

[two rules]

PREFACE.

T^{HE} 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 Sorts 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.

[*double rule*]

A HUFFING COURTIER

I²S a Cypher, that has no Value himfelf, but from the Place he ftands in. All his Hap-pinefs confifts in the Opinion he believes others have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he fuffer much Tribulation for it, he continues obftinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a Butterfly in a Garden ; and while he is pruning of his Peruque takes Occafion to contemplate his Legs, and the Symmetry of his Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the Rooms, and ferves for a walking Picture, a moving Piece of Arras. His Bufinefs is only to be feen, and he performs it with admirable Industry, placing himfelf always in the beft Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation is to fhow his Cloaths, and if they could but walk themfelves, they would fave him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himfelf. His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold, and he were a loft 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 difcover the Lining of his Coat, that you may not fufpect 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 againft him. His Soul dwells in the Outfide 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 him 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 noting 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 Peruke at the other. His Garniture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks in his Portcannons like one, that stalks in long Gowns. Every Motion of him cries *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 clothed, but packed 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 moft in Fashion or Requeft. When he falutes a Friend he pulls off his Hat, as Women do their Vizard-Mafques. His Ribbons are of the true Complexion of his Mind, a Kind of painted Cloud or gawdy Rainbow, that has no Colour of it felf, but what is borrows from Reflection. He is as tender of his Cloaths, as a Coward is of his Flefh, and as loth to have them difordered. His Bravery is all his Happinefs ; and like *Atlas* he carries his Heaven on his Back. He is like the golden Fleece, a fine Outfide on a Sheep's Back. He is a Monfter or an *Indian* Creature, that is good for nothing in the World but to be feen. He puts himfelf 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 confpire to drefs Dinner and him fo punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As Peacocks and Oftridges have the gaudieft and fineft Feathers, yet cannot fly ; fo 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 praife him, he is fo true and faithful to the Mode, that he never fails to make you a Prefent of himfelf, and will not be refufed, tho' you know not what to do with him when you have him.

[*double rule*]

AN ANTIQUARY

I²S 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 Curiousities 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

Afhes. He values one old Invention, that is
loft 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 flows the Tombs at *Westminster*, only
the one does it for his Pleaſure, and the other
for Money. As every Man has but one Fa-
ther, 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 retied 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 Rot-
tenneſs thou are my Mother. He has no Provi-
dence nor Fore-ſight ; for all his Contempla-
tions 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 Dif-
courſe, than be the Author of the moſt ingenious
new one ; and with *Scaliger* would ſell the
Empire of *Germany*¹ (if it were in his Power)
for an old Song. He devours an old Manuſ-
cript with greater Reliſh than Worms and Moths
do, and, though there be nothing in it, values

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

¹ *Whatſoever he hears well ſaid, &c.*] In this *Butler* alludes to
Martial's Epigram to *Fidentinus*. [*footnote cont. next page*][^2]

of it, as if he had got the Philofophers Stone, and could cure all the Difeafes of Mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their Anti-quity, forgetting that the moft modern are really the moft ancient of all Things in the World, like thofe that reckon their Pounds before their Shillings and Pence, of which they are made up. He efteems no Cuftoms but fuch as have outlived themfelves, and are long fince out of Ufe ; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints, but fuch as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, Oppofition, of none but the Living.

[*two rules*]

A PROUD MAN

I²S a Fool in Fermentation, that fwells and boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He fets out his Feathers like an Owl, to fwell and feem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tumour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that renders every Part of him ftiff and uneafy. He has given himfelf Sympathetic Love-Powder, that works upon him to Dotage, and has transformed him into his own Miftrefs. He is his own Gallant, and makes moft paffionate Addreffes to his own dear Perfections. He commits Idolatry to himfelf, and worfhips his own Image ; though there is no Soul living of his Church but himfelf, yet he believes as the Church believes, and maintains his Faith with the Obftinacy of a *Fanatic*. He is his own Favourite, and advance himfelf not only above his Merit, but all Mankind ; is both *Damon* and *Pythias* to his own dear felf, 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 Horse 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 lighter 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.

[double rule]

A

FIFTH-MONARCHY-MAN

I²S one, that is not contented to be a Privy-Counfellow of the Kingdom of Heaven, but would fain be a Minifter of State of this World, and tranflate the Kingdom of Heaven to the Kingdom of Earth. His Defign is to make *Chrift* King, as his Forefathers the *Jew* did, only to abufe and crucify him, that he might fhare his Lands and Goods, as he did his Vicegerents here. He dreams of a Fool's Paradife 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 himfelf a Price, and claim a Title to the Crown. He fancies a *fifth-Monarchy* as the Quinteffence of all Governments, abftracted from all Matter, and confifting

