

[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 himself, 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 himself 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 themselves, 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 Gar-
 niture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks
 in his Portcannons like one, that stalks in long
 Grass. 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 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 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 fell the
 Empire of *Germany*¹ (if it were in his Power)
 for an old Song. He devours an old Manu-
 ſcript 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

¹ *And with Scaliger would fell the Empire of Germany*] This al-
 ludes to a ranting Exclamation of *Scaliger's* upon an Ode in *Horace*,
 which he was particularly pleaſed with.

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 Difeases 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 esteems no Customs 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

IS 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 uneasy. 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.

[two rules] / / #A #FIFTH-MONARCHY-MAN / / / I²S one, that is not contented to be a Privy-/ Counsellor of the Kingdom of Heave, 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 Vice-/ gerents 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 Govern-/ ment 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-Mo-/ narchy* as the Quinteffence of all Governments, / abftracted from all Matter, and confifting /

wholly of Revelations, Vifions, and Myfteries. / *John of Leyden* was the firft Found of it, and / though he mifcarried, like *Romulus* in a Tem-/ peft, his Pofterity have Revelations every full / Moon, that there may be a Time to fet up his / Title again, and with better Succes; 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 chargea-/ ble) 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 *De-/ vil's* Prospect 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 Dark-/ nefs as the *fifth-Monarchy*, that is no where / to be found, but in dark Prophecies, obfcure My-/ thologies, and myftical Riddles, like the Vi-/ fions *Aeneas* faw in Hell of the *Roman* Empire, /

Next this is the moft refembles *Mahomet's* Coming / to the *Turks*, and King *Arthur's* Reign over the / Britons in *Merlin's* Prophecies ; 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 Go-/ vernment, according to their ancient and fun-/ damental 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 Maf-/ ters. He gather Churches on the Sunday, as / the *Jew* did Sitkes on their Sabbath, to fet the / State on Fire. He humms and hahs high Trea-/ fon, 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 *Whitting-*/ *ton* did the Bells, to fpeak to him, and governs/ himfelf accordingly./

[*two rules*]/ / #THE/ #HENPECT MAN/ / R²IDE 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 no-/ thing 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 Concernments liable to Pupi-/ lage 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 under her aribtrary Government and Com-/ mand 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 efpoufed 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 fhe makes him ferve/ (like the Jefuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her/ Province, an Acquifition that fhe 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 fhe 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

S M A L L P O E T

[I]s one, that would fain make himself that, []which {i} Nature{i} never meant him; like a {i}Fa- natic,{i} that insspires himssself with his own Whimsses. He ssets up Haberdassher of ssmall Poetry, with a very ssmall Stock, and no Credit. He believes it is Inventions 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 sso un- towardly, that you may perceive his own Wit has the Rickets, by the Sswelling Dissproportion of the Joints. Imitation is the whole Sum of him; 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 undersstand what is besst, he naturally takes the worsst, as being mosst agreeable to his own Talent. You may

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of himssself—This renders him incurable, like Disseasses, that grow insensible. If you dissslike him it is at your own Peril; he is ssure to put in a Caveat beforehand againsst your Understanding; and, like a Malefac- tor in Wit, is always fursinssed

with Exceptions against his Judges. This puts him upon perpetual Apologies, Excusses, 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 [i] Latin [i] or [i] Greek [i] he ranks himself among the Learned, despises the Ignorant, talks Criticisms out of [i] Scaliger[i], and repeats [i] Martial's [i] 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

110 A SMALL POET. sliding down [i]Parnassus[i]. 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 [i] great Nature,[i] and dull Flatness [i] strange Easiness.[i] 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 [i] long Parliament [i] making [i] Ordinances [i] in their Stead; although they are perpetually [i] thrown out [i] of Coffee-Houses, and come to Nothing. He is like an [i]Italian [i] 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 practice by the Life: For bar him the Imitation of something he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

[i] Whatsoever he hears well said, &c.[i]] In this Butler alludes to [i] Martial's [i] Epigram to [i] 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 cries down all they do, as if they were Encroachments upon him. He takes Jests from the Owners and breaks them, as [i] Justices[i] do false Weights, and Pots that want Measure. When he meets with any Thing, that is very good, he change 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 Obstruc_tions; and he has Fits as painful as those of the Spleen. He fancies him- self a dainty spruce Shepherd, with a Flock and a fine silken Shepherdss, that follows his Pipe, as Rats did the Conjurers in [i] Germany.[i]

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

[i]Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentinus, libellus: sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus. Mare. L. 1. Ep 39 [i]

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For [i] Similtudes,[i] 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 ob- scure* 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 Con- traries.

