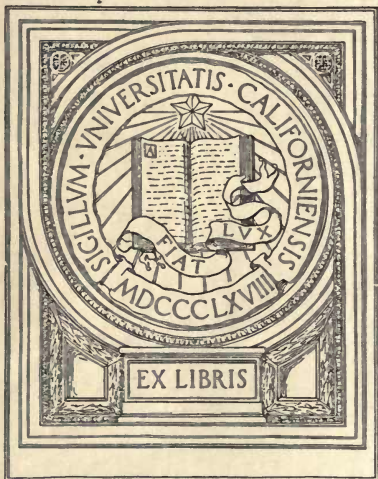
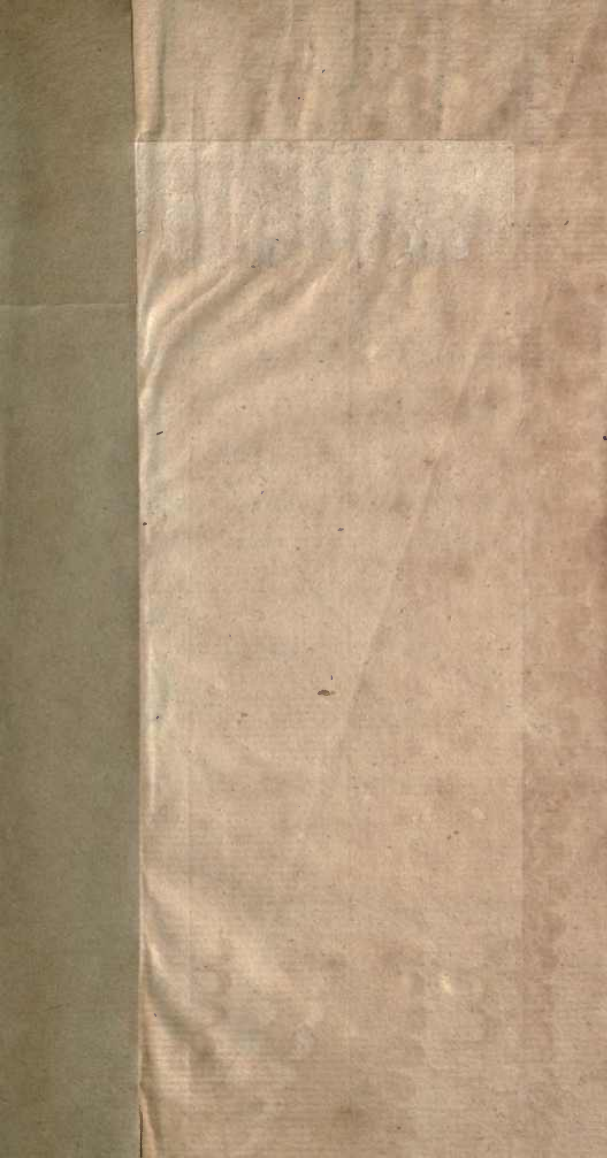


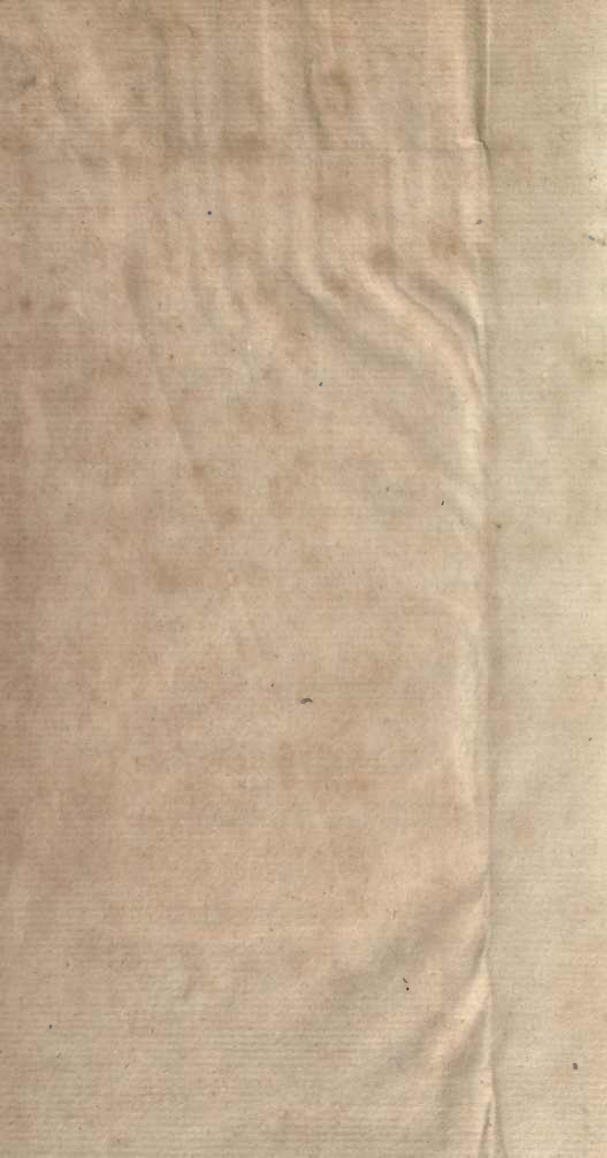
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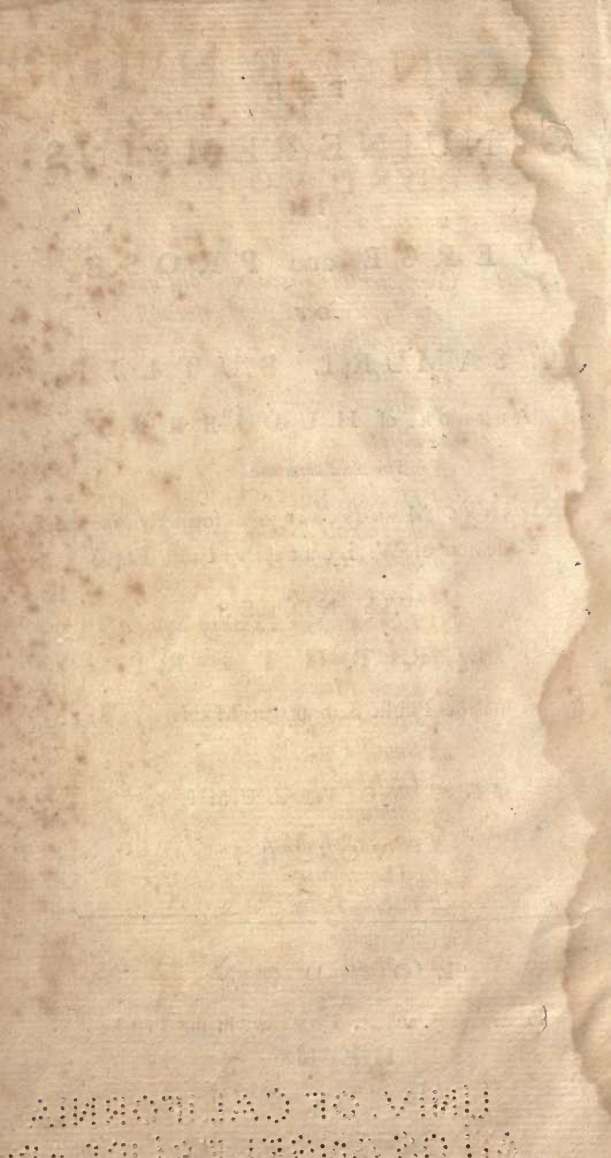
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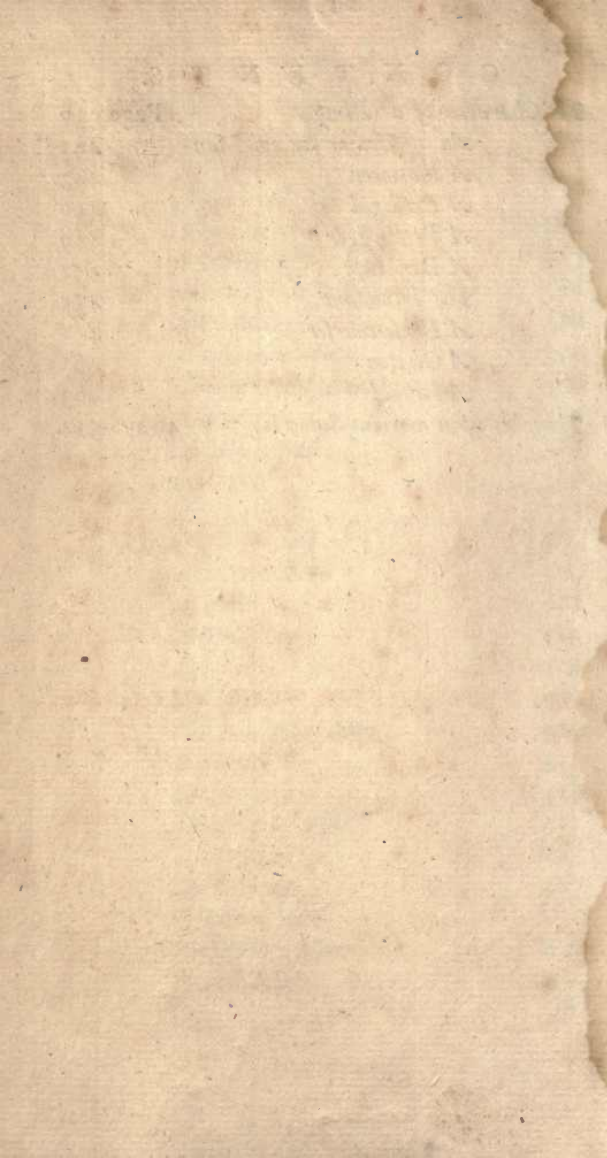
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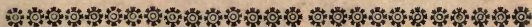
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CHARACTERS.



PREFACE

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CHARACTERS

.....

P R E F A C E.

THE writing of Characters was a Kind of Wit much in Fashion in the Beginning of the last Century. The two principal Authors in this Way were Sir Thomas Overbury, and Dr. John Earle Tutor to Prince Charles in 1643, and after the Restoration Dean of Westminster, and successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. How agreeable these Sort of Essays were to the public Taste may be judged from Sir Thomas's little Book having fourteen Editions before 1632, and the Bishop's six between 1628 and 1633. Whether Butler has equalled or excelled them, and what Place he is to hold in this Class of Writers must be left to the Decision of the Public, as the Interest and Prejudice of a Publisher may render me a suspected or an incompetent Judge. The Reader will have an Opportunity of determining for himself, as they have all attempted to draw the same Pictures.

As in such a Variety of Characters there must be some drawn from Originals in general the same, and only differenced by particular Circumstances, the same Observations are sometimes repeated. Whether the Author in this Case requires any Apology must be left to his Judges the Critics; it is enough for me that I can say I have done him Justice in publishing them.

As most of these Characters are dated when they were composed, I can inform the curious, that they were chiefly drawn up from 1667 to 1669, at which time, as has been before observed, Butler resided in Wales under the Protection of Lord Carbery.

A

MODERN POLITICIAN

MAKES new Discoveries in Politics, but they are, like those that *Columbus* made of the new World, very rich but barbarous. He endeavours to restore Mankind to the original Condition, it fell from, by forgetting to discern between Good and Evil; and reduces all Prudence back again to its first Author the Serpent, that taught *Adam* Wisdom; for he was really his Tutor, and not *Samboscor*, as the *Rabbins* write. He finds the World has been mistaken in all Ages, and that Religion and Morality are but vulgar Errors, that pass among the Ignorant, and are but mere Words to the Wise. He despises all learning as a Pedantic little Thing; and believes Books to be the Business of Children, and not of Men. He wonders how the Distinction of Virtue and Vice came into the World's

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Head; and believes them to be more ridiculous than any Foppery of the Schools. He holds it his Duty to betray any Man, that shall take him for so much a Fool as one fit to be trusted. He stedfastly believes, that all Men are born in the State of War, and that the civil Life is but a Cessation, and no Peace, nor Accommodation: And though all open Acts of Hostility are forborn by Consent, the Enmity continues, and all Advantages by Treachery or Breach of Faith are very lawful—That there is no Difference between Virtue and Fraud among Friends, as well as Enemies; nor any thing unjust, that a Man can do without Damage to his own Safety or Interest—That Oaths are but Springes to catch Woodcocks withal; and bind none but those, that are too weak and feeble to break them, when they become ever so small an Impediment to their Advantages—That Conscience is the effect of Ignorance, and the same with that foolish Fear, which some Men apprehend, when they are in the dark and alone--That Honour is but the Word, which a Prince gives a Man to pass his Guards withal, and

That all Men are born in a State of War] A sneer upon *Hobbs* and his Followers.

Virtue and Fraud, &c.] This is a humourous Allusion to a Line

save him from being stopped by Law and Justice the Sentinels of Governments, when he has not Wit nor Credit enough to pass of himself—That to shew Respect to Worth in any Person is to appear a Stranger to it, and not so familiarly acquainted with it as those are, who use no Ceremony; because it is no new Thing to them, as it would appear if they should take Notice of it—That the easiest Way to purchase a Reputation of Wisdom and Knowledge is to slight and undervalue it; as the readiest Way to buy cheap is to bring down the Price: for the World will be apt to believe a Man well provided with any necessary or useful Commodity, which he sets a small Value upon—That to oblige a Friend is but a kind of casting him in Prison, after the old *Roman* Way, or modern *Chinese*, that chains the Keeper and Prisoner together: for he that binds another Man to himself, binds himself as much to him, and lays a restraint upon both. For as Men commonly never forgive those that forgive them, and always hate those that purchase their Estates (tho' they pay dear and more than any Man else would give) so they never will-

in *Virgil*.

——Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoste requirat?

Æn. L. 2. V. 390.

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ingly endure those, that have laid any Engagement upon them, or at what rate soever purchased the least Part of their Freedom. — And as Partners for the most Part cheat or suspect one another; so no Man deals fairly with another, that goes the least Share in his Freedom.

To propose any Measure to Wealth or Power is to be ignorant of the Nature of both: for as no Man can ever have too much of either; so it is impossible to determine what is enough; and he, that limits his Desires by proposing to himself the Enjoyment of any other Pleasure, but that of gaining more, shews he has but a dull Inclination, that will not hold out to his Journey's End. And therefore he believes that a Courtier deserves to be beg'd himself, that is ever satisfied with begging: for Fruition without Desire is but a dull Entertainment; and that Pleasure only real and substantial, that provokes and improves the Appetite, and increases in the Enjoyment. And all the greatest Masters in the several Arts of thriving concur unanimously, that the plain downright Pleasure of Gaining is greater and deserves to be preferred far before all the various

Delights of Spending, which the Curiosity, Wit, or Luxury of Mankind in all Ages could ever find out.

He believes, there is no Way of thriving so easy and certain as to grow rich by defrauding the Public: for public Thieveries are more safe and less prosecuted than private, like Robberies committed between Sun and Sun, which the County pays, and no one is greatly concerned in. And as the Monster of many Heads has less Wit in them all than any one reasonable Person: so the Monster of many Purses is easier cheated than any one indifferent crafty Fool. For all the Difficulty lies in being trusted; and when he has obtained that, the Business does itself; and if he should happen to be questioned and called to an Accompt, a Baudy Pardon is as cheap as a Paymaster's Fee, not above fourteen Pence in the Pound.

He thinks, that when a Man comes to Wealth or Preferment, and is to put on a new Person, his first Business is to put off all his old Friendships and Acquaintances as Things below him, and no Way consistent with his present Condition; especially such as may have

Occasion to make use of him, or have Reason to expect any civil Returns from him: for requiting of Obligations received in a Man's Necessity is the same Thing with paying of Debts contracted in his Minority, when he was under Age, for which he is not accountable by the Laws of the Land. These he is to forget as fast as he can, and by little Neglects remove them to that Distance, that they may at length by his Example learn to forget him: for Men, who travel together in Company, when their Occasions lye several Ways, ought to take leave and part. It is a hard Matter for a Man that comes to Preferment not to forget himself; and therefore he may very well be allowed to take the Freedom to forget others: for Advancement, like the Conversion of a Sinner, gives a Man new Values of Things and Persons, so different from those he had before, that that, which was wont to be most dear to him, does commonly after become the most disagreeable. And as it is accounted noble to forget and pass over little Injuries; so it is to forget little Friendships, that are no better than Injuries when they become Disparagements, and can only be importune and troublesome, instead of being useful, as they

were before. All Acts of Oblivion have, of late Times, been found to extend, rather to loyal and faithful Services done, than Rebellion and Treasons committed. For Benefits are like Flowers, sweet only and fresh when they are newly gathered, but stink when they grow stale and wither; and he only is ungrateful, who makes returns of Obligations; for he does it merely to free himself from owing so much as Thanks. Fair Words are all the Civility and Humanity, that one Man owes to another; for they are obliging enough of themselves, and need not the Assistance of Deeds to make them good: for he that does not believe them has already received too much, and he that does, ought to expect no more. And therefore promises ought to oblige those only to whom they are made, not those who make them; for he that expects a Man should bind himself is worse than a Thief, who does that Service for him, after he has robbed him on the High-way — Promises are but Words, and Words Air, which no Man can claim a Propriety in, but is equally free to all, and incapable of being confined; and if it were not, yet he who pays Debts, which he can possibly avoid, does but part with his Money for no-

thing, and pays more for the mere Reputation of Honesty and Conscience than it is worth.

He prefers the Way of applying to the Vices and Humours of great Persons before all other Methods of getting into Favour: for he that can be admitted into these Offices of Privacy and Trust seldom fails to arrive at greater; and with greater Ease and Certainty than those, who take the dull Way of plain Fidelity and Merit. For Vices, like Beasts, are fond of none but those that feed them; and where they once prevail, all other Considerations go for nothing. They are his own Flesh and Blood, born and bred out of him; and he has a stronger natural Affection for them than all other Relations whatsoever—And he, that has an Interest in these, has a greater Power over him than all other Obligations in the World. For though they are but his Imperfections and Infirmities, he is the more tender of them; as a lame Member, or diseased Limb is more carefully cherished than all the rest, that are found and in perfect Vigour. All Offices of this kind are the greatest Endearments, being real Flatteries enforced by Deeds and Actions, and therefore far more prevalent than those,

that are performed but by Words and Fawning; though very great Advantages are daily obtained that Way—And therefore he esteems Flattery as the next most sure and successful Way of improving his Interests. For Flattery is but a kind of civil Idolatry, that makes Images it self of Virtue, Worth, and Honour in some Person, that is utterly void of all, and then falls down, and worships them. And the more dull and absurd these Applications are, the better they are always received: for Men delight more to be presented with those Things they want, than such as they have no need nor use of. And though they condemn the Realities of those Honours and Renowns, that are falsely imputed to them, they are wonderfully affected with their false Pretences. For Dreams work more upon Men's Passions, than any waking Thoughts of the same Kind; and many, out of an ignorant Superstition, give more Credit to them, than the most rational of all their vigilant Conjectures, how false soever they prove in the Event—No wonder then if those, who apply to Men's Fancies and Humours, have a stronger Influence upon them than those, that seek to prevail upon their Reason and Understandings, especially in things so

delightful to them as their own Praises, no Matter how false and apparently incredible: for great Persons may wear counterfeit Jewels of any Caract, with more Confidence and Security from being discovered, than those of meaner Quality; in whose Hands the Greatness of their Value (if they were true) is more apt to render them suspected. A Flatterer is like *Mabomet's* Pigeon, that picks his Food out of his Master's Ear, who is willing to have it believed, that he whispers Oracles into it; and accordingly sets a high Esteem upon the Service he does him, though the Impostor only designs his own Utilities—For Men are for the most Part better pleased with other Men's Opinions, though false, of their Happiness, than their own Experiences; and find more Pleasure in the dullest Flattery of others than all the vast Imaginations they can have of themselves, as no Man is apt to be tickled with his own fingers; because the Applauses of others are more agreeable to those high Conceits, they have of themselves, which they are glad to find confirmed, and are the only Music, that sets them a dancing, like those that are bitten with a Tarantula.

He accounts it an Argument of great Discretion, and as great Temper, to take no Notice of Affronts and Indignities put upon him by great Persons. For he that is insensible of Injuries of this Nature can receive none; and if he lose no Confidence by them, can lose nothing else; for it is greater to be above Injuries, than either to do, or revenge them; and he, that will be deterred by those Discouragements from prosecuting his Designs, will never obtain what he proposes to himself. When a Man is once known to be able to endure Insolencies easier than others can impose them, they will raise the Siege, and leave him as impregnable; and therefore he resolves never to omit the least Opportunity of pressing his Affairs, for Fear of being baffled and affronted; for if he can at any Rate render himself Master of his Purposes, he would not wish an easier, nor a cheaper Way, as he knows how to repay himself, and make others receive those Insolencies of him for good and current Payment, which he was glad to take before—And he esteems it no mean Glory to shew his Temper of such a Compass, as is able to reach from the highest Arrogance to the meanest, and most dejected Submissions. A Man, that has endured all

Sorts of Affronts, may be allowed, like an Apprentice that has served out his Time, to set up for himself, and put them off upon others; and if the most common and approved Way of growing rich is to gain by the Ruin and loss of those, who are in necessity, why should not a Man be allowed as well to make himself appear great by debasing those, that are below him? For Insolence is no inconsiderable Way of improving Greatness and Authority in the Opinion of the World. If all Men are born equally fit to govern, as some late Philosophers affirm, he only has the Advantage of all others, who has the best Opinion of his own Abilities, how mean soever they really are; and, therefore, he stedfastly believes, that Pride is the only great, wise, and happy Virtue that a Man is capable of, and the most compendious and easy Way to Felicity—For he, that is able to persuade himself impreg-
nably, that he is some great and excellent Person, how far short soever he falls of it, finds more Delight in that Dream than if he were

If all Men are born.] Our Author here has his Eye upon *Har- rington*, who by his Scheme of *Rotation*, admits all by turns into the Government, and must consequently suppose all fit.

really so; and the less he is of what he fancies himself to be, the better he is pleased, as Men covet those things, that are forbidden and denied them, more greedily than those, that are in their Power to obtain; and he, that can enjoy all the best Rewards of Worth and Merit without the Pains and Trouble that attend it, has a better Bargain than he, who pays as much for it as it is worth. This he performs by an obstinate implicit believing as well as he can of himself, and as meanly of all other Men; for he holds it a kind of Self-Preservation to maintain a good Estimation of himself: And as no Man is bound to love his Neighbour better than himself; so he ought not to think better of him than he does of himself; and he, that will not afford himself a very high Esteem, will never spare another Man any at all. He who has made so absolute a Conquest over himself (which Philosophers say is the greatest of all Victories) as to be received for a Prince within himself, is greater and more arbitrary within his own Dominions, than he that depends upon the uncertain Loves or Fears of other Men without him.—And since the Opinion of the World is vain, and for the most

Part false, he believes it is not to be attempted but by Ways as false and vain as it self; and therefore to appear and seem is much better and wiser, than really to be, whatsoever is well esteemed in the general Value of the World.

Next Pride he believes Ambition to be the only generous and heroical Virtue in the World, that Mankind is capable of. For as Nature gave Man an erect Figure, to raise him above the groveling Condition of his fellow Creatures the Beasts: so he, that endeavours to improve that, and raise himself higher, seems best to comply with the Design and Intention of Nature. Though the Stature of Man is confined to a certain Height, yet his Mind is unlimited, and capable of growing up to Heaven: And as those, who endeavour to arrive at that Perfection, are adored and revered by all; so he, that endeavours to advance himself as high as possibly he can in this World, comes nearest to the Condition of those holy and divine Aspirers. All the purest Parts of Nature always tend upwards, and the more dull and heavy downwards: so in the little World the noblest Faculties of Man, his Reason and Understanding, that give him a Prerogative above all other

earthly Creatures, mount upwards—And therefore he, who takes that Course and still aspires in all his Undertakings and Designs, does but conform to that which Nature dictates—Are not the Reason and the Will, the two commanding Faculties of the Soul, still striving which shall be uppermost? Men honour none but those that are above them, contest with Equals, and disdain Inferiors. The first Thing that God gave Man, was Dominion over the rest of his inferior Creatures; but he, that can extend that over Man, improves his Talent to the best Advantage. How are Angels distinguished but by *Dominions, Powers, Thrones, and Principalities*? Then he, who still aspires to purchase those, comes nearest to the Nature of those heavenly Ministers, and in all Probability is most like to go to Heaven—No Matter what Destruction he makes in his Way, if he does but attain his End: for nothing is a Crime, that is too great to be punished; and when it is once arrived at that Perfection, the most horrid Actions in the World become the most admired and renowned. Birds, that build highest are most safe; and he, that can advance himself above the Envy or Reach of his

Inferiors, is secure against the Malice and Assaults of Fortune. All Religions have ever been persecuted in their primitive Ages, when they were weak and impotent; but, when they propagated and grew great, have been received with Reverence and Adoration by those, who otherwise had proved their cruellest Enemies; and those, that afterwards opposed them, have suffered as severely as those, that first profest them. So Thieves, that rob in small Parties, and break Houses, when they are taken are hanged: but, when they multiply and grow up into Armies, and are able to take Towns, the same things are called heroic Actions, and acknowledged for such by all the World.

Courts of Justice, for the most Part, commit greater Crimes than they punish, and do those that sue in them more Injuries than they can possibly receive from one another; and yet they are venerable, and must not be told so, because they have Authority and Power to justify what they do, and the Law (that is, whatsoever they please to call so) ready to give Judgment for them. Who knows, when a *Physician* cures or kills? and yet he is equally rewarded for both, and the Profession esteemed never the less worshipful—And therefore he accounts it

a ridiculous Vanity in any Man to consider, whether he does right or wrong in any Thing he attempts; since the Success is only able to determine, and satisfy the Opinion of the World, which is the one, and which the other. As for those Characters and Marks of Distinction, which *Religion, Law, and Morality* fix upon both, they are only significant and valid, when their Authority is able to command Obedience and Submission; but when the greatness, Numbers, or Interest of those, who are concerned, out-grows that, they change their Natures; and that, which was Injury before, becomes Justice, and Justice Injury. It is with Crimes, as with Inventions in the Mechanics, that will frequently hold true to all Purposes of the Design, while they are tried in little; but, when the Experiment is made in great, prove false in all Particulars, to what is promised in the Model: So Iniquities and Vices may be punished and corrected, like Children while they are little and impotent; but when they are great and sturdy, they become incorrigible, and Proof against all the Power of Justice and Authority.

Among all his Virtues there is none, which he sets so high an Esteem upon as Impudence, which he finds more useful and necessary than a Vizard is to a Highwayman. For he, that has but a competent Stock of this natural Endowment, has an Interest in any Man he pleases, and is able to manage it with greater Advantages than those, who have all the real Pretences imaginable, but want that dextrous Way of solliciting, by which, if the worst fall out, he is sure to lose Nothing, if he does not win. He that is impudent is shot-free, and if he be ever so much overpowered can receive no hurt; for his Forehead is impenetrable and of so excellent a Temper, that nothing is able to touch it, but turns Edge and is blunted. His Face holds no Correspondence with his Mind, and therefore whatsoever inward Sense or Conviction he feels, there is no outward Appearance of it in his Looks, to give Evidence against him; and in any Difficulty, that can befall him, Impudence is the most infallible Expedient to fetch him off, that is always ready, like his Angel Guardian, to relieve and rescue him in his greatest Extremities; and no outward Impression, nor inward neither (though his own Conscience take Part against him) is

able to beat him from his Guards. Though Innocence and a good Conscience be said to be a *brazen Wall*, a *brazen Confidence* is more impregnable, and longer able to hold out; for it is a greater Affliction to an innocent Man to be suspected, than it is to one, that is guilty and impudent, to be openly convicted of an apparent Crime. And in all the Affairs of Mankind, a brisk Confidence, though utterly void of Sense, is able to go through Matters of Difficulty with greater Ease, than all the Strength of Reason less boldly enforced; as the *Turks* are said by a small slight handling of their Bows, to make an Arrow without a Head pierce deeper into hard Bodies, than Guns of greater Force are able to do a Bullet of Steel. And though it be but a Cheat and Imposture, that has neither Truth nor Reason to support it, yet it thrives better in the World than Things of greater Solidity; as Thorns and Thistles flourish on barren Grounds, where nobler Plants would starve: And he, that can improve his barren Parts by this ex-

Though Innocence.] A joking Allusion to *Horace*

—*Hic Murus abeneus esto*

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere Culpa.

Ep. L. i. Ep. i. V. 60.

cellent and most compendious Method, deserves much better, in his Judgment, than those, who endeavour to do the same thing by the more studious and difficult Way of downright Industry and Drudging. For Impudence does not only supply all Defects, but gives them a greater Grace than if they had needed no Art; as all other Ornaments are commonly nothing else, but the Remedies, or Disguises of Imperfections—And therefore he thinks him very weak, that is unprovided of this excellent and most useful Quality, without which the best natural or acquired Parts are of no more use, than the *Guanches* Darts, which, the *Virtuosos* say, are headed with Butter hardned in the Sun. It serves him to innumerable Purposes, to press on and understand no Repulse, how smart or harsh soever; for he, that can sail nearest the Wind, has much the Advantage of all others; and such is the Weakness or Vanity of some Men, that they will grant that to obstinate Importunity, which they would never have done upon all the most just Reasons and Considerations imaginable; as those, that

Which the Virtuosos.] What *Butler* refers to is recorded by *Sprat* in his History of the Royal Society.—See a preceding Note upon *the Elephant in the Moon.*

watch Witches, will make them confess that, which they would never have done upon any other Account.

He believes a Man's Words and his Meaning should never agree together: For he, that says what he thinks, lays himself open to be expounded by the most ignorant; and he, who does not make his Words rather serve to conceal, than discover the Sense of his Heart, deserves to have it pulled out, like a Traytor's, and shewn publicly to the Rabble. For as a King, they say, cannot reign without dissembling; so private Men, without that, cannot govern themselves with any Prudence or Discretion imaginable—This is the only politic Magic, that has Power to make a Man walk invisible, give him access into all Men's Privacies, and keep all others out of his; which is as great an Odds, as it is to discover, what Cards those he plays with have in their Hands, and permit them to know nothing of his. And therefore he never speaks his own Sense, but that which he finds comes nearest to the Meaning of those he converses with; as Birds are drawn into Nets by Pipes that counterfeit their own Voices. By this means he possesses Men,

like the *Devil*, by getting within them before they are aware, turns them out of themselves, and either betrays, or renders them ridiculous, as he finds it most agreeable either to his Humour, or his Occasions.

As for Religion, he believes a wise Man ought to possess it, only that he may not be observed to have freed himself from the Obligations of it, and so teach others by his Example to take the same Freedom: For he, who is at Liberty, has a great Advantage over all those, whom he has to deal with, as all Hypocrites find by perpetual Experience—That one of the best Uses, that can be made of it, is to take Measure of Men's Understandings and Abilities by it, according as they are more or less serious in it; for he thinks, that no Man ought to be much concerned in it but Hypocrites, and such as make it their Calling and Profession; who, though they do not *live by their Faith*, like the Righteous, do that which is nearest to it, get their living by it; and that those only take the surest Course, who make their best Advantages of it in this World, and trust to Providence for the next, to which

purpose he believes it is most properly to be relied upon by all Men.

He admires good Nature as only good to those who have it not, and laughs at Friendship as a ridiculous Foppery, which all wise Men easily outgrow; for the more a Man loves another, the less he loves himself. All Regards and civil Applications should, like true Devotion, look upwards, and address to those that are above us, and from whom we may in Probability expect either Good or Evil; but to apply to those, that are our Equals, or such as cannot benefit or hurt us, is a far more irrational Idolatry than worshipping of Images or Beasts. All the Good, that can proceed from Friendship, is but this, that it puts Men in a Way to betray one another. The best Parents, who are commonly the worst Men, have naturally a tender Kindness for their Children, only because they believe they are a Part of themselves, which shews, that Self-love is the Original of all others, and the Foundation of that great Law of Nature, Self-Preservation; for no Man ever destroyed himself wilfully, that had not first left off to love himself—Therefore a Man's Self is the proper Object of his Love, which

is never so well employed, as when it is kept within its own Confines, and not suffered to straggle. Every Man is just so much a Slave as he is concerned in the Will, Inclinations, or Fortunes of another, or has any thing of himself out of his own Power to dispose of; and therefore he is resolved never to trust any Man with that Kindness, which he takes up of himself, unless he has such Security as is most certain to yield him double Interest: For he that does otherwise, is but a *Jew* and a *Turk* to himself, which is much worse than to be so to all the World beside. Friends are only Friends to those who have no need of them, and when they have, become no longer Friends; like the Leaves of Trees, that clothe the Woods in the Heat of Summer, when they have no need of Warmth, but leave them naked when cold Weather comes; and since there are so few that prove otherwise, it is not Wisdom to rely on any.

He is of Opinion, that no Men are so fit to be employed and trusted as Fools, or Knaves; for the first understand no Right, the others regard none; and whensoever there falls out an Occasion, that may prove of great Importance,

if the Infamy and Danger of the Dishonesty be not too apparent, they are the only Persons, that are fit for the Undertaking. They are both equally greedy of Employment, the one out of an Itch to be thought able, and the other honest enough to be trusted, as by Use and Practice they sometimes prove: For the general Business of the World lies, for the most Part, in *Rotines* and Forms, of which there are none so exact Observers, as those, who understand nothing else to divert them; as Carters use to blind their Fore-horses on both Sides, that they may see only forward, and so keep the Road the better; and Men, that aim at a Mark, use to shut one Eye, that they may see the surer with the other. If Fools are not notorious, they have far more Persons to deal with of their own Elevation (who understand one another better) than they have of those, that are above them, which renders them fitter for many Businesses than wiser Men, and they believe themselves to be so for all: For no Man ever thought himself a Fool, that was one, so confident does their Ignorance naturally render them; and Confidence is no contemptible Qualification in the Management of human Affairs—And as blind Men have secret Artifices

and Tricks to supply that Defect, and find out their Ways, which those, who have their Eyes and are but hoodwinked, are utterly unable to do: so Fools have always little Crafts and Frauds in all their Transactions, which wiser Men would never have thought upon; and by those they frequently arrive at very great Wealth, and as great Success, in all their Undertakings—For all Fools are but feeble and impotent Knaves, that have as strong and vehement Inclinations to all Sorts of Dishonesty as the most notorious of those Engineers, but want Abilities to put them in Practice; and as they are always found to be the most obstinate and intractable People to be prevailed upon by Reason or Conscience; so they are as easy to submit to their Superiors, that is Knaves, by whom they are always observed to be governed, as all Corporations are wont to choose their Magistrates out of their own Members. As for Knaves, they are commonly true enough to their own Interests; and while they gain by their Employments, will be careful not to disserve those, who can turn them out when they please, what Tricks soever they put upon others; and therefore such Men prove more useful to them, in their Designs of Gain and

Profit, than those, whose Consciences and Reason will not permit them to take that Latitude.

And since Buffoonery is, and has always been so delightful to great Persons, he holds him very improvident, that is to seek in a Quality so inducing, that he cannot at least serve for want of a better; especially since it is so easy, that the greatest Part of the Difficulty lyes in Confidence, and he, that can but stand fair, and give Aim to those that are Gamesters, does not alway lose his Labour, but many times becomes well esteemed for his generous and bold Demeanor; and a lucky Repartee hit upon by Chance may be the making of a Man. This is the only modern Way of running at Tilt, with which great Persons are so delighted to see Men encounter one another, and break Jest, as they did Lances heretofore; and he that has the best Beaver to his Helmet, has the greatest Advantage; and as the former past upon the Account of Valour, so does the latter on the Score of Wit, though neither, perhaps, have any great Reason for their Pretences, especially the latter, that depends much upon Confidence, which is commonly a great Support to Wit,

and therefore believed to be its betters, that ought to take place of it, as all Men are greater than their Dependents—So pleasant it is to see Men lessen one another, and strive who shall shew himself the most ill-natured and ill-mannered. As in Cuffing all Blows are aimed at the Face; so it fares in these Rencounters, where he, that wears the toughest Leather on his Visage, comes off with Victory, though he has ever so much the Disadvantage upon all other Accounts—For a Buffoon is like a Mad-Dog, that has a Worm in his Tongue, which makes him bite at all that light in his Way; and, as he can do nothing alone, but must have somebody to set him that he may throw at, he that performs that Office with the greatest Freedom, and is contented to be laughed at, to give his Patron Pleasure, cannot but be understood to have done very good Service, and consequently deserves to be well rewarded; as a Mountebank's *Pudding*, that is content to be cut, and flashed, and burnt, and poisoned, without which his Master can shew no Tricks, deserves to have a considerable Share in his Gains.

As for the Meanness of these Ways, which some may think too base to be employed to so

excellent an End, that imports nothing: for what Dislike soever the World conceives against any Man's Undertakings, if they do but succeed and prosper, it will easily recant its Error, and applaud what it condemned before; and therefore all wise Men have ever justly esteemed it a great Virtue to disdain the false Values, it commonly sets upon all Things, and which it self is so apt to retract — For as those, who go up Hill, use to stoop and bow their Bodies forward, and sometimes creep upon their Hands; and those, that descend, to go upright: so the lower a Man stoops and submits in these endearing Offices, the more sure and certain he is to rise; and the more upright he carries himself in other Matters, the more like in probability to be ruined—And this he believes to be a wiser course for any Man to take than to trouble himself with the Knowledge of Arts or Arms: For the one does but bring a Man an unnecessary Trouble, and the other as unnecessary Danger; and the shortest and more easy Way to attain to both, is to despise all other Men, and believe as steadfastly in Himself as he can, a better and more certain Course than that of Merit.

What he gains wickedly he spends as vainly; for he holds it the greatest Happiness, that a Man is capable of, to deny himself nothing, that his Desires can propose to him, but rather to improve his Enjoyments by glorying in his Vices: for Glory being one End of almost all the Business of this World, he who omits that in the Enjoyment of himself and his Pleasures, loses the greatest Part of his Delight. And therefore the Felicity, which he supposes other Men apprehend that he receives in the Relish of his Luxuries, is more delightful to him than the Fruition itself.

A N

Hypocritical Nonconformist

IS an Embassador Extraordinary of his own making, not only from *God Almighty* to his *Church*, but from his *Church* to him; and pretending to a plenipotentiary Power from both, treats with himself, and makes what Agreement he pleases; and gives himself such Conditions as are conducive to the Advantage of his own Affairs. The whole Design of his

This Character, though fairly transcribed by our Author, by lying in too damp a Place has received some little Damage, which will account for several Hiatus's, which appear in it. They might, with no great Difficulty, have been filled up; but as the Reader may easily do it himself, and has a much better Right to it than the Publisher, I rather chose to leave them as I found them, than hazard the Imputation of Impertinence or Interpolation.

It cannot escape the Observation of those, who are acquainted with *Butler's* Writings, that many Passages both in this and other Characters are similar to and explanatory of others in his *Hudibras*; and it may, perhaps, be thought that References with short Annotations might not have been improper: But as these, with many others of the like Sort which I meet with in his imperfect Pieces and loose Papers, may very probably furnish Matter for a new Edition of that Poem, I think it is doing more Justice to the Reader to omit them.

D 2

Transaction and Employment is really nothing else, but to procure fresh supplies for the *good old Cause and Covenant*, while they are under Persecution; to raise Recruits of new Profelites, and deal with all those, who are, or once were, good Friends to both; to unite and maintain a more close and strict Intelligence among themselves against the common Enemy, and preserve their general Interest alive, until they shall be in a Condition to declare more openly for it; and not out of Weakness to submit perfidiously to the Laws of the Land, and rebelliously endure to live in Peace and Quietness under the present Government: In which, though they are admitted to a greater Share of rich and profitable Employments than others, yet they will never be able to recover all their Rights which they once enjoyed, and are now unjustly deprived of, but by the very same Expedients and Courses, which they then took.

The Wealth of his Party, of which he vapours so much to startle his Governors, is no mean Motive to enflame his Zeal, and encourage him to use the Means, and provoke all Dangers, where such large Returns may infallibly be expected. And that's the Reason

why he is so ready and forward to encounter all appearing Terrors, that may acquire the Reputation of Zeal and Conscience; to despise the Penalties of the Laws, and commit himself voluntarily to Prison, to draw the Members of his Church into a more sensible fellow-feeling of his Sufferings, and a freer Ministration. For so many and great have been the Advantages of this thriving Persecution, that the Constancy and Blood of the primitive Martyrs did not propagate the Church more, than the Money and good Creatures earned by these profitable Sufferings have done the Discipline of the modern Brethren.

He preaches the Gospel in despite of it self; for though there can be no Character so true and plain of him, as that which is there copied from the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, yet he is not so weak a Brother to apply any Thing to himself, that is not perfectly agreeable to his own Purposes; nor so mean an Interpreter of Scripture, that he cannot relieve himself, when he is prest Home with a Text, especially where his own Conscience is Judge: For what Privilege have the *Saints* more than the *Wicked*, if

they cannot dispense with themselves in such Cases? This Conscience of his, (like the Righteousness of the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, from whom it is descended) is wholly taken up with such slight and little Matters, that it is impossible, it should ever be at Leisure to consider Things of greater Weight and Importance. For it is the Nature of all those, that use to make great Matters of Trifles, to make as little of Things of great Concernment—And therefore he delights more to differ in Things indifferent; no Matter how slight and impertinent, they are weighty enough, in Proportion to his Judgment, to prevail with him before the Peace and Safety of a Nation. But he has a further Artifice in it; for little petulant Differences are more apt and proper to produce and continue Animosities among the Rabble of Parties, than Things of weightier Consideration, of which they are utterly incapable, as Flies and Gnats are more vexatious in hot Climates, than Creatures that are able to do greater Mischiefs. And they, that are taught to dislike the indifferent Actions of others must of Necessity abominate the greater. And as Zeal is utterly lost, and has no Way to shew it self but in Opposition; nor Conscience to discover its

Tendernefs but in seeking Occafions to take Offence perpetually at fomething, and the flighter and more trivial the better; fo that Confcience, that appears ftrict and fcrupulous in fmall Matters, will be eafily fupposed by the erroneous Vulgar to be more careful and fevere in Things of Weight, though nothing has been more falfe upon all Experience.

for violating the Laws of God, as the Laws of the Land, and takes more care upon his Confcience, than to give it any juft Satisfaction; for as it is apt to quarrel upon fmall and trivial Occafions, fo it is as eafily appeafed with flight and trivial Pretences, and in great Matters with none at all; but rather, like the *Devil*, tempts him to commit all Manner of Wickednefs: for we do not find, that any Poffeffions of the *Devil* ever produced fuch horrid Actions, as fome Men have been guilty of by being only poffefft with their own Confciences. And therefore, ever fince the Act of Oblivion reprieved him from the Gallows, he endeavours to fupplant all Law and Government for being partial to him in his own Cafe; as bad Men never ufe to forgive thofe, whom

they have injured, or received any extraordinary Obligation from: For he cannot endure to think upon Repentance, as too great a Disparagement for a *Saint* to submit to, that would keep up the Reputation of Godliness. And because the Scripture says, *Obedience is better than Sacrifice*, he believes the less of it will serve: For he is so far from being sensible of *God's* Mercy and the *King's*, for his Pardon and Restoration to a better Condition than he was in before he rebelled, that his Actions make it plainly appear that he accounts it no better than an Apostacy and *Backsliding*; and he expects a Revolution of Rebellion as obstinately, as the *Turk* does *Mahomet's* Coming. For it is just with him as with other impenitent Malefactors, whom a Pardon or unexpected Deliverance from suffering for the first Crime does but render more eager to commit the same over again: For like a loosing Gamester he cannot endure to think of giving over, as long as he can by any Means get Money or Credit to venture again. And as the most desperate of those People, after they have lost all, use to play away their Cloaths, he offers to stake down his very Skin; and not only (as some barbarous People use) set his Wife and

Children, but his Head and four Quarters to the Hangman, if he chance once more to throw out. And yet, as stubborn and obstinate as he is to obey his lawful Sovereign, of whose Grace and Mercy he holds his Life, he has always appeared true and faithful to all tyrannical Ufurpations, without the least Reluctancy of Conscience: for though he was fool'd and cheated by them, yet they were more agreeable to his own Inclination, that does not care to have any thing founded in Right, but left at large to *Dispensations* and *Out-goings* of Providence, as he shall find Occasion to expound them to the best Advantage of his own Will and Interest.

He crys down the Common-Prayer, because there is no Ostentation of Gifts to be used in the reading of it, without which he esteems it no better than mere loss of Time, and Labour in Vain, that brings him in no Return of Interest and Vain-Glory from the Rabble; who have always been observed to be satisfied with nothing but what they do not understand; and therefore the Church of *Rome* was fain (to comply with their natural Inclinations) to enjoin them to serve *God* in a Language of

which they understand not one Word; and though they abominate that, yet they endeavour to come as near it as they can, and serve *God* in an unknown Sense, which their own godly Teacher has as great a Care to prepare equal and suitable to their wonderful Capacities. And therefore, as the *Apostles* made their divine Calling appear plainly to all the World by speaking Languages, which they never understood before; he endeavours to do the same Thing most preposterously by speaking that which is no Language at all, nor understood by any Body, but a Collection of affected and fantastick Expressions, wholly abstract from Sense, as *Nothingness, Soul Damningness and Savingness, &c.* in such a fustian Stile as the *Turks* and *Persians* use; that signify nothing but the Vanity and want of Judgment of the Speaker; though they believe it to be the true Property of the Spirit, and highest Perfection of all Sanctity. And the better to set this off, he uses more artificial Tricks to improve his Spirit of Utterance either into Volubility or Dullness, that it may seem to go of it self, without his Study or Direction, than the old Heathen Orators knew, that used to liquor their Throats, and harrangue to Pipes.

For he has fantastic and extravagant Tones, as well as Phrases, that are no less agreeable to the Sense of in a Kind of *stilo recitativo* between singing and braying; and abhors the Liturgy, lest he should seem to conform to it. But as it is a Piece of Art to conceal Art, so it is by artificial Dullness to disguise that which is natural; and as his Interest has always obliged him to decry human Learning, Reason, and Sense; he and his Brethren have with long and diligent Practice found out an Expedient to make that Dullness, which would become intolerable, if it did not pretend to something above Nature, pass for *Dispensations, Light, Grace, and Gifts*. For in the Beginning of the late unhappy civil War, the greatest Number of those of the Clergy, who by the means of their Parts, or Friends, or Honesty had no Hopes to advance themselves to Preferment in the *Church*, took Part with the *Parliament* against it, who were very willing to give a kind Reception and Encouragement to all those, that offered themselves to promote the *Cause of Reformation*, which they found to be the best Disguise they could possibly put upon *Rebellion*; and then this heavy Dullness, being a public

Standard of the common Talents of their Teachers, became (for want of a better) a Mode, and afterwards a Character of the *Power of Godliness*, in Opposition to the Ingenuity and Learning of the other Clergy; and whosoever was not naturally endued with it, or so much Hypocrisy as would serve to counterfeit it, was held unable, or suspected unfit to be confided in. And upon this account it has continued ever since among the Party, where it passes for a Mark of Distinction to discover who are gifted, and who not; as among the Antient *Pagans*, when Monsters and Prodigies had gained the Reputation of divine Prefages, the more unnatural and deformed they appeared, they were received with the more devout and pious Regard, and had Sacrifices accordingly appointed for their Expiation. And this he finds useful to many Purposes; for it does not only save him the Labour of Study, which he disdains as below his Gifts, but exempts him from many other Duties, and gives his idle Infirmities a greater Reputation among his Followers than the greatest Abilities of the most industrious; while the painful Heavings and Straining, that he uses to express himself, pass for the Agonies of those that de-

liver Oracles. And this is the Reason why he is so cautious to have all his *Exercises* seem to be done Extempore, that his spiritual Talent may not be thought to receive any Assistance from natural or artificial Means, but to move freely of it self, without any Care or Consideration of his; as if Premeditation and Study would but render him, like other false Witnesses, the more apt to contrive and imagine, how to betray and abuse the Truth. And to propagate this Cheat among his Hearers, he omits no little Artifice, that he thinks will pass unperceived: As, when he quotes a Text of Scripture, he commonly only names the Chapter, and about the Beginning, Middle, or End of it, or about such or such a Verse, and then turns over the Leaves of his Book to find it, to shew that he had not so much Preparation as to do it before; but was always surprized with his Gifts, and taken tardy before he was aware; and when he happens to be out, which is not seldom, will steal a Look, and squint into his Notes as cunningly as a Schoolboy does into his Lesson that he is to repeat without Book, that he may not be observed to need the same Means, which all those, that are ungifted, are necessitated to make use of: Although his Con-

cordance supplies him with all the Gifts he has to cap Texts, and his Adversaries Writings, with all the Doctrine and Use he has, except that which is factious and seditious, which is always his own, and all that, beside Nonsense, he can justly pretend to.