wholly of Revelations, Vifions, and Myfteries. *John* of *Leyden* was the firft Founder of it, and though he mifcarried, like *Romulus* in a Tempeft, his Pofterity have Revelations every full Moon, that there may be a Time to fet up his Title again, and with better Succefs ; though his Brethren, that have attempted to fince, had no fooner quartered his Coat with their own, but their whole outward Men were fet on the Gates of the City ; where a Head and four Quarters ftand as Types and Figures of the *fifth-Monarchy*. They have been contriving (fince Experiments, that coft Necks are too chargeable) to try it in little, and have depofed King *Oberon*, to erect their Monarchy in *Fairy-Land*, as being the moft proper and natural Region in the whole World for their Government, and if

it fucceed there to proceed further. The *Devil's* Profpect of all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and the Glory of them, has fo dazzled their Eyes, that they would venture their Necks to take him at his Word, and give him his Price. Nothing comes fo near the Kingdom of Darknefs as the *fifth-Monarchy*, that is no where to be found, but in dark Prophefies, obfcure Mythologies, and myftical Riddles, like the Vifions *Aeneas* faw in Hell of the *Roman* Empire.

Next this it moft refembles *Mahomet's* Coming to the *Turks*, and King *Arthur's* Reign over the Britons in *Merlin's* Prophefies ; fo near of Kin are all fantaftic Illufions, that you may difcern the fame Lineaments in them all. The poor Wicked are like to have a very ill time under them, for they are refolved 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 fuffer Perfecution enough to make them as able Saints, as their Lords and Mafters. He gathers Churches on the Sunday, as the *Jews* did Sticks on their Sabbath, to fet the State on Fire. He humms and hahs high Treafon, and calls upon it, as Gamefters do on the Caft they would throw. He groans Sedition, and, like the *Pharifee*, rails, when he gives Thanks. He interprets Prophefies, as *Whittington* did the Bells, to fpeak to him, and governs himfelf accordingly.

[*two rules*]

THE HENPECT MAN

R²IDES behind his Wife, and lets her wear the Spurs and governs the Reins. He is a Kind of prepofterous Animal, that being curbed in goes with his Tail forwards. He is but fubordinate and minifterial 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 fhe pleafes to allow him. When he was married he promifed to worfhip his Wife with his Soul inftead 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 fits as 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 reft of his Concerments liable to Pupilage and Wardfhip, and his Wife has the Tuition of his during his or her Life ; and he has no Power to do any Thing of himfelf, but by his Guardian. His Wife manages him and his Eftate with equal Authority, and he lives unde rher aribtrary Government and Command as his fuperior Office. He is but a kind of Meffuage and Tenement in the Occupation of his Wife. He and fhe make up a Kind of Hermaphrodite, a Monfter, or which the one half is more than the whole ; for he is the weaker Veffel, and but his Wife's Helper. His Wife espoufed and took him to Hufband for better or worfe, and the laft Word ftands.

He was meant to be his Wife's Head, but being
 fet on at the wrong End she makes him serve
 (like the Jefuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her
 Province, an Acquifition that she took in,
 and gives Laws to at Indifcretion ; for being
 overmatched and too feeble for the Encounter,
 he was forced to fubmit and take Quarter.
 He has inverted the Curfe, and turned it upon
 himfelf ; for his Defire is towards his Wife,
 and she reign over him, and with *Efau* has
 fold his Birthright for a Mefs 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 Hufband, that is
 always in waiting, and a Slave only in the Right
 of his Wife.

[*double rule*]

A SMALL POET

I²S one, that would fain make himfelf that,
 which *Nature* never meant him ; like a *Fa-*
natic, that infpires himfelf with his own
 Whimfies. He fets up Haberdafher of fmall
 Poetry, with a very fmall Stock, and no Credit.
 He believes it is Invention enough to find out
 other Men's Wit ; and whatfoever he lights upon
 either in Books, or Company, he makes bold
 with as his own. This he puts together fo un-
 towardly, that you may perceive his own Wit
 has the Rickets, by the fwelling Difproportion
 of the Joints. Imitation is the whole Sum of
 him ; and his Vein is but an Itch or Clap, that
 he has caught 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 un-
 quiet and troublesome in him : For as those,
 that have Money but seldom, are always fhak-
 ing 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 Tal-
 ker ; and you may know by the Freedom of his
 Discourse, that he came light 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 un-
 derstand the Difficulty. This makes him ven-
 ture 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 fing-
 ing 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 Encou-
 ragement 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 perpe-

tual 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 Infinuations 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 Reft 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

fliding down *Parnaffus*. Whatsoever he hears well said² 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

² *Whatsoever he hears well said, &c.*] In this *Butler* alludes to *Martial's* Epigram to *Fidentinus*. [footnote cont. next page][²]

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 practice by the Life : For bar him the Imitation of something he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

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
 [2]: [footnote cont'd from prev. page] *Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus*
 :
Sed male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus. *Mart. L. 1. Ep. 39.*

fuch, as will serve, like a wooden Leg, to piece out a main'd Verse, that wants a Foot or two ; and if they will but rhimes 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-

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 make³ fifty or
 fixty Verfes in a Morning, and afterwards re-
 duce them to ten. This was an unthrifty
 Vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the
 Hufbandry of his own Poetry, as *Seneca* fays
 he was in that of a Farm ;⁴ for in plain *Englifh*

it was no better than bringing a Noble to Nine-
 pence. And as fuch Courfes brought the
prodigal Son to eat with Hogs : So they did him
 to feed with Horfes,⁵ 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 Senfe, and, like
 a Gold-Beater, hammer them into fo many
 Leaves as will fill a whole Book ; than to write
 nothing but Epitomes, which many wife Men
 believe will be the Bane and Calamity of Learning.