He has found out a Way to s*ave 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 in- creas*e the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

[i] We read that Virgil used to make, &c [i] *This alludes to a Passage in the Life of [i] Virgil [i] ascribed to [i] Donatus[i]. " Cum Georgica scribe- " traditur quotidie meditato mane plurimos versus dic_tare s*o- " litus, —Illegible need to check original copy (sarah)"*

titude of *small Poets in constant Employment*. He has found out a new Sort of poetical [i]Geor- gics, [i] a Trick of sowing *Wit like clover-grass* on barren Subjec_ts, 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 projec_ting it upon the [i] Iron-Age [i] turns it immediately into [i] Gold-[i] 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; Tress have born Fritters, and Rivers flowed Plum-Porridge.

We read that [i] Virgil [i] us*ed to make fifty or s*ixty Vers*es in a Morning, and afterwards reduce them to ten. This was an unthrifty Vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the Hus*bandry of his own Poetry, as [i] Seneca [i] s*ays he was in that of a Farm; for in plain [i] Englis*h[i]

[i] As Seneca s*ays he was in that of a farm.] Seneca [i] in his 86th Epis*tle finds s*everal Faults wich [i] Virgil's [i] Rules and Obs*ervations in

Hus*bandry, as they are delivered in his [i] Georgics, and adds of him--

"Qui nos quod veris*s*ime, s*ed quid decentis*s*ime diceretur, as-
" s*pexit; nec Agricolas docere voluit, s*ed legentes delec_tore".

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it was no better than bringing a Noble to Nine- pence. And as *such Courses* brough the [i] prodigal Son [i] 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 s*o 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 *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 ham- mer the Sense upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleas*es.

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

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

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able to contain them: For there is hardly a Pond, a Sheep-walk, or a Gravel-pit in all [i] Greece, [i] 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 [i] Dryades, Hamadryades, Aonides, Fauni, Nymphae, Sylvani, &c.[i] that *signify nothing at all; and* such a World of pedantic Terms of the *same Kind, as may* serve to furnis^{*h} all the new Inventions and [i] thorough-Reformations, [i] that can happen between this and [i] Plato's[i] great Year.

When he writes he never proposes any Scope or Purpose *to himself*, but gives h 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 Subjec_t*. *It is an ungrateful Thing to a noble Wit to be confined to any Thing—To what Purpose* did the Antients feign [i] Pegasus *to have Wings, if he must be* confined to the Road and Stages like a Pack-Hors*e, or be forced to be obedient to Hedges and Ditches? There-

which relates to the *Distempers of Horses*, was employed in [i] Ae- gustus's Sta- bleswith great Success, *and by that Means introduced himself* into the Favour of that Prince.

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fore he has no Respec_t to *Decorum and Pro- priety of Circumstance*; for the Regard of Persons, Times, and Places is a *Restraint too servile to e* imposed upon poetical Licence; like him that made [i] Plato[i] confess [i] Juvenal [i] to be a *Philosopher*, or [i] Pers*ius, that calls teh [i] Athe- nians Quirites [i].

For [i] Metaphors, [i] 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, *utnil 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, [i] that the weakest does not always go to the Wall; [i] for 'tis*

[i] Like him that made Plaot, &c.] [i] Who this Blunder is to be fa-

thered upon I cannot discover; *but that which he imports to [i] Per-*sius, [i] and another of Juvenal's Passage of his own in a Part of his Prose *Collec_tions called [i] Criticisms* upon Books and Autohrs, [i] will ex-plain-[i] Persius, [i] says, *he commits a very great Absurdity*, when laying the Scene of his fourth Satyr in [i] Greece [i], and bringing in [i] So-crates reproving a young statesmen, he makes him call the [i] Gre-cians [i] Quirites.

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well known the Lines are *strong enough, and in that Sense* may jus*_tly 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 [i] preach [i] rhyme with [i] Cheat, Vote [i] with [i] Rogue, and [i] Com-mittee-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 [i] glud-fum-flam-hastaminantes? [i] Some of the old [i] Latin [i] 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* thems*elves an hundred Throats, than they then had, to pronounce them.

