[*two rules*]

# PREFACE.

*T2HE 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 ſuc-*  
*ceſſively 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 Inte-*  
*reſt and Prejudice of a Publiſher may render me*  
*a ſuſpected or an incompetent Judge. The Reader*  
*will have an Opportunity of determining for him-*  
*ſelf, 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 Apo-*  
*logy 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 ſtands in. All his Hap-  
pineſs conſiſts in the Opinion he believes others  
have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is he-  
retical and erroneous, though he ſuffer much  
Tribulation for it, he continues obſtinate, and  
not to be convinced. He flutters up and down  
like a Butterfly in a Garden ; and while he is  
pruning of his Peruque takes Occaſion to con-  
template his Legs, and the Symmetry of his  
Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the  
Rooms, and ſerves for a walking Picture, a  
moving Piece of Arras. His Buſineſs is only  
to be ſeen, and he performs it with admirable  
Industry, placing himself always in the beſt  
Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cau-  
tious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation  
is to ſhow his Cloaths, and if they could but  
walk themselves, they would ſave him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himſelf.  
His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold,  
and he were a loſt Man without it. His  
Cloaths are but his Taylor's Livery, which he  
gives him, for ’tis ten to one he never pays for  
them. He is very careful to diſcover the Lining  
of his Coat, that you may not ſuſpect any  
Want of Integrity of 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 com\_  
mitting Iniquities againſt him. His Soul dwells  
in the Outſide of him, like that of a hollow  
Tree ; and if you do but pill the Bark off him  
he deceaſes immediately. His Carriage of  
himſelf is the wearing of his Cloaths, and,  
like the Cinamon Tree, his Bark is better than  
his Body. His looking big is rather a Tumor,  
than Greatneſs. He is an Idol, that has juſt  
ſo much Value, as other Men give him that  
believe in him, but none of his own. He  
makes 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 Acquain-  
tance ; and that's the Reaſon why he will ſome-  
times 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 Judg-  
ment 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 Peruque 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 crys *Vanity of*  
*Vanities, all is Vanity,* quoth the Preacher. He  
rides himself like a well-managed Horſe, reins  
in his Neck, and walks *Terra Terra*. He  
carries his elbows backward, as if he were

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

in a Caſe, and is taken out again for the La-  
dies 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 Va-  
let de Chambre conſpire to dreſs Dinner and  
him ſo punctually together, that the one may  
not be ready before the other. As Peacocks and  
Oſtridges have the gaudieſt and fineſt Feathers,  
yet cannot fly ; ſo all his Bravery is to flutter  
only. The Beggars call him *my Lord,* and he  
takes them at their Words, and pays them for  
it. If you praiſe him, he is ſo true and faith-  
ful to the Mode, that he never fails to make  
you a Preſent of himſelf, and will not be re-  
fuſed, 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 Inno-  
vation, and ſlights 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 An-  
tiquity, and the good Services they have done.  
He throws away his Time in enquiring after  
that which is paſt and gone ſo many Ages ſince,  
like one that ſhoots away an Arrow, to find  
out another that was loſt before. He fetches  
things out of Duſt and Ruins, like the Fable  
of the chymical Plant raiſed out of its own  
Aſhes. He values one old Invention, that is  
loſt and never to be recovered, before all the  
new ones in the World, tho’ never ſo uſeful.  
The whole Buſineſs of his Life is the ſame with  
his, that ſhows the Tombs at *Westminster*, only  
the one does it for his Pleaſure, and the other  
for Money. As every Man has but one 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 Diſ-  
courſe, than be the Author of the moſt ingenious  
new one ; and with *Scaliger* would ſell the  
Empire of *Germany*[[1]](#footnote-24) (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  
of it, as if he had got the Philoſophers Stone,  
and could cure all the Diſeaſes of Mankind.  
He values things wrongfully upon their Anti-  
quity, forgetting that the moſt modern are  
really the moſt ancient of all Things in the  
World, like thoſe that reckon their Pounds  
before their Shillings and Pence, of which they  
are made up. He eſteems no Cuſtoms but ſuch  
as have outlived themſelves, and are long ſince  
out of Uſe ; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints,  
but ſuch as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, Op-  
poſition, of none but the Living.

[*two rules*]

# A PROUD MAN

I2S a Fool in Fermentation, that ſwells and  
boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He ſets out  
his Feathers like an Owl, to ſwell and ſeem  
bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tu-  
mour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that  
renders every Part of him ſtiff and uneaſy.  
He has given himſelf Sympathetic Love-Pow-  
der, that works upon him to Dotage, and has  
transformed him into his own Miſtreſs. He  
is his own Gallant, and makes moſt paſſionate  
Addreſſes to his own dear Perfections. He  
commits Idolatry to himſelf, and worſhips  
his own Image ; though there is no Soul living  
of his Church but himſelf, yet he believes as  
the Church believes, and maintains his Faith  
with the Obſtinacy of a *Fanatic.* He is his own  
Favourite, and advance himſelf not only above  
his Merit, but all Mankind ; is both *Damon*  
and *Pythias* to his own dear ſelf, and values his

Crony above his Soul. He gives Place to no  
Man but himſelf, and that with very great  
Diſtance to all others, whom he eſteems not  
worthy to approach him. He believes what-  
ſoever 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 Com-  
pliment, 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 over-  
flows his Bounds, and when he ſinks, leaves  
Mud and Dirt behind him. His Carriage is  
as glorious and haughty, as if he were advan-  
ced 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 foun-  
dation is leſſer than his upper Stories. We  
can naturally take no view of our ſelves, un-  
leſs we look downwards, to teach us how  
humble Admirers we ought to be of our own  
Values. The ſlighter and leſs ſolid his Mate-  
rials 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-  
Counſellor of the Kingdom of Heaven, but  
would fain be a Miniſter of State of this World,  
and tranſlate the Kingdom of Heaven to the  
Kingdom of Earth. His Deſign is to make  
*Chriſt* King, as his Forefathers the *Jew* did,  
only to abuſe and crucify him, that he might  
ſhare his Lands and Goods, as he did his Vice-  
gerents here. He dreams of a Fool's Paradiſe  
without a Serpent in it, a golden Age all of  
Saints, and no Hypocrites, all *holy-Court* Princes,  
and no Subjects but the Wicked ; a Govern-  
ment of *Perkin Warbec* and *Lambert Simnel*  
Saints, where every Man, that had a Mind to it,  
might make himſelf a Price, and claim a  
Title to the Crown. He fancies a *fifth-Mo-*  
*narchy* as the Quinteſſence of all Governments,  
abſtracted from all Matter, and conſiſting

