your Custom another Time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; And, pray send as many of your Acquaintance as you will, I shall upon your Account furnish them all at the same Rate.

Now, it is not well enough consider'd, to what Accidents and Occasions the World is indebted for the greatest Part of those noble Writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy Day, a drunken Vigil, a Fit of the Spleen, a Course of Physick, a sleepy Sunday, an ill Ran at Dice, a long Taylor's Bill, a Beggar's Purse, a saltious Head, a hot Sun, costive Dyet, Want of Books, and a just Contempt of Learning. But for these Events, I say, and some Others too long to recite, (especially a prudent Neglect of taking Brimstone inwardly,) I doubt, the Number of Authors, and of Writings, would dwindle away to a Degree most woful to behold. To confirm this Opinion, hear the Words of the famous Troglodyte Philosopher: 'Tis certain (said he) some Grains of Polly are of course annexed, as Part in the Composition of Human Nature, only the Choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or

Embossed;

Embossed: And we need not go very far to seek how That is usually determined, when we remember, it is with Human Faculties as with Liquors, the lightest will be ever at the Top.

THERE is in this famous Island of Britain a certain poultry Scribbler, very voluminous, whose Character the Reader cannot wholly be a Stranger to. He deals in a pernicious Kind of Writings, called *Second Parts*, and usually passes under the Name of *The Author of the First*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my Pen, this nimble Operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Bl—re, L—ge, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for Justice and Relief, into the Hands of that great Rectifier of Saddles, and Lover of Mankind, Dr. B—ty, begging he will take this enormous Grievance into his most Modern Consideration: And if it should so happen, that the Furniture of an Ass, in the Shape of a *Second Part*, must for my Sins, be elapt by a Mistake, upon my Back, that he will immediately please, in the Presence of the World, to lighten me of the Burthen,

ther,



then, and take it home to *his own House*, till the *true Beast* thinks fit to call for it.

IN the mean time I do here give this publick Notice, that my Resolutions are, to circumscribe within this Discourse the whole Stock of Matter I have been to many Years providing. Since my *Vein* is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a Running, for the peculiar Advantage of my dear Country, and for the univereal Benefit of Mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the Number of my Guests, they shall have my whole Entertainment at a Meal; And I scorn to fet up the *Leavings* in the Cupboard. What the *Guests* cannot eat may be given to the *Poor*, and the *Dogs* under the Table may gnaw the *Bones*; This I understand for a more generous Proceeding, than to turn the Company's Stomachs, by inviting them again to morrow to a scurvy Meal of *Scraps*.

IF the Reader fairly considers the Strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing Section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful Revolution in his
Notions

Notions and Opinions; And he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding Part of this miraculous Treatise. Readers may be divided into three Classes, the *Superficial*, the *Ignorant*, and the *Learned*: And I have with much Felicity fitted my Pen to the Genius and Advantage of each. The *Superficial* Reader will be strangely provoked to *Laughter*; which clears the Breast and the Lungs, is Sovrain against the *Spleen*, and the most innocent of all *Diureticks*. The *Ignorant* Reader (between whom and the former, the Distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to *Stare*; which is an admirable Remedy for ill Eyes, serves to raise and enliven the Spirits, and wonderfully helps *Perspiration*. But the Reader truly *Learned*, chiefly for whose Benefit, I wake, when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient Matter to employ his Speculations for the rest of his Life. It were much to be wist, and I do here humbly propose for an Experiment, that every Prince in *Christendom* will take seven of the *deepest Scholars* in his Dominions, and shut them up close for *seven Years*, in *seven Chambers*, with



with a Command to write *seven* ample Commentaries on this comprehensive Discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever Difference may be found in their several Conjectures, they will be all without the least Distortion, manifestly deducible from the Text. Mean time, it is my earnest Request, that so useful an Undertaking may be entered upon (if their Majesties please) with all convenient speed; because, I have a strong Inclination, before I leave the World, to taste a Blessing, which we *mysterious* Writers can seldom reach, till we have got into our Graves. Whether it is, that *Fame* being a Fruit grafted on the Body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the *Steck* is in the Earth: Or, whether she be a Bird of Prey, and is lured among the rest, to pursue after the Scent of a *Carcase*: Or, whether she conceives, her Trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a *Tomb*, by the Advantage of a rising Ground, and the Echo of a hollow Vault.

'Tis true, indeed, the Republick of *dark* Authors, after they once found out this excellent Expedient of *Dying*, have been

been peculiarly happy in the Variety, as well as Extent of their Reputation. For, *Night* being the universal Mother of Things, wise Philosphers hold all Writings to be fruitful in the Proportion they are *dark*; And therefore, the *true Illuminated* (that is to say, the *Dark-est* of all) have met with such numberless Commentators, whose *Scholiastick* Midwifery hath deliver'd them of Meanings, that the Authors themselves, perhaps, never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the Lawful Parents of them: The Words of such Writers being like Seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful Ground, will multiply far beyond either the Hopes or Imagination of the Sower.

AND therefore in order to promote so useful a Work, I will here take Leave to glance a few *Innumeros*, that may be of great Assistance to those sublime Spirits, who shall be appointed to labor in a universal Comment upon this wonderful Discourse. And First, I have couched a very profound Mystery in the Number of *O's* multiply'd by *Seven*, and divided by *Nine*.
Also,



Also, if a devout Brother of the *Rosy-cross* will pray fervently for sixty three Mornings, with a lively Faith, and then transpole certain Letters and Syllables according to Prescription, in the second and fifth Section; they will certainly reveal into a full Receipt of the *Opus Magnum*. Lastly, Whoever will be at the Pains to calculate the whole Number of each Letter in this Treatise, and sum up the Difference exactly between the several Numbers, assigning the true natural Cause for every such Difference; the Discoveries in the Product, will plentifully reward his Labor. But then he must beware of *Bythus* and *Sigè*, and be sure not to forget the Qualities of *Acamoth*; *A cuius lacrymis humecta prodit Substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia solida, & à timore mobilissima magica abscondita.* wherein * *Eugenius Philalthes* hath committed an unpardonable Mistake.

SECT.

SECT. XI.

A TALE of a TUB.

AFTER so wide a Compass as I have wandred, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my Subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even Pace to the End of my Journey, except some beautiful Prospect appears within sight of my Way; whereof, tho' at present I have neither Warning nor Expectation, yet upon such an Accident, come when it will, I shall beg my Readers Favour and Company, allowing me to conduct him thro' it along with my self. For in *Writing*, it is as in *Travelling*: If a Man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my Case, having never so little Business, as when I am there) if his *Horse* be tired with long Riding, and ill Ways, or be naturally a Jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest Road, be it ever so dirty; But, then surely, we must own such a Man to be a scurvy Companion at best; He *spatters* himself and his Fellow.

O

low.



low-Travellers at every Step: All their Thoughts, and Wishes, and Conversation turn entirely upon the Subject of their Journey's End; and at every Splash, and Punge, and Stumble, they heartily wish one another at the Devil.

ON the other side, when a Traveller and his *Horse* are in Heart and Plight, when his Purse is full, and the Day before him; he takes the Road only where it is clean or convenient; entertains his Company there as agreeably as he can; but upon the first Occasion, carries them along with Him to every delightful Scene in View, whether of Art, of Nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse out of Stupidity or Weariness; let them jog on by themselves, and be d—n'd; He'll overtake them at the next Town; at which arriving, he Rides furiously thro', the Men, Women, and Children run out to gaze, a hundred *noisy Curs* run *barking* after him, of which, if he honors the boldest with a *Lash of his Whip*, it is rather out of Sport than Revenge: But should some *sourer Mungrel* dare too near an Approach, he receives a *Salute* from the Chaps by an accidental Stroak from the Courser's Heels,
(nor

(nor is any Ground lost by the Blow) which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular Adventures of my renowned *Jack*; the State of whose Dispositions and Fortunes, the careful Reader does no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the Conclusion of a former Section. Therefore, his next Care must be from two of the foregoing, to extract a Scheme of Notions, that may best fit his Understanding for a true Relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first Revolutions of his Brain so prudently, as to give Rise to that Epidemick Sect of *Æolists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange Variety of Conceptions; the Fruitfulness of his Imagination led him into certain Notions, which, altho' in Appearance very unaccountable, were not without their Mysteries and their Meanings, nor wanted Followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material Passages of this
O 2 Nature.



Nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted Tradition, or indefatigable Reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as Notions of that Height and Latitude can be brought within the Compass of a Pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish Plenty of noble Matter for such, whose converting Imaginations dispose them to reduce all Things into *Types*; who can make *Shadows*, no thanks to the Sun; and then mold them into Substances, no thanks to Philosophy; whose peculiar Talent lies in fixing Tropes and Allegories to the *Letter*, and refining what is *Literal* into Figure and Mystery.

JACK had provided a fair Copy of his Father's *Will*, engrossed in Form upon a large Skin of Parchment; and resolving to act the Part of a most dutiful Son, he became the fondest Creature of it imaginable. For, altho', as I have often told the Reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy Directions about the management and wearing of their Coats, with Legacies and Penalties, in case of Obedience or Neglect; yet He began to entertain a Fancy, that the Matter was deeper
and

and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of Mystery at the Bottom. *Gentlemen*, said he, *I will prove this very Skin of Parchment to be Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to be the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal Medicine.* In consequence of which Raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry Occasions of Life. He had a Way of working it into any Shape he pleased; so that it served him for a Night-cap when he went to Bed, and for an Umbrello in rainy Weather. He would lap a Piece of it about a sore Toe, or when he had Fitts, burn two Inches under his Nose; or if any Thing lay heavy on his Stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the Powder as would lye on a silver Penny, they were all infallible Remedies. With Analogy to these Refinements, his common Talk and Conversation, ran wholly in the Phrase of his Will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his Eloquence within that Compass, not daring to let slip a Syllable without Authority from thence. Once at a strange House, he was suddenly taken short, upon an urgent Juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate:



and being not able to call to mind, with that Suddenness, the Occasion required, an Authentick Phrase for demanding the Way to the Backside; he chose rather as the more prudent Course, to incur the Penalty in such Cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united Rhetorick of Mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again: Because having consulted the Will upon this Emergency, he met with a Passage near the Bottom (whether foisted in by the Transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

HE made it a Part of his Religion, never to say Grace to his Meat, nor could all the World persuade him, as the common Phrase is, to eat his Victuals like a *Christian*.

HE bore a strange kind of Appetite to *Snap-Drageon*, and to the livid Snuffs of a burning Candle, which he would catch and swallow with an Agility, wonderful to conceive; and by this Procedure, maintained a perpetual Flame in his Belly, which issuing in a glowing Steam from both his Eyes, as well as his Nostrils,
and

and his Mouth; made his Head appear in a dark Night, like the Scull of an *As*, wherein a roguish Boy hath conveyed a Farthing Candle, to the Terror of His Majesty's *Liege Subjects*. Therefore, he made use of no other Expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, That a *Wise Man* was his own *Lantborn*.

HE would shut his Eyes as he walked along the Streets, and if he happened to bounce his Head against a Post, or fall into the Kennel (as he seldom missed either to do one or both) he would tell the gibbing Prentices, who looked on, that he submitted with entire Resignation, as to a Trip, or a Blow of Fate, with whom he found, by long Experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging Fall, or a bloody Nose. It was ordained, said he, some few Days before the Creation, that my Nose and this very Post should have a Rencontre; and therefore, Providence thought fit to send us both into the World in the same Age, and to make us Country-men and Fellow-Citizens. Now, had my Eyes been open, it is very likely, the Business might have been a great deal



worse; For, how many a confounded Slip is daily got by Man, with all his Foresight about him? Besides, the Eyes of the Understanding see best, when those of the Senses are out of the way; and therefore, blind Men are observed to tread their Steps with much more Caution, and Conduct, and Judgement, than those who rely with too much Confidence, upon the Virtue of the visual Nerve, which every little Accident shakes out of Order, and a Drop, or a Film, can wholly disconcert; like a Lantern among a Pack of roaring Bullies, when they scower the Streets; exposing its Owner, and it self, to outward Kicks and Buffets, which both might have escap'd, if the Vanity of Appearing would have suffered them to walk in the Dark. But, further; if we examine the Conduct of these boasted Lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their Fortune: 'Tis true, I have broke my Nose against this Post, because Providence either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the Elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present Age or Posterity, to trust their Noses into the keeping of their Eyes, which may prove the safest Way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye Eyes, Ye blind Guides; miserable Guardians

dians are Ye of our frail Noses; Ye, I say, who fasten upon the first Precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing Bodies after You, to the very Brink of Destruction: But, alas, that Brink is rotten, our Feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a Gulph, without one hospitable Shrub in the Way to break the Fall; a Fall, to which not any Nose of mortal Make is equal, except that of the Giant * Laurcalco, who was ^{esse} Don Lord of the Silver Bridge. Quixot.
Most properly, therefore, O Eyes, and with great Justice, may You be compared to those foolish Lights, which conduct Men thro' Dirt and Darkness, till they fall into a deep Pit, or a noisom Bog.

THIS I have produced, as a Scantling of Jack's great Eloquence, and the Force of his Reasoning upon such abstruse Matters.

HE was besides, a Person of great Design and Improvement in Affairs of Devotion, having introduced a new Deity, who hath since met with a vast Number of Worshippers; by some called *Babel*, by others, *Chaos*; who had an antient Temple of Gothic Structure upon *Salisbury Plain*;



Plain; famous for its Shrine, and Celebration by Pilgrims.

WHEN he had some Roguish Trick to play, he would down with his Knees, up with his Eyes, and fall to Prayers, tho' in the midst of the Kennel. Then it was that those who understood his Pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his Way; And whenever Curiosity attracted Strangers to Laugh, or to Listen; he would of a sudden, with one Hand out with his *Gear*, and piss full in their Eyes, and with the other, all to-bespatter them with Mud.

IN Winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let *in* the ambient Heat; and in Summer, lapt himself close and thick to keep it *out*.

IN all Revolutions of Government, he would make his Court for the Office of *Hangman* General; and in the Exercise of that Dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no other *Vizard* than a long Prayer.