The Contribution, which he receives from his Congregation, serves him, like a Scale, to take a just Measure of the Zeal and Godliness of every particular Member of it; and by computing what their Offerings amount to, in proportion to their Abilities, cast up exactly how much Grace and spiritual Gifts every Man is endued with. This, like auricular Confession, lets him into the darkeſt Secrets of their Hearts, and directs him how to apply his Remedies according to their ſeveral Conſtitutions; and by finding out by Obſervation or Enquiry the particular Sins, that any
 . . . with a Particular of his Eſtate . . .
 plant all his Batteries a-
 gainſt them, and deliver them over
 until he ransom,
 and be converted to an equal Contribution and
 of them all. As Charity is
 ſaid to cover a Multitude of Sins; ſo does

charitable Contribution; and if that is wanting, it is his Duty to lay them open, and impose such Penances as he judges fitting, as well as dispose of Indulgences, though he does not like the Word, to the best Advantage. And therefore he is an implacable Enemy to all ecclesiastical Judges and Officers in the Church, and would trust no Creature living with the Conduct and Management of Men's Sins, but himself and the *Devil*, who is the only secular Power that he can confide in to deliver them over to, or redeem them back again at his own Rates. For he is a spiritual Interloper, that steals a Trade underhand, and by dealing in prohibited Commodities can undersell, and allow better Bargains of Sins and Absolution, than those that deal fairly and openly can afford. As for the *Bishops*, he is rather a Rival than an Enemy to them, and therefore becomes the more jealous of them: For all the Illwill he bears them is only, whatever he pretends, for their Authority and their Lands, with which he is most passionately in Love, but cannot possibly get the Consent of both Parties to the Match; and therefore, like *Solomon's* Harlot, had rather divide the Child, than let the right Owner have it. For his Church Members have

the keeping of his Conscience, as well as he has of theirs, and both sealed and delivered, like a Pair of Indentures, to one another's Uses; so that he cannot, though he would, alter his Judgment without their Consent, or such a valuable Consideration, as will secure him against all Damages, that he may receive by renouncing them and his own Opinion, when he finds it most convenient to satisfy all his Scruples, and conform. For as he parted with his Benefice, like a Gamester that discards and throws out a suit that is dealt him to take in a better out of the Pack, and mend his Hand: so he can as easily by the same light and Revelation, be converted, and change his Conventicle for a better spiritual Improvement, when a good Occasion is offered him. For how is it possible that he, who cannot conform to himself, should do so to any thing else; or he that plants all Improvements of Piety in spiritual Novelties should be constant to any Thing? For he that can endure nothing that is settled, only because it is so, can never possibly settle in any Thing; but must, as he outgrows himself in Grace, at length outgrow Grace too, as the most refined of his Disciples have done Ordinances and Government. For

he differs no less from his own Doctrine and Discipline, than from that of the Church, and is really made up of nothing but Contradictions; denies free Will, and yet will endure Nothing but his own Will in all the Practice of his Life; is transported with Zeal for Liberty of Conscience, and yet is the severest Imposer upon all other Men's Consciences in the whole World; is a profest Enemy to all Forms in Godliness, and yet affects nothing more than a perpetual Formality in all his Words and Actions; makes his Devotions rather Labours than Exercises, and breaks the Sabbath by taking too much Pains to keep it, as he does the Commandments of God, to find out new Ways for other Men to keep them; calls his holding forth taking of great Pains, and yet pretends to do it by the Spirit without any Labour or Study of his own. And although *Christ* says, *blessed be the Peacemakers*, he will have none so but the Peacebreakers; and because the first *Christians* were commanded to be obedient for Conscience Sake, he commands his Brother *Christians* to be disobedient for the same Reason; makes longer Prayers than a *Pharisee*; but, if the Treason, Sedition, Nonsense, and Blaf-

phemy were left out, shorter than a *Publican* ; for he is no Friend to the Lords-Prayer, for the Power and full Sense of it, and because it is a Form, and none of his own, nor of the Spirit because it is learnt; and therefore prefers the pharisaical Way of Tedioufness and Tautology. This he calls the *Gift of Prayer*, which he highly values himself upon, and yet delivers in a Tone that he steals from the Beggars; blames the *Catholics* for placing Devotion in the mere Repetition of Words, and yet makes the same the Character of spiritual Gifts and Graces in himself; for he uses the old Phrases of the *English* Translation of the Bible from the *Jewish* Idiom, as if they contained in them more Sanctity and Holiness than other Words, that more properly signify the same Thing. He professes a mortal Hatred to Ceremonies, and yet has more Punctilios than a *Jew*; for he is of too rugged and churlish a Nature to use any Respect at all to any Thing. And though Ceremonies are Signs of Submission, and very useful in the public Service of God, yet they do not turn to any considerable Accompt, nor acquire any Opinion of Gifts from the People to those that use them; and he pretends to a nearer Familiarity with his Maker

than to need any Ceremonies, like a Stranger; and indeed they are nothing agreeable to that audacious Freedom that he assumes in his Applications to him. So he condemns Uniformity in the public Service of God, and yet affects nothing else in his own *Doctrines* and *Uses*, and *Cap* and *Beard*, which are all of the same Stamp. He denounces against all those that are given over to a reprobate Sense, but takes no Notice of those, that are given over to a reprobate Nonsense. He is an implacable Enemy to Superstition and Profaneness, and never gives it quarter, but is very tender of meddling with Hypocrisy, though it be far more wicked, because the Interests of it are so mixt with his own, that it is very difficult to touch the one without disordering the other: For though Hypocrisy be but a *Form of Godliness* without Power, and he defies Forms above all Things, yet he is content to allow of it there, and disclaim it in all Things else.

A

R E P U B L I C A N

IS a civil Fanatic, an *Utopian* Senator; and as all Fanatics cheat themselves with Words, mistaking them for Things; so does he with the false Sense of Liberty. He builds Governments in the Air, and shapes them with his Fancy, as Men do Figures in the Clouds. He is a great Lover of his own Imaginations, which he calls his Country; and is very much for Obedience to his own Sense, but not further. He is a nominal Politician, a faithful and loyal Subject to notional Governments, but an obstinate Rebel to the real. He dreams of a Republic waking; but as all Dreams are disproportionate and imperfect; so are his Conceptions of it: For he has not Wit enough to understand the Difference between Specula-

This and the following Character were visibly intended for *Harri-
n_gton* and his Followers; and there needs no other Key to them

tion and Practice. He is so much a Fool, that, like the Dog in the Fable, he loses his real Liberty, to enjoy the Shadow of it: For the more he studies to dislike the Government, he lives under, the further he is off his real Freedom. While he is modelling of Governments, he forgets that no Government was ever made by Model: For they are not built as Houses are, but grow as Trees do. And as some Trees thrive best in one Soil, some in another; so do Governments, but none equally in any, but all generally where they are most naturally produced; and therefore 'tis probable, the State of *Venice* would be no more the same in any other Country, if introduced, than their Trade of Glass-making. To avoid this he calculates his Model to the Elevation of a particular Clime, but with the same Success (if put in Practice) as Almanac-Makers do, to serve only for a Year; and his Predictions of Success would be according, but nothing so certain as their fair and foul Weather. He has not Judgment enough to observe, that all Models of Governments are merely *Utopian*, that have no

but what has been already observed of that Gentleman, in the Note upon *the Speech made at the Rota*.

Territory but in Books, nor Subjects but in hot Heads and strong Fancies; that *Plato's* is much wiser than any of his Size, and yet it has been a long while in the World quite out of Employment, and is like to continue so, at least till his *great Year*, a sad Discouragement to a State-Projector--But his is like to have a harder Province; for without a previous Rebellion nothing is to be expected, and then that is to prosper, or else all is lost: Next the Nation is to fall into Ruin and Confusion just in the Order as he has designed it, otherwise it will be to no Purpose—Then nothing is to intervene; but after so many Alterations the same Persons are to outlive all, and continue still in the same Mind they were in, especially those in Power, and their Interests to be the very same they are at present, else nothing is to be done. After all this, if nothing else interpose, but the Will of God, a Model of a Republic may (if the Times will bear it) be proposed, and if it be thought fit it should go no further, the Proposers shall be ordered to have Thanks, and be told, that it shall be taken into Consideration, or is so already; and then it will be just where it is now. And this is all the possible *Rotation* our speculative

State-Botcher can in Reason promise to himself to make those, that have any Sense of his Party to believe. This is much more probable than any Dream of the State-Quack, that used to mount his Bank in a Coffee-House, and foretold *Oliver Cromwel* should live so many Years after he was hanged, and after dying leave the *Republicans* his Heirs; tho' that has been partly performed in some, who have since taken upon them to be his Administrators, and in due Time is like to befall the rest. He has a Fancy, for 'tis no more, to a Commonwealth, because he has seen the Picture of it, no Matter whether true or false, it pleases his Humour, though it be nothing but a great Corporation; for 'tis but calling the Bailiffs of a good Town *Consuls*, the Aldermen *Senators*, the Churchwardens *Ædiles*, and the Parson *Pontifex Maximus*, and the Thing is done. Most that I know of this Sort are Haranguers, that will hold any Argument, rather than their Tongues, and like this Government before any other, because every Man has a Voice in it, and the greatest Orators prove the ablest Statesmen. He caught this Itch at the *Rota*,

where a State Charlatan seduced him with Coffee and Sedition by promising his Abilities great Advancements in *Oceana*. Ever since he has a mind to be a Piece of a Prince, tho' his own whole Share of *Highbness* will not amount to the Value of a *Pepper Corn yearly if it be demanded*: Howsoever it will serve to entitle him to a Share in the Government, which he would fain be at, and believes himself right able to manage, though that be an ill Sign; for commonly those, that desire it most, are the most unfit for it. He follows his Inclination to a *Republic*, as a Bowler does his Bowl, when he mistakes his Ground, and screws his Body that Way he would have it run, and to as much Purpose, but more dangerous; for if he run too far, he may, before he is aware, run his Neck into a Halter. Of all State-Fanatics he is the most foolish, and furthest off any of his Ends, unless it be the Gallows. Sure 'tis a very politic Thing to wish, and great Wisdom is required to fancy properly, and contrive judiciously what might be, if all Things would but fall out as they ought, and *Fate* were but as wise as it should be.

If he could but find out a Way to hold Intelligence with *Cardan's Homines aerii*, those subtle Inhabitants of the Air, he might in Probability establish his Government among them, much sooner than here, where so many Experiments have been so lately made to no Purpose. For *Oceana* is but a kind of a floating Island, like the *Irish O Brian*, that never casts Anchor; and those that have been upon it know not where to find it again, nor what to make on't: For there is no Account of it in the Map, nor any where else, but in the Globe of an empty Noddle. Democracy is but the Effect of a crazy Brain; 'tis like the Intelligible World, where the Models and Ideas of all Things are, but no Things; and 'twill never go further. They are State-Recufants, politic Nonconformists, that out of Tendernefs of Humour cannot comply with the present Government, nor be obedient to the Laws of the Land with a safe Fancy. They were all Freeborn in *Fairy-Land*, but changed in the Cradle; and so being not Natives here, the Air of the Government does not agree with them. They are silenced Ministers of State, that hold forth Sedition in Conventicles, and spread new Governments erroneous both in

Doctrin and Discipline. They mold Governments, as Children do Dirt-Pyes, only to busy and please themselves, tho' to no Purpose. He derives the Pedigree of Government from Universals, that produce nothing; and supposes the Right of it to be only in those, that are incapable of the Use of it, that is *all Men*, which is all one with *no Man*; for that which is every where is no where. He will undertake to prevent civil Wars by proving, that Mankind was born to nothing else, and reduce them to Subjection and Obedience by maintaining, that Nature made them all equal. He pretends to secure the Right of Princes by proving, that whosoever can get their Power from them has Right to it, and persuade them and their Subjects to observe imaginary Contracts, because they are invalid as soon as made. He has as wise Disputes about the Original of Governments, as the *Rosicrucians* have about the Beginning of the World; when it would puzzle both him and them to find out, how the first Hammer was made; but he would fain have them made by Laws, because Laws are made by them, as if the Child begot the Parent. His Pedigree of Power and Right are as obscure, as a Herald's genealogical Tree, that is hung with Matches,

like several Pair of Spectacles, and you may see as far into Truth with them. He is a State-Quack, that mounts his Bank in some obscure Nook, and vapours what Cures he could do on the Body politic; when all the Skill he has will not serve to cure his own Itch of Novelty and Vainglory. All his Governments are Ideots, and will never be admitted to the Administration of their own Estates, nor come to Years of discretion.

A

P O L I T I C I A N

IS a speculative Statesman, Student in the liberal Art of free Government, that did all his Exercises in the late Times of cursed Memory at the *Rota*, but is not yet admitted to practise. He is a State-Empiric, that has Receipts for all the Infirmities of Governments, but knows nothing of their Constitutions, nor how to proportion his Dose. He dissects the Body-politic into Controversies, as Anatomists do the Body of a Man, and mangles every Part, only to find out new Disputes. He weighs every Thing in the Ballance of Property, which at first would turn with the fortieth Part of a Grain, but since by Use is worn so false, that it inclines one Way more than the other most abominably. He shapes dirty Governments on his *Rota* like Pipkins, that never prove without some Crack or Flaw. He is always finding out of Expedients, but they are such as light in his Way by Chance,

and nobody else would stoop to take up. The harder he charges his Head with Politics, the more it recoils and is nearer cracking; for, though in Matters of Action the more Experience a Man has the more he knows, it fares otherways with Speculations, in which an Error is seldom discovered, until it be reduced to Practice; and if but one of these creep in among his Contemplations, it makes Way for others to follow, and the further he pursues his Thoughts, the further he is out of his Way. He derives the Pedigree of Government from its first Original, and makes it begotten on the Body of a Woman by the first Father, and born with the first Child, from whom all that are at present in the World are lineally descended. He is wonderfully enamoured of a *Commonwealth* because it is like a common Whore, which every one may have to do with; but cannot abide *Monarchy*, because it is honest and confined to one. He despises the present Government, let it be what it will, and prefers the old *Greek* and *Roman*, like those that wear long Beards, Trunk-Hose, and Ruffs, but never considers, that in that they are more fantastic than those, that affect the newest Fashions.

A

STATE-CONVERT

IS a thrifty Penitent, that never left Rebellion until it left him. He has always appeared very faithful and constant to his Principles to the very last: For as he first engaged against the Crown for no other Reason but his own Advantages; so he afterward faced about, and declared for it for the very same Consideration; and when there was no more to be made of it, was thoroughly convinced, and renounced it from the Bottom of his Heart. He espoused the *good old Cause*, like an old Whore that had Money in her Purse, and made her an honest Woman; but, when all was spent and gone, turned her out of Doors to shift for her self, and declared her to be no better than she should

Like Lipsius's Dog] The Story of *Lipsius's* Dog, who had been taught to carry Meat in a Basket, is thus related by Sir *Kenelm Digby* — “ Other less Dogs, snatching as he trotted along Part
“ of what hung out of his Basket, which he carried in his Mouth,
“ he set it down to worry one of them; whilst in the mean Time,

be. He was very much unsatisfied in his Conscience with the Government of the Church, as long as Presbytery bore the Bag, and had Money to receive for betraying *Christ*; but as soon as those Saints were gulled and cheated of all, and that the Covenant began to be no better than a beggarly Ceremony, his Eyes were presently opened, and all his Scruples vanished in a Moment. He did his Endeavour to keep out the King as long as he could possibly; but when there was no Hopes left to prevail any longer, he made a Virtue of Necessity, and appeared among the foremost of those, that were most earnest to bring him in: and, like *Lipsius's* Dog, resolved to have his Share in that which he was able to defend no longer. What he gained by serving against the King he laid out to purchase profitable Employments in his Service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing; and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has so much of a Saint left as to deny himself, when he cannot have his Will, and denounce

“ the others fed at Liberty and at Ease upon the Meat, that lay
 “ there unguarded; till he coming back to it drove them away,
 “ and himself made an End of eating it up.”

See *Digby on Bodies*, p. 320.

against *Self-seeking*, until he is sure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only Man in the World that brought in the King, which is in one Sense very true; for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in. He endures his Preferment patiently (tho' he esteems it no better than a Relapse) merely for the Profit he receives by it; and prevails with himself to be satisfied with that and the Hopes of seeing better Times, and then resolves to appear himself again, and let the World see he is no Changeling: And therefore he rejoices in his Heart at any Mis-carriages of State-Affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the uttermost, partly to vindicate his own former Actions, and partly in Hope to see the Times come about again to him, as he did to them.

A

R I S K E R

EXPOSED himself to very great Hazards, when he had no other Way in the World to dispose of himself so well. He ventured very hard to serve the King in doing the Duty of his Place, that is, in putting him to Charges, when he had nothing for himself. He never forsook him in his greatest Extremities, but eat and drunk truly and faithfully upon him, when he knew not how to do so any where else: For all the Service he was capable of doing his Master was the very same with that of *Bel* and the *Dragon's* Clerks, to eat up his Meat, and drink up his Drink for

The Reader will in this Character have the Pleasure of observing the honest Impartiality of our Author, who is as severe upon the Faults and Folly of the *Cavaliers* whose Principles he loved, as he is upon those of the *Fanatics*, whom he hated; and 'tis the more to be admired, as he himself had but too much Reason to complain of the Neglect of the Government towards him after the Restoration.

him. He was very industrious to promote his Affairs to as high a Rate as he could, and improved his Revenue by increasing his Expences to the uttermost of his Power. 'Tis true he ventured all he had, that is himself, in the King's Service: for he left nothing behind him but his Debts, and to avoid these and Persecution he was glad to fly to him for Protection. He served him freely, as Soldiers are said to be Volunteers, that take up Arms because they know not how to live otherwise. He forsook his native Country because it forsook him before, and cast himself upon the King, who knew as little what to do with him, as he did with himself. As for neglecting his own Affairs, nobody knows what that means, unless it be that he did not betray the King, when he might have gotten Money to do it, as some others of his Fellows did. And these are all the great and meritorious Services he has done, for which he believes the King is so far behind hand with him, that he will never be able to come out of his Debt: For all Men are apt to set very high Rates upon ever so little that they do for Kings, as if they were to be over-reckoned by their Prerogatives; or

that it were the Mark of Majesty and Power to make Men Thieves, and give them leave to cheat; that it were a Flower of the Crown to be first served with all Sorts of Cheats and Impostors, for the Management of the Royal Revenue, before the Subject can be admitted to furnish themselves for their necessary Occasions. He is persuaded that he deserved so well of the King in being a Burthen to him in his Necessities, that he ought to be allowed to be one to the Nation for ever after. He is as confident that he contributed as much as any Man to the King's Restoration, which is very true; for he did what he could, and though that were nothing, yet no Man can do more. The most desperate of all his Risks was to venture over the Sea by Water, with private Instructions or privy Seals to borrow Money for the King's Use, and venture it Play for his own, in which he often miscarried; for the Plot being discovered, all the Money was lost, except some small Sums, that he laid out for his necessary Charges of Whores, Fiddlers, and Surgeons—In tender Consideration of all which great Services and Sufferings, he believes the King is obliged in Hon-

our and Conscience to grant him a Brief to beg of him all the Days of his Life, and deny him nothing that he shall demand according to the Rules of the Court, and in case of Refusal to prosecute his Suit, till he recover it against him by main Importunity.

A

MODERN STATESMAN

OWNS his *Election* from *Free-Grace* in Opposition to *Merits* or any Foresight of *good Works*: For he is *chosen*, not for his Abilities or Fitness for his Employment, but, like a *Tales* in a Jury, for happening to be near in *Court*—If there were any other Consideration in it (which is a hard Question to the wise) it was only because he was held able enough to be a *Counsellor extraordinary* for the Indifference and Negligence of his Understanding, and consequently Probability of doing no Hurt, if no Good; for why should not such prove the safest Physicians to the Body politic, as well as they do to the natural? Or else some near Friend,

This Character furnishes us with another Instance of *Butler's* Impartiality; and, if we would imitate him in the Practice of the same Virtue, we must own, that the Reign of *Charles II.* though I am far from thinking it so blameable as it is the present Fashion of Politics to describe it, did but abound with too many Originals of the Copy, which is here drawn.

or Friend's Friend helped him to the Place, that engaged for his Honesty and good Behaviour in it—Howsoever he is able to fit still, and look wise *according to his best Skill and Cunning*; and, though he understand no Reason, serve for one that does; and be most stedfastly of that Opinion, that is most like to prevail. If he be a great Person he is chosen, as *Aldermen* are in the City, for being rich enough; and fines to be taken in, as those do to be left out; and Money being the Measure of all Things, it is sufficient to justify all his other Talents, and render them, like it self, good and current. As for Wisdom and Judgment with those other out-of-fashioned Qualifications, which have been so highly esteemed heretofore, they have not been found to be so useful in this Age, since it has invented Scantlings for Politics, that will move with the Strength of a Child, and yet carry Matters of very great Weight; and that Raillery and Fooling is proved by frequent Experiments to be the more easy and certain Way. For as the *Germans* heretofore were observed to be wisest when they were drunk, and knew not how to dissemble: so are our modern Statesmen, when they are mad, and use no reserved Cunning in their

Consultations. And as the Church of *Rome* and that of the *Turks* esteem ignorant Persons the most devout, there is no Reason why this Age, that seems to incline to the Opinions of them both, should not as well believe them to be the most prudent and judicious: For heavenly Wisdom does by the Confession of Men far exceed all the Subtlety and Prudence of this World. The *Heathen* Priests of old never delivered Oracles but when they were drunk, and mad or distracted, and who knows why our modern Oracles may not as well use the same Method in all their Proceedings—Howsoever he is as ably qualified to govern as that Sort of Opinion that is said to govern all the World, and is perpetually false and foolish; and if his Opinions are always so, they have the fairer Title to their Pretensions. He is sworn to advise no further than his Skill and Cunning will enable him, and the less he has of either, the sooner he dispatches his Business; and Dispatch is no mean Virtue in a Statesman.

A

D U K E

O F

B U C K S

IS one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He

This Character is the only one amongst the many which *Butler* has drawn, that I find expressly personal. As *Dryden* has in his *Abša'om* and *Achitophel* attempted the same Picture, it may, perhaps, be some Satisfaction to the Reader to see them placed together.

*Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did Zimri stand:
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome;
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every Thing by turns, and nothing long;
But in the Course of one revolving Moon
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking;
Besides ten Thousand Freaks, that dy'd in thinking.*

has pulled down all that Fabric that *Nature* raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon

*Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual Themes,
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every Man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.
Beggard by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.*

It may not be improper to observe in this Place, that what the *Oxford* Antiquary reports of *Butler's* being Secretary to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Writer of his Life adds of the Duke's being a great Benefactor to him, must in all Probability be false, except to support it, we will suppose our Author guilty of great Ingratitude and Meanness.

Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physic has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Observer of the *Tartars* Customs, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunt it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but advise with his Pillow all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all

Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impostors, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with *St. Paul*, tho' in a different Sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other Men do their Pains.

A

DEGENERATE NOBLE:

O R,

One that is proud of his Birth,

IS like a Turnep, there is nothing good of him, but that which is under-ground, or Rhubarb a contemptible Shrub, that springs from a noble Root. He has no more Title to the Worth and Virtue of his Ancestors, than the Worms that were engendred in their dead Bodies, and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himself and his Posterity from all Things of that Nature for ever. This makes him glory in the Antiquity of his Family, as if his Nobility were the better, the further off it is in Time, as well as Desert, from that of

Or as Apicius, that sold his House, &c.] What suggested to *Butler* this Piece of Wit is a Story told by *Ascenius Pædianus* of one *Menius*, who sold his House, but reserved one Pillar of it, to build a Balcony upon, from whence he might view the Combats of the Gladiators. The Passage is this, “*Menius cum Domum suam venderet Catoni et Flacco Censoribus, ut ibi Basilica ædificaretur, exceperat jus sibi unius Columnæ, super quam tectum*

his Predecessors. He believes the Honour, that was left him, as well as the Estate, is sufficient to support his Quality, without troubling himself to purchase any more of his own; and he meddles as little with the Management of the one as the other, but trusts both to the Government of his Servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty Title of Honour sufficient to serve his Turn, though he has spent the Substance and Reality of it, like the Fellow that sold his Ass, but would not part with the Shadow of it; or *Apicius*, that sold his House, and kept only the Balcony, to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his Debts, supposes he has the same Freedom from all Obligations he owes Humanity and his Country, because he is not punishable for his Ignorance and want of Honour, no more than Poverty or Unskilfulness is in other Professions, which the Law supposes to be Punishment enough to it self. He is like a *Fanatic*, that

“projiceret ex provolantibus tabulatis, unde ipse et posteri ejus
 “spectare munus Gladiatorum possent.”

Whether our Author made a Mistake in applying it to *Apicius* an infamous Voluptuary, who in the Reign of *Tiberius* wasted an immense Fortune upon his gluttonous Extravagancies; or thought he had a right to make this Alteration as more suitable to his Purpose, must be left to the Reader's Determination.

contents himself with the mere Title of a Saint, and makes that his Privilege to act all manner of Wickedness; or the Ruins of a noble Structure, of which there is nothing left but the Foundation, and that obscured and buried under the Rubbish of the Superstructure. The living Honour of his Ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone, and his is but the Ghost and Shadow of it, that haunts the House with Horror and Disquiet, where once it lived. His Nobility is truly *descended* from the Glory of his Forefathers, and may be rightly said to *fall* to him; for it will never rise again to the Height it was in them by his means; and he succeeds them as Candles do the Office of the Sun. The Confidence of Nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the Opinion of Wealth makes some Men poor; and as those that are born to Estates neglect Industry, and have no Business, but to spend; so he being born to Honour believes he is no further concerned, than to consume and waste it. He is but a Copy, and so ill done, that there is no Line of the *Original* in him, but the *Sin* only. He is like a Word, that by ill Custom and Mistake has utterly lost the Sense of that, from which it was derived, and now signifies quite contrary: For the

Glory of noble Ancestors will not permit the good or bad of their Posterity to be obscure. He values himself only upon his Title, which being only verbal gives him a wrong Account of his natural Capacity; for the same Words signify more or less, according as they are applied to Things, as *ordinary* and *extraordinary* do at Court; and sometimes the greater Sound has the less Sense, as in Accompts though four be more than three, yet a third in Proportion is more than a fourth.

A

HUFFING COURTIER

IS a Cypher, that has no Value himself, but from the Place he stands in. All his Happiness consists in the Opinion he believes others have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffer much Tribulation for it, he continues obstinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a Butterfly in a Garden; and while he is pruning of his Peruke takes Occasion to contemplate his Legs, and the Symmetry of his Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the Rooms, and serves for a walking Picture, a moving Piece of Arras. His Business is only to be seen, and he performs it with admirable Industry, placing himself always in the best Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation is to show his Cloaths, and if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himself. His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold, and he were a lost Man without it. His Cloaths are but his Taylor's Livery, which he gives him, for 'tis ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to discover the Lining of his Coat, that you may not suspect any Want of Integrity or Flaw in him from the Skin outwards. His Taylor is his Creator, and makes him of nothing; and though he lives by Faith in him, he is perpetually committing Iniquities against him. His Souldwells in the Outside of him, like that of a hollow Tree; and if you do but pill the Bark off him he deceases immediately. His Carriage of himself is the wearing of his Cloaths, and, like the Cinamon Tree, his Bark is better than his Body. His looking big is rather a Tumor, than Greatness. He is an Idol, that has just so much Value, as other Men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his Ignorance pass for Reserve, and, like a Hunting-nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has just so much of Politics, as Hostlers in the University have *Latin*. He is as humble as a Jesuit to his Superior; but re-

pays himself again in Insolence over those, that are below him; and with a generous Scorn despises those, that can neither do him good, nor hurt. He adores those, that may do him good, though he knows they never will; and despises those, that would not hurt him, if they could. The Court is his Church, and he believes as that believes, and cries up and down every Thing, as he finds it pass there. It is a great Comfort to him to think, that some who do not know him may perhaps take him for a Lord; and while that Thought lasts he looks bigger than usual, and forgets his Acquaintance; and that's the Reason why he will sometimes know you, and sometimes not. Nothing but want of Money or Credit puts him in mind that he is mortal; but then he trusts Providence that somebody will trust him; and in Expectation of that hopes for a better Life, and that his Debts will never rise up in Judgment against him. To get in debt is to labour in his Vocation; but to pay is to forfeit his Protection; for what's that worth to one that owes Nothing? His Employment being only to wear his Cloaths, the whole Account of his Life and Actions is recorded in Shopkeepers Books, that are his faithful Historiographers to

their own Posterity; and he believes he loses so much Reputation, as he pays off his Debts; and that no Man wears his Cloaths in Fashion, that pays for them, for nothing is further from the Mode. He believes that he that runs in Debt is beforehand with those that trust him, and only those, that pay, are behind. His Brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the Top of a House; and that's the Reason it is so troublesome to him to look downwards. He is a Kind of Spectrum, and his Cloaths are the Shape he takes to appear and walk in; and when he puts them off he vanishes. He runs as busily out of one Room into another, as a great Practiser does in *Westminster-Hall* from one Court to another. When he accosts a Lady he puts both Ends of his Microcosm in Motion, by making Legs at one End, and combing his Peruque at the other. His Garniture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks in his Portcannons like one, that stalks in long Grass. Every Motion of him crys *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity*, quoth the Preacher. He rides himself like a well-managed Horse, reins in his Neck, and walks *Terra Terra*. He carries his elbows backward, as if he were

pinioned like a trust-up Fowl, and moves as stiff as if he was upon the Spit. His Legs are stuck in his great voluminous Britches, like the Whistles in a Bagpipe, those abundant Britches, in which his nether Parts are not cloathed, but packt up. His Hat has been long in a Consumption of the Fashion, and is now almost worn to Nothing; if it do not recover quickly it will grow too little for a Head of Garlick. He wears Garniture on the Toes of his Shoes to justify his Pretensions to the Gout, or such other Malady, that for the Time being is most in Fashion or Request. When he salutes a Friend he pulls off his Hat, as Women do their Vizard-Masques. His Ribbons are of the true Complexion of his Mind, a Kind of painted Cloud or gawdy Rainbow, that has no Colour of it self, but what it borrows from Reflection. He is as tender of his Cloaths, as a Coward is of his Flesh, and as loth to have them disordered. His Bravery is all his Happiness; and like *Atlas* he carries his Heaven on his Back. He is like the golden Fleece, a fine Outside on a Sheep's Back. He is a Monster or an *Indian* Creature, that is good for nothing in the World but to be seen. He puts himself up into a Sedan, like a Fiddle

in a Cafe, and is taken out again for the Ladies to play upon, who when they have done with him, let down his treble-String, till they are in the Humour again. His Cook and Valet de Chambre conspire to dress Dinner and him so punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As Peacocks and Ostridges have the gaudiest and finest Feathers, yet cannot fly; so all his Bravery is to flutter only. The Beggars call him *my Lord*, and he takes them at their Words, and pays them for it. If you praise him, he is so true and faithful to the Mode, that he never fails to make you a Present of himself, and will not be refused, tho' you know not what to do with him when you have him.

A

C O U R T - B E G G A R

W AITS at Court, as a Dog does under a Table, to catch what falls, or force it from his Fellows if he can. When a Man is in a fair Way to be hanged that is *richly* worth it, or has hanged himself, he puts in to be his Heir and succeed, him and pretends as much Merit as another, as, no doubt, he has great Reason to do, if all Things were rightly considered. He thinks it vain to deserve well of his Prince, as long as he can do his Business more easily by begging; for the same idle Laziness possesses him that does the rest of his Fraternity, that had rather take an Alms than work for their Livings; and therefore he accounts Merit a more uncertain and tedious Way of rising, and sometimes dangerous. He values himself and his Place not upon the Honour or Allowances of it, but

the convenient Opportunity of begging, as King *Clause's* Courtiers do when they have obtained of the superior Powers a good Station where three Ways meet, to exercise the Function in—The more ignorant, foolish, and undeserving he is, provided he be but impudent enough, which all such seldom fail to be, the better he thrives in his Calling, as others in the same Way gain more by their Sores and broken Limbs, than those that are sound and in Health. He always undervalues what he gains, because he comes easily by it; and how rich soever he proves is resolved never to be satisfied, as being, like a *Friar Minor*, bound by his Order to be always a Beggar. He is, like King *Agrippa*, almost a Christian; for though he never begs any Thing of God, yet he does very much of his Vice-gerent the King that is next him. He spends lavishly what he gets, because it costs him so little Pains to get more, but pays Nothing; for, if he should, his Privilege would be of no use at all to him, and he does not care to part with any Thing of his Right. He finds it his best Way to be always craving, because he lights many Times

upon Things that are disposed of or not beggable; but if one hit, it pays for twenty that miscarry; even as those Virtuofos of his Profession at large ask as well of those that give them nothing, as those few that out of Charity give them something. When he has past almost all Offices, as other Beggars do from Constable to Constable, and after meets with a Stop, it does but encourage him to be more industrious in watching the next Opportunity, to repair the Charge he has been at to no Purpose. He has his Emissaries, that are always hunting out for Discoveries, and when they bring him in any Thing, that he judges too heavy for his own Interest to carry, he takes in others to join with him (like blind Men and Cripples that beg in Consort) and if they prosper they share, and give the Jackal some small Snip for his Pains in questing, that is, if he has any further use of him, otherwise he leaves him like Virtue to reward himself; and because he deserves well, which he does by no means approve of, gives him that, which he believes to be the fittest Recompence of all Merit, just nothing. He believes, that the King's Restoration being

upon his Birth-Day, he is bound to observe it all the Days of his Life, and grant, as some other Kings have done upon the same Occasion, whatever is demanded of him, though it were the one half of his Kingdom.

A

B U M P K I N,

O R

COUNTRY-SQUIRE

IS a Clown of Rank and Degree. He is the Growth of his own Land, a Kind of *Antoctbanus*, like the *Athenians*, that sprung out of their own Ground; or Barnacles that grow upon Trees in *Scotland*: His homely Education has rendered him a Native only of his own Soil, and a Foreigner to all other Places, from which he differs in Language, Manner of Living, and Behaviour, which are as rugged as the Coat of a Colt that has been bred upon a Common. The Custom of being the best Man in his own Territories has made him the worst every where else. He assumes the upper End of the Table at an Ale-House, as his Birthright; receives the Homage of his Com-

pany, which are always subordinate, and dispenses Ale and Communication, like a Self-conforming Teacher in a Conventicle. The chief Points, he treats on, are the Memoirs of his Dogs and Horfes, which he repeats as often as a Holder-forth, that has but two Sermons; to which if he adds the History of his Hawks and Fishing, he is very painful and laborious. He does his endeavour to appear a Drole, but his Wit being, like his Estate, within the Compass of a Hedge, is so profound and obscure to a Stranger, that it requires a Commentary, and is not to be understood without a perfect Knowledge of all Circumstances of Persons, and the particular Idiom of the Place. He has no Ambition to appear a Person of civil Prudence or Understanding, more than in putting off a lame infirm Jade for sound Wind and Limb; to which Purpose he brings his Squirehood and Groom to vouch; and, rather than fail, will outswear an Affidavit-Man. The Top of his Entertainment is horrible strong Beer, which he pours into his Guests (as the *Dutch* did Water into our Merchants, when they tortured them at *Amboyna*) till they *confess* they can drink no more; and then he triumphs over them as subdued and vanquished,

no less by the Strength of his Brain, than his Drink. When he salutes a Man, he lays violent Hands upon him, and gripes and shakes him, like a Fit of an Ague: and, when he accosts a Lady, he stamps with his Foot, like a *French* Fencer, and makes a Longee at her, in which he always misses his Aim, too high or too low, and hits her on the Nose or Chin. He is never without some rough-handed Flatterer, that rubs him, like a Horse, with a Curry-Comb, till he kicks and grunts with the Pleasure of it. He has old Family Stories and Jest, that fell to him with the Estate, and have been left from Heir to Heir time out of Mind: With these he entertains all Comers over and over, and has added some of his own Times, which he intends to transmit over to Posterity. He has but one Way of making all Men welcome, that come to his House, and that is, by making himself and them drunk; while his Servants take the same Course with theirs, which he approves of as good and faithful Service, and the rather, because, if he has Occasion to tell a strange improbable Story, they may be in a Readiness to vouch with the more Impudence, and make it a Case of Conscience to lye, as well as drink for his Credit. All the

heroical Glory he aspires to, is but to be reputed a most potent and victorious Stealer of Deer, and beater-up of Parks, to which Purpose he has compiled Commentaries of his own great Actions, that treat of his dreadful Adventures in the Night, of giving Battle in the Dark, discomfiting of Keepers, horsing the deer on his own Back, and making off with equal Resolution and Success. He goes to Bawdy-Houses, to see Fashions; that is, to have his Pocket pick't, and the Pox into the Bargain.

A N

A N T I Q U A R Y

IS one that has his Being in this Age, but his Life and Conversation is in the Days of old. He despises the present Age as an Innovation, and flights the future; but has a great Value for that, which is past and gone, like the Madman, that fell in Love with *Cleopatra*. He is an old frippery-Philosopher, that has so strange a natural Affection to worm-eaten Speculation, that it is apparent he has a Worm in his Skull. He honours his Forefathers and Fore-mothers, but condemns his Parents as too modern, and no better than Upstarts. He neglects himself, because he was born in his own Time, and so far off Antiquity, which he so much admires; and repines, like a younger Brother, because he came so late into the World. He spends the one half of his Time in collecting old insignificant Trifles,

and the other in shewing them, which he takes singular Delight in; because the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his Curiosities take place of one another according to their Seniority, and he values them not by their Abilities, but their Standing. He has a great Veneration for Words that are stricken in Years, and are grown so aged, that they have out-lived their Employments—These he uses with a Respect agreeable to their Antiquity, and the good Services they have done. He throws away his Time in enquiring after that which is past and gone so many Ages since, like one that shoots away an Arrow, to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of Dust and Ruins, like the Fable of the chymical Plant raised out of its own Ashes. He values one old Invention, that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the World, tho' never so useful. The whole Business of his Life is the same with his, that shows the Tombs at *Westminster*, only the one does it for his Pleasure, and the other for Money. As every Man has but one Father, but two Grand-Fathers and a World of Ancestors; so he has a proportional Value

for Things that are antient, and the further off the greater.

He is a great Time-server, but it is of Time out of Mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His Days were spent and gone long before he came into the World, and since his only Business is to collect what he can out of the Ruins of them. He has so strong a natural Affection to any Thing that is old, that he may truly *say to Dust and Worms you are my Father, and to Rottenness thou art my Mother.* He has no Providence nor Fore-sight; for all his Contemplations look backward upon the Days of old, and his Brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure Word in any old senseless Discourse, than be Author of the most ingenious new one; and with *Scaliger* would sell the Empire of *Germany* (if it were in his Power) for an old Song. He devours an old Manuscript with greater Relish than Worms and Moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, values

And with Scaliger would sell the Empire of Germany] This alludes to a ranting Exclamation of *Scaliger's* upon an Ode in *Horace*, which he was particularly pleased with.

it above any Thing printed, which he accounts but a Novelty. When he happens to cure a small Botch in an old Author, he is as proud of it, as if he had got the Philosophers Stone, and could cure all the Diseases of Mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their Antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all Things in the World, like those that reckon their Pounds before their Shillings and Pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no Customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of Use; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints, but such as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, in Opposition, of none but the Living.

A

P R O U D M A N

IS a Fool in Fermentation, that swells and boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He sets out his Feathers like an Owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tumour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that renders every Part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself Sympathetic Love-Powder, that works upon him to Dotage, and has transformed him into his own Mistress. He is his own Gallant, and makes most passionate Addresses to his own dear Perfections. He commits Idolatry to himself, and worships his own Image; though there is no Soul living of his Church but himself, yet he believes as the Church believes, and maintains his Faith with the Obstinacy of a *Fanatic*. He is his own Favourite, and advances himself not only above his Merit, but all Mankind; is both *Damon* and *Pythias* to his own dear self, and values his

Crony above his Soul. He gives Place to no Man but himself, and that with very great Distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatsoever he has receives a Value in being his; as a Horfe in a Nobleman's Stable will bear a greater Price than in a common Market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger with Ceremony and Compliment, but admits of no Privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others, and is no better than his own Parasite and Flatterer. A little Flood will make a shallow Torrent swell above its Banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring Noise, while a deep silent Stream glides quietly on. So a vain-glorious insolent proud Man swells with a little frail Prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his Bounds, and when he sinks, leaves Mud and Dirt behind him. His Carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he were advanced upon Men's Shoulders, or tumbled over their Heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies

himself a Colosse, and so he is, for his Head holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper Stories. We can naturally take no view of our selves, unless we look downwards, to teach us how humble Admirers we ought to be of our own Values. The slihter and less solid his Materials are, the more Room they take up, and make him swell the bigger; as Feathers and Cotton will stuff Cushions better than Things of more close and solid Parts.

A

FIFTH-MONARCHY-MAN

IS one, that is not contented to be a Privy-Counsellor of the Kingdom of Heaven, but would fain be a Minister of State of this World, and translate the Kingdom of Heaven to the Kingdom of Earth. His Design is to make *Christ* King, as his Forefathers the *Jews* did, only to abuse and crucify him, that he might share his Lands and Goods, as he did his Vicegerents here. He dreams of a Fool's Paradise without a Serpent in it, a golden Age all of Saints, and no Hypocrites, all *holy-Court* Princes, and no Subjects but the Wicked; a Government of *Perkin Warbec* and *Lambert Simnel* Saints, where every Man, that had a Mind to it, might make himself a Prince, and claim a Title to the Crown. He fancies a *fifth-Monarchy* as the Quintessence of all Governments, abstracted from all Matter, and consisting

wholly of Revelations, Visions, and Mysteries. *John of Leyden* was the first Founder of it, and though he miscarried, like *Romulus* in a Tempest, his Posterity have Revelations every full Moon, that there may be a Time to set up his Title again, and with better Success; though his Brethren, that have attempted it since, had no sooner quartered his Coat with their own, but their whole outward Men were set on the Gates of the City; where a Head and four Quarters stand as Types and Figures of the *fifth-Monarchy*. They have been contriving (since Experiments, that cost Necks are too chargeable) to try it in little, and have deposed King *Oberon*, to erect their Monarchy in *Fairy-Land*, as being the most proper and natural Region in the whole World for their Government, and if it succeed there to proceed further. The *Devil's* Prospect of all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and the Glory of them, has so dazzled their Eyes, that they would venture their Necks to take him at his Word, and give him his Price. Nothing comes so near the Kingdom of Darkness as the *fifth-Monarchy*, that is no where to be found; but in dark Prophecies, obscure Mythologies, and mystical Riddles, like the Visions *Æneas* saw in Hell of the *Roman Empire*,

Next this it most resembles *Mahomet's* Coming to the *Turks*, and King *Arthur's* Reign over the Britons in *Merlin's* Prophecies; so near of Kin are all fantastic Illusions, that you may discern the same Lineaments in them all. The poor Wicked are like to have a very ill time under them, for they are resolved upon arbitrary Government, according to their ancient and fundamental Revelations, and to have no Subjects but Slaves, who between them and the *Devil* are like to suffer Persecution enough to make them as able Saints, as their Lords and Masters. He gathers Churches on the Sunday, as the *Jews* did Sticks on their Sabbath, to set the State on Fire. He humms and hahs high Treason, and calls upon it, as Gamesters do on the Cast they would throw. He groans Seditious, and, like the *Pharisee*, rails, when he gives Thanks. He interprets Prophecies, as *Whittington* did the Bells, to speak to him, and governs himself accordingly.

T H E

H E N P E C T M A N

RIDES behind his Wife, and lets her wear the Spurs and govern the Reins. He is a Kind of preposterous Animal, that being curbed in goes with his Tail forwards. He is but subordinate and ministerial to his Wife, who commands in chief, and he dares do nothing without her Order. She takes Place of him, and he creeps in at the Bed's Feet, as if he had married the *Grand Seigneur's* Daughter, and is under Correction of her Pantofle. He is his Wife's Villain, and has nothing of his own further than she pleases to allow him. When he was married he promised to worship his Wife with his Soul instead of his Body, and endowed her among his worldly Goods with his Humanity. He changed Sexes with his Wife, and put off the old Man to put on the new Woman. She sits at the Helm, and he does but tug like a Slave at the Oar. The little

Wit he has being held *in capite* has rendered all the rest of his Concernments liable to Pupillage and Wardship, and his Wife has the Tuition of him during his or her Life; and he has no Power to do any Thing of himself, but by his Guardian. His Wife manages him and his Estate with equal Authority, and he lives under her arbitrary Government and Command as his superior Officer. He is but a kind of Messuage and Tenement in the Occupation of his Wife. He and she make up a Kind of Hermaphrodite, a Monster, of which the one half is more than the whole; for he is the weaker Vessel, and but his Wife's Helper. His Wife espoused and took him to Husband for better or worse, and the last Word stands. He was meant to be his Wife's Head, but being set on at the wrong End she makes him serve (like the Jesuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her Province, an Acquisition that she took in, and gives Laws to at Indiscretion; for being overmatched and too feeble for the Encounter, he was forced to submit and take Quarter. He has inverted the Curse, and turned it upon himself; for his Desire is towards his Wife, and she reigns over him, and with *Esau* has sold his Birthright for a Mess of Matrimony.

His Wife took his Liberty among his worldly Goods, to have and to hold till Death them do part. He is but Groom of his Wife's Chamber, and her menial Husband, that is always in waiting, and a Slave only in the Right of his Wife.

A

S M A L L P O E T

IS one, that would fain make himself that, which *Nature* never meant him; like a *Fanatic*, that inspires himself with his own Whimsies. He sets up Haberdasher of small Poetry, with a very small Stock, and no Credit. He believes it is Invention enough to find out other Men's Wit; and whatsoever he lights upon either in Books, or Company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own Wit has the Rickets, by the swelling Disproportion of the Joints. Imitation is the whole Sum of him; and his Vein is but an Itch or Clap, that he has catched of others; and his Flame like that of Charcoals, that were burnt before: But as he wants Judgment to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own Talent. You may

know his Wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him; For as those, that have Money but seldom, are always shaking their Pockets, when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual Talker; and you may know by the Freedom of his Discourse, that he came lightly by it, as Thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other Men's Wits by *their* Modesty, and his own by *his* Confidence. He makes nothing of writing Plays, because he has not Wit enough to understand the Difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as Chowfes do to play with cunning Gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of Wit, as those, that have bad Voices, are always singing out of Tune; and those, that cannot play, delight to fumble on Instruments. He grows the unwiser by other Men's Harms; for the worse others write, he finds the more Encouragement to do so too. His Greediness of Praise is so eager, that he swallows any Thing, that comes in the Likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as Shot-free against any Thing, that may lessen his good Opinion

of himself—This renders him incurable, like Diseases, that grow insensible.

If you dislike him it is at your own Peril; he is sure to put in a Caveat beforehand against your Understanding; and, like a Malefactor in Wit, is always furnished with Exceptions against his Judges. This puts him upon perpetual Apologies, Excuses, and Defences, but still by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whiffling Strain, without Regard of any Man, that stands in the Way of his Pageant. Where he thinks he may do it safely, he will confidently own other Men's Writings; and where he fears the Truth may be discovered, he will by feeble Denials and feigned Insinuations give Men Occasion to suppose so.

If he understands *Latin* or *Greek* he ranks himself among the Learned, despises the Ignorant, talks Criticisms out of *Scaliger*, and repeats *Martial's* bawdy Epigrams, and sets up his Rest wholly upon Pedantry. But if he be not so well qualified, he cries down all Learning as pedantic, disclaims Study, and professes to write with as great Facility, as if his Muse was

sliding down *Parnassus*. Whatsoever he hears well said he seizes upon by poetical Licence; and one Way makes it his own, that is by ill repeating of it—This he believes to be no more Theft, than it is to take that, which others throw away. By this means his Writings are, like a Taylor's Cushion, of mosaic Work, made up of several Scraps sewed together. He calls a slovenly nasty Description *great Nature*, and dull Flatness *strange Easiness*. He writes down all that comes in his Head, and makes no Choice, because he has nothing to do it with, that is Judgment. He is always repealing the old Laws of Comedy, and like the *long Parliament* making *Ordinances* in their Stead; although they are perpetually *thrown out* of Coffee-Houses, and come to Nothing. He is like an *Italian Thief*, that never robs, but he murders, to prevent Discovery; so sure is he to cry down the Man from whom he purloins, that his petty Larceny of Wit may pass unsuspected. He is but a Copier at best, and will never arrive to practise by the Life: For bar him the Imitation of something he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

Whatsoever he hears well said, &c.] In this Butler alludes to *Martial's* Epigram to *Fidentinus*.

Observation and Fancy, the Matter and Form of just Wit, are above his Philosophy. He appears so over concerned in all Men's Wits, as if they were but Disparagements of his own; and crys down all they do, as if they were Encroachments upon him. He takes Jest from the Owners and breaks them, as *Justices* do false Weights, and Pots that want Measure. When he meets with any Thing, that is very good, he changes it into small Money, like three Groats for a Shilling, to serve several Occasions. He disclaims Study, pretends to take Things in Motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often missing of his Mark. His Wit is much troubled with Obstructions; and he has Fits as painful as those of the Spleen. He fancies himself a dainty spruce Shepherd, with a Flock and a fine filken Shepherdess, that follows his Pipe, as Rats did the Conjurers in *Germany*.

As for *Epithets*, he always avoids those, that are near akin to the Sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a *Christian* Poet; and therefore all his Care is to chuse out

*Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus:
Sed male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus. Mart. L. 1. Ep. 39.*

such, as will serve, like a wooden Leg, to piece out a maim'd Verse, that wants a Foot or two; and if they will but rhyme now and then into the Bargain, or run upon a Letter, it is a Work of Supererrogation.

For *Similitudes*, he likes the hardest and most obscure best: For as Ladies wear black Patches, to make their Complexions seem fairer than they are; so when an Illustration is more obscure than the Sense that went before it, it must of Necessity make it appear clearer than it did: For Contraries are best set off with Contraries.

He has found out a Way to save the Expence of much Wit and Sense: For he will make less than some have prodigally laid out upon five or six Words serve forty or fifty Lines. This is a thrifty Invention, and very easy; and, if it were commonly known, would much increase the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

Weread that Virgil used to make, &c.] This alludes to a Passage in the Life of *Virgil* ascribed to *Donatus*. “ Cum Georgica scriberet traditur quotidie meditando mane plurimos versus dictare solitus, ac per totum diem retractando ad paucissimos redigere: non absurde carmen se ursæ more parere dicens, et lambendo demum effingere.”

titude of small Poets in constant Employment. He has found out a new Sort of poetical *Georgics*, a Trick of sowing Wit like clover-grass on barren Subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the Times, wherein, some Men say, there is no Room left for new Invention. He will take three Grains of Wit like the Elixir, and projecting it upon the *Iron-Age* turn it immediately into *Gold*—All the Business of Mankind has presently vanished, the whole World has kept Holiday; there has been no Men but Heroes and Poets, no Women but Nymphs and Shepherdesses; Trees have born Fritters, and Rivers flowed Plum-Porridge.

We read that *Virgil* used to make fifty or sixty Verses in a Morning, and afterwards reduce them to ten. This was an unthrifty Vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the Husbandry of his own Poetry, as *Seneca* says he was in that of a Farm; for in plain *English*

As Seneca says he was in that of a farm.] Seneca in his 86th Epistle finds several Faults with Virgil's Rules and Observations in Husbandry, as they are delivered in his Georgics, and adds of him — " Qui non quod verissime, sed quid decentissime diceretur, adspexit; nec Agricolas docere voluit, sed legentes delectare."

it was no better than bringing a Noble to Ninepence. And as such Courses brought the *prodigal Son* to eat with Hogs: So they did him to feed with Horses, which were not much better Company, and may teach us to avoid doing the like. For certainly it is more noble to take four or five Grains of Sense, and, like a Gold-Beater, hammer them into so many Leaves as will fill a whole Book; than to write nothing but Epitomes, which many wise Men believe will be the Bane and Calamity of Learning.