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

Next this it moſt reſembles *Mahomet*’s Coming  
to the *Turks,* and King *Arthur*’s Reign over the  
Britons in *Merlin*’s Propheſies ; ſo near of Kin  
are all fantaſtic Illuſions, that you may diſcern  
the ſame Lineaments in them all. The poor  
Wicked are like to have a very ill time under  
them, for they are reſolved upon arbitrary 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 ſuffer Perſecution enough to make  
them as able Saints, as their Lords and Maſ-  
ters. He gathers Churches on the Sunday, as  
the *Jews* did Sticks on their Sabbath, to ſet the  
State on Fire. He humms and hahs high Trea-  
ſon, and calls upon it, as Gameſters do on the  
Caſt they would throw. He groans Sedition,  
and, like the *Phariſee,* rails, when he gives  
Thanks. He interprets Propheſies, as *Whitting-*  
*ton* did the Bells, to ſpeak to him, and governs  
himſelf 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 prepoſterous Animal, that being/ curbed in goes with his Tail forwards. He is/ but ſubordinate and miniſterial to his Wife,/ who commands in chief, and he dares do 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 Seignor's* Daughter, and is/ under Correction of her Pantofle. He is his/ Wife's Villain, and has nothing of his own/ further than ſhe pleaſes to allow him. When/ he was married he promiſed to worſhip his/ Wife with his Soul inſtead of his Body, and/ endowed her among his worldly Goods with his/ Humanity. He changed Sexes with his Wife,/ and put off the old Man to put on the new/ Woman. She ſits 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 reſt of his Concerments liable to Pupi-/ lage and Wardſhip, and his Wife has the/ Tuition of his during his or her Life; and/ he has no Power to do any Thing of himſelf,/ but by his Guardian. His Wife manages him/ and his Eſtate with equal Authority, and he/ lives under her aribtrary Government and Com-/ mand as his ſuperior Office. He is but a kind/ of Meſſuage and Tenement in the Occupation/ of his Wife. He and ſhe make up a Kind of/ Hermaphrodite, a Monſter, or which the one/ half is more than the whole; for he is the/ weaker Veſſel, and but his Wife's Helper. His/ Wife eſpouſed and took him to Huſband for/ better or worſe, and the laſt Word ſtands./ He was meant to be his Wife's Head, but being/ ſet on at the wrong End ſhe makes him ſerve/ (like the Jeſuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her/ Province, an Acquiſition that ſhe took in,/ and gives Laws to at Indiſcretion; for being/ overmatched and too feeble for the Encounter,/ he was forced to ſubmit and take Quarter./ He has inverted the Curſe, and turned it upon/ himſelf; for his Deſire is towards his Wife,/ and ſhe reign over him and with *Eſau* has/ ſold his Birthright for a Meſs of Matrimony./

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

[ 107 ]  
  
  
 {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 himsself 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 whatssoever 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

108 A SMALL POET. know his Wit not to be natural, 'tis sso un- quiet and troublesome in him: For as thosse, that have Money but sseldom, are always sshak- ing their Pockets, when they have it; sso does he, when he thinks he has got ssomething, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual Tal- ker; and you may know by the Freedom of his Disscoursse, that he came light by it, as Thieves sspend fiercely what they get. He meassures other Men's Wits by {i}their{i} Modessty, and his own by {i}his{i} Confidence. He makes nothing of writing Plays, becausse he has not Wit enough to un- derstand the Difficulty. This makes him ven-ture to talk and sscribble, as Chowsses do to play with cunning Gamessters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of Wit, as thosse, that have bad Voices, are always ssing- ing out of Tune; and thosse, that cannot play, delight to fumble on Insstruments. He grows the unwisser by other Men's Harms; for the worsse others write, he finds the more Encou- ragement to do sso too. His Greedinesss of Praisse is sso eager, that he sswallows any Thing, that comes in the Likenesss of it, how notorious and palpable ssoever, and is as Shot-free againsst any Thing, that may lessssen his good Opinion

A SMALL POET. 109

of himsself--This renders him incurable, like Disseasses, that grow inssensible.

If you disslike 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 perpe- tual Apologies, Excusses, and Defences, but sstil by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whif- fling Strain, without Regard of any Man, that sstands in the Way of his Pageant. Where he thinks he may do it ssafely, he will confidently own other Men's Writings; and where he fears the Truth may be disscovered, he will by feeble Denials and feigned Inssinua- tions give Men Occassion to ssupposse sso.

If he undersstands [i] Latin [i] or [i] Greek [i] he ranks himsself among the Learned, desspisses the Igno- rant, talks Criticissms out of [i] Scaliger[i], and re- peats [i] Martial's [i] baudy Epigrams, and ssets up his Resst wholly upon Pedantry. But if he be not sso well qualified, he crys down all Learning as pedantic, dissclaims Study, and professsses to write with as great Facility, as if his Musse was

110 A SMALL POET. ssliding down [i]Parnassssus[i]. Whatssoever he hears well ssaid he sseizes 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 Cusshion, of mossaic Work, made up of sseveral Scraps ssewed together, He calls a sslovenly nassty Desscription [i] great Na- ture,[i] and dull Flatnesss [i] strange Eassiness.[i] He writes down all that comes in his Head, and makes no Choice, becausse 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-Housses, and come to Nothing. He is like an [i]Italian [i] Thief, that never robs, but he murthers, to prevent Disscovery; sso ssure is he to cry down the Man from whom he pur- loins, that his petty Larceny of Wit may passs unssusspec-ted. He is byt a Copier at besst, and will never arrive to prac-tice by the Life: For bar him the Imitation of ssomething he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

[i] Whatssoever he hears well ssaid, &tc.[i]] In this Butler alludes to [i] Martial's [i] Epigram to [i] Fidentinus.

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Obs*ervation and Fancy, the Matter and Form of jus*t Wit, are above his Philos*ophy. He appears s*o over concerned in all Men's Wits, as if they were but Dis*paragements of his own; and crys down all they do, as if they were Encroachments upon him. He takes Jes*ts fromt he Owners and breaks them, as [i] Justices[i] do fals*e Weights, and Pots that want Meas*ure. When he meets with any Thing, that is very good, he change it into s*mall Money, like three Groats for a Shilling, to s*erve s*everal Occas*ions. He dis*claims Study, pretends to take Things in Motion, and to s*hoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often mis*s*ing of his Mark. His Wit is much troubled with Obs*truc\_tions; and he has Fits as painful as thos*e of the Spleen. He fancies him- s*elf a dainty s*pruce Shepherd, with a Flock and a fine s*ilken Shepherds*s, 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 Sens*se. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a [i] Chris*tian[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 es*s*e tuus. Mare. L. 1. Ep 39 [i]

112 A SMALL POET. s*uch, as will s*erve, like a wooden Leg, to piece out a main'd Vers\*e, that wants a Foot or two; and if they will buy rhimes now and then into the Bargain, or run upon a Letter, it is a Work of Supererrogation.