H E

HE had a Tongue so Musculous and Subtil, that he could twist it up into his Nose, and deliver a strange Kind of Speech from thence. He was also the first in these Kingdoms, who began to improve the *Spanish* Accomplishment of *Braying*; and having large Ears, perpetually exposed and arrect, he carried his Art to such a Perfection, that it was a Point of great Difficulty to distinguish either, by the View or the Sound, between the *Original* and the *Copy*.

HE was troubled with a Disease, reverse to that called the Stinging of the *Tarantula*; and would run Dog-mad, at the Noise of *Musick*, especially a *Pair* of *Bag-Pipes*. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three Turns in *Westminster-Hall*, or *Billingsgate*, or in a *Boarding-School*, or the *Royal-Exchange*, or a *State Coffee-House*.

HE was a Person that feared no Colours but mortally hated all, and upon that Account, bore a cruel Aversion to *Painters*, inasmuch, that in his Paroxisms, as he walked the Streets, he would
have



have his Pockets loaden with Stones, to pelt at the Signs.

HAVING from his manner of Living, frequent Occasions to wash himself, he would often leap over Head and Ears into the Water, tho' it were in the midst of the Winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

HE was the first that ever found out the Secret of contriving a *Soporiferous* Medicine to be convey'd in at the Ears: It was a Compound of Sulphur and Balm of Gilead, with a little *Pilgrim's Salve*.

HE wore a large Plaister of artificial *Cauticks* on his Stomach, with the Feror of which, he could set himself a *grazing*, like the famous Beard upon Application of a red hot iron.

HE would stand in the Turning of a Street, and calling to those who pass'd by, would cry to One; *Worthy Sir, do me the Honor of a good Slap in the Chaps:* To another, *Honest Friend, pray, favour*

me with a handsom Kick on the Arse: Madam, shall I entreat a small Box in the Ear, from your Ladyship's fair Hands? Noble Captain, Lend a reasonable Thwack, for the Love of God, with that Cane of yours, ever these poor Shoulders. And when he had by such earnest Solicitations, made a shift to procure a Basting sufficient to swell up his Fancy and his Sides; He would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible Accounts of what he had undergone for the *Publick Good*. Observe this *Streak*, (said he, shewing his bare Shoulders) a plaguy Janifary gave it me this very Morning at seven a Clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours mine, this broken Head deserves a Plaister; had poor Jack been tender of his Needle, you would have seen the Pope, and the French King, long before this time of Day, among your Wives and your Wave-houses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-Chappel, and you may thank these poor Sides that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up Man, Woman, and Child.



It was highly worth observing, the singular Effects of that Averſion, or Antipathy, which *Jack* and his Brother *Peter* ſeemed, even to an Affectation, to bear towards each other. *Peter* had lately done *ſome Rogueries*, that forced him to abſcond; and he ſeldom ventured to ſtir out before Night, for fear of Bayliffs. Their Lodgings were at the two moſt diſtant Parts of the Town, from each other; and whenever their Occaſions, or Humors called them abroad, they would make Choice of the oddeſt unlikely Times, and moſt uncouth Rounds they could invent; that they might be ſure to avoid one another: Yet after all this, it was their perpetual Fortune to meet. The Reaſon of which, is eaſy enough to apprehend: For, the Phrenzy and the Spleen of both, having the ſame Foundation, we may look upon them as two Pair of Compaſſes, equally extended, and the fixed Foot of each, remaining in the ſame Center; which, tho' moving contrary Ways at firſt, will be ſure to encounter ſomewhere or other in the Circumference. Beſides, it was among the great Misfortunes of *Jack*, to bear a huge Perſon!

ſonal Reſemblance with his Brother *Peter*. Their Humors and Diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe Analogy in their Shape, their Size, and their Mien. Inſomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a Bayliſſ to ſeize *Jack* by the Shoulders, and cry; *Mr. Peter, You are the King's Prisoner.* Or, at other Times, for one of *Peter's* neareſt Friends, to accoſt *Jack* with open Arms, *Dear Peter, I am glad to ſee thee, pray ſend me one of your beſt Medicines for the Worms.* This we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying Return of thoſe Pains and Proceedings, *Jack* had labored in ſo long; And finding, how directly oppoſite all his Endeavors had answered to the ſole End and Intention, which he had propoſed to himſelf; How could it avoid having terrible Effects upon a Head and Heart ſo furniſhed as his? However, the poor Remainers of his Coat bore all the Punishment; The orient Sun never entred upon his diurnal Progreſs, without miſſing a Piece of it. He hired a Taylor to ſtitch up the Collar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to choak him, and ſqueezed out his Eyes at ſuch a Rate, as one could ſee nothing but the White. What



What little was left of the main Substance of the Coat, he rubbed every Day for two hours, against a rough-cast Wall, in order to grind away the Remnants of *Lace* and *Embroidery*; but at the same time went on with so much Violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen Philosopher*. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the Success continued still to disappoint his Expectation. For, as it is the Nature of Rags, to bear a kind of mock Resemblance to Finery: there being a sort of fluttering Appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a Distance, in the Dark, or by short-sighted Eyes: So, in those Junctures, it shined with *Jack* and his Tatters, that they offered to the first View, a ridiculous Flaming, which assisting the Resemblance in Person and Air, thwarted all his Projects of Separation, and left so near a Similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very Disciples and Followers of both.

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Defiant nau- * * * * *

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THE old *Sclavonian* Proverb said well, That it is with Men, as with Asses; whoever would keep them fast, may find a very good Hold at their Ears. Yet, I think, we may affirm, and it hath been verified by repeated Experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hac sceleratus vincula
Proteus.

IT is good therefore, to read the Maxims of our Ancestors, with great Allowances to Times and Persons: For, if we look into Primitive Records, we shall find, that no Revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human Ears. In former Days, there was a curious Invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *Artes perditæ*: And how can it be otherwise, when in these latter Centuries, the very Species is not only diminished to a very lamentable Degree, but the poor Remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest *Tenure*? For, if the only flitting of one Ear in a Stag, hath been found sufficient to propagate the Defect thro' a whole Forest;

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Why



Why should we wonder at the greatest Consequences, from so many Loppings and Mutilations, to which the *Ears* of our Fathers and our own, have been of late so much exposed? 'Tis true, indeed, that while this *Island* of ours, was under the *Dominion of Grace*, many Endeavours were made to improve the Growth of *Ears* once more among us. The Proportion of Largeness, was not only lookt upon as an Ornament of the *Outward Man*, but as a Type of Grace in the *Inward*. Besides, it is held by Naturalists, that if there be a Protuberancy of Parts in the *Superior Region* of the Body, as in the *Ears* and *Nose*, there must be a Parity also in the *Inferior*: And therefore in that truly pious Age, the *Males* in every Assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their *Ears* to view, and the Regions

about them; because * *Hippocrates* tells us, that when the *Vein* behind the *Ear* happens to be cut, a *Man* becomes an *Eunuch*: And the *Females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: Whereof those who had already used the *Means*, lookt about them with great Concern, in hopes

hopes of conceiving a suitable Offspring by such a Prospect: Others, who stood Candidates for *Benevolence*, found there a plentiful Choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest *Ears*, that the Breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter Sisters, who lookt upon all extraordinary Dilatations of that Member, as Protrusions of Zeal, or spiritual Excrescencies, were sure to honor every Head they sat upon, as if they had been cloven *Tongues*; but, especially, that of the Preacher, whose *Ears* were usually of the prime Magnitude; which upon that Account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all Advantages to the People; in his Rhetorical *Paroxysms*, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: From which Custom, the whole Operation of Preaching is to this very Day among their Professors, styled by the Phrase of *Holding forth*.

SUCH was the Progress of the *Saints*, for advancing the Size of that Member; And it is thought, the Success would have been every way answerable, if in Process of time, a cruel King had not arose, who raised a bloody Persecution against



all *Ears*, above a certain Standard: Upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing Sprouts in a black Border, others crept wholly under a Perewig: some were slit, others cropt, and a great Number sliced off to the Stumps. But of this, more hereafter, in my *general History of Ears*: which I design very speedily to bestow upon the Publick.

FROM this brief Survey of the falling State of *Ears*, in the last Age, and the small Care had to advance their antient Growth in the present, it is manifest, how little Reason we can have to rely upon a Hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that, whoever desires to catch Mankind fast, must have Recourse to some other Methods. Now, he that will examine Human Nature with Circumspection enough, may discover several

Handles, whereof the * Six
* Including
 Scaliger's. Scntes afford one apiece, beside a great Number that are screwed to the Passions, and some few riveted to the Intellect. Among these last, *Curiosity* is one, and of all others, affords the firmest Grasp; *Curiosity*, that Spur in the side, that Bridle in the Mouth, that

Ring

Ring in the Nose, of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting Reader. By this *Handle* it is, that an Author should seize upon his Readers; which as soon as he hath once compass'd, all Resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his Prisoners as close as he pleases, till Weariness or Dullness force him to let go his Gripe.

AND therefore, I the Author of this miraculous Treatise, having hitherto, beyond Expectation, maintained by the aforesaid *Handle*, a firm Hold upon my gentle Readers; it is with great Reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my Grasp; leaving them in the Possession of what remains, to that natural *Ositancy* inherent in the Tribe. I can only assure thee, Courteous Reader, for both our Comforts, that my Concern is altogether equal to thine, for my Unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my Papers the remaining Part of these Memoirs; which consisted of Accidents, Turns, and Adventures, both New, Agreeable, and Surprising; and therefore, calculated in all due Points, to the delicate Taste of this our noble Age. Bat,

P 3

alas,



alas, with my utmost Endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the Heads. Under which, there was a full Account, how *Peter* got a *Protection* out of the *King's-Bench*; And of a Reconcilement between *Jack* and Him, upon a Design they had in a certain rainy Night, to trepan Brother *Martin* into a *Spunging-house*, and there strip him to the Skin. How *Martin*, with much ado, shew'd them both a fair pair of Heels. How a new *War-rant* came out against *Peter*; upon which, how *Jack* left him in the lurch, stole his *Protection*, and made use of it himself. How *Jack's* Tatters came into Fashion in *Court* and *City*; How he got upon a great *Horse*, and eat *Custard*. But the Particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my Memory, are lost beyond all Hopes of Recovery. For, which Misfortune, leaving my Readers to console with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several Constitutions; but conjuring them by all the Friendship that hath passed between Us, from the Title-Page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their Healths, for an Accident past Remedy; I now go on to the Ceremonial Part of an accom-

plish'd

plish'd Writer, and therefore, by a Courty *Modern*, least of all others to be omitted.

The CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a Cause of Abortion as effectual, tho' not so frequent, as *Going too short*; and holds true especially in the *Labors* of the Brain. Well fare the Heart of that Noble * *Jesuit*, who * Vere a Orleans. first adventur'd to confess in Print, that Books must be suited to their several Seasons, like *Dress*, and *Dyer*, and *Diversions*: And berter fare our noble Nation, for refining upon this, among other *French* Modes. I am living fall, to see the Time, when a *Book* that misses its Tide, shall be neglected, as the *Moon* by Day, or like *Mackarel* a Week after the Season. No Man hath more nicely observed our *Climat*, than the *Bookfeller* who bought the Copy of this Work; He knows to a Tittle, what Subjects will best go off in a *dry* Tear,

P 4



Test, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the Weather-glass is fallen to much Rain. When he had seen this Treatise, and consulted his *Almanack* upon it; he gave me to understand, that he had maturely considered the two Principal Things, which were the Bulk and the Subject; and found, it would never take, but after a long Vacation, and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard Year for Turnips. Upon which I desired to know, *considering my urgent Necessities*, what he thought might be acceptable this Month. He lookt *Westward*, and said, *I doubt we shall have a Fit of bad Weather; However, if you could prepare some pretty little Banter (but not in Verse) or a small Treatise upon the ——— it would run like Wild-Fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an Author to write something against Dr. B—t—y, which, I am sure, will turn to Account.*

At length we agreed upon this Expedient; That when a Customer comes for one of these, and desires in Confidence to know the Author; he will tell him very privately, as a Friend, naming which ever of the Wits shall happen to be

be that Week in the Vogue; and if *Duff's* last Play should be in Course, I had as lieve he may be the Person as *Congreve*. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present Relish of Courteous Readers; and have often observed, with singular Pleasure, that a Fly driven from a *Honey-pot*, will immediately, with very good Appetite alight, and finish his Meal on an *Excrement*.

I have one Word to say upon the Subject of *Profound Writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; And, I know very well, the judicious World is resolved to list me in that Number. I conceive therefore, as to the Business of being *Profound*, that it is with *Writers*, as with *Wells*; A Person with good Eyes may see to the Bottom of the deepest, provided any *Water* be there; and, that often, when there is nothing in the world at the Bottom, besides *Dryness* and *Dirt*, tho' it be but a Yard and half under Ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous *Deep*, upon no wiser a Reason than because it is wondrous *Dark*.



I am now trying an Experiment very frequent among Modern Authors; which is, to *write upon Nothing*: When the Subject is utterly exhausted, to let the Pen still move on; by some called, the Ghost of Wit, delighting to walk after the Death of its Body. And to say the Truth, there seems to be no Part of Knowledge in fewer Hands, than That of Discerning *when to have Done*. By the Time that an Author has writ out a Book, he and his Readers are become old Acquaintance, and grow very loath to part: So that I have sometimes known it to be in Writing, as in Visiting, where the Ceremony of taking Leave, has employ'd more Time than the whole Conversation before. The Conclusion of a Treatise, resembles the Conclusion of Human Life, which hath sometimes been compared to the End of a Feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vite convivæ*: For Men will sit down after the fullest Meal, tho' it be only to *doze*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the Day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other Writers; and shall be too proud, if by all my Labors, I can have any ways contributed

buted to the *Repose* of Mankind, in Times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither, do I think such an Employment to very alien from the Office of a *Wit*, as some would suppose. For among a very polite Nation in * *Greece*, there were the *same* Temples built ^{* *Troezoni.*} _{*Pausan.* 1. 2.} and consecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muses*, between which two Deities, they believed the strictest Friendship was established.