When he writes, he commonly fteers the
 Senfe 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 eafy enough ; and has found out fome fturdy
 hard Word, that will but rhyme, he will ham-
 mer the Senfe upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron
 upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleafes.

³ [footnote for next page] We read that *Virgil* used to make, &c.] This alludes to a Paffage
 in the Life of *Virgil* afcribed to *Donatus*. “ Cum Georgica fcribe-
 “ ret traditur quotidie meditados mane plurimos verfus dictare fo-
 “ litus, ac per totum diem retracando ad pauciffimos redigrere :
 “ non abfurde carmen fe urfæ more parere dicens, et lambendo
 “ demum effingere.

⁴ As *Seneca* fays he was in that of a farm.] *Seneca* in his 86th
 Epiftle finds feveral Faults with *Virgil*’s Rules and Obfervations in
 Hufbandry, as they are delivered in his *Georgics*, and adds of him —
 “ Qui non quod veriffime, fed quid decentiffime diceretur, ad-
 “ fpexit ; nec Agricolas docere voluit, fed legentes delectare.”

⁵ So they did him to feed with Horfes] This muft be explained by
 the fame Writer of *Virgil*’s Life, who informs us, that *Virgil* in
 his Youth ftudied Phyfic, in which having made great Proficiency,
 he repaired to *Rome*, and applying himfelf to that Branch of it [footnote cont. next page][^6]

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

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 Words lying
by them, as *Dryades, Hamadryades, Aonides, Fauni,*
Nymphae, 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 be-
side 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-

fore he has no Respect to Decorum and Pro-
priety 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*⁶ confess *Juvenal* to be

⁶ *Like him that made Plato, &c.*] Who this Blunder is to be fa-
thered upon I cannot discover ; but that which he imputes to *Per-*
fius, and another of *Juvenal's*, a Passage of his own in a Part of his
Prose Collections called *Criticisms upon Books and Authors*, will ex-
plain — *Persius*, says he, commits a very great Absurdity, when
laying the Scene of his fourth Satyr in *Greece*, and bringing in *So-*
crates reproving a young Statesman, he makes him call the *Græ-*
cians Quirites. [*footnote cont. next page*][8]

a Philosopher, or *Perfius*, 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 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

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 Joins, as the Tin-Pudding, that a Jugler pulls out of his Throat, and chops in again—What think you of *glud-fum-flam-hasta-minantes* ? Some of the old *Latin* Poets⁷ bragged, that their Verses were tougher than Bricks, 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,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius*

Hor. L. 3. O. 30

⁷ *Some of the old Latin Poets, &c.] Thus Horace*

118 A SMALL POET. 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 [i] civil Law: [i] For those, whose Modesty must notorious Vapours imaginable. For if the Privilege of Love be allowed-[i] Dicere quae pudit, scribere jussit Amor,[i] 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 [i] Nature [i] gave Men great Parts upon such Terms, as the [i] Fairies [i] use to give Money, to pinch and leave them if they speak of it. They say-[i] Praise is but the Shadow of Virtue; [i] and s^{*ure} that Virtue is very foolish, that is afraid of its own Shadow.*

When he writes [i] Anagrams, [i] he uses to lay the Outsides of his Vers^{*es} even (like a Brick-

A SMALL POET. 119

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

There was one, that lined a Hat-Case with a Paper of [i] Benlowse's Poetry-[i] Prynne [i] 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 Style s^{*o} proper and natural, that it was hard to determine, which was rugged.

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

son means was

120 A SMALL POET./ has all Sorts of [i] Echoes, Rebus's, Chronograms,/ &c.[i] besides [i] Carwickets, Clenches, [i] and [i] Quibbles-[i]/ As for [i] Altars [i] and [i] Pyramids [i] in Poetry, he has/ out-done all Men that Way; for he has/ made a [i] Gridiron, [i] and a [i] Frying-Pan [i] 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/ *Utensils, such as the old Poet called [i] sartago*
 lo-/ *quendi. [i] When he was 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 [i] Bridle of Moderation, the Saddle/ of Content, [i] and [i] the Crupper of
Constancy;[i] so that/ the same Thing was both Epigram and Emblem,/ even as
Mule is both Horse and Ass./ / / {New Paragraph} Some Critics are of Opinion,
that Poets/ ought to apply themselves to the Imitation of/ [i] Nature, [i] and make
*a Conscience of digressing/ from her; but he is none of thes*e. The an-/ tient*
Magicians could charm down the Moon,/ and force Rivers back to their Springs
by the/