For [i] Similtudes,[i] he likes the hardes*t and mos*t obs*cure bes*t: For as Ladies wear black Patches, to make their Complexions s*eem fairer than they are; s*o when an Illus*tration is more ob- s*cure than the Sens*e that went before it, it mus*t of Neces*s*ity make it appear clearer than it did: For Contraries are bes*t s*et off with Con- traries.

He has found out a Way to s\*ave the Expence

of much Wit and Sens*e: For he will make les*s than s*ome have prodigally laid out upon five or s*ix Words s*erve forty or fifty Lines. This is a thrifty Invention, and very eas*y; and, if it were commonly known, would much in- creas\*e the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

[i] We read that Virgil us*ed to make, &c [i] This alludes to a Pas*s*age in the Life of [i] Virgil [i] as*cribed to [i] Donatus[i]. " Cum Georgica s*crie- " traditur quotidio meditatos mane plurianos vers*us dic\_tare s\*o- " litus, ---Illegible need to check original copy (sarah)"

A SMALL POET. 113

titude of s*mall Poets in cons*tant Employment. He has found out a new Sort of poetical [i]Geor- gics, [i] a Trick of s*owing Wit like clover-gras*s on barren Subjec\_ts, which would yield nothing before. This is very us*eful for the Times, wherein, s*ome men s*ay, 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 Bus*iness of Mankind has pres*ently vanis*hed, the whole World has kept Holiday; there has been no Men but Heroes and Poets, no Women but Nymphs and Shepherdes*s*es; Tress have born Fritters, and Rivers flowed Plum-Porrige.

We read that [i] Virgil [i] us\*ed to make fifty or  
s\*ixty Vers\*es in a Morning, and afterwards re-  
duce 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 s*uch Cours*es brough the [i] prodigal Son [i] to eat with Hogs: So they did him to feed with Hors*es, 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 Sens*e, 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 s*teers the Sens*e 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 eas*y enough; and has found out s*ome s*turdy hard Word, that will but rhime, he will ham- mer the Sens*e upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleas\*es.

There is no Art in the World s*o rich in Terms as Poetry; a whole Dic\_tionary is s*carce

[i] So they did him to feed with Hors*es] This mus*t be explained by the s*ame Writer of [i] Virgil's[i] Life, who informs us that [Virgil] in his Youth s*tudied Phys*ic, in which having made great Proficiency, he repaired to [i] Rome, [i] and applying hims*elf to that Branch of it

A SMALL POET. 115

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 s*mall Poets have s*uch a Stock of able hard Words lying by them, as [i] Dryades, Hamadryades, Aonides, Fauni, Nymphae, Sylvani, &c.[i] that s*ignify nothing at all; and s*uch a World of pedantic Terms of the s*ame Kind, as may s*erve 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 Purpos*e to hims*elf, but gives h Genius all Freedom: For as he, that rides abroad for his Pleas*ure, can hardly be out of his Way; s*o he that writes for his Pleas*ure, can s*eldom be be- s*ide his Subjec\_t. It is an ungrateful Thing to a noble Wit to be confined to any Thing--- To what Purpos*e did the Antients feign [i] Pegas*us to have Wings, if he mus*t 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 Dis*tempers of Hors*es, was employed in [i] Ae- gustus's Stableswith great Succes*s, and by that Means introduced hims*elf into the Favour of that Prince.

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fore he has no Res*pec\_t to Decorum and Pro- priety of Circums*tance; for the Regard of Pers*ons, Times, and Places is a Res*traint too s*ervile to e impos*ed upon poetical Licence; like him that made [i] Plato[i] confes*s [i] Juvenal [i] to be a Philos*opher, or [i] Pers\*ius, that calls teh [i] Athe- nians Quirites [i].

For [i] Metaphors, [i] he us*es to chus*e the hardes*t, and mos*t far-fet that he can light upon--Thes*e are the Jewels of Eloquence, and therefore the harder they are, the more precious they mus*t be.

He'll take s*cant Piece of coars*e Sens*e, and s*tretch it on the Tenterhooks of half a s*core Rhimes, utnil it crack that you may s*ee through it, and it rattle like a Drum-Head. When you s*ee his Vers*es hanged up in Tobacco-Shops, you may s*ay, in defiance of the Proverb, [i] that the weakes*t 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 dis*cover; but that which he imports to [i] Per- s*ius, [i] and another of Juvenal's Pas*s*age of his own in a Part of his Pros*e Collec\_tions called [i]Criticis*ms upon Books and Autohrs, [i] will ex- plain--[i] Persius, [i] s*ays, he commits a very great Abs*urdity, 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 s*trong enough, and in that Sens*e may jus\*\_tly take the Wall of any, that have been written in our Language. He s*eldom makes a Cons*cience of his Rhimes; but will often take the Liberty to make [i] preach [i] rhime 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-hasta-minantes? [i] Some of the old [i] Latin [i] Poets bragged that their Vers*es were tougher than Bras*s, and harder than Marble; what would they have done, if they had s*een thes*e? Verily they would have had more reas*on to wis*h thems\*elves an hundred Throats, than they then had, to pronounce them.

There are s*ome, that drive a Trade in writ- ing in prais*e of other Writers, (like Rooks,

118 A SMALL POET. that bet on Games*ters Hands) not at all to ce- lebrate the learned Author's Merits, as they would s*hew, but their own Wits, of which he is but the Subjec\_t. The Letchery of this Va- nity has s*pawned more Writers than the [i] civil Law: [i] For thos*e, whos*e Modes*ty mus*t notorious Va- pours imaginable. For if the Privilege of Love be allowed--[i] Dicere quae* puduit, s*cribere jus*s*it Amor,[i] why s*hould it not be s*o in Self- Love too? For if it be Wis*dom to conceal our Imperfec\_tions, what is it to dis*cover our Vir- tues? It is not like, that [i] Nature [i] gave Men great Parts upon s*uch Terms, as the [i] Fairies [i] us*e to give Money, to pinch and leave them if they s*peak of it. They s*ay--[i]Prais*e 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 us*es to lay the Outs*ides of his Vers\*es even (like a Brick-

A SMALL POET. 119

layer) by a Line of Rhime and Acros*tic, and fill th eMiddle with Rubbis*h--In this he imi- tates [i] Ben Johnson, [i] but in nothing els\*e.