I have one concluding Favour, to request of my Reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every Line, or every Page of this Discourse; but give some Allowance to the Author's Spleen, and short Fits or Intervals of Dullness, as well as his own; And lay it seriously to his Conscience, whether, if he were walking the Streets, in dirty Weather, or a rainy Day; he would allow it fair Dealing in Folks at their Ease from a Window, to Critick his Gate, and ridicule his Dress at such a Juncture.

IN my Disposure of Employments of the Brain, I have thought fit to make
Invention



Invention the *Master*, and to give *Method* and *Reason*, the Office of its *Lacquays*. The Cause of this Distribution was, from observing it my peculiar Case, to be often under a Temptation of being *Witty*, upon Occasions, where I could be neither *Wise* nor *Sound*, nor any thing to the Matter in hand. And, I am too much a Servant of the *Modern Way*, to neglect any such Opportunities; what ever Pains or Improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For, I have observed, that from a laborious Collection of Seven Hundred Thirty Eight *Flowers*, and *Shining Hints* of the best *Modern Authors*, digested with great Reading, into my Book of *Common-Places*; I have not been able after five Years to draw, hook, or force into common Conversation, any more than a Dozen. Of which Dozen, the one Moiety failed of Success, by being dropt among unsuitable Company; and the other cost me so many Strains, and Traps, and *Ambages* to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this Disappointment, (to discover a Secret) I must own, gave me the first Hint of setting up for an *Author*; and, I have since found among some particular Friends,

Friends, that it is become a very general Complaint, and has produced the same Effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a *towardly Word*, to be wholly neglected or despised in *Discourse*, which hath passed very smoothly, with some Consideration and Esteem, after its Preferment and Sanction in *Print*. But, now, since by the Liberty and Encouragement of the Press, I am grown absolute Master of the Occasions and Opportunities, to expose the Talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the *Issues* of my *Observanda* begin to grow too large for the *Receipts*. Therefore, I shall here pause awhile, till I find, by feeling the World's Pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute Necessity for us both, to resume my Pen.

F I N I S.



A
Full and True Account
OF THE
BATTLE
Fought last *FRIDAY*,
Between the
Antient and the *Modern*
BOOKS
IN
St. *JAMES'S*
LIBRARY.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year, MDCCIV.



THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

THE following Discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same Author, so it seems to have been written about the same Time with the former, I mean, the Year 1697. when the famous Dispute was on Foot, about *Antient and Modern Learning*. The Controversy took its Rise from an Essay of *Sir William Temple's*, upon that Subject; which was answer'd by *W. Wotton, B. D.* with an Appendix by *Dr Bently*, endeavouring to destroy the Credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris*, for Authors, whom, *Sir William Temple* had in the Essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new Edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the Honorable *Charles Boyle*, (now *Earl of Orrery*) to which, *Mr. Boyle* replied

Q



The Bookfeller to the Reader.

replied at large, with great Learning and Wit; and the Doctor, voluminously, rejoyned. In this Dispute, the Town highly resentet to see a Person of *Sir William Temple's* Character and Merits, roughly used by the two reverend Gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of Provocation. At length, there appearing no End of the Quarrel, our Author tells us, that the BOOKS in *St. James's* Library, looking upon themselves as Parties principally concerned, took up the Controversy, and came to a decisive Battel; But, the Manuscript, by the Injury of Fortune, or Weather, being in several Places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the Victory fell.

I must warn the Reader, to beware of applying to Persons what is here meant, only of Books in the most literal Sense. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to understand the Person of a famous Poet, call'd by that Name, but only certain Sheets of Paper, bound up in Leather, containing in Print, the Works of the said Poet, and so of the rest.

THE

THE
P R E F A C E
OF THE
A U T H O R.

SATTR is a sort of Glass, where-
in Beholders do generally discover
every body's Face but their own;
which is the chief Reason for that
kind of Reception it meets in the World,
and that so very few are offended with it.
But if it should happen otherwise, the Dan-
ger is not great; and, I have learned from
long Experience, never to apprehend Mischief
from those Understandings, I have been able
to provoke; For, Anger and Fury, though
they add Strength to the Sinews of the
Body, yet are found to relax those of the
Mind, and to render all its Efforts feeble
and impotent.

Q 1

There



The Preface of the Author.

There is a Brain that will endure but one Scumming: Let the Owner gather it with Discretion, and manage his little Stock with Husbandry; but of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the Lash of his Betters; because, That will make it all bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply: Wit, without Knowledge, being a Sort of Cream, which gathers in a Night to the Top, and by a skilful Hand, may be soon whipt into Froth; but once scumm'd away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the Hogs.

A

A Full and True
ACCOUNT
OF THE
BATTLE
Fought last FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due Circumspection into the * Annual Records of * Riches gradueth Pride; Pride is War's Grand, &c. Vid. Epithem. de Mary Clarke; opt. Edit.

Time, will find it remarked, that War is the Child of Pride, and Pride the Daughter of Riches; The former of which Assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter: For Pride is nearly related to Beggary and Want, either by Father or Mother, and sometimes by both; And, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among

Q 3

Men



Men to fall out, when all have enough: Invasions usually travelling from *North* to *South*, that is to say, from Poverty upon Plenty. The most antient and natural Grounds of Quarrels, are *Lust* and *Avarice*: which, tho' we may allow to be Brethren or collateral Branches of *Pride*, are certainly the Issues of *Want*. For, to speak in the Phrase of Writers upon the Politicks, we may observe in the Republick of *Dogs*, (which in its Original seems to be an Institution of the *Many*) that the whole State is ever in the profoundest Peace, after a full Meal; and, that Civil Broils arise among them, when it happens for one great *Bone* to be seized on by some *leading Dog*, who either divides it among the *Few*, and then it falls to an *Oligarchy*, or keeps it to Himself, and then it runs up to a *Tyranny*. The same Reasoning also, holds Place among them, in those Dissensions we behold upon a Turgefcency in any of their Females. For, the Right of Possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a Property in so delicate a Case) Jealousies and Suspicions do so abound, that the whole Commonwealth of that Street, is reduced to a manifest *State of War*, of every *Citizen* against

against every *Citizen*; till some One of more Courage, Conduct, or Fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the Prize: Upon which, naturally arises Plenty of Heart-burning, and Envy, and Snarling against the *Happy Dog*. Again, if we look upon any of these Republicks engaged in a Foreign War, either of Invasion or Defence, we shall find, the same Reasoning will serve, as to the Grounds and Occasions of each; and, that *Poverty*, or *Want*, in some Degree or other, (whether Real, or in Opinion, which makes no Alteration in the Case) has a great Share, as well as *Pride*, on the Part of the Aggressor.

NOW, whoever will please to take this Scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an Intellectual State, or Commonwealth of Learning, will soon discover the first Ground of Disagreement between the two great Parties at this Time in Arms; and may form just Conclusions upon the Merits of either Cause. But the Issue or Events of this War are not so easy to conjecture at: For, the present Quarrel is so enflamed by the warm Heads of either Faction, and the Pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the



least Overtures of Accommodation: This Quarrel first began (as I have heard it affirmed by an old Dweller in the Neighbourhood) about a small Spor of Ground, *lying* and *being*, upon one of the two Tops of the Hill *Parnassus*; the highest and largest of which, had it seems, been time out of Mind, in quiet Possession of certain Tenants, call'd the *Antients*; And the other was held by the *Moderns*. But, these disliking their present Station, sent certain Ambassadors to the *Antients*, complaining of a great Nuisance, how, the Height of that Part of *Parnassus*, quite spoiled the Prospect of theirs, especially towards the *East*; and therefore, to avoid a War, offered them the Choice of this Alternative; either that the *Antients* would please to remove themselves and their Effects down to the lower Summit, which the *Moderns* would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their Place; or else, that the said *Antients* will give leave to the *Moderns* to come with Shovels and Mattocks, and level the said Hill, as low as they shall think it convenient. To which, the *Antients* made Answer; How little they expected such a Message as this, from a Colony, whom they had admitted

out

out of their own Free Grace, to so near a Neighbourhood. That, as to their own Seat, they were *Aberigines* of it, and therefore, to talk with Them of a Removal or Surrender, was a Language they did not understand. That, if the Height of the Hill, on their side, shortned the Prospect of the *Moderns*, it was a Disadvantage they could not help, but desired them to consider, whether that Injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenced by the *Shade* and *Shelter* it afforded them. That, as to levelling or digging down, it was either Folly or Ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the Hill was an entire Rock, which would break their Tools and Hearts, without any Damage to it self. That they would therefore advise the *Moderns*, rather to raise their own side of the Hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Antients*, to the former of which, they would not only give License, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much Indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two Expedients; And so this Difference broke out into a long and obstinate War, maintained on the one Part, by Resolution,



olution, and by the Courage of certain Leaders and Allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their Number, upon all Defeats, affording continual Recruits. In this Quarrel, whole Rivulets of *Ink* have been exhausted, and the Virulence of both Parties enormously augmented, Now, it must here be understood, that *Ink* is the great missile Weapon, in all Battels of the *Learned*, which, convey'd thro' a sort of Engine, call'd a *Quill*, infinite Numbers of these are darted at the Enemy, by the Valiant on each side, with equal Skill and Violence, as if it were an Engagement of *Porcupines*. This malignant Liquor was compounded by the Engineer, who invented it, of two Ingredients, which are *Gall* and *Copperas*, by its Bitterness and Venom, to *Suit* in some Degree, as well as to *Foment* the Genius of the Combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an Engagement, when they could not agree about the Victory, were wont to set up Trophies on both sides, the beaten Party being content to be at the same Expence, to keep it self in Countenance (A laudable and antient Custom, happily revived of late, in the Art of War) so the *Learned*, after a sharp and bloody Dispute,

Dispute, do on both sides hang out their Trophies too, which ever comes by the worst. These Trophies have largely inscribed on them the Merits of the Cause; a full impartial Account of such a Battel, and how the Victory fell clearly to the Party that set them up. They are known to the World under several Names; As, *Disputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replis, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations*. For a very few Days they are fixt up in all Publick Places, either by themselves or their * Representatives, for * Their Title. Page. Passengers to gaze at: From whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain Magazines, they call, *Libraries*, there to remain in a Quarter, purposely assign'd them, and from thenceforth, begin to be called, *Books of Controversy*.

IN these Books, is wonderfully insilled and preserved, the Spirit of each Warriour, while he is alive; and after his Death, his Soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common Opinion; But, I believe, it is with Libraries, as with other Cemeteries, where some



some Philosophers affirm, that a certain Spirit, which they call, *Brutum hominis*, hovers over the Monument, till the Body is corrupted, and turns to *Dust*, or to *Worms*; but then vanishes or dissolves: So, we may say, a restless Spirit haunts over every *Book*, till *Dust* or *Worms* have seized upon it; which to some, may happen in a few Days, but to others, later; And therefore, *Books* of Controversy, being of all others, haunted by the most disorderly Spirits, have always been confined in a separate Lodge from the rest; and for fear of mutual Violence against each other, it was thought Prudent by our Ancestors, to bind them to the Peace with strong Iron Chains. Of which Invention, the original Occasion was this: When the Works of *Scotus* first came out, they were carried to a certain great Library, and had Lodgings appointed them; But this Author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his Master *Aristotle*, and there both concerted together to seize *Plato* by main Force, and turn him out from his ancient Station among the *Divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near Eight Hundred Years. The Attempt succeeded, and the two Usurpers have reigned

ever

ever since in his stead: But to maintain Quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *Polemicks* of the larger Size, should be held fast with a Chain.

By this Expedient, the publick Peace of Libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new Species of controversial Books had not arose of late Years, insinuat with a most malignant Spirit, from the War above-mentioned, between the *Learned*, about the higher Summit of *Parnassus*.

WHEN these Books were first admitted into the publick Libraries, I remember to have said upon Occasion, to several Persons concerned, how I was sure, they would create Broyls wherever they came, unless a World of Care were taken: And therefore, I advised, that the Champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixt, that like the blending of contrary Poysons, their Malignity might be employ'd among themselves: And it seems, I was neither an ill Prophet, nor an ill Counsellor; for it was nothing else but the Neglect of this Caution, which gave Occa-
sion



caſion to the terrible Fight that happened on Friday laſt, between the *Antient* and *Modern Books* in the *King's Library*. Now, becauſe the Talk of this Battle is ſo ſtreſh in every body's Mouth, and the Expectation of the Town ſo great to be informed in the Particulars; I, being poſſeſſed of all Qualifications requiſite in an *Hiſtorian*, and retained by neither Party; have reſolved to comply with the urgent *Importunity of my Friends*, by writing down a full impartial Account thereof.

THE *Guardian* of the *Regal Library*, a Perſon of great Valor, but chiefly renowned for his *Humanity*, had been a fierce Champion for the *Moderns*, and in an Engagement upon *Parnafſus*, had vowed, with his own Hands, to knock down two of the *Antient* Chiefs, who guarded a ſmall Paſs on the ſuperior Rock; but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy Weight, and tendency towards his Center; a Quality, to which, thoſe of the *Modern* Party, are extream ſubject; For, being light-headed, they have in Speculation, a wonderful Agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in redu-

cing to Practice, diſcover a mighty Preſſure about their Poſteriors and their Heels. Having thus failed in his Deſign, the diſappointed Champion bore a cruel Rancour to the *Antients*, which he reſolved to gratify, by ſhewing all Marks of his Favor to the *Books* of their Adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt Apartments; when at the ſame time, whatever *Book* had the Boldneſs to own it ſelf for an Advocate of the *Antients*, was buried alive in ſome obſcure Corner, and threatened upon the leaſt Diſpleaſure, to be turned out of Doors. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this time, there was a ſtrange Confuſion of Place among all the *Books* in the Library; for which ſeveral Reaſons were aſſigned. Some imputed it to a great Heap of *learned Duſt*, which a perverſe Wind blew off from a Shelf of *Moderns*, into the *Keeper's* Eyes. Others affirmed, He had a Humor to pick the *Worms* out of the *Schoolmen*, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his *Spleen*, and ſome climbed up into his Head, to the great Perturbation of both. And laſtly, others maintained, that by walking much in the



the dark about the Library, he had quite lost the Situation of it out of his Head; And therefore, in replacing his Books, he was apt to mistake, and clap *des-Cartes* next to *Aristotle*; Poor *Plato* had got between *Hobs* and the *Seven Wise Masters*, and *Virgil* was hemm'd in with *Dryden* on one side, and *Withers* on the other.