A SMALL POET. 121/

Power of Poetry only; and the Moderns will/ undertake to turn the *Inside of the*
Earh out-/ ward (like a Jugler's Pocket) and shake the/ [i] Chess[i] out of it, make
[i] Nature [i] shew Tricks like/ an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but/ still
it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can/ so such noble Feats, they were unwise to
des-/ cend 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/ Judgement
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 Compo-/ sitions, unless it agree both with the Measure/ of their own
Fancis, 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 Proportions 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 cons*ider what is fit for them to give,/ than others to receive; that they are*
fain to/ have regard to the Exchange of Language, and/ /

122 A SMALL POET. / write high or low, according as that runs:/ For in this Age,
 when the *smallest Poet seldom/ goes below more than most, it were a Shame for/*
a grater and more noble Poet not to out-throw/ that cut a Bar. / / / ##There
was a [i] Tobacco-Man, [i] that wrapped / [i]Spanish [i] Tobacco in a Paper of
Verses, which/ [i]Benlows[i] had written against the [i] Pope, [i] which/ by a
natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to / any Thing that's Catholic, spoiled the
Tobacco;/ for it presently turned Mundungus. This Au-/ thor will take an [i]

English [i] Word, and, like the/ [i] Frenchman, [i] that *swallowed Water and spit it/ out Wine*, with a little Heaving and Straining/ would turn it immediately into [i] Latin,[i] as [i] *plun-/ derat ille Domos[i]–Mille [i] Hocopokiana, [i] and a thou-/ sand such./ / ##*There was a young Practitioner in Poetry,/ that found there was no good to be done with-/ out 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/ / #[i]More the most*] There is an appearance Defect or Error in these/ Words; but I leave it to the Reader to supply or correct./

A SMALL POET. 123/

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore,/ *first to furnish himself with a Name for his/ Misstress* beforehand, that he might not be to/ *seek, when his Merit or good Fortune* should/ *bestow her upon him: for every Poet is his/ mistresse's* Godfather, and gives her a new/ Name, like a Nun that takes Orders. He was/ very curious to *sit himself with a handsome/ Word* of a turnable 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 be-/ fore he could light on one, that pleased him/ perfectly*. But after he had overcome that Dif-/ ficulty, 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 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 Toever her/ Condition was before, when he had once pre-/ tended to her, *she was sure to be a Nymph and/*

124 A SMALL POET./ 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 se 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 ever third Word/ cry out–What an Ass is this to call [i] Spanish/ paper and Ceruse Lillies and Roses, [i] or [i] claps In-/ fluences–[i] To say, [i] the Graces are her waiting Wo-/ men, [i] when they are*

*known to be no better/ than her Bawdes—that [i] Day breaks from her/ Eyes,
[i]when she looks askint—Or that [i] her/ Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds,
[i] 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 Consonanats,/ the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to rais*e a/ / —*

A SMALL POEt. 125/

*sft and feeble Language like ours to the Pitch/ of [i] High-Dutch,[i] as he did, that writ/ / ## [i] Arts rattling Foreskins shrilling Bagpipes quell.[i]/ / #This is not the only the most elegant, but most po-/ litic 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 Ass eating Thistles./ / # He never begins a Work without an Invoca-/ tion of his [i] Muse; [i] 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 this of the Ex-/ cellence 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 with-/ out it, which, for my Part, I believe to be true/ / [i] S*ome have lately. [i]] This alludes to [i] Davenant—See [i] G—*

126 A SMALL POET./ 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/ [i] Philosophers [i] 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 re-/ moving Poets, whom they know to have a/ fairer Title; and this they do unjustly, that/ [i] Plato, [i] who first banished Poets his Republic,/ forgot that the very Commonwealth was poe-/ tical. 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 as so per-/ petual 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 Agree-/ ment in Poetry than the Mathematics; for they/ all submit the 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 Princess/ / / 4

A SMALL POET. 127/ in the whole World have been glad to derive/ their Pedi-
grees, and their Power too, from/ Poets. [i] Alexander [i] the great had no wiser
a Way/ so secure the Empire to himself by [i] Right, [i]/ which he had gotten
by [i] Force, [i] then by de-/ claring himself the Son of [i] Jupiter; [i] and who/
was [i] Jupiter [i] but the Son of a Poet? So [i] Caes*ar [i]/ and all [i] Rome [i]
was transported with Joy, when a/ Poet made [i] Jupiter [i] his Colleague in the
Empire;/ and when [i] Jupiter [i] governed, what did the/ Poets, that governed
Jupiter?/

Center A PHILOSOPHER. 129

[i] curo-Gassendo-Charltoniana, [i] will not serve to maintain one Pedant. He
makes his Hypo- theses himself, as a Taylor does a Doublet with- out Measure, no
Matter whether they sit [i] Na- ture, [i] he can make [i] Nature [i] fit them, and,
whe- ther they are too strait or wide, pinch or fluff out the Body accordingly. He
judges fo the Works of [i] Nature [i] just as the Rabble do of State-Affairs: They
see things done, and every Man according to his Capacity guesses as the Reasons
of them, but knowing nothing of the Arena 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 the 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 im- material Substances, and his Reasons are very
pertinent, that is, [i] substantial [i] as he thinks, and [i] immaterial [i] as others
do. Heretofore his Beard/ was the Badge of his Profess*ion, and the Length
—Footnote Vol. II. #K