When he writes, he commonly steers the Sense of his Lines by the Rhime that is at the End of them, as Butchers do Calves by the Tail. For when he has made one Line, which is easy enough; and has found out some sturdy hard Word, that will but rhyme, he will hammer the Sense upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleases.

There is no Art in the World so rich in Terms as Poetry; a whole Dictionary is scarce

So they did him to feed with Horses] This must be explained by the same Writer of *Virgil's Life*, who informs us, that *Virgil* in his Youth studied Physic, in which having made great Proficiency, he repaired to *Rome*, and applying himself to that Branch of it

able to contain them: For there is hardly a Pond, a Sheep-walk, or a Gravel-pit in all Greece, but the antient Name of it is become a Term of Art in Poetry. By this means small Poets have such a Stock of able hard Wordslying by them, as *Dryades, Hamadryades, Aonides, Fauni, Nymphæ, Sylvani, &c.* that signify nothing at all; and such a World of pedantic Terms of the same Kind, as may serve to furnish all the new Inventions and *thorough-Reformations*, that can happen between this and *Plato's* great Year.

When he writes he never proposes any Scope or Purpose to himself, but gives his Genius all Freedom: For as he, that rides abroad for his Pleasure, can hardly be out of his Way; so he that writes for his Pleasure, can seldom be beside his Subject. It is an ungrateful Thing to a noble Wit to be confined to any Thing—To what Purpose did the Antients feign *Pegasus* to have Wings, if he must be confined to the Road and Stages like a Pack-Horse, or be forced to be obedient to Hedges and Ditches? There-

which relates to the Distempers of Horses, was employed in *Augustus's* Stables with great Success, and by that Means introduced himself into the Favour of that Prince.

fore he has no Respect to Decorum and Propriety of Circumstance; for the Regard of Persons, Times, and Places is a Restraint too servile to be imposed upon poetical Licence; like him that made *Plato* confess *Juvenal* to be a Philosopher, or *Persius*, that calls the *Athenians Quirites*.

For *Metaphors*, he uses to chuse the hardest, and most far-fet that he can light upon—These are the Jewels of Eloquence, and therefore the harder they are, the more precious they must be.

He'll take a scant Piece of coarse Sense, and stretch it on the Tenterhooks of half a score Rhimes, until it crack that you may see through it, and it rattle like a Drum-Head. When you see his Verses hanged up in Tobacco-Shops, you may say, in defiance of the Proverb, *that the weakest does not always go to the Wall*; for 'tis

Like him that made Plato, &c.] Who this Blunder is to be fathered upon I cannot discover; but that which he imputes to *Persius*, and another of *Juvenal's*, a Passage of his own in a Part of his Prose Collections called *Criticisms upon Books and Authors*, will explain — *Persius*, says he, commits a very great Absurdity, when laying the Scene of his fourth Satyr in *Greece*, and bringing in *Socrates* reproving a young Statesman, he makes him call the *Graecians Quirites*.

well known the Lines are strong enough, and in that Sense may justly take the Wall of any, that have been written in our Language. He seldom makes a Conscience of his Rhimes; but will often take the Liberty to make *preach* rhyme with *Cheat*, *Vote* with *Rogue*, and *Committee-Man* with *Hang*,

He'll make one Word of as many Joints, as the Tin-Pudding, that a Jugler pulls out of his Throat, and chops in again—What think you of *glud-fum-flam-basta-minantes*? Some of the old *Latin* Poets bragged, that their Verses were tougher than Brass, and harder than Marble; what would they have done, if they had seen these? Verily they would have had more reason to wish themselves an hundred Throats, than they then had, to pronounce them.

There are some, that drive a Trade in writing in praise of other Writers, (like Rooks,

—— *Quid deinde loquere, Quirites,
Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius illud.* *Perf. S. 4.*

Some of the old Latin Poets, &c.] Thus Horace

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius* *Hor. L. 3. O. 30.*

that bet on Gamesters Hands) not at all to celebrate the learned Author's Merits, as they would shew, but their own Wits, of which he is but the Subject. The Letchery of this Vanity has spawned more Writers than the *civil Law*: For those, whose Modesty must not endure to hear their own Praises spoken, may yet publish of themselves the most notorious Vapours imaginable. For if the Privilege of Love be allowed—*Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit Amor*, why should it not be so in Self-Love too? For if it be Wisdom to conceal our Imperfections, what is it to discover our Virtues? It is not like, that *Nature* gave Men great Parts upon such Terms, as the *Fairies* use to give Money, to pinch and leave them if they speak of it. They say—*Praise is but the Shadow of Virtue*; and sure that Virtue is very foolish, that is afraid of its own Shadow.

When he writes *Anagrams*, he uses to lay the Outsides of his Verses even (like a Brick-

In this he imitates Ben Johnson.] We are told in *Ben. Johnson's* Life, that he was intended for a Brick-layer, and worked for some time at that Trade.

Benlowse's Foetry.] As I never heard of any Poet of this Name, I take it for granted, that this is a cant Word for some one that he did not chuse to name; and I think it not improbable that the Per-

layer) by a Line of Rhime and Acrostic, and fill the Middle with Rubbish—In this he imitates *Ben. Johnson*, but in nothing else.

There was one, that lined a Hat-Case with a Paper of *Benlowse's* Poetry—*Prynne* bought it by Chance, and put a new Demi-Castor into it. The first Time he wore it he felt only a singing in his Head, which within two Days turned to a Vertigo—He was let Blood in the Ear by one of the State-Physicians, and recovered; but before he went abroad he writ a Poem of Rocks and Seas, in a Stile so proper and natural, that it was hard to determine, which was ruggeded.

There is no Feat of Activity, nor Gambol of Wit, that ever was performed by Man, from him that vaults on *Pegasus*, to him that tumbles through the Hoop of an Anagram, but *Benlows* has got the Mastery in it, whether it be high-rope Wit, or low-rope Wit. He

son meant was Sir *John Denham*. What suggested to me this Conjecture is *Butler's* avowed Sentiments of that Gentleman, and a Circumstance which follows in the next Paragraph, in which *Benlows* is said to have been a Captain once, which coincides with the History of Sir *John*, who in the Beginning of the civil War was employed in a military Capacity in the King's Service.

has all Sorts of *Echoes*, *Rebus's*, *Chronograms*, &c. besides *Carwitschets*, *Clenches*, and *Quibbles*—As for *Altars* and *Pyramids* in Poetry, he has out-done all Men that Way; for he has made a *Gridiron*, and a *Frying-Pan* in Verse, that, beside the Likeness in Shape, the very Tone and Sound of the Words did perfectly represent the Noise, that is made by those Utenfils, such as the old Poet called *Sartago loquendi*. When he was a Captain, he made all the Furniture of his Horse, from the Bit to the Crupper, in beaten Poetry, every Verse being fitted to the Proportion of the Thing, with a moral Allusion of the Sense to the Thing; as the *Bridle of Moderation*, the *Saddle of Content*, and the *Crupper of Constancy*; so that the same Thing was both Epigram and Emblem, even as a Mule is both Horse and Ass.

Some Critics are of Opinion, that Poets ought to apply themselves to the Imitation of *Nature*, and make a Conscience of digressing from her; but he is none of these. The ancient Magicians could charm down the Moon, and force Rivers back to their Springs by the

Sartago loquendi.]

Ecce Pueris Monitus Patres infandere lippos

Power of Poetry only; and the Moderns will undertake to turn the Inside of the Earth outward (like a Jugler's Pocket) and shake the *Chaos* out of it, make *Nature* shew Tricks like an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but still it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can do such noble Feats, they were unwise to descend to mean and vulgar: For where the rarest and most common Things are of a Price (as they are all one to Poets) it argues Disease in Judgment not to chuse the most curious. Hence some infer, that the Account they give of things deserves no Regard, because they never receive any Thing, as they find it, into their Compositions, unless it agree both with the Measure of their own Fancies, and the Measure of their Lines, which can very seldom happen: And therefore when they give a Character of any Thing or Person, it does commonly bear no more Proportion to the Subject, than the Fishes and Ships in a Map do to the Scale. But let such know, that Poets, as well as Kings, ought rather to consider what is fit for them to give, than others to receive; that they are fain to have regard to the Exchange of Language, and

Cum videas, quærisne unde hæc fartago loquendi
Perf. Sat. i. V. 80.

write high or low, according as that runs: For in this Age, when the smallest Poet seldom goes below more the most, it were a Shame for a greater and more noble Poet not to out-throw that cut a Bar.

There was a *Tobacco-Man*, that wrapped *Spanish Tobacco* in a Paper of Verses, which *Benlows* had written against the *Pope*, which by a natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to any Thing that's Catholic, spoiled the Tobacco; for it presently turned Mundungus. This Author will take an *English Word*, and, like the *Frenchman*, that swallowed Water and spit it out Wine, with a little Heaving and Straining would turn it immediately into *Latin*, as *plunderat ille Domos—Mille Hocopokiana*, and a thousand such.

There was a young Practitioner in Poetry, that found there was no good to be done without a Mistress: For he, that writes of Love before he hath tried it, doth but travel by the Map; and he, that makes Love without a Dame, does like a Gamester, that plays for

More the most] There is an apparent Defect or Error in these Words; but I leave it to the Reader to supply or correct.

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore, first to furnish himself with a Name for his Mistress beforehand, that he might not be to seek, when his Merit or good Fortune should bestow her upon him: for every Poet is his mistress's Godfather, and gives her a new Name, like a Nun that takes Orders. He was very curious to fit himself with a handsome Word of a tunable Sound; but could light upon none, that some Poet or other had not made use of before. He was therefore forced to fall to coining, and was several Months before he could light on one, that pleased him perfectly. But after he had overcome that Difficulty, he found a greater remaining, to get a Lady to own him. He accosted some of all Sorts, and gave them to understand, both in Prose and Verse, how incomparably happy it was in his Power to make his Mistress, but could never convert any of them. At length he was fain to make his Landress supply that Place as a Proxy, until his good Fortune, or somebody of better Quality would be more kind to him, which after a while he neither hoped nor cared for; for how mean soever her Condition was before, when he had once pretended to her, she was sure to be a Nymph and

a Goddess. For what greater Honour can a Woman be capable of, than to be translated into precious Stones and Stars? No Herald in the World can go higher. Besides he found no Man can use that Freedom of Hyperbole in the Character of a Person commonly known (as great Ladies are) which we can in describing one so obscure and unknown, that nobody can disprove him. For he, that writes but one Sonnet upon any of the public Persons, shall be sure to have his Reader at every third Word cry out—What an Ass is this to call *Spanish paper and Ceruse Lilies and Roses, or claps Influences*—To say, *the Graces are her waiting Women*, when they are known to be no better than her Bawdes—that *Day breaks from her Eyes*, when she looks askint—Or that *her Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds*, when she puffs Tobacco?

It is no mean Art to improve a Language, and find out Words, that are not only removed from common use, but rich in Consonants, the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to raise a

Arts rattling Foreskins, &c.] This, if I mistake not, is a Line of Howard's in his *British Princes*.

soft and feeble Language like ours to the Pitch of *High-Dutch*, as he did, that writ

Arts rattling Foreskins shrilling Bagpipes quell.

This is not only the most elegant, but most politic Way of Writing, that a Poet can use; for I know no Defence like it to preserve a Poem from the Torture of those that lisp and stammer. He that wants Teeth may as well venture upon a Piece of tough horny Brawn as such a Line, for he will look like an Afs eating Thistles.

He never begins a Work without an Invocation of his *Muse*; for it is not fit that she should appear in public, to shew her Skill before she is entreated, as Gentlewomen do, not use to sing, until they are applied to, and often desired.

I shall not need to say any Thing of the Excellence of Poetry, since it has been already performed by many excellent Persons, among whom some have lately undertaken to prove, that the civil Government cannot possibly subsist without it, which, for my Part, I believe to be true

Some have lately.] This alludes to *Davenant*—See *Grey's Hudibras*.

in a poetical Sense, and more probable to be received of it, than those strange Feats of building Walls, and making Trees dance, which Antiquity ascribes to Verse. And though *Philosophers* are of a contrary Opinion, and will not allow Poets fit to live in a Commonwealth, their Partiality is plainer than their Reasons; for they have no other Way to pretend to this Prerogative themselves, as they do, but by removing Poets, whom they know to have a fairer Title; and this they do so unjustly, that *Plato*, who first banished Poets his Republic, forgot that that very Commonwealth was poetical. I shall say nothing to them, but only desire the World to consider, how happily it is like to be governed by those, that are at so perpetual a civil War among themselves, that if we should submit ourselves to their own Resolution of this Question, and be content to allow them only fit to rule if they could but conclude it so themselves, they would never agree upon it—Mean while there is no less Certainty and Agreement in Poetry than the Mathematics; for they all submit to the same Rules without Dispute or Controversy. But whosoever shall please to look into the Records of Antiquity shall find their Title so unquestioned, that the greatest Princes

in the whole World have been glad to derive their Pedigrees, and their Power too, from Poets. *Alexander* the great had no wiser a Way to secure that Empire to himself by *Right*, which he had gotten by *Force*, then by declaring himself the Son of *Jupiter*; and who was *Jupiter* but the Son of a Poet? So *Cæsar* and all *Rome* was transported with Joy, when a Poet made *Jupiter* his Colleague in the Empire; and when *Jupiter* governed, what did the Poets, that governed *Jupiter*?

A

P H I L O S O P H E R

SEATS himself as Spectator and Critic on the great Theater of the World, and gives Sentence on the Plots, Language, and Action of whatsoever he sees represented, according to his own Fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the Scene, but so seldom is in the Right, that he discovers nothing more than his own Mistakes. When his Profession was in Credit in the World, and Money was to be gotten by it, it divided itself into Multitudes of Sects, that maintained themselves and their Opinions by fierce and hot Contests with one another; but since the Trade decayed and would not turn to Account, they all fell of themselves, and now the World is so unconcerned in their Controversies, that three Reformado Sects joined in one, like *Epi-*

Like Epicuro-Gassendo-Charltoniana] Butler in this sneeringly alludes to Dr. *Charlton*, who published a Book under the following Title,

curò-Gassendo-Charltoniana, will not serve to maintain one Pedant. He makes his Hypotheses himself, as a Taylor does a Doublet without Measure, no Matter whether they fit *Nature*, he can make *Nature* fit them, and, whether they are too strait or wide, pinch or stuff out the Body accordingly. He judges of the Works of *Nature* just as the Rabble do of State-Affairs: They see things done, and every Man according to his Capacity guesses at the Reasons of them, but knowing nothing of the Arcana or secret Movements of either, they seldom or never are in the Right; howsoever they please themselves, and some others, with their Fancies, and the further they are off Truth, the more confident they are they are near it; as those, that are out of their Way, believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their Journey's End, when they are furthest of all from it. He is confident of immaterial Substances, and his Reasons are very pertinent, that is, *substantial* as he thinks, and *immaterial* as others do. Heretofore his Beard was the Badge of his Profession, and the Length

Physiologia Epicuro-Gassendo-Charltoniana. Or a Fabrick of natural Science erected upon the most ancient Hypothesis of Atoms. Lond. 1653. Fol.

of that in all his Polemics was ever accounted the Length of his Weapon; but when the Trade fell, that fell too. In *Lucius's* time they were commonly called *Beard-Wearers*; for all the Strength of their Wits lay in their Beards, as *Sampson's* did in his Locks: But since the World began to see the Vanity of that *Hair-brained* Cheat, they left it off, to save their Credit.

A

F A N T A S T I C

IS one that wears his Feather on the Inside of his Head. His Brain is like Quicksilver, apt to receive any Impression, but retain none. His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that alters Colour with every Motion towards the Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs through him immediately. He does not know so much as what he would be, and yet would be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-Lantern, that turns with the Smoak of a Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient Laws of the Land have provided, according to his Quality, that he may be known what he is by them; and it is as easy to decipher him by his Habit as a *Pudding*. He is rigg'd with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;

all the rest of him is Hull. He is sure to be the earliest in the Fashion, and lays out for it like the first Pease and Cherries. He is as proud of leading a Fashion, as others are of a Faction, and glories as much to be in the Head of a Mode, as a Soldier does to be in the Head of an Army. He is admirably skilful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can tell, at the first View, whether they have the right Symmetry. He alters his Gate with the Times, and has not a Motion of his Body, that (like a Dottrel) he does not borrow from somebody else. He exercises his Limbs, like the Pike and Musket, and all his Postures are practised—Take him all together, and he is nothing but a Translation, Word for Word, out of *French*, an Image cast in Plaister of *Paris*, and a Puppet sent over for others to dress themselves by. He speaks *French*, as Pedants do *Latin*, to shew his Breeding; and most naturally, where he is least understood. All his non-Naturals, on which his Health and Diseases depend, are *stile novo*. *French* is his Holiday-Language, that he wears for his Pleasure and Ornament, and uses *English* only for his Business and necessary Occasions. He is like a *Scotchman*, though he is born a Subject of his own

Nation, he carries a *French* faction within him.

He is never quiet, but fits as the Wind is said to do, when it is most in Motion. His Head is as full of Maggots as a Pastoral Poet's Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's Portuguese Horses, by the Wind—The Truth is he ought not to have been reared; for being calved in the Increase of the Moon, his Head is troubled with a —

N. B. The last Word not legible.

A

MELANCHOLY MAN

IS one, that keeps the worst Company in the World, that is, his own; and tho' he be always falling out and quarrelling with himself, yet he has not power to endure any other Conversation. His Head is haunted, like a House, with evil Spirits and Apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himself, till he stands empty and forsaken. His Sleeps and his Wakings are so much the same, that he knows not how to distinguish them, and many times when he dreams, he believes he is broad awake and sees Visions. The Fumes and Vapours that rise from his Spleen and Hypochondries have so smutched and sullied his Brain (like a Room that smoaks) that his Understanding is blear-ey'd, and has no right Perception of any Thing. His Soul lives in his Body, like a Mole in the Earth, that labours in the Dark, and casts up Doubts and Scruples of his own

Imaginations, to make that rugged and uneasy, that was plain and open before. His Brain is so cracked, that he fancies himself to be Glass, and is afraid that every Thing he comes near should break him in Pieces. Whatsoever makes an Impression in his Imagination works it self in like a Screw, and the more he turns and winds it, the deeper it sticks, till it is never to be got out again. The Temper of his Brain being earthy, cold, and dry, is apt to breed Worms, that sink so deep into it, no Medicine in Art or Nature is able to reach them. He leads his Life, as one leads a Dog in a Slip that will not follow, but is dragged along until he is almost hanged, as he has it often under Consideration to treat himself in convenient Time and Place, if he can but catch himself alone. After a long and mortal Feud between his inward and his outward Man, they at length agree to meet without Seconds, and decide the Quarrel, in which the one drops, and the other flinks out of the Way, and makes his Escape into some foreign World, from whence it is never after heard of. He converses with nothing so much as his own Imagination, which being apt to misrepresent Things to him,

makes him believe, that it is something else than it is, and that he holds Intelligence with Spirits, that reveal whatsoever he fancies to him, as the antient rude People, that first heard their own Voices repeated by Echoes in the Woods, concluded it must proceed from some invisible Inhabitants of those solitary Places, which they after believed to be Gods, and called them *Sylvans*, *Fauns*, and *Dryads*. He makes the Infirmary of his Temper pass for Revelations, as *Mahomet* did by his falling Sickness, and inspires himself with the Wind of his own Hypochondries. He laments, like *Heraclitus* the Maudlin Philosopher, at other Men's Mirth, and takes Pleasure in nothing but his own un-sober Sadness. His Mind is full of Thoughts, but they are all empty, like a Nest of Boxes. He sleeps little, but dreams much, and soundest when he is waking. He sees Visions further off than a second-sighted Man in *Scotland*, and dreams upon a hard Point with admirable Judgment. He is just so much worse than a Madman, as he is below him in Degree of Frenzy; for among Madmen the most mad govern all the rest, and receive a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.

A N

H A R A N G U E R

IS one, that is so delighted with the sweet Sound of his own Tongue, that *William Prynne* will sooner lend an Ear, than he, to any Thing else. His Measure of Talk is till his Wind is spent; and then he is not silenced, but becalmed. His Ears have caught the Itch of his Tongue, and though he scratch them, like a Beast with his Hoof, he finds a Pleasure in it. A *silenced Minister*, has more Mercy on the Government in a secure Conventicle, than he has on the Company, that he is in. He shakes a Man by the Ear, as a Dog does a Pig, and never looses his Hold, till he has tired himself, as well as his Patient. He does not talk to a Man, but attack him, and whomsoever he can get into his Hands he lays violent Language on. If he can he will run a Man up against a Wall, and hold him at a

Bay by the Buttons, which he handles as bad as he does his Person, or the Business he treats upon. When he finds him begin to sink, he holds him by the Cloaths, and feels him as a Butcher does a Calf, before he kills him. He is a walking Pillory, and crucifies more Ears than a dozen standing ones. He will hold any Argument rather than his Tongue, and maintain both sides at his own Charge; for he will tell you what you will say, though, perhaps, he does not intend to give you leave. He lugs Men by the Ears, as they correct Children in *Scotland*, and will make them tingle, while he talks with them, as some say they will do, when a Man is talked of in his Absence. When he talks to a Man, he comes up close to him, and like an old Soldier lets fly in his Face, or claps the Bore of his Pistol to his Ear, and whispers aloud, that he may be sure not to miss his Mark. His Tongue is always in Motion, tho' very seldom to the Purpose, like a Barber's Scissars, which are always snipping, as well when they do not cut, as when they do. His Tongue is like a Bagpipe Drone, that has no Stop, but makes a continual ugly Noise, as long as he can squeeze any Wind out of himself. He never leaves a Man until he has

run him down, and then he winds a Death over him. A Sow-Gelder's Horn is not so terrible to Dogs and Cats, as he is to all that know him. His Way of Argument is to talk all, and hear no Contradiction. First he gives his Antagonist the Length of his Wind, and then, let him make his Approaches if he can, he is sure to be beforehand with him. Of all dissolute Diseases the Running of the Tongue is the worst, and the hardest to be cured. If he happen at any time to be at a Stand, and any Man else begins to speak, he presently drowns him with his Noise, as a Water-Dog makes a Duck dive: for when you think he has done he falls on, and lets fly again, like a Gun, that will discharge nine Times with one Loading. He is a Rattlesnake, that with his Noise gives Men warning to avoid him, otherwise he will make them wish they had. He is, like a Bell, good for nothing but to make a Noise. He is like common Fame, that speaks most and knows least, Lord *Brooks*, or a Wildgoose always cackling when he is upon the Wing. His Tongue is like any Kind of Carriage, the less Weight it bears, the faster and easier it goes. He is so full of Words, that they run over, and are thrown away to no Purpose; and

so empty of Things, or Sense, that his Dryness has made his Leaks so wide, whatsoever is put in him runs out immediately. He is so long in delivering himself, that those that hear him desire to be delivered too, or dispatched out of their Pain. He makes his Discourse the longer with often repeating *to be short*, and talks much of *in fine*, but never means to come near it.

A

P O P I S H P R I E S T

IS one that takes the same Course, that the *Devil* did in Paradise, he begins with the Woman. He despises all other *Fanatics* as Upstarts, and values himself upon his Antiquity. He is a Man-Midwife to the Soul, and is all his Life-time in this World deluding it to the next. *Christ* made *St. Peter* a Fisher of Men; but he believes it better to be a Fisher of Women, and so becomes a Woman's Apostle. His Profession is to disguise himself, which he does in Sheep's-Cloathing, that is, a Lay Habit; but whether, as a Wolf, a Thief, or a Shepherd, is a great Question; only this is certain, that he had rather have one Sheep out of another Man's Fold, than two out of his own. He gathers his Church as *Fanatics* do, yet despises them for it, and keeps his Flock always in Hurdles, to be removed at his Pleasure; and though their Souls be rotten or scabby with

Hypocrisy, the Fleece is sure to be found and orthodox. He tars their Consciences with Confession and Penance, but always keeps the Wool, that he pulls from the Sore, to himself. He never makes a Profelyte, but he *converts* him to his very Shirt, and *turns* his Pockets into the Bargain; for he does nothing unless his Purse prove a good *Catholic*. He never gets within a Family, but he gets on the Top of it, and governs all down to the Bottom of the Cellar—He will not tolerate the Scullion unless he be orthodox, nor allow of the turning of the Spit, but *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. His *Dominion is not founded in Grace*, but Sin; for he keeps his Subjects in perfect Awe by being acquainted with their most sacred Iniquities, as *Juvenal* said of the *Greeks*.

Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

By this means he holds Intelligence with their own Consciences against themselves, and keeps their very Thoughts in Slavery; for Men commonly fear those that know any Evil of them, and out of Shame give Way to them. He is very cautious in venturing to attack any Man by Way of Conversion, whose Weakness he is not very well acquainted with; and like the

Fox, weighs his Goose, before he will venture to carry him over a River. He fights with the *Devil* at his own Weapons, and strives to get ground on him with Frauds and Lies—These he converts to pious Uses. He makes his Prayers (the proper Business of the Mind) a Kind of Manufacture, and vents them by Tale, rather than Weight; and, while he is busied in numbring them, forgets their Sense and Meaning. He sets them up as Men do their Games at *Picquet*, for fear he should be misreckoned; but never minds whether he plays fair or not. He sells Indulgences, like *Lockier's* Pills, with Directions how they are to be taken. He is but a Copyholder of the *Catholic* Church, that claims by Custom. He believes the *Pope's* Chain is fastened to the Gates of' Heaven, like King *Harry's* in the Privy-Gallery.

A

T R A V E L L E R

IS a Native of all Countries, and an Alien at Home. He flies from the Place where he was hatched, like a Wildgoose, and prefers all others before it. He has no Quarrel to it, but because he was born in it, and like a Bastard, he is ashamed of his Mother, because she is of him. He is a Merchant, that makes Voyages into foreign Nations, to drive a Trade in Wisdom and Politics, and it is not for his Credit to have it thought, he has made an ill Return, which must be, if he should allow of any of the Growth of his own Country. This makes him quack and blow up himself with Admiration of foreign Parts, and a generous Contempt of Home, that all Men may admire, at least, the means he has had of Improvement, and deplore their own Defects. His Observations are like a Sieve, that lets the finer Flour pass, and retains only the Bran of Things;

for his whole Return of Wisdom proves to be but Affectation, a perishable Commodity, which he will never be able to put off. He believes all Men's Wits are at a stand, that stay at Home, and only those advanced, that travel; as if Change of Pasture did make great Politicians, as well as fat Calves. He pities the little Knowledge of Truth which those have, that have not seen the World abroad, forgetting, that at the same time he tells us, how little Credit is to be given to his own Relations and those of others, that speak and write of their Travels. He has worn his own Language to Rags, and patched it up with Scraps and Ends of foreign—This serves him for Wit; for when he meets with any of his foreign Acquaintances, all they smatter passes for Wit, and they applaud one another accordingly. He believes this Raggedness of his Discourse a great Demonstration of the Improvement of his Knowledge; as *Inns-of-Court* Men intimate their Proficiency in the Law by the Tatters of their Gowns. All the Wit he brought Home with him is like foreign Coin, of a baser Alloy than our own, and so will not pass here without great Loss. All noble Creatures, that are famous in any

one Country, degenerate by being transplanted; and those of mean Value only improve—If it hold with Men, he falls among the Number of the latter, and his Improvements are little to his Credit. All he can say for himself is, his Mind was sick of a Consumption, and change of Air has cured him: For all his other Improvements have only been to eat in and talk with those he did not understand; to hold Intelligence with all Gazettes, and from the Sight of Statesmen in the Street unriddle the Intrigues of all their Councils, to make a wondrous Progress into Knowledge by riding with a Messenger, and advance in Politics by mounting of a Mule, run through all Sorts of Learning in a Waggon, and sound all Depths of Arts in a Felucca, ride post into the Secrets of all States, and grow acquainted with their close Designs in Inns and Hostleries; for certainly there is great Virtue in Highways and Hedges to make an able Man, and a good Prospect cannot but let him see far into Things.

A

C A T H O L I C

SAYS his Prayers often, but never prays, and worships the Cross more than *Christ*. He prefers his Church merely for the Antiquity of it, and cares not how sound or rotten it be, so it be but old. He takes a liking to it as some do to old Cheese, only for the blue Rottenness of it. If he had lived in the primitive Times he had never been a *Christian*; for the Antiquity of the *Pagan* and *Jewish* Religion would have had the same Power over him against the *Christian*, as the old *Roman* has against the modern Reformation. The weaker Vessel he is, the better and more zealous Member he always proves of his Church; for Religion, like Wine, is not so apt to leak in a leathern Boraccio as a great Cask, and is better preserved in a small Bottle stopped with a light Cork, than a vessel of greater Capacity, where the Spirits being more and stronger are the

more apt to fret. He allows of all holy Cheats, and is content to be deluded in a true, orthodox, and infallible Way. He believes the *Pope* to be infallible, because he has deceived all the World, but was never deceived himself, which was grown so notorious, that nothing less than an Article of Faith in the Church could make a Plaster big enough for the Sore. His Faith is too big for his Charity, and too unwieldy to work Miracles; but is able to believe more than all the Saints in Heaven ever made. He worships Saints in Effigie, as *Dutchmen* hang absent Malefactors; and has so weak a Memory, that he is apt to forget his Patrons, unless their Pictures prevent him. He loves to see what he prays to, that he may not mistake one Saint for another; and his Beads and Crucifix are the Tools of his Devotion, without which it can do nothing. Nothing staggers his Faith of the *Pope's* Infallibility so much, as that he did not make away the Scriptures, when they were in his Power, rather than those that believed in them, which he knows not how to understand to be no Error. The less he understands of his Religion, the more violent he is in it, which, being the perpetual Condition of all those that are deluded, is a

great Argument that he is mistaken. His Religion is of no Force without Ceremonies, like a Loadstone that draws a greater Weight through a Piece of Iron, than when it is naked of it self. His Prayers are a kind of Crambe that used to kill Schoolmasters; and he values them by Number, not Weight.

A

C U R I O U S M A N

VALUES things not by their Use or Worth, but Scarcity. He is very tender and scrupulous of his Humour, as *Fanatics* are of their Consciences, and both for the most part in Trifles. He cares not how unuseful any Thing be, so it be but unusual and rare. He collects all the Curiosities he can light upon in Art or Nature, not to inform his own Judgment, but to catch the Admiration of others, which he believes he has a Right to, because the Rarities are his own. That which other Men neglect he believes they oversee, and stores up Trifles as rare Discoveries, at least of his own Wit and Sagacity. He admires subtleties above all Things, because the more subtle they are, the nearer they are to nothing; and values no Art but that which is spun so

thin, that it is of no Use at all. He had rather have an iron Chain hung about the Neck of a Flea, than an Alderman's of Gold, and *Homer's* Iliads in a Nutshell than *Alexander's* Cabinet. He had rather have the twelve Apostles on a Cherry-Stone, than those on *St. Peter's* Portico, and would willingly sell *Christ* again for that numerical Piece of Coin, that *Judas* took for him. His perpetual Dotage upon Curiosities at length renders him one of them, and he shews himself as none of the meanest of his Rarities. He so much affects Singularity, that rather than follow the Fashion, that is used by the rest of the World, he will wear dissenting Cloaths with odd fantastic Devices to distinguish himself from others, like Marks set upon Cattle. He cares not what Pains he throws away upon the meanest Trifle, so it be but strange, while some pity, and others laugh at his ill-employed Industry. He is one of those, that valued *Epietetus's* Lamp above the excellent Book he writ by it. If he be a Bookman he spends all his Time and Study upon Things that are never to be known. The *Philosopher's Stone* and *universal Medicine* cannot

possibly miss him, though he is sure to do them. He is wonderfully taken with abstruse Knowledge, and had rather hand to Truth with a Pair of Tongs wrapt up in Mysteries and Hieroglyphics, than touch it with his Hands, or see it plainly demonstrated to his Senses.

A

R A N T E R

IS a *Fanatic* Hector, that has found out by a very strange Way of new Light, how to transform all the *Devils* into *Angels of Light*; for he believes all Religion consists in Looseness, and that Sin and Vice is *the whole Duty of Man*. He puts off the *old Man*, but puts it on again upon the *new one*, and makes his *Pagan* Vices serve to preserve his *Christian* Virtues from wearing out; for if he should use his Piety and Devotion always it would hold out but a little while. He is loth that Iniquity and Vice should be thrown away, as long as there may be good Use of it; for if that, which is wickedly gotten, may be disposed to pious Uses, why should not Wickedness itself as well? He believes himself Shot-free against all the Attempts of the *Devil*, the *World*, and the *Flesh*, and therefore is not afraid to attack them in their own Quarters, and encounter them at their own Weapons.

For as strong Bodies may freely venture to do and suffer that, without any Hurt to themselves, which would destroy those that are feeble: So a Saint, that is strong in Grace, may boldly engage himself in those great Sins and Iniquities, that would easily damn a weak Brother, and yet come off never the worse. He believes Deeds of Darkness to be only those Sins that are committed in private, not those that are acted openly and owned. He is but an *Hypocrite* turned the wrong Side outward; for, as the one wears his Vices within, and the other without, so when they are counter-changed the *Ranter* becomes an *Hypocrite*, and the *Hypocrite* an able *Ranter*. His Church is the *Devil's* Chappel; for it agrees exactly both in Doctrine and Discipline with the best reformed Baudy-Houses. He is a Monster produced by the Madness of this latter Age; but if it had been his Fate to have been whelped in old *Rome* he had past for a Prodigy, and been received among raining of Stones and the speaking of Bulls, and would have put a stop to all public Affairs, until he had been expiated. *Nero* cloathed *Christians* in the Skins of wild Beasts; but he wraps wild Beasts in the Skins of *Christians*.

A

CORRUPT JUDGE

PASSES Judgment as a Gamester does false Dice. The first Thing he takes is his Oath and his Commission, and afterwards the strongest Side and Bribes. He gives Judgment, as the Council at the Bar are said to give Advice, when they are paid for it. He wraps himself warm in Furs, that the cold Air may not strike his Conscience inward. He is never an upright Judge, but when he is weary of sitting, and stands for his Ease. All the Use he makes of his Oath is to oppose it against his Prince, for whose Service he first took it, and to bind him with that, which he first pretended to bind himself with; as if the King by imparting a little of his Power to him gave him a Title to all the rest, like those who holding a little Land in *Capite* render all the rest

liable to the same Tenure. As for that which concerns the People, he takes his Liberty to do what he pleases; this he maintains with Canting, of which himself being the only Judge, he can give it what arbitrary Interpretation he pleases; yet is a great Enemy to arbitrary Power, because he would have no Body use it but himself. If he have Hopes of Preferment he makes all the Law run on the King's Side; if not, it always takes part against him; for as he was bred to make any Thing right or wrong between Man and Man, so he can do between the King and his Subjects. He calls himself *Capitalis*, &c. which Word he never uses but to Crimes of the highest Nature. He usurps unsufferable Tyranny over Words; for when he has enslaved and debased them from their original Sense, he makes them serve against themselves to support him, and their own Abuse. He is as stiff to Delinquents, and makes as harsh a Noise as a new Cart-wheel, until he is greased, and then he turns about as easily. He calls all necessary and unavoidable Proceedings of State, without the punctual Formality of Law, arbitrary and illegal, but never considers, that his own Interpretations

of Law are more arbitrary, and, when he pleases, illegal. He cannot be denied to be a very impartial Judge; for right or wrong are all one to him. He takes Bribes, as pious Men give Alms, with so much Caution, that his right Hand never knows what his left receives.

A N

A M O R I S T

IS an Artificer, or Maker of Love, a sworn Servant to all Ladies, like an Officer in a Corporation. Though no one in particular will own any Title to him, yet he never fails, upon all Occasions, to offer his Services, and they as seldom to turn it back again untouched. He commits nothing with them, but himself to their good Graces; and they recommend him back again to his own, where he finds so kind a Reception, that he wonders how he does fail of it every where else. His Passion is as easily set on Fire as a Fart, and as soon out again. He is charged and primed with Love-Powder like a Gun, and the least Sparkle of an Eye gives Fire to him, and off he goes, but seldom, or never, hits the Mark. He has common Places and Precedents of Repartees and Letters for all Occasions; and falls as readily into his Method of making love, as a Parson

does into his Form of Matrimony. He converses, as Angels are said to do, by Intuition, and expresses himself by Sighs most significantly. He follows his Visits, as Men do their Business, and is very industrious in waiting on the Ladies, where his Affairs lie; among which those of greatest Concernment are *Questions and Commands, Purposes*, and other such received Forms of Wit and Conversation; in which he is so deeply studied, that in all Questions and Doubts, that arise, he is appealed to, and very learnedly declares, which was the most true and primitive Way of proceeding in the purest Times. For these Virtues he never fails of his Summons to all Balls, where he manages the Country-Dances with singular Judgment, and is frequently an Assistant at L'hombre; and these are all the Uses they make of his Parts, beside the Sport they give themselves in laughing at him, which he takes for singular Favours, and interprets to his own Advantage, though it never goes further; for all his Employments being public, he is never admitted to any private Services, and they despise him as not Woman's Meat: For he applies to too many to be trusted by any one; as Bastards by having many Fathers, have none at all. He goes often

mounted in a Coach as a Convoy, to guard the Ladies, to take the Dust in *Hyde-Park*; where by his prudent Management of the Glafs Windows he secures them from Beggars, and returns fraught with China-Oranges and Ballads. Thus he is but a Gentleman-Usher General, and his Business is to carry one Lady's Services to another, and bring back the others in Exchange.

A N

A S T R O L O G E R

IS one that expounds upon the Planets, and teaches to construe the *Accidents* by the *due joining of Stars in Construction*. He talks with them by dumb Signs, and can tell what they mean by their twinckling, and squinting upon one another, as well as they themselves. He is a Spy upon the Stars, and can tell what they are doing, by the Company they keep, and the Houses they frequent. They have no Power to do any Thing alone, until so many meet, as will make a *Quorum*. He is Clerk of the Committee to them, and draws up all their Orders, that concern either public or private Affairs. He keeps all their Accompts for them, and fums them up, not by *Debtor*, but *Creditor* alone, a more compendious Way. They do ill to make them have so much Authority over

the Earth, which, perhaps, has as much as any one of them but the Sun, and as much Right to sit and vote in their Councils, as any other: But because there are but seven Electors of the *German* Empire, they will allow of no more to dispose of all other; and most foolishly and unnaturally depose their own Parent of its Inheritance; rather than acknowledge a Defect in their own Rules. These Rules are all they have to shew for their Title; and yet not one of them can tell whether those they had them from came honestly by them. *Virgil's* Description of *Fame*, that reaches from Earth to the Stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax*, to carry Lies and Knavery, will serve Astrologers without any sensible Variation. He is a Fortune-Seller, a Retailer of Destiny, and petty Chapman to the Planets. He casts Nativities as Gamesters do false Dice, and by flurring and palming *sextile*, *quartile*, and *trine*, like *six*, *quater*, *trois*, can throw what chance he pleases. He sets a Figure, as Cheats do a Main at Hazard; and Gulls throw away their Money at it. He fetches the Grounds of his Art so far off, as well from Reason, as the Stars, that, like a Traveller, he is allowed to lye by Au-

thority. And as Beggars, that have no Money themselves, believe all others have, and beg of those, that have as little as themselves: So the ignorant Rabble believe in him, though he has no more Reason for what he professes, than they.

A

L A W Y E R

IS a Retailer of Justice, that uses false Lights, false Weights, and false Measures — He measures Right and Wrong by his retaining Fee, and, like a *French* Duelist, engages on that Side that first bespeaks him, tho' it be against his own Brother, not because it is right, but merely upon a Punctilio of Profit, which is better than Honour to him, because Riches will buy Nobility, and Nobility nothing, as having no intrinsic Value. He sells his Opinion, and engages to maintain the Title against all that claim under him, but no further. He puts it off upon his Word, which he believes himself not bound to make good, because when he has parted with his Right to it, it is no longer his. He keeps no Justice for his own Use,

The Severity and Bitterness of this Character, and the Verses that follow, may be accounted for, and in some Sort excused by a Circumstance related in the Author's Life, viz. that he lost most of his

as being a Commodity of his own Growth, which he never buys, but only sells to others : and as no Man goes worse shod than the Shoemaker ; so no Man is more out of Justice than he that gets his Living by it. He draws Bills, as Children do Lots at a Lottery, and is paid as much for Blanks as Prizes. He undoes a Man with the same Privilege as a Doctor kills him, and is paid as well for it, as if he preserved him, in which he is very impartial, but in nothing else. He believes it no Fault in himself to err in Judgment, because that part of the *Law* belongs to the Judge, and not to him. His best Opinions and his worst are all of a Price, like good Wine and bad in a Tavern, in which he does not deal so fairly as those, who, if they know what you are willing to bestow, can tell how to fit you accordingly. When his Law lies upon his Hands, he will afford a good Penyworth, and rather pettyfog and turn common Barreter, than be out of Employment. His Opinion is one Thing while it is his own, and another when it is paid for ; for the Property being altered, the

Wife's Fortune, which was considerable, by its being put out on ill Securities, owing probably to the Unskilfulness or Roguery of some Lawyer.

Cafe alters also. When his Council is not for his Client's Turn, he will never take it back again, though it be never the worse, nor allow him any Thing for it, yet will sell the same over and over again to as many as come to him for it. His Pride encreases with his Practice, and the fuller of Business he is, like a Sack, the bigger he looks. He crowds to the Bar like a Pig through a Hedge; and his Gown is fortified with Flankers about the Shoulders, to guard his Ears from being galled with Elbows. He draws his Bills more extravagant and unconscionable than a Taylor; for if you cut off two thirds in the Beginning, Middle, or End, that which is left will be more reasonable and nearer to Sense than the whole, and yet he is paid for all: For when he draws up a Business, like a Captain that makes false Musters, he produces as many loose and idle Words as he can possibly come by, until he has received for them, and then turns them off, and retains only those that are to the Purpose—This he calls drawing of *Breviates*. All that appears of his Studies is in short Time converted into Waste-Paper, Taylor's Measures, and Heads for Children's Drums. He appears very violent against the other Side, and rails to please

his Client, as they do Children, *give me a Blow and I'll strike him, ab naughty, &c.*—This makes him seem very zealous for the good of his Client, and, though the Cause go against him, he loses no Credit by it, especially if he fall foul on the Council of the other Side, which goes for no more among them than it does with those virtuous Persons, that quarrel and fight in the Streets, to pick the Pockets of those that look on. He hangs Men's Estates and Fortunes on the slightest Curiosities and feeblest Niceties imaginable, and undoes them like the Story of breaking a Horse's Back with a Feather, or sinking a Ship with a single Drop of Water; as if Right and Wrong were only notional, and had no Relation at all to practice (which always requires more solid Foundations) or Reason and Truth did wholly consist in the right Spelling of Letters, when, as the subtler Things are, the nearer they are to nothing; so the subtler Words and Notions are, the nearer they are to Nonsense. He overruns *Latin* and *French* with greater Barbarism, than the *Goths* did *Italy* and *France*, and makes as mad a Confusion of Language by mixing both with *English*. Nor does he use *English* much

better, for he clogs it so with Words, that the Sense becomes as thick as Puddle, and is utterly lost to those, that have not the Trick of skipping over, where it is impertinent. He has but one Termination for all *Latin* Words, and that's a Dash. He is very just to the first Syllables of Words, but always bobtails the last, in which the Sense most of all consists, like a Cheat, that does a Man all Right at the first, that he may put a Trick upon him in the End. He is an *Apprentice* to the Law without a Master, is his own Pupil, and has no Tutor but himself, that is a Fool. He will screw and wrest Law as unmercifully as a Tumbler does his Body, to lick up Money with his Tongue. He is a *Swiss*, that professes mercenary Arms, will fight for him, that gives him best Pay, and, like an *Italian* Bravo, will fall foul on any Man's Reputation, that he receives a retaining Fee against. If he could but maintain his Opinions as well as they do him, he were a very just and righteous Man; but when he has made his most of it, he leaves it, like his Client, to shift for itself. He fetches Money out of his Throat, like a Jugler: and as the Rabble in the Country value Gentlemen by their House-keeping and their Eating; so is he supposed to

have so much Law as he has kept Commons, and the abler to deal with Clients by how much the more he has devoured of *Inns o' Court Mutton*; and it matters not, whether he keep his Study, so he has but kept Commons. He never ends a Suit, but prunes it, that it may grow the faster, and yield a greater Increase of Strife. The Wisdom of the Law is to admit of all the petty, mean, real Injustices in the World, to avoid imaginary possible great ones, that may perhaps fall out. His Client finds the Scripture fulfilled in him, that *it is better to part with a Coat too, than go to Law for a Cloke*; for as the best Laws are made of the worst Manners, even so are the best Lawyers of the worst Men. He humms about *Westminster-Hall*, and returns Home with his Pockets, like a Bee with his Thighs laden; and that which *Horace* says of an Ant, *Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo*, is true of him; for he gathers all his Heap with the Labour of his Mouth, rather than his Brain and Hands. He values himself, as a Carman does his Horse, by the Money he gets, and looks down upon all that gain less as Scoundrels. The Law is like that double-formed ill-begotten Monster,

that was kept in an intricate Labyrinth, and fed with Men's Flesh ; for it devours all that come within the Mazes of it, and have not a Clue to find the Way out again. He has as little Kindness for the Statute Law, as *Catholics* have for the Scripture, but adores the common Law as they do Tradition, and both for the very same Reason : For the statute Law being certain, written and designed to reform and prevent Corruptions and Abuses in the Affairs of the World (as the Scriptures are in Matters of Religion) he finds it many Times a great Obstruction to the Advantage and Profit of his Practice ; whereas the common Law being unwritten, or written in an unknown Language, which very few understand but himself, is the more pliable and easy to serve all his Purposes, being utterly exposed to what Interpretation and Construction his Interest and Occasions shall at any Time incline him to give it ; and differs only from arbitrary Power in this, that the one gives no Account of itself at all, and the other such a one as is perhaps worse than none, that is implicit, and not to be under-

May Varlets be your Barbers] The Word *Varlet*, *Putler* uses in another Place for a Bum-bailif, in which sense it must be here taken ;

stood, or subject to what Construction he pleases to put upon it.

Great Critics in a *noverint universi*,
Know all Men by these Presents how to curse ye;
 Pedants of *said and foresaid*, and both *Frenches*
 Pedlars, and Pokie, may those rev'rend Benches
 Y' aspire to be the Stocks, and may ye be
 No more call'd to the Bar, but Pillory;
 Thither in Triumph may ye backward ride,
 To have your Ears most justly crucify'd,
 And cut so close, until there be not Leather
 Enough to stick a Pen in left of either;
 Then will your Consciences, your Ears, and Wit
 Be like Indentures Tripartite cut fit:

May your Horns multiply, and grow as great
 As that which does blow Grace before your
 Meat:

May Varlets be your Barbers now, and do
 The same to you, they have been done unto;
 That's Law and Gospel too, may it prove true,
 Then they shall do Pump-Justice upon you;
 And when y' are shav'd and powder'd you shall
 fall

Thrown o'er the Bar, as they did o'er the Wall,

though I don't find, that our Dictionary-writers ever give it that Signification.

Never to rise again, unless it be
To hold your Hands up for your Roguery;
And when you do so, may they be no less
Sear'd by the Hangman, than your Consciences:
May your Gowns swarm, until you can deter-
mine

The Strife no more between yourselves and
Vermin,

Than you have done between your Clients purses--
Now kneel, and take the last and worse of curses--

*May you be honest, when it is too late,
That is, undone the only Way you hate.*

A N

H E R A L D

CALLS himself a *King*, because he has Power and Authority to *hang, draw, and quarter* Arms; for assuming a Jurisdiction over the distributive Justice of Titles of Honour, as far as Words extend, he gives himself as great a Latitude that Way, as other Magistrates use to do, where they have Authority, and would enlarge it as far as they can. 'Tis true he can make no Lords nor Knights of himself, but as many Squires and Gentlemen as he pleases, and adopt them into what Family they have a Mind. His Dominions abound with all Sorts of Cattle, Fish, and Fowl, and all manner of Manufactures, besides whole Fields of Gold and Silver, which he magnificently bestows upon his Followers, or sells as cheap as Lands in *Jamaica*. The Language they use is barbarous, as being but a Dialect of Pedlar's *French*,

or the *Ægyptian*, though of a loftier Sound, and in the Propriety affecting Brevity, as the other does Verbosity. His Business is like that of all the Schools, to make plain Things hard with perplexed Methods and insignificant Terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes Arms not for use, but Ornament only, and yet makes the basest Things in the World, as Dogs-Turds and Women's Spindles, Weapons of good and worshipful Bearings. He is wiser than the Fellow that sold his Ass, but kept the Shadow for his own Use; for he sells only the Shadow (that is the Picture) and keeps the Ass himself. He makes Pedigrees as 'Pothecaries do Medicines, when they put in one Ingredient for another that they have not by them: by this means he often makes incestuous Matches, and causes the Son to marry the Mother. His chief Province is at Funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the *triflitia irritamenta*, and like a Gentleman-Sewer to the Worms serves up the Feast with all punctual Formality. He will join as many Shields together as would make a *Roman Testudo*, or *Macedonian Phalanx*, to fortify the Nobility of a new made Lord, that will pay for the impressing of them, and

allow him Coat and Conduct Money. He is a kind of a Necromancer, and can raise the Dead out of their Graves, to make them marry and beget those they never heard of in their Life-time. His Coat is like the King of *Spain's* Dominions all Skirts; and hangs as loose about him; and his Neck is the Waste, like the Picture of *Nobody* with his Breeches fastened to his Collar. He will sell the Head or a single Joint of a Beast or Fowl as dear as the whole Body, like a Pig's Head in *Bartlemew-Fair*, and after put off the rest to his Customers at the same Rate. His Arms being utterly out of Use in War, since Guns came up, have been translated to Dishes and Cups, as the Ancients used their precious Stones according to the Poet—*Gemmas ad pocula transfert a Gladiis, &c.* and since are like to decay every Day more and more; for since he gave Citizens Coats of Arms, Gentlemen have made bold to take their Letters of Mark by way of Reprisal. The Hangman has a Receipt to mar all his Work in a Moment; for by nailing the wrong End of a Scutcheon upwards upon a Gibbet, all the Honour and Gentility extinguishes of itself, like a Candle that's held with the Flame downwards. Other Arms are made for the spilling

of Blood; but his only purify and cleanse it like Scurvy-grass; for a small Dose taken by his Prescription will refine that which is as base and gross as Bull's Blood (which the *Athenians* used to poison withal) to any Degree of Purity.