MEAN while, those Books that were Advocates for the *Moderns*, chose out one from among them, to make a Progress thro' the whole Library, examine the Number and Strength of their Party, and concert their Affairs. This Messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a List of their Forces, in all Fifty Thousand, consisting chiefly of *light Horse*, *heavy-armed Foot*, and *Mercenaries*; Whereof the *Foot* were in general but sordidly armed, and worse clad; Their *Horses* large, but extremely out of Case and Heart; However, some few by trading among the *Antients*, had furnisht themselves tolerably enough.

WHILE Things were in this Ferment; *Discord* grew extremely high, hot Words

passed

passed on both sides, and ill Blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary *Antient*, squeeze'd up among a whole Shelf of *Moderns*, offer'd fairly to dispute the Case, and to prove by manifest Reasons, that the Priority was due to them, from long Possession, and in regard of their Prudence, Antiquity, and above all, their great Merits towards the *Moderns*. But these denied the Premises, and seem'd very much to wonder, how the *Antients* could pretend to insist upon their Antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the *Moderns* were much the more * *Antient* of the two.

As for any Obligations they owed to the *Antients*, they renounced them all. 'Tis true, said they, we are inform'd, some few of our Party have been so mean to borrow their Subsistence from You: But the rest, infinitely the greater Number (and especially, we French and English) were so far from stooping to so base an Example, that there never pass'd, till this very hour, six Words between us. For, our Horses are of our own breeding, our Arms of our own forging, and our Cloaths of our own cutting out and sewing. *Plato* was by chance upon the next Shelf, and obser-

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ving



hook. The Spider within, feeling the terrible Convulsion, supposed at first, that Nature was approaching to her final Dissolution; or else, that *Beelzebub* with all his Legions, was come to revenge the Death of many thousand of his Subjects, whom this Enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his Fate. Mean while, the Bee had acquitted himself of his Toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his Wings, and disengaging them from the ragged Remnants of the Cobweb. By this Time the Spider was adventured out, when beholding the Chasms, and Ruins, and Dilapidations of his Fortrefs, he was very near at his Wit's end, he stormed and swore like a Mad-man, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his Eye upon the Bee, and wisely gathering Causes from Events, (for they knew each other by Sight) *A Plague split you*, said he, *for a giddy Son of a Whore; Is it you, with a Vengeance, that have made this Litter here? Could you not look before you, and be d—'d? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the Devil's Name) but to Mend and Repair after your Arse? Good Words,*

Words, Friend, said the Bee; (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to drole) *I'll give you my Hand and Word to come near your Kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded Pickle since I was born.* *Sirrah*, replied the Spider, *if it were not for breaking an old Custom in our Family, never to stir abroad against an Enemy, I should come and teach you better Manners.* *I pray, have Patience*, said the Bee, *or you will spend your Substance, and for ought I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the Repair of your House.* *Rogue, Rogue*, replied the Spider, *yet, methinks you should have more Respect to a Person, whom all the World allows to be so much your Betters.* By my Troth, said the Bee, the Comparison will amount to a very good Jest, and you will do me a Favor, to let me know the Reasons, that all the World is pleas'd to use in so hopeful a Dispute. At this, the Spider having swelled himself into the Size and Posture of a Disputant, began his Argument in the true Spirit of Controversy, with a Resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own Reasons, without the least Regard to the Answers or Objections of his Opposite; and fully predetermined in his Mind against all Conviction

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Not to disparage my self, said he, by the Comparison with such a Rascal; What art thou, but a Vagabond without House or Home, without Stock or Inheritance? Born to no Possession of your own, but a Pair of Wings, and a Drone-Pipe. Your Livelihood is an universal Plunder upon Nature; a Freebooter over Fields and Gardens; and for the sake of Stealing, will rob a Nettle as readily as a Violet. Whereas I am a domestick Animal, furnish'd with a native Stock within my self. This large Castle (to shew my Improvements in the Mathematicks) is all built with my own Hands, and the Materials extracted altogether out of my own Person.

I am glad, answered the Bee, to hear you grant at least, that I am come honestly by my Wings and my Voice, for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my Flights and my Musick; and Providence would never have bestow'd me two such Gifts, without designing them for the noblest Ends. I visit, indeed, all the Flowers and Blossoms of the Field and the Garden, but whatever I collect from thence, enriches my self, without the least Injury to their Beauty, their Smell, or their Taste. Now, for you, and your Skill

in Architecture, and other Mathematicks, I have little to say: In that Building of yours, there might, for ought I know, have been Labor and Method enough, but by woful Experience for us both, 'tis too plain, the Materials are naught, and I hope, you will henceforth take Warning, and consider Duration and Matter, as well as Method and Art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other Creature, but of drawing, and spinning out all from your self; That is to say, if we may judge of the Liquor in the Vessel by what issues out, You possess a good plentiful Store of Dirt and Poison in your Breast: And, tho' I would by no means, lessen or disparage your genuine Stock of either, yet, I doubt, you are somewhat obliged for an Encrease of both, to a little forcin Assistance. Your inherent Portion of Dirt, does not fail of Acquisitions, by Sweepings exhaled from below: and one Insect furnishes you with a share of Poison to destroy another. So that in short, the Question comes all to this; Whether is the nobler Being of the two, That which by a lazy Contemplation of four Inches round; by an over-weening Pride, which feeding and engendering on its self, turns all into Excrement and Venom: producing nothing at last, but Fly-bane and a



Cobweb: Or That, which, by an universal Range, with long search, much Study, true Judgment, and Distinction of Things, brings home Honey and Wax.

THIS Dispute was managed with such Eagerness, Clamor, and Warmth, that the two Parties of *Books* in Arms below, stood Silent a while, waiting in Suspense what would be the Issue; which was not long undetermined: For the *Bee* grown impatient at so much Loss of Time, fled strait away to a Bed of *Roses*, without looking for a Reply; and left the *Spider* like an O-rator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this Emergency, that *Esop* broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange Effect of the *Regent's* Humanity, who had tore off his Title-page, sorely defaced one half of his Leaves, and chained him fast among a Shelf of *Moderns*. Where soon discovering how high the Quarrel was like to proceed, He tried all his Arts, and turned himself to a thousand Forms: At length in the borrowed Shape of an

Ass,

Ass, the *Regent* mistook Him for a *Modern*; by which means, he had Time and Opportunity to escape to the *Antients*, just when the *Spider* and the *Bee* were entering into their Contest; to which He gave His Attention with a World of Pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest Key, that in all his Life, he had never known two Cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as That in the Window, and This upon the Shelves. *The Disputants*, said he, *have admirably managed the Dispute between them, have taken in the full Strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the Substance of every Argument pro and con. It is but to adjust the Reasonings of both to the present Quarrel, then to compare and apply the Labors and Fruits of each, as the Bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the Conclusions fall plain and close upon the Moderns and Us. For, pray Gentlemen, was ever any thing so Modern as the Spider in his Air, his Turns, and his Paradoxes? He argues in the Behalf of You his Brethren, and Himself, with many Boastings of his native Stock, and great Genius; that he Spins and Spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any Obligation or Assistance from*



from without. Then he displays to you his great Skill in Architecture, and Improvement in the Mathematicks. To all this, the Bee, as an Advocate, retained by us the Antients, thinks fit to Answer; That if one may judge of the great Genius or Inventions of the Moderns, by what they have produced, you will hardly have Countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your Schemes with as much Method and Skill as you please; yet, if the Materials be nothing but Dirt, spun out of your own Entrails (the Guts of Modern Brains) the Edifice will conclude at last in a Cobweb: The Duration of which, like that of other Spiders Webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a Corner. For any Thing else of Genuine, that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large Vein of Wrangling and Satyr, much of a Nature and Substance with the Spider's Poison; which, however, they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same Arts, by feeding upon the Insects and Vermin of the Age. As for Us, the Antients; We are content with the Bee, to pretend to Nothing of our own, beyond our Wings and our Voice: that is to say, our Flights and our Language; For the rest, whatever we

have

have got, has been by infinite Labor, and search, and ranging thro' every Corner of Nature: The Difference is, that instead of Dirt and Poison, we have rather chose to fill our Hives with Honey and Wax, thus furnishing Mankind with the two Noblest of Things, which are Sweetness and Light.

'Tis wonderful to conceive The Tumult arisen among the Books, upon the Close of this long Discant of *Æsop*; Both Parties took the Hint, and heightened their Animosities so on a sudden, that they resolv'd it should come to a Batrel. Immediately, the two main Bodies withdrew under their several Ensigns, to the further Parts of the Library, and there entred into Cabals, and consults upon the present Emergency. The Moderns were in very warm Debates upon the Choice of their Leaders, and nothing less than the Fear impending from their ENEMIES, could have kept them from Mutinies upon this Occasion. The Difference was greatest among the *Horse*, where every private Trooper pretended to the chief Command, from *Tasso* and *Milton*, to *Dryden* and *Withers*. The *Light-Horse* were Commanded by *Conly*, and *Despreaux*. There, came

the



the *Bowmen* under their valiant Leaders, *Des-Cartes*, *Gassendi*, and *Hobbes*, whose Strength was such, that they could shoot their Arrows beyond the *Atmosphere*, never to fall down again, but turn like that of *Evander*, into *Meteors*, or like the *Canon-ball* into *Stars*. *Paracelsus* brought a *Squadron* of *Stink-Pot-Flingers* from the snowy Mountains of *Rhetia*. There, came a vast Body of *Dragoons*, of different Nations, under the leading of *Hervey*, their great *Aga*: Part armed with *Scythes*, the Weapons of Death; Part with *Launces* and long *Knives*, all steep in *Poison*; Part shot *Bullets* of a most malignant Nature, and used *white Powder* which infallibly killed without *Report*. There, came several Bodies of *heavy-armed Foot*, all *Mercenaries*, under the Ensigns of *Guiccardine*, *Davila*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Buchanan*, *Mariana*, *Cambden*, and others. The *Engineers* were commanded by *Regiomantus* and *Wilkins*. The rest were a confused Multitude, led by *Scotus*, *Aquinas*, and *Bellarmino*; of mighty Bulk and Stature, but without either Arms, Courage, or Discipline. In the last Place, came infinite Swarms of *Calones*, a disorderly Rout led by *LeStrange*; Rogues and Raggamuffins, that follow the Camp for nothing

nothing but the Plunder; All without *Coats* to cover them.

THE Army of the *Antients* was much fewer in Number; *Homer* led the *Horse*, and *Pindar* the *Light-Horse*; *Euclid* was chief *Engineer*: *Plato* and *Aristotle* commanded the *Bow-men*, *Herodotus* and *Livy* the *Foot*, *Hippocrates* the *Dragoons*. The *Allies* led by *Vestius* and *Temple* brought up the Rear.

ALL things violently tending to a decisive Battle; *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large Apartment formerly assigned her in the *Regal Library*, fled up strait to *Jupiter*, to whom she delivered a faithful Account of all that passed between the two Parties below. (For, among the Gods, she always tells Truth.) *Jove* in great Concern, convokes a Council in the *Milky-Way*. The Senate assembled, he declares the Occasion of convening them; a bloody Battle just impending between two mighty Armies of *Antient* and *Modern* Creatures, call'd *Books*, wherein the *Celestial* Interest was but too deeply concerned. *Momus*, the Patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent Speech in the



their Favor, which was answered by *Pallas* the Protectress of the *Antients*. The Assembly was divided in their Affections; when *Jupiter* commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before Him. Immediately were brought by *Mercury*, three large Volumes in Folio, containing Memoirs of all Things past, present, and to come. The Clapps were of Silver, double gilt; the Covers, of Celestial Turkey-leather, and the Paper, such as here on Earth might almost pass for Vellum. *Jupiter* having silently read the Decree, would communicate the Import to none, but presently shut up the Book.

WITHOUT the Doors of this Assembly, there attended a vast Number of light, nimble Gods, menial Servants to *Jupiter*: These are his ministring Instruments in all Affairs below. They travel in a Caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a Link of Gally-slaves, by a light Chain, which passes from them to *Jupiter's* great Toe: And yet in receiving or delivering a Message, they may never approach above the lowest Step of his Throne, where he and they whisper to each other thro' a long hollow Trunk. These

These Deities are call'd by mortal Men, *Accidents*, or *Events*; but the Gods call them, *Second Causes*. *Jupiter* having delivered his Message to a certain Number of these Divinities, they flew immediately down to the Pinnacle of the Regal Library, and consulting a few Minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the Parties according to their Orders.

MEAN while, *Momus* fearing the worst, and calling to mind an antient Prophecy, which bore no very good Face to his Children the *Moderns*; bent his Flight to the Region of a malignant Deity, call'd *Criticizm*. She dwelt on the Top of a snowy Mountain in *Nova Zembla*; there *Momus* found her extended in her Den, upon the Spoils of numberless Volumes half devoured. At her right Hand sat *Ignorance*, her Father and Husband, blind with Age; at her left, *Pride* her Mother, dressing her up in the Scraps of Paper herself had torn. There, was *Opinion* her Sister, light of Foot, hoodwink, a headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her play'd her Children, *Noise* and *Impudence*, *Dullness* and *Vanity*, *Positiveness*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-Manners*. The Goddesses



Goddess herself had Claws like a Cat; Her Head, and Ears, and Voice, resembled those of an *Ass*; Her Teeth fallen out before; Her Eyes turned inward, as if the look only upon herself: Her Diet was the overflowing of her own Gall: Her *Spleen* was so large, as to stand prominent like a Dug of the first Rate, nor wanted Excreencies in form of Teats, at which a Crew of ugly Monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the Bulk of *Spleen* encreas'd faster than the Sucking could diminish it. Goddess, said *Momus*, can you sit idly here, while our devout Worshippers, the Moderns, are this Minute entering into a cruel *Battel*, and, perhaps, now lying under the Swords of their Enemies; Who then hereafter, will ever sacrifice, or build Altars to our Divinities? Hasten therefore to the British Isle, and, if possible, prevent their Destruction, while I make Factions among the Gods, and gain them over to our Party.