Center [131]

Double Rule

Center A

Center FANTASTIC

[Double line capital]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-Lanthorn, 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 [i] Pudding. He is rigg'd with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;

#Center K2

132 #Center A FANTASTIC.
all the rest of him is Hull. He is sure to be the earliest in the Fashion, as others are of a Faction, and glories as much to be in the Head of a Mode, as a Solider 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 [i] French, [i] an Image cast in Plaster of [i] Paris, [i] and a Puppet sent over for others to dress themselves

by. He speaks [i] French, [i] as Pedants do [i] Latin, [i] to shew his Breeding; and most naturally, where he is least understood. All his non-Naturals, on which his Health and Diseases depend, are [i] stile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Language, that he wears for his Pleasure and Ornament, and uses [i] English [i] only for his Business and necessary Occasions. He is like a [i] Scotchman, [i] though he is born a Subject of his own

Center A FANTASTIC. 133.

Nation, he carries a [i] French [i] faction within him.

#indent He is never quiet, but *sits 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*, *he Head is troubled with a* —

N.H. The last Word not legible.

Center [134]

Double Rule

Center A

Center MELANCHOLY MAN

[double line initial cap]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*

Center A MELANCHOLY MEN. 135

Imagination, 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 *sinks out fo the Way, and makes his Escape into some foreign World, from whence is it never after heard of. He converses with nothing so much as his own Imagination, which being apt to misrepres*ent Things to him,*

#Center K 4

136 #Center A MELANCHOLY MAN.
 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 [i] Sylvans, Fauns, [i] and [i] Dryads. [i] He
 makes the Infirmary of his Temper pass *for*
Revelations, as [i] Mahomet [i] did by his falling
Sickness, and inspires himself with the Wind
 of his own Hypochondries. He laments, like
 [i] Heraclitus [i] the Maudlin Philosopher, *at other*
Men's Mirth, and take Pleasures 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 [i] Scotland, [i] and dreams upon a hard
 Point with admirable Judgement. 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 res*t, and receive
 a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.

Center [137]

Double Rule

Center AN

Center HARANGUER

[I]s one, that is *so delighted with the sweet/* [I] Sound of his own Tongue, that [i]
 William

Prynne [i] 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 Tonuge, and though he scratch them, like a Deast with his Hoof, he finds a Pleasure in it*. A [i] *silenced Minister, [i] 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

138 #Center AN HARANGUER.

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 intende to give you leave*. He lugs Men by the Ears, as they correct Children in [i] Scotland, [i] and will make them tingle, while he talks with them, as some say they will do, *whena Man is talked of in his Absence*. When he talks to a Man, he comes up close to him, and like an old Solider 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 Scissers, 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,*
hims*elf. He never leaves a Man until he has

Center AN HARANGUER. #Justifyleft 139
 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 to Contradiction. First he gives
his Antagonist the Length of the Wind, and
then, let him make his Approaches inf 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 one, 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 [i] Brooks, [i] or a Wildgoose*
 al-

ways 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 Purpos*e: and

140 #Center AN HARANGUER.
so empty of Things, or Sense, that his Dry-
ness has made his Leaks so wide, whatsoever is
put in hi 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 [i] to be short, [i] and talks
much of [i] in fine, [i] but never means to come near
it.

Center [141]

Double rule

Center A

Center POPISH PRIEST

[I]s one that takes the *same Course*, that the
 IDEvil (i) did in Paradise, *he begins with the*
Woman. He Despises all other (i)Fanatics (i) as Up-
starts, 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. (i) Christ (i) made St. (i) Peter (i) a Fisher of Men ;
but he believe it better to be a Fisher of Wo-
men, and so becomes a Woman's Apostle.
His Profession is to disguise himself, which he
does in Sheeps-Cloathing, that is, a Lay Habit ;
but whether, as a Wolf, a Thief or a Shep-
herd, is a great Question ; only this is certain,
that he had rather hanv one Sheep out of ano-
ther Man's Fold, that two out of his own.
He gathers his Church as (i) Fantaics do, yet des-
pises them for it, and keeps his Flock always in

*Hurdles, to be removed at his Pleasure ; and
though their Souls be rotten or s*cabby with*

142 #Center A POPISH PRIEST.

