[*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*]

# AHUFFING 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 his Ignorance paſs for Reſerve, and, like
a Hunting-nag, leaps over what he cannot get
through. He has juſt ſo much of Politics, as
Hoſtlers in the Univerſity have *Latin*. He is
as humble as a Jeſuit to his Superior ; but re-

pays himſelf again in Inſolence over thoſe, that
are below him ; and with a generous Scorn
deſpiſes thoſe, that can neither do him good,
nor hurt. He adores thoſe, that may do him
good, though he knows they never will ; and
deſpiſes thoſe, that would not hurt him, if
they could. The Court is his Church, and he
believes as that believes, and cries up and down
every Thing, as he finds it paſs there. It is a
great Comfort to him to think, that ſome who
do not know him may perhaps take him for a
Lord ; and while that Thought laſts he looks
bigger than uſual, and forgets his 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*]

# ANANTIQUARY

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*]

# APROUD 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*]

# AFIFTH-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*]

# THEHENPECT MAN

R2IDES 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

<<<<<<< HEAD

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 Officer. He is but a kind/ of Meſſuage and Tenement in the Occupation/ of his Wife. He and ſhe make up a Kind of/ Hermaphrodite, a Monſter, 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./ ======= Wit he has being held *in capite* has rendered all
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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.
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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.

[*double rule*]

# ASMALL POET

I2S one, that would fain make himſelf that,
which *Nature* never meant him ; like a *Fa-*
*natic*, that inſpires himſelf with his own
Whimſies. He ſets up Haberdaſher of ſmall
Poetry, with a very ſmall Stock, and no Credit.
He believes it is Invention enough to find out
other Men’s Wit ; and whatſoever he lights upon
either in Books, or Company, he makes bold
with as his own. This he puts together ſo un-
towardly, that you may perceive his own Wit
has the Rickets, by the ſwelling Diſproportion
of the Joints. Imitation is the whole Sum of
him ; and his Vein is but an Itch or Clap, that
he has catched of others ; and his Flame like
that of Charcoals, that were burnt before :
But as he wants Judgment to underſtand what
is beſt, he naturally takes the worſt, as being
moſt agreeable to his own Talent. You may

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

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

If you diſlike him it is at your own Peril ;
he is ſure to put in a Caveat beforehand againſt
your Understanding ; and, like a Malefactor
in Wit, is always furniſhed with Exceptions
againſt his Judges. This puts him upon perpe-
tual Apologies, Excuſes, and Defences, but
ſtill by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whif-
fling 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 Inſinua-
tions give Men Occaſion to ſuppoſe ſo.

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

ſliding down *Parnaſſus*. Whatſoever he hears
well ſaid[[2]](#footnote-29) he ſeizes upon by poetical Licence ;
and one Way makes it his own, that is by ill
repeating of it---This he believes to be no
more Theft, than it is to take that, which others
throw away. By this means his Writings are,
like a Taylor’s Cuſhion, of moſaic Work,
made up of ſeveral Scraps ſewed together.
He calls a ſlovenly naſty Deſcription *great Na-*
*ture*, and dull Flatneſs *strange Eaſineſs*. He
writes down all that comes in his Head, and
makes no Choice, becauſe he has nothing to
do it with, that is Judgment. He is always
repealing the old Laws of Comedy, and like
the *long Parliament* making *Ordinances* in their
Stead ; although they are perpetually *thrown*
*out* of Coffee-Houſes, and come to Nothing.
He is like an *Italian* Thief, that never robs,
but he murthers, to prevent Diſcovery ; ſo ſure
is he to cry down the Man from whom he pur-
loins, that his petty Larceny of Wit may paſs
unſuſpected. He is but a Copier at beſt, and
will never arrive to practice by the Life : For
bar him the Imitation of ſomething he has
read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