MOMUS having thus delivered himself, said not for an Answer, but left the Goddess to her own Repentments; Up she rose in a Rage, and as it is the Form upon such Occasions, began a Soliloquy.

'Tis

'Tis I (said she) who give Wisdom to Infants and Idiots; By Me, Children grow wiser than their Parents. By Me, Beaus become Politicians; and School-Boys, Judges of Philosophy. By Me, Sophisters debate, and conclude upon the Depths of Knowledge; and Coffee-house Wits instinct by Me, can correct an Author's Style, and display his minutest Errors, without understanding a Syllable of his Matter or his Language. By Me, Stripplings spend their Judgment, as they do their Estate, before it comes into their Hands; 'Tis I, who have deposed Wit and Knowledge from their Empire over Poetry, and advanced my self in their stead. And shall a few upstart Antients dare to oppose me? — But, come, my aged Parents, and you, my Children dear, and Thou my beautiful Sister; let us ascend my Chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a Hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful Smell, which from thence reaches my Nostrils.

THE Goddess and her Train having Mounted the Chariot, which was drawn by tame Geese, flew over infinite Regions, shedding her Influence in due Places, till at length, she arrived at her beloved I-

S stand



land of Britain; But in hovering over its *Metropolis*, what Blessings did he not let fall upon her Seminaries of *Gresham* and *Covent-Garden*? And now he reacht the fatal Plain of *St. James's Library*, at what time the two Armies were upon the Point to engage; where entering with all her Caravan, unseen, and landing upon a Cafe of Shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a Colony of *Virtuosos*, she staid a while to observe the Posture of both Armies.

BUT here, the tender Cares of a Mother began to fill her Thoughts, and move in her Breast. For, at the Head of a Troop of *Modern Bow-men*, she cast her Eyes upon her Son *W--t--n*; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short Thread. *W--t--n*, a young Hero, whom an unknown Father of mortal Race, begot by stolen Embraces with this Goddess. He was the Darling of his Mother, above all her Children, and she resolv'd to go and comfort Him. But first, according to the good old Custom of Deities, she cast about to change her Shape; for fear the Divinity of her Countenance might dazzle his mortal Sight, and over-charge the

rest

rest of his Senses. She therefore gathered up her Person into an *Oblavo* Compass: her Body grew white, and arid, and split in Pieces with Driness; the thick turned into Pastboard, and the thin into Paper, upon which, her Parents and Children, artfully strow'd a Black Juice, or Decoction of Gall and Soot, in form of Letters; her Head, and Voice, and Spleen, kept their primitive Form, and that which before, was a Cover of Skin, did still continue so. In which Guise, she march'd on towards the *Moderns*, undistinguishable in Shape and Dress from the *Divine B--nt--y*, *W--t--n's* dearest Friend. *Brave W--t--n*, said the Goddess, *Why do our Troops stand idle here, to spend their present Vigor, and Opportunity of the Day? Away, let us haste to the Generals, and advise to give the Onset immediately.* Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her Monsters, full glutt'd from her Spleen, and stung it invisibly into his Mouth; which flying strait up into his Head, squeez'd out his Eye-balls, gave him a distorted Look, and half overturned his Brain. Then she privately order'd two of her beloved Children, *Dullness* and *Ill-Manners*, closely to attend his Person in all Encounters.

S 2

Having



Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a Mist, and the *Hero* perceived it was the Goddess, his Mother.

THE destined Hour of Fate, being now arrived, the Fight began: whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular Description, I must, after the Example of other Authors, petition for a hundred Tongues, and Mouths, and Hands, and Pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a Work. Say, Goddess, that presidest over History; who it was that first advanced in the Field of Battel. *Paracelsus*, at the Head of his *Dragoons*, observing *Galen* in the adverse Wing, darted his Javelin with a mighty Force, which the brave *Antient* received upon his Shield, the Point breaking in the second fold.

He pauca desunt.

They bore the wounded *Agas*, on their Shields to his Chariot

Desunt nonnulla.

THEN

THEN, *Aristotle* observing *Bacon* advance with a furious Mien, drew his Bow to the Head, and let fly his Arrow, which mis'd the valiant *Modern*, and went hitting over his Head; but *Des-Cartes* it hit: The Steel Point quickly found a *Defect* in his *Head-piece*; it pierced the Leather and the Pastboard, and went in at his right Eye. The Torture of the Pain, whirled the valiant *Bow-man* round, till Death, like a Star of superior Influence, drew him into his own *Vortex*.

Ingen hiatus hic in MS.

when *Homer* appeared at the Head of the Cavalry, mounted on a furious Horse, with Difficulty managed by the Rider himself, but which no other Mortal durst approach; He rode among the Enemies Ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, Goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, *Gondibert* advanced against Him, clad in heavy Armor, and mounted on a staid sober Gelding, not so famed for his Speed as his Docility in kneeling, whenever his Rider

S 3 would



would mount or alight. He had made a Vow to *Pallas*, that he would never leave the Field, till he had spoiled
* Vid. Homer. * *Homer* of his Armor; Madman, who had never once *seen* the Wearer, nor understood his Strength. Him *Homer* overthrew, Horſe and Man to the Ground, there to be trampled and choak'd in the Dirt. Then, with a long Spear, he ſlew *Denham*, a ſtout *Modern*, who from his Father's ſide, derived his Lineage from *Apollo*, but his Mother was of mortal Race. He fell, and bit the Earth. The Celeſtial Part *Apollo* took, and made it a Star, but the Terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the Ground. Then *Homer* ſlew *W-ſ-y* with a kick of his Horſe's heel; He took *Perrault* by mighty Force out of his Saddle, then hurl'd him at *Fontenelle*, with the ſame Blow daſhing out both their Brains.

ON the left Wing of the Horſe, *Virgil* appeared in ſhining Armor, compleatly fitted to his Body; He was mounted on a dapple grey Steed, the ſlowneſs of whoſe Pace, was an Effect of the higheſt Mettle and Vigor. He caſt his Eye on the adverſe Wing, with deſire to find an Object worthy

worthy of his Valor: When, behold, upon a ſorrel Gelding of a monſtrous Size, appeared a Foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the Enemy's Squadrons; But his Speed was leſs than his Noiſe; for his Horſe, old and lean, ſpent the Dregs of his Strength in a high Trot, which tho' it made ſlow Advances, yet cauſed a loud Claiſhing of his Armor, terrible to hear. The two Cavaliers had now approach'd within the Throw of a Lance, when the Stranger deſired a Parley, and liſting up the Vizard of his Helmet, a Face hardly appeared from within, which after a Pauſe, was known for that of the renowned *Dryden*. The brave *Antient* ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſs'd with Surprize and Diſappointment together: For, the Helmet was nine times too large for the Head, which appeared ſituate far in the hinder Part, even like the Lady in a Lobſter, or like a Mouſe under a Canopy of State, or like a ſtriv'd Beau from within the Pent-houſe of a modern Perewig: And the Voice was ſuited to the Viſage, ſounding weak and remote. *Dryden* in a long Harangue ſoothed up the good *Antient*, called him *Father*, and by a large deduction of Genealogies, made it plainly appear,



pear, that they were nearly related. Then, he humbly propos'd an exchange of Armor, as a lasting Mark of Hospitality between them. *Virgil* consented, (For the Goddess's *Dissidence*, came unseen, and cast

a Mist before his Eyes) tho' his was of Gold, and cost a hundred Beeves, the others but of rusty Iron. However, this glittering Armor became the *Modern* yet worse than his Own. Then, they agreed to exchange Horses, but when it came to the *Tryal*, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * *

Alter hiatus * * * * *
in MS. * * * * *

* * * * * *Lucan* appeared upon a fiery Horse, of admirable Shape, but head-strong, bearing the Rider where he list, over the Field; he made a mighty Slaughter among the Enemy's Horse; which Destruction to stop, *Bl-ckm-re*, a famous *Modern* (but one of the *Mercenaries*) strenuously oppos'd himself; and darted a Javelin, with a strong Hand, which falling short of its Mark, struck deep in the Earth. Then *Lucan* threw a Lance, but *Aesculapius* came unseen, and spur'd off the Point. *Brave Modern*, said *Lucan*,

Lucan, I perceive some God protects you, for never did my Arm so deceive me before; But, what Mortal can contend with a God? Therefore, let us Fight no longer, but present Gifts to each other. *Lucan* then bestowed the *Modern* a Pair of Spurs, and *Bl-ckm-re* gave *Lucan* a Bridle.

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

Creech; But, the Goddess's *Dulness* took a Cloud, formed into the Shape of *Horace*, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying Posture before Him. Glad was the Cavalier, to begin a Combat with a flying Foe, and pursued the Image, threatening loud; till at last, it led him to the peaceful Bower of his Father *Ogleby*, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his Repose.

THEN *Pindar* slew —, and —, and *Oldham*, and — and *Afra* the *Amazon* light of foot; Never advancing in a direct Line, but wheeling with incredible Agility and Force, he made a terrible Slaughter among the Enemy's *Light-Horse*. Him, when *Conley* observed, his generous Heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce *Antient*, imitating his



his Address, and Pace, and Career, as well as the Vigor of his Horse, and his own Skill would allow. When the two Cavaliers had approach'd within the Length of three Javelins; first *Cowley* threw a Lance, which mis'd *Pindar*, and passing into the Enemy's Ranks, fell ineffectual to the Ground. Then *Pindar* darted a Javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen Cavaliers, as Cavaliers are in our degenerate Days, could raise it from the Ground: yet he threw it with Ease, and it went by an unerring Hand, singing thro' the Air; Nor could the *Modern* have avoided present Death, if he had not luckily oppos'd the Shield that had been given Him by *Venus*. And now, both Hero's drew their Swords, but the *Modern* was so agast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; His Shield dropt from his Hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his Hands, in the posture of a Suppliant, *God-like Pindar*, said he, spare my Life, and possess my Horse with these Arms; beside the Ransom which my Friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your Prisoner. *Dog*, said *Pindar*, Let your Ransom stay with your Friends;

But

But your Carcass shall be left for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field. With that, he raised his Sword, and with a mighty Stroak, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the Sword pursuing the Blow; And one half lay panting on the Ground, to be trod in pieces by the Horses Feet, the other half was born by the frighted Steed thro' the Field. This *Venus* took, and wash'd it seven times in *Ambrosia*, then struck it thrice with a Sprig of *Amaranth*; upon which, the Leather grew round and soft, the Leaves turned into Feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a Dove, and She harness'd it to her Chariot.

* * * * * *Hiatus oculi deflexus in MS.* * * * * *

DAY being far spent, and the numerous Forces of the *Moderns*, half inclining to a Retreat, there issued forth from a Squadron of their heavy-armed Foot, a Captain, whose Name was *B-m-l-y*; in Person, the most deformed of all the *Moderns*; Tall, but without Shape or Comeliness;

The Episode of B-m-l-y and W-t-t-n.



liness; Large, but without Strength or Proportion. His Armor was patch'd up of a thousand incoherent Pieces; and the Sound of it, as he march'd, was loud and dry, like that made by the Fall of a Sheet of Lead, which an *Etesian* Wind blows suddenly down from the Roof of some Steeple. His Helmet was of old rusty Iron, but the Vizard was Brass, which tainted by his Breath, corrupted into Copper, nor wanted Gall, from the same Fountain; so, that whenever provoked by Anger or Labor, an atramentous Quality, of most malignant Nature, was seen to distil from his Lips. In his right Hand he grasp'd a Flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offensive* Weapon) a Vessel full of *Ordure* in his left: Thus, compleatly arm'd, he advanced with a slow and heavy Pace, where the *Modern* Chiefs were holding a Consult upon the Sum of Things; who, as he came onwards, laugh'd to behold his crooked Leg, and hump Shoulder, which his Boor and Armor, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The Generals made use of him for his Talent of Railing; which kept within Government, proved frequently of great

great Service to their Cause, but at other times did more Mischiefe than Good; For, at the least Touch of Offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded Elephant, convert it against his Leaders. Such, at this Juncture, was the Disposition of *B-nl-y*, grieved to see the Enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every Body's Conduct, but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* Generals to understand, that he conceived, with great Submission, they were all a Pack of Rogues, and Fools, and Sons of Whores, and d-mn'd Cowards, and confounded Logger-heads, and illiterate Whelps, and nonsensical Scoundrels; That if Himself had been constituted General, those presumptuous Dogs, the *Antients*, would long before this, have been beaten out of the Field. *Tou*, said he, *fit* vid. Hamer. de Therite. *idle, but, when I, or any other valiant Modern, kill an Enemy, you are sure to seize the Spoil. But, I will not march one Foot against the Foe, till you all swear to me, that, whomever I take or kill, his Arms I shall quietly possess.* *B-nl-y* having spoke thus, *Scaliger* bestowing him a sower Look; *Miscreant Prater*, said he, *Eloquent only in thine own Eyes, Thou rail'st*



railest without Wit, or Truth, or Discretion. The Malignity of thy Temper perverteth Nature; Thy Learning makes thee more Barbarous, thy Study of Humanity, more Inhuman; Thy Converse amongst Poets, more groveling, miry, and dull. All Arts of civilizing others, render thee rude and untractable; Courts have taught thee ill Manners, and polite Conversation has finish'd thee a Pedant. Besides, a greater Coward burieneth not the Army. But never despond, I pass my Word, whatever Spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; tho', I hope, that vile Carcass will first become a Prey to Kites and Worms.