A

LATITUDINARIAN

GIVES himself the more Scope, because he that has the largest Conscience is most like, in all Probability, to keep within Compass of it: for one that is strait is uneasy, apt to pinch, and will not do half the Service that a wider will endure. He does not greatly care to live within the Pale of the Church, but had rather have the Church live within his Pale. He believes the Way to Heaven is never the better for being strait, and if it could be made wider it would be much more convenient; for there being so many that undertake that Journey, how few soever arrive at the End of it, they must of Necessity jostle, croud and fall foul upon one another, as we find they do, and therefore he thinks it best, both for himself and the Ease of his Fellow-Travellers, to get out of the common Road,

and leave the more Room for those that cannot leap Ditches, and if they could, when they are once out, do not know how to get in again so well as he does. He is but a Kind of a modest *Ranter*, that believes *Christian Liberty* and *natural Liberty* may very well consist together; for being Things of the same Kind there can be no possible Difference between them, but only in Degree, which can never cause the one to destroy the other; and natural Liberty being of the elder House, if there be any Precedency, ought to have a Right to it. He believes Obedience is nothing but a civil Complacence, that obliges a Man no further than saying—*I am your humble Servant*; and that Uniformity is too like a Thing made and plotted to be true. He believes Laws are made to punish those only, that do not understand how to break them discreetly, and to do no Man right, that has not Money or Interest to compel them to it; that like foolish Magistrates require Respect in public, but will endure all Manner of Affronts in private, especially among Friends.

A

M A T H E M A T I C I A N

SHEWS as many Tricks on the Outside of Body, as *Philosophers* do on the Inside of it, and for the most Part to as little Purpose; the only Difference is, that the one begins in Nonsense and ends in Sense, and the other quite contrary begins in Sense and ends in Nonsense: For the Mathematician begins with Body abstract, which was never found in Nature, and yet afterwards traces it to that which is real and practical; and the Philosopher begins with Body as it is really in Nature, and afterwards wears it away with much handling into thin Subtilties that are merely notional. The Philosopher will not endure to hear of Body without Quantity, and yet afterwards gives it over, and has no Consideration of it any further: And the Mathematician will allow

of Being without Quantity, and yet afterwards considers nothing else but Quantity. All the Figures he draws are no better, for the most Part, than those in Rhetoric, that serve only to call certain Rotines and Manners of Speech by insignificant Names, but teach nothing. His Art is only instrumental, and like others of the same Kind, when it outgrows its Use becomes merely a Curiosity; and the more it is so, the more impertinent it proves; for Curiosities are impertinent to all Men but the Curious, and they to all the rest of the World. His Forefathers past among the Ancients for Conjurers, and carried the Credit of all Inventions, because they had the Luck to stand by when they were found out, and cry'd *half's ours*. For though the Mechanics have found out more excellent Things, than *they* have Wit enough to give names to, (though the greatest Part of their Wit lies that Way) yet they will boldly assume the Reputation of all to themselves, though they had no Relation at all to the Inventions; as great Persons use to claim kindred (though they cannot tell how it comes about) with their Inferiors when they thrive in the World. For certainly Geometry has no more right to lay Claim to the Inventions of

the Mechanics than Grammar has to the original of Language, that was in Use long before it; and when that Use and Custom had prevailed, some Men by observing the Construction, Frame, and Relations that Words have to one another in Speech drew them into Rules, and of these afterwards made an Art; and just so and no more did Geometry by the Dimensions, Figures, and Proportions of Things that were done long before it was in being; nor does the present Use of one or the other extend further than this, to teach Men to speak, and write, and proportion things regularly, but not to contrive or design at all. Mathematicians are the same Things to Mechanics, as Markers in Tennis Courts are to Gamesters; and they that ascribe all Inventions to Mathematics are as wise as those that say, no Man can play well that is not a good Marker; as if all the Skill of a Goldsmith lay in his Balance, or a Draper in his Yard; or that no Man can play on a Lute that is not a good Fiddle-Maker.

When his Art was in its Infancy, and had by Observation found out the Course of the

Sun and Moon and their Eclipses (though imperfectly) and could predict them, which the rest of the World were ignorant of, he went further, and would undertake upon that Account to foretel any Thing, as Liars that will make one Truth make Way for a hundred Lies. He believes his Art, or rather Science, to be wholly practical, when the greatest Part of it, and as he believes the best, is merely contemplative, and passes only among Friends to the Mathematics and no further, for which they flatter and applaud one another most virtuously.

A N

EPIGRAMMATIST

IS a Poet of small Wares, whose Muse is short-winded, and quickly out of Breath. She flies like a Goose, that is no sooner upon the Wing, but down again. He was originally one of those Authors, that used to write upon white Walls, from whence his Works being collected and put together pass in the World, like single Money among those that deal in small Matters. His Wit is like Fire in a Flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as soon as it is out. He treats of all Things and Persons that come in his Way, but like one that draws in little, much less than the Life.

*His Bus'ness is t' inveigh and flatter
Like parcel Parasite and Satyr,*

N 4

He is a Kind of Vagabond Writer, that is never out of his Way; for nothing is beside the Purpose with him, that proposes none at all. His Works are like a running Banquet, that have much Variety but little of a Sort; for he deals in nothing but Scraps and Parcels like a Taylor's Broker. He does not write, but set his Mark upon Things, and gives no Account in Words at length, but only in Figures. All his Wit reaches but to four Lines, or six at the most; and if he ever venture further it tires immediately like a Post-Horse, that will go no further than his wonted Stages. Nothing agrees so naturally with his Fancy as Bawdery, which he dispenses in small Pittances to continue his Reader still in an Appetite for more.

A

V I R T U O S O

IS a Well-willer to the Mathematics — He pursues Knowledge rather out of Humour than Ingenuity, and endeavours rather to seem, than to be. He has nothing of Nature but an Inclination, which he strives to improve with Industry; but as no Art can make a Fountain run higher than its own Head; so nothing can raise him above the Elevation of his own Pole. He seldom converses but with Men of his own Tendency, and wheresoever he comes treats with all Men as such, for as Country-Gentlemen use to talk of their Dogs to those that hate Hunting, because they love it themselves; so will he of his Arts and Sciences to those that neither know, nor care to know any Thing of them. His Industry were admirable, if it did not attempt the greatest Difficulties with the feeblest Means: for he commonly flights any Thing that is plain and easy, how useful and ingenious

foever, and bends all his Forces against the hardest and most improbable, tho' to no Purpose if attained to; for neither knowing how to measure his own Abilities, nor the Weight of what he attempts, he spends his little Strength in vain, and grows only weaker by it—And as Men use to blind Horses that draw in a Mill, his Ignorance of himself and his Undertakings makes him believe he has advanced, when he is no nearer to his End than when he set out first. The Bravery of Difficulties does so dazzle his Eyes, that he prosecutes them with as little Success, as the Taylor did his Amours to *Queen Elizabeth*. He differs from a Pedant, as *Things* do from *Words*; for he uses the same Affectation in his Operations and Experiments, as the other does in Language. He is a Haberdasher of small Arts and Sciences, and deals in as many several Operations as a baby-Artificer does in Engines. He will serve well enough for an Index, to tell what is handled in the World, but no further. He is wonderfully delighted with Rarities, and they continue still so to him, though he has shown them a thousand Times; for every new Admirer, that gapes upon them, sets him a gaping too. Next these he loves strange na-

tural Histories; and as those, that read Romances, though they know them to be Fictions, are as much affected as if they were true, so is he, and will make hard Shift to tempt himself to believe them first to be possible, and then he's sure to believe them to be true, forgetting that *Belief upon Belief is false Heraldry*. He keeps a Catalogue of the Names of all famous Men in any Profession, whom he often takes Occasion to mention as his very good Friends, and old Acquaintances. Nothing is more pedantic than to seem too much concerned about Wit or Knowledge, to talk much of it, and appear too critical in it. All he can possibly arrive to is but like the Monkies dancing on the Rope, to make Men wonder, how 'tis possible for *Art* to put *Nature* so much out of her Play.

His Learning is like those Letters on a Coach, where many being writ together no one appears plain. When the King happens to be at the University, and Degrees run like Wine in Conduits at public Triumphs, he is sure to have his Share; and though he be as free to chuse his Learning as his Faculty, yet like St. *Austin's* Soul *creando infunditur, in-*

fundendo creatur. Nero was the first Emperour of his Calling, tho' it be not much for his Credit. He is like an Elephant that, though he cannot swim, yet of all Creatures most delights to walk along a River's Side; and as in Law, *Things that appear not, and things that are not, are all one*; so he had rather not be than not appear. The Top of his Ambition is to have his Picture graved in Brass, and published upon Walls, if he has no Work of his own to face with it. His want of Judgment inclines him naturally to the most extravagant Undertakings, like that of *making old Dogs young, telling how many Persons there are in a Room by knocking at a Door, stopping up of Words in Bottles, &c.* He is like his Books, that contain much Knowledge, but know nothing themselves. He is but an Index of Things and Words, that can direct where they are to be spoken with, but no further. He appears a great Man among the ignorant, and like a Figure in Arithmetic, is so much the more, as it stands before Ciphers that are nothing of themselves. He calls himself an *Antisocordist* a Name unknown to former Ages, but spawned by the Pedantry of the present. He delights most in attempting Things beyond his

Reach, and the greater Distance he shoots at, the further he is sure to be off his Mark. He shows his Parts, as Drawers do a Room at a Tavern, to entertain them at the Expence of their Time and Patience. He inverts the Moral of that Fable of him, that carested his Dog for fawning and leaping up upon him, and beat his Ass for doing the same Thing; for it is all one to him, whether he be applauded by an Ass, or a wiser Creature, so he be but applauded.

A

J U S T I C E

O F

P E A C E

IS one that has a Patent for his Wit, and understands by Commission, in which his Wife and his Clerk are of the *Quorum*. He is Judge of the Peace, but has nothing to do with it until it is broken; and then his Business is to patch it up again. His Occupation is to keep the Peace, but he makes it keep him; and lives upon the Scraps of it, as those he commits do on the common Basket. The Constable is his Factor, and the Jaylor the Keeper of his Warehouse, and Rogues, Bawds, and Thieves his Goods. He calls taking of

Many Strokes in this Character the Reader may find in that which *Butler* has drawn of his Counsellor and Justice in *Hudibras* P. 3. C. 3.

Pigs and Capons taking of Bail; and they pass with him for *substantial House-keepers*. Of these he takes Security, that the Delinquent shall answer it before the Sessions, that is before the Court sits next, otherwise Forfeiture of Recognizance is sure to rise up in Judgment. He binds Men over, as Highwaymen do, to unty their Purfes, and then leaves them to unbind themselves again, or rather as Surgeons do, to let their Purfes Blood. He makes his Commission a Patent, that no Man shall set-up any Sin without Licence from him. He knows no Virtue, but that of his Commission, for all his Business is with Vice, in which he is so expert, that he can commit one Sin instead of another, as *Bribery* for *Bawdery*, and *Perjury* for *Breach of the Peace*. He uses great Care and Moderation in punishing those, that offend regularly, by their Calling, as residentiary Bawds, and incumbent Pimps, that pay Parish Duties—Shopkeepers, that use constant false Weights and Measures, these he rather prunes, that they may grow the better, than disables; but is very severe to Hawkers and Interlopers, that commit Iniquity on the Bye. He interprets the Statutes, as *Fanatics* do the Scripture, by his own Spirit; and is most expert in the Cases of

light Bread, Highways, and getting of Baf-
tards. His whole Authority is like a *Welfb-*
Hook; for his Warrant is a *Puller to her*, and
his *Mittimus* a *thrust-her from her*. He examines
bawdy Circumstances with fingular Attention,
and files them up for the Entertainment of his
Friends, and Improvement of the Wit of the
Family. Whatsoever he is else, he is sure to
be a Squire, and bears Arms the first Day he
bears Office; and has a more indubitate and
apparent Title to *worship*, than any other Per-
son. If he be of the long Robe he is more
busy and pragmatrical on the Bench, than a se-
cular Justice; and at the Sessions, by his Pre-
rogative, gives the Charge, which puts him to
the Expence of three *Latin* Sentences, and as
many Texts of Scripture; the rest is all of
Course. He sells good Behaviour, and makes
those, that never had any, buy it of him at so
much a Dose, which they are bound to take off
in six Months or longer, as their Occasions
require. He is apt to mistake the Sense of
the Law, as when he sent a zealous Botcher to
Prison for *sewing* Sedition, and committed a
Mountebank for *raising* the Market, because he
set up his Bank in it. Much of his Business
and Ability consists in the distributive Justice

of disposing of Bastards, before they are born, to the right Proprietors, that no Parish may be wronged, and forced to pay for more Fornication, than they have had Occasion for. Next this he does his Country signal Service in the judicious and mature Legitimation of tipling Houses, that the Subject be not imposed upon with illegal and arbitrary Ale. At the Sessions his Recognisances appear, or hide their Heads, according as his Wife and Clerk have found the Bill; for Delinquents, like Aldermen, that fine for't, are excused, otherwise they must stand and bear Office in the Court, tho' it be but to be whipped, or set in the Pillory. If he be of the *Quorum* he is a double Justice, and ought, like a double Jugg, to hold as much as two simple ones; but if he hap to be empty and out of Justice in any Business, he is not at Home; or not at Leisure, and so the Matter is transmitted to the next in Capacity. His Conscience is never troubled for his own Sins, especially those of Commission (which he takes to be but the Privilege of his Place) for he finds it is Business enough for one Man, to have to do with those of others.

A

F A N A T I C.

SAIN**T** *Paul* was thought by *Festus* to be mad with too much Learning; but the *Fanatics* of our Times are mad with too little. He chooses himself one of the *Elect*, and packs a Committee of his own Party to judge the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. The *Apostles* in the primitive Church worked Miracles to confirm and propagate their Doctrine; but he thinks to confirm his by working at his Trade. He assumes a Privilege to impress what Text of Scripture he pleases for his own Use, and leaves those that make against him for the Use of the Wicked. His Religion, that tends only to Faction and Sedition, is neither fit for Peace nor War, but Times of a Condition between both; like the Sails of a Ship, that will not endure a Storm, and are of no Use at all in a Calm. He believes it has enough of the primitive Christian, if it be but persecuted as that was,

no Matter for the Piety or Doctrine of it; as if there were nothing required to prove the Truth of a Religion but the Punishment of the Professors of it; like the old Mathematicians, that were never believed to be profoundly knowing in their Profession, until they had run through all Punishments, and just 'scaped the Fork. He is all for suffering for Religion, but nothing for acting; for he accounts *good Works* no better than Encroachments upon the Merits of *free believing*, and a good Life the most troublesome and unthrifty Way to Heaven. He canonizes himself a Saint in his own Life-time, as the more sure and certain Way, and less troublesome to others. He outgrows Ordinances, as a 'Prentice that has served out his Time does his Indentures, and being a Freeman supposes himself at Liberty to set up what Religion he pleases. He calls his own supposed Abilities *Gifts*, and disposes of himself like a Foundation designed to pious Uses, although, like others of the same Kind, they are always diverted to other Purposes. He owes all his *Gifts* to his Ignorance, as Beggars do the Alms they receive to their Poverty. They are such as the *Fairies* are said to drop in

Men's Shoes, and when they are discovered to give them over and confer no more; for when his Gifts are discovered they vanish, and come to nothing. He is but a Puppet Saint, that moves he knows not how, and his Ignorance is the dull leaden Weight that puts all his Parts in Motion. His outward Man is a Saint, and his inward Man a Reprobate; for he carries his Vices in his Heart, and his Religion in his Face.

A N

INTELLIGENCER

WOULD give a Peny for any Statesman's Thought at any Time. He travels abroad to guess what Princes are designing by seeing them at Church or Dinner; and will undertake to unriddle a Government at first Sight, and tell what Plots she goes with, male or female; and discover, like a Mountebank, only by seeing the public Face of Affairs, what private Marks there are in the most secret Parts of the Body politic. He is so ready at Reasons of State, that he has them, like a Lesson, by Rote: but as Charlatans make Diseases fit their Medicines, and not their Medicines Diseases; so he makes all public Affairs conform to his own established Reason of State, and not his Reason, though the Case alter ever so much, comply with them. He thinks to obtain a great Insight into State-Affairs by observing

only the outside Pretences and Appearances of Things, which are seldom or never true; and may be resolved several Ways all equally probable; and therefore his Penetrations into these Matters are like the Penetrations of Cold into natural Bodies, without any Sense of itself, or the Thing it works upon—For all his Discoveries in the End amount only to Entries and Equipages, Addresses, Audiences, and Visits, with other such politic Speculations, as the Rabble in the Streets is wont to entertain itself withal. Nevertheless he is very cautious not to omit his Cipher, though he writes nothing but what every one does, or may safely know; for otherwise it would appear to be no Secret. He endeavours to reduce all his Politics into Maxims, as being most easily portable for a travelling Head, though, as they are for the most Part of slight Matters, they are but, like Spirits drawn out of Water, insipid and good for nothing. His Letters are a Kind of Bills of Exchange, in which he draws News and Politics upon all his Correspondents, who place it to Accompt, and draw it back again upon him; and though it be false, neither cheats the other, for it passes between both for good and sufficient Pay. If he drives an inland Trade,

he is Factor to certain remote Country *Virtuosos*, who finding themselves unsatisfied with the Brevity of the *Gazette* desire to have Exceedings of News, besides their ordinary Commons. To furnish those he frequents Clubs and Coffee-Houses, the Markets of News, where he engrosses all he can light upon; and, if that do not prove sufficient, he is forced to add a Lye or two of his own making, which does him double Service; for it does not only supply his Occasions for the present, but furnishes him with Matter to fill up Gaps the next Letter with retracting what he wrote before, and in the mean-time has served for as good News as the best; and, when the Novelty is over it is no Matter what becomes of it, for he is better paid for it than if it were true.

P R O S E L I T E.

A Priest stole him out of the Cradle, like the Fairies, and left a Fool and Changeling in his Place. He new dyes his Religion, and commonly into a sadder and darker Colour than it was before. He gives his Opinion the Somer-Salt; and turns the wrong Side of it outwards. He does not mend his Manners, but botch them with Patches of another Stuff and Colour. Change of Religion being for the most Part used by those, who understand not why one Religion is better than another, is like changing of Money two Sixpences for a Shilling; both are of equal Value, but the Change is for Convenience or Humour. There is nothing more difficult than a Change of Religion for the better; for as all Alterations in Judgment are derived from a precedent confest Error, that Error is more probably like to pro-

duce another, than any Thing of so different a Nature as Truth. He imposes upon himself in believing the Infirmary of his Nature to be the Strength of his Judgment, and thinks he changes his Religion when he changes himself, and turns as naturally from one thing to another, as a Maggot does to a Fly. He is a Kind of Freebooty and Plunder, or one Head of Cattle driven by the Priests of one Religion out of the Quarters of another; and they value him above two of their own: for beside the Glory of the Exploit they have a better Title to him, (as he that is conquered is more in the Power of him that subdued him, than he that was born his Subject) and they expect a freer Submission from one that takes Quarter, than from those that were under Command before. His Weakness, or Ignorance, or both, are commonly the chief Causes of his Conversion; for if he be a Man of a Profession, that has no Hopes to thrive upon the Accompt of mere Merit, he has no Way so easy and certain, as to betake himself to some forbidden Church, where, for the common Cause's Sake, he finds so much brotherly Love and Kindness, that they will rather employ him than one of another Persuasion though more skilful; and

he gains by turning and winding his Religion as Tradesmen do by their Stocks. The Priest has commonly the very same Design upon him; for he that is not able to go to the Charges of his Conversion may live free enough from being attacked by any Side. He was troubled with a Vertigo in his Conscience, and nothing but Change of Religion, like Change of Air, could cure him. He is like a Sick-man, that can neither lye still in his Bed, nor turn himself but as he is helped by others. He is like a Revolter in an Army; and as Men of Honour and Commanders seldom prove such, but common Soldiers Men of mean Condition frequently to mend their Fortunes: So in Religion Clergymen, who are Commanders, seldom prevail upon one another, and, when they do, the Profelyte is usually one, who had no Reputation among his own Party before, and after a little Trial finds as little among those, to whom he revolts.

A

C L O W N

IS a Centaur, a Mixture of Man and Beast, like a Monster engendred by unnatural Copulation, a Crab engrafted on an Apple. He was neither made by Art, nor Nature, but in Spight of both, by evil Custom. His perpetual Conversation with Beasts has rendered him one of them, and he is among Men but a naturalized Brute. He appears by his Language, Genius and Behaviour to be an Alien to Mankind, a Foreigner to Humanity, and of so opposite a Genius, that 'tis easier to make a *Spaniard* a *Frenchman*, than to reduce him to Civility. He disdains every Man that he does not fear, and only respects him, that has done him Hurt, or can do it. He is like *Nebuchadnezzar* after he had been a Month at Grass, but will never return to be a Man again as

he did, if he might; for he despises all Manner of Lives but his own, unless it be his Horfe's to whom he is but Valet de-Chambre. He never shews himself humane or kind in any Thing, but when he pimps to his Cow, or makes a Match for his Mare; in all Things else he is furly and rugged, and does not love to be pleased himself, which makes him hate those that do him any Good. He is a *Stoic* to all Passions but Fear, Envy, and Malice; and hates to do any Good, though it cost him nothing. He abhors a Gentleman because he is most unlike himself, and repines as much at his Manner of Living, as if he maintained him. He murmurs at him as the Saints do at the Wicked, as if he kept his Right from him; for he makes his Clownery a Sect, and damns all that are not of his Church. He manures the Earth like a Dung-hill, but lets himself lye Fallow, for no Improvement will do good upon him. *Cain* was the first of his Family, and he does his Endeavour not to degenerate from the original Churlishness of his Ancestor. He that was fetched from the Plough to be made Dictator had not half his Pride and Insolence; nor *Caligula's*

Horſe, that was made Conſul. All the worſt Names that are given to Men are borrowed from him, as *Villain*, *Deboſſe*, *Peaſant*, &c. He wears his Cloaths like a Hide, and ſhifts them no oftner than a Beaſt does his Hair. He is a Beaſt, that *Gefner* never thought of.

A

Q U I B B L E R

IS a Jugler of Words, that shows Tricks with them, to make them appear what they were not meant for, and serve two Senses at once, like one that plays on two *Jews* Trumps. He is a Fencer of Language, that falsifies his Blow, and hits where he did not aim. He has a foolish Slight of Wit, that catches at Words only, and lets the Sense go, like the young Thief in the Farce, that took a Purse, but gave the Owner his Money back again. He is so well versed in all Cases of Quibble, that he knows when there will be a Blot upon a Word, as soon as it is out. He packs his Quibbles like a Stock of Cards, let him but shuffle, and cut where you will, he will be sure to have it. He dances on a Rope of Sand, does the *Somerset*, *Strapado*, and *half-strapado* with Words, plays at all manner of Games

with *Clinches*, *Carwickets*, and *Quibbles*, and talks *under-Leg*. His Wit is left-handed, and therefore what others mean for right, he apprehends quite contrary. All his Conceptions are produced by equivocal Generation, which makes them justly esteemed but Maggots. He rings the Changes upon Words, and is so expert, that he can tell at first Sight, how many Variations any Number of Words will bear. He talks with a *Trillo*, and gives his Words a double Relish. He had rather have them bear two Senses in vain and impertinently, than one to the Purpose, and never speaks without a *Lere-Sense*. He talks nothing but Equivocation and mental Reservation, and mightily affects to give a Word a double Stroke, like a Tennis-Ball against two Walls at one Blow, to defeat the Expectation of his Antagonist. He commonly flurs every fourth or fifth Word, and seldom fails to throw Doublets. There are two Sorts of Quibbling, the one with Words, and the other with Sense, like the Rhetoricians *Figuræ Dictionis* & *Figuræ Sententiæ*—The first is already cried down,

Without a Lere-Sense] A *Lere-Sense* is a second or supernumerary Sense, as a Led-Horse was formerly called a *Lere-Horse*.

See *Bailey's Dictionary*.

and the other as yet prevails; and is the only Elegance of our modern Poets, which easy Judges call *Easiness*; but having nothing in it but *Easiness*, and being never used by any lasting Wit, will in wiser Times fall to nothing of itself.

A

W O O E R

STANDS Candidate for Cuckold, and if he miss of it, it is none of his Fault; for his Merit is sufficiently known. He is commonly no Lover, but able to pass for a most desperate one, where he finds it is like to prove of considerable Advantage to him; and therefore has Passions lying by him of all Sizes proportionable to all Women's Fortunes, and can be indifferent, melancholy, or stark-mad, according as their Estates give him Occasion; and when he finds it is to no Purpose, can presently come to himself again, and try another. He prosecutes his Suit against his Mistress as Clients do a Suit in Law, and does nothing without the Advice of his learned Council, omits no Advantage for want of soliciting, and, when he gets her Consent, overthrows her. He en-

deavours to match his Estate, rather than himself, to the best Advantage, and if his Mistress's Fortune and his do but come to an Agreement, their Persons are easily satisfied, the Match is soon made up, and a Cross Marriage between all four is presently concluded. He is not much concerned in his Lady's Virtues, for if the Opinion of the *Stoics* be true, *that the virtuous are always rich*, there is no doubt, but she that is rich must be virtuous. He never goes without a List in his Pocket of all the Widows and Virgins about the Town, with Particulars of their Jointures, Portions, and Inheritances, that if one miss he may not be without a Reserve; for he esteems *Cupid* very improvident, if he has not more than two Strings to his Bow. When he wants a better Introduction, he begins his Addresses to the Chamber-maid, like one that sues the Tenant to eject the Landlord, and according as he thrives there makes his Approaches to the Mistress. He can tell readily what the Difference is between Jointure with Tuition of Infant, Land, and Money of any Value, and what the Odds is to a Penny between them all, either to take or leave. He does not so much go a wooing as put in his Claim, as if all Men of Fortune

had a fair Title to all Women of the same Quality, and therefore are said to demand them in Marriage. But if he be a Wooer of Fortune, that designs to raise himself by it, he makes wooing his Vocation, deals with all Matchmakers, that are his Setters, is very painful in his Calling, and, if his Business succeed, steals her away and commits Matrimony with a felonious Intent. He has a great desire to beget Money on the Body of a Woman, and as for other Issue is very indifferent, and cares not how old she be, so she be not past Money-bearing.

A N

I M P U D E N T M A N

IS one, whose want of Money and want of Wit have engaged him beyond his Abilities. The little Knowledge he has of himself being suitable to the little he has in his Profession has made him believe himself fit for it. This double Ignorance has made him set a Value upon himself, as he that wants a great deal appears in a better Condition, than he that wants a little. This renders him confident, and fit for any Undertaking, and sometimes (such is the concurrent Ignorance of the World) he prospers in it, but oftner miscarries, and becomes ridiculous; yet this Advantage he has, that as nothing can make him see his Error, so nothing can discourage him that Way; for he is fortified with his Ignorance, as barren and rocky Places are by their Situation, and he will rather believe that all Men want Judgment,

than himself. For as no Man is pleased, that has an ill Opinion of himself, Nature, that finds out Remedies herself, and his own Ease render him insensible of his Defects—From hence he grows impudent; for as Men judge by Comparison, he knows as little what it is to be defective, as what it is to be excellent. Nothing renders Men modest, but a just Knowledge how to compare themselves with others; and where that is wanting, Impudence supplies the Place of it: for there is no *Vacuum* in the Minds of Men, and commonly, like other Things in Nature, they swell more with Rarefaction than Condensation. The more Men know of the World, the worse Opinion they have of it; and the more they understand of Truth, they are better acquainted with the Difficulties of it, and consequently are the less confident in their Assertions, especially in matters of Probability, which commonly is squintey'd, and looks nine Ways at once. It is the Office of a just Judge to hear both Parties, and he that considers but the one Side of Things can never make a just Judgment, though he may by Chance a true one. Impudence is the Bastard of Ignorance, not only unlawfully,

but incestuously begotten by a Man upon his own Understanding, and laid by himself at his own Door, a Monster of unnatural Production; for Shame is as much the Propriety of human Nature (though overseen by the Philosophers) and perhaps more than Reason, laughing, or looking asquint, by which they distinguish Man from Beasts; and the less Men have of it, the nearer they approach to the Nature of Brutes. Modesty is but a noble Jealousy of Honour, and Impudence the Prostitution of it; for he, whose Face is proof against Infamy, must be as little sensible of Glory. His Forehead, like a voluntary Cuckold's, is by his Horns made Proof against a Blush. Nature made Man barefaced, and civil Custom has preserved him so; but he that's impudent does wear a Vizard more ugly and deformed than Highway Thieves disguise themselves with. Shame is the tender moral Conscience of good Men. When there is a Crack in the Skull, Nature herself with a tough horny Callus repairs the Breach; so a flaw'd Intellect is with a brawny Callus Face supplied. The Face is the Dial of the Mind; and where they do not go together, 'tis a Sign, that one or both are out of Order. He that is impudent

is like a Merchant, that trades upon his Credit without a Stock, and if his Debts were known, would break immediately. The Inside of his Head is like the Outside; and his Peruke as naturally of his own Growth, as his Wit. He passes in the World like a Piece of Counterfeit Coin, looks well enough until he is rubbed and worn with Use, and then his Copper Complexion begins to appear, and nobody will take him, but by Owl-light.

A N

I M I T A T E R

IS a counterfeit Stone, and the larger and fairer he appears the more apt he is to be discovered, whilst small ones, that pretend to no great Value, pass unsuspected. He is made like a Man in Arras-Hangings, after some great Master's Design, though far short of the Original. He is like a Spectrum or walking Spirit, that assumes the Shape of some particular Person, and appears in the Likeness of something that he is not, because he has no Shape of his own to put on. He has a Kind of Monkey and Baboon Wit, that takes after some Man's Way, whom he endeavours to imitate, but does it worse than those Things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn, but take his Pattern out, as a Girl does her Sampler. His whole Life is nothing but a Kind of Education, and he is always learning to be

something that he is not, nor ever will be: For Nature is free, and will not be forced out of her Way, nor compelled to do any Thing against her own Will and Inclination. He is but a Retainer to Wit, and a Follower of his Master, whose Badge he wears every where, and therefore his Way is called *servile Imitation*. His Fancy is like the innocent Lady's, who by looking on the Picture of a Moor that hung in her Chamber conceived a Child of the same Complexion; for all his Conceptions are produced by the Pictures of other Men's Imaginations, and by their Features betray whose Bastards they are. His Muse is not inspired but infected with another Man's Fancy; and he catches his Wit, like the Itch, of somebody else that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself. His Head is, like his Hat, fashioned upon a Block, and wrought in a Shape of another Man's Invention. He melts down his Wit, and casts it in a Mold: and as metals melted and cast are not so firm and solid, as those that are wrought with the Hammer; so those Compositions, that are founded and run in other Men's Molds, are always more brittle and loose than those, that are forged in a Man's own Brain. He binds

himself Prentice to a Trade, which he has no Stock to set up with, if he should serve out his Time, and live to be made free. He runs a whoring after another Man's Inventions (for he has none of his own to tempt him to an incontinent Thought) and begets a Kind of Mungrel Breed, that never comes to good.

A

T I M E - S E R V E R

WEARS his Religion, Reason, and Understanding always in the Mode; and endeavours as far as he can to be one of the first in the Fashion, let it change as oft as it can. He makes it his Business, like a politic *Epicure*, to entertain his Opinion, Faith, and Judgment, with nothing but what he finds to be most in Season; and is as careful to make his Understanding ready according to the present Humour of Affairs, as the Gentleman was, that used every Morning to put on his Cloaths by the Weather-Glass. He has the same reverend Esteem of the modern Age, as an Antiquary has for venerable Antiquity; and like a Glass receives readily any present Object, but takes no Notice of that which is past,

or to come. He is always ready to become any Thing as the Times shall please to dispose of him, but is really nothing of himself; for he that fails before every Wind can be bound for no Port. He accounts it Blasphemy to speak against any Thing in present Vogue, how vain or ridiculous soever, and Arch-Heresy to approve of any Thing, though ever so good and wise, that is laid by; and therefore casts his Judgment and Understanding upon Occasion, as Bucks do their Horns, when the Season arrives to breed new against the next, to be cast again. He is very zealous to shew himself, upon all Occasions, a true Member of the Church for the Time being, that has not the least Scruple in his Conscience against the Doctrine or Discipline of it, as it stands at present, or shall do hereafter, unsight unseen: for he is resolved to be always for the Truth, which he believes is never so plainly demonstrated as in that Character, that says—*It is great and prevails*, and in that Sense only fit to be adhered to by a prudent Man, who will never be kinder to Truth than she is to him; for suffering is a very *evil Effect*, and not like to proceed from a *good Cause*. He is a Man of a

right public Spirit, for he resigns himself wholly to the Will and Pleasure of the Times; and, like a zealous implicit Patriot, believes as the State believes, though he neither knows, nor cares to know, what that is.

A

P R A T E R

IS a common Nufance, and as great a Grievance to those that come near him as a Pewterer is to his Neighbours. His Discourse is like the braying of a Mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a Pestle makes more Noise when it is rung on the Sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright and hits upon the Business. A Dog that opens upon a wrong Scent will do it oftner than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as longwinded as a Ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties, or a Trade-Wind, that blows one Way for half a Year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its Breath for six Months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no Mercy on any Mans Ears or Patience, that he can get within his Sphere of Activity, but tortures him, as they correct Boys in *Scotland*, by stretching their Lugs without Remorse.

He is like an Earwig, when he gets within a Man's Ear he is not easily to be got out again. He will stretch a Story as unmercifully as he does the Ears of those he tells it to, and draw it out in length like a Breast of Mutton at the *Hercules* Pillars, or a Piece of Cloth fet on the Tenters, till it is quite spoiled and good for nothing. If he be an Orator, that speaks *distincté et ornaté*, though not *apté*, he delivers his Circumstances with the same mature Deliberation, that one that drinks with a Gusto swallows his Wine, as if he were loth to part with it sooner than he must of Necessity; or a Gamester, that pulls the Cards that are dealt him one by one, to enjoy the Pleasure more distinctly of seeing what Game he has in his Hand. He takes so much Pleasure to hear himself speak, that he does not perceive with what Uneasiness other Men endure him, though they express it ever so plainly; for he is so diverted with his own Entertainment of himself, that he is not at Leisure to take Notice of any else. He is a *Siren* to himself, and has no Way to escape Shipwreck but by having his Mouth stoped, instead of his Ears. He plays with his Tongue as a Cat does with her Tail, and is transported with the Delight he gives himself

of his own making. He understands no Happiness like that of having an Opportunity to shew his Abilities in public, and will venture to break his Neck to shew the Activity of his Eloquence, for *the Tongue is not only the worst Part of a bad Servant, but of an ill Master, that does not know how to govern it; for then it is like Gusman's Wife, very headstrong and not sure of Foot.*

A N

H E R M E T I C

P H I L O S O P H E R.

HE is a Kind of Hector in Learning, that thinks to maintain himself in Reputation by picking Quarrels with his gentle Readers, and compounding them to his own Advantage; as if he meant to baffle their Understandings, and fright them into a reverend Opinion of his great Abilities. He comes forth in public with *his concealed Truths*, as he calls

In Justice to the author I must declare, that this Character, though fairly copied out for the Press, is left by him without a Title; and that that, which it now bears, is only added for the Sake of Uniformity. The Reader will from several Circumstances quickly perceive that the first Part of it is personal; and from the same one may with a good deal of Certainty pronounce, that it was intended for the Author of a Book entituled—*MAGIA ADAMICA; or the Antiquity of Magic, and its descent from ADAM. With a Discovery of the true Cælum Terræ, or Magicians heavenly Chaos, and first Matter of all Things by T. W. Lond. 1650. 12°.* The Book itself I have not been able to get a Sight of; and I found my Conjecture upon the Title, and what little Account *Butler* gives of it in his own Notes upon two Passages in his *Hudibras* printed in 1674.

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Q

them, like one that had stolen something under his Cloak ; and being afraid to be stopped falls foul on any Man, that has the ill Hap to be in his Way : for if you dislike him it is at your own Peril, he is sure to put in a Caveat beforehand against your Understanding ; and, like a Malefactor in Wit, is always furnished with Exceptions against his Judges. This puts him upon perpetual Apologies, Excuses, and Defences, but still by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whiffing Strain, without Regard of any Man, that he thinks will stand in the Way of his Pageant. He shews as little Respect to Things as Persons ; for his constant Method is to shuffle Things of different Kinds together, like a Pack of Cards, and then deal them out as they happen. He pretends to contemn the present Age, and address his Writings to Posterity, to shew, that he has a better Opinion of his own Prophecy, than the Knowledge of any Man now living ; and that he understands

And derives the Pedigree of Magic from Adam's first green Britches.]
To the same he alludes in the following Lines in *Hudibras*, in his Character of *Ralpho*.

*For Mystic Learning wondrous able
In Magic Talisman, and Cabal,
Whose primitive Tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green Breeches. Hud. P. 1. C. 1.*

more of the Ages to come, than this does of him. Next to Posterity he is in love with Antiquity, of which he seems to be so fond, that he contemns *Seth's* Pillars as modern, and derives the Pedigree of Magic from *Adam's* first green Britches; because Fig-leaves being the first Cloaths, that Mankind wore, were only used for Covering, and therefore are the most ancient Monuments of concealed Mysteries.

He controuls his fellow Labourers in the Fire with as much Empire and Authority, as if he were sole Overseer of the *great Work*, to which he lights his Reader like an *ignis fatuus*, which uses to mislead Men into Sloughs and Ditches; for when he has mired him in the *Chaos*, and told him, that the *Philosopher's Stone* is Water, or a Powder, he leaves him in the Dark. With this Chaos he makes more Work, than the Fellow that interprets to the

And upon this Passage gives the following Note——“ The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi* to be derived from that Knowledge, which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise* before the Fall.

With this Chaos he makes more Work, than the Fellow that interprets to the shew of it.] This corresponds with what the Title of *Magia Adamica* promises of a *Discovery of the true Cælum Terræ, or Ma-*

show of it, and with no less Astonishment to the ignorant. Such of his learned Discoveries, that signify any Thing, though it be vulgar and common, he calls *experimental truths*, and those that mean nothing *Mysteries*, which with him is but another Word for Nonsense, though it be supported, like Heraldry, with Eagles, Dragons, and Lions; but as the Poet observes

———*Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta*
Nomen erit Tigris, Leo, Pardus, siquid adhuc sit
Quod fremit in Terris violentius———

so the Sense of these terrible Terms is equally contemptible; for a Maggot is of a higher Form in Nature than any Production of Metals. His War with the Schoolmen is not amiss, but he persecutes it unmercifully, without giving Quarter; though being a Writer of Fortune he might consider his own Interest,

gicians heavenly Chaos and first Matter of all Things——It agrees also with what *Butler* says in *Ralpho's* Character.

The Chaos too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:
Not that of Paste-Board which Men shew
For Groats at Fair of Barthol'mew. *Hud. P. 1. C. 1.*

- This shew of the *Chaos* was, I fancy, of the same Sort with those which we have now a-days of the *Creation* and *Paradise*.

and remember that they keep him in constant Employment: for whensoever he has Occasion to digress, that is to write more than six Lines, if the Schoolmen, or the Chaos, or *the great Work* did not supply him, according as he is disposed either to rail or cant, I know not what would become of him. To this Canting he is so constantly inclined, that he bestows no small Pains in devising Nick-names for himself and his Patron, to whom he writes like one that whispers aloud, and says that in his Ear, that is meant for the hearing of others. The Judgment of this Gentleman is his Privilege, and his Epistles to him are like counterfeit Passes, which he makes for himself, and believes they will carry him through, though the Person be so unknown, that nobody can guess by his Account, whether he be his Tutor or his Pupil.

—————*Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta*
Nomen erit, &c.]

As *Butler* for Brevity's Sake has given this Passage from *Juvenal* imperfect, which renders it obscure and a little faulty in Point of Grammar, it may not be improper to transcribe from the Original.

—————*Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta*
Lævibus, et sicca lambentibus ora Lucernæ,
Nomen erit *Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhue est,*
Quod fremat in Terris violentius— *Juv. Sat. 8. V. 34.*

He adores *Cornelius Agrippa* as an Oracle, yet believes he understands more of his Writings than he did himself; for he will not take his own Testimony concerning his three Books of occult Philosophy, which he confesses to have written without Wit or Judgment. Yet it cannot be denied but he is very impartial to himself; for in forbidding his Disciples to read any modern Books, but only *Sandivogius* and *Enchiridion physicæ restitutæ*, he does Justice on his own Works, and very ingenuously shews us how they are best to be understood. This *Physica restituta* is his great *Magistry*, two Lines of which he uses to project upon his baser Metal, and make it multiply to twice as many Pages. These are commonly set forth like a Shopkeeper's Stall, with so much of his coarser Wares, as will only serve to shew what he deals in—The best you may suppose is laid up carefully; for he always tells you what he could tell you, whereby it appears the Purpose

For he will not take his own Testimony concerning his three Books of occult Philosophy, &c.] The Passage alluded to is the following one in *Agrippa's* Preface — “ Si alicubi erratum sit, sive quid liberius
 “ dictum, ignoscite Adolescentiæ nostræ, qui minor quam Adoles-
 “ cens hoc Opus composui; ut possim me excusare ac dicere, dum
 “ eram parvulus loquebar ut parvulus, factus autem Vir evacuavi
 “ quæ erant parvuli; ac in Libro de Vanitate Scientiarum hunc

of his Writing is but to let you know, that he knows, which if you can but attain to you are sufficiently learned, and may pass for *verè adeptus*; though otherwise he will not allow any Man to be free of the *Philosophers*, that has not only served out his Time to a Furnace, but can cant and spit Fire like a Jugler. He is so full of the *great Secret*, that he cannot possibly hold, but is fain, when he is treating of other Matters, to withdraw very abruptly, and vent himself, *sed clam et cum scrobe*, like him that digged a Hole in the Ground to whisper in, for nobody must expect to be the wiser for it; but though he bury his Talent, he never fails to write an Epitaph upon it, that shall improve it more among the credulous, than if he had put it forth. Yet no Man must say so, that will not either own, or contemn the Title of *barbarous* and *ignorant*; for with such Language he uses to fortify the weaker Parts of his Works, like a Ditch, against those, that

“ *Librum magna ex Parte retractavi.*”

But only Sandivogius & Enchiridion physicae restitutæ.] Michael Sandivogius was a famous chymical Writer in the Beginning of the last Century, and the Enchiridion physicae restitutæ, supposed to be wrote by one D'Espagnet, was a Book in no less Esteem with the Virtuofos of that Class.

shall venture to attempt them. He believes a Scholar can no more live in the University, than a Serpent in *Ireland*: but those weak and feeble Wits, that will not carry Point-Blank, must be fain to aim above the Mark, or else they will shoot too low. He hath taken much Pains to prove, that Magic is not conjuring; and that Sir *Henry Cornelius* was no Conjuror, nor his Dog a Devil, but a mere natural Dog, though he confesses, he could not chuse but have more in him than another Dog, having served such a Master, who in his Preface to *Lully's Ars brevis* professes in a few Weeks to have made ignorant old Men and young Children, with a mere Trick, able to dispute

That Sir HENRY CORNELIUS was no Conjuror, nor his Dog a Devil.] That this must be applied to the Author of *Magia Adamica* appears from *Butler's* own Testimony in a Note of his upon these two Lines in his *Hudibras*.

*Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug
It's Garb and Habit of a Dog.*

“ *Cornelius Agrippa* (says he) had a Dog, that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that Aspersion, in which he has shewn a very great Respect and Kindness for them both.”

Who in his Preface to Lully's Ars brevis professes, &c.] The Paragraphs referred to are these — “ *Ea autem est Ars inventiva Raymundi Lullii, cujus ea Dignitas est ac Præcellentia, ea Generalitas ac Certitudo, ut se sola sufficiente, nulla alia Scientia*

in all Sorts of Learning with the most profound Doctors in *Europe*.

He adores the *Brethren of the Rosy-Cross* as the only Owls of *Athens* that can see in the Dark; and wonders at them, like one of the Rabble of Birds—These are a Kind of *Philosophers Errant*, that wander up and down upon Adventures, and have an enchanted Castle, invisible to all but themselves, to which they are bound by their Order to repair at certain Seasons. In this Tabernacle rests the Body of their Prophet or Founder, who dying, as they affirm, hid himself in a Kind of invisible Oven, where after an hundred Years he was

“ præsupposita, non ullo indigens forinfeco juvamine, infallibiliter
 “ cum omni securitate ac certitudine, errore omni semoto, de omni
 “ re scibili Veritatem ac Scientiam sine Difficultate et Labore invenire
 “ nos faciat — Ea insuper hujus Scientiæ est Promptitudo et
 “ Facilitas, ut etiam Pueri impuberes, hac Arte freti, in omnibus
 “ ferme facultatibus docte differere possint: multi etiam, qui in
 “ extrema Senectute se ad Literas contulere, hac arte paucis Men-
 “ sibus in Viros doctissimos evasere.”

He adores the Brethren of the Rosy-Cross, &c.] The Character, which has so far been personal, is now extended to a general one of the *Rosicrucians*. To enter into a particular Explication of all that our Author satirically observes of their Tenets would be both tedious and unjust to the Reader; and therefore I shall only in general refer him to those Writers who have treated upon this Subject, and to the Light that *Butler* himself throws upon it in his Characters of *Ralpho* and *Sidrophel*, and more particularly in the Discourse he introduces betwixt *Hudibras* and *Sidrophel* about judicial Astrology, &c.

discovered by a Kind of Prophefying Door, not overbaked nor cold, but warm, and looking (like a Woodcock's Head stuck in the Lid of a Pye) as if he were alive. With him they found a World of most precious Secrets and Myfteries, with a deal of Treasure, and a Dictionary of all those Names, that *Adam* gave the Creatures; and these they have since given one another: for they profess to understand the Language of Beasts and Birds, as they say *Solomon* did, else he would never have said—*The Fowls of the Air can discover Treason against Princes.* This Knowledge, they affirm, may be attained by Eating, in a planetary Moment, a Rasher made of the Liver of a Camelion, the only broiled Lexicon in the World. For they will undertake to teach any Kind of mysterious Learning in the World by Way of Diet; and therefore have admirable Receipts, to make several Dishes for *Talisman, Magic, and Cabal,* in which Sciences a Man of an ingenious Stomach may eat himself into more Knowledge at a Meal, than he could possibly arrive at by seven Years Study.

They are better acquainted with the intelligible World, than they are with this; and

understand more of Ideas, than they do of Things. This intelligible World is a Kind of *Terra incognita*, a *Pfittacorum Regio*, of which Men talk what they do not understand. They would have us believe, that it is but the Counterpart of the elementary World; and that there is not so much as an individual Beard upon the Face of the Earth, that has not another there perfectly of the same Colour and Cut to match it. Next to this, as they tell us, lies the celestial World, in which they are at Home-- All the Dukes, Earls, and Barons in the Planets are their Godsons, if not their Bastards. These Lords spiritual hold so perfect a Conformance in all their Manners, Customs, and Usages with ours upon Earth, that a learned Antiquary would certainly conclude, they were at first some Colony transplanted hence. With these they are so familiar, that they have a Particular of every one's Estate, and can tell how many Tenants he has, that hold their Lands of him. These Spirits they use to catch by the Noses with Fumigations, as St. *Dunstan* did the Devil with a Pair of Tongs, and make them compound for their Liberty by discovering Secrets. By this Means they have found out the Way to make planetary Mousetraps, in

which Rats and Mice shall take themselves without the Expence of toasted Cheese and Bacon. They have fine Devices to make counterfeit Maggots of Lute-Strings, translate Agues into Dogs, or fright them away with Spiders; to cure the Tooth-ach or sore Eyes with Medicines laid to the Imagination; kill Rats and Warts with Rhimes; quote Moles on any Part of the Body by an Index in the Face; discover lost Maidenheads; pimp with Figures, Charms, and Characters; cut Noses out of Buttocks with *Taliacotius*; blow the Philosophers Fire with Words of pure Wind, and draw the glorify'd Spirit of the Elixir not out of gross Matter, but the pure incorporeal Hope and Faith of the Credulous, which is the best and the most rational Way of Multiplication; for a small Dose so prepared, and projected upon the dullest Metal, converts it presently into Gold ready coined. They have found out a Way to make invisible Hour-glasses for gifted Brethren to preach by, who would give Offence to tender Consciences, if it should seem, as if the Spirit could enable them to understand what to say, but not how much, without the Help of a carnal Hour-glass. They are now carrying on a *thorough-Reformation* in the celestial World—

They have repaired the old Spheres, that were worn as thin as a Cob-web, and fastened the Stars in them with a Screw, by which means they may be taken off, and put on again at Pleasure. They have pulled down all the ancient Houses of the Planets, and set up Tents in their Places, as being more convenient in regard of their Easiness to be removed upon all Occasions. They have lately fallen on *Du-Bartas's* Design to new-christen all the Constellations, and give them Scripture Names, a Work no doubt of singular Piety, and like in Time to convert the Astrologers, when they shall derive the Principles and Rudiments of their Science from divine Authority, which now they are fain to borrow of the old heathen Poets. This in Process of Time may enable them (as well as other Trades) to preach for themselves, and save the Charge of hiring old Mungrel Rabines, that are three Quarters *Jews*, to make their Art as lawful as they can, with mighty Arguments drawn from Etymologies and Anagrams. But their Intelligence in the upper World is nothing to what they have in the infernal; for they hold exact Correspondence with the Devils, and can give a perfect Account of their ecclesiastical, civil, and mi-

litary Discipline. By their Advice the Fiends lately attempted a *Reformation* of their Government, that is, to bring all Things into Confusion, which among them is the greatest Order. They have placed *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamant* on the Bench again since they received a Writ of Ease, and have given the Pettifogging Devils, that were thrown over the Bar for their Honesty, leave to practise again, having first taken an *Engagement* to be true and faithful to the Government. They have entertained the *Furies* again, that were turned out of Service by the later Poets, and given *Charon* a new Coat and Badge. Indeed for their Militia, being out of the Way of Philosophers, they are not so exactly versed in it, and therefore are forced to raise old Poetical Spirits only for Shew, and to make up their Number (like a Captain, that makes a false Number) in which *Cerberus* passes and receives Pay for three. All this they perform by Virtue and Dint of Numbers, which they will have to run through the three Worlds like a Ladder of Ropes, holding the same Proportion in them all, and the universal Privilege of *the great Secret*, which they can prove to be the golden Bough, that served *Æneas* for a Pass to go to Hell with. These

Numbers they believe to be the better Sort of Spirits, by the Largeness of their Dominion, which extends from beyond the intelligible World, through all the inferior Worlds, to the Center, which is the uttermost bound of their Empire that Way. They had like to have been chosen Principles in the elementary World, in the Room of old doating *Privation*, but that *Darkness* carried it with the *Brotherhood* in an indirect Way, having cast a Mist before their learned Eyes. They have agreed upon a Truce and Cessation of Hostility between the Elements, and are like to conclude a Peace, by declaring the old Quarrel to arise from the *Intension*, and not from the *Element*, which is a clear Confutation of that old Maxim—*ex nihilo nihil fit*. They believe, that Spirits have a strange natural Allegiance to hard Words, though they mean nothing; by which it should seem, that a well-taught Jackdaw, or one of *James Howel's Trees* may be as able a Conjuror as *Friar Bacon* himself. Next to Words they are caught with Characters, which are nothing else but Marks, that Spirits make for their Names, because they cannot write—These

[Or one of *James Howel's Trees*.] This alludes to *Howel's Dodona's Grove*, where the Trees are introduced as speaking.

the *Brethren* have always in Blanks, to which they can write what they please, and then arrest them upon it, and keep them safe, until they put in Bail to answer *whatsoever they shall be demanded*. By this means they have found out, who is the true Owner of the *Beast* in the *Apocalyps*, which has long passed for a Stray among the Learned; what is the true Product of 666, that has rung like *Whittington's Bells* in the Ears of Expositors; how long it is to the Day of Judgment, and, which is more wonderful, whether it shall be in Winter or Summer. They can tell the Age of *Time* without looking into his Mouth, like a Horse's, as the Chronologers do, or searching the Church-Book: for they have certain historical Spirits, that will give them as able an Account of the general History of the World, as *Rosse* himself. By the Help of these they can immediately tell, who was the first Christian Cobler, without diving into *Arabic Short-Hand*, or travelling far into the *East* (as some have done) to fetch that, which they might have had at

This had been an excellent Course for the old roundheaded Stoics.]
This Banter upon the *Stoics* we have also in *Hudibras*.