There was one, that lined a Hat-Cas*e with a Paper of [i] Benlows*e'[i]s Poetry--[i] Prynne [i] bought it by Chance, and put a new Demi-Cas*tor into it. The firs*t Time he wore it he felt only a s*inging in his Head, which within two Days turned to a Vertigo--He was let Blood in the Ear by one of the State-Phys*icians, and reco- vered; but before he went abroad he writ a Poem of Rocks and Seas, in a Stile s\*o proper and natural, that it was hard to determine, which was ruggeder.

There is no Fear of Ac\_tivity, 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 Mas\*tery 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] bes*ides [i] Carwichets, 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 Vers*e,/ that, bes*ide the Likenes*s in Shape, the very/ Tone and Sound of the Words did perfec\_tly/ repres*ent the Nois*e, that is made by thos*e/ Utens*ils, s*uch as the old Poet called [i] s*artago lo-/ quendi. [i] When he was Captain, he made all/ the Furniture of his Hors*e, from the Bit to/ the Crupper, in beaten Poetry, every Vers*e/ being fitted to the Proportion of the Thing,/ with a moral Allus*ion of the Sens*e to the/ Thing; as the [i] Bridle of Moderation, the Saddle/ of Content, [i] and [i] the Crupper of Cons*tancy;[i] s*o that/ the s*ame Thing was both Epigram and Emblem,/ even as Mule is both Hors*e and As*s./ / / {New Paragraph} Some Critics are of Opinion, that Poets/ ought to apply themselves to the Imitation of/ [i] Nature, [i] and make a Cons*cience of digres*s*ing/ 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 Ins*ide of the Earh out-/ ward (like a Jugler's Pocket) and s*hake the/ [i] Chess[i] out of it, make [i] Nature [i] s*hew Tricks like/ an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but/ s*till it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can/ so s*uch noble Feats, they were unwis*e to des*-/ cend to mean and vulgar: For where the rares*t/ and mos*t common Things are of a Price (as/ they are all one to Poets) it argues Dis*ease in/ Judgement not to chus*e the most curious. Hence/ s*ome infer, that the Account they give of things/ des*erves no Regard, becaus*e they never receive/ any Thing, as they find it, into their Compo-/ s*itions, unles*s it agree both with the Meas*ure/ of their own Fancis, and the Meas*ure of their/ Lines, which can very s*eldom happen: And/ therefore when they give a Character of any/ Thing or Pers*on, it does commonly bear no/ more Proportions to the Subject, than the Fis*hes/ and Ships in a Map do to the Scale. But let/ s*uch 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 s*mallest Poet s*eldom/ goes below more then mos*t, 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]Spanis*h [i] Tobacco in a Paper of Vers*es, which/ [i]Benlows[i] had written agains*t the [i] Pope, [i] which/ by a natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to / any Thing that's Catholic, s*poiled the Tobacco;/ for it pres*ently turned Mundungus. This Au-/ thor will take an [i] English [i] Word, and, like the/ [i] Frenchman, [i] that s*wallowed Water and s*pit 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-/ s*and s*uch./ / ##There was a young Practitioner in Poetry,/ that found there was no good to be done with-/ out a Mis*tres*s: 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 Games*ter, that plays for/ / #[i]More the mos*t] There is an appearance Defect or Error in thes*e/ Words; but I leave it to the Reader to s*upply or correct./

## A SMALL POET. 123/

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore,/ firs*t to furnis*h hims*elf with a Name for his/ Mis*stress beforehand, that he might not be to/ s*eek, when his Merit or good Fortune s*hould/ bes*tow her upon him: for every Poet is his/ mis*tres*s*e's Godfather, and gives her a new/ Name, like a Nun that takes Orders. He was/ very curious to s*it himself with a hands*ome/ Word of a turnable Sound; but could light/ upon none, that s*ome Poet or other had not / made us*e of before. He was therefore forced/ to fall to coining, and was s*everal Months be-/ fore he could light on one, that pleas*ed him/ perfectly. But after he had overcome that Dif-/ ficulty, he found a greater remaining, to get a/ Lady to own him. He accos*ted s*ome of all/ Sorts, and gave them to unders*tand, both in/ Pros*e and Vers*e, how incomparably happy it/ was in his Power to make his Mis*tres*s, but/ could never convert any of them. At length/ he was fain to make his Landres*s s*upply that/ Place as Proxy, until his good Fortune, or/ s*omebody 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, s*he was s*ure to be a Nymph and/

124 A SMALL POET./ a Goddes*s. For what greater Honour can a/ Woman be capable of, than to be trans*lated/ into precious Stones and Stars? No Herald in/ the World can go higher. Bes*ides se found no/ Man can us*e that Freedom of Hyperbole in the/ Character of a Pers*on commonly known (as/ great Ladies are) which we can in des*cribing/ one s*o obs*cure and unknown, that nobody can/ dis*prove him. For he, that writes but one/ Sonnet upon any of the public Pers*ons, s*hall/ be s*ure to have his Reader at ever third Word/ cry out--What an As*s is this to call [i] Spanis*h/ paper and Cerus*e Lillies and Ros*es, [i] or [i] claps In-/ fluences--[i] To s*ay, [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 s*he looks as*quint--Or that [i] her/ Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds, [i] when s*he/ puffs Tobacco?/ / ##It is no mean Art to improve a Language,/ and find out Words, that are not only removed/ from common us*e, but rich in Cons*onanats,/ the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to rais\*e a/ / ---