There are *some, that drive a Trade in writ-ing in praise* of other Writers, (like Rooks,

118 A SMALL POET. that bet on Gamesters Hands) *not at all to ce-lebrate the learned Author's Merits, as they would shew*, but their own Wits, of which he is but the Subjec_t. The Letchery of this Va-nity has *spawned more Writers than the [i] civil Law: [i] For those, whose Modesty must notorious Va-pours 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 Imperfec_tions, what is it to discover our Vir-tues? 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] Anograms, [i] he uses to lay the Outsides of his Vers*es even (like a Brick-

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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 so 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 these. The antient Magicians could charm down the Moon,/ and force Rivers back to their Springs by the/

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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 then 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./*

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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 asquint—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 change- able 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 skil-/ ful 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 *some-/ body else*. He exercises *his Limbs, like the/ Pike and Musket*, and all his *Postures are prac-/ tised*—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-Na_/_ turals, on which his Health and Diseases de-/ pend*, are *[i] stile novo*. *French [i] is his Holiday-Lan-/ guage, that he wears for his Pleasure and Or-/ nament*, and uses *[i] English [i] only for his Business/ and necessary Occasions*. He is like a *[i] Scotch-/ man, [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 K3*

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 al-/ ways falling out and quarrelling with himself,/ yet he has not power to endure any other Con-/ versation*. *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 Wa-/ kings 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 Conven-/ ticle, 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 main-/ tain 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 Mo-/ tion, tho very seldom to the Purpose, like a/ Barber's Scissors, 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/ / 3

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 POPISH 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 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 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 Wis-/ dom 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 Admira-/ tion of foreign Parts, and a generous Con-/ tempt of Home, that all Men may admire, at/ least, the means he has had of Improvement,/ and deplore their own Defects. His Observa-/ tions 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 Com-*modity, which/ he will never be able to put off. He relieve/ 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-/ tenness 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 Re-/ ligious is of no Force without Cere-
 monies, 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] Ho-/ mer'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/ Curiosities at length renders him
one of them,/ and he shews himself as none fo the meanest/ of his Rarities. He
so much affects Singula-/ rity, 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 [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/ Things that are never to be known. The/ [i] Philosopher's Stone [i] and [i] universal Medicine cannot/ #center L 4/

152 A CURIOUS MAN./ possibly miss him, though he is sure to do them./ He is wonderfully taken with abstruse Know-/ ledge, and had rather hand to Truth with a/ Pair of Tongs wrapt up in Mysteries and Hiero-/ glyphics, 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 strange Way of new Light, how to transform all the Devils into Angels of Light ; for he believes all Religion consists 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 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 them-/ selves, 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 reform-/ ed 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 paid for a Prodigy, and been re-/ ceived among raining of Stones and the speak-/ ing of Bulls, and

would have put a stop to all/ public Affairs, until he had been expiated./ *Nero* clothed *Christians* in the Skins of wild/ Beasts ; but he wraps wild Beasts in the Skins/ of *Christians*./

/ / [two rules]/ / #A/ #CORRUPT JUDGE/ / / P²ASSES Judgement as a Gamester does/ false Dice. The first Thing he takes is/ his Oath and his Comission, and afterwards/ the strongest Side and Bribes. He gives Judg-/ ment, 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/ fitting, 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 pre-/ tended to bind himself with; as if the King by/ imparting a little of his Power to him gave/ him Title to all the rest, like those who hold-/ ing 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 Cant-/ ing, 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 enflamed 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 re-/ ceives./

[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 partic-
 ular/ 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 leaft 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 Glafs Win-/ dows he fecures them
 from Beggars, and re-/ turns fraught with China-Oranges and Ballads./ Thus he is
 but a Gentleman-Ufher General,/ and his Bufinefs is to carry one Lady's Services/
 to another, and bring back the others in Ex-/ change./

[two rules]/ #AN/ #Astrologer/ / / I²s one that expounds upon the Planets, and/
 teaches to confrue the *Accidents* by the *due/ joining of Stars in Confruction*. He
 talks with/ them by dumb Signs, and can tell what they/ mean by their twinkling,

and fquinting 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/ Houfes they frequent. They have no Power to/ do any Thing alone, until fo many meet, as/ will make a *Quorum*. He is Clerk of the Com-/ mittee 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 fo 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* Def-/ cription of *Fame*, that reaches from Earth/ to the Stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax*, to carry/ Lies and Knavery, will ferve Aftrologers with-/ out any fenfible Variation. He is a Fortune-/ Seller, a Retailer of Deftiny, and petty Chap-/ man to the Planets. He cafts Nativities as/ Gamefters do falfe Dice, and by flurring and/ palming *feftile*, *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/ themselves, believe all others have, and beg/ of thofe, that have as little as themselves : So/ the ignorant Rabble believe in him, though/ he has no more Reafon for what he profeffes,/ than they./