*So th' antient Stoics in their Porch
With fierce dispute maintain'd their Church,*

home in the Legend—A very learned Oversight.

They have found out an admirable Way to decide all Controversies, and resolve Doubts of the greatest Difficulty by Way of *horary Questions*; for as the learned Astrologers, observing the Impossibility of knowing the exact Moment of any Man's Birth, do use very prudently to *cast the Nativity of the Question* (like him, that swallowed the Doctor's Bill instead of the Medicine) and find the Answer as certain and infallible, as if they had known the very Instant, in which the Native, as they call him, crept into the World: so in Questions either so subtle and obscure, that Truth plays least in Sight, and Words and Terms go for no more than a Jugler's Canting; the only Way in the World is to consider the critical Minute of the Question, and from thence resolve it. This had been an excellent Course for the old Round-headed *Stoics* to find out, whether *Bonum was*

*Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
To prove that Virtue is a Body,
That Bonum is an Animal
Made good with stout po'emic Brawl:*

Corpus, or Virtue an Animal, about which they had so many fierce Encounters in their *Stoa*, that about one thousand four hundred and forty lost their Lives upon the Place, and far many more their Beards, and Teeth, and Noses—But this had never been, had the *Brethren* lived in those Days, who can not only part all the mad Frays of Controversy in Philosophy, but Religion also, and, like true canonical Constables, make those spiritual Swash-Bucklers deliver up their Weapons, and keep the Peace. Nor is their Power and Authority less in composing of civil Differences; for they have a Receipt to make two Armies, that are drawn up ready to fight, put up their Swords and face about. This is so easy, they say, that it has been done by Women: but their Way is to raise a Storm, which they can do at any Time with the Liver of a Wolf, and make it thunder and lighten, as easily as strike Fire in a Tinder-Box. This, they say, has been experimented between *Hanibal* and the *Romans*; and certainly

*In which some hundreds on the Place
Were slain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of Nose, and Eyes, and Beard,
To maintain what their Sect averr'd.*

Hud. P. 2. C. 2.

And by Way of Explication *Butler* subjoins this Note — “ *In*

it is more probable than that Course, which some modern Philosophers have taken to do it by Way of Argument, which is so preposterous, that they believe, they can prevent or compose all civil Wars by proving, that Mankind was born to nothing else; and will undertake to persuade Men to Subjection and Obedience by making it appear, that Nature brought them forth all equal: that pretend to secure the Titles of Princes by proving, that whosoever can get their Power from them has a Right to it; and persuade them and their Subjects to observe imaginary Contracts by arguing, that they are invalid as soon as made—But had these Men conversed with the *Brethren*, they would never have brought Contradictions so barefaced together, but have drest them up with some pretty Disguise, which they have always ready for such Occasions, that, though they had been never so subtile and senseless, should have made them pass at least for Mysteries. For though they very much contemn

- “ *Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Discipulorum Seditioibus, mille*
 “ *quadringenti triginta civis interfeciti sunt. Diog. Laert. in Vita*
 “ *Zenonis, p. 383. Those old Virtuofos were better Proficients*
 “ *in those Exercises, than the modern, who seldom improve higher*
 “ *than cuffing, and kicking.*

any Knowledge, that is either derived from Sense or reducible to it; and account Demonstration too gross and low an Aim for the sublime Speculations of the Intellect: Though they believe their own Senses base and unworthy of their Notice (like that delicate *Roman*, who being put in his Litter by his Servants, asked, whether he fat or no) yet they never apply themselves to any Thing abstruse or subtle, but with much Caution; and commonly resolve all Questions of that Nature by Numbers—*Monades*, *Triades*, and *Decades*, are with them a Kind of philosophical *Fulbams*, with which, like cunning Gamesters, they can throw what they please, and be sure to win; for no Body can disprove them. And truly they are much to be commended, if for nothing else, yet for their ingenious Brevity: for they never entertain their Readers with tedious Circumstances, to the great Expence of their Time, but dispatch immediately, and make them understand as much of these Affairs in a few Minutes, as they can do in an Age; which is more than can be said of those, that use to tie Argument to Argument (as Monkeys use to hang by one another's Tails in *India*) until they

have made a Pair of learned Tarryers, which neither they, nor any Body else knows how to undo. But the *Brethren*, if this will not do, have yet more curious Ways; for they have invented Optics, in which they will put Atoms and Ideas, and give the Eye as perfect an Account of their nicest Subtleties, as all the Philosophers in the World can with all their Disputations. In these you may see the Bone *Luz*, and *Descartes's* Die in the Brain with every Spot in it, as exactly as the Eyes of a Flea in a magnifying Glass. They have made Spectacles to read *Jacob Boehmen* and *Ben-Israël* with, which, like those Glasses that revert the Object, will turn the wrong End of their Sentences upwards, and make them look like Sense. They have built a philosophical Hospital for the Relief of those, that are blind, deaf, and dumb, by establishing a Community of the Senses, whereby any one may supply the Place of another in his Absence, and do his Business for him as well as that which is out of the Way. This is an Art to teach Men to see with their Ears, and hear with their Eyes and Noses, and it has been found true by Expe-

rience and Demonstration, if we may believe the History of the *Spaniard*, that could see Words, and swallow Music by holding the Peg of a Fiddle between his Teeth ; or him that could sing his Part backward at first Sight, which those that were near him might hear with their Noses ; or *Dubartas's* Painter, that could draw the Report of a Gun, as it is very faithfully rendered by Mr. *Silvester* thus—

*There in a Wood behind a Box-Tree shrinking
He draws a Fowler with his left Eye winking ;
Down falls the Cock, up from the touch-Pan flies
A ruddy Flame, that in a Moment dies ;
Off goes the Gun, and through the Forest rings
The thundring Bullet born on fiery Wings.*

No doubt a very strange Landscape, and not unlike that, which *Anthroposophus* has made of the *invisible Mountain of the Philosophers* ; but nothing comparable to those Curiosities of Knowledge, which they have comprized in single Words, not inferior to the nine-Pins and

If we may believe the History of the Spaniard.] This alludes to a Story told by Sir *Kenelme Digby* of a *Spanish* Nobleman younger Brother to the Constable of *Castile*, who being born deaf, and consequently dumb, was taught to understand what was said to him by

a Bowl in a Cherry-Stone. They will pick Mysteries out of Syllables and Letters, as Juglers do Money out of their Noses—This they learned of the Forefathers of Anagrams, the *Rabbins*. Beside this they have admirable Methods to dispose and lay up Learning in, like those odd Contrivances in Cabinets, where nobody can tell how to find it but themselves. *Lully's Ars Brevis* is one of these, wherein *Magnitudo*, *Bonitas*, and *Quomodo* are several concealed Drawers, in which they, that have any Learning, may lay it up safe, and (if there be any Truth in his Commentator) they that have none too, which is not altogether so strange — In these it will sprout and grow of it self, as Onions do in the Spring above Ground, and multiply no Man can imagine how, that does not very well understand the equivocal Generation of Maggots.

They can grave the Signets of the Planets in precious Stones with their own Influences, as Diamonds are cut with their own Dust—

looking at the Person who spoke, and also to give proper and distinct Answers; from whence Sir *Kenelme* takes occasion to say—*that he could hear by his Eyes, and see Words.* See *Digby* of Body.

These being made in a *right Minute* have an admirable magnetic Virtue instilled, to draw Learning, Wit, Valour, Wealth, Honour, and Women after the Owner, just as the Loadstone does Iron. These were used much by the *Knights-errant*, which made them more valiant than Giants, and cunning than Conjurers; they were always furnished with Ladies and Damsels; and though we find little Mention made of their Wealth, yet they always lived at a high Rate, when the Value of a Knight's Estate in those Times was but a small Matter.

They have an admirable Way to distinguish the Influences of the Stars; for among so many Myriads of good and bad, that are confused and mixt together, they will presently separate those of virtuous Use from the Evil, like *Boccalini's* Drum, that would beat up all the Weeds in a Garden, and leave the Herbs standing—These they keep in Glassess, like the Powder made of the Sun-Beams, till they have Occasion to use them. They are commonly

Like Boccalini's Drum, &c] See this explained by *Batler* himself in *H. dibras*, P. 1. C. 2. V. 173, &c. and by a Quotation from *Boccalini* by *Dr. Grey* by Way of Note.

the better Half of *the great Magistry*; and serve them to innumerable Purposes in all their Professions of Philosophy, Magic, Divinity, Physic, Astrology, Alchimy, Bawdery, Witchcraft, &c. for, beside a rare Property they have to restore sinful old Age to Virtue, Youth, and Understanding, they are very soveraign to clear the Eyes of the Mind, and make a blear-ey'd Intellect see like a Cat in the Dark, though it be stark blind in the Light.

These Influences, they would make us believe, are a Kind of little invisible Midwives, which the Stars employ at the Nativities of Men, to swathe and bind up their Spirits, (just as Midwives do their Bodies) which being then most tender and flexible, they can mold into what Form they please: for mixing with the Air their first breath, they do not only infect the Soul and Body, and their Faculties, but the Tempers, Disposition, Opinions, Actions (and their Events) of Men with a certain fatal Contagion; which, like a slow-working Poison lying still for many Years, shall afterwards, like Diseases and Sores, break out in the several Actions and Emergencies of their Lives. And yet it should seem, these In-

fluences are but a Kind of *Mock-destinies*, whose Business it is to tamper with all Men, but compel none—This the Learned call *inclining* not *necessitating*. They have a small precarious Empire, wholly at the Will of the Subject; they can raise no Men but only Volunteers, for their Power does not extend to press any. Their Jurisdiction is only to invite Men to the Gallows, or the Pillory in a civil Way, but force none so much as to a Whipping, unless, like *Catholic* Penitents, they have a mind to it, and will lay it on themselves. They are very like, if not the same, to the Temptations of the *Devil*—They can persuade a Man to break his Neck, or drown himself, present him with a Rope and a Dagger, and desire him to make Choice of which he pleases; but if they do not take him just in the Humour, they may as well go hang themselves. As little Good as Hurt can they do any Man against his Will—They cannot make a private Man a Prince, unless he have a very strong Desire to be so; nor make any Man happy in any Condition whatsoever, unless his own Liking concur. They could never put Fools in Authority, as they use to do, if they did not take Delight in it; nor make them great Philosophers and profound Scho-

lars, unless they pleased themselves with Study. As for the Wise, the Learned tell us, they have nothing to do with them; and if they make any Attempt upon them; it is to no Purpose: for when they *incline* a Man to be a Knave, and prevail upon him, he must be a Fool (for they have no Power over the Wise) and so all their Labour is lost.

They use to make solemn Vows to Almighty God, never to discover *the great Secret* to any Person living (as *Lully* does) and yet presently will undertake to teach it; but conjure every Scholar to keep it to himself, like Treason that dies if it take Air. Then they forbid them to converse with any, that have not Faith in the Art, that they may hear as little against it as they have to say for it; an excellent Preservative to keep an implicit Faith from taking cold — This is the high-Way of all Impostors, who can never do more than another believes. But after so many Precepts and Rules delivered with the greatest Confidence and Presumption of Certainty, they will tell you, that this Art is not to be attained but by divine Revelation, and only to

be expected by holy and sanctified Persons, that have left behind them all the Concernments of this World; whereby it seems, *this Shadow of Art follows those only that fly it, and flies from those that follow it.*

A N

A L D E R M A N

HAS taken his Degree in Cheating, and the highest of his Faculty; or paid for refusing his *Mandamus*. He is a Peer of the City, and a Member of their upper House, who, as soon as he arrives at so many thousand Pounds, is bound by the Charter to serve the Public with so much Understanding, what shift soever he make to raise it, and wear a Chain about his Neck like a Raindeer, or in Default to commute, and make Satisfaction in ready Money, the best Reason of the Place; for which he has the Name only, like a titular Prince, and is an *Alderman extraordinary*. But if his Wife can prevail with him to stand, he becomes one of the City-supporters, and, like the Unicorn in the King's Arms, wears a Chain about his Neck very right-worshipfully. He wears Scarlet, as the Whore of *Balylon* does, not for her honesty, but the Rank and Quality

He is of among the Wicked. When he sits as a Judge in his Court he is absolute, and uses arbitrary Power; for he is not bound to understand what he does, nor render an Account why he gives Judgment on one Side rather than another; but his Will is sufficient to stand for his Reason, to all Intents and Purposes. He does no public Business without eating and drinking, and never meets about Matters of Importance, but the Cramming his Inside is the most weighty Part of the Work of the Day. He dispatches no public Affair until he has thoroughly dined upon it, and is fully satisfied with Quince-Pye and Custard: for Men are wiser, the *Italians* say, after their Bellies are full, than when they are fasting, and he is very cautious to omit no Occasion of improving his Parts that Way. He is so careful of the Interest of his Belly, and manages it so industriously, that in a little Space it grows great and takes Place of all the rest of his Members, and becomes so powerful, that they will never be in a Condition to rebel against it any more. He is cloathed in Scarlet the Livery of his Sins, like the rich Glutton, to put him in Mind of what Means he came to his Wealth and Preferment by. He makes a Trade of his Eat-

ing, and, like a Cock, scrapes when he feeds; for the Public pays for all and more, which he and his Brethren share among themselves; for they never make a dry Reckoning. When he comes to be Lord-Mayor he does not keep a great House, but a very great House-warming for a whole Year; for though he invites all the *Companies* in the City he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the Reckoning beforehand. His Fur-gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the Feathers of an Owl, and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a Rabbet, had his Skin pulled off.

A

DISPUTANT

IS a Holder of Arguments, and Wagers too, when he cannot make them good. He takes naturally to Controversy, like Fishes in *India* that are said to have Worms in their Heads, and swim always against the Stream. The greatest Mastery of his Art consists in turning and winding the State of the Question, by which means he can easily defeat whatsoever has been said by his Adversary, though excellently to the Purpose, like a Bowler, that knocks away the Jack, when he sees another Man's Bowl lye nearer to it than his own. Another of his Faculties is with a Multitude of Words to render what he says so difficult to be recollected, that his Adversary may not easily know what he means, and consequently not understand what to answer, to which he secretly reserves an Advantage to reply by interpreting

what he said before otherwise than he at first intended it, according as he finds it serve his Purpose to evade whatsoever shall be objected. Next to this, to pretend not to understand, or misinterprets what his Antagonist says, though plain enough, only to divert him from the Purpose, and to take Occasion from his Exposition of what he said to start new Cavils on the Bye, and run quite away from the Question: but when he finds himself prest Home and beaten from all his Guards, to amuse the Foe with some senseless Distinction, like a falsified Blow, that never hits where 'tis aimed, but while it is minded makes Way for some other Trick that may pass. But that which renders him invincible is Abundance of Confidence and Words, which are his offensive and defensive Arms; for a brazen Face is a natural Helmet or Beaver, and he that has Store of Words needs not surrender for Want of Ammunition--No Matter for Reason and Sense, that go for no more in Disputations than the Justice of a Cause does in War, which is understood but by few, and commonly regarded by none. For the Custom of Disputants is not so much to destroy one another's Reason, as to cavil at

the Manner of expressing it, right or wrong; for they believe—*Dolus an Virtus*, &c. ought to be allowed in Controversy as War, and he that gets the Victory on any Terms whatsoever deserves it, and gets it honourably. He and his Opponent are like two false Lute-strings, that will never stand in Tune to one another; or like two Tennis-players, whose greatest Skill consists in avoiding one another's Strokes,

A
S O T

HAS found out a Way to renew, not only his Youth, but his Childhood, by being stewed, like old *Æson*, in Liquor; much better than the *Virtuoso's* Way of making old Dogs young again: for he is a Child again at second hand, never the worse for the Wearing, but as purely fresh, simple, and weak, as he was at first. He has stupify'd his Senses by living in a moist Climate according to the Poet—*Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum*. He measures his Time by Glasses of Wine, as the Ancients did by Water-Glasses; and as *Hermes Trismegistus* is said to have kept the first Accompt of Hours by the pissing of a Beast dedicated to *Serapis*, he revives that Custom in his own Practice, and observes it punctually in passing his Time. He is like a Statue placed in a moist Air; all the Lineaments of Humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but a rude Lump of the Shape of a Man, and no one

part entire. He has drowned himself in a But of Wine, as the Duke of *Clarence* was served by his Brother. He has washed down his Soul and pist it out; and lives now only by the Spirit of Wine or Brandy, or by an Extract drawn off his Stomach. He has swallowed his Humanity, and drunk himself into a Beast, as if he had pledged *Madam Circe*, and done her Right. He is drowned in a Glas like a Fly, beyond the Cure of Crums of Bread, or the Sun Beams. He is like a Spring-Tide; when he is drunk to his high-Water-Mark he swells and looks big, runs against the Stream, and overflows every Thing that stands in his Way; but when the Drink within him is at an Ebb, he shrinks within his Banks, and falls so low and shallow, that Cattle may pass over him. He governs all his Actions by the Drink within him, as a *Quaker* does by the Light within him; has a different Humour for every Nick his Drink rises to, like the Degrees of the Weatherglas, and proceeds from Ribaldry and Bawdery to Politics, Religion, and Quarreling, until it is at the Top, and then it is the Dog-Days with him; from whence he falls down again, until his Liquor is at the Bottom, and then he lyes quiet, and is frozen up.

A N

A T H E I S T

IS a bold Disputant, that takes upon him to prove the hardest Negative in the whole World, and from the Impossibility of his Attempt may be justly concluded not to understand it; for he that does not understand so much as the Difficulty of his Undertaking, can know nothing else of it; and he, that will venture to comprehend that, which is not within his Reach, does not know so far as his own Latitude, much less the Extent of that which lies beyond it. He denies that to be, which he finds by undeniable Inference to be in all Things; and, *because it is every where, would have it to be no where*; as if that old Gingle were logically true in all Things, because it is so in nothing. If a blind Man should affirm, there is no such Thing as Light, and

an Owl no such Thing as Darknes, it would be hard to say, which is the verier Owl of the two; and yet both would speak *true*, according to their own Apprehensions and Experience, but *false*, because it is of Things beyond the Reach of their Capacities. He draws a Map of Nature by his own Fancy, and bounds her how he pleases, without Regard to the Position of the Heavens, by which only her Latitude is to be understood, and without which all his Speculations are vain, idle, and confused. Nothing but Ignorance can produce a Confidence bold enough to determine of the first Cause; *for all the inferior Works of Nature are Objects more fit for our Wonder, than Curiosity; and she conceals the Truth of Things, that lye under our View, from us, to discourage us from attempting those, that are more remote.* He commits as great an Error in making *Nature* (which is nothing but the Order and Method, by which all Causes and Effects in the World are governed) to be the first Cause, as if he should suppose the Laws, by which a Prince governs, to be the Prince himself.

A

J U G L E R

IS an artificial Magician, that with his Fingers casts a Mist before the Eyes of the Rabble, and makes his Balls walk invisible which Way he pleases. He does his Feats behind a Table, like a *Presbyterian* in a Conventicle, but with much more Dexterity and Cleanliness, and therefore all Sorts of People are better pleased with him. Most Professions and Mysteries derive the Practice of all their Faculties from him, but use them with less Ingenuity and Candour; for the more he deceives those he has to do with, the better he deals with them, while those that imitate him in a lawful Calling are far more dishonest; for the more they impose the more they abuse. All his Cheats are primitive, and therefore more innocent and of greater Purity than those that are

by Tradition from Hand to Hand derived to them: for he conveys Money out of one Man's Pocket into another's with much more Sincerity and Ingenuity than those, that do it in a *legal* Way, and for a less considerable, though more conscientious, Reward. He will fetch Money out of his own Throat with a great deal more of Delight and Satisfaction to those that pay him for it, than any Haranguer whatsoever, and make it chuck in his Throat better than a Lawyer, that has talked himself hoarse, and swallowed so many Fees, that he is almost choaked. He will spit Fire, and blow Smoke out of his Mouth, with less Harm and Inconvenience to the Government, than a seditious Holder-forth; and yet all these disown and scorn him, even as Men, that are grown great and rich, despise the Meanness of their Originals. He calls upon *Presto begone*, and the *Babylonian's Tooth*, to amuse and divert the Rabble from looking too narrowly into his Tricks; while a zealous Hypocrite, that calls Heaven and Earth to witness his, turns up the Eye, and shakes the Head at his Idolatry and Profanation. He goes the Circuit to all Country Fairs, where he meets with good strolling Practice, and comes up to *Bartholomew* Fair as his *Mi-*

chaelmas Term; after which he removes to some great Thorough-fare, where he hangs out himself in Effigie, like a *Dutch* Malefactor, that all those, that pass by, may for their Money have a Trial of his Skill. He endeavours to plant himself, as near as he can, to some Puppet-Play, Monster, or Mountebank, as the most convenient Situation, and, when Trading grows scant, they join all their Forces together, and make up one grand Shew, and admit the Cut-Purse and Ballad-Singer to trade under them, as Orange-Women do at a Playhouse.

A

S C E P T I C

IS a Critic, that deals in Wholesale; he never censures but in gross, as being the most thriving and easy Trade of Wit: for the Discovery of particular Errors in Knowledge requires deeper Insight, has more of difficult Subtlety, and less of Glory; as it is easier by much to cry down a Science than understand it, and more brave to appear above it, than skilful in it. He has a natural Inclination and Ambition to Knowledge; but being unfortunate in a Temper of Wit not capable of it, derives his Glory from the Remedy of his Defects (as Men do their Bravery from their Nakedness) and undervaluing that, which he cannot attain to, would make his Necessity appear a Virtue, and his Ignorance the Choice of his Judgment. Much of this proceeds from his Envy, which is so impatient of seeing any Man exceed him in that, which

he would gladly pretend to, that with *Cæsar* he had rather destroy the Commonwealth of Letters, than endure another to be greater than himself in it. If it be his Misfortune to be engaged in an Argument, his constant Method is Catechism; for he will be sure to ask Questions only, and put others to answer, a Game at which the dullest Idiot may play with the wisest in the World, and be too hard for him; and when with his Pedigree of Questions, that beget one another, he has driven you as far as the Wit of Man can reach, because you can go no further, he will conclude you have not moved at all. As if you should tell him of the Siege of *Troy*, and do not begin (as *Horace's* Poetafter did) with the hatching of *Castor* and *Pollux*, he will not believe you can say any Thing of *Hector* and *Ajax*. He is a worse Tyrant than *Caligula* wished himself; for in denying Reason, Sense, and Demonstration he cuts off all the best Heads of Mankind at a Blow.

A

P R O J E C T O R

IS by Interpretation a Man of *Forecast*. He is an Artift of Plots, Designs, and Expedients to find out Money, as others hide it, where nobody would look for it. He is a great Rectifier of the Abufes of all Trades and Myfteries, yet has but one Remedy for all Difcafes, that is, by getting a Patent to fhare with them, by Virtue of which they become authorifed, and confequently ceafe to be Cheats. He is a great Promoter of the public Good, and makes it his Care and Study to contrive Expedients, that the Nation may not be ill ferved with falfe Rags, arbitrary Puppet-Plays, and insufficient Monsters, of all which he endeavours to get the Superintendency. He will undertake to render treasonable Pedlars, that carry Intelligence between *Rebels* and *Fanatics*,

true Subjects and well-affected to the Government for half a Crown a Quarter, which he takes for giving them Licence to do so securely and uncontrouled. He gets as much by those Projects that miscarry, as by those that hold (as Lawyers are paid as well for undoing as preserving of Men) for when he has drawn in Adventurers to purchase Shares of the Profit, the sooner it is stopped, the better it proves for him; for, his own Business being done, he is the sooner rid of theirs. He is very expert at gaging the Understandings of those he deals with, and has his Engines always ready with mere Air to blow all their Money out of their Pockets into his own, as Vintners do Wine out of one Vessel into another. He is very amorous of his Country, and prefers the public Good before his own Advantage, until he has joined them both together in some Monopoly, and then he thinks he has done his Part, and may be allowed to look after his own Affairs in the second Place. The chiefest and most useful Part of his Talent consists in Quacking and Lying, which he calls answering of Objections, and convincing the Ignorant: Without this he can do nothing;

for as it is the common Practice of most Knaveries, so it is the surest and best fitted to the vulgar Capacities of the World; and though it render him more ridiculous to some few, it always prevails upon the greater Part.

A

COMPLEMENTER

ISone that endeavours to make himself appear a very fine Man, in persuading another, that *He* is so; and by offering those Civilities, which he does not intend to part with, believes he adds to his own Reputation, and obliges another for nothing. He is very free in making Presents of his Services, because he is certain, he cannot possibly receive in return less than they are worth. He differs very much from all other Critics in Punctilios of Honour; for he esteems himself very uncivilly dealt with, if his Vows and Protestations pass for any Thing, but mere Lies and Vanities. When he gives his Word, he believes it is no longer his; and, therefore, holds it very unreasonable to give it, and keep it too. He divides his Services among so many, that there comes but little, or nothing to any one Man's

Share; and, therefore, they are very willing to let him take it back again. He makes over himself *in trust* to every Man, but still it is to *his own Uses*, to secure his Title against all other Claims, and cheat his Creditors. He is very generous of his Promises, but still it is without *lawful Consideration*, and so they go for nothing. He extols a Man to his Face, like those that write in Praise of an Author, to show his own Wit, not his, whom they undertake to commend. He has certain set Forms and Routines of Speech, which he can say over, while he thinks on any Thing else, as a *Catholic* does his Prayers; and, therefore, never means what he says. His Words flow easily from him, but so shallow, that they will bear no Weight at all. All his Offers of Endearment are but like Terms of Course, that carry their own Answers along with them; and, therefore, pass for nothing between those that understand them, and deceive those only, that believe in them. He professes most Kindness commonly to those, he least cares for, like an Host, that bids a Man welcome, when he is going away. He had rather be every Man's menial Servant, than any one Man's Friend; for Servants gain by their Masters, and Men often lose by their Friends.

A

CHURCHWARDEN

IS a public Officer, intrusted to rob the Church by Virtue of his Place, as long as he is in it. He has a very great Care to eat and drink well upon all public Occasions, that concern the Parish: for *a good Conscience being a perpetual Feast*; he believes, the better he feeds, the more Conscience he uses in the Discharge of his Trust; and as long as there is no Dry-money-cheat used, all others are allowed, according to the Tradition and Practice of the Church in the purest Times. When he lays a Tax upon the Parish he commonly raises it a fourth Part above the Accompt, to supply the Default of Houses that may be burnt, or stand empty; or Men that may break and run away; and if none of these happen, his Fortune is the greater, and his Hazard never the

less; and therefore he divides the Overplus between himself and his Colleagues, who were engaged to pay the whole, if all the Parish had run away, or hanged themselves. He over-reckons the Parish in his Accompts, as the Taverns do him, and keeps the odd Money himself, instead of giving it to the Drawers. He eats up the Bell-Ropes like the As in the Emblem, and converts the broken Glass-Windows into whole Beer-Glasses of Sack; and before his Year is out, if he be but as good a Fellow as the drinking Bishop was, pledges a whole Pulpit-full. If the Church happen to fall to decay in his Time, it proves a Deodand to him; for he is Lord of the Manor, and does not only make what he pleases of it, but has his Name recorded on the Walls among Texts of Scripture and leathern Buckets, with the Year of his Office, that the Memory of the Unjust, as well as the Just, may last as long as so transitory a Thing may. He interprets his Oath, as *Catholics* do the Scripture, not according to the Sense and Meaning of the Words, but the Tradition and Practice of his Predecessors; who have always been observed to swear what others please, and do what they please themselves.

A

ROMANCE WRITER

PULLS down old Histories to build them up finer again, after a new Model of his own designing. He takes away all the Lights of Truth in History to make it the fitter Tutors of Life; for *Truth* herself has little or nothing to do in the Affairs of the World, although all Matters of the greatest Weight and Moment are pretended and done in her Name; like a weak Princess, that has only the Title, and *Falshood* all the Power. He observes one very fit Decorum in dating his Histories in the Days of old, and putting all his own Inventions upon ancient Times; for when the World was younger, it might, perhaps, love, and fight, and do generous Things at the Rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic Feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in Fashion

again; and therefore all his Images of those Virtues signify no more than the Statues upon dead Men's Tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of *Homer's* Gods, that sets Men together by the Ears, and fetches them off again how he pleases; brings Armies into the Field like *Janello's* leaden Soldiers; leads up both Sides himself, and gives the Victory to which he pleases, according as he finds it fit the Design of his Story; makes Love and Lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints Meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same Time betrays them in the Height of all their Felicity to miserable Captivity, or some other horrid Calamity; for which he makes them rail at the Gods, and curse their own innocent Stars, when he only has done them all the Injury—Makes Men Villains, compells them to act all barbarous Inhumanities by his own Directions, and after inflicts the cruellest Punishments upon them for it. He makes all his Knights fight in Fortifications, and storm one another's Armour,

Like Janello's leaden Soldiers.] This alludes to some Kind of a Puppet-Performance in those Times, as I find the Name *Janello*, in another imperfect Piece of *Butler's*, introduced as belonging to a famous Operator in that Art.

before they can come to encounter Body for Body; and always matches them so equally one with another, that it is a whole Page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled, that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those, that are no Knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing—As for the Ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole World, and that's the Reason why no one of them, nor all together with all their Charms have Power to tempt away any Knight from another. He differs from a just Historian as a Joyner does from a Carpenter, the one does Things plainly and substantially for Use, and the other carves and polishes merely for Show and Ornament.

A

C H E A T

IS a Freeman of all Trades, and all Trades of his. Fraud and Treachery, are his *Calling*, though his *Profession* be the strictest Integrity and Truth. He spins Nets, like a Spider, out of his own Entrails, to entrap the Simple and Unwary that light in his Way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater Sort of Cheats, being allowed by Authority, have lost their Names (as *Judges*, when they are called to the Bench, are no more stiled *Lawyers*) and left the Title to the meaner only, and the unallowed. The common Ignorance of Mankind is his Province, which he orders to the best Advantage. He is but a tame Highwayman, that does the same Things by Stratagem and Design, which the other does by Force, makes Men deliver their Understandings first, and after their Purfes. Oaths and Lies are his

Tools that he works with, and he gets his Living by the Drudgery of his Conscience. He endeavours to cheat the Devil by mortgaging his Soul so many Times over and over to him, forgetting that he has Damnations, as Priests have Absolutions, of all Prices. He is a Kind of a just Judgment, sent into this World to punish the Confidence and Curiosity of Ignorance, that out of a natural Inclination to Error will tempt its own Punishment, and help to abuse itself. He can put on as many Shapes, as the Devil that set him on Work, is one that fishes in muddy Understandings, and will tickle a Trout in his own Element, till he has him in his Clutches, and after in his Dish, or the Market. He runs down none but those, which he is certain are *fera Natura*, mere natural Animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no Feats without the co-operating Assistance of the Chowse, whose Credulity commonly meets the Impostor half Way, otherwise nothing is done; for all the Craft is not in the Catching (as the Proverb says) but the better half at least in being catch-ed. He is one that, like a Bond *without Fraud, Covin, and further Delay, is void and of none*

Effect, other wisedoes stand and remain in full Power, Force, and Virtue. He trusts the Credulous with what Hopes they please at a very easy Rate, upon their own Security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The first Thing he gets from him is a good Opinion, and afterwards any Thing he pleases; for after he has drawn him from his Guards, he deals with him like a Surgeon, and tyes his Arm before he lets him Blood.

A

L I B E L L E R

IS a certain Classic Author, that handles his Subject Matter very ruggedly, and endeavours with his own evil Words to corrupt another Man's good Manners. All his Works treat but of two Things, his own Malice, and another Man's Faults; both which he describes in very proper and pertinent Language. He is not much concerned whether what he writes be *true* or *false*, that's nothing to his Purpose, which aims only at *filthy* and *bitter*; and therefore his Language is, like Pictures of the Devil, the fouler the better. He robs a Man of his good Name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it) but merely, as a Jackdaw steals Money, for his Pleasure. His Malice has the same Success with other Men's Charity, to be rewarded in

private ; for all he gets is but his own private Satisfaction, and the Testimony of an evil Conscience ; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst Kind of Martyrdom, and is paid with condign Punishment, so that at the best he has but his *Labour* for his *Pains*. He deals with a Man as the *Spanish* Inquisition does with Heretics, cloaths him in a Coat painted with hellish Shapes of Fiends, and so shews him to the Rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his Wit like a Bastard, for the next Comer to take up and put out to Nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every Man to contribute to the Infamy of another. He is like the Devil, that sows Tares in the Dark, and while a Man sleeps plants Weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the Government or any great Persons, if he has not a special Care to keep himself, like a Conjuror, safe in his Circle, he raises a Spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to *Limbo* ; where his Neck is clapped up in the Hole, out of which it is never released, until he has paid his Ears down on the Nail for Fees. He is in a worse Condition than a School-boy ;

for when he is discovered, he is whipped for his Exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong Course to shew his Wit, when his best Way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shews his Folly instead of his Wit, and pays dear for the Mistake.

A

T E D I O U S M A N

TALKS to *no End*, as well as to no Purpose; for he would never come at it willingly. His Discourse is like the Road-Miles in the *North*,, the filthier and dirtier the longer; and he delights to dwell the longer upon them to make good the old Proverb that says—*they are good for the Dweller, but ill for the Traveller*. He sets a Tale upon the Rack, and stretches until it becomes lame and out of Joint. *Hippocrates* says—*Art is long*; but he is so for Want of Art. He has a Vein of Dullness, that runs through all he says or does; for nothing can be tedious, that is not dull and insipid. Digressions and Repetitions, like Bag and Baggage, retard his March, and put him to perpetual Halts. He makes his Approaches to a Business by oblique Lines, as if he meant to besiege it, and

fetches a wide Compass about to keep others from discovering what his Design is. He is like one that travels in a dirty deep Road, that moves slowly; and, when he is at a Stop, goes back again, and loses more Time in picking of his Way, than in going it. How troublesome and uneasy soever he is to others, he pleases himself so well, that he does not at all perceive it; for though *home be homely*, it is more delightful than finer Things abroad; and he, that is used to a Thing and knows no better, believes that other Men, to whom it appears otherwise, have the same Sense of it that he has; as melancholy Persons, that fancy themselves to be Glafs, believe that all others think them so too; and therefore that, which is tedious to others, is not so to him, otherwise he would avoid it: for it does not so often proceed from a natural Defect, as Affectation, and Desire to give others that Pleasure which they find themselves, though it always falls out quite contrary. He that converses with him is like one that travels with a Companion, that rides a lame Jade; he must either endure to go his Pace, or stay for him; for though he understands long before what

he would be at better than he does himself, he must have Patience and stay for him, until with much ado to little Purpose, he at length comes to him; for he believes himself injured, if he should bate a Jot of his own Diversion.

A

T A Y L O R

CAME in with the Curse; and is younger Brother unto Thorns, and Thistles, and Death; for if *Adam* had not fallen, he had never sat cross-leg'd. Sin and he are Partners; for as Sin first brought him into Employment, so he by cheating and contributing to Pride and Vanity works to Sin, and the old Trade is still kept up between both. Our *Saviour* wore his Coat without Seam, rather than he would have any Thing to do with him; and *Elias*, when he went to Heaven, left his Mantle behind, because it had been polluted by his Fingers. The *Jews* in all great Calamities were wont to rent their Garments, only to testify, that they defy'd him and all his Works. All Men love and admire Cloaths, but scorn and despise him that made them, as Princes approve of Treason, but hate Traitors. He sits cross-legged to shew that he is originally a

Turk, and calls himself *Merchant-Taylor* upon no other Account, but only as he descended from *Mahomet*, who was a Merchant's Prentice himself in his Youth. And his constant Custom of making the Calves of his Legs a Stool to sit upon, has rendered him so stiff in the Hams, that he walks as if he was newly circumcised, to distinguish himself from a *Christian*. He lives much more by his Faith than good Works; for he gains more by trusting and believing in one that pays him at long Running, than six that he works for, upon an even Accompt, for ready Money. He never cuts his Coat according to his Cloth; but always the more he is allowed the less he puts in a Garment; and he believes he has Reason for it; for he is fain to take double Pains in contriving how to dispose both what he steals, and what he uses, to the best Advantage, which costs him twice as much Labour as that which he gets nothing by. He never cuts a Man's Cloaths but he cuts his Purse into the Bargain; and when he makes a Pocket takes Handsel of it, and picks it first himself. He calls Stealing *damning*, by a Figure in Rhetoric called the Effect for the Efficient, and the Place where he lodges all his Thieveries *Hell*, to put him in

mind of his latter End; and what he steals by Retail the Broker takes off his Hands by Wholesale. He keeps his Wife in Taffety to save Charges; for when her Petticoats are worn out, they serve him to line Vests with, as well as if they were new, and when he is unfurnished of these, old Satten and Taffety Men supply him for Ends of Gold and Silver. He gets more by the Trimming and Garniture of Cloaths than all the rest; for he can swallow Ribbands like a Jugler, and put whole Pieces more in his Bill than ever he made use of, and stretch Lace, as a Shoe-maker does Leather with his Teeth, when he sets it on. The Mercers are in Fee with him to revive old rotten Stuffs by giving them new fantastic Names; and he brings them into the Mode by swearing they are new come up; in Consideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap and sell dear; for he is loth to undervalue his Conscience, and put it off at a mean Rate, as long as he sees his Neighbours can make more of theirs—He scorns that.

A

FACTIOUS MEMBER

IS sent out laden with the Wisdom and Politicks of the Place he serves for, and has his own Freight and Custom free. He is trusted like a Factor to trade for a Society, but endeavours to turn all the public to his own private Advantages. He has no Instructions but his Pleasure, and therefore strives to have his Privileges as large. He is very wise in his politic Capacity as having a full Share in the House, and an implicit Right to every Man's Reason, though he has none of his own, which makes him appear so simple out of it. He believes all Reason of State consists in Faction, as all Wisdom in Haranguing, of which he is so fond, that he had rather the Nation should perish than continue ignorant of his great Abilities that Way; though he that observes his Gestures, Words, and Delivery, will

find them so perfectly agreeable to the Rules of the House, that he cannot but conclude he learnt his Oratory the very same Way that Jackdaws and Parrots practise by. For he coughs, and spits, and blows his Nose with that discreet and prudent Caution, that you would think he had buried his Talent in a Handkerchief, and were now pulling it out to dispose of it to a better Advantage. He stands and presumes so much upon *the Privileges of the House*, as if every Member were a *Tribune* of the People, and had as absolute Power as they had in *Rome*, according to the lately established fundamental Custom and Practice of their quarter'd Predecessors of unhappy Memory. He endeavours to shew his Wisdom in nothing more than in appearing very much unsatisfy'd with the present Manage of State-Affairs, although he knows nothing of the Reasons; so much the better; for the Thing is the more difficult, and argues his Judgment and Insight the greater; for any Man can judge that understands the Reasons of what he does, but very few know how to judge mechanically without understanding why or wherefore. It is sufficient to assure him, that the public Money has been diverted

from the proper Uses it was raised for, because he has had no Share of it himself; and the Government ill-managed, because he has no hand in it, which, truly, is a very great Grievance to the People, that understand, by himself and his Party, that are their Representatives, and ought to understand for them, how able he is for it. He fathers all his own Passions and Concerns, like Bastards, on the People, because being entrusted by them without Articles or Conditions, they are bound to acknowledge whatsoever he does as their own Act and Deed.

A

P R E T E N D E R

IS easily acquainted with all Knowledges, but never intimate with any; he remembers he has seen them somewhere before, but cannot possibly call to mind where. He will call an Art by its Name, and claim Acquaintance with it at first Sight. He knew it perfectly, as the *Platonics* say, in the other World, but has had the Unhappinefs to discontinue his Acquaintance ever since his Occasions called him into this. He claps on all the Sail he can possibly make, though his Vessel be empty and apt to overfet. He is of a true philosophical Temper contented with a little, desires no more Knowledge than will fatisfy Nature, and cares not what his Wants are, fo he can but keep them from the Eyes of the World. His Parts are unlimited; for as no Man knows his Abilities, fo he

U 3

does his Endeavour, that as few should his Defects. He wears himself in Opposition to the Mode, for his Lining is much coarser than his Outside; and as others line their Serge with Silk, he lines his Silk with Serge. All his Care is employed to appear, not to be; for things that are not, and Things that appear not, are not only the same in Law, but in all other Affairs of the World. It should seem that the most impudent Face is the best; for he that does the shamefullest Thing most unconcerned is said *to set a good Face upon it*: For the Truth is, the Face is but the Outside of the Mind, but all the Craft is to know how 'tis lined. Howsome'er he fancies himself as able as any Man, but not being in a Capacity to try the Experiment, the Hint-Keeper of *Gresham* College is the only competent Judge to decide the Controversy. He may, for any Thing he knows, have as good a Title to his Pretences as another Man; for Judgment being not past in the Case (which shall never be by his Means) his Title still stands fair. All he can possibly attain to is but to be another Thing than Nature meant him, though a much worse. He makes that good that Pliny says of Children *qui celerius fari cepere, tardius ingredi incipiunt*.

The apter he is to smatter, the slower he is in making any Advance in his Pretences. He trusts Words before he is thoroughly acquainted with them, and they commonly shew him a Trick before he is aware; and he shews at the same Time his Ignorance to the Learned, and his Learning to the Ignorant.

A

N E W S - M O N G E R

IS a Retailer of Rumour, that takes up upon Trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable Commodity, that will not keep: for if it be not fresh it lies upon his Hands, and will yield nothing. True or false is all one to him; for Novelty being the Grace of both, a Truth grows stale as soon as a Lye; and as a slight Suit will last as well as a better while the Fashion holds, a Lye serves as well as Truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less News; and, if there be any Difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his Share in any public Calamity, to have the Pleasure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in Diurnals, and can give as good an Account of *Rowland Pepin*, if need be,

as another Man. He tells News, as Men do Money, with his Fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good Hands. The whole Business of his Life is like that of a Spaniel; to fetch and carry News, and when he does it well he is clapt on the Back, and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a Gentleman for his Pleasure, but when he lights on a considerable Parcel of News, he knows where to put it off for a Dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this Means he drives a Trade, by retrieving the first News to truck it for the first Meat in Season; and like the old *Roman* Luxury ransacks all Seas and Lands to please his Palate; for he imports his Narratives from all Parts within the Geography of a Diurnal, and eats as well upon the *Russ* and *Polander*, as the *English* and *Dutch*. By this means his Belly is provided for, and nothing lyes upon his Hands but his Back, which takes other Courses to maintain itself by wæst and stray Silver Spoons, stragling Hoods and Scarfs, pimping, and Setts at *L'Ombre*.

A N

E M B A S S A D O R

IS accountable to Honour in his private Capacity, but not at all in his public; for as he represents his Prince, that has the disposing of Honour, he is above it, and cannot be disposed by it. The greatest Part of his Qualification consists in the Bravery of his Followers, and he carries his Abilities on his Servant's Backs. He is obliged to be witty by his Place, and bound to make smart Repartees, what Shift soever he makes to come by them. He represents his Prince's Person, when he comes near to the Person of the Prince that gives him Audience, but not before, as appears by the profound Reverence he observes, and the Legs he makes. His Instructions are his Part, which he learns by Art; and there is nothing left to him but the Action and Delivery. He carries Letters of Credence with him, to enable him better to manage that great *Arcanum Imperii*,

or politic Art of Government, Dissembling and Lying, which he is entrusted withal, and engaged in Honour to enforce, as far as solemn Vows and Protestations, and if need be, pawning his Salvation to the Devil, can enable him. He brings Materials with him from Home, to serve for all politic Occasions that can fall out, and is bound only to make Speeches and Legs to them; and, the slihter they are, to afford the more Gravity and solemn Formality for Allowance: For he is intrusted with the Wisdom of the Nation which he comes from, and ought to use it to the best Advantage, and preserve it so safe, that no Man living may know where to find it out. He is very tender con- scienced in his politic Capacity, will not endure that any Man should excel him in going or sitting; and will rather give his Soul, than so much Place as it would take up on the Point of a Needle. When he puts on the Person of his Prince, he makes all other Reasons of State march behind, like a Retinue to attend and wait upon it. He travels like a *Lapland* Witch, and leaves his own Person behind him in a Trance, till he returns Home, and then takes it up again, and comes to himself. He goes a Wooing with Letters of Commendation from

his Master in his own Behalf, makes passionate Love to some foreign Interest, and when he meets with an equal Return of Affection, and has won the tender Heart of the State, he puts all his politic Capacities into one Leg, and espouses his Queen with it, as if he sat in the Stocks. He has more Tricks to avoid rencounters with other Embassadors and Disputes of Precedence, than a Coward has to meet his Enemy in the Field; and when he is engaged by Accident, has as many Expedients to save his Honour harmless, as the learned Critics of the Sword have with curious and subtle Contemplation found out.

A

P L A Y - W R I T E R

OF our Times is like a *Fanatic*, that has no Wit in ordinary easy Things, and yet attempts the hardest Tusk of Brains in the whole World, only because, whether his Play or Work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own Latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other Way; and is as sure to lose no Reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming Rooks, that never stick
 To play for hundreds upon Tick,
 'Cause, if they chance to lose at Play,
 Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;
 And, if they win a hundred Pound,
 Gain, if for Sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his Undertaking than his Ignorance, for he has not Wit enough to understand so much as the Difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a foolhardy Wit, and *Fortune*, that favours Fools and the Bold, sometimes takes Notice of him for his double Capacity, and receives him into her good Graces. He has one Motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant Judgment of the present Age, in which his sottish Fopperies pass with Applause, like *Oliver Cromwell's* Oratory among *Fanatics* of his own canting Inclination. He finds it easier to write in Rhime than Prose; for the World being overcharged with Romances, he finds his Plots, Passions, and Repartees ready made to his Hand; and if he can but turn them into Rhime, the Thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own Wit and Invention without Question; like a stolen Cloke made into a Coat, or dyed into another Colour. Besides this he makes no Conscience of stealing any Thing that lights in his Way, and borrows the Advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend what he has ill-favouredly patcht together, that it becomes like a Thing drawn by Council, and none of his

own Performance, or the Son of a Whore that has no one certain Father. He has very great Reason to prefer Verse before Prose in his Compositions; for Rhime is like Lace, that serves excellently well to hide the Piecing and Coarseness of a bad Stuff, contributes mightily to the Bulk, and makes the less serve by the many Impertinencies it commonly requires to make Way for it; for very few are endowed with Abilities to bring it in on its own Accompt. This he finds to be good Husbandry, and a Kind of necessary Thrift; for they that have but a little ought to make as much of it as they can. His Prologue, which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his Play, like a Piece of Cloth that's fine in the Beginning and coarse afterwards, though it has but one Topic, and that's the same that is used by Malefactors, when they are to be tried, to except against as many of the Jury as they can.