# A SMALL POEt. 125/

s*ft and feeble Language like ours to the Pitch/ of [i] High-Dutch,[i] as he did, that writ/ / ## [i] Arts rattling Fores*kins s*hrilling Bagpipes quell.[i]/ / #This is not the only the mos*t elegant, but mos*t po-/ litic Way of Writing, that a Poet can us*e; for I/ know no Defence like it to pres*erve a Poem from/ the Torture of thos*e that lis*p and s*tammer./ He that wants Teeth may as well venture upon/ a Piece of tough horny Brawn as s*uch a Line,/ for he will look like an As*s eating This*tles./ / # He never begins a Work without an Invoca-/ tion of his [i] Muse; [i] for it is not fit that s*he s*hould/ appear in public, to s*hew her Skill before s*he/ is entreated, as Gentlewomen do not us*e to / s*ing, until they are applied to, and often des*ired./ / # I s*hall not need to s*ay any this of the Ex-/ cellence of Poetry, s*ince it has been already/ performed by many excellent Pers*ons, among/ whom s*ome have lately undertaken to prove, that/ the civil Government cannot pos*s*ibly s*ubs*is*t 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 Sens*e, and more probable to be/ received of it, than thos*e s*trange Feats of/ building Walls and making Trees dance,/ which Antiquity as*cribes to Vers*e. And though/ [i] Philos*ophers [i] are of a contrary Opinion, and will/ not allow Poets fit to live in a Commonwealth,/ their Partiality is plainer than their Reas*ons;/ for they have no other Way to pretend to this/ Prerogative thems*elves, as they do, but by re-/ moving Poets, whom they know to have a/ fairer Title; and this they do unjus*tly, that/ [i] Plato, [i] who firs*t banis*hed Poets his Republic,/ forgot that the very Commonwealth was poe-/ tical. I s*hall s*ay nothing to them, but only/ des*ire the World to cons*ider, how happily it is/ like to be governed by thos*e, that are as s*o per-/ petual a civil War among thems*elves, that if we/ s*hould s*ubmit ours*elves to their own Res*olution/ of this Question, and be content to allow them/ only fit to rule if they could but conclude it/ s*o themselves, they would never agree upon it--/ Mean while there is no les*s Certainty and Agree-/ ment in Poetry than the Mathematics; for they/ all s*ubmit the to the s*ame Rules without Dis*pute or/ Controvers*y. But whos*oever s*hall pleas*e to look/ into the Records of Antiquity s*hall find their/ Title s*o unques*tioned, that the greatest Princess/ / / 4

A SMALL POET. 127/ in the whole World have been glad to derive/ their Pedigrees, and their Power too, from/ Poets. [i] Alexander [i] the great had no wis*er a Way/ so s*ecure the Empire to hims*elf by [i] Right, [i]/ which he had gotten by [i] Force, [i] then by de-/ claring hims*elf 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-Gas*s*endo-Charltoniana, [i] will not s*erve to maintain one Pedant. He makes his Hypo- thes*es hims*elf, as a Taylor does a Doublet with- out Meas*ure, no Matter whether they s*it [i] Na- ture, [i] he can make [i] Nature [i] fit them, and, whe- ther they are too s*trait 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 s*ee things done, and every Man according to his Capacity gues*s*es as the Reas*ons of them, but knowing nothing of the Arena or s*ecret Movements of either, they s*eldom or never are in the Right; hows*oever they pleas*e thems*elves, and s*ome others, with their Fancies, and the further they are off Truth, the more confident they are the are near it; as thos*e, that are out of their Way, believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their Journey's End, when they are furthes*t of all from it. He is confident of im- material Subs*tances, and his Rea*sons are very pertinent, that is, [i] s*ubstantial [i] as he thinks, and [i] immaterial [i] as others do. Heretofore his Beard/ was the Badge of his Profes*s\*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 Ins*ide/ of his Head. His Brain is like Quicks*ilver,/ apt to receive any Impres*s*ion, 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/ s*o 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 eas*y 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 res*t of him is Hull. He is s*ure to be/ the earlies*t in the Fas*hion, 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 s*kil-/ ful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can/ tell, at the firs*t 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 s*ome-/ body els*e. He exercis*es his Limbs, like the/ Pike and Mus*ket, and all his Pos*tures are prac-/ tis*ed--Take him all together, and he is nothing/ but a Trans*lation, Word for Word, out of/ [i] French, [i] an Image cas*t in Plas*ter of [i] Paris, [i] and/ a Puppet s*ent over for others to dres*s thems*elves/ by. He s*peaks [i] French, [i] as Pedants do [i] Latin, [i]/ to s*hew his Breeding; and mos*t naturally,/ where he is leas*t unders*tood. All his non-Na\_/ turals, on which his Health and Dis*eases de-/ pend, are [i] s*tile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Lan-/ guage, that he wears for his Pleas*ure and Or-/ nament, and us*es [i] English [i] only for his Bus*ines*s/ and neces*s*ary Occas*ions. 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 s*its as the Wind is/ s*aid to do, when it is mos*t in Motion. His/ Head is as full of Maggots as a Pas*toral Poet's/ Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's/ Portugues*e Hors*es, by the Wind--The Truth/ is he ought not to have been reared; for being/ calved in the Increas*e of the Moon, he Head/ is troubled with a ---/ / N.H. The las*t Word not legible./ / / / / / / / / / / / #Center K3

# Center [134]/

/ #Double Rule/ / #Center A/ #Center MELANCHOLY MAN/ / #[double line initial cap]Is one, that keeps the wors*t Company in the/ World, that is, his own; and tho' he be al-/ ways falling out and quarrelling with hims*elf,/ yet he has not power to endure any other Con-/ vers*ation. His Head is haunted, like a Hous*e,/ with evil Spirits and Apparitions, that terrify/ and fright him out of hims*elf, till he s*tands/ empty and fors*aken. His Sleeps and his Wa-/ kings are s*o much the s*ame, that he knows not/ how to dis*tinguis*h them, and many times/ when he dreams, he believes he is broad awake/ and s*ees Vis*ions. The Fumes and Vapours/ that ris*e from his Spleen and Hypocondries/ have s*o s*mutched and s*ullied his Brain (like a/ Room that s*moaks) that his Unders*tanding 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 cas*ts up Doubts and Scruples of his own/

# Center A MELANCHOLY MEN. 135/

Imagination, to make that rugged and uneas*y,/ that was plain and open before. His Brain is/ s*o cracked, that he fancies hims*elf to be Glas*s,/ and is afraid that every Thing he comes near/ s*hould break him in Pieces. Whats*oever makes/ an Impres*s*ion in his Imagination works it s*elf/ in like a Screw, and the more he turns and/ winds it, the deeper it s*ticks, 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 s*ink s*o 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 almos*t hanged, as he has it often under/ Cons*ideration to treat hims*elf in convenient/ Time and Place, if he can but catch hims*elf/ 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 s*inks out fo the Way, and makes his/ Es*cape into s*ome foreign World, from whence/ is it never after heard of. He convers*es with/ nothing s*o much as his own Imagination,/ which being apt to mis*repres\*ent Things to him,/ #Center K 4/