*Hypocrisy, the Fleece is sure to be sound 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 Posclyte, but he (i) converts (i)
him to his very Shirt, and (i) turns (i) his Pockets
into the Bargain ; for he does nothing unless
his Purse prove a good (i) Catholic. (i) 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 un-
less he be othodox, nor allow of the turning
of the Spit, but (i) in ordine ad Spiritualia. (i) His
(i) Dominion is not founded in Grace, (i) but Sin ; for he
keeps his Subjects in perfect Awe by being
acquainted with their most sacred Iniquities,
as (i) Juvenal (i) said of the (i) Greeks. (i)*

#indent (i) Scire volunt secreta domus, atque in de timeri. (i)

*By this means he holds Intelligence with their
own Consciences against themselves, and keeps
their very Thoughts in Slavery ; for Men com-
monly 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*

Center A POPIISH PRIEST. #Left 143

Fox, weighs his Goose, *before he will venture to carry him over a River. He fights with the (i) Devil (i) at his own Weapons, and strives to get*

ground on him with Frauds and Lies—These *he convers 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 numbering them, forgets their Sense and Meaning. He sets them up as Men do their Games at (i) Picquet, (i) for fear he should be mis-*

reckoned; but never minds whether he plays fair or not. He sells Indulgences, like (i) Lockier's (i)

Pills, with Directions how they are to be taken. He is but a Copyholder of the (i) Catholic (i) Church,

that claims by Custom. He believes that (i) Pope's (i)

Chain is fastened to the Gates of Heaven, like King (i) Harry's (i) in the Privy-Gallery./

center [144]

double rule

center A

center TRAVELLER

[I]s a Native of all Countries, and an Alien at [I]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 is is not for his Credit to have it thoughts, 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 quick 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;

center A TRAVELLER. #justify left 145
 for his whole Return of *Wisdom proves to be
 but Affectation, a perishable Commodity*, which
 he will never be able to put off. He velieve
 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 Politi-
 cians, 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, and they ap-
 plaud one another accordingly. He believes
 this Raggedness of *his Discourse a great Demon-*

stration of the Improvement of his Knowledge ;
 as (i) Inns-of-Court (i) Men intimate their Pro-
 ficiency

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

Vol. II #Center L

146 A TRAVELLER.

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 found all Depths
 of Arts in Felucca, ride post *into the Secrets*
of all States, and grow acquainted with their
close Designs in Inns and Hostleries; for cer-
 tainly 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.

Center [147]

Double Rule

Center A

Center CATHOLIC

[S]AYS his Prayers often, but never prays, and
 [S] *worships the Cross* more than (i) Christ (i). 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 Rot-
 terness of it. *If he had lived in the primitive*
Times he had never been a (i) Christian (i); for the
Antiquity of the (i) Pagan (i) and (i) Jewish (i) Religion
would have had the same Power over him
 against the (i) Christian, (i) as the old (i) Roman (i) 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 pre-
served in a small Bottle stopped with a light
Cork, than a vessel of greater Capacity, where
*the Spirits being more and s*tronger are the*
 #Center L2

148 #Center A CATHOLIC./ more apt to fret. He allows of all holy Cheats,/ and
 in content to be deluded in a true, ortho-/ dox, and infallible Way. He believes
 the (i) Pope (i)/ 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 would 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 Sainst in Heave ever made. He/ worships
Sainst in Effigie, as (i) Dutchmen (i) hand/ absent Malefactors ; and has so weak
a Me-/ mory, that he is apt to forget his Patrons,/ unless their Pictures prevent
 him. He loves/ so see *what he prays to, that he may not mis-/ take one Saint*
for another ; and his Beads and/ Crucifix are the Tools of his Devotion, with-/
out which it can do nothing. Nothing staggers/ his Faith of the (i) Pope's (i)
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
 are deluded, is a/

Center A CATHOLIC. #JustifyLeft 149
 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.

#center L3

Center [150]

Double Rule

Center A

Center CURIOUS MAN

[V]ALUES things not by their Use *or*
 [V]Worth, but Scarcity. *He is very tender*
and scrupulous of his Humour, as [i] Fantatics [i]
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
Judgement, but to catch the Admiration of o-
thers, which he believes he has a Right to, be-
cause 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 s*o*

Center A CURIOUS MAN. 151

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 [i] Homer's [i] Iliads in a Nutshel than [i] Alexander's [i] Ca-

binet. He had rather have the twelve Apostles on a Cherry-Stone, than those on St. [i] Peter's [i]

Portico, and would willingly sell [i] Christ [i] again

for the numerical Piece of Coin, that [i] Judas [i]

took for him. His perpetual Dotage upon Curiousities at length renders him one of them, and he shews himself as none fo 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 form 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 [i] Epictetus's [i] Lamp above the

excellent Book he writ by it. If he be a Book-man, he spends all his Time and Study upon

152 A CURIOUS MAN.

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.