A

M O U N T E B A N K

IS an epidemic Physician, a Doctor-Errant, that keeps himself up by being, like a Top, in Motion; for if he should settle, he would fall to nothing immediately. He is a Pedlar of Medicines, a petty Chapman of Cures, and Tinker empirical to the Body of Man. He strols about to Markets and Fairs; where he mounts on the Top of his Shop, that is his Bank, and publishes his Medicines as universal as himself; for every Thing is for all Diseases, as himself is of all Places, that is to say, of none. His Business is to shew Tricks and Impudence: as for the Cure of Diseases it concerns those that have them, not him, farther than to get their Money. His *Pudding* is his Setter, that lodges the Rabble for him, and then slips him, who opens with a deep Mouth, and has an ill Day, if he does not run down some. He baits his Patient's Body with his

Medicines, as a Rat-catcher does a Room, and either poisons the Disease, or him. As soon as he has got all the Money, and spent all the Credit the Rabble could spare him, he then removes to fresh Quarters, where he is less known, and better trusted. If but one in twenty of his Medicines hit by Chance, when *Nature* works the Cure, it saves the Credit of all the rest, that either do no Good or Hurt; for whosoever recovers in his Hands, he does the Work *under God*; but if he die, God does it *under him*; his Time was come, and there's an End. A Velvet Jerkin is his prime Qualification, by which he is distinguished from his *Pudding*, as *He* is with his Cap from him. This is the Usher of his School, that draws the Rabble together, and then He draws their Teeth. He administers Physic with a Farce, and gives his Patients a Preparative of Dancing on the Rope, to stir the Humours, and prepare them for Evacuation. His Fool serves for his Foil, and sets him off, as well as his Bragging and Lying. The first Thing he vents is his own Praise, and then his Medicines wrapt up in several Papers and Lies. He mounts his Bank as a Vaulter does his wooden Horse, and

then shews Tricks for his Patients, as Apes do for the King of *Spain*. He casts the Nativity of Urinals, and tries Diseases, like a Witch, by Water. He bails the Place with a Jigg, draws the Rabble together, and then throws his Hook among them. He pretends to universal Medicines, that is such, as, when all Men are sick together, will cure them all, but till then no one in particular.

A

MODERN CRITIC

IS a Corrector of the Press gratis ; and as he does it for nothing, so it is to no Purpose. He fancies himself Clerk of *Stationers-Hall*, and nothing must pass Current, that is not entered by him. He is very severe in his supposed Office, and crys, *Woe to ye Scribes*, right or wrong. He supposes all Writers to be Malefactors without *Clergy*, that claim the Privilege of their Books, and will not allow it, where the Law of the Land and common Justice does. He censures in gross, and condemns all without examining Particulars— If they will not confess and accuse themselves, he will rack them until they do. He is a *Committee-Man* in the Commonwealth of Letters, and as great a Tyrant ; so is not bound to proceed but by his own Rules, which he will not

endure to be disputed. He has been an Apocryphal Scribler himself; but his Writings wanting Authority he grew discontent, and turned Apostate, and thence becomes so severe to those of his own Profession. He never commends any Thing but in Opposition to something else, that he would undervalue, and commonly sides with the weakest, which is generous any where but in Judging. He is worse than an *Index expurgatorius*; for he blots out all, and, when he cannot find a Fault, makes one. He *demurrs* to all Writers, and when he is *over-ruled*, will run into *Contempt*. He is always bringing *Writs of Errour*, like a Petti-fogger, and *reversing of Judgments*, tho' the Case be never so plain. He is a Mountebank, that is always quacking of the infirm and diseased Parts of Books, to shew his Skill; but has nothing at all to do with the Sound. He is a very ungentle Reader, for he reads Sentence on all Authors, that have the Unhappiness to come before him; and therefore Pedants, that stand in Fear of him, always appeal from him beforehand, by the Name of *Momus* and *Zoilus*, complain sorely of his extrajudicial Proceedings, and protest against

him as corrupt, and his Judgment *void and of none Effect*; and put themselves into the Protection of some powerful Patron, who, like a Knight-Errant, is to encounter with the Magician, and free them from his Enchantments.

A

W I T T A L

IS a Person of great Complaisance, and very civil to all that have Occasion to make Use of his Wife. He married a Wife as a common Proxy for the Service of all those, that are willing to come in for their Shares—He ingrossed her first by Wholesale, and since puts her off by Retail—He professes a Form of Matrimony, but utterly denies the Power thereof. They that tell Tales are very unjust; for having not put in their Claims before Marriage, they are bound for ever after to hold their Tongues. The Reason why Citizens are commonly Wittals is, because Men that drive a Trade and are Dealers in the World, seldom provide any Thing for their own Uses, which they will not very willingly put off again for considerable Profit. He believes it to be but a vulgar Error, and no such Disparagement as the World commonly imagines, to be a Cuck-

old; for Man being the Epitomy and Representation of all Creatures, cannot be said to be perfect, while he wants that Badge and Character, which so many several Species wear both for their Defence and Ornament. He takes the only wise and sure Course that his Wife should do him no Injury; for having his own free Consent it is not in her Power that Way to do him any Wrong at all. His Wife is, like *Eve* in Paradise, married to all Mankind, and yet is unsatisfied that there are no more Worlds, as *Alexander the Great* was. She is a Person of public Capacity, and rather than not serve her Country would suffer an Army to march over her Belly, as *Sir Rice ap Thomas* did. Her Husband and she give and take equal Liberty, which preserves a perfect Peace and good Understanding between both; while those, that are concerned in one another's Love and Honour, are never quiet, but always catterwalling. He differs from a jealous Man, as a valiant Man does from a Coward, that trembles at a Danger, which the other scorns and despises. He is of a true philosophical Temper, and suffers what he knows not how to avoid with a more than *Stoical* Resolution—He is one of

those the Poet speaks of.

—*Qui ferre incommoda Vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vita didicere Magistra.*

He is as much pleas'd to see many Men approve his Choice of his Wife; and has as great a Kindness for them, as Opiniafters have for all those whom they find to agree with themselves in Judgment, and approve the Abilities of their Understandings.

A

B U S Y M A N

IS one, that seems to labour in every Man's Calling, but his own; and like *Robin-Good-Fellow* does any Man's Drudgery, that will let him. He is like an Ape, that loves to do whatsoever he sees others do; and is always as busy as a Child at Play. He is a great Undertaker, and commonly as great an Under-Performer. His Face is like a Lawyer's Buckram Bag, that has always Business in it; and as he trots about, his Head travels as fast as his Feet. He *covets* his Neighbour's Business, and his own is to meddle, not do. He is very lavish of his Advice, and gives it freely, because it is worth nothing, and he knows not what to do with it himself. He is a *common-Barreter* for his Pleasure, that takes no Money, but pettifogs gratis. He is very inquisitive after every Man's Occasions, and charges himself with them like a public Notary. He is a great Overseer of

State-Affairs; and can judge as well of them before he understands the Reasons, as afterwards. He is excellent at preventing Inconveniencies, and finding out Remedies, when 'tis too late; for like Prophecies, they are never heard of till it is to no Purpose. He is a great Reformer, always contriving of Expedients, and will press them with as much Earnestness, as if himself and every Man he meets had Power to impose them on the Nation. He is always giving Aim to State Affairs, and believes by screwing of his Body he can make them shoot which Way he pleases. He enquires into every Man's History, and makes his own Commentaries upon it, as he pleases to fancy it. He wonderfully affects to seem full of Employments, and borrows Men's Business only to put on and appear in; and then returns it back again, only a little worse. He frequents all public Places, and like a Pillar in the *old Exchange* is hung with all Men's Business both public and private; and his own is only to expose them. He dreads nothing so much as to be thought at Leisure, though he is never otherways, for though he be always doing, he never does any Thing.

A

LITIGIOUS MAN

GOES to Law, as Men do to Bawdy-Houfes, to fpend his Money, and fatisfy his Concupifcence of Wrangling. He is a conftant Customer to the old reverend Gentlewoman *Law*, and believes her to be very honeft, though ſhe picks his Pockets, and puts a thouſand Tricks and Gulleries upon him. He has a ſtrange Kindnefs for an *Action of the Cafe*, but a moſt paſſionate Loyalty for the *King's Writ*. A well drawn Bill and Answer will draw him all the World over, and a Breviate as far as the Line. He enters the Liſts at *Westminſter*, like an old Tilter, runs his Courſe in Law, and breaks an Oath or two inſtead of a Lance; and if he can but unhorſe the Defendant, and get the Sentence of the Judges on his Side, he marches off in Triumph. He

prefers a Cry of Lawyers at the Bar before any Pack of the best mouthed Dogs in all the North. He has commonly once a Term a Tryal of Skill with some other Professor of the noble Science of Contention at the several Weapons of *Bill and Answer, Forgery, Perjury, Subornation, Champarty, Affidavit, Common Barretry, Maintenance, &c.* and, though he come off with the worst, he does not greatly care, so he can but have another Bout for it. He fights with Bags of Money, as they did heretofore with Sand-Bags, and he that has the heaviest has the Advantage, and knocks down the other right or wrong; and he suffers the Penalties of the Law for having no more Money to show in the Case. He is a Client by his Order, and Votary of the long Robe; and though he were sure the *Devil* invented it to hide his cloven Feet, he has the greater Reverence for it; for as evil Manners produce good Laws, the worse the Inventor was, the better the Thing may be. He keeps as many Knights of the Post to swear for him, as the King does poor Knights at *Windfor* to pray for him. When he is Defendant and like to be worsted in a Suit, he puts in a Cross

Bill, and becomes Plaintiff; for the Plainant is eldest Hand, and has not only that Advantage, but is understood to be the better Friend to the Court, and is considered for it accordingly.

A

P E D A N T

IS a dwarf Scholar, that never outgrows the Mode and Fashion of the School, where he should have been taught. He wears his little Learning, unmade-up, puts it on, before it was half finished, without pressing or smoothing. He studies and uses Words with the greatest Respect possible, merely for their own Sakes, like an honest Man, without any Regard of Interest, as they are useful and serviceable to Things, and among those he is kindest to Strangers (like a civil Gentleman) that are far from their own Country and most unknown. He collects old Sayings and Ends of Verses, as Antiquaries do old Coins, and is as glad to produce them upon all Occasions. He has Sentences ready lying by him for *all* Purposes, though to *no one*, and talks of Authors as familiarly as his Fellow-Collegiates. He will

challenge Acquaintance with those, he never saw before, and pretend to intimate Knowledge of those, he has only heard of. He is well stored with Terms of Art, but does not know how to use them, like a Country-Fellow, that carries his Gloves in his Hands, not his Hands in his Gloves. He handles Arts and Sciences like those, that can play a little upon an Instrument, but do not know, whether it be in Tune or not. He converses by the Book; and does not talk, but quote. If he can but screw in something, that an ancient Writer said, he believes it to be much better than if he had something of himself to the Purpose. His Brain is not able to concoct what it takes in, and therefore brings things up as they were swallowed, that is, crude and undigested, in whole Sentences, not assimilated Sense, which he rather affects; for his Want of Judgment, like Want of Health, renders his Appetite preposterous. He pumps for affected and far-fet Expressions, and they always prove as far from the Purpose. He admires Canting above Sense. He is worse than one, that is utterly ignorant, as a Cock that sees a little, fights worse than one, that is stark-blind. He speaks in a different Dialect from other Men,

and much affects forced Expressions, forgetting that *hard Words*, as well as *evil ones*, corrupt good Manners. He can do nothing, like a Conjuror, out of the Circle of his Arts, nor in it without canting and If he professes Physic, he gives his Patients sound hard Words for their Money, as cheap as he can afford ; for they cost him Money and Study too, before he came by them, and he has Reason to make as much of them as he can.

A

H U N T E R

IS an auxiliary Hound, that assists one Nation of Beasts to subdue and over-run another. He makes mortal War with the Fox for committing Acts of Hostility against his Poultry. He is very solicitous to have his Dogs well descended of worshipful Families, and understands their Pedigree as learnedly as if he were a Herald; and is as careful to match them according to their Rank and Qualities, as High-Germans are of their own Progenies. He is both Cook and Physician to his Hounds, understands the Constitutions of their Bodies, and what to administer in any Infirmity or Disease, acute or chronic, that can befall them. Nor is he less skilful in Physiognomy, and from the Aspects of their Faces, Shape of their Snouts, falling of their Ears and Lips, and Make of their Barrels will give a shrewd Guess

at their Inclinations, Parts, and Abilities, and what Parents they are lineally descended from; and by the Tones of their Voices and Statures of their Persons easily discover, what Country they are Natives of. He believes no Music in the World is comparable to a Chorus of their Voices, and that when they are well matched they will hunt their Parts as true at first Scent, as the best Singers of Catches, that ever opened in a Tavern, that they understand the Scale as well as the best Scholar, that ever learned to compose by the Mathematics; and that when he winds his Horn to them, 'tis the very same Thing with a Cornet in a Quire; that they will run down the Hare with a Fuge, and a double D-sol-re-Dog hunt a thorough-bass to them all the while; that when they are at a loss they do but rest, and then they know by turns who are to continue a Dialogue between two or three of them, of which he is commonly one himself. He takes very great Pains in his Way, but calls it Game and Sport, because it is to no Purpose; and he is willing to make as much of it as he can; and not be thought to bestow so much Labour and Pains about nothing. Let the Hare take which Way she will, she seldom fails to lead him at long-

running to the Alehouse; where he meets with an Aftergame of Delight, in making up a Narrative, how every Dog behaved himself; which is never done without long Dispute, every Man inclining to favour his Friend as far as he can; and if there be any Thing remarkable to his Thinking, in it, he preserves it to please himself; and, as he believes, all People else with, during his natural Life, and after leaves it to his Heirs Male entailed upon the Family, with his Bugle-Horn and Seal-Ring.

A

H U M O R I S T

IS a peculiar Fantastick, that has a wonderful natural Affection to some particular Kind of Folly, to which he applies himself, and in Time becomes eminent. 'Tis commonly some out-lying Whimsie of *Bedlam*, that being tame and unhurtful is suffered to go at Liberty. The more serious he is, the more ridiculous he becomes, and at the same Time pleases himself in Earnest, and others in Jest. He knows no mean; for that is inconsistent with all Humour, which is never found but in some Extreme or other. Whatsoever he takes to, he is very full of, and believes every Man else to be so too; as if his own Taste were the same in every Man's Palate. If he be a *Virtuoso*, he applies himself with so much Earnestness to what he undertakes, that he puts his Reason out of Joint, and strains his Judgment: And there is hardly any Thing in the World so slight or

serious, that some one or other has not squandered away his Brains, and Time, and Fortune upon, to no other Purpose, but to be ridiculous. He is exempted from a dark Room and a Doctor, because there is no Danger in his Frenzy; otherwise he has as good a Title to fresh Straw as another. Humour is but a Crookedness of the Mind, a disproportioned Swelling of the Brain, that draws the Nourishment from the other Parts, to stuff an ugly and deformed Crup-Shoulder. If it have the Luck to meet with many of its own Temper, instead of being ridiculous, it becomes a Church, and from Jest grows to Earnest.

A

L E A D E R

O F A

F A C T I O N

SETS the Psalm, and all his Party sing after him. He is like a Figure in Arithmetic, the more Ciphers he stands before, the more his Value amounts to. He is a great Haranguer, talks himself into Authority, and, like a Parrot, climbs with his Beak. He appears brave in the Head of his Party, but braver in his own; for Vain-Glory leads him, as he does them, and both many Times out of the King's Highway, over Hedges and Ditches, to find out Bye-ways and shorter Cuts, which generally prove the furthest about, but never the nearest Home again. He is so passionate a Lover of the Liberty of the People, that his

Fondness turns to Jealousy — He interprets every Trifle in the worst Sense to the Prejudice of her Honesty, and is so full of Caprices and Scruples, that, if he had his Will, he would have her shut up, and never suffered to go abroad again, if not made away, for her Incontinence. All his Politics are speculative, and for the most part impracticable, full of curious Niceties, that tend only to prevent future imaginary Inconveniencies with greater real and present. He is very superstitious of having the Formalities and Punctilios of Law held sacred, that, while they are performing, those, that would destroy the very Being of it, may have Time to do their Business, or escape. He bends all his Forces against those that are above him, and like a freeborn *English* Mastiff, plays always at the Head. He gathers his Party as *Fanatics* do a Church, and admits all his Admirers how weak and slight soever; for he believes it is Argument of Wisdom enough in them to admire, or, as he has it, to understand him. When he has led his Faction into any Inconvenience, they all run into his Mouth, as young Snakes do into the old ones, and he defends them with his Oratory as well as he

is able; for all his Confidence depends upon his Tongue more than his Brain or Heart, and if that fail the others surrender immediately; for though *David* says *it is a two-edged Sword*, a wooden Dagger is a better Weapon to fight with. His Judgment is like a nice Ballance, that will turn with the twentieth Part of a Grain, but a little using renders it false, and it is not so good for use as one, that will not stir without a greater Weight.

A

DEBAUCHED MAN

SAVES the Devil a Labour, and leads himself into Temptation, being loath to lose his good Favour in giving him any Trouble, where he can do the Business himself without his Assistance, which he very prudently reserves for Matters of greater Concernment. He governs himself in an arbitrary Way, and is absolute, without being confined to any Thing but his own Will and Pleasure, which he makes his Law. His Life is all Recreation, and his Diversions nothing but turning from one Vice, that he is weary of, to entertain himself with another that is fresh. He lives above the State of his Body as well as his Fortune, and runs out of his Health and Money, as if he had made a Match and betted on the Race, or bid the Devil take the Hindmost. He is an amphibious Animal, that

lives in two Elements wet and dry; and never comes out of the first, but, like a Sea-Calf, to sleep on the Shore. His Language is very suitable to his Conversation, and he talks as loosely as he lives. Ribaldry and Profanation are his Doctrine and Use; and what he professes publicly he practises very carefully in his Life and Conversation, not like those Clergymen, that to save the Souls of other Men condemn themselves out of their own Mouths. His whole Life is nothing but a perpetual Lordship of Misrule, and a constant Ramble Day and Night as long as it lasts, which is not according to the Course of Nature, but its own Course; for he cuts off the latter End of it, like a pruned Vine, that it may bear the more Wine, although it be the shorter. As for that which is left, he is as lavish of it as he is of every Thing else; for he sleeps all Day, and sits up all Night, that he may not see how it passes, until, like one that travels in a Litter and sleeps, he is at his Journey's End before he awares; for he is spirited away by his Vices, and clapped under Hatches, where he never knows whither he is going, until he is at the End of his Voyage.

T H E

S E D I T I O U S M A N

IS a civil Mutineer, and as all Mutinies for the most Part are for Pay, if it were not for that he would never trouble himself with it. His Business is to kindle and blow up Discontents against the Government, that, when they are inflamed, he may have the fairer Opportunity to rob and plunder, while those, that are concerned, are employed in quenching it. He endeavours to raise Tumults, and, if he can, civil War, a Remedy which no Man, that means well to his Country, can endure to think on, though the Disease were never so desperate. He is a State-Mountebank, whose Business is to persuade the People that they are not well in Health, that he may get their Money to make them worse. If he be a Preacher, he has the Advantage of all others of his Tribe; for he has a Way to vent Sedition by Wholesale; and as the foulest Purposes have

most need of the fairest Pretences; so when Sedition is masked under the Veil of Piety, Religion, Conscience, and holy Duty, it propagates wonderfully among the Rabble, and he vents more in an Hour from the Pulpit, than others by News and Politics can do in a Week. Next him Writers and Libellers are most pernicious; for though the Contagion they disseminate spreads slower and with less Force than preaching, yet it lasts longer, and in Time extends to more, and with less Danger to the Author, who is not easily discovered, if he use any Care to conceal himself. And therefore as we see stinging Flies vex and provoke Cattle most immediately before Storms: so Multitudes of those Kinds of Vermin do always appear to stir up the People, before the Beginning of all troublesome Times; and nobody knows who they are, or from whence they came, but only that they were printed the present Year, that they may not lose the Advantage of being known to be new. Some do it only out of Humour and Envy, or desire to see those that are above them pulled down, and others raised in their Places; as if they held it a Kind of Freedom to change their Governours, though they continue in the same Condition themselves

still, only they are a little better pleased with it, in observing the Dangers Greatness is exposed to. He delights in nothing so much as civil Commotions, and like a Porpoise always plays before a Storm. Paper and Tinder are both made of the same material Rags; but he converts them both into the same again, and makes his Paper Tinder.

CHARLES might like his Dish (as the
 the Proverb says) very uprightly, without
 falling one Drop of his Humour. He is an
 Ornate and Rhetorical, that is, in Flowers
 and Ornaments of his own downy to please
 himself, and others that laugh at him. He is
 of a slender tall Figure, that stands tall as
 it is bent to his crooked back, but never to
 the right. When he thinks to appear most
 graceful, he shows himself most ill favoured;
 like an Indian, he wears Jewels in his Lips and
 Nails. His Words and Gestures are all as
 stiff as Beckons, and he talks as if his Lips
 were bound up as well as his hands. All his
 Actions are engaged as if he went by Clock-
 work, and he goes very true to the Nick as he
 is directed. He has certain phrases, Words and
 Expressions, which he uses very much of,
 as he has Reason to do, for they serve him upon

A N

A F F E C T E D M A N

CARRIES himself like his Dish (as the Proverb says) very uprightly, without spilling one Drop of his Humour. He is an Orator and Rhetorician, that delights in Flowers and Ornaments of his own devising to please himself, and others that laugh at him. He is of a leaden dull Temper, that stands stiff, as it is bent, to all crooked Lines, but never to the Right. When he thinks to appear most graceful, he adorns himself most ill favouredly, like an *Indian* that wears Jewels in his Lips and Nostrils. His Words and Gestures are all as stiff as Buckram, and he talks as if his Lips were turned up as well as his Beard. All his Motions are regular as if he went by Clock-work, and he goes very true to the Nick as he is set. He has certain favourite Words and Expressions, which he makes very much of, as he has Reason to do, for they serve him upon

all Occasions, and are never out of the Way when he has use of them, as they have Leisure enough to do; for nobody else has any Occasion for them but himself. All his Affectations are forced and stolen from others, and though they become some particular Persons where they grow naturally, as a Flower does on its Stalk, he thinks they will do so by him, when they are pulled and dead. He puts Words and Language out of its ordinary Pace, and breaks it to his own Fancy, which makes it go so uneasy in a Shuffle, which it has not been used to. He delivers himself in a forced Way like one that sings with a feigned Voice beyond his natural Compass. He loves the Sound of Words better than the Sense, and will rather venture to incur Nonsense than leave out a Word, that he has a Kindness for. If he be a Statesman, the slihter and meaner his Employments are, the bigger he looks, as an Ounce of Tin swells and looks bigger than an Ounce of Gold; and his Affectations of Gravity are the most desperate of all, as the Aphorism says—Madness of Study and Consideration are harder to be cured than those of lighter and more fantastick Humour.

MEDICINE-TAKER

HAS a sickly Mind, and believes the Infirmary is in his Body; like one, that draws the wrong Tooth, and fancies his Pain in the wrong Place. The less he understands the Reason of Physic, the stronger Faith he has in it, as it commonly fares in all other Affairs of the World. His Disease is only in his Judgment, which makes him believe a Doctor can fetch it out of his Stomach, or his Belly; and fright those Worms out of his Guts, that are bred in his Brain. He believes a Doctor is a Kind of Conjuror, that can do strange Things, and he is as willing to have him think so; for by that means he does not only get his Money, but finds himself in some Possibility, by complying with that Fancy, to do him good for it, which he could never expect to do any other Way; for like those that have been cured by

drinking their own Water, his own Imagination is a better Medicine than any the Doctor knows how to prescribe, even as the Weapon-Salve cures a Wound by being applied to that which made it. He is no sooner well, but any Story or Lye of a new famous Doctor, or strange Cure puts him into a Relapse, and he falls sick of a Medicine instead of a Disease, and catches Physic, like him that fell into a Looseness at the Sight of a Purge. He never knows when he is well, nor sick, but is always tampering with his Health till he has spoiled it, like a foolish Musician, that breaks his Strings with striving to put them in Tune; for *Nature*, which is *Physic*, understands better how to do her own Work than those that take it from her at second hand. *Hippocrates* says—*Ars longa, Vita brevis*, and it is the truest of all his Aphorisms,

*For he that's giv'n much to the long Art,
Does not prolong his Life, but cut it short.*

T H E

R U D E M A N

IS an *Ostro-Goth*, or northern *Hun*, that wheresoever he comes, invades and all the World does overrun, without Distinction of Age, Sex, or Quality. He has no Regard to any Thing but his own Humour, and that he expects should pass every where without asking Leave, or being asked wherefore, as if he had a Safe-conduct for his Rudeness. He rolls up himself, like a Hedgehog, in his Prickles, and is as untractable to all that come near him. He is an ill-designed Piece, built after the rustic Order; and all his Parts look too big for their Height. He is so ill contrived, that that which should be the Top in all regular Structures, i. e. Confidence, is his Foundation. He has neither Doctrine nor Discipline in him, like a fanatic Church, but

is guided by the very same Spirit, that dipped the Herd of Swine in the Sea. He was not bred but reared, not brought up to Hand, but suffered to run wild, and take after his Kind, as other People of the Pasture do. He takes that Freedom in all Places, as if he were not at Liberty, but had broken loose, and expected to be tied up again. He does not eat but feed, and when he drinks goes to Water. The old *Romans* beat the barbarous Part of the World into Civility; but if he had lived in those Times he had been invincible to all Attempts of that Nature, and harder to be subdued and governed than a Province. He eats his Bread, according to the Curse, with the Sweat of his Brows, and takes as much Pains at a Meal as if he earn'd it; puffs and blows like a Horse that eats Provender, and crams his Throat like a screwed Gun with a Bullet bigger than the Bore. His Tongue runs perpetually over every Thing that comes in its Way, without Regard of what, where, or to whom; and nothing but a greater Rudeness than his own can stand before it; and he uses it to as slovenly Purposes as a Dog does, that licks his Sores

and the Dirt off his Feet. He is the best Instance of the Truth of *Pythagoras's* Doctrine, for his Soul pass through all Sorts of brute Beasts before it came to him, and still retains something of the Nature of every one.

T H E

M I S E R

IS like the Sea, that is said to be richer than the Land, but is not able to make any Use of it at all, and only keeps it from those that know how to enjoy it if they had it. The Devil understood his Business very well, when he made Choice of *Judas's* Avarice to betray *Christ*; for no other Vice would have undertaken it; and it is to be feared, that his Vicars now on Earth, by the Tenderness they have to the Bag, do not use him much better than his Steward did then. He gathers Wealth to no Purpose but to satisfy his Avarice, that has no End; and afflicts himself to possess that, which he is of all Men the most incapable of ever obtaining. His Treasure is in his Hands in the same Condition as if it were buried under Ground, and

watched by an evil Spirit. His Desires are like the bottomless Pit which he is destined to; for the one is as soon filled as the other. He shuts up his Money in close Custody; and that, which has Power to open all Locks, is not able to set itself at Liberty. If he ever lets it out, it is upon good Bail and Mainprize, to render itself Prisoner again, whensoever it shall be summoned. He loves Wealth as an Eunuch does Women, whom he has no Possibility of enjoying, or one that is bewitched with an Impotency, or taken with the Falling-Sickness. His greedy Appetite to Riches is but a Kind of Dog-Hunger, that never digests what it devours; but still the greedier and more eager it crams itself becomes more meager. He finds that Ink and Parchment preserves Money better than an iron Chest and Parsimony, like the Memories of Men that lye dead and buried when they are committed to Brass and Marble, but revive and flourish when they are trusted to authentic Writings, and encrease by being used. If he had lived among the *Jews* in the Wilderness, he would have been one of their chief *Reformers*, and have worshipped any Thing that is cast in Gold, though a sillier Creature than a Calf, *St. Jobn* in the Revela-

tions describes the new *Jerusalem* to be built all of Gold and Silver and precious Stones; for the Saints commonly take so much Delight in those Creatures, that nothing else could prevail with them ever to come thither: and as those Times are called the golden Age, in which there was no Gold at all in use; so Men are reputed godly and rich, that make no Use at all of their Religion or Wealth. All that he has gotten together with perpetual Pains and Industry is not Wealth, but a Collection, which he intends to keep by him more for his own Diversion than any other Use; and he that made Ducks and Drakes with his Money enjoyed it every Way as much. He makes no Conscience of any Thing but parting with his Money, which is no better than a Separation of Soul and Body to him, and he believes it to be as bad as self-Murder if he should do it willfully; for the Price of the Weapon, with which a Man is killed, is always esteemed a very considerable Circumstance, and next to *not having the Fear of God before his Eyes*. He loves the Bowels of the Earth broiled on the Coals above any other Cookery in the World. He is a Slave condemned to the Mines. He

laughs at the golden Mean as ridiculous, and believes there is no such Thing in the World; for how can there be a Mean of that, of which no Man ever had enough? He loves the World so well, that he would willingly lose himself to save any Thing by it. His Riches are like a Dunghil, that renders the Ground unprofitable that it lies upon, and is good for nothing, until it be spread and scattered abroad.

A

R A B B L E

IS a Congregation, or Assembly of the States-General sent from their several and respective Shops, Stalls, and Garrets. They are full of Controversy, and every one of a several Judgment concerning the Business under present Consideration, whether it be Mountebank, Show, Hanging, or Ballad-Singer. They meet, like *Democritus's* Atoms *in vacuo*, and by a fortuitous Juffling together produce the greatest and most savage Beast in the whole World: For, tho' the Members of it may have something of human Nature, while they are asunder, when they are put together, they have none at all; as a Multitude of several Sounds make one great Noise unlike all the rest, in which no one Particular is distinguished. They are a great Dunghill, where all

Sorts of dirty and nasty Humours meet, stink, and ferment; for all the Parts are in a perpetual Tumult. 'Tis no wonder, they make strange Churches, for they take naturally to any Imposture, and have a great Antipathy to Truth and Order, as being contrary to their original Confusion. They are a Herd of Swine possest with a dry Devil, that run after Hanging, instead of Drowning. Once a Month they go on Pilgrimage to the Gallows, to visit the Sepulchres of their Ancestors, as the *Turks* do once a Week. When they come there they sing Psalms, quarrel, and return full of Satisfaction and Narrative. When they break loose they are like a public Ruin, in which the highest Parts lye undermost, and make the noblest Fabrics heaps of Rubbish. They are like the Sea, that's stirred into a Tumult with every Blast of Wind, that blows upon it, till it become a watry *Appenine*, and heap Mountain Billows upon one another, as once the Giants did in the War with Heaven. A Crowd is their proper Element, in which they make their Way with their Shoulders, as Pigs creep through Hedges. Nothing in the World delights them so much as the Ruin of great

Persons, or any Calamity, in which they have no Share, though they get nothing by it. They love nothing but themselves in the Likeness of one another, and, like Sheep, run all that Way, the first goes, especially if it be against their Governors, whom they have a natural Disaffection to.

A

S H O P K E E P E R

LIVES by the Labour of his own Tongue and other Men's Hands; and gains more by his flat downright Lying, than the Artificer does by all his Industry, Pains and Ingenuity: for his Tongue is a Kind of Taylor's Goose or hot Press, with which he sets the last Gloss upon his coarse decayed Wares. His chief Qualification consists in a confident Outfacing of Truth, and persuading his Customers to believe him rather than their own Senses, which they have little Reason to do; for he, that will use false Lights, false Weights, and false Measures, will never stick at false Words: and as the more he stretches his Stuffs in the Measure the scantier it always proves; so the more he commends it the worse it afterwards appears upon Trial. The greatest Hazard he runs is Trusting, which yet he knows how to insure; for as when he takes a Thief

he makes him pay for all and more than he has lost by other Thieves: so when he trusts, it is at such a Rate, that he that pays him pays for all those that do not. He walks in his Shop with a Yard always in his Hand instead of a Staff, that it may wear shorter and save his Conscience harmless, if he should have Occasion to swear it was never cut since he had it. His Custom of Lying, and the Profit he receives by it produces a Kind of natural Inclination in him to all Sorts of Impostors, and therefore he is as easily cheated out of his Way, as he cheats others in it, takes naturally to all *Fanatic Whimsies* in Religion, and is as easily misled by a seditious Teacher, as a Child is by a *Jamaica Spirit*; as for Truth he gains nothing by it, and therefore will have nothing to do with it. He never troubles his Head with Speculations but only in Divinity and Politics, in which his Ignorance is so prevailing, that he believes himself a great deal abler than his Governors. He sets a value on his Commodities, not according to their true Worth, but the Ignorance of the Buyers; and always sells cheapest to those whom he finds to understand most of his Trade; but he that leaves it to him is sure to be cheated; for he that lives by Lying

will never be scrupulous in taking Money for his Reputation. He calls his profession a *Mystery*, which being rightly interpreted by his Practice signifies only this—That as all *Turks* are Tradesmen, even so all Tradesmen are *Turks*. His false Lights are a Kind of *Deceptio visus*, with which he casts a Mist, like a Conjuror, before the Eyes of his Customers, that they may take no Notice of the Imperfections and Infirmities of his spotted and stained Stuffs, until it is too late. The more Trust Men repose in him, the more he is sure to cheat them, as Taylors all ways make the Cloaths of those scantiest, who allow them the largest Measure—Those of the same Trade commonly set up together in a Street, as Rooks build together in a Tuft of Trees. Country Gentlemen always design the least hopeful of their Children to Trades, and out of that Stock the City is supplied with that sottish Ignorance, which we see it perpetually abound with.

A

Q U A K E R

IS a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without Founder, Vow, or Rule; for he will not swear, nor be tyed to any Thing, but his own Humour. He is the Link-Boy of the Sectaries, and talks much of his Light, but puts it under a Bushel, for nobody can see it but himself. His Religion is but the cold Fit of an Ague, and his Zeal of a contrary Temper to that of all others, yet produces the same Effects; as cold Iron in *Greenland*, they say, burns as well as hot; which makes him delight, like a Salamander, to live in the Fire of Persecution. He works out his Salvation, not with *Fear*, but *Confidence and Trembling*. His Profession is but a Kind of Winter-Religion; and the Original of it as uncertain as the hatching of Woodcocks, for no Man can tell from whence it came. He Vapours much of the Light within him, but no such Thing appears, unless he means as he

is light-headed. He believes he takes up the Cross in being cross to all Mankind. He delights in Persecution, as some old extravagant Fornicators find a Lechery in being whipt; and has no Ambition but to go to Heaven in what he calls a fiery Chariot, that is, a Wood-monger's Faggot Cart. You may perceive he has a Crack in his Skull by the flat Twang of his Nose, and the great Care he takes to keep his Hat on, lest his sickly Brains, if he have any, should take Cold at it. He believes his Doctrine to be heavenly, because it agrees perfectly with the *Motus Trepidationis*. All his Hopes are in the *Turks* overrunning of Christendom, because he has heard they count Fools and Madmen Saints, and doubts not to pass muster with them for great Abilities that Way. This makes him believe he can convert the *Turk*, tho' he could do no good on the *Pope*, or the *Presbyterian*. Nothing comes so near his quaking Liturgy, as the Papistical Possessions of the *Devil*, with which it conforms in Discipline exact. His Church, or rather Chapel, is built upon a flat Sand, without superior or inferior in it, and not upon a Rock, which is never found without great Inequalities. Next Demoniacs he most resembles the Reprobate, who

are said to be condemned to Weeping and Gnashing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of their Church, that renounced his Trade and turned Preacher, because he held it superstitious to sit *cross-legged*. His Devotion is but a Kind of spiritual Palsy, that proceeds from a Distemper in the Brain, where the Nerves are rooted. They abhor the Church of *England*, but conform exactly with those primitive Fathers of their Church, that heretofore gave Answers at the *Devil's Oracles*, in which they observed the very same Ceremony of quaking and and gaping now practised by our modern Enthusiasts at their Exorcisms, rather than Exercises of Devotion. He sucks in the Air like a Pair of Bellows, and blows his inward Light with it, till he dung Fire, as Cattle do in *Lincolnshire*. The general Ignorance of their whole Party make it appear, that whatsoever their Zeal may be, it is not *according to Knowledge*.

A

S W E A R E R

IS one, that sells the *Devil* the best Penny-worth that he meets with any where; and like the *Indians*, that part with Gold for Glasse-Beads, he damns his Soul for the flightest Trifles imaginable. He betroths himself oftner to the Devil in one Day, than *Mecænas* did in a Week to his Wife, that he was married a thousand times to. His Discourse is inlaid with Oaths, as the Gallows is with Nails, to fortify it against the Assaults of those, whose Friends have made it their Death-bed. He takes a preposterous Course to be believed, and persuade you to credit what he says, by saying that, which at the best he does not mean; for all the Excuse he has for his voluntary damning of himself is, that he means nothing by it. He is as much mistaken in what he does intend

really ; for that which he takes for the Ornament of his Language renders it the most odious and abominable. His Custom of Swearing takes away the Sense of his Saying. His Oaths are but a dissolute Formality of Speech, and the worst Kind of Affectation. He is a *Knight-Baronet of the Post*, or Gentleman Blasphemer, that swears for his Pleasure only, a *Lay-affidavit Man, in Voto* only, and not *in Orders*. He learned to swear, as Magpies do to speak, by hearing others. He talks nothing but *Bell, Book, and Candle*, and delivers himself over to *Satan* oftner than a *Presbyterian* Classis would do. He plays with the Devil for sport only, and stakes his Soul to nothing. He overcharges his Oaths till they break, and hurt himself only. He discharges them as fast as a Gun, that will shoot nine times with one loading. He is the Devil's Votary, and fails not to commend himself into his Tuition upon all Occasions. He outswears an Exorcist, and outlies the Legend. His Oaths are of a wider Bore and louder Report than those of an ordinary Perjurer, but yet they do not half the Execution. Sometimes he resolves to leave it,

but not too suddenly, lest it should prove un-
 wholesome, and injurious to his Health, but
 by Degrees as he took it up. Swearing should
 appear to be the greatest of Sins; for tho' the
 Scripture says, *God sees no Sin in his Children,*
 it does not say he hears none.

T H E

L U X U R I O U S

PLACES all Enjoyment in spending, as a covetous Man does in getting, and both are treated at a Witch's Feast, where nothing feeds but only the Imagination: and like two Madmen, that believe themselves to be the same Prince, laugh at one another. He values his Pleasures as they do honour, by the Difficulty and Dearness of the Purchase, not the Worth of the Thing; and the more he pays the better he believes he ought to be pleased, as Women are fondest of those Children, which they have groaned most for. His Tongue is like a great Practiser's in Law; for as the one will not stir, so the other will not taste without a great Fee. He never reckons what a Thing costs by what it is worth, but what it is worth by what it costs. All his Senses are like corrupt Judges, that will understand nothing, until they are

thoroughly informed and satisfied with a convincing Bribe. He relishes no Meat but by the Rate; and a high Price is like Sauce to it, that gives it a high Taste, and renders it favourable to his Palate. He believes there is nothing dear, nor ought to be so, that does not cost much, and that the dearest bought is always the cheapest. He tastes all Wines by the Smallness of the Bottles, and the Greatness of the Price; and when he is over-reckoned takes it as an extraordinary Value set upon him, as *Dutchmen* always reckon by the Dignity of the Person, not the Charge of the Entertainment he receives, put his Quality and Titles into the Bill of Fare, and make him pay for feeding upon his own Honour and Right-Worship, which he brought along with him. He debauches his Gluttony with an unnatural Appetite to Things never intended for Food, like preposterous Venery, or the unnatural Mixtures of Beasts of several Kinds. He is as curious of his Pleasures as an Antiquary of his Rarities, and cares for none but such as are very choice and difficult to be gotten, disdains any Thing that is common, unless it be his Women, which he esteems a common Good, and therefore the more communicative the better.

All his Vices are like, Children that have been nicely bred, a great Charge to him, and it costs him dear to maintain them like themselves, according to their Birth and Breeding; but he, like a tender Parent, had rather suffer Want himself than they should: for he considers, a Man's Vices are his own Flesh and Blood, and though they are but By-blows he is bound to provide for them, out of natural Affection, as well as if they were lawfully begotten.

A N

UNGRATEFUL MAN

IS like Dust in the Highway, that flies in the Face of those that raise it. He that is ungrateful is all Things that are amiss—He is like the *Devil*, that seeks the Destruction of those most of all, that do him the best Service; or an unhealthful Sinner, that receives Pleasure, and returns nothing but Pox and Diseases. He receives *Obligations* from all that he can, but they presently *become void and of none Effect*; for good Offices fare with him like Death, from which there is no Return. His Ill-nature is like an ill Stomach, that turns its Nourishment into bad Humours. He should be a Man of very great Civilities; for he receives all that he can, but never parts with any. He is like a barren Soil, plant what you will on him, it will never grow; nor any Thing but Thorns and Thistles, that came in with the

Curse. His Mother died in Childbed of him; for he is descended of the Generation of Vipers, in which the Dam always eats off the Sire's Head, and the young ones their Way through *her* Belly. He is like a Horse in a Pasture, that eats up the Grass, and dungs it in Requital. He puts the Benefits he receives from others and his own Faults together in that End of the Sack, which he carries behind his Back. His ill-Nature, like a contagious Disease, infects others that are of themselves good, who observing his Ingratitude become less inclined to do good, than otherwise they would be: And as the sweetest Wine, if ill preserved, becomes the fourest Vinegar; so the greatest Endearments with him turn to the bitterest Injuries. He has an admirable Art of Forgetfulness, and no sooner receives a Kindness, but he owns it by Prescription, and claims *from Time out of Mind*. All his Acknowledgments appear before his Ends are served, but never after, and, like *Occasion*, grow very thick before, but bare behind. He is like a River, that runs away from the Spring that feeds it, and undermines the Banks that support it; or like Vice and Sin, that destroy those that are most addicted to it; or the Hang-

man, that breaks the Necks of those whom he gets his Living by, and whips those that find him Employment, and brands his Masters that set him on Work. He pleads the *Act of Oblivion* for all the good Deeds that are done him, and *pardons* himself for the evil Returns he makes. He never looks backward (like a right Statesman) and Things that are past are all one with him, as if they had never been: And as Witches, they say, hurt those only from whom they can get something and have a Hank upon; he no sooner receives a Benefit, but he converts it to the Injury of that Person, who conferred it on him—It fares with Persons as with Families, that think better of themselves, the further they are off their first Raisers.

A

K N I G H T

O F T H E

P O S T

IS a Retailer of Oaths, a Deposition-Monger, an Evidence-Maker that lives by the Labour of his Conscience. He takes Money to kiss the Gospel, as *Judas* did *Christ*, when he betrayed him. As a good Conscience is a continual Feast; so an ill one is with him his daily Food. He plys at a Court of Justice, as Porters do at a Market; and his Business is to bear Witness, as they do Burthens, for any Man that will pay them for it. He will swear his Ears through an Inch-Board, and wears them merely by Favour of the Court; for being *Amicus curiæ*, they are willing to let him keep the Pillory out of Possession, though he has forfeited his Right never so often: For when he is once outed of

his Ears, he is past his Labour, and can do the Commonwealth of Practisers no more Service. He is a false Weight in the Ballance of Justice; and as a Lawyer's Tongue is the Tongue of the Ballance, that inclines either Way, according as the Weight of the Bribe inclines it, so does his. He lays one Hand on the Book, and the other is in the Plaintiff's or Defendant's Pocket. He feeds upon his Conscience, as a Monkey eats his Tail. He kisses the Book to show he renounces, and takes his leave of it—Many a parting Kiss has he given the Gospel. He pollutes it with his Lips oftner than a Hypocrite. He is a sworn Officer of every Court, and a great Practiser; is admitted within the Bar, and makes good what the rest of the Council say. The Attorney and Solicitor fee and instruct him in the Case; and he ventures as far for his Client, as any Man, to be laid by the Ears: He speaks more to the Point than any other, yet gives false Ground to his Brethren of the Jury, that they seldom come near the Jack. His Oaths are so brittle, that not one in twenty of them will hold the Taking, but fly as soon as they are out. He is worse than an ill Conscience; for that bears true Witness, but his is always false; and

though his own Conscience be said to be a thousand Witnesses, he will out-swear and out-face them all. He believes it no Sin to bear false Witness for his Neighbour, that pays him for it, because it is not forbidden, but only to bear false Witness against his Neighbour.

A N

UNDESERVING FAVOURITE

IS a Piece of base Metal with the King's Stamp upon it, a Fog raised by the Sun, to obscure his own Brightness. He came to Preferment by unworthy Offices, like one that rises with his Bum forwards, which the Rabble hold to be fortunate. He got up to Preferment on the wrong Side, and sits as untoward in it. He is raised rather above himself than others; or as base Metals are by the Test of Lead, while Gold and Silver continue still unmoved. He is raised and swells, like a Pimple, to be an Eye-fore, and deform the Place he holds. He is born like a Cloud on the Air of the Prince's

By several Strokes in this Character the Reader must be led to think it personal; and as it was wrote, as I have before observed, about the Year 1667, at which time Lord *Shaftsbury*, who in 1661, had been made a Lord, was, as *Antony Wood* informs us, advanced to be one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and looked upon as a Person in great Favour with the King and Court, it will be naturally applied to him. It is the more probable, as *Butler* has in his *Burning of the Rump*, *Hud* P. 3. C. 2. declared his Sentiments of this Gentleman with no less Severity, in that Character of the

Favour, and keeps his Light from the rest of his People. He rises, like the light End of a Balance, for Want of Weight; or as Dust and Feathers do for being light. He gets into the Prince's Favour by wounding it. He is a true *Person* of Honour; for he does but act it at the best, a Lord made only to justify all the Lords of Maypoles, Morrice-Dances, and Misrule, a Thing that does not live, but lye in State, before he's dead, such as the Heralds dight at Funerals. His Prince gives him Honour out of his own Stock, and Estate out of his Revenue, and lessens himself in both.

*He is like Fern, that vile unuseful Weed,
That springs equivocally, without Seed.*

He was not made for Honour, nor it for him, which makes it fit so unfavourably upon him. The Forepart of himself, and the hinder Part of his Coach publish his Distinction; as *French* Lords, that have *haute Justice*, that is, may independent Statesman which begins,

*'Mong these there was a Politician,
With more Heads than a Beast in Vision, &c.*

As French Lords, &c.] The distinguishing their Qualities by the Pillars of their Gallowses may probably allude to a Cross in Coats of Arms, which, from its Resemblance to the Letter T or a double Gibbet, is called *Crux patibulata*, or *la Croix Potencée*.

hang and draw, distinguish their Qualities by the Pillars of their Gallowses. He got his Honour easily, by Chance, without the hard laborious Way of Merit, which makes him so prodigally lavish of it. He brings down the Price of Honour, as the Value of any Thing falls in mean Hands. He looks upon all Men in the State of Knighthood and plain Gentility as most deplorable; and wonders how he could endure himself, when he was but of that Rank. The greatest Part of his Honour consists in his well-sounding Title, which he therefore makes Choice of, tho' he has none to the Place, but only a Patent to go by the Name of it. This appears at the End of his Coach in the Shape of a Coronet, which his Footmen set their Bums against, to the great Disparagement of the wooden Representative. The People take him for a general Grievance, a Kind of public Pressure, or Innovation, and would willingly give a Subsidy to be redressed of him. He is a strict Observer of Men's Addressses to him, and takes a mathematical Account, whether

Which among the Ancients, Gellius says, signified Injury.] Gellius places the word Honos among his vocabula ancipitia; and the Passage referred to is this.——“ Sed Honorem quoque mediam Vocem

they stoop and bow in just Proportion to the Weight of his Greatness, and allow full Measure to their Legs and Cringes accordingly. He never uses Courtship, but in his own Defence, that others may use the same to him, and, like a true Christian, does as he would be done unto. He is intimate with no Man but his Pimp and his Surgeon, with whom he keeps no State, but communicates all the States of his Body. He is raised like the Market, or a Tax, to the Grievance and Curse of the People. He that knew the Inventory of him would wonder what slight Ingredients go to the making up of a great Person; howsoever he is turned up Trump, and so commands better Cards than himself, while the Game lasts. He has much of Honour according to the original Sense of it, which among the Ancients (*Gellius* says) signified *Injury*. His Prosperity was greater than his Brain could bear, and he is drunk with it; and if he should take a Nap as long as *Epimenides* or the seven Sleepers, he would never be sober

“ fuisse, et ita appellatum, ut etiam *malus Honos* diceretur, et significaret *Injuriam*.”
Noſt. Att. Lib. 12. C. 9.

again. He took his Degree, and went forth Lord by *mandamus*, without performing Exercises of Merit. His Honour's but an Immunity from Worth, and his Nobility a Dispensation for doing Things ignoble. He expects that Men's Hats should fly off before him like a Storm, and not presume to stand in the Way of his Prospect, which is always over their Heads. All the Advantage he has is but to go before, or sit before, in which his nether Parts take place of his upper, that continue still, in Comparison, but *Commoners*. He is like an open Summer-House, that has no Furniture but bare Seats. All he has to show for his Honour is his Patent, which will not be in Season until the third or fourth Generation, if it lasts so long. His very *Creation* supposes him nothing before; and as Taylors rose by the Fall of *Adam*, and came in, like Thorns and Thistles, with the Curse, so did he by the Frailty of his Master. His very Face is his Gentleman-Usher, that walks before him in State, and cries, *give Way*. He is as stiff, as if he had been dipt in petrifying Water, and turned into his own Statue. He is always taking the Name of his

Honour in vain, and will rather damn it like a Knighthood of the Post, than want Occasion to pawn it for every idle Trifle, perhaps for more than it is worth, or any Man will give to redeem it; and in this he deals uprightly, tho' perhaps in nothing else.

A

C U C K O L D

IS his Wife's Bastard Issue, begotten upon her Body by her Gallant. He is like a Pack-faddle, and his Wife carries him to carry somebody else upon. He is a Creature, that *Adam* never gave Name to, for there was none of his Kind in Paradise. He is no natural Production, but made by his Wife's Mechanics—A Stock, that another grafts upon, and leaves him to maintain the Fruit. His own Branches his Horns are as mystical as the Whore of *Babylon's* Palfreys, not to be seen but in a Vision, and his Wife rides him as that great Lady does her Gelding. There are two Orders of them, the Wittol, that's a Volunteer, and the Cuck-old, that's imprest. They talk of Affes in *India*, that have Horns on their Rumps; and for certain his grow out of his Wives Haunches. He is but an Undertaker in his

Spouse, and his Partners go Shares with him. Her Faults are written in his Forehead, and he wears her Phylactery. His Horns, like those in a Country Gentleman's Hall, serve his Wife to hang Cloaths upon, with which she covers all her Faults, which he is fain to father, as well as her Children. He is a Man of great Hospitality; for he does not only keep open House, but open Wife for all Comers. He went about to enclose the Common, but his Neighbours threw it up again. He is but one Ingredient of a Husband, and there goes as many to the making of him up, as there do Taylors to a Man. If he be notorious he is like a Belweather, and has a Larum tied to his Horns, which every body knows him by. If he be a Wittol or contented Cuckold, he is like a Gentleman, that wears a Horn for his Pleasure; but he, that makes it his Calling, is a Sowgelder, that blows a Horn to get Money; But if he be jealous, his Head is troubled with a forked Distinction *discrimine facta Bicorni*, like *Pythagoras* his Letter, and he knows not which to take to, his Wife's Virtue, or Vice; and, whatsoever she proves, he remains a speculative Cuckold, well studied in the Theory of Horns,

but in vain, for *Naturam expellat furca licet, usque recurret*. He fears his Park lies too convenient for Deer-stealers, and his Thoughts walk the Round perpetually with a dark Lantern to surprize them, but neither meets with them, nor Satisfaction. The Poets say, the Gate of Sleep is made of Horn, and certainly his is so; for he dreams of nothing else sleeping or waking. Thus he apprehends himself, upon Suspicion, for a Cuckold, is cast by his own Confession; and, as he that believed he had pist a Mouse, because he found one drowned in his Chamber-Pot, he interprets every Thing in favour of his Horns, until he becomes really a Cuckold in his Heart.