136 #Center A MELANCHOLY MAN./ makes him believe, that it is s*omething els*e/ than it is, and that he holds Intelligence with/ Spirits, that reveal whats*oever he fancies to/ him, as the antient rude People, that firs*t heard/ their own Voices repeated by Echoes in the/ Woods, concluded it mus*t proceed from s*ome/ invisible Inhabitants of thos*e s*olitary Places,/ which they after believed to be Gods, and/ called them [i] Sylvans, Fauns, [i] and [i] Dryads. [i] He/ makes the Infirmity of his Temper pas*s for/ Revelations, as [i] Mahomet [i] did by his falling/ Sicknes*s, and ins*pires hims*elf with the Wind/ of his own Hypocondries. He laments, like/ [i] Heraclitus [i] the Maudlin Philos*opher, at other/ Men's Mirth, and take Pleas*ures in nothing/ but his own un-s*ober Sadnes*s. His Mind is/ full of Thoughts, but they are all empty, like/ a Nes*t of Boxes. He s*leeps little, but dreams/ much, and s*oundes*t when he is waking. He/ s*ees Vis*ions further off than a s*econd-s*ighted/ Man in [i] Scotland, [i] and dreams upon a hard/ Point with admirable Judgement. He is jus*t/ s*o much wors*e than a Madman, as he is below/ him in Degree of Frenzy; for among Madmen/ the mos*t 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 s*o delighted with the s*weet/ [I] Sound of his own Tongue, that [i] William/ Prynne [i] will s*ooner lend an Ear, than he, to any/ Thing els*e. His Meas*ure of Talk is till his/ Wind is s*pent; and then he is not s*ilenced,/ but becalmed. His Ears have catched the/ Itch of his Tonuge, and though he s*cratch/ them, like a Deas*t with his Hoof, he finds a/ Pleas*ure in it. A [i] s*ilenced Minis*ter, [i] has more/ Mercy on the Government in a s*ecure Conven-/ ticle, than he has on the Company, that he is/ in. He s*hakes a Man by the Ear, as a Dog/ does a Pig, and never loos*es his Hold, till he/ has tired hims*elf, as well as his Patient. He/ does not talk to a Man, but attack him, and/ whoms*oever he can get into his Hands he lays/ violent Language on. If he can he will run/ a Man up agains*t a Wall, and hold him at a/

138 #Center AN HARANGUER./ Bay by the Buttons, which he handles as bad/ as he does his Pers*on, or the Bus*ines*s he treats/ upon. When he finds him begin to s*ink, 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 s*tanding ones. He will hold any/ Argument rather than his Tongue, and main-/ tain both s*ides at his own Charge; for he will/ tell you what you will s*ay, 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 s*ome s*ay they will do,/ whena Man is talked of in his Abs*ence. When/ he talks to a Man, he comes up clos*e to him,/ and like an old Solider lets fly in his Face, or/ claps the Bore of his Pis*tol to his Ear, and/ whispers aloud, that he may be s*ure not to/ mis*s his Mark. His tongue is always in Mo-/ tion, tho very s*eldom to the Purpos*e, like a/ Barber's Scis*s*ers, which are always s*nipping,/ 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 Nois*e,/ 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 s*o/ 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. Firs*t he gives/ his Antagonis*t the Length of the Wind, and/ then, let him make his Approaches inf he can,/ he is s*ure to be beforehand with him. Of all/ dis*s*olute Dis*eas*es the Running of the Tongue is/ the wors*t, and the hardes*t to be cured. If he/ happen at any time to be at a Stand, and any/ Man els*e begins to s*peak, he pres*ently drowns/ him with his Nois*e, 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 dis*charge nine Times with one Loading./ He is a Rattles*nake, that with his Nois*e gives/ Men warning to avoid him, otherwis*e he will/ make them wis*h they had. He is, like a Bell,/ good for nothing but to make a Nois*e. He is/ like common Fame, that s*peaks mos*t and/ knows leas*t, Lord [i] Brooks, [i] or a Wildgoos*e al-/ ways cackling when he is upon the Wing./ His Tongue is like any Kind of Carriage, the/ les*s Weight it bears, the fas*ter and eas*ier it/ goes. He is s*o full of Words, that they run/ over, and are thrown away to no Purpos\*e; and/

140 #Center AN HARANGUER./ s*o empty of Things, or Sens*e, that his Dry-/ nes*s has made his Leaks s*o wide, whats*oever is/ put in hi runs out immediately. He is s*o/ long in delivering hims*elf, that thos*e that hear/ him des*ire to be delivered too, or dis*patched/ out of their Pain. He makes his Dis*course the/ longer with often repeating [i] to be s*hort, [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 s*ame Cours*e, that the/ [I](i)Devil (i) did in Paradis*e, he begins with the/ Woman. He Des*pis*es all other (i)Fanatics (i) as Up-/ s*tarts, and values hims*elf 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 Fis*her of Men ;/ but he believe it better to be a Fis*her of Wo-/ men, and s*o becomes a Woman's Apos*tle./ His Profes*s*ion is to dis*guise hims*elf, 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*-/ pis*es them for it, and keeps his Flock always in/ Hurdles, to be removed at his Pleas*ure ; and/ though their Souls be rotten or s\*cabby with/

142 #Center A POPISH PRIEST./ Hypocris*y, the Fleece is s*ure to be s*ound and/ orthodox. He tars their Cons*ciences with/ Confes*s*ion and Penance, but always keeps the/ Wool, that he pulls from the Sore, to hims*elf./ He never makes a Pos*clyte, but he (i) converts (i)/ him to his very Shirt, and (i) turns (i) his Pockets/ into the Bargain ; for he does nothing unles*s/ his Purs*e 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-/ les*s he be othrodox, 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 mos*t s*acred Iniquities,/ as (i) Juvenal (i) s*aid of the (i) Greeks. (i)/ / #indent (i) Scire volunt s*ecreta domus, atque in de timeri. (i)/ / By this means he holds Intelligence with their/ own Cons*ciences agains*t thems*elves, and keeps/ their very Thoughts in Slavery ; for Men com-/ monly fear thos*e 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 Convers*ion, whos*e Weaknes*s he is/ not very well acquainted with ; and like the/

# Center A POPISH PRIEST. #Left 143/

Fox, weighs his Goos*e, before he will venture/ to carry him over a River. He fights with the/ (i) Devil (i) at his own Weapons, and s*trives to get/ ground on him with Frauds and Lies--Thes*e/ he convers to pious Us*es. He makes his/ Prayers (the proper Bus*ines*s of the Mind) a/ Kind of Manufacture, and vents them by Tale,/ rather than Weight ; and, while he is bus*ied/ in numbering them, forgets their Sens*e and/ Meaning. He s*ets them up as Men do their/ Games at (i) Picquet, (i) for fear he s*hould be mis*-/ reckoned; but never minds whether he plays/ fair or not. He s*ells 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 Cus*tom. He believes that (i) Pope's (i)/ Chain is fas*tened 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 Wildgoos*e, and prefers all/ others before it. He has no Quarrel to it, but/ becaus*e he was born in it, and like a Bas*tard,/ he is as*hamed of his Mother, becaus*e s*he 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 mus*t be, if he s*hould allow of any of/ the Growth of his own Country. This makes/ him quick and blow up hims*elf with Admira-/ tion of foreign Parts, and a generous Con-/ tempt of Home, that all Men may admire, at/ leas*t, the means he has had of Improvement,/ and deplore their own Defects*. His Obs*erva-/ tions are like a Sieve, that lets the finer Flour/ pas*s, and retains only the Bran of Things;/