[two rules]

AN ALDERMAN

H²AS taken his Degree in Cheating, and the higheft of his Faculty ; or paid for refufing his *MANDAMUS*. He is a Peer of the

City, and a Member of their upper Houfe, Who, as foon as he arrives at fo many thoufand Pounds, is bound by the Charter to ferve the Public with fo much Underftanding, what fhift foever he make to raife it, and wear a Chain about his Neck like a Raindeer, or in Default to commute, and make Satisfaction in ready Money, the beft Reafon of the Place; for which hi has the Name only, like a titular Prince, and is an *Alderman extraordinary*. But if his Wife can prevail with him to ftand, he becomes one of the City-fupporters, 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 honefty, but the Rank and Quality

He is of among the Wicked, When he fits as a Judge in his Court he is abfolute, and ufes arbitrary Power ; for he is not bound to underftand what he does, nor render an Account why he gives Judgment on one Side rather than another ; but his Will is fufficient to ftand for his Reafon, to all Intents and Purpofes. He does no public Bufinefs without eating and drinking, and never meets about Matters of Importance, but the Cramming his Infide is the moft weighty Part of the Work of the Day. He difpatches no public Affair until he has thoroughly dined upon it, and is fully fatisfied with Quince-Pye and Cuftard : for Men are wifer, the *Italians* fay, after their Bellies are full, than when they are fafting, and he is very cautious to omit no Occafion of improving his Parts that Way. He is fo careful of the Intereft of his Belly, and manages it fo induftrioufly, that in a little Space it grows great and takes Place of all the reft of his Members, and becomes fo 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, 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.

[*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
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-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 Fifth, and throws

away the Net ; as a Butcher, when he has fed his Beaft as fat as it can grow, cuts the Throat

of it. When he has brought his Defign to Perfection, and difpofed of all his Materials, he lays his Train, like a Powder Traytor, and gets out of the way, while he blows up all thofe that trusted him. After the Blow is given there is no Manner of Intelligence to be had of him for fome Months, until the Rage and Fury is fomewhat digefted, and all Hopes vanifhed of ever recovering any Thing of Body, or Goods, for Revenge, or Reftitution ; and then Propofitions of Treaty and Accommodation appear, like the Sign of the *Hand and Pen* out of the Clouds, with Conditions more un-reafonable than Thieves are wont to demand for Reftitution of ftolen Goods. He fhoots like a Fowler at a whole Flock of Geefe at once, and ftalks with his Horfe to come as near as poffibly he can without being perceived by any one, or giving the leaft Suspicion of his Defign, until it is too late to prevent it ; and then he flies from them, as they fhould have done before from him. His Way is fo commonly ufed 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 Surprife ; and as Thieves are commonly better mounted than thofe they rob, he very eafily makes his Efcape, and flies beyond Per-fuit of Huon-cries, and there is no Poffibility of overtaking him.

[*double rule*]

A RIBALD

I²S the Devil's Hypocrite, the endeavours to make himself appear worfe than he is. His evil Words and bad Manners ftrive which fhall moft corrupt one another, and it is hard to fay which has the Advantage. He vents his Lechery at the Mouth, as fome Fifhes are faid to engender. He is an unclean Beaft that chews the Cud ; for after he has fatisfied his Lust, he brings it up again into his Mouth to a fecond Enjoyment, and plays an After-game of Letchery with his Tongue much worfe than that which the *Cunnilingi* ufed among the old *Romans*. He ftrips Nature ftark-naked, and clothes her in the moft fantaftic and ridiculous Fafhion a wild Imagination can invent. He is worfe and more nafty than a Dog ; for in his broad Defcriptions of others obfcene 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 worfe 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 expofes that with his Tongue, which Nature gave Women Modesty, and brute Beafts Tails to cover. He miftakes 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 fhameful than to be afhamed of any Thing. He talks nothing but *Aretine's* Pictures, as plain as the *Scotch* Dia-

lect, which is esteemed to be the most copious and elegant of the Kind. He improves and husband 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.