A

MALICIOUS MAN

HAS a strange natural Inclination to all Ill Intents and Purposes. He bears nothing so resolutely as Ill-will, which he takes naturally to, as some do to Gaming, and will rather hate for nothing than sit out. He believes the *Devil* is not so bad as he should be, and therefore endeavours to make him worse by drawing him into his own Party offensive and defensive; and if he would but be ruled by him does not doubt but to make him understand his Business much better than he does. He lays nothing to Heart but Malice, which is so far from doing him hurt, that it is the only Cordial that preserves him. Let him use a Man never so civilly to his Face, he is sure to hate him behind his Back. He has no Memory for any good that is done him; but Evil, whether it be done him or not, never leaves him, as

Things of the same Kind always keep together: Love and Hatred, though contrary Passions, meet in him as a third, and unite; for he loves nothing but to hate, and hates nothing but to love. All the Truths in the World are not able to produce so much Hatred, as he is able to supply. He is a common Enemy to the World; for being born to the Hatred of it, Nature that provides for every Thing she brings forth, has furnished him with a Competence suitable to his Occasions; for all Men together cannot hate him so much, as he does them one by one. He loses no Occasion of Offence, but very thriftily lays it up, and endeavours to improve it to the best Advantage. He makes Issues in his Skin, to vent his ill Humours, and is sensible of no Pleasure so much as the Itching of his Sores. He hates Death for nothing so much, as because he fears it will take him away, before he has paid all the Ill-will he owes, and deprive him of all those precious Feuds, he has been scraping together all his Life-time. He is troubled to think what a Disparagement it will be to him to die before those, that will be glad to hear he is gone; and desires very charitably, they might come to an Agreement like good Friends, and go Hand in Hand out of the

World together. He loves his Neighbour as well as he does himself, and is willing to endure any Misery, so they may but take Part with him, and undergo any Mischief rather than they should want it. He is ready to spend his Blood, and lay down his Life for theirs, that would not do half so much for him; and rather than fail would give the *Devil* suck, and his Soul into the Bargain, if he would but make him his Plenipotentiary, to determine all Differences between himself and others. He contracts Enmities, as others do Friendships, out of Likenesses, Sympathies, and Instincts; and when he lights upon one of his own Temper, as Contraries produce the same Effects, they perform all the Offices of Friendship, have the same Thoughts, Affections, and Desires of one another's Destruction, and please themselves as heartily, and perhaps as securely, in hating one another, as others do in loving. He seeks out Enemies to avoid falling out with himself; for his Temper is like that of a flourishing Kingdom, if it have not a foreign Enemy it will fall into a civil War, and turn its Arms upon it self, and so does but hate in his own Defence. His Malice is all Sorts of Gain to him; for as Men take Pleasure in

pursuing, entrapping, and destroying all Sorts
 of Beasts and Fowl, and call it Sports, so would
 he do Men, and if he had equal Power would
 never be at a Loss, nor give over his Game
 without his Prey, and in this he does nothing
 but Justice; for as Men take Delight to destroy
 Beasts, he being a Beast does but do as he is
 done by in endeavouring to destroy Men. The
 Philosopher said—*Man to Man is a God and a
 Wolf*; but he being incapable of the first does
 his Endeavour to make as much of the last as
 he can, and shews himself as excellent in his
 Kind, as it is in his Power to do.

A

S Q U I R E

O F

D A M E S

DEALS with his Mistress as the Devil does with a Witch, is content to be her Servant for a Time, that she may be his Slave for ever. He is Esquire to a Knight-Errant, Donzel to the Damzels, and Gentleman Usher daily waiter on the Ladies, that rubs out his Time in making Legs and Love to them. He is a Gamester, that throws at all Ladies that are set him, but is always out, and never wins but when he throws at the Candlestick, that is for nothing; a general Lover, that addresses unto all but never gains any, as Universals produce nothing. He never appears so gallant a Man as when he is in the Head of a Body of Ladies,

and leads them up with admirable Skill and Conduct. He is an *Eunuch-Bashaw*, that has Charge of the Women, and governs all their public Affairs, because he is not able to do them any considerable private Services. One of his prime Qualifications is to convey their Persons in and out of Coaches, as tenderly as a Cook sets his Custards in an Oven and draws them out again, without the least Discomposure or Offence to their inward or outward Woman, that is, their Persons and Dresses. The greatest Care he uses in his Conversation with Ladies is, to order his Peruque methodically, and keep off his Hat with equal Respect both to *it*, and their Ladyships, that neither may have Cause to take any just Offence, but continue him in their good Graces. When he squires a Lady, he takes her by the Handle of her Person the Elbow, and steers it with all possible Caution, lest his own Foot should, upon a Tack, for want of due Circumspection, unhappily fall foul on the long Train she carries at her Stern. This makes him walk upon his Toes, and tread as lightly as if he were leading her a Dance. He never tries any Experiment solitary with her, but always in Consort, and then he acts the Woman's Part, and she the Man's, talks

loud and laughs, while he sits demurely silent, and simpers or bows, and cries *anon Madam, excellently good!* &c. &c. He is a Kind of Hermaphrodite; for his Body is of one Sex, and his Mind of another, which makes him take no Delight in the Conversation or Actions of Men, because they do so by his, but apply himself to Women, to whom the Sympathy and Likeness of his own Temper and Wit naturally inclines him, where he finds an agreeable Reception for want of a better; for they, like our *Indian* Planters, value their Wealth by the Number of their Slaves. All his Business in the Morning is to dress himself, and in the Afternoon to shew his Workmanship to the Ladies; who after serious Consideration approve or disallow of his Judgment and Abilities accordingly, and he as freely delivers his Opinion of theirs. The Glass is the only Author he studies, by which his Actions and Gestures are all put on like his Cloaths, and by that he practises how to deliver what he has prepared to say to the Dames, after he has laid a Train to bring it in.

A

K N A V E

IS like a Tooth-drawer, that maintains his own Teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other Men. He is an ill moral Philosopher, of villainous Principles, and as bad Practice. His Tenets are to hold what he can get, right or wrong. His Tongue and his Heart are always at Variance, and fall out, like Rogues in the Street, to pick somebody's Pocket. They never agree but, like *Herod* and *Pilate*, to do Mischief. His Conscience never stands in his Light, when the *Devil* holds a Candle to him; for he has stretched it so thin, that it is transparent. He is an Engineer of Treachery; Fraud, and Perfidiousness, and knows how to manage Matters of great Weight with very little Force, by the Advantage of his trepanning Screws. He is very skilful in all the Mechanics of Cheat, the mathematical Magic of Imposture; and will outdo the Ex-

pectation of the most Credulous, to their own
 Admiration and Undoing. He is an excellent
 Founder, and will melt down a leaden Fool,
 and cast him into what Form he pleases. He is
 like a Pike in a Pond, that lives by Rapine,
 and will sometimes venture on one of his own
 Kind, and devour a Knave as big as himself—
 He will swallow a Fool a great deal bigger than
 himself; and if he can but get his Head within
 his Jaws, will carry the rest of him hanging
 out at his Mouth, until by Degrees he has di-
 gested him all. He has a hundred Tricks, to
 slip his Neck out of the Pillory, without leav-
 ing his Ears behind. As for the Gallows, he
 never ventures to show his Tricks upon the
 high-Rope, for fear of breaking his Neck.
 He seldom commits any Villany, but in a
 legal Way, and makes the Law bear him out
 in that, for which it hangs others. He al-
 ways robs under the Vizard of Law, and picks
 Pockets with Tricks in Equity. By his Means
 the Law makes more Knaves than it hangs,
 and, like the *Inns-of-Court* protects Offenders
 against itself. He gets within the Law, and
 disarms it. His hardest Labour is to wriggle
 himself into Trust, which if he can but com-
 pass, his Business is done; for Fraud and

Treachery follow as easily, as a Thread does a Needle. He grows rich by the Ruin of his Neighbours, like Grass in the Streets in a great Sickness. He shelters himself under the Covert of the Law, like a Thief in a Hemp-Plot, and makes that secure him, which was intended for his Destruction.

A N

A N A B A P T I S T

IS a Water-Saint, that, like a Crocodile, sees clearly in the Water, but dully on Land. He does not only live in two Elements, like a Goose, but two Worlds at once, this, and one of the next. He is contrary to a Fisher of Men; for, instead of pulling them out of the Water, he dips them in it. He keeps Souls in Minority, and will not admit them to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, till they come to Age, fit to be trusted with their own Belief. He defies Magistracy and Ministry as the Horns of *Antichrist*; but would fain get them both into his own Hands. His Babes of Grace are all *Pagan*, and he breeds them up as they do young Trees in a Nursery, lets them grow up, and then transplants them into the new Soil of his own Church. He lets them run wild, as they do young Colts on a Common, until

th'are old enough to be taken up and backed, and then he breaks and paces them with his own *Church-walkings*. He is a Landerer of Souls, and tries them, as Men do Witches, by Water. He dips them all under Water, but their Hands, which he holds them up by—those do still continue *Pagan*; and that's the Reason, why they make no Conscience of their Works, when they can get Power in their Hands, but act the most barbarous Inhumanities in the World. His dipping makes him more obstinate and stiff in his Opinions, like a Piece of hot Iron, that grows hard by being quenched in cold Water. He does not like the use of Water in his Baptism, as it falls from Heaven in Drops, but as it runs out of the Bowels of the Earth, or stands putrefying in a dirty Pond. He chuses the coldest Time in the Year to be dipped in, to shew the Heat of his Zeal, and this renders him the more obstinate. Law and Government are great Grievances to him, and he believes Men may live very well without them, if they would be ruled by him; and then he would have nothing of Authority but his own Revelations. He is a *Saint-Er-rant*; for he calls his Religion *Walking*, which he opposes to the Pope's *Sitting* as the more

orthodox and infallible. His Church is a Kind of *round Table* without upper End, or lower End; for they observe no Order, nor admit of Degrees. It is like the Serpent *Amphisbæna*, that has a Head at either End of it: for such is their spiritual Envy and Ambition, that they can endure no superior, but high and low are tied together, like long and short Sticks in a Faggot.

He defies the World in his own Defence, because it slighted him first, and is rather a Renegado to *it*, than a Convert to the *other*. He renounced it, because it was not for his Turn, and gave it over because he knew not how to enjoy it. His Ambition, like a Weed, grows highest on the lowest Grounds; and he fancies himself above the World by despising what he would, but could not aspire to. His Charity extends no further than his own Diocese, and is nothing else but Self-Love, and natural Affection to his own Opinions in other Men. He cries down Learning, as he does the World, because it is not within his Reach, and gives unjust Judgment upon that, which he understands nothing of. He leaves the Road of the

Church, and crosses over Bye-ways, as Thieves do, when they have committed a Robbery. All the spiritual Knowledge, he brags so much of, is but his at the second Hand, and borrowed from Translations; and, if those err, his Spirit (tho' infallible as the *Pope's*) must do so too. The prodigious Height of Confidence, he has arrived to, is not possible to be attained without an equally impregnable Ignorance. His Church is under the watry Government of the Moon, when she was in *Aquarius*. He places himself on a Pinnacle of the Temple, to see if the *Devil* dare cap Texts with him. He had a Mind to dispose of his Religion, how he pleased, and so *suffered a Recovery*, to cut it off from his right Heirs, and settle it to such Uses, as he pleased. He broaches false Doctrines out of his Tub. He sees Visions when he is fast asleep, and dreams Dreams when he is broad awake. They stick to one another, like Loaves of Bread in the Oven of Persecution. He canonises himself a Saint in his own Life-time, as *Domitian* made himself a God; and enters his Name in the Rubric of his Church by Virtue of a Pick-lock, which he has invented, and believes will serve his Turn, as well as *St. Peter's* Keys. He

finds out Sloughs and Ditches, that are aptest for launching of an Anabaptist; for he does not christen, but launch his Vessel. He believes, because Obedience is better than Sacrifice, the less of it will serve. He uses Scripture in the same Manner as false Witnesses do, who never lay their Hands on it, but to give Testimony against the Truth.

A

V I N T N E R

HANGS out his Bush to shew he has not good Wine; for that, the Proverb says, needs it not. If Wine were as necessary as Bread, he would stand in the Pillory for selling false Measure, as well as Bakers do for false Weight; but since it is at every Man's Choice to come to his House or not, those that do, are guilty of half the Injuries he does them, and he believes the rest to be none at all, because no Injury can be done to him, that is willing to take it. He had rather sell bad Wine, than good that stands him in no more, for it makes Men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the Knaveries he acts above-board, which every Man sees, one may easily take a Measure of those he does underground in his Cellar; for he that will pick a Man's Pocket to his Face, will not stick to use him worse in private when he knows no-

thing of it. When he has poisoned his Wines he raises his Price, and to make amends for that abates his Measure, for he thinks it a greater Sin to commit Murder for small Gains, than a valuable Consideration. He does not only spoil and destroy his Wines, but an ancient reverend Proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, *In vino veritas*, for there is no Truth in his, but all false and sophistical; for he can counterfeit Wine as cunningly as *Apelles* did Grapes, and cheat Men with it, as *he* did Birds. He brings every Bottle of Wine he draws to the *Bar*, to confess it to be a Cheat, and afterwards puts himself upon the Mercy of the Company. He is an *Anti-christian* Cheat; for Christ turned Water into Wine, and he turns Wine into Water. He scores all his Reckonings upon two Tables made like those of the ten Commandments, that he may be put in Mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false Witness against his Neighbour, when he draws him bad Wine and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the Pipe than the Wine will yield him by the Bottle, a Trick that a *Jesuit* taught him to cheat his

own Conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common Evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a Mistake, by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had past, there had been no Error at all in the Case.

A N

H Y P O C R I T E

IS a Saint that goes by Clockwork, a Machine made by the *Devil's* Geometry, which he winds and nicks to go as he pleases. He is the *Devil's* Finger-Watch, that never goes true, but too fast, or too slow, as he sets him. His Religion goes with Wires, and he serves the *Devil* for an Idol to seduce the Simple to worship and believe in him. He puts down the true Saint with his Copper-Lace Devotion, as Ladies, that use Art, paint fairer than the Life. He is a great Bustler in Reformation, which is always most proper to his Talent, especially if it be tumultuous; for Pockets are no where so easily and safely picked as in juggling Crouds: And as Change and Alterations are most agreeable to those, who are tied to nothing, he appears more zealous and violent for the *Cause*; than such as are retarded by Con-

science or Consideration. His Religion is a Mummery, and his *Gospel-walkings* nothing but dancing a Masquerade. He never wears his own Person, but assumes a Shape, as his Master the *Devil* does, when he appears. He wears counterfeit Hands (as the *Italian Pick-pocket* did) which are fastened to his Breast, as if he held them up to Heaven, while his natural Fingers are in his Neighbour's Pocket. The whole Scope of all his Actions appears to be directed, like an Archer's Arrow, at Heaven, while the Clout he aims at sticks in the Earth. The *Devil* baits his Hook with him, when he fishes in troubled Waters. He turns up his Eyes to Heaven like Bird's that have no upper Lid. He is a Weathercock upon the Steeple of the Church, that turns with every Wind, that blows from any Point of the Compass. He sets his Words and Actions like a Printer's Letters, and he that will understand him must read him backwards. He is much more to be suspected than one that is no Professor; as a Stone of any Colour is easier counterfeited, than a Diamond that is of none. The Inside of him tends quite cross to the Outside, like a Spring that runs upward within the Earth, and down without. He is an

Operator for the Soul, and corrects other Men's Sins with greater of his own, as the *Jews* were punished for their Idolatry by greater Idolaters than themselves. He is a spiritual Highwayman, that robs on the Road to Heaven—His Professions and his Actions agree like a sweet Voice and a stinking Breath.

A N

O P I N I A T E R

IS his own Confident, that maintains more Opinions than he is able to support. They are all Bastards commonly and unlawfully begotten ; but being his own, he had rather, out of natural Affection, take any Pains, or beg, than they should want a Subsistence. The Eagerness and Violence he uses to defend them argues they are weak, for if they were true, they would not need it. How false soever they are to him he is true to them ; and as all extraordinary Affections of Love or Friendship are usually upon the meanest Accounts, he is resolved never to forsake them, how ridiculous soever they render themselves and him to the World. He is a Kind of a Knight-Errant, that is bound by his Order to defend the weak

and distressed, and deliver enchanted Paradoxes, that are bewitched, and held by Magicians and Conjurers in invisible Castles. He affects to have his Opinions as unlike other Men's as he can, no Matter whether better or worse, like those that wear fantastic Cloaths of their own devising. No Force of Argument can prevail upon him; for, like a Madman, the Strength of two Men in their Wits is not able to hold him down. His Obstinacy grows out of his Ignorance; for Probability has so many Ways, that whosoever understands them will not be confident of any one. He holds his Opinions as Men do their Lands, and, though his Tenure be litigious, he will spend all he has to maintain it. He does not so much as know what Opinion means, which always supposing Uncertainty, is not capable of Confidence. The more implicit his Obstinacy is, the more stubborn it renders him; for implicit Faith is always more pertinacious than that, which can give an Account of it self; and as Cowards, that are well backed, will appear boldest, he that believes as the Church believes is more violent, though he knows not what it is, than he that can give a Reason for his

Faith—And as Men in the dark endeavour to tread firmer than when they are in the Light, the Darkneſs of his Underſtanding makes him careful to ſtand faſt whereſoever he happens, though it be out of his Way.

A

C H O L E R I C M A N

IS one that stands for Madman, and has as many Voices as another—If he miss he has very hard Dealing; for if he can but come to a fair polling of his Fits against his Intervals, he is sure to carry it. No doubt it would be a singular Advantage to him; for as his present Condition stands, he has more full Moons in a Week than a Lunatic has in a Year. His Passion is like Tinder, soon set on Fire, and as soon out again. The smallest Occasion imaginable puts him in his Fit, and then he has no Respect of Persons, strikes up the Heels of Stools and Chairs, tears Cards Limb-meal without Regard of Age, Sex, or Quality, and breaks the Bones of Dice, and makes them a dreadful Example to deter others from daring to take Part against him. He is guilty but

of Misprision of Madneſs, and, if the worſt come to the worſt, can but forfeit Eſtate, and ſuffer perpetual Liberty to ſay what he pleaſes. 'Tis true he is but a Candidate of *Bedlam*, and is not yet admitted Fellow, but has the Liſenſe of the College to praſtiſe, and in Time will not fail to come in according to his Seniority. He has his Grace for Madman, and has done his Exercifes, and nothing but his good Manners can put him by his Degree. He is, like a foul Chimney, eaſily ſet on Fire, and then he vapours and flaſhes, as if he would burn the Houſe, but is preſently put out with a greater Huff, and the mere Noiſe of a Piſtol reduces him to a quiet and peaceable Temper. His Temper is, like that of a Meteor, an imperfect Mixture, that ſparkles and flaſhes until it has ſpent it ſelf. All his Parts are iracible, and his Gall is too big for his Liver. His Spleen makes others laugh at him, and as ſoon as his Anger is over with others he begins to be angry with himſelf and ſorry. He is ſick of a prepoſterous Ague, and has his hot Fit always before his cold. The more violent, his Paſſion is the ſooner it is out, like a running Knot, that ſtrains hardeſt, but is eaſieſt looſed. He

is never very passionate but for Trifles, and is always most temperate where he has least Cause, like a Nettle, that stings worst when it is touched with soft and gentle Fingers, but when it is bruised with rugged hardned Hands returns no Harm at all,

A

L O V E R

IS a Kind of *Goth* and *Vandal*, that leaves his native Self to settle in another, or a Planter that forsakes his Country; where he was born, to labour and dig in *Virginia*. His Heart is caught in a Net with a Pair of bright shining Eyes, as Larks are with Pieces of a looking-Glass. He makes heavy Complaints against it for deserting of him, and desires to have another in Exchange for it, which is a very unreasonable Request; for if it betrayed its bosom Friend, what will it do to a Stranger, that should give it Trust and Entertainment? He binds himself, and cries out he is robbed of his Heart, and charges the Innocent with it, only to get a good Composition, or another for it, against all Conscience and Honesty. He talks much of his

Flame, and pretends to be burnt by his Mistress's Eyes, for which he requires Satisfaction from her, like one that sets his House on Fire to get a Brief for charitable Contributions. He makes his Mistress all of Stars, and when she is unkind, rails at them, as if they did ill Offices between them, and being of her Kin set her against him. He falls in Love as Men fall sick when their Bodies are inclined to it, and imputes that to his Mistress's Charms, which is really in his own Temper; for when that is altered, the other vanishes of it self, and therefore one said not amiss,

—————The Lilly and the Rose
Not in her Cheeks, but in thy Temper grows.

When his Desires are grown up, they swarm, and fly out to seek a new Habitation, and wheresoever they light they fix like Bees, among which some late Philosophers have observed that it is a Female that leads all the rest. Love is but a Clap of the Mind, a Kind of running of the Fancy, that breaks out, if it be not stopped in Time, into Botches of heroic Rime; for all Lovers are Poets for the Time

being, and make their Ladies a Kind of mo-
 faic Work of several coloured Stones joined
 together by a strong Fancy, but very stiff and
 unnatural; and though they steal Stars from
 Heaven, as *Prometheus* did Fire, to animate
 them, all will not make them alive, nor
 alives-liking.

A

TRANSLATER

DYES an Author, like an old Stuff, into a new Colour, but can never give it the Beauty and Lustre of the first Tincture; as Silks that are twice died lose their Glosses, and never receive a fair Colour. He is a small Factor, that imports Books of the Growth of one Language into another, but it seldom turns to Accompt; for the Commodity is perishable, and the finer it is the worse it endures Transportation; as the most delicate of *Indian Fruits* are by no Art to be brought over. Nevertheless he seldom fails of his Purpose, which is to please himself, and give the World notice that he understands one Language more than it was aware of; and that done he makes a saving Return. He is a *Truch-Man*, that interprets between learned Writers and gentle Readers, and uses both how he pleases; for he commonly

mistakes the one, and misinforms the other. If he does not perfectly understand the full Meaning of his Author as well as he did himself, he is but a Copier, and therefore never comes near the Mastery of the Original; and his Labours are like Dishes of Meat twice drest, that become insipid, and lose the pleasant Taste they had at first. He differs from an Author as a Fidler does from a Musician, that plays other Men's Compositions, but is not able to make any of his own. All his Studies tend to the Ruin of the Interests of Linguists; for by making those Books common, that were understood but by few in the Original, he endeavours to make the Rabble as wise as himself without taking Pains, and prevents others from studying Languages, to understand that which they may know as well without them. The Ancients, who never writ any Thing but what they stole and borrowed from others (and who was the first Inventor nobody knows) never used this Way; but what they found for their Purposes in other Authors they disguised, so that it past for their own: but to take whole Books and render them, as our Translators do, they always forbore, out of more or less Ingenuity is a Question; for they shewed more

in making what they liked their own, and less in not acknowledging from whence they had it. And though the *Romans* by the Laws of War laid claim to all Things, both sacred and profane, of those Nations whom they conquered; yet they never extended that Privilege to their Wit; but made that their own by another Title of the same Kind, and over-came their Wit with Wit.

A

R E B E L

IS a voluntary Bandit, a civil Renegado, that renounces his Obedience to his Prince, to raise himself upon the public Ruin. He is of great Antiquity, perhaps before the Creation, at least a *Præadamite*; for *Lucifer* was the first of his Family, and from him he derives himself in an indirect Line. He finds Fault with the Government, that he may get it the easier into his own Hands, as Men use to undervalue what they have a Desire to purchase. He is a Botcher of Politics, and a State-Tinker, that makes Flaws in the Government, only to mend them again. He goes for a public-spirited Man, and his Pretences are for the public Good, that is, for the Good of his own public Spirit. He pretends to be a great Lover of his Country, as if it had given him Love-powder, but it is merely out

of natural Affection to himself. He has a great Itch to be handling of Authority, though he cut his Fingers with it; and is resolved to raise himself, though it be but upon the Gallows. He is all for Peace and Truth, but not without Lying and Fighting. He plays a Game with the Hangman for the Cloaths on his Back, and when he throws out, he strips him to the Skin. He dies in hempen Sheets, and his Body is hanged, like his Ancestor *Mahomet's*, in the Air. He might have lived longer, if the Destinies had not spun his Thread of Life too strong. He is sure never to come to an untimely End; for by the Course of Law his Glass was out long before. He calls Rebellion and Treason laying out of himself for the Public; but being found to be false unlawful Coin, he was seized upon, and cut in Pieces, and hanged for falsifying himself. His espousing of Quarrels proves as fatal to his Country, as the *Parisian* Wedding did to *France*. He is like a Bell, that was made of Purpose to be hanged. He is a diseased Part of the Body politic, to which all the bad Humours gather. He picks Straws out of the Government like a Madman, and startles at them when he has done. He endeavours to raise himself, like a Boy's Kite, by

being pulled against the Wind. After all his Endeavours and Designs he is at length promoted to the Gallows, which is performed with a Cavalcade suitable to his Dignity; and after much Ceremony he is installed by the Hangman, with the general Applause of all Men, and dies singing like a Swan.

A

C I T Y - W I T

DEALS in a foreign Commodity, that is not of the Growth of the Place, and which his Neighbours have so little Judgment in, that he may put it off, how bad soever, at what Rate he pleases. His Wit is like a Piece of Buckram made of old Stuff new gum'd, and stiffened with Formality and Affectation, and rubbed into a forced Gloss; and he shews it to the best Advantage, as far as Impudence and Lying, the Virtues of his Education, can enable him. He can do nothing, if he has not somebody of less Confidence to play it upon, as a Boy does his Ball against a Wall, and as long as the dull Creature will endure it never lets it fall: But when he strikes too hard his Wit is returned upon him again, and has its Quarters beaten

up with Cuffs and Knocks over the Pate, which is commonly the Conclusion of his Horse or rather Ass-play. His Jests are so slight and apt to break, that like a Tilter's Lance, his Antagonist scarce feels them, and if he did not laugh at them himself, nobody would imagine by any Thing else what they were meant for; for he does it to make others laugh too, as those that gape set all that see them a gaping—But his Way is too rugged to provoke Laughter by any other Means; for he, that tickles a Man to make him laugh, must touch him gently and softly, not rub him hard. His Wit has never been observed to be of the right Breed, but always inclining to the Mungrel, whether his evil Education, the bad Customs of the Place, or a Kind of secret Fate be the Cause of it; for many others, that have had as great Disadvantages, have nevertheless arrived at strange Perfections: But as his Behaviour, which he learns insensibly from those he converses with, does plainly distinguish him from Men of freer Educations; so his Understanding receives that Alloy from the Reason and Judgment of those he has to do withal, that it can never be-

come considerable. For though many excellent Persons have been born and lived in the City, there are very few such that have been bred there, though they come from all Parts and Families of the Nation; for Wit is not the Practice of the Place, and a *London* Student is like an *University* Merchant.

A

SUPERSTITIOUS MAN

IS more zealous in his false mistaken Piety than others are in the Truth; for he that is in an Error has further to go than one that is in the right Way, and therefore is concerned to bestir himself, and make the more Speed. The Practice of his Religion is, like the Schoolmen's Speculations, full of Niceties and Tricks, that take up his whole Time, and do him more Hurt than Good. His Devotions are Labours, not *Exercises*, and he breaks the Sabbath in taking too much Pains to keep it. He makes a Conscience of so many Trifles and Niceties, that he has not leisure to consider Things, that are serious, and of real Weight. His Religion is too full of Fears and Jealousies to be true and faithful, and too solicitous and unquiet to continue in the Right, if it were so. And as those, that are Bunglers and unskilful in any Art, take more Pains to do nothing, be-

cause they are in a wrong Way, than those that are ready and expert, to do the excellentest Things: so the Errors and Mistakes of his Religion engage him in perpetual Troubles and Anxieties, without any Possibility of Improvement, until he unlearn all, and begin again upon a new Account. He talks much of the Justice and Merits of his Cause, and yet gets so many Advocates, that it is plain he does not believe himself; but having pleaded *not Guilty* he is concerned to defend himself as well as he can; while those that confess, and put themselves upon the Mercy of the Court have no more to do. His Religion is too full of Curiosities to be sound and useful, and is fitter for a Hypocrite than a Saint; for Curiosities are only for Show, and of no Use at all. His Conscience resides more in his Stomach than his Heart, and howsoever he keeps the Commandments, he never fails to keep a very pious Diet, and will rather starve than eat erroneously, or taste any Thing that is not perfectly orthodox and apostolical; and if Living and Eating are inseparable he is in the Right; and lives because he eats according to the truly ancient primitive Catholic Faith in the purest Times.

A

D R O L E

PLAYS his Part of Wit readily at first Sight, and sometimes better than with Practice. He is excellent at Voluntary and Pre-lude; but has no Skill in Composition. He will run Divisions upon any Ground very dextrously; but now and then mistakes a *Flat* for a *Sbarp*. He has a great deal of Wit, but it is not at his own disposing, nor can he command it when he pleases, unless it be in the Humour. His Fancy is counterchanged between Jest and Earnest; and the *Earnest* lies always in the *Jest*, and the *Jest* in the *Earnest*. He treats of all Matters and Persons by Way of Exercitation, without Respect of Things, Time, Place, or Occasion; and assumes the

Liberty of a freeborn *Englishman*, as if he were called to the long Robe with long Ears. He imposes a hard Task upon himself as well as those he converses with, and more than either can bear without a convenient Stock of Confidence. His whole Life is nothing but a Merry-Making, and his Business the same with a Fidler's, to play to all Companies where he comes, and take what they please to give him either of Applause, or Dislike; for he can do little without some Applauders, who by shewing him Ground make him out-do his own Expectation many Times, and theirs too; for they, that laugh on his Side and cry him up give Credit to his Confidence, and sometimes contribute more than half the Wit by making it better than he meant. He is impregnable to all Assaults but that of a greater Impudence, which being Stick-free puts him like a rough Fencer out of his Play, and after passes upon him at Pleasure; for when he is once routed, he never rallies again. He takes a View of a Man as a skilful Commander does of a Town he would besiege, to discover the weakest Places, where he may make his Approaches.

with the least Danger and most Advantages ;
 and when he finds himself mistaken draws
 off his Forces with admirable Caution and
 Consideration ; for his Business being only
 Wit, he thinks there is very little of that
 shown in exposing himself to any Inconve-
 nience.

A N

E M P I R I C

IS a Medicine-Monger, Probationer, of Receipts, and Doctor Epidemic. He is perpetually putting his Medicines upon their Tryal, and very often finds them guilty of Manſlaughter; but ſtill they have ſome Trick or other to come off, and avoid burning by the Hand of the Hangman. He prints his Trials of Skill, and challenges *Death* at ſo many ſeveral Weapons; and though he is ſure to be foiled at every one, he cares not; for if he can but get Money he is ſure to get off: For it is but poſting up Diſeaſes for Poltroons in all the public Places of the Town, and daring them to meet him again, and his Credit ſtands as fair with the Rabble, as ever it did. He makes nothing of the Pox

and running of the Reins, but will undertake to cure them and tye one Hand behind him, with so much Ease and Freedom, that his Patients may surfeit and be drunk as oft as they please, and follow their Business, that is, Whores and him, without any Inconvenience to their Health or Occasions, and recover with so much Secrefy, that they shall never know how it comes about. He professes *no Cure no Money*, as well he may; for if *Nature* does the Work he is paid for it, if not, he neither wins nor loses; and like a cunning Rook lays his Bet so artfully, that, let the Chance be what it will, he either wins or saves. He cheats the Rich for their Money, and the Poor for Charity, and if either succeed, both are pleased, and he passes for a very just and conscientious Man; for, as those that pay nothing ought at least to speak well of their Entertainment, their Testimony makes Way for those, that are able to pay for both. He finds he has no Reputation among those that know him, and fears he is never like to have, and therefore posts up his Bills, to see if he can thrive better among those that know nothing of him. He keeps his

Post continually, and will undertake to maintain it against all the Plagues of *Ægypt*. He sets up his Trade upon a Pillar, or the Corner of a Street—These are his Warehouses, where all he has is to be seen, and a great deal more; for he that looks further finds nothing at all.

T H E

O B S T I N A T E M A N

DOES not hold Opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possess'd with an Error, 'tis, like the Devil, not to be cast out but with great Difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning Man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His Ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by Art and Nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but Rubbish to defend. It is as dark as Pitch, and sticks as fast to any Thing it lays hold on. His Scull is so thick, that it is proof against any Reason, and never cracks but on the wrong Side, just opposite to that against which the Impression is made, which Surgeons say does happen very frequent-

ly. The flighter and more inconsistent his Opinions are the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for Opinions that are false ought to be held with more Strictness and Assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their Owners before they are aware. If he takes to Religion, he has Faith enough to save a hundred wiser Men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny Supererogation, and utterly disclaim any Overplus of Merits, yet he allows superabundant Belief, and if the *Violence* of Faith will *carry the Kingdom of Heaven*, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in Things indifferent, no Matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in Proportion to his weak Judgment, and he will rather suffer Self-Martyrdom than part with the least Scruple of his Freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark Ignorance into a lighter Colour. He is resolved to understand no Man's Reason but his own, because he finds no Man can understand his but himself. His Wits are like a Sack, which, the *French Proverb*

says, is tied faster before it is full, than when it is; and his Opinions are like Plants that grow upon Rocks, that stick fast though they have no Rooting. His Understanding is hardened like *Pharoab's* Heart, and is Proof against all Sorts of *Judgments* whatsoever.

A

Z E A L O T

IS a hot-headed Brother, that has his Understanding blocked up on both Sides, like a Fore-Horfe's Eyes, that he sees only streight forwards, and never looks about him; which makes him run on according as he is driven with his own Caprich. He starts and stops (as a Horfe does) at a Post, only because he does not know what it is; and thinks to run away from the Spur, while he carries it with him. He is very violent, as all Things that tend downward naturally are; for it is impossible to improve or raise him above his own Level. He runs swiftly before any Wind, like a Ship that has neither Freight nor Ballast, and is as apt to overset. When his Zeal takes Fire it cracks and flies about like a Squib, until the idle Stuff is spent, and then it goes out of it self. He is always troubled with small Scruples, which his Con-

science catches like the Itch, and the rubbing of these is both his Pleasure and his Pain: But for Things of greater Moment he is unconcerned; as Cattle in the Summer Time are more pestered with Flies, that vex their Sores, than Creatures more considerable; and Dust and Motes are apter to stick in blear Eyes than things of greater Weight. His Charity begins and ends at Home, for it never goes further, nor stirs abroad. *David* was eaten up with the Zeal of God's House; but his Zeal quite contrary eats up God's House; and as the Words seem to intimate, that *David* fed and maintained the Priests; so he makes the Priests feed and maintain him—And hence his Zeal is never so vehement, as when it concurs with his Interest; for as he stiles himself a Professor, it fares with him as with Men of other Professions, to live by his Calling, and get as much as he can by it. He is very severe to other Men's Sins, that his own may pass unsuspected, as those, that were engaged in the Conspiracy against *Nero*, were most cruel to their own Confederates, or as one says,

*Compounds for Sins he is inclin'd to
By damning those he has no Mind to.*

T H E

O V E R - D O E R

ALWAYS throws beyond the Jack, and is gone a Mile. He is no more able to contain himself than a Bowl is when he is commanded to rub with the greatest Power and Vehemence imaginable, and nothing lights in his Way. He is a Conjuror, that cannot keep within the Compass of his Circle, though he were sure the Devil would fetch him away for the least Transgression. He always overstocks his Ground, and starves instead of feeding, destroys whatsoever he has an extraordinary Care for, and like an Ape hugs the Whelp he loves most to Death. All his Designs are greater than the Life, and he laughs to think how *Nature* has mistaken her Match, and given him so much Odds, that he can easily outrun her. He allows of no Merit but that which is superabundant. All his Actions are superfæta-

tions, that either become Monsters or Twins, that is, too much, or the same again: for he is but a Supernumerary, and does nothing but for Want of a better. He is a civil *Catholic*, that holds nothing more stedfastly than Supererogation in all that he undertakes; for he undertakes nothing but what he overdoes. He is insatiable in all his Actions, and, like a covetous Person, never knows when he has done enough, until he has spoiled all by doing too much. He is his own Antagonist, and is never satisfied until he has outdone himself, as well as that which he proposed; for he loves to be better than his Word (though it always falls out worse) and deceive the World the wrong Way. He believes the Mean to be but a mean Thing, and therefore always runs into Extremities, as the more excellent, great, and transcendent. He delights to exceed in all his Attempts; for he finds that a Goose, that has three Legs, is more remarkable than a hundred, that have but two apiece, and has a greater Number of Followers; and that all Monsters are more visited and applied to than other Creatures that Nature has made perfect in their Kind. He believes he can never bestow too much Pains upon any Thing; for his

Industry is his own, and costs him nothing; and if it miscarry, he loses nothing, for he has as much as it was worth. He is like a foolish Musician, that sets his Instrument so high, that he breaks his Strings for Want of understanding the right Pitch of it; or an Archer, that breaks his Bow with over-bending; and all he does is forced, like one that sings above the Reach of his Voice,

A

J E A L O U S M A N

IS very unsettled in his Mind and full of Doubts, whether he should take his Wife *for better, or for worse*. He knows not what to make of himself, but fears his Wife does, and that she made him and his Heir at a Heat : His Horns grow inward, and are very uneasy and painful to his Brain. He breaks his Sleep in watching Opportunities to catch himself Cuckold in the Manner. He fancies himself regenerate in the Body of his Wife, and desires nothing more, than with *Cardan* and *Guffman* to know all the Particulars and Circumstances of his own Begetting. He beats his Brains perpetually to try the Hardness of his Head, and find out how the Callus improves from Time to Time. He breeds Horns, as Children do Teeth, with much Pain and Unquietness; and (as some Husbands are said to be)

is sick at the Stomach and pukes when his Wife breeds. Her Pleasures become his Pains, and, by an odd Kind of Sympathy, the Bobs she receives below break out on his Forehead, like a Tobacco-Pipe, that being knocked at one End breaks at the other. He seeks after his Honour and Satisfaction with the same Success as those do, that are robbed, who may, perhaps, find the Thief, but seldom or never get their Goods again. He throws Cross and Pile to prove himself a Cuckold or not, and as the World is always apt to side with the worst Sense, let his Chance prove what it will, he plays *at Cross you loose, and Pile I win*. The Remedies he takes to cure his Jealousy are worse than the Disease; for if his Suspicion be true it is past Cure; if false, he gives his Wife just Cause to make it true; for it is not the Part of a virtuous Woman to suffer her Husband knowingly to continue in an Error.

A N
I N S O L E N T M A N

DOES Mischief, like a Person of Quality, merely for his Sport, and affronts a Man voluntarily of his own free Inclination, without any Merit of his, or Advantage of his own, or Expectation of Return, merely to please himself. The meaner his Condition is, the more barbarous his Insolence appears; for Vices in the Rabble are like Weeds, that grow rankest on a Dunghill. He has no Way to advance his own Pride, or Worth as he takes it, but by treading with Contempt and Scorn upon others. If he is in Authority, he does it not by the Virtue, but Vice of his Place; and the more odious his Carriage is the more he supposes it becomes him and his Authority. It is more notorious in base Persons than others, and most in Slaves, as Dogs, that use to be tied up, are fiercer when they are let loose.

He raises himself as high as his Pride and Vain-glory will bear him, that he may light the heavier upon those that are under him; for he never meddles with others, unless he is sure of the Advantage, and knows how to come off. He treats Men more rudely than the Hangman, and wants his Civility to ask them Pardon for the ill Accommodation they are like to have from him. He uses Men the best Way that he understands, and the worst that they do; for when he thinks to appear bravest they esteem him the veriest Wretch in the World. He is a small petty Tyrant, and in that is so much the worse; for the meanest Tyrannies are always the most insufferable, as the thinner the Air is, the more it pierces. He is a dissenting Brother to Humanity, and as zealously barbarous in civil Affairs, as others are made by their Churches. His Composition is nothing but Pride and Choler, and he is hot in the fourth Degree, which is the next Door but one, on the left Hand as you go, to Poison. The only Way to deal with him is to despise him; for no wise Man will be mad, if he can help it, because he is bitten by a mad-Dog.

T H E
R A S H M A N

HAS a Fever in his Brain, and therefore is rightly said to be hot-headed. His Reason and his Actions run down Hill, born headlong by his unsteady Will. He has not Patience to consider, and, perhaps, it would not be the better for him if he had; for he is so possessed with the first Apprehension of any Thing, that whatsoever comes after loses the Race, and is prejudged. All his Actions, like Sins, lead him perpetually to Repentance, and from thence to the Place from whence they came, to make more Work for Repentance; for though he be corrected never so often he is never amended, nor will his Haste give him time to call to mind where it made him stumble before; for he is always

upon full Speed, and the Quickness of his Motions takes away and dazzles the Eyes of his Understanding. All his Designs are like Diseases, with which he is taken suddenly before he is aware, and whatsoever he does is extempore, without Premeditation; for he believes a sudden Life to be the best of all, as some do a sudden Death. He pursues Things, as Men do an Enemy upon a Retreat, until he is drawn into an Ambush for Want of Heed and Circumspection. He falls upon Things as they lie in his Way, as if he stumbled at them, or his Foot slipped and cast him upon them; for he is commonly foiled and comes off with Bruises. He engages in Business, as Men do in Duels, the sooner the better, that, if any Evil come of it, they may not be found to have slept upon it, or consulted with an effeminate Pillow in Point of Honour and Courage. He strikes when he is hot himself, not when the Iron is so, which he designs to work upon. His Tongue has no retentive Faculty, but is always running like a Fool's Drivel. He cannot keep it within Compass, but it will be al-

ways upon the Ramble, and playing of Trick^s upon a Frolic, fancying of Passes upon Religion, State, and the Persons of those, that are in present Authority, no Matter how, to whom, or where; for his Discretion is always out of the Way, when he has Occasion to make Use of it.

A

P I M P

IS a Soliciter of Love, a Whore's Broker, Procurator of the most serene Commonwealth of Sinners, and Agent for the Flesh and the Devil. He is a Bawd's *Legate a latere*—His Function chiefly consists in maintaining constant Correspondence and Intelligence, not only domestic, that is, with all Houses profess'd, but also foreign, that is, with all *Lay-Sisters*, and such as are *in voto* only. He disguises himself in as many Habits as a *Romish* Priest, from a Person of Honour to the Person of a Footman; but most commonly (as those others do) in that of a Gentleman; for among such his Business chiefly lies. He is the Bawd's Loader, that brings Corn to her Mill: But he never thrives considerably in his Vocation

without the Assistance of some necessary Profession, as Medicine, Astrology, silenced Ministry, &c. which are wonderful Helps both for Disguise and Access. But if he want these Advantages, and be but a mere Pimp of Fortune, he endeavours to appear, as if he did it for his Pleasure, out of a generous Freedom to communicate his own Diversions with a Friend, and talks much of one Gentleman for another: nevertheless he suffers many dishonourable Indignities from the Ladies he relates to, who very well knowing his Calling to be but ministerial and subordinate to their own, fail not upon all Occasions to insult most tyrannically over him. Between these and the Justice he lives under an arbitrary Government, much subject to Tribulation and Oppression, unless he happen to be in Commission himself (as it sometimes happens) and then he suppresses all others, and engrosses the whole Trade into his own Hands. Nothing renders him so accomplished as curing of Claps; for then the one Operation assisting the other he is sure never to be out of Employment. His Profession is of great Antiquity and Renown, and has been honoured by Emperors and great

Philosophers, that have been free of his Company: for *Caligula* kept a Bawdy-House himself, and *Otho* and *Seneca* were Pimps to *Nero*. He is a Squire by his Place; for if Matrimony be honourable, Fornication is at least worshipful. He is a perpetual Brideman, and by his Privilege may wear Garters in his Hat. He is a Settler of Jointures, and the Devil's Parson, that joins Man and Woman together in the unholy State of Incontinence. His Life is a perpetual Wedding, and he is curst as often as a Matchmaker. He is a great Friend to Mountebanks; for where his Work ends the others commonly begins, and they gain more by him than the Plague, and he brings them in more Custom than their Bills. He is the Whores Jackal, that hunts out Treats for them all Day, and at Night has his Share in a Tavern-Supper, or a Treat at the *setting Dog and Partridge*, a very significant Sign, like the Brokers *Bird in Hand*. He is the *Sylvan* to the Dryades of *Lewkner's Lane*, and Hamadryades of *little Sodom*. He fastens his Plough to the Tail, as the *Irish* do, and when one is rendered unserviceable he gets another. He is the Fore-

man of a Bawd's Shop. He is Remembrancer of Opportunity, and a Doorkeeper in the House of the Devil. He is a Conjunction copulative, that joins different Cases, Genders, and Persons,

—————A Pimp

Is but a Whore's Familiar, or her Imp.

T H E

AFFECTED or FORMAL

IS a Piece of Clockwork, that moves only as it is wound up and set, and not like a voluntary Agent. He is a mathematical Body, nothing but *punctum, linea & superficies*, and perfectly abstract from Matter. He walks as stiffly and uprightly as a Dog that is taught to go on his hinder Legs, and carries his Hands as the other does his Fore-feet. He is very ceremonious and full of Respect to himself, for no Man uses those Formalities, that does not expect the same from others. All his Actions and Words are set down in so exact a Method, that an indifferent Accomptant may cast him up to a Half-penny Farthing. He does every Thing by Rule, as if it were in a Course of *Lessius's* Diet, and did not eat, but take a Dose of Meat and Drink, and not walk, but proceed, not go, but march. He draws

up himself with admirable Conduct in a very regular and well-ordered Body. All his Business and Affairs are Junctures and Transactions; and when he speaks with a Man he gives him Audience. He does not carry, but marshal himself; and no one Member of his Body politic takes Place of another without due Right of Precedence. He does all Things by Rules of Proportion, and never gives himself the Freedom to manage his Gloves or his Watch in an irregular and arbitrary Way; but is always ready to render an Account of his Demeanour to the most strict and severe Disquisition. He sets his Face as if it were cast in Plaster, and never admits of any Commotion in his Countenance, nor so much as the Innovation of a Smile without serious and mature Deliberation; but preserves his Looks in a judicial Way, according as they have always been established.

F L A T T E R E R

IS a Dog, that fawns when he bites. He hangs Bells in a Man's Ears, as a Carman does by his Horse, while he lays a heavy Load upon his Back. His Innuentions are like strong Wines, that please a Man's Palate till it has got within him, and then deprives him of his Reason, and overthrows him. His Business is to render a Man a stranger to himself, and get between him and Home, and then he carries him, whither he pleases. He is a Spirit, that inveighs away a Man from himself, undertakes great Matters for him, and after sells him for a Slave. He makes Division, not only between a Man and his Friends, but between a Man and himself, raises a Faction within him, and after takes

Part with the strongest Side, and ruins both. He steals him away from himself (as the Fairies are said to do Children in the Cradle) and after changes him for a Fool. He whistles to him, as a Carter does to his Horse, while he whips out his Eyes, and makes him draw what he pleases. He finds out his Humour and feeds it, till it will come to Hand; and then he leads him whither he pleases. He tickles him, as they do Trouts, until he lays hold on him, and then devours and feeds upon him. He tickles his Ears with a Straw, and while he is pleased with scratching it, picks his Pocket, as the Cut-purse served *Bartl. Cokes*. He embraces him and hugs him in his Arms, and lifts him above Ground, as Wrestlers do, to throw him down again, and fall upon him. He possesses him with his own Praises like an evil Spirit, that makes him swell, and appear stronger than he was, talk what he does not understand, and do Things that he knows nothing of, when he comes to himself. He *gives* good Words, as Doctors are said to *give* Physick, when they are paid for it, and Lawyer's Advice, when they are fee'd beforehand. He is a poisoned Perfume, that

infects the Brain, and murders those it pleases. He undermines a Man, and blows him up with his own Praises, to throw him down. He commends a Man out of Design, that he may be presented with him, and have him for his Pains, according to the Mode.

A

P R O D I G A L

IS a Pocket with a Hole in the Bottom. His Purse has got a Dyfentery, and loft its Retentive Faculty. He delights, like a fat overgrown Man, to fee himself fall away, and grow lefs. He does not fpend his Money, but void it, and, like thofe that have the Stone, is in Pain till he is rid of it. He is very loofe and incontinent of his Coin, and lets it fly, like *Jupiter*, in a Shower. He is very hofpitable, and keeps open Pockets for all Comers. All his Silver turns to Mercury, and runs through him as if he had taken it for the *miferere*, or fluxed himfelf. The History of his Life begins with keeping of Whores, and ends with keeping of Hogs, and as he fed high at firft, fo he does at laft; for Acorns are very high

He dufts his Eflate, &c.] Dufting a Stand of Ale is a Set of jolly Topers agreeing to purchafe a Barrel of Ale, and each one being

Food. He swallows Land and Houses like an Earthquake, eats a whole dining-Room at a Meal, and devours his Kitchen at a Breakfast. He wears the Furniture of his House on his Back, and a whole feathered-Bed in his Hat, drinks down his Plate, and eats his Dishes up. He is not cloathed, but hung. He'll fancy Dancers Cattle, and present his Lady with Messuage and Tenement. He sets his Horses at *Inn and Inn*, and throws himself out of his Coach at *come the Caster*. He should be a good Husband, for he has made more of his Estate in one Year, than his Ancestors did in twenty. He *dufts* his Estate, as they do a Stand of Ale in the North. His Money in his Pocket (like hunted Venison) will not keep; if it be not spent presently it grows stale, and is thrown away. He possesses his Estate as the Devil did the Herd of Swine, and is running it into the Sea as fast as he can. He has shot it with a *Zampatan*, and it will presently fall all to Dust. He has brought his Acres into a Consumption, and they are strangely fallen away, nothing but Skin and Bones left of a whole Manor. He

provided with a Cup, to turn the Cock, and continue successively drinking till all is run out. This is a Custom in some Parts of *Lancestr.*

will shortly have all his Estate in his Hands ; for, like *Bias*, he may carry it about him. He lays up nothing but Debts and Diseases, and at length himself in a Prison. When he has spent all upon his Pleasures, and has nothing left for Sustainance, he espouses an Hostess Dowager, and resolves to lick himself whole again out of Ale, and make it pay him back all the Charges it has put him to.