B-N-T-L-Y durst not reply; but half choaked with Spleen and Rage, withdrew, in full Resolution of performing some great Achievement. With him, for his Aid and Companion, he took his beloved *W-I-T-N*; resolving by Policy or Surprize, to attempt some neglected Quarter of the *Antients* Army. They began their March over Carcasses of their slaughtered Friends; then to the Right of their own Forces: then wheeled Northward, till they came to *Aldrovandus's* Tomb, which they pass'd on the side of the declining Sun. And
now

now they arriv'd with Fear, towards the Enemy's Out-guards; looking about, if haply, they might spy the Quarters of the Wounded, or some straggling Sleepers, unarm'd and remote from the rest. As when two *Mangrel Curs*, whom *native Greediness*, and *domestick Want*, provoke, and joyn in Partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the Folds of some rich Grazier; They, with Tails deprest'd, and lolling Tongues, creep soft and slow; mean while, the conscious Moon, now in her *Zenith*, on their guilty Heads, darts perpendicular Rays; Nor dare they bark, though much provok'd at her resurgent Visage, whether seen in Puddle by Reflection, or in Sphear direct; but one surveys the Region round, while t'other scouts the Plain, if haply, to discover at distance from the Flock, some Carcass half devoured, the Refuse of gorg'd Wolves, or ominous Ravens. So march'd this lovely, loving Pair of Friends, nor with less fear and Circumspection; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining Suits of Armor, hanging upon an Oak, and the Owners not far off, in a profound Sleep. The two Friends drew Lots, and the pursuing of this Adventure, fell to B-N-T-L-Y;
O



On he went, and in his Van *Confusion* and *Amaze*; while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the Rear. As he came near; Behold two Hero's of the *Antients Army*, *Phalaris* and *Aesop*, lay fast asleep: *B-mil-y* would fain have dispatch'd them both, and stealing close, aimed his Flail at *Phalaris's* Breast. But then, the Goddess *Affright* interposing, caught the *Modern* in her icy Arms, and dragg'd him from the Danger she foresaw; For both the dormant Hero's happened to turn at the same Instant, tho' soundly Sleeping, and busy in a Dream. For *Phalaris* was just that Minute dreaming, how a most vile *Poetaster* had lampoon'd him, and how he had got him roaring in his *Bull*. And *Aesop* dream'd, that as he and the *Antient* Chiefs were lying on the Ground, a *Wild Ass* broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their Faces *B-mil-y*, leaving the two Hero's asleep, seized on both their Armors, and withdrew in quest of his Darling *W-st-n*.

Hz, in the mean time, had wandred long in search of some Enterprize, till at length, he arrived at a small *Rivulet*, that
issued

issued from a Fountain hard by, call'd in the Language of mortal Men, *Helicon*. Here he stopt, and, parch'd with thirst, resolv'd to allay it in this limpid Stream. Thrice, with profane Hands, he essay'd to raise the Water to his Lips, and thrice it slipt all thro' his Fingers. Then he stoop'd prone on his Breast, but e'er his Mouth had kiss'd the liquid Crystal, *Apollo* came, and, in the Channel, held his *Shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the Fountain, so that he drew up nothing but *Mud*. For, altho' no Fountain on Earth can compare with the Clearness of *Helicon*, yet there lyes at Bottom, a thick sediment of *Slime* and *Mud*; For, so *Apollo* begg'd of *Jupiter*, as a Punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed Lips, and for a Lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the Spring.

At the Fountain Head, *W-st-n* discerned two Hero's; The one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for *Temple*, General of the *Allies* to the *Antients*. His Back was turned, and he was employ'd in Drinking large Draughts in his Helmet, from the Fountain, where he had withdrawn
T himself



himself to rest from the Toils of the War. *W--it--n*, observing him, with quaking Knees, and trembling Hands, spoke thus to Himself: *Oh, that I could kill this Destroyer of our Army, what Renown should I purchase among the Chiefs! But to issue out*

*against Him, Man for Man, Shield against Shield, and Lancee against Lancee; what Modern of us dare? For, he fights like a God, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his Elbow. But, Oh, Mother! if what Fame reports, be true, that I am the Son of so great a Goddess, grant me to Hit Temple with this Lancee, that the Stroke may send Him to Hell, and that I may return in Safety and Triumph, laden with his Spoils. The first Part of his Prayer, the Gods granted, at the Intercession of His Mother and of *Demus*; but the rest, by a perverse Wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the Air. Then *W--it--n* grasp'd his Lancee, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his Might, the Goddess, his Mother, at the same time, adding Strength to his Arm. Away the Lancee went hissing, and reach'd even to the Belt of the averted *Antient*, upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the Ground. Temple neither felt the Weapon touch him,*

nor

nor heard it fall; And *W--it--n*, might have escap'd to his Army, with the Honor of having remitted his Lancee against so great a Leader, unrevenged; But, *Apollo* enraged, that a Javelin, flung by the Assistance of so foul a Goddess, should pollute his Fountain, put on the shape of ———, and softly came to young *Boyl*, who then accompanied *Temple*: He pointed, first to the Lancee, then to the distant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young Hero to take immediate Revenge. *Boyl*, clad in a suit of Armor which had been given him by all the Gods, immediately advanced against the trembling Foe, who now fled before him. As a young Lion, in the *Lybian Plains*, or *Araby Desert*, sent by his aged Sire to hunt for Prey, or Health, or Exercise; He scours along, wishing to meet some Tiger from the Mountains, or a furious Boar: If Chance, a *Wild Ass*, with Brayings importune, affronts his Ear, the generous Beast, though loathing to distain his Claws with Blood so vile, yet much provok'd at the offensive Noise; which *Echo*, foolish Nymph, like her *ill-judging Sex*, repeats much louder, and with more Delight than *Philomela's Song*: He vindicates the Honor of

T 2

the



the Forest, and hunts the noisy, long-ear'd Animal. So *W--tt--n* fled, so *Boyl* pursued. But *W--tt--n* heavy-arm'd, and slow of foot, began to slack his Course; when his Lover *B--ntl--y* appeared, returning laden with the Spoils of the two sleeping *Antients*. *Boyl* observed him well, and soon discovering the Helmet and Shield of *Phalaris*, his Friend, both which he had lately with his own Hands, new polish'd and gilded; Rage sparkled in His Eyes, and leaving his Pursuit after *W--tt--n*, he furiously rush'd on against this new Approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different Ways:

Vid. Homer.

And as a Woman in a little Houfe, that gets a painful Livelihood by Spinning; if chance her *Geese* be scattered o'er the Common, the courses round the Plain from side to side, compelling here and there, the Stragglers to the Flock; They cackle loud, and flutter o'er the Champian. So *Boyl* pursued, so fled this Pair of Friends: finding at length, their Flight was vain, they bravely joyn'd, and drew themselves in *Phalanx*. First, *B--ntl--y* threw a Spear with all his Force, hoping to pierce the Enemy's Breast; But *Pallas* came unscen,
and

and in the Air took off the Point, and clap'd on one of *Lead*, which after a dead Bang against the Enemy's Shield, fell blunted to the Ground. Then *Boyl*, observing well his Time, took a Lance of wondrous Length and sharpness; and as this Pair of Friends compacted stood close Side to Side, he wheel'd him to the right, and with unusual Force, darted the Weapon. *B--ntl--y* saw his Fate approach, and flanking down his Arms, close to his Ribs, hoping to save his Body; in went the Point, passing through Arm and Side, nor stopt, or spent its Force, till it had also pierc'd the valiant *W--tt--n*, who going to sustain his dying Friend, shared his Fate. As, when a skilful Cook has truss'd a Brace of *Woodcocks*, He, with Iron Scewer, pierces the tender Sides of both, their Legs and Wings close pinion'd to their Ribs; So was this pair of Friends transfix'd, till down they fell, joyn'd in their Lives, joyn'd in their Deaths; so closely joyn'd, that *Charon* will mistake them both for one, and waft them over *Styx* for half his Fare. Farewel, beloved, loving Pair; Few Equals have you left behind: And happy and immortal shall you be, if

T 3 all



all my Wit and Eloquence can make
you.

AND, now * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
Desunt caetera.

F I N I S.

A
DISCOURSE
Concerning the
Mechanical Operation
OF THE
SPIRIT.
IN A
LETTER
To a FRIEND.
A
FRAGMENT.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year, MDCCIV.



THE
BOOKSELLER'S
Advertisement.

THE following Discourse came into my Hands perfect and entire. But there being several Things in it, which the present Age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some Years resolving it should never see the Light. At length, by the Advice and Assistance of a judicious Friend, I retrench'd those Parts that might give most Offence, and have now ventured to publish the Remainder; Concerning the Author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the same with That of the two foregoing Pieces, the Original having been sent me at a different Time, and in a different Hand. The Learned Reader will better determine; to whose Judgment I entirely submit it.

A



THE
BOOKSellers
Advertisement

THIS is a List of the Books which are now for sale by the Booksellers in London, and which are to be had of the same Booksellers in the several Parts of the Kingdom. The Books are of various Sorts, and are of great Use and Benefit to the Publick. The Booksellers are desirous to have the Publick acquainted with the several Sorts of Books which are now for sale, and to have the Publick know the several Sorts of Books which are to be had of the same Booksellers in the several Parts of the Kingdom. The Books are of various Sorts, and are of great Use and Benefit to the Publick. The Booksellers are desirous to have the Publick acquainted with the several Sorts of Books which are now for sale, and to have the Publick know the several Sorts of Books which are to be had of the same Booksellers in the several Parts of the Kingdom.

A

A
DISCOURSE
Concerning the
Mechanical Operation
OF THE
SPIRIT, &c.

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

S I R,

IT is now a good while, since I have had in my Head, something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my Health, that the World should be informed in. For, to tell you a Secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time



time, to resolve what would be the most proper Form to send it abroad in. To which End, I have three Days been courting thro' *Westminster-Hall*, and *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and *Fleet-street*, to peruse *Titles*; and, I do not find any which holds so general a Vogue, as that of, *A Letter to a Friend*: Nothing is more common, than to meet with long Epistles, addressed to Persons and Places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it, not altogether so Necessary or Convenient; Such as, *a Neighbour at next Door*, *a mortal Enemy*, *a perfect Stranger*, or *a Person of Quality in the Clouds*; and these upon Subjects, in appearance, the least proper for Conveyance by the Post; as, *long Schemes in Philosophy*; *dark and wonderful Mysteries of State*; *Laborious Dissertations in Criticism and Philosophy*, *Advice to Parliaments*, and the like.

NOW, Sir, to proceed after the Method in present Wear. (For, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *Letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your Hands;) I desire you will be my Witness to the World, how carelets and sudden a Scribble it has been; That it

WAS

was but Yesterday, when You and I began accidentally to fall into Discourse on this Matter: That I was not very well, when we parted; That the Post is in such haste, I have had no manner of Time to digest it into Order, or correct the Style; And if any other Modern Excuses, for Haste and Negligence, shall occur to you in Reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

PRAY, Sir, in Your next Letter to the *Iroquois Virtuosi*, do me the Favor to present my humble Service to that illustrious Body, and assure them, I shall send an Account of those *Phænomena*, as soon as we can determine them at *Gresham*.

I have not had a Line from the *Litterati* of *Tobinambou*, these three last Ordinaries.

AND NOW, Sir, having dispatch'd what I had to say of Forms, or of Business, let me intreat, you will suffer me to proceed upon my Subject; and to pardon me, if I make no further Use of the Epistolary Style, till I come to conclude.

S E C T.



SECT. I.

THIS recorded of *Mahomet*, that upon a Visit he was going to pay in *Paradise*, he had an Offer of several Vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery Chariots, wing'd Horses, and celestial Sedans; but he refused them all, and would be born to Heaven upon nothing but his *Ass*. Now, this Inclination of *Mahomet*, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great Number of devout *Christians*; and doubtless, with very good Reason. For, since That *Arabian* is known to have borrowed a Moiety of his Religious System from the *Christian* Faith; it is but just he should pay Reprisals to such as would Challenge them; wherein the good People of *England*, to do them all Right, have not been backward. For, tho' there is not any other Nation in the World, so plentifully provided with Carriages for that Journey, either as to Safety or Ease; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other Machine, beside this of *Mahomet*.

FOR

FOR my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular Respect to this Animal, by whom I take human Nature to be most admirably held forth in all its Qualities as well as Operations: And therefore, whatever in my small Reading, occurs, concerning this our Fellow Creature, I do never fail to set it down, by way of Common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon Human Reason, Politicks, Eloquence, or Knowledge; I lay my *Memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful Facility of Application. However, among all the Qualifications, ascribed to this distinguish'd Brute, by Antient or Modern Authors; I cannot remember this Talent, of bearing his Rider to Heaven, has been recorded for a Part of his Character, except in the two Examples mentioned already; Therefore, I conceive the Methods of this Art, to be a Point of useful Knowledge in very few Hands, and which the Learned World would gladly be better informed in. This is what I have undertaken to perform in the following Discourse. For, towards the Operation already mentioned, many peculiar



liar Properties are required, both in the *Rider* and the *Afs*; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a Light as I can.

BUT, because I am resolv'd, by all means, to avoid giving Offence to any Party whatever; I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *Letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of Allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious Reader, may without much straining, make his Applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the Term, *Afs*, we shall make use of, *Gifted*, or, *enlightned Teacher*; And the Word, *Rider*, we will exchange for that of *Fanatick Auditor*, or any other Denomination of the like Import. Having settled this weighty Point; the great Subject of Enquiry before us, is to examine, by what Methods this *Teacher* arrives at his *Gifts* or *Spirit*, or *Light*; and by what Intercourse between him and his Assembly, it is cultivated and supported.

IN

IN all my Writings, I have had constant Regard to this great End, not to suit and apply them to particular Occasions and Circumstances of Time, of Place, or of Person; but to calculate them for universal Nature, and Mankind in general. And of such Catholick use, I esteem this present Disquisition: For I do not remember any other Temper of Body, or Quality of Mind, whercin all Nations and Ages of the World have so unanimously agreed, as That of a *Fanatick Strain*, or Tincture of *Enthusiasm*; which improved by certain Persons or Societies of Men, and by them practis'd upon the rest, has been able to produce Revolutions of the greatest Figure in History; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of *Arabia*, *Persia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*: Farther, it has possess'd as great a Power in the Kingdom of Knowledge, where it is hard to assign one Art or Science, which has not annexed to it some *Fanatick Branch*: Such are the *Philosopher's Stone*; * *The Grand Elixir*; *The Planetary Worlds*; *The Squaring of the Circle*;

The Summum bonum: Utopian Commonwealths;

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

V



wealths; with some others of less or subordinate Note: Which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this Grain of *Enthusiasm*, dealt into every Composition.