[two rules]

A RANTER

I²s a *Fanatic* Hector, that has found out by a very ftrange Way of new Light, how to transform all the *Devils* into *Angels of Light* ; for he believes all Religion confits in Loofeness, 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 ferve to preferve his *Chriftian* Virtues from wearing out ; for if he fhould ufe his Piety and Devotion al- ways it would hold out but a little while. He is loth that Iniquity and Vice fhould be thrown away, as long as there may be good Ufe of it ; for if that, which is wickedly gotten, may be difposed to pious Ufes, why fhould not Wickedness itself as well? He believes himself Shot-free againft 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 ftrong Bodies may freely venture to do, and fuffer that, without any Hurt to themselves, which would deftroy thofe that are feeble: So a Saint, that is ftrong in Grace, may boldly engage himfelf in thofe great Sins and Iniquities, that would eafily damn a weak Brother, and yet come off never the worfe. He believes Deeds of Darknefs to be only thofe Sins that are committed in private, not thofe 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, fo 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 Doctorine and Difcipline with the beft reformed Baudy-Houfes. He is a Monfter produced by the Madnefs of this latter Age ; but if it had been his Fate to have been whelped in old *Rome* he had paft for a Prodigy, and been received among raining of Stones and the fpeaking of Bulls, and would have put a ftop to all public Affairs, until he had been expiated. *Nero* cloathed *Chriftians* in the Skins of wild Beafts ; but he wraps wild Beafts in the Skins of *Chriftians*.

[two rules]

A CORRUPT JUDGE

P²ASSES Judgement as a Gamefter does falfe Dice. The firft Thing he takes is his Oath and his Comiffion, and afterwards the ftrongeft Side and Bribes. He gives Judgement, as the Council at the Bar are laid to give Advice, when they are paid for it. He wraps himfelf warm in Furs, that the cold Air may not ftrike his Confcience inward. He is never an upright Judge, but when he is weary of fitting, and ftands for his Eafe. Al the Ufe he make of his Oath is to oppofe it againft his Prince, for whofe Service he firft took it, and to bind him with that, which he firft pretended to bind himfelf with; as if the King by imparting a little of his Power to him gave hi to Title to all the reft, like thofe who holding a little Land in *Capite* render all the reft

liable to the fame 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 Hope 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 unfufferable Tyranny over Words ; for when he has enflaved 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 called all necessary and unavoidable Proceedings of State, without the punctual Formality of Law, arbitrary and illegal, but never considers, that his own Interpretation

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./

[*two rules*]

AN AMORIST

I²s an Artificer, or Maker of Love, a fworn
 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 feldom to turnn 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 fo kind
 a Reception, that he wonders how he does
 fail of it every where elfe. His Paffion is as
 eafily fet on Fire as a Fart, and as foon out
 again. He is charged an primed with Love-
 Powder like a Gun, and the leafth Sparkle of an
 Eye gives Fire to him, and off he goes, but
 feldom, or never, hits the Mark. He has com-
 mon Places and Precedents of Repartees and
 Letters for all Occasions ; and falls as readily
 into his Method of making love, as a Parfon

does into his Form of Matrimony. He con- verfes, as Angela are faid to do, by
 Intuition, and expreffes himfelf by Sighs moft fignificant- ly. He follows his Vifits,
 as Men do their Bufinefs, and is very induftrious in waiting on the Ladies, where
 his Affairs lie ; among which thofe of greateft Concernment are *Queftions and*
Commands, Purpofes, and other fuch received Forms of With and Converfation ;
 in which he is fo deeply ftudied, that in all Queftions and Doubts that arife, he is
 appealed to, and very learnedly declares, which was the moft true and primitive
 Way of proceeding in the pureft Times. For thefe Virtues he never fails of his Sum-
 mons to all Balls, where he manages the Country-Dances with fingular Judgment,
 and is frequently an Affiftant at L'hombre; and thefe are all the Ufes they make
 of his Parts, befide the Sport they give themfelves in laughing at him, which he
 takes for fingular Favours, and interprets to his own Advantage, though it never
 goes further; for all his Employments being public, he is never admitted to any
 pri- vate Services, and they defpife him as not Wo- man's Meat: For he applies
 to too many to be trufted by any one; as Baftards 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 Duft in *Hyde-Park*; where by his prudent Management of the Glaſs Windows he fecures 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.

[*two rules*]

AN Astrologer

I²s one that expounds upon the Planets, and teaches to conftrue the *Accidents* by the *due joining of Stars in Conftruction*. 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 by *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 fit and vote in their Councils, as any

other : But becaufe there are but feven Electors of the *German* Empire, they will allow of no more to difpofe of all other ; and moft foolifhly and unnaturally depofe their own Parent of its Inheritance; rather than acknowledge a Defect in their own Rules. Thefe Rules are all they have to fhew for their Title ; and yet not one of them can tell whether thofe they had them from came honeftly by them. *Virgil's* Defcription of *Fame*, that reaches from Earth to the Stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax*, to carry Lies and Knavery, will ferve Aftrologers without any fenfible Variation. He is a Fortune-Seller, a Retailer of Deftiny, and petty Chapman to the Planets. He cafts Nativities as Gamefters do falfe Dice, and by flurring and palming *fextile*, *quartile*, and *trine*, like *fize*, *quater*, *trois*, can throw what chance he pleafes. He fets a Figure, as Cheats do a Main at Hazard ; and Gulls throw away their Money at it. He feftches the Grounds of his Art fo far off, as well from Reafon, as the Stars, that, like a Traveller, he is allowed to lye by Au-

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

[*two rules*]

AN ALDERMAN

H²AS taken his Degree in Cheating, and the higheft 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 Reindeer, 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 *Babylon* 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 againft 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 Pre-
 ferment by. He makes a Trade of his Eat-

ing, and, like a Cock, fcrapes when he feeds ;
 for the Public pays for all and more, which he
 and his Brethren fhare among themfelves ; for
 they never make a dry Reckoning. When he
 comes to be Lord-Mayor he does not keep a
 great Houfe, but a very great Houfe-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.