A

P E T T I F O G G E R

IS an under-Coat to the Long-robe, a Kind of a coarse Jacket, or dirty daggled Skirt and Tail of the long-Robe. His Business is, like a Spaniel's, to hunt and spring Contention for the long-winded Buzzards to fly at. He is a fast Friend to all Courts of Justice, but a mortal Foe to *Justice* herself; as some Catholics have a great Reverence for the *Church*, but hate the *Court of Rome*. He is a Kind of Law-Hector, that lives by making Quarrels between Man and Man, and prosecuting or compounding them to his own Advantage. He is a constant Frequenter of country Fairs and Markets, where he keeps the Clowns in Awe with his Tricks in Law, and they fear him like a Conjuror or a cunning Man. He is no Gentleman, but a Varlet of the Long-robe, a Purveyor of Suits and Differences, most of which

he converts to his own Benefit, and the rest to the Use of those he belongs to. He is a Law-seminary, that sows Tares amongst Friends to entangle them in Contention with one another, and suck the Nourishment from both. He is like a Ferret in a Coney-Borough, that drives the poor silly Animals into the Purse-Net of the Law, to have their Skins stripped off, and be preyed upon. He has a Cloud of Witnesses always in a Readiness to obscure Truth, and swear Things into any Shape he has Occasion for, as Men fancy they see Armies fighting in the Air. He propagates the Law as Jesuits do the Gospel, and with much the same Integrity and Uprightness: for his Business is to debauch and pervert the Law, and make it act quite contrary to its own Conscience and Understanding, and like an Hypocrite say one Thing and do another. When he is engaged on one Side he has his Choice of both, and can take either as he finds it serve best to his own Advantage. His ablest Performances are to help a Cause out at a Pinch for Want of Evidence; this he atchieves by Virtue of his Intimacy and Correspondence with *Knights of the Post, common Bayl and Affidavit-Men*. He is a tame Beast of Prey, an Animal that lives

both by Land and Water; for when he walks afoot through the Dirt, he is paid for Boat and Coach-hire by his Clients, as if he never went without a Train to attend him. He instructs the Council to instruct him; and very justly gives them the one half of the Clients Fees for their Advice, and keeps the other himself for his own.

A

B A N K R U P T

IS made by breaking, as a Bird is hatched by breaking the Shell, for he gains more by giving over his Trade, than ever he did by dealing in it. He drives a Trade, as *Oliver Cromwel* did a Coach, till it broke in Pieces. He is very tender and careful in preserving his Credit, and keeps it as methodically as a Race-nag is dieted, that in the End he may run away with it: for he observes a punctual Curiosity in performing his Word, until he has improved his Credit as far as it can go; and then he has caught the Fish, and throws away the Net; as a Butcher, when he has fed his Beast as fat as it can grow, cuts the Throat

of it. When he has brought his Design to Perfection, and disposed of all his Materials, he lays his Train, like a Powder Traytor, and gets out of the Way, while he blows up all those that trusted him. After the Blow is given there is no Manner of Intelligence to be had of him for some Months, until the Rage and Fury is somewhat digested, and all Hopes vanished of ever recovering any Thing of Body, or Goods, for Revenge, or Restitution; and then Propositions of Treaty and Accommodation appear, like the Sign of the *Hand and Pen* out of the Clouds, with Conditions more unreasonable than Thieves are wont to demand for Restitution of stolen Goods. He shoots like a Fowler at a whole Flock of Geese at once, and stalks with his Horse to come as near as possibly he can without being perceived by any one, or giving the least Suspicion of his Design, until it is too late to prevent it; and then he flies from them, as they should have done before from him. His Way is so commonly used in the City, that he robs in a Road, like a Highwayman, and yet they will never arrive at Wit enough to avoid it; for it is done

upon Surprise; and as Thieves are commonly better mounted than those they rob, he very easily makes his Escape, and flies beyond Pursuit of Huon-cries, and there is no Possibility of overtaking him.

THE

I N C O N S T A N T

HAS a vagabond Soul, without any settled Place of Abode, like the *wandering Jew*. His Head is unfixed, out of Order, and utterly unserviceable upon any Occasion. He is very apt to be taken with any Thing, but nothing can hold him; for he presently breaks loose, and gives it the Slip. His Head is troubled with a Palsy, which renders it perpetually wavering and incapable of Rest. His Head is like an hour-Glass, that Part that is uppermost always runs out until it is turned, and then runs out again. His Opinions are too violent to last; for, like other Things of the same Kind in Nature, they quickly spend themselves, and fall to no-

thing. All his Opinions are like *Wefts* and *Strays*, that are apt to straggle from their Owner, and belong to the *Lord of the Manour*, where they are taken up. His Soul has no retentive Faculty, but suffers every Thing to run from him, as fast as he receives it. His whole Life is like a preposterous Ague, in which he has his hot Fit always before his cold one, and is never in a constant Temper. His Principles and Resolves are but a Kind of Moveables, which he will not endure to be fastened to any Freehold, but left loose to be conveyed away at Pleasure, as Occasion shall please to dispose of him. His Soul dwells, like a *Tartar*, in a Hoord, without any settled Habitation, but is always removing and dislodging from Place to Place. He changes his Head oftner than a Deer, and when his Imaginations are stiff and at their full Growth, he casts them off to breed new ones, only to cast off again the next Season. All his Purposes are built on Air, the Chamelions Diet, and have the same Operation to make him change Colour with every Object he comes near. He pulls off his Judgment, as commonly as his Hat, to every one he meets with.

His Word and his Deed are all one; for when he has given his Word he has *done*, and never goes further. His Judgment being unsound has the same Operation upon him, that a Disease has upon a sick Man, that makes him find some Ease in turning from Side to Side, and still the last is the most uneasy.

A

H O R S E - C O U R S E R

IS one that has read Horses, and understands all the Virtues and Vices of the whole Species by being conversant with them, and how to make his best Advantage of both. He makes his first Applications to a Horse, as some Lovers do to a Mistress, with special Regard to her Eyes and Legs, and passes over other Parts with less severe and curious Scrutiny. He understands all Diseases incident to the Body of a Horse, and what to abate in the Price for every one, according as it is capable either of Cure, or Disguise. He has more Ways to hide Defects in Horse-flesh, than Women have Decays in Faces, among which Oaths and Lies are the most general; for when they are applied warm they serve, like an universal Medicine, to cure all Infirm-

mities alike; for he that affirms or denies any Thing confidently is sure to gain some Belief, though from an equal Obstinacy; as two Stones of equal Hardness rubbed together will tear something from one another; and false Wares will not be put off, but by false Means, as all Things are maintained and nourished by that which is agreeable to their own Nature. All his other Operations are nothing to that of Quacking, with which he will put off Diseases as fast as a Mountebank does Cures. He understands the Chronology of a Horse's Mouth most critically, and will find out the Year of his Nativity by it, as certainly as if he had been at the Mare's Labour that bore him. All his Arts will not serve to counterfeit a Horse's Paces; but he has a lere Trick, that serves instead of it, and that is, to cry down all those Paces which he wants, and magnify those he has. When he is lame of one Foot he has a very fine Expedient, by pricking the other over-against it, to make him go right again. He is a strict Observer of Saints Days, only for the Fairs that are kept on them, and knows which is the best Patron for buying, and

which for selling: For Religion having been always a Traffic, the Saints have in all Ages been esteemed the most fit and proper to have the Charge of all Fairs, where all Sorts of Trades are most used; and always where a Saint has a Fair he has a Church too, as *St. Peter's in Westminster, St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, &c.*

A

G L U T T O N

EATS his Children, as the Poets say *Saturn* did, and carries his Felicity and all his Concernments in his Paunch. If he had lived when all the Members of the Body rebell'd against the Stomach, there had been no Possibility of Accommodation. His Entrails are like the *Sarcophagus*, that devours dead Bodies in a small Space, or the *Indian Zampatan*, that consumes Flesh in a Moment. He is a great Dish made on Purpose to carry Meat. He eats out his own Head and his Horses too—He knows no Grace, but Grace before Meat, nor Mortification but in fasting. If the Body be the Tabernacle of the Soul, his lives in a Sutler's Hut. He celebrates *Mafs*, or rather *Mefs*, to the Idol in his Belly, and, like a *Papist*, eats his Adoration. A third Course is the third Heaven to him, and he is ravished into it. A Feast is a good Conscience to him;

and he is troubled in Mind, when he misses of it. His Teeth are very industrious in their calling; and his Chops like a *Bridewell* perpetually hatcheling. He depraves his Appetite with Haut-Goufts, as old Fornicators do their Lechery, into Fulsomness and Stinks. He licks himself into the Shape of a Bear, as those Beasts are said to do their Whelps. He new forms himself in his own Belly, and becomes another Thing than *God* and *Nature* meant him. His Belly takes Place of the Rest of his Members, and walks before in State. He eats out that which eats all Things else, Time; and is very curious to have all Things in Season at his Meals, but his Hours, which are commonly at Midnight, and so late, that he prays too late for his daily Bread, unless he mean his natural daily Bread. He is admirably learned in the Doctrines of Meats and Sauces, and deserves the Chair in *Juris-Prudentia*, that is in *the Skill of Pottages*. At length he eats his Life out of House and Home, and becomes a Treat for Worms, sells his Cloaths to feed his Gluttony, and eats himself naked, as the first of his Family, *Adam*, did.—

A

R I B A L D

IS the Devil's Hypocrite, that endeavours to make himself appear worse than he is. His evil Words and bad Manners strive which shall most corrupt one another, and it is hard to say which has the Advantage. He vents his Lechery at the Mouth, as some Fishes are said to engender. He is an unclean Beast that chews the Cud; for after he has satisfied his Lust, he brings it up again into his Mouth to a second Enjoyment, and plays an After-game of Letchery with his Tongue much worse than that which the *Cunnilingi* used among the old *Romans*. He strips Nature stark-naked, and clothes her in the most fantastic and ridiculous Fashion a wild Imagination can invent. He is worse and more nasty than a Dog; for in his broad Descriptions of others obscene Actions he does but lick up the Vomit of ano-

ther Man's Surfeits. He tells Tales out of a vaulting School. A leud baudy Tale does more Hurt, and gives a worse Example than the Thing of which it was told; for the Act extends but to few, and if it be concealed goes no further; but the Report of it is unlimited, and may be conveyed to all People, and all Times to come. He exposes that with his Tongue, which Nature gave Women Modesty, and brute Beasts Tails to cover. He mistakes Ribaldry for Wit, though nothing is more unlike, and believes himself to be the finer Man the filthier he talks; as if he were above Civility, as *Fanatics* are above Ordinances, and held nothing more shameful than to be ashamed of any Thing. He talks nothing but *Aretine's* Pictures, as plain as the *Scotch* Dialect, which is esteemed to be the most copious and elegant of the Kind. He improves and husbands his Sins to the best Advantage, and makes one Vice find Employment for another; for what he acts loosely in private, he talks as loosely of in public, and finds as much Pleasure in the one as the other. He endeavours to make himself Satisfaction for the Pangs his Claps and Botches put him to with

vapouring and bragging how he came by them. He endeavours to purchase himself a Reputation by pretending to that which the best Men abominate, and the worst value not, like one that clips and washes false Coin, and ventures his Neck for that which will yield him nothing.

T H O U G H T S
U P O N
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

FAITH is so far from being above Reason, and Knowledge, that it is below Ignorance, which it depends upon: for no Man can believe and not be ignorant; but he may be ignorant and not believe—Whensoever Reason and Demonstration appear, Faith and Ignorance vanish together.

They that dispute Matters of Faith into nice Particulars and curious Circumstances, do as unwisely as a Geographer, that would undertake to draw a true Map of *Terra Incognita*, by mere Imagination. For though there is such a Part of the Earth, and that not without Mountains and Vallies, and Plains, and

Rivers; yet to attempt the Description of these, and assign their Situations and Tracts, without a View of the Place, is more than ridiculous.

He that thinks to please God by forcing his Understanding in Disquisitions of him beyond the Limits, which he has been pleased to prescribe, beside the Loss of his Labour, does but endeavour to intrude where he is denied Access, and preposterously attempts to serve God by disobeying him.

It is a dangerous Thing to be too inquisitive, and to search too narrowly into a *true* Religion: for fifty thousand *Bethshemites* were destroyed for looking into the *Ark of the Covenant*; and ten Times as many have been ruined for looking too curiously into that Book, in which that Story is recorded.

They that believe God does not foresee Accidents, because nothing can be known that is not, and Accidents have no being until they are in Act, are very much mistaken: for *Accident* is but a Term invented to relieve Ignorance

of Causes, as Physicians use to call the strange Operations of Plants and Minerals *occult Qualities*; not that they are without their Causes, but that their Causes are unknown. And, indeed, there is not any Thing in Nature, or Event, that has not a Pedigree of Causes, which, tho' obscure to us, cannot be so to God, who is the first Cause of all Things.

Men inflict and suffer Persecution for Religion with equal Zeal, and tho' both pretend to Conscience, both oftentimes are equally mistaken.

Almost all the Miracles in the *Jewish* History, from their Deliverance from their first Slavery by the Plagues of *Egypt*, to their second Captivity in *Babylon*, were performed by the Destruction, Ruin, and Calamity of Mankind—But all those, that our Saviour wrought to confirm his Doctrine, quite contrary, by raising the Dead to Life, curing of desperate Diseases, making the Blind see, casting out of Devils, and feeding of hungry Multitudes, &c. but never doing Harm to any Thing; all suitable to those excellent Lessons of Peace, Love, Charity, and Concord, to which the

whole Purpose of all that he did or said perpetually tended—Whosoever, therefore, does endeavour to draw Rules or Examples for the Practice of Christianity from the extraordinary Proceedings of the *Jews*, must of Necessity make a strange Confusion and adulterate Mixture of the Christian Religion, by depraving and alloying it with that, which is so directly averse and contrary to its own Nature. And as this unnatural Mixture of two different Religions was the first Cause of Dissension among the Apostles themselves, and afterwards determined and resolved against by them all: so there is no Doctrine of Rebellion, that was ever vented among Christians, that was not revived and raised from this Kind of false and forced Construction.

The Enmities of religious People would never rise to such a Height, were it not for their Mistake, that God is better served with their Opinions than their Practices; Opinions being very inconsiderable further than they have Influence upon Actions.

All Reformations of Religion seldom extend further than the mere Opinions of Men. The Amendment of their Lives and Conversations are equally unregarded by all Churches, how much soever they differ in Doctrine and Discipline. And though all the Reformation our Saviour preached to the World was only Repentance and Amendment of Life, without taking any Notice at all of Mens Opinions and Judgments; yet all the Christian Churches take the contrary Course, and believe Religion more concerned in one erroneous Opinion, than all the most inhuman and impious Actions in the World.

Charity is the chiefest of all christian Virtues, without which all the rest signify nothing: for *Faith* and *Hope* can only bring us on our Way to the Confines of this World; but *Charity* is not only our Convoy to Heaven, but engaged to stay with us there for ever—And yet there is not any Sort of religious People in the World, that will not renounce and disclaim this necessary Cause of Salvation for mere Trifles of the slightest Moment imaginable; nay, will not preposterously endeavour to secure their

eternal Happiness by destroying that, without which it is never to be obtained. From hence are all their spiritual Quarrels derived, and such punctilios of Opinion, that though more nice and peevish than those of Love and Honour in Romances, are yet maintained with such Animosities, as if Heaven were to be purchased no Way but that, which is the most certain, and infallible of all others to lose it.

They that profess Religion, and believe it consists in frequenting of Sermons, do as if they should say, they have a great Desire to serve God, but would fain be persuaded to it.

The Religion of the *Pagans* had its Foundation upon natural Philosophy, as the *Christian* may seem to have upon moral: for all those Gods, which the Ancients worshipped as Persons, did but represent the several Operations of Nature upon several Kinds of Matter; which being wrought by an invisible and unintelligible Power, the wisest Men of those Times could invent no Way so fit and proper to reduce them, with Respect and Reverence, to the

vulgar Capacity, as by expressing them by the Figures of Men and Women (like the *Egyptian* Hieroglyphics, or as Poets and Painters do Virtues and Vices) and by ascribing Divinity to them introduce a Veneration in the Minds of the common People, (who are apt to contemn any Thing they can understand, and admire nothing but what is above their Capacity) which they would never have received upon any other Account; and therefore with great Piety and Devotion adored those Notions represented by Statues and Images, which they would never have regarded, if they had understood—If they had understood the natural Reason of Thunder, they would never have sacrificed to *Jupiter*, to divert it from themselves. Their Capacities are naturally too dull to apprehend any Thing, that is ever so little removed from outward Sense, though it be derived from it; but are wonderfully acute at unridling of Mysteries, and such Things as have no Relation at all to it.

The Papists say they believe as the Church believes, and the Protestants laugh at them for it, but do the very same Thing themselves; all the Difference is, the first believes by Wholesale, and the last by Retail—The Papists believe

something, but they know not what; the Protestant believes this or that, but he knows not what it is—The Papist believes what he cannot understand without Examination; the Protestant will examine, though he cannot understand, before he will believe; so that though they differ in Words, they agree in the same Thing.

The Christian Religion in the primitive Times was bred up under the greatest Tyranny in the World, and was propagated by being oppressed and prosecuted; but in after Times, when it was delivered from that Slavery, it inclined to be tyrannical it self: for when the Popes had reduced their cruellest Enemies the *Roman* Emperors, they assumed a greater and more extravagant Power, than the others ever pretended to; as if Religion having served out an Apprenticeship to Tyranny, as soon as it was out of its Time, had set up for itself.

All the Business of the World is but Diversion, and all the Happiness in it, that Mankind is capable of, any Thing that will keep it from reflecting upon the Misery, Vanity, and Nonsense of it; and whoever can by any

Trick keep himself from thinking of it, is as wise and happy as the best Man in it.

The more silly and ridiculous Things are in themselves, the more sacred and solemn Pretences they require to set them off.

There are more Fools than Knaves in the World, else the Knaves would not have enough to live upon.

Most Men owe their Misfortunes rather to their Want of Dishonesty than Wit.

The greatest Drunkards are the worst Judges of Wine; the most insatiable Letchers the most ignorant Critics in Women; and the greediest Appetites, of the best Cookery of Meats—— For those, that use Excess in any Thing, never understand the Truth of it, which always lies in the Mean.

Courts of Justice are like Court-Cards, which nobody wins by, but another loses, according as they are dealt; and commonly there is as much Chance in the one as the other, and

no less shuffling—One Ace beats them all as O. C. did.

A Client is fain to hire a Lawyer to keep him from the Injury of other Lawyers; as Christians, that travel in *Turkey*, are forced to hire Janizaries to protect them from the Infolencies of other *Turks*.

It is a wonderful silly Distinction that Divines make between getting of Children for Procreation only, and out of natural Concupiscence, which was only provided by Nature as a necessary Means to produce the other; as if it were a Sin to eat for Hunger, but not for the Support of Life.

This Age will serve to make a very pretty Farce for the next, if it have any Wit at all to make Use of it.

Great Persons of our Times do like *Abfalom*, when he rebelled against his Father, commit Iniquity upon the Tops of Houses, that all People may see and take Notice of it.

The present Government does by the late Rebels like the Kingdom of Heaven, that is better pleased with the Conversion of one Sinner, than ninety nine righteous Persons, that need no Repentance.

Public Actions are like Watches, that have fine Cases of Gold or Silver, with a Window of Chrystal to see the Pretences; but the Movement is of baser Metal, and the Original of all, the Spring, a crooked Piece of Steel—So in the Affairs of State, the solemn Professions of *Religion, Justice, and Liberty* are but Pretences to conceal *Ambition, Rapine, and useful Cheat*.

Dull-witted Persons are commonly the fittest Instruments for Wisemen to employ, if they have but Sense enough to observe Directions; the Speculation of such Men into the Reason of Affairs being unsafe, and their Knowledge of why, or to what End they act, as unnecessary as it is for a Saw to know what it cuts.

The chiefest Art of Government is to convert the Ignorance, Folly and Madness of Mankind, as much as may be to their own Good,

which can never be done by telling them Truth and Reason, or using any direct Means; but by little Tricks and Devices (as they cure Madmen) that work upon their Hopes and Fears, to which their Ignorance naturally inclines them.

There is no Difference between a Government that is managed by Law, and one that is maintained by Force, but that the one oppresses in a gentle, and the other in a rugged Way.

Princes, that have the Command of other Men, have less Freedom themselves than the meanest of their Subjects, and are tied to greater Reservations and Forbearances than the Rest of Mankind: for just so much Respect as they shew to the public Opinion of the World, will the World have of them, and no more.

If the Power of our House of Commons were in any one single Person it would easily devour all the rest, and convert them into itself, as it did when it was but in few Hands; for the Power of the Purse has naturally a greater

Command than any other—But nothing keeps it within its Bounds so much as being divided among so many Persons of equal Shares, who, like all Crowds, do but hinder one another in all Things that they undertake. For an Army of all Commanders would be in a worse Condition than one that has none at all; and though *Solomon* says, in many Counsellors there is Strength, it is but like that of a Beast, that knows not how to make Use of it.

There is nothing in Nature more arbitrary than a Parliament, and yet there is nothing else, that is able to preserve the Nation from being governed by an arbitrary Power, and confine Authority within a limited Compass; as a Prop can make a falling House stand firm, though it cannot stand of itself, and a Bow make an Arrow fly, though it cannot fly itself.

The Preferment of Fools and undeserving Persons is not so much an Honour to them, as Infamy and Dishonour to those that raise them; for when a Prince confers Honour on those, that do not deserve it, he throws it away out of his own Stock, and leaves himself so much

the less, as he parts with to those that want Merit to pretend to it; and by that ill Husbandry in time leaves himself none at all, to pay those to whom it is due.

Princes and Governours have great Reason to avoid and depress Men of penetrating and smart Wits, especially if they have Integrity and Honesty—For the Imprudence and Extravagance of their Actions are not fit to be exposed to the View and Censure of such Men; to whom they cannot but appear in their most deformed and sottish Characters.

The Justice that is said to establish the Throne of a Prince, consists no less in the Justness of his Title, than the just Administration of his Government: for an unjust Title cannot be supported but by unjust Means—And for Want of this all our late Usurpations miscarried.

Princes ought to give their Subjects as much of the Shadow of Liberty as they can for their Lives; but as little of the Reality of it, if they regard the Safety of themselves, or their People.

The Ambition of some Men, and the Wants of others, are the ordinary Causes of all civil Wars.

Governments, like natural Bodies, have their Times of Growing, Perfection, and Declining; and according to their Constitutions some hold out longer, and some decay sooner than others, but all in their Beginnings and Infancies are subject to so many Infirmities and Imperfections, that what *Solomon* said of a Monarchy, *Wo to that Kingdom whose Prince is a Child*, may be more justly said of a new Republic; and we may with as much Reason say, *Wo be to that People, that live under a young Government*: for as both must of Necessity be under Tutors, Protectors, and Keepers of Liberties, until they can give the World an Account, that they are able to govern of themselves (which a Prince does in fewer Years than a Republic can in Ages) the People always suffer under so many Lords and Masters; and though a Foundation of Liberty be laid, the Fruition of it is for After-Ages, like the planting of Trees, whose Shade and Fruit is only to be enjoyed by Posterity—For what Protection can a Nation have from a Government that must itself be protect-

ed? That must maintain Guards and Armies at their own Charge to keep themselves in Obedience, that is in Slavery, until in Process of Time by slow Degrees, that which was rugged at first becomes gentle and easy—For as that, which was Tyranny at first, does in time become Liberty: so there is no Liberty, but in the Beginning was Tyranny. All unripe Fruit is harsh, and they, that live in new-built-Houses, are apt to catch Diseases and Infirmities. Nor is it possible to settle any Government by a Model, that shall hold, as Men contrive Ships and Buildings: for Governments are made, like natural Productions, by Degrees, according as their Materials are brought in by Time, and those Parts of it, that are unagreeable to their Nature, cast off.

He that keeps a watchful and vigilant Eye upon that Man's Interest whom he is to treat withal; and observes it as the Compass that all Men generally steer by, shall hardly be deceived with fair Pretences.

Principles of Justice and Right have chiefly Relation to the general Good of Mankind, and

therefore have so weak an Influence upon Particulars, that they give Place to the meanest and most unworthy of private Interests.

The Deserts of good Men do not produce so bad Effects being unrewarded, as the Crimes of evil Men unpunished—For good Men are but discouraged, but the bad become more perverse and wicked.

It is safer for a Prince to tolerate all Sorts of Debauchery than seditious Meetings at Conventicles—As those, that have the Stone, the Gout, or Consumption are not shut up, because their Diseases are only hurtful to themselves; but those, that have any contagious Maladies that are apt to spread and infect Multitudes, are with all Care to be shut up, and kept from conversing with others, whom their Distempers may endanger, and in Time propagate among the People.

The worst Governments are the best, when they light in good Hands; and the best the worst, when they fall into bad ones.

The worst Governments are always the most chargeable, and cost the People dearest; as all Men in Courts of Judicature, pay more for the Wrongs that are done them, than the right.

Princes that have lost their Credit and Reputation are like Merchants inevitably destined to Ruin: for all Men immediately call in their Loyalty and Respect from the first, as they do their Money from the latter.

The Vices of Tyrants run in a Circle, and produce one another, begin with Luxury and Prodigality, which cannot be supplied but by Rapine. Rapine produces Hate in the People, and that Hate Fear in the Prince; Fear Cruelty, Cruelty Despair, and Despair Destruction.

A Tyrant is a Monster or Prodigy born to the Destruction of the best Men; as among the Ancients, when a Cow calved a Monster, great Numbers of Cattle, that were fair and perfect in their Kind, were presently sacrificed, to expiate and avert the ominous Portent.

All Governments are in their Managements so equal, that no one has the Advantage of another, unless in Speculation; and in that there is no Convenience that any particular Model can pretend to, but is as liable to as great Inconveniencies some other Way; inso-much that the worst of all Governments in Speculation, that is, Tyranny, is found to be the best in the Hands of excellent Princes, who receive no Advantage from the Greatness of their Power, but only a larger Latitude to do Good to their Subjects, which the best constituted Forms, that is, the most limited, do but deprive them of, and tye them up from doing Good, as well as Hurt.

Princes have great Reason to be allowed Flatterers to adore them to their Faces, because they are more exposed to the Infamy and Detraction of the World, than the meanest of their Subjects; otherways they would be dealt with very unequally; to be bound to all the Infamy, true or false, that can be laid upon them, and not to be allowed an equal Freedom of Praise to qualify it; for though he may be abused at any Man's Pleasure, he cannot be flattered without his own.

Oaths and Obligations in the Affairs of the World are like Ribbands and Knots in dressing, that seem to tie something, but do not at all—For nothing but Interest does really oblige.

As soon as a Man has taken an Oath against his Conscience, and done his Endeavour to damn himself, he is capable of any Trust or Employment in the Government; so excellent a Quality is Perjury to render the most perfidious of Men most fit and proper for public Charges of the greatest Consequence; and such as have ever so little Restraint laid upon them by Conscience, or Religion, or natural Integrity, are declared insufficient and unable to hold any Office or public Trust in the Nation—And this is the modern Way of *Test*, as they call it, to take Measure of Men's Abilities and Faith by their Alacrity in swearing; and is, indeed, the most compendious Way to exclude all those that have any Conscience, and to take in such as have none at all.

The Wit of the Schoolmen, like the Righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, consisted

much in the straining of Gnats and swallowing of Camels—For they that are curious in Subtleties, and ignorant in things of solid Knowledge, are but penny-wise and pound-foolish.

He that has less Learning than his Capacity is able to manage, shall have more Use of it, than he that has more than he can master. For no Man can have an active and ready Command of that which is too heavy for him.

The Understanding of Man hath a Sphere of Activity, beyond which if it be forced it becomes unactive, as it does vigorous by being confined. Unless a Vine be pruned, it will bear no Fruit; and he that related to the Senate *de coercendis Imperii terminis* was no unwise Statesman. Opinion of Knowledge has ever been one of the chiefest Causes of Ignorance; for most Men know less than they might, by attempting to know more than they can.

The Reason why Fools and Knaves thrive better in the World than wiser and honest Men is, because they are nearer to the general Temper of Mankind, which is nothing but a

Mixture of Cheat and Folly, which those that understand and mean better cannot comply with, but entertain themselves with another Kind of Fool's Paradise of what should be, not what is; while those that know no better, take naturally to it, and get the Start of others.

The Observations of some Men are like the sifting of Bakers, that retain the Bran, and let the Flour pass through.

It is both the wisest and and safest Way in the World to keep at a convenient Distance with all Men—For when Men converse too closely, they commonly, like those that meet in Crouds, offend one another.

He that has many Languages to express his Thoughts, but no Thoughts worth expressing, is like one that can write all Hands, but never the better Sense; or can cast up any Sum of Money, but has none.

The End of all Knowledge is to understand what is fit to be done; for to know what has

been, and what is, and what may be, does but tend to that.

Doing and saying, and giving Advice and taking Advice, and understanding and acting are all several Things, and so averse to one another, that they seldom or never meet in the same Person—For as Physicians and Lawyers, that live by giving others Advice, do seldom make use of it on their own Occasions; so Men of greatest Understanding and Knowledge do as seldom make that Use of it for their own Advantages, as they do for the Benefit of others, which being a hard Condition imposed upon them by Nature, deserves rather to be pitied, than blamed. For Nature, that in her distributive Justice endeavours to deal as equally as possibly she can with all Men, and never bestows any Convenience without Allowance, would break her own Rules, if she should confer all her Favours upon any one Person, and not make him abate for it some other Way.

All Wit and contemplative Wisdom in the World must of Necessity appear lazy and idle; for as it is performed by Cogitation and Think-

ing, and that cannot be done without a sedentary Quietness, together with a present and agreeable Temper of Mind, which no Man has always ready at command, it cannot be avoided but much Time must of Necessity be spent to no Purpose, or very little, which might be saved if Men were always in a fit Humour to perform, what they design and propose to themselves. For the more curious and subtle Men's Capacities are, the further they are from being at their own disposing.

A great deal of Learning is like a great House, very chargeable to be kept in Repair; and if it be too big for the owner's Use and Occasions, in a small Time it falls to Decay, only by being not inhabited, that is, discontinued—For no Man is the wiser for his Books, until he is above them; and when he is so, the utter Neglect of them will in a few Years bring him below them again; and as he was at first raised by them, so is he ruined.

In Universities Men are valued only upon the Account of their Ingenuity and Parts, which is seldom found to be observed any where else—For in Courts they are esteemed

only for their Interests; and in great Cities only for their Wealth; and in the common Standard of the World, for what they assume and appear, not what they are.

That which the wise Man prayed for of God in *Ecclesiastes*—to give him neither Riches nor Poverty—is as much to be desired in Conversation and Business, to have nothing to do with Men that are very rich or poor; for the one Sort are commonly insolent and proud, and the other mean and contemptible; and those that are between both are commonly the most agreeable.

Ignorance is never so abominable, as when it pretends to Wisdom and Learning; for among bad Things, those that seem to be the best are always the worst, as a probable Lye is more dangerous and apt to deceive, than that which is apparently false—So Monkeys and Baboons, that are between Man and Beast, are worse and more deformed than those Creatures that are all Beast.

All forced Constructions of difficult and learned Nonsense are like planing of Knots in

Wood, which when they are rough-hewn appear deformed and cross-grained every Way; but when they are smoothed and polished represent the Shapes of Faces and other Figures, which to a strong Imagination may seem to have been meant and intended, when they fell out so by Chance, and are rendered what they appear by a superficial Gloss.

Speculations with wise and knowing Men go for little, until they are approved by Practice and Experiment: for commonly they use us as Glasses, and deliver that right in Appearance, that proves left in Tryal.

There are as many Sorts of Fools as there are of Dogs, from the largest of Mastives and *Irish* Greyhounds, to the smallest of Curs and *Island* Shocks, and all equally Fools, as the rest are Dogs.

He that would write obscure to the People needs write nothing but plain Reason and Sense, than which nothing can be more mysterious to them: for to those, to whom mysterious Things are plain, plain Things must be mysterious.

They that have but a little Wit are commonly like those that cry Things in the Streets, who if they have but a Groats-worth of rotten or stinking Stuff, every Body that comes nigh shall be sure to hear of it; whiie those that drive a rich noble Trade, make no Noise of it.

Hard Students and great Artists are commonly most ignorant in those Things that border upon their Arts and Professions; as Priests and Lawyers of Morality, practical Men of Speculation, and the speculative of Practice.

He that applies himself to understand Things that are not to be known, uses his Wit and Industry like the Edge of a Tool, that is cut upon a Thing that is too hard for it—Besides his Loss of Labour he does but render it more blunt and dull than it was before.

Men take so much Delight in lying, that *Truth* is sometimes forced to disguise herself in the Habit of *Falshood* to get Entertainment, as in Fables and Apologues frequently used by the Ancients; and in this she is not at all

unjust, for Falshood does very commonly usurp her Person.

Public Estimation commonly neglects substantial Things, and cries up the slight and frivolous, like the Wind that passes over solid Bodies, and bears up Dust and Feathers.

Dr. *Sps*'s. Dedication of his Book to *Cl.* is not unlike what *Marco Paolo* relates of the *Tartars*, that they never eat nor drink, but they spill some of it on the Ground as an Offering to the Devil.

The Writings of the Ancients are like their Coins—Those that have any lasting or natural Sense, and Wit in them, are like Medals of Gold or Silver, and bear a Value among all Men in all Times; and those that have little or none are like those of Brass, that have only a Value among a few, that esteem them merely for their Antiquity.

The ridiculous Wits of our Times have that indulgent Ignorance to themselves, that they never impute any Thing that is fixed upon them (how apparently true soever) to their

own Faults, but ascribe it wholly to the Envy or Malice of others, as *Fanatics* do their just Punishments, and call them Persecutions for Righteousness inflicted by the Wicked.

There is a perpetual civil War in the Commonwealth of Learning, which has no less fair Pretences on all Sides, than politic Quarrels—For as those commonly pretend *Religion, Law, and Liberty*; so do these *Truth, Reason, and the Opposition of Error*; when really it is nothing but the Advantage of their own little Interest, and the Contradiction of one another—For, like Bowlers, if one lye nearer the Jack (Truth) than another can expect to lay himself, his next Business is to knock him away.

There is a Kind of Physiognomy in the Titles of Books, no less than in the Faces of Men, by which a skilful Observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

Men of the quickest Apprehensions and aptest Geniuses to any Thing they undertake, do not always prove the greatest Masters in it: for there is more Patience and Phlegm re-

quired in those that attain to any Degree of Perfection, than is commonly found in the Temper of active and ready Wits, that soon tire, and will not hold out; as the swiftest Race-Horse will not perform a long Journey so well as a sturdy dull Jade—Hence it is, that *Virgil*, who wanted much of that natural Easiness of Wit that *Ovid* had, did nevertheless with hard Labour and long Study arrive at a higher Perfection, than the other with all his Dexterity of Wit, but less Industry, could attain to—The same we may observe of *Johnson* and *Shakespeare*: for he that is able to think long and judge well will be sure to find out better Things, than another Man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready Parts; which is commonly but Chance, and the other Art and Judgment.

Most Men of Learning have the same Judgment and Opinion of *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, as they had when they were Children, and were taught to read them at School to understand the Languages they wrote in, and not the Truth of their Reason and Sense, of which they were then incapable; and because they found them excellently useful for the learning of

Words, believe they are so for all Things else.

Bull and Mistake is not the worst Sort of Nonsense; for that may proceed from Incogitancy or Diversion by something else: But Metaphysical, or that Nonsense, that is derived from Study and Consideration, is the more desperate; as *Hippocrates* says—Sad and studious Madness is more incurable than that which is frolic and careless.

The *Spanish* Poets are excellent Designers of Comedy, but very ill Writers, as it falls out commonly in painting.

Our modern Authors write Plays as they feed Hogs in *Westphalia*; where but one eats Pease

As they feed Hogs in Westphalia.] Mr. *Pope* introduces the same humorous Allusion, upon an Occasion something similar to this, in the 2d part of his satirical Dialogue entitled *One thousand, seven hundred and thirty eight*.

*Let courtly Wits to Wits afford Supply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of Westphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty Soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As sure a Mess almost as it came in;*

or Acorns, and all the rest feed upon his and one another's Excrements — So the *Spaniard* first invents and designs Plays; The *French* borrow from them, and the *English* from the *French*.

It is much easier to write Plays in Verse than Prose; as it is harder to imitate Nature than any Deviation from her; and Prose requires a more proper and natural Sense and Expression than Verse; that has something in the Stamp and Coin, to answer for the Alloy and want of intrinsic Value.

There are two Ways of Quibbling, the one with Words, and the other with Sense, like the *Figuræ Dictionis* and *Figuræ Sententiæ* in Rhetoric. The first is done by shewing Tricks with

*The blessed Benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From Tail to Mouth they feed, and they carouse:
The last, full fairly gives it to the House.*

It must be owned, that it is no uncommon Thing for two Wits to hit upon the same Thought; but yet there is something so whimsical and out of the common Road in this, and, one may add, so much of *Butler's* Manner and Humour in it, that it seems highly probable, either that *Pope* had seen these Manuscripts, or had taken a Hint from some Conversation with *Bishop Atterbury*, who, as I have observed before, had been favoured by *Mr. Longueville* with the Inspection of them.

Words of the same Sound, but different Senses ; and the other by expressing of Sense by Contradiction and Riddle— Of this Mr. *Waller* was the first most copious Author, and has so infected our modern Writers of Heroics with it, that they can hardly write any other Way ; and if at any Time they endeavour to do it, like Horses, that are put out of their Pace, they presently fall naturally into it again—
Trotto d' Asino dura poco.

Dr. *Donne's* Writings are like Voluntary or Prelude, in which a Man is not tied to any particular Design of Air, but may change his Key or Mood at Pleasure ; so his Compositions seem to have been written without any particular Scope.

Mr. *Montagne* the Essayist seems, when he wrote, to have been either a little warmed with Wine, or naturally hot-headed.

They are very weak Critics, who suppose a Poet, that writes a Play, ought (like one that rides with a Halter about his Neck) to bring all his Design and Contrivance within so

many Hours, or else be hanged for it—As if things of greater Importance, and much more to the Purpose, were to be omitted for a mere Curiosity, which none but the Capricious take Notice of.

Those that profess the instrumental Arts, as Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic, are like Organ-makers, that understand all the inward Fabric of the Bellows, Pipes, &c. and can tell when any Thing is out of Order, and how to mend it, and yet cannot tell how to play so well, as one that knows nothing but the Keys.

A Man may be deceived and cheated with Truth, if he want Judgment, no less than with Falshood; as he may stumble and fall in the right Way for want of Care, as well as in the wrong.

Since the Knowledge of Good and Evil are inseparable, it hath pleased Almighty God, that Man should know less how to do himself good than he might, lest he should know more how to do others Hurt, than is fit for him.

Fools are always wrangling and disputing, and the less Reason they have, the more earnest they are in Controversy; as Beggars are always quarrelling about dividing an Alms; and the paltriest Trades, will higgler more for a Penny, than the richest will do for a Pound.

A credulous Person is like a Pitcher born by the Ears, empty of itself, but apt to hold whatsoever is put into it.

Although very few Men in the World are content with their own Fortunes and Estates, but would gladly change on any Terms for the least Advantage, yet no Man was ever unsatisfied with his own Understanding (especially if it were defective) but always believed himself to be as well provided that Way, as any of his Neighbours—For Ignorance is one of those Infirmities, that are insensible; and though it be ever so desperately sick feels no Pain, nor Want of Health at all.

Clergymen expose the Kingdom of Heaven to sale, that with the Money they may purchase as much as they can in this World; and therefore they extol and magnify the one, as

all Chapmen do a Commodity they desire to part with, and cry down the other, as all Buyers are wont to do that which they have the greatest Longing to purchase, only to bring down the Price, and gain the better Bargain by it—And yet in the general the World goes on still as it used to do; and Men will never utterly give over the other World for this, nor this for the other.

There is nothing in the World, that breeds Atheism like Hypocrisy; and the Licentiousness of the present Age owes its original to nothing so much, as the counterfeit Piety of the last—And it is well for the World, that there is nothing to be gotten by Atheism; for if there were, those who profess God only to affront him for Gain, would with greater Reason and less Impudence utterly disown him, if there were nothing to be lost in the Exchange.

An Hypocrite hides his Vices, as a Dog does his Meat when his Belly is full, until he has a fresh Appetite, and then he knows where to treat himself again.

The *Godly* will not admit, that Grace and Morality should be the same, although there is nothing more true; for then their Want of both would plainly appear; Grace in their Sense being nothing but a Dispensation for the Defect of moral Virtue, and granted only to those, who are God Almighty's especial Favourites; as Titles of Honour are but Tickets and Exemptions, to dispense with Men for want of real Honour, or Mandates to enable them to take their Degrees without doing their Exercises.

The *Fanatics* have changed the Method that Christ observed in calling his Apostles, and take a clean contrary Course; for those, that he called, left their Trades to follow him, as *St. Peter* did the mending of his Nets; but these Men call themselves to follow their Trades and him too; and as *St. Matthew* left his receiving of Money to turn Apostle, they turn Apostles, only that they may get in to receive Money.

Religion never made any Man in the World just and honest, who had not some Foundation for it in his Nature before; for all the

Operation it can have upon others is but artificial, and all their Conversations prevail no further upon their natural Corruptions, than to enable them to perform the same unjust and wicked Actions under other Forms and Dispensations, which their Inclinations led them to before, and not seldom render them more barbarous and inhuman than they were before, when Zeal and Conscience light in their Way to serve for Pretences.

Our Saviour was not so severe to any Sort of People among the *Jews* as the Scribes and Pharisees, who were but Sectaries and Fanatics of that Religion, whom he perpetually brands with the Name of Hypocrites, condemns as the worst of Mankind, and prefers Publicans and Sinners (which were those Kind of People our modern Pharisees call *the Wicked*) every where before them, with whom he vouchsafed to converse; but we never hear, that he would have any Thing to do with the Zealots of those Times.

The first Quarrel and Murther, that ever was committed in the World was upon a fanatic

Emulation in Religion, when *Cain* killed the fourth Part of all Mankind his Brother *Abel*, merely out of Zeal for seeing the Truth of his Brother's religious Worship preferred before his own, though God himself were Judge— And ever since that Time much about the same Proportion of all Mankind has constantly been destroyed by the rest upon the very same Account.

The late *thorough Reformation*, though pretended and designed to force the protestant Religion further off from Popery than it was before established, did propagate it more than thrice so many Years had done before; and by endeavouring to destroy the Church of *England* recruited that of *Rome*, more than all their Seminaries and Powder-plots could have done if they had taken Effect; beside the vast Number of Sectaries and Fanatics, which the zealous Reformers engendered by equivocal Generation, to devour and prey upon themselves; and in the End were but reduced to their Conventicles, and in a worse Condition than they were before—And if there had been Priests and Jesuits among them, as some believed, they could not possibly have done the

Pope better Service, or Religion in general more Mischief than they did.

Monasteries are but a Kind of civil *Bedlams*, where those that would be otherwise troublesome to the World, are persuaded to shut up themselves.

When the Devil tempted Christ, he set him on the highest Pinnacle of the Temple—Great Church-Preferments are great Temptations.

The Church of Rome teaches the People Religion, as Men teach Singing-birds — shut them up, and keep them dark.

Princes and States do by Religion, as the King of *France* does by his Salt, who makes every Man, that is his Subject, take a Quantity of it, whether he use it or not.

The Curiosities of Ceremony in the Church of *Rome* are like the painted Glafs in Church-Windows designed to keep out Light, not to let it in.

The *Empire* and the *Church* out of it have observed the self-same Method and Order in their Increase, Height, and Decay—For as the *Empire* was raised upon the Virtue and Courage of many excellent Persons produced by several Ages, and when it came into the Hands of a single Person did immediately degenerate into all the Lewdness, Vice and Tyranny imaginable: So the *Church*, that was founded upon the Piety, Devotion, and Martyrdom of the primitive Christians, when it came to be settled under the sole Authority of the Popes, did presently fall from its first Integrity, and grew so highly debauched from what it was in the Beginning, that as the one Extremity had already in a Manner destroyed the *Empire*; so the other has very near equally done *Church*, and in time is like to be the final Ruin of it.

The Popes heretofore used to send *Christian* Princes to plant Religion with the Sword among *Pagans*, while they with Tricks and Artifices planted the *Pagan* at Home.

Equivocation is worse than plain Lying in Matters of Religion—For a Lyer intends

only to cheat another Man; but he that equivocates does at once design to deceive God, and his own Conscience, and another Man too.

Men commonly never regard their Souls, till they have spoiled their Bodies, like our *Richard* the Third, who when he had killed the Brother, fell in Love with the Sister.

The *Judaical* and Levitical Law was delivered by God to *Moses* the civil Magistrate, and by him to *Aaron* the Priest.

There are two Sorts of People that profess Religion, the Hypocrites, and those that mean well—The Hypocrites are not only the greater Number, but the more subtle and crafty, that profess Religion as a Trade, and therefore omit no Occasion to make the fairest Shews and pretend to the greatest Zeal—The Well-meaning are commonly so easy and simple, that they always suffer themselves to be governed by the Hypocrites, who with wrested and mis-applied Texts of Scripture and Pulpit-Sophistry can easily make them believe any Wickedness, how inhuman soever, to be a Christian Duty.

Certainly Almighty God will not be so unmerciful (since his Mercy is above all his Works) to Mankind, as to expose the eternal Being of Souls to the Passion, Interest, and Ignorance of those, that make themselves his Messengers, and do their own Work in his Name.

When *Absalom* had resolved to rebel against the King his Father, he had no Way so proper to put his Design in Execution, as that of pretending to pay a Vow, which he had made to the Lord.

All Innovations in Church and State are like new-built Houses, unwholesome to live in, until they are made healthful and agreeable by Time.

The Practice of the Church of *Rome*, and that of the *Reformation* in dealing with Sinners is like that of a Charletan and a learned Physician in curing of Claps; for as the one will not undertake a Cure, unless the Patient will enter into a Course and observe Rules, which the other will dispense with, and give him Leave to go abroad and follow his Oc-

casions, that is, such as gave him the Disease: so the reformed Churches will not promise Forgiveness of Sins without Repentance and Amendment of Life, which the Church of *Rome* freely dispenses withal, and upon mere Confession and Penance performed gives them pardon, and Freedom to do the same Things over again.

Rebellion is said to be like the Sin of Witchcraft; because both are promoted and managed with nothing else but Lies, and Cheats, and Impostures—For civil Arms can neither be raised, nor maintained by honest Means.

The more false any Religion is, the more industrious the Priests of it are to keep the People from prying into the Mysteries of it; and by that Artifice render them the more zealous, and confident in their Ignorance.

Men ought to do in Religion as they do in War—When a Man of Honour is overpowered, and must of Necessity surrender himself up a Prisoner, such are always wont to endeavour to do it to some Person of Command and Quality, and not to a mean Scoundrel: So

since all Men are obliged to be of some Church; it is more honourable, if there were nothing else in it, to be of that which has some Reputation, than such a one as is contemptible, and justly despised by all the best of Men.

Gathering of Churches is like the gathering Grapes off Thorns, or Figs off Thistles— For as those harsh and untractable Plants seem to be no Part of the first Creation, but to come in afterwards with the Curse; so are all Schismatics to the Churches, which they set up against.

Ordinary wicked Persons, that have any Impression of human Nature left, never commit any great Crime without some Aversion and Dislike, although it be not strong enough to prevail against the present Motives of Utility or Interest; and commonly live and die penitent for it—But the modern Saint, that believes himself privileged, and above Nature, engages himself in the most horrid of all Wickedness with so great an Alacrity and Assurance, and is so far from Repentance, that he puts them upon the Accompt of pious Duties and good Works.

I have known some Professors of Religion, who had perpetually nothing but the Name of God, and the Lord, and Conscience, and Religion in their Mouths; and yet would never venture the Loss of one Penny for either, but get as much as possibly they could by all: and at the same Time have seen some Persons, whom by their Discourse no Man would guess, after a Year's Conversation, to have any Concernment at all for Religion, and yet would rather lose all they had, than endure to do any Thing against their Consciences, which the other would embrace with all Alacrity for a small Reward, under the Pretence of Piety.

By the Laws of Nature the strongest have an undoubted Power to command the weaker: But in Religion and the civil Life the wisest and ablest are fain to comply and submit to the weakest and most ignorant, for their own Quiet and Convenience.

Vices, like Weeds, grow by being neglected; but Virtues, like Herbs, degenerate and grow wild, if there be not care taken of them. Both render a Man equally contemptible when they are openly profest, and gloried in: For

Virtue loses itself and turns Vice in doing that which is contrary to its own Nature—Many Virtues may become Vices by being ill managed; but no one Vice by any Means a Virtue.

Pleasures have the same Operations upon the Understanding that Sweet-meats have upon the Palate; the one being rendered as unapt to judge of the true State of Things, as the other is of Tastes.

No Man's Reputation is safe where Slander is become a Trade and Railing a Commodity; where Men may get a Living by defaming others, and eat upon any Man's Credit, that has any Reputation to lose; where a Scribler at once satisfies his Itch of writing, his Petulance, Malice, or Envy, and his Necessity.

Greatness and Baseness of Mind endure Injuries, Afflictions, and Affronts so equally, that it is a hard Matter to distinguish which is the true Cause; and sometimes perhaps both may at once contribute to the same Effect.



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