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

As for *Epithets*, he always avoids thoſe, that
are near akin to the Senſse. Such matches are
unlawful, and not fit to be made by a *Chriſtian*
Poet ; and therefore all his Care is to chuſe out
[^2]: [*footnote cont'd from prev. page*] *Quem recitas meus eſt, O Fidentine, libellus :*
*Sed male dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus.    Mart. L. 1. Ep. 39.*

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

For *Similitudes*, he likes the hardeſt and moſt
obſcure beſt : For as Ladies wear black Patches,
to make their Complexions ſeem fairer than
they are ; ſo when an Illuſtration is more 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 ſave the Expence
of much Wit and Senſe : For he will make
leſs than ſome have prodigally laid out upon
five or ſix Words ſerve forty or fifty Lines.
This is a thrifty Invention, and very eaſy ; and,
if it were commonly known, would much in-
creaſe the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

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

We read that *Virgil* uſed to make[[3]](#footnote-30) fifty or
ſixty Verſes in a Morning, and afterwards re-
duce them to ten. This was an unthrifty
Vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the
Huſbandry of his own Poetry, as *Seneca* ſays
he was in that of a Farm ;[[4]](#footnote-31) for in plain *Engliſh*

it was no better than bringing a Noble to Nine-
pence. And as ſuch Courſes brought the
*prodigal Son* to eat with Hogs : So they did him
to feed with Horſes,[[5]](#footnote-32) which were not much
better Company, and may teach us to avoid
doing the like. For certainly it is more noble
to take four or five Grains of Senſe, and, like
a Gold-Beater, hammer them into ſo many
Leaves as will fill a whole Book ; than to write
nothing but Epitomies, which many wiſe Men
believe will be the Bane and Calamity of Learning.

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

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

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

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

fore he has no Reſpect to Decorum and Pro-
priety of Circumſtance ; for the Regard of
Perſons, Times, and Places is a Reſtraint too
ſervile to be impoſed upon poetical Licence ;
like him that made *Plato*[[6]](#footnote-33) confeſs *Juvenal* to be
a Philoſopher, or *Perſius*, that calls the *Athe*-
*nians Quirites*.

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

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

well known the Lines are ſtrong enough, and
in that Senſe may juſtly take the Wall of any,
that have been written in our Language. He
ſeldom makes a Conſcience of his Rhimes ; but
will often take the Liberty to make *preach*
rhime with *Cheat*, *Vote* with *Rogue*, and *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 *glud-fum-flam-hasta-minantes ?* Some of
the old *Latin* Poets[[7]](#footnote-34) bragged, that their Verſes
were tougher than Braſs, and harder than
Marble ; what would they have done, if they
had ſeen theſe ? Verily they would have had
more reaſon to wiſh themſelves an hundred
Throats, than they then had, to pronounce them.

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

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

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 \* civil Law: \* For thoſe, whoſe Modeſty muſt notorious Va- pours imaginable. For if the Privilege of Love be allowed--\* Dicere quae\* puduit, ſcribere juſſit Amor,\* 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 \* Nature \* gave Men great Parts upon ſuch Terms, as the \* Fairies  *uſe to give Money, to pinch and leave them if they ſpeak of it. They ſay--*Praiſe is but the Shadow of Virtue; \* and ſure that Virtue is very foolish, that is afraid of its own Shadow.

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

layer) by a Line of Rhime and Acroſtic, and fill th eMiddle with Rubbiſh--In this he imi- tates \* Ben Johnson, \* but in nothing elſe.

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

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

son means was .......

has all Sorts of \* Echoes, Rebus's, Chronograms,/ &c.\* beſides \* Carwichets, Clenches, \* and \* Quibbles--*/ As for*  Altars \* and \* Pyramids \* in Poetry, he has/ out-done all Men that Way; for he has/ made a \* Gridiron, \* and a \* Frying-Pan \* in Verſe,/ that, beſide the Likeneſs in Shape, the very/ Tone and Sound of the Words did perfec\_tly/ repreſent the Noiſe, that is made by thoſe/ Utenſils, ſuch as the old Poet called \* ſartago lo-/ quendi. \* 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 \* Bridle of Moderation, the Saddle/ of Content, \* and \* the Crupper of Conſtancy;\* ſo that/ the ſame Thing was both Epigram and Emblem,/ even as Mule is both Horſe and Aſs.