[*double rule*]

A QUAKER

I²S a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without
 Founder, Vow, or Rule ; for he will not
 fwear, 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 Bufhel, for nobody can fee it but himfelf. 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 fame Effects ; as cold Iron in
Greenland, they fay, burns as well as hot ;
 which makes him delight, like a Salamander,
 to live in the Fire of Perfecution. 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 Skill by the flat Twang of his Nose, and the great Care he takes to keep his Hat on, lest his fickle 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 Gnawing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of their Church, that renounced his Trade and turned Preacher, because he held it superstiti-

ous to fit *crofs-legged*. His Devotion is but a Kind of ſpiritual Palfy, 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 Exorcifms, rather than Exerciſes of Devotion. He fucks 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*.

[*double rule*]

A VINTNER

H²ANGS 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 under Ground in his Cellar ; for he that will pick

a Man's Pocket to his Face, will not ftick to
ufe him worfe in private when he knows no-

thing of it. When he has poifoned his
Wines he raifes his Price, and to make amends
for that abates his Meafure, for he thinks it
a greater Sin to commit Murder for fmall
Gains, than a valuable Confideration. He
does not only fpoil and deftroy his Wines, but
an ancient reverend Proverb, with brewing and
racking, that fays, *In vino veritas*, for there
is no Truth in his, but all falfe and fophiftica-
ted ; 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 confefs it to be
a Cheat, and afterwards puts himfelf upon
the Mercy of the Company. He is an *Anti-
chriftian* Cheat ; for Chrift turned Water into
Wine, and he turns Wine into Water. He
fcores all his Reckonings upon two Tables
made like thofe of the ten Commandments, that
he may be put in Mind to break them as oft as
poffibly he can ; efpecially that of ftealing and
bearing falfe Witnefs againft his Neighbour,
when he draws him bad Wine and fwears 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 Confcience with. When he is found to
over-reckon notoriously, he has one common
Evafion for all, and that is to fay it was a
Miftake, by which he means, that he thought
they had not been fober enough to difcover it ;
for if it had pafst, there had been no Error at
all in the Cafe.

[double rule]

A LOVER

I²S a Kind of *Goth* and *Vandal*, that leaves his native Self to fettle in another, or a Planter that forfakes his Country, where he was born, to labour and dig in *Virginia*. His Heart is caught in a Net with a Pair of bright fhining Eyes, as Larks are with Pieces of a looking-Glafs. He makes heavy Com__plaints againft it for deferting of him, and defires to have another in Exchange for it, which is a very unreafonable Requeft ; for if it betrayed its bofom Friend, what will it do to a Stranger, that fhould give it Truft and Entertainment ? He binds himfelf, and cries out he is robbed of his Heart, and charges the Innocent with it, only to get a good Com__pofition, or another for it, againft Con__fciences and Honefty. He talks much of his

Flame, and pretends to be burnt by his Miftrefs's Eyes, for which he requires Satisfaction from her, like one that fets his Houfe on Fire to get a Brief for charitable Contributions. He makes his Miftrefs all of Stars, and when fhe is unkind, rails at them, as if they did ill Offices between them, and being of her Kin fet her againft him. He falls in Love as Men fall fick when their Bodies are inclined to it, and imputes that to his Miftreffes Charms, which is really in his own Temper ; for when that is altered, the other vanifhes of it felf, and therefore one faid not amifs,

—The Lilly and the Rofe
Not in her Cheeks, but in thy Temper grows.
When his Defires are grown up, they fwarm,
and fly out to feek a new Habitation, and

wherefoever 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 run-
 ning 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-
 saic 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
 alive-likeing.

[double rule]

A BANKRUPT

It's 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
 Cromwell* 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-horse 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.

[*double rule*]

A RIBALD

I²S the Devil's Hypocrite, the 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 bawdy Tale does more Hurt, and gives a worse Example than the Thing of which it was told ; for the Act extends but to a 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 loofely in private, he talks as loofely of in public, and finds as

much Pleafure in the one as the other. He
endeavours to make himfelf Satisfaction for
the Pangs his Claps and Botches put him to with

vapouring and bragging how he came by
them. He endeavours to purchafe himfelf a
Reputation by pretending to that which the
beft Men abominate, and the worft value not,
like one that clips and wafhes falfe Coin, and
ventures his Neck for that which will yield
him nothing.