BUT, if this Plant has found a Root in the Fields of *Empire*, and of *Knowledge*, it has fixt deeper, and spread yet further upon *Holy Ground*. Wherein, though it hath pass'd under the general Name of *Enthusiasm*, and perhaps, arisen from the same Original, yet hath it produced certain Branches of a very different Nature, however often mistaken for each other. The Word in its universal Acceptation, may be defined, *A lifting up of the Soul or its Faculties above Matter*. This Description will hold good in general; but, I am only to understand it, as applied to *Religion*; wherein there are three general Ways of ejaculating the Soul, or transporting it beyond the Sphere of Matter. The first, is the immediate Act of God, and is called, *Prophecy* or *Inspiration*. The second, is the immediate Act of the Devil, and is termed, *Possession*. The third, is the Product of natural Causes, the Effect of strong Imagination, Spleen, violent Anger, Fear,
Grief,

Grief, Pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by Authors, and therefore shall not employ my Enquiry. But, the fourth Method of *Religious Enthusiasm*, or launching out the Soul, as it is purely an Effect of Artifice and *Mechanick Operation*, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any Writer; because, though it is an Art of great Antiquity, yet having been confined to few Persons, it long wanted those Advancements and Refinements, which, it afterwards met with, since it has grown so Epidemick, and fallen into so many cultivating Hands.

IT is therefore upon this *mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our *British Workmen*. I shall deliver to the Reader the Result of many judicious Observations upon the Matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole Course and Method of this *Trade*, producing parallel Instances, and relating certain Discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one Branch of *Religious Enthusiasm*, which is purely an Effect
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Effect of Nature; whereas, the Part I mean to handle, is wholly an Effect of Art; which, however, is inclined to work upon certain Natures and Constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an Operation, which in its Original, was purely an Artifice, but through a long Succession of Ages, hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates*, tells us, that among our Ancestors, the *Scythians*, there was a

* *Microcephali*. Nation call'd, * *Long-heads*, which at first began by a Custom among Midwives and Nurses, of molding, and squeezing, and bracing up the Heads of Infants; by which means, Nature shut out at one Passage, was forc'd to seek another, and finding room above, shot upwards, in the Form of a Sugar-Loaf; and being diverted that way, for some Generations, at last, found it out of her self, needing no Assistance from the Nurse's Hand. This was the Original of the *Scythian Long-Heads*, and thus did Custom, from being a second Nature proceed to be a First. To all which, there is something very analogous, among Us, of this Nation, who are the undoubted Posterity of that refined People. For, in the Age of our Fathers, there arose a Generation

neration of Men in this Island, call'd *Round-heads*, whose Race is now spread over three Kingdoms, yet in its Beginning, was merely an Operation of Art, produced by a pair of Cizars, a Squeeze of the Face, and a black Cap. These Heads, thus formed into a perfect Sphear in all Assemblies, were most expos'd to the view of the Female Sort, which did influence their Conceptions so effectually, that Nature, at last, took the Hint, and did it of her self; so that a *Round-head* has been ever since as familiar a Sight among Us, as a *Long-head* among the *Scythians*.

UPON these Examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious Reader to distinguish, First, between an Effect grown from *Art* into *Nature*, and one that is natural from its Beginning; Secondly, between an Effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural Foundation, but where the Superstructure is entirely Artificial. For, the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the Districts of my Subject. And having obtained these Allowances, they will serve to remove any Objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.



THE Practitioners of this famous Art, proceed in general upon the following Fundamental; That, *the Corruption of the Senses is the Generation of the Spirit*: Because the *Senses* in Men are so many Avenues to the Fort of *Reason*, which in this Operation is wholly block'd up. All Endeavours must be therefore us'd, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *Senses*, or else to juggle them out of their Stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employ'd, or engaged in a civil War against each other, the *Spirit* enters and performs its Part.

Now, the usual Methods of managing the *Senses* upon such Conjectures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do: But having had the Honor to be initiated into the Mysteries of every Society, I desire to be excus'd from divulging any Rites, wherein the *Profane* must have no Part.

BUT here, before I can proceed further, a very dangerous Objection must, if possible, be removed: For, it is positively denied

nied by certain Criticks, that the *Spirit* can by any means be introduced into an Assembly of Modern Saints, the Disparity being so great in many material Circumstances, between the Primitive Way of Inspiration, and that which is practis'd in the present Age. This they pretend to prove from the second Chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both, it appears; First, that *the Apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant, an universal Agreement in Opinion, and Form of Worship; a Harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two Conventicles among Us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two Heads in the same. Secondly; the *Spirit* instructed the Apostles in the Gift of speaking several Languages; a Knowledge so remote from our Dealers in this Art, that they neither understand Propriety of Words, or Phrases in their own. Lastly, (say these Objectors) The Modern Artists do utterly exclude all Approaches of the *Spirit*, and bar up its ancient Way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and to industriously a top. For, they will needs have it as at Point clearly gained, that the *Clown Tongues* never



never sat upon the Apostles Heads, while their Hats were on.

Now, the Force of these Objections, seems to consist in the different Acceptation of the Word, *Spirit*: which if it be understood for a supernatural Assistance, approaching from without, the Objectors have Reason, and their Assertions may be allowed: But the *Spirit* we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the Argument of these Adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same Account, our Modern Artificers, find it an Expedient of absolute Necessity, to cover their Heads as close as they can, in order to prevent Perspiration, than which nothing is observed to be a greater Spender of Mechanick Light, as we may, perhaps, further shew in convenient Place.

To proceed therefore upon the *Phænomenon* of *Spiritual Mechanism*. It is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *Spirit*, the Assembly has a considerable Share, as well as the Preacher; The Method of this *Arcanum*, is as follows. They violently strain their Eye-balls inward, half closing the Lids; Then, as they
fit,

fit, they are in a perpetual Motion of *See-saw*, making long Hums at proper Periods, and continuing the Sound at equal Height, chusing their Time in those Intermissions, while the Preacher is at Ebb. Neither is this Practice, in any Part of it, so singular or improbable, as not to be traced in distant Regions, from Reading and Observation. For, first, * Bernier, Mem. de Mogel. the * *Janguis*, or enlightened Saints of *India*, see all their Visions, by Help of an acquired straining and pressure of the Eyes. Secondly, the Art of *See-saw* on a Beam, and swinging by Session upon a Cord, in order to raise artificial Extasies, hath been derived to Us, from our † *Scythian* Ancestors, where it is practised at this Day, among the Women. † Gaugini Hist. Sarmat. Lastly, the whole Proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the Natives of *Ireland*, with a considerable Improvement; And it is granted, that this noble Nation, hath of all others, admitted fewer Corruptions, and degenerated least from the Purity of the Old *Tartars*. Now, it is usual for a Knot of *Irish*, Men and Women, to abstract themselves from Matter, bind up all their Senses, grow visionary



sonary and spiritual, by Influence of a short Pipe of Tobacco, handed round the Company; each preserving the Smoak in his Mouth, till it comes again to his Turn to take in fresh: At the same Time, there is a Consort of a continued gentle Hum, repeated and renewed by Instinct, as Occasion requires, and they move their Bodies up and down, to a Degree, that sometimes, their Heads and Points lye parallel to the Horizon. Mean while, you may observe their Eyes turn'd up in the Posture of one, who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other Symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the Reasoning Faculties are all suspended and superseded, that Imagination hath usurped the Seat, scattering a thousand Deliriums over the Brain. Returning from this Digression, I shall describe the Methods, by which the *Spirit* approaches. The Eyes being disposed according to Art, at first, you can see nothing, but after a short Pause, a small glimmering Light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your Body up and down, you perceive the Vapors to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered, like one

who

who drinks too much in a Morning-Mean while, the Preacher is also at work; He begins a loud Hum, which pierces you quite thro': This is immediately returned by the Audience, and you find your self prompted to imitate them, by a meer spontaneous Impulse, without knowing what you do. The *Interstitia* are duly filled up by the Preacher, to prevent too long a Pause, under which the *Spirit* would soon faint and grow languid.

THIS is all I am allowed to discover about the Progress of the *Spirit*, with relation to that Part, which is born by the *Assembly*; But in the Methods of the Preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it, very gravely remarked, in the Books of those illustrious and right eloquent Pen-men, the Modern Travellers; that the fundamental Difference in Point of Religion, between the wild *Indians* and Us, lyes in this; that

We



We worship *God*, and They worship the *Devil*. But, there are certain Criticks, who will by no means admit of this Distinction; rather believing, that all Nations whatsoever, adore the *true God*, because, they seem to intend their Devotions to some invisible Power, of greatest *Goodness* and *Ability* to help them, which perhaps, will take in the brightest Attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others, again, inform us, that those Idolaters adore two *Principles*: the *Principle of Good*, and That of *Evil*; Which, indeed, I am apt to look upon as the most universal Notion, that Mankind, by the meer Light of Nature, ever entertained of Things Invisible. How this Idea hath been managed by the *Indians* and Us, and with what Advantage to the Understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me, the difference appears little more than this, That They are put oftner upon their Knees by their *Fears*, and We by our *Desires*; That the former set Them a *Praying*, and Us a *Cursing*. What I applaud them for, is their Discretion, in limiting their Devotions and their Deities to their several Districts, nor ever suffering the Liturgy of the *white God*, to cross or interfere with that

that of the *Black*. Not so with Us; who pretending by the Lines and Measures of our Reason, to extend the Dominion of one invisible Power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross Ignorance in the Natures of Good and Evil, and most horribly confounded the Frontiers of both. After Men have lifted up the Throne of their Divinity to the *Cælum Empyræum*, adorned him with all such Qualities and Accomplishments, as themselves seem most to value and possess: After they have sunk their *Principle of Evil* to the lowest Center, bound him with Chains, loaded him with Curses, furnished him with viler Dispositions than any *Rake-hell* of the Town, accoutred him with Tail, and Horns, and huge Claws, and Sawcer Eyes; I laugh aloud, to see these Reasoners, at the same Time, engaged in wise Dispute, about certain Walks and Purlieus, whether they are in the Verge of God or the Devil, seriously debating, whether such and such Influences come into Mens Minds, from above or below, or whether certain Passions and Affections are guided by the Evil Spirit, or the Good.

Dum



*Dum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum
Discernunt avidi*—

Thus do Men establish a Fellowship of *Christ* with *Belial*, and such is the Analogy between *cloven Tongues*, and *cloven Feet*. Of the like Nature, is the Disquisition before us: It hath continued these hundred Years an even Debate, whether the Deportment, and the Cant of our *English* Enthusiastick Preachers, were *Possession*, or *Inspiration*, and a World of Argument has been drained on either Side, perhaps, to little purpose. For, I think, it is in *Life* as in *Tragedy*, where, it is held, a Conviction of great Defect, both in Order and invention, to interpose the Assistance of preternatural Power, without an absolute and last Necessity. However, it is a Sketch of Human Vanity, for every Individual, to imagine the whole Universe is interest'd in his meanest Concern. If he hath got cleanly over a Kennel, some Angel, unseen, descended on purpose to help him by the Hand; if he hath knockt his Head against a Post, it was the Devil, for his Sins, let loose from Hell, on purpose to *buffet* him. Who, that sees a little poultry Mortal, drowning

ning, and dreaming, and driveling to a Multitude, can think it agreeable to common good Sense, that either Heaven or Hell should be put to the Trouble of Influence or Inspection upon what he is about? Therefore, I am resolv'd immediately, to weed this Error out of Mankind, by making it clear, that this Mystery, of venting spiritual Gifts, is nothing but a *Trade*, acquired by as much Instruction, and mastered by equal Practice and Application, as others are. This will best appear, by describing and deducing the whole Process of the Operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my Knowledge or Experience.

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*Here the whole Scheme
of spiritual Mechanism
was deduced and explain'd,
with an Appearance
of great Reading and Observation;
but it was thought neither Safe nor
Convenient to Print it.*

HERE it may not be amiss, to add a few Words upon the laudable Practice of wearing



wearing *quilted Caps*; which is not a Matter of meer Custom, Humor, or Fashion, as some would pretend, but an Institution of great Sagacity and Use; these, when moistned with Sweat, stop all Perspiration, and by reverberating the Heat, prevent the Spirit from evaporating any way, but at the Mouth; even as a skilful Housewife, that covers her Still with a wet Clout, for the same Reason, and finds the same Effect. For, it is the Opinion of choice *Virtuosi*, that the Brain is only a Crowd of little Animals, but with Teeth and Claws extremely sharp, and therefore, cling together in the Contexture we behold, like the Picture of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, or like Bees in perpendicular Swarm upon a Tree, or like a Carrion corrupted into Vermin, still preserving the Shape and Figure of the Mother Animal. That all Invention is formed by the Morfure of two or more of these Animals, upon certain capillary Nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three Branches spread into the Tongue, and two into the right Hand. They hold also, that these Animals are of a Constitution extremely cold; that their Food is the Air we attract, their Excrement Phlegm; and that what we

vulgarly

vulgarly call Rheums, and Colds, and Distillations, is nothing else but an Epidemical Looseness, to which that little Commonwealth is very subject, from the Climate it lyes under. Further, that nothing less than a violent Heat, can disentangle these Creatures from their hamated Station of Life, or give them Vigor and Humor, to imprint the Marks of their little Teeth. That if the Morfure be Hexagonal, it produces Poetry; the Circular gives Eloquence; If the Bite hath been Conical, the Person, whose Nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon the Politicks; and so of the rest.

I shall now Discourse briefly, by what kind of Practices the Voice is best governed, towards the Composition and Improvement of the *Spirit*; for, without a competent Skill in tuning and toning each Word, and Syllable, and Letter, to their due Cadence, the whole Operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its Effect on the Hearers, and puts the Workman himself to continual Pains for new Supplies, without Success. For, it is to be understood, that in the Language of the Spirit, *Cant* and *Droning* sup-



ply the Place of *Sense* and *Reason*, in the Language of Men: Because, in Spiritual Harangues, the Disposition of the Words according to the Art of Grammar, hath not the least Use, but the Skill and Influence wholly lye in the Choice and Cadence of the Syllables; Even as a discreet *Composer*, who in setting a Song, changes the Words and Order so often, that he is forced to make it *Non-sense*, before he can make it *Musick*. For this Reason, it hath been held by some, that the Art of Canting is ever in greatest Perfection, when managed by *Ignorance*: Which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the best Musical Instruments were made from the Bones of an *Ass*. And the profounder Criticks upon that Passage, are of Opinion, the Word in its genuine Signification, means no other than a *Jaw-bone*: tho' some rather think it to have been the *Os sacrum*; but in so nice a Case, I shall not take upon me to decide: The Curious are at Liberty, to pick from it whatever they please.