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

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/ Chesſ out of it, make \* Nature \* ſhew Tricks like/ an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but/ ſtill it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can/ 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 conſider what is fit for them to give,/ than others to receive; that they are fain to/ have regard to the Exchange of Language, and/

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.

T2here was a \* Tobacco-Man, \* that wrapped / *Spaniſh*  Tobacco in a Paper of Verſes, which/ *Benlows* had written againſt the \* Pope, \* which/ by a natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to / any Thing that's Catholic, ſpoiled the Tobacco;/ for it preſently turned Mundungus. This Au-/ thor will take an \* English \* Word, and, like the/ \* Frenchman, \* that ſwallowed Water and ſpit it/ out Wine, with a little Heaving and Straining/ would turn it immediately into \* Latin,\* as \* plun-/ derat ille Domos*--Mille*  Hocopokiana, \* 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/ / #\*More the moſt] There is an appearance Defect or Error in theſe/ Words; but I leave it to the Reader to ſupply or correct./

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore,/ firſt to furniſh himſelf with a Name for his/ 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/

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 \* Spaniſh/ paper and Ceruſe Lillies and Roſes, \* or \* claps In-/ fluences--\* To ſay, \* the Graces are her waiting Wo-/ men, \* when they are known to be no better/ than her Bawdes--that \* Day breaks from her/ Eyes, *when ſhe looks aſquint--Or that*  her/ Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds, \* when ſhe/ puffs Tobacco?/ / ##It is no mean Art to improve a Language,/ and find out Words, that are not only removed/ from common uſe, but rich in Conſonanats,/ the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to raiſe a/ / ---

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

* Arts rattling Foreſkins ſhrilling Bagpipes quell.\*/

This is not 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 \* Muse; \* for it is not fit that ſhe ſhould/ appear in public, to ſhew her Skill before ſhe/ is entreated, as Gentlewomen do not uſe to / ſing, until they are applied to, and often deſired.

I ſhall not need to ſay any 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

* ſome have lately. *] This alludes to*  Davenant--See \* G---

in a poetical Senſe, and more probable to be/ received of it, than thoſe ſtrange Feats of/ building Walls and making Trees dance,/ which Antiquity aſcribes to Verſe. And though/ \* Philoſophers \* are of a contrary Opinion, and will/ not allow Poets fit to live in a Commonwealth,/ their Partiality is plainer than their Reaſons;/ for they have no other Way to pretend to this/ Prerogative themſelves, as they do, but by re-/ moving Poets, whom they know to have a/ fairer Title; and this they do unjuſtly, that/ \* Plato, \* 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

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

* curo-Gaſſendo-Charltoniana, \* 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 \* Na- ture, \* he can make \* Nature \* fit them, and, whe- ther they are too ſtrait or wide, pinch or fluff out the Body accordingly. He judges fo the Works of \* Nature \* 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 Rea*sons are very pertinent, that is,*  ſubstantial \* as he thinks, and
* immaterial \* as others do. Heretofore his Beard/ was the Badge of his Profeſſion, and the Length ---Footnote

# Center [ 131 ]

[Double Rule](#double-rule-4)

# Center ACenter 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

[*double rule*]

# AMELANCHOLY MAN

I2s 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 Hypocondries
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

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 miſrepreſent Things to him,

makes him believe, that it is ſomething elſe
than it is, and that he holds Intelligence with
Spirits, that reveal whatſoever he fancies to
him, as the antient rude People, that firſt heard
their own Voices repeated by Echoes in the
Woods, concluded it muſt proceed from ſome
invisible Inhabitants of thoſe ſolitary Places,
which they after believed to be Gods, and
called them *Sylvans, Fauns,* and *Dryads.* He
makes the Infirmity of his Temper paſs for
Revelations, as *Mahomet* did by his falling
Sickneſs, and inſpires himſelf with the Wind
of his own Hypocondries. He laments, like
*Heraclitus* 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 *Scotland,* 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 reſt, and receive
a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.