# center A TRAVELLER. #justify left 145/

for his whole Return of Wis*dom proves to be/ but Affectation, a peris*hable Commodity, which/ he will never be able to put off. He velieve/ all Men's Wits are at a s*tand, that s*tay at/ Home, and only thos*e advanced, that travel ;/ as if Change of Pas*ture did make great Politi-/ cians, as well as fat Calves. He pities the little/ knowledge of Truth which thos*e have, that/ have not s*een the World abroad, forgetting,/ that at the s*ame time he tells us, how little/ Credit is to be given to his own Relations and/ thos*e of others, that s*peak and write of their/ Travels. He has worn his own Language to/ Rags, and patched it up with Scraps and Ends/ of foreign--This s*erves him for Wit, and they ap-/ plaud one another accordingly. He believes/ this Raggednes*s of his Dis*cours*e a great Demon-/ s*tration of the Improvement of his Knowledge ;/ as (i) Inns-of-Court (i) Men intimate their Proficiency/ in the Law by the Tatters of their Gowns-/ All the Wit he brought Home with him is like/ foreign Coin, of a bas*er Alloy than our own,/ and s*o will not pas*s here without great Los*s./ All noble Creatures, that are famous in any/ Vol. II #Center L/

146 A TRAVELLER./ one Country, degenerate by being trans*planted;/ and thos*e 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 s*ay for hims*elf is,/ his Mind was s*ick of a Cons*umption, and/ change of Air has cured him : For all his other/ Improvements have only been to eat in . . . ./ and talk with thos*e he did not unders*tand; to/ hold Intelligence with all Gazettes, and from/ the Sight of States*men in the Street unriddle/ the Intrigues of all their Councils, to make a/ wondrous Progres*s into Knowledge by riding/ with a Mes*s*enger, 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 pos*t into the Secrets/ of all States, and grow acquainted with their/ clos*e Des*igns in Inns and Hos*tleries; for cer-/ tainly there is great Virtue in Highways and/ Hedges to make an able Man, and a good/ Pros*pect cannot but let him s*ee far into Things./

# Center [147]/

/ #Double Rule/ / #Center A #Center CATHOLIC/ / / [S]AYS his Prayers often, but never prays, and/ [S] wors*hips the Cros*s more than (i) Christ (i). He/ prefers his Church merely for the Antiquity of/ it, and cares not how s*ound or rotten it be,/ s*o it be but old. He takes a liking to it as/ s*ome do to old Chees*e, only for the blue Rot-/ tennes*s 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 s*ame Power over him/ against the (i) Christian, (i) as the old (i) Roman (i) has/ agains*t the modern Reformation. The weaker/ Ves*s*el he is, the better and more zealous Member/ he always proves of his Church; for Religion,/ like Wine, is not s*o apt to leak in a leathern/ Boraccio as a great Cas*k, and is better pre-/ s*erved in a s*mall Bottle s*topped with a light/ Cork, than a ves*s*el 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, becaus*e he has deceived all the/ World, but was never deceived hims*elf, which/ was grown s*o notorious, that nothing les*s than/ an Article of Faith in the Church would make/ a Plas*ter 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/ abs*ent Malefactors ; and has s*o weak a Me-/ mory, that he is apt to forget his Patrons,/ unles*s their Pictures prevent him. He loves/ so s*ee 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 s*taggers/ his Faith of the (i) Pope's (i) Infallibility s*o much,/ as that he did not make away the Scriptures,/ when they were in his Power, rather than/ thos*e that believed in them, which he knows/ not how to unders*tand to be no Error. The/ les*s he unders*tands of his Religion, the more/ violent he is in it, which, being the perpetual/ Condition of all thos*e are deluded, is a/

# Center A CATHOLIC. #JustifyLeft 149/

great Argument that he is miſtaken. His Re-/ ligion is of no Force without Ceremonies, like/ a Loads*tone that draws a greater Weight/ through a Piece of Iron, than when it is naked/ of it s*elf. 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 Us*e or/ [V]Worth, but Scarcity. He is very tender/ and s*crupulous of his Humour, as [i] Fantatics [i]/ are of their Cons*ciences, and both for the mos*t/ part in Trifles. He cares not how unus*eful/ any Thing be, s*o it be but unus*ual and rare./ He collects all the Curious*ities 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-/ caus*e the Rarities are his own. That which/ other Men neglect he believes they overs*ee,/ and s*tores up Trifles as rare Dis*coveries, at leas*t/ of his own Wit and Sagacity. He admires/ subtleties above all Things, becaus*e the more/ s*ubtle they are, the nearer they are to nothing;/ and values no Art but that which is s*pun s\*o/

# Center A CURIOUS MAN. 151/

thin, that it is of no Us*e 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 Nuts*hel than [i] Alexander's [i] Ca-/ binet. He had rather have the twelve Apos*tles/ on a Cherry-Stone, than thos*e on St. [i] Peter's [i]/ Portico, and would willingly s*ell [i] Christ [i] again/ for the numerical Piece of Coin, that [i] Judas [i]/ took for him. His perpetual Dotage upon/ Curious*ities at length renders him one of them,/ and he s*hews hims*elf as none fo the meanes*t/ of his Rarities. He s*o much affects Singula-/ rity, that rather than follow the Fas*hion, that/ is us*ed by the res*t of the World, he will wear/ dis*s*enting Cloaths with odd fantas*tic Devices/ to dis*tinguish hims*elf form others, like Marks/ s*et upon Cattle. He cares not what Pains he/ throws away upon the meanes*t Trifle, s*o it be/ but s*trange, while s*ome pity, and others laugh/ at his ill-employed Indus*try. He is one of/ thos*e, that valued [i] Epictetus's [i] Lamp above the/ excellent Book he writ by it. If he be a Book-/ man he s*pends all his Time and Study upon/ Things that are never to be known. The/ [i] Philos*opher's Stone [i] and [i] univers*al Medicine cannot/ #center L 4/

152 A CURIOUS MAN./ pos*s*ibly mis*s him, though he is s*ure to do them./ He is wonderfully taken with abs*trus*e Know-/ ledge, and had rather hand to Truth with a/ Pair of Tongs wrapt up in Mys*teries and Hiero-/ glyphics, than touch it with his Hands, or s*ee/ it plainly demons*trated to his Sens*es./