THE

THE first Ingredient, towards the Art of Canting, is a competent Share of *Inward Light*: that is to say, a large Memory, plentifully fraught with Theological Poly-syllables, and mysterious Texts from holy Writ, applied and digested by those Methods, and Mechanical Operations already related: The Bearers of this *Light*, resembling *Lanterns*, compact of Leaves from old *Geneva Bibles*; Which Invention, Sir *Humphry Edw-n*, during his Mayoralty, of happy Memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming, the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, *Thy Word is a Lantern to my Feet, and a Light to my Paths*.

Now, the Art of *Canting* consists in skillfully adapting the Voice, to whatever Words the Spirit Delivers, that each may strike the Ears of the Audience, with its most significant Cadence. The Force, or Energy of this Eloquence, is not to be found, as among ancient Orators, in the Disposition of Words to a Sentence, or the turning of long Periods; but agreeable to the Modern Refinements in *Musick*, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and

X 2

dilating



dilating upon Syllables and Letters. Thus it is frequent for a single *Vowel* to draw Sighs from a Multitude; and for a whole Assembly of Saints to sob to the Musick of one solitary *Liquid*. But these are Trifles; when even Sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible Effects. A Master Work-man shall *blow his Nose so powerfully*, as to pierce the Hearts of his People, who are disposed to receive the *Excrements* of his Brain with the same Reverence, as the *Issue* of it. Hawking, Spitting, and Belching, the Defects of other Mens Rhetorick, are the Flowers, and Figures, and Ornaments of his. For, the *Spirit* being the same in all, it is of no Import through what Vehicle it is convey'd.

IT is a Point of too much Difficulty, to draw the Principles of this famous Art, within the Compass of certain adequate Rules. However, perhaps, I may one day, oblige the World with my Critical Essay upon the Art of *Canting*, *Philosophically*, *Physically*, and *Musically* considered.

BUT

BUT, among all Improvements of the *Spirit*, wherein the Voice hath born a Part, there is none to be compared with That of *conveying the Sound thro' the Nose*, which under the Denomination of *Snuffling*, hath passed with so great Applause in the World. The Originals of this Institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the Mystery of it, and Leave being given me to publish it to the World, I shall deliver as direct a Relation as I can.

THIS Art, like many other famous Inventions, owed its Birth, or at least, Improvement and Perfection, to an Effect of Chance, but was established upon solid Reasons, and hath flourished in this Island ever since, with great Lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the Decay and Discouragement of *Bag-pipes*, which having long suffered under the Mortal Hatred of the *Brethren*, tottered for a Time, and at last fell with *Monarchy*. The Story is thus related.

As yet, *Snuffling* was not; when the following Adventure happened to a *Banbury*

X 3



those, who could not otherwise arrive to a Perfection, spirited by a noble Zeal, made use of the same Experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *Saints* owe their Empire to the *Snuffling* of one *Animal*, as *Darius* did his, to the *Neighing* of another; and both Stratagems were performed by the same Art; for we ^{* *Horat.*} read, how the * *Persian Beast* acquired his Faculty, by *covering a Mare* the Day before.

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this Subject, is liable to great Exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is in the Commonwealth of *artificial Enthusiasm*, some real Foundation for Art to work upon in the Temper and Complexion of Individuals, which other Mortals seem to want. Observe, but the Gesture, the Motion, and the Countenance, of some choice Professors tho' in their most familiar Actions, you will find them of a different Race from the rest of human Creatures. Remark your commonest Pretender to a
Light

Light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*; As Lanthorns, which the more Light they bear in their Bodies, cast out so much the more Soot, and Smoak, and fuliginous Matter to adhere to the Sides. Listen, but to their ordinary Talk, and look on the Mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some antient Oracle, and your Understanding will be *equally* informed. Upon these, and the like Reasons, certain Objectors pretend to put it beyond all Doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural *Spirit*, possessing the Heads of the Modern *Saints*; And some will have it to be the *Heat* of Zeal, working upon the *Dregs* of Ignorance, as other *Spirits* are produced from *Lees*, by the Force of Fire. Some again think, that when our earthly Tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of Repair, the *Spirit* delights to dwell within them, as Houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to Decay.

To set this Matter in as fair a Light as possible; I shall here, very briefly, deduce the History of *Fanaticism*, from the
most



most early Ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental Point, wherein the chief Professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on That, and assign it for the great seed or Principle of the *Spirit*.

THE most early Traces we meet with, of *Fanatics*, in ancient Story, are among the *Egyptians*, who instituted those Rites, known in *Greece* by the Names of *Orgyæ*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*, whether introduced there by *Orpheus* or *Melampus*, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These Feasts were celebrated to the Honor of

*Diod. Sic. L. 1.
Plut. de Iside &
Osyride.*

Osyris, whom the *Grecians* called *Dionysius*, and is the same with *Bacchus*: Which has betray'd some Superficial Readers to imagine, that the whole Business was nothing more than a Set of roaring, scouring Companions, over-charg'd with Wine; But this is a scandalous Mistake foisted on the World, by a sort of Modern Authors, who have too literal an Understanding, and, because Antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their Books at the

wrong

wrong End, as if Learning were a sort of *Conjuring*. These are the Men, who pretend to understand a Book, by scouting thro' the *Index*, as if a Traveller should go about to describe a *Palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *Privy*; or like certain Fortune-tellers in *Northern America*, who have a Way of reading a Man's Destiny, by peeping in his *Breech*. For, at the Time of instituting these Mysteries,

* there was not one Vine in all *Egypt*, the Natives drinking nothing but *Ale*; which Liquor seems to have been far more ancient than Wine, and has the Honor of owing its Invention and Progress, not only to the † *Egyptian Osyris*, but to the *Grecian Bacchus*, who in

* *Hærod. L. 2.*

† *Diod. Sic. L. 3.*

their famous Expedition, carried the Receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the Nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself, was very seldom, or never Drunk: For, it is recorded of him, that he was the first

* *Id. L. 4.*

* Inventor of the *Mitre*, which he wore continually on his Head (as the whole Company of *Bacchanals* did) to prevent Vapors and the Head-ake, after hard Drinking. And for this Reason (say



(say some) the *Scarlet Whore*, when she makes the Kings of the Earth drunk with her Cup of Abomination, is always sober her self, tho' she never balks the Glas in her Turn, being, it seems, kept upon her Legs by the Virtue of her *Triple Mitre*. Now, these Feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous Expedition *Ogyris* made thro' the World, and of the Company that attended him, where-

See the Particulars in Diod. Sic. l. 1. c. 3. of the *Bacchanalian Ceremonies* were so many Types and Symbols. From which Account, it is manifest, that the Fanatick Rites of these *Bacchanals*, cannot be imputed to Intoxications by Wine, but must needs have had a deeper Foundation. What this was, we may gather large Hints from certain Circumstances in the Course of their Mysteries. For, in the first Place, there was in their Processions, an entire *Mixture and Confusion of Sexes*; they affected to ramble about Hills and Defarts: Their Garlands were of *Ivy* and *Vine*, Emblems of Cleaving and Clinging; or of *Fir*, the Parent of *Turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *Satyrs*, were attended by *Goats*, and rode upon *Asses*, all Companions of great Skill and Practice

Practice in Affairs of Gallantry. They bore for their Ensigns, certain curious Figures, perch'd upon long Poles, made into to the Shape and Size of the *Virga genitalis*, with its *Appartenances*, which were so many Shadows and Emblems of the whole Mystery, as well as Trophies set up by the Female Conquerors. Lastly, in a certain Town of *Attica*,
* Dionysia Brauronia. the whole Solemnity * strip of all its Types, was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the Votaries, not flying in Coveys, but forced into Couples. The same may be further conjectured from the Death of *Orpheus*, one of the Inlilitors of these Mysteries, who was torn in Pieces by Women, because he refused to † † vid. Plotinum in excerptis à Canone. *communicate his Orgyes* to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had castrated himself upon Grief, for the Loss of his Wife.

OMITTING many others of less Note, the next *Fanaticks* we meet with, of any Eminence, were the numerous Sects of *Hereticks* appearing in the five first Centuries of the *Christian Era*, from *Simon Magus* and his Followers, to those of *Eutyches*.



Entyches. I have collected their Systems from infinite Reading, and comparing them with those of their Successors in the several Ages since, I find there are certain Bounds set even to the Irregularities of Human Thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest Ravings; So there is one fundamental Point, wherein they are sure to meet, as Lines in a Center, and that is the *Community of Women*: Great were their Sollicitudes in this Matter, and they never fail'd of certain Articles in their Schemes of Worship, on purpose to establish it.

THE last *Fanaticks* of Note, were those which started up in *Germany*, a little after the *Reformation* of *Luther*; Springing, as *Mushrooms* do at the End of a *Harvest*; Such were *John* of *Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuser*, and many others; whose *Visions* and *Revelations*, always terminated in leading about half a dozen *Sisters*, *apiece*, and making That Practice a fundamental Part of their System. For, Human Life is a continual Navigation, and if we expect our *Vessels* to pass with

with Safety, thro' the Waves and Tempests of this fluctuating World, it is necessary to make a good Provision of the *Flesh*, as Sea-men lay in store of *Beef* for a long Voyage.

NOW from this brief Survey of some Principal Sects, among the *Fanaticks*, in all Ages (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the Argument I am about) to which I might add several among our selves, such as the *Family of Love*, *Sweet Singers of Israel*, and the like: And from reflecting upon that fundamental Point in their Doctrines, about *Women*, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the Seed or Principle, which has ever put Men upon *Visions* in Things *Invisible*, is of a Corporeal Nature: For the profounder *Chymists* inform us, that the Strongest *Spirits* may be extracted from *Human Flesh*. Besides, the Spinal Marrow, being nothing else but a Continuation of the Brain, must needs create a very free Communication between the Superior Faculties and those below: And thus the *Thorn in the Flesh* serves for a *Spur* to the *Spirit*. I think,

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it is agreed among Physicians, that nothing affects the Head so much, as a tentiginous Humor, repelled and elated to the upper Region, found by daily practice, to run frequently up into Madnels. A very eminent Member of the Faculty, assured me, that when the *Quakers* first appeared, he seldom was without some Female Patients among them, for the *furor*

Persons of a visionary Devotion, either Men or Women, are in their Complexion, of all others, the most amorous: For, *Zeal* is frequently kindled from the same Spark with other Fires, and from inflaming Brotherly Love, will proceed to raise That of a Gallant. If we inspect into the usual Process of modern Courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout Turn of the Eyes, called *Ogling*; an artificial Form of Canting and Whining by rote, every Interval, for want of other Matter, made up with a Shrug, or a Hum, a Sigh or a Groan; The Style compact of insignificant Words, Incoherences and Repetition. These, I take, to be the most accomplish'd Rules of Address to a Mistress; and where are these performed with more Dexterity, than by the *Saints*? Nay, to bring this Argument

ment yet closer, I have been informed by certain Sanguine Brethren of the first Class, that in the Height and *Orgasms* of their Spiritual Exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *Spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the Nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a Conclusion. This may be further Strengthened, by observing, with Wonder, how unaccountably all Females are attracted by Visionary or Enthusiastick Preachers, tho' never so contemptible in their *outward Men*; which is usually supposed to be done upon Considerations, purely Spiritual, without any carnal Regards at all. But I have Reason to think, the *Sex* hath certain Characteristicks, by which they form a truer Judgment of Human Abilities and Performings, than we our selves can possibly do of each other. Let That be as it will, thus much is certain, that however Spiritual Intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards toward Heaven, but the Root is in the Earth. Too intense a Contemplation is not the Business of Flesh and Blood: it must by the necessary Course of Things, in a little

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Time, let go its Hold, and fall into *Master*. Lovers, for the sake of Celestial Conyerse, are but another sort of *Platonicks*, who pretend to see Stars and Heaven in Ladies Eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same *Pit* is provided for both; and they seem a perfect Moral to the Story of that Philosopher, who, while his Thoughts and Eyes were fixed upon the *Constellations*, found himself seduced by his lower Parts into a *Disch*.

I had somewhat more to say upon this Part of the Subject; but the Post is just going, which forces me in great Haste to conclude,

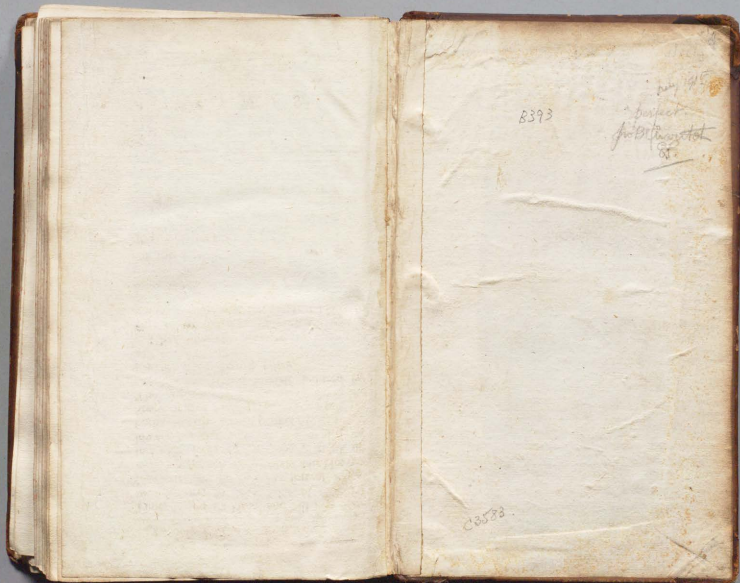
S I R,

Tours, &c.

Pray, burn this Letter as soon as it comes to your Hands.

F I N I S.





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July 1915
perfect
for B. L. ...
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