# Center [137]

# Double Rule

# Center ANCenter 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 Beas*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 intend 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,*
*when a 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 139run him down, and then he winds a Deathover 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 giveshis Antagonis*t the Length of the Wind, and**then, let him make his Approaches if he can,**he is s*ure to be beforehand with him. Of alldis*s*olute Dis*eas*es the Running of the Tongue isthe wors*t, and the hardes*t to be cured. If hehappen at any time to be at a Stand, and anyMan els*e begins to s*peak, he pres*ently drowns**him with his Nois*e, as a Water-Dog makes aDuck dive: for when you think he has donehe falls one, and lets fly again, like a Gun, thatwill 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 willmake them wis*h they had. He is, like a Bell,**good for nothing but to make a Nois*e. He islike common Fame, that s*peaks mos*t andknows 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, theles*s Weight it bears, the fas*ter and eas*ier it**goes. He is s*o full of Words, that they runover, 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 him 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 ACenter 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 have 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 143Fox, 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 getground on him with Frauds and Lies--Thes*e**he convers to pious Us*es. He makes hisPrayers (the proper Bus*ines*s of the Mind) aKind of Manufacture, and vents them by Tale,rather than Weight ; and, while he is bus*ied**in numbering them, forgets their Sens*e andMeaning. 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 the (i) Pope's (i)**Chain is fas*tened to the Gates of Heaven, likeKing (i) Harry's (i) in the Privy-Gallery./

# center [144]

# double rule

# center Acenter 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 it is not for his Credit*
*to have it thought, 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 145for his whole Return of Wis*dom proves to be**but Affectation, a peris*hable Commodity, whichhe will never be able to put off. He believesall Men's Wits are at a s*tand, that s*tay atHome, 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 littleknowledge 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 believesthis 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 Proficiencyin the Law by the Tatters of their Gowns-All the Wit he brought Home with him is likeforeign 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 anyVol. 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 ACenter 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 Saints in Heaven 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/ to 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 that are deluded, is a/

# Center A CATHOLIC. #JustifyLeft 149great Argument that he is miſtaken. His Re-ligion is of no Force without Ceremonies, likea 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 Crambethat uſed to kill Schoolmaſters ; and he valuesthem by Number, not Weight.#center L3

# Center [ 150 ]

# Double Rule

# Center ACenter 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. 151thin, 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 Devicesto dis*tinguish hims*elf from others, like Markss*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 ofthos*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 uponThings 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*]

# ACORRUPT 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. All 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 turn it back again untouched./ He commits nothing with them, but himſelf to/ their good Graces ; and they recommend him/ back again to his own, where he finds ſo kind/ a Reception, that he wonders how he does/ fail of it every where elſe. His Paſſion is as/ eaſily ſet on Fire as a Fart, and as ſoon out/ again. He is charged and primed with Love-/ Powder like a Gun, and the leaſt Sparkle of an/ Eye gives Fire to him, and off he goes, but/ ſeldom, or never, hits the Mark. He has 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 Angels 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*]

# ANAstrologer

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 fetches the Grounds of his Art ſo
far off, as well from Reaſon, as the Stars, that,
like a Traveller, he is allowed to lye by Au-

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

[*two rules*]