[*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 Looſeneſs, and that Sin and Vice is *the whole Duty of Man*. He puts off the *old Man*, but puts it on again upon the *new one,* and makes his *Pagan* Vices ſerve to preſerve his *Chriſtian* Virtues from wearing out ; for if he ſhould uſe his Piety and Devotion al- ways 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 Doctorine and Diſicipline 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 paſt 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* cloathed *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/ ſitting, and ſtands for his Eaſe. Al the Uſe/ he make 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/ hi to 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 higeſt Nature. He uſurps/ unſufferable Tyranny over Words ; for when/ he has enſlaved and debaſed them from their/ original Senſe, he makes them ſerves 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 necceſſary 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 ſworn/ Servant to all Ladies, like an Officer in a/ Corporation. Though no one in particular/ will own any Title to him, yet he never fails,/ upon all Occaſions, to offer his Services, and/ they as ſeldom to 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 ſo kind/ a Reception, that he wonders how he does/ fail of it every where elſe. His Paſſion is as/ eaſily ſet on Fire as a Fart, and as ſoon out/ again. He is charged an primed with Love-/ Powder like a Gun, and the leaſt Sparkle of an/ Eye gives Fire to him, and off he goes, but/ ſeldom, or never, hits the Mark. He has com-/ mon Places and Precedents of Repartees and/ Letters for all Occaſions ; and falls as readily/ into his Method of making love, as a Parſon/

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

mounted in a Coach as a Convoy, to guard the/ Ladies, to take the Duſt in *Hyde-Park*; where/ by his prudent Management of the Glaſs Win-/ dows he ſecures them from Beggars, and re-/ turns 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 Ex-/ change./

[*two rules*]/ #AN/ #Astrologer/ / / I2s one that expounds upon the Planets, and/ teaches to conſtrue the *Accidents* by the *due/ joining of Stars in Conſtruction.* He talks with/ them by dumb Signs, and can tell what they/ mean by their twinckling, and ſquinting upon/ one another, as well as they themſelves. He/ is a Spy upon the Stars, and can tell what they/ are doing, by the Company they keep, and the/ Houſes they frequent. They have no Power to/ do any Thing alone, until ſo many meet, as/ will make a *Quorum.*He is Clerk of the 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/ ſums 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 ſit and vote in their Councils, as any/ other : But becauſe there are but ſeven Electors/ of the *German* Empire, they will allow of no/ more to diſpoſe of all other ; and moſt fooliſhly/ and unnaturally depoſe their own Parent of its/ Inheritance; rather than acknowledge a Defect/ in their own Rules. Theſe Rules are all they/ have to ſhew for their Title ; and yet not one/ of them can tell whether thoſe they had them/ from came honeſtly by them. *Virgil's* Deſ-/ cription of *Fame,* that reaches from Earth/ to the Stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax,* to carry/ Lies and Knavery, will ſerve Aſtrologers with-/ out any ſenſible Variation. He is a Fortune-/ Seller, a Retailer of Deſtiny, and petty Chap-/ man to the Planets. He caſts Nativities as/ Gameſters do falſe Dice, and by ſlurring and/ palming *ſextile, quartile,* and *trine,* like *ſize,*/ *quater, trois,* can throw what chance he/ pleaſes. He ſets a Figure, as Cheats do a Main/ at Hazard ; and Gulls throw away their Money/ at it. He festches the Grounds of his Art ſo/ far off, as well from Reaſon, as the Stars, that,/ like a Traveller, he is allowed to lye by Au-/

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

[*two rules*]

# AN ALDERMAN

H2AS taken his Degree in Cheating, and  
the higheſt of his Faculty ; or paid for  
refuſing his *MANDAMUS*. He is a Peer of the  
City, and a Member of their upper Houſe,  
Who, as ſoon as he arrives at ſo many thouſand  
Pounds, is bound by the Charter to ſerve the  
Public with ſo much Underſtanding, what  
ſhift ſoever he make to raiſe it, and wear a  
Chain about his Neck like a Raindeer, or in  
Default to commute, and make Satisfaction in  
ready Money, the beſt Reaſon of the Place;  
for which hi 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

ſhe 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 un-  
derſtand 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 Im-  
portance, 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 In-  
tereſt of his Belly, and manages it ſo induſ-  
triouſly, that in a little Space it grows great  
and takes Place of all the reſt of his Members,  
and becomes ſo powerful, that they will never  
be in a Condition to rebel againſt it any more.  
He is cloathed in Scarlet the Livery of his Sins,  
like the rich Glutton, to put him in Mind of  
what Means he came to his Wealth and 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 LOVER

I2S a Kind of *Goth* and *Vandal*, that leaves  
his native Self to ſettle in another, or a  
Planter that forſakes his Country, where he  
was born, to labour and dig in *Virginia*.  
His Heart is catched in a Net with a Pair of  
bringht ſhining Eyes, as Larks are with Pieces  
of a looking-Glaſs. He makes heavy Com\_  
plaints againſt it for deſerting of him, and  
deſires to have another in Exchange for it,  
which is a very unreaſonable Requeſt ; for if  
it betrayed its boſom Friend, what will it do  
to a Stranger, that ſhould give it Truſt and  
Entertainment ? He binds himſelf, and cries  
out he is robbed of his Heart, and charges the  
Innocent with it, only to get a good Com-  
poſition, or another for it, againſt Con-  
ſcience and Honeſty. He talks much of his

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

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

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

[*double rule*]

# A BANKRUPT

I2S made by breaking, as a Bird is hatched  
by breaking the Shell, for he gains more  
by giving over his Trade, than ever he did by  
dealing in it. He drives a Trade, as *Oliver*  
*Cromwel* did a Coach, till it broke in Pieces.  
He is very tender and careful in preſerving  
his Credit, and keeps it as methodically as a  
Race-nag is dieted, that in the End he may  
run away with it: for he observes a punctual  
Curioſity in performing his Word, until he  
has improved his Credit as far as it can go ;  
and then he has catched 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 Accommoda-  
tion appear, like the Sign of the *Hand and Pen*  
out of the Clouds, with Conditions more un-  
reaſonable 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 com-  
monly 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 Per-  
ſuit 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 baudy 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 un-  
limited, and may be conveyed to all People,  
and all Times to come. He expoſes that with  
his Tongue, which Nature gave Women Mo-  
deſty, 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 Ordinan-  
ces, and held nothing more ſhameful than to be  
aſhamed 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  
huſbands his Sins to the beſt Advantage,  
and makes one Vice find Employment for  
another ; for what he acts looſely in private,  
he talks as looſely of in public, and finds as  
much Pleaſure in the one as the other. He  
endeavours to make himſelf Satisfaction for  
the Pangs his Claps and Botches put him to with

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

1. *And with* Scaliger *would ſell 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. [↑](#footnote-ref-24)