# AQUIBBLER

I2s a Jugler of Words, that ſhows Tricks
with them, to make them appear what they
were not meant for, and ſerve two Senſes at
once, like one that plays on two *Jews* Trumps.
He is a Fencer of Language, that falſiſies his
Blow, and hits where he did not aim. He
Has a fooliſh Slight of Wit, that catches at
Words only, and lets the Senſe go, like the
young Thief in the Farce, that took a Purſe,
but gave the Owner his Money back again.
He is ſo well verſed in all Cafes of Quibble,
that he knows when there will be a Blot upon
a Word, as ſoon as it is out. He packs his
Quibbles like a Stock of Cards, let him but
ſhuffle, and cut where you will, he will be
ſure to have it. He dances on a Rope of Sand,
does the *Somerſet*, *Strapado*, and half-ſlrapado
with Words, plays at all manner of Games

with *Clinches*, *Carwickets*, and *Quibbles*, and
talks *under-Leg*. His Wit is left-handed, and
therefore what others mean for right, he ap-
prehends quite contrary. All his Conceptions
are produced by equivocal Generation, which
makes them juſtly eſteemed but Maggots. He
rings the Changes upon Words, and is ſo ex-
pert, that he can tell at firſt Sight, how
many Variations any Number of Words will
bear. He talks with a *Trillo*, and gives his
Words a double Reliſh. He had rather have
them bear two Senſes in vain and impertinent-
ly, than one to the Purpoſe, and never ſpeaks
without a Lere-Senſe. He talks nothing but
Equivocation and mental Reſervation, and
mightily affects to give a Word a double Stroke,
like a Tennis-Ball againſt two Walls at one
Blow, to defeat the Expectation of his An-
tagonift. He commonly ſlurs every fourth or
fifth Word, and ſeldom fails to throw Dou-
blets. There are two Sorts of Quibbling, the
one with Words, and the other with Senſe,
like the Rhetoricians *Figurae Dictionis & Figurae*
*Senteniae* — The firſt is already cried down,
[[8]](#footnote-64): *Without a Lere-Serſe] A Lere-Sterſe* is a ſecond or supernume-
rary Scale, as a Led-Horſe was formerly called a Lere-Harſe,
See *Bailey’s* Dictionary.

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

[*two rules*]

# A /

WOOER

S2TANDS Candidate for Cuckold, and if
he miſs of it, it is none of his Fault; for
his Merit is ſuſſiciently known. He is com
monly no Lover, but able to paſs for a moſt
deſperate one, where he finds it is like to prove
of conſiderable Advantage to him; and there-
fore has Paſſions lying by him of all Sizes pro-
portionable to all Women’s Fortunes, and can
be indifferent, melancholy, or ſtark-mad, ac-
cording as their Eſtates give him Occaſion; and
when he finds it is to no Purpoſe, can preſently
come to himſelf again, and try another. He  proſecutes his Suit againſt his Miſtreſs as Clients
do a Suit in Law, and does nothing without
the Advice of his learned Council, omits no
Advantage for want of ſoliciting, and, when
He gets her Conſent, overthrows her. He en-

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

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

[*two rules*]

# AnImpudent Man

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

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

but inceſtouſsly begotten by a Man upon his
own Underſtanding, and laid by himſelſ at
his own Door, a Monſter of unnatural Pro-
duction; for Shame is as much the Propriety
of human Nature (though overſeen by the
Philoſsophers) and perhaps more than Reaſon,
Laughing, or looking aſquint, by which they
diſtinguish Man from Beaſts; and the leſs
Men have of it, the nearer they approach to
the Nature of Brutes. Modeſty is but a noble
Jealouſy of Honour, and Impudence the Proſ-
titution of it; for he, whoſe Face is proof
againſt Infamy, muſt be as little ſenſible of
Glory. His Forehead, like a voluntary Cuck-
old’s is by his Horns made Proof againſt a
Bluſh. Nature made Man barefaced, and civil
Cuſtom has preſerved him ſo; but he that’s im-
pudent does wear a Vizard more ugly and de-
formed than Highway Thieves diſguiſe them-
ſelves with. Shame is the tender moral Con-
ſcience of good Men. When there is a Crack
In the Skull, Nature herſelf with a tough horny
Callus repairs the Breach; ſo a flaw’d Intellect is with a brawny Callus Face ſupplied. The
Face is the Dial of the Mind; and where they
Do not go together, ‘tis a Sign, that one or
Both are out of Order. He that is impudent

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

[*two rules*]

# AnImitator

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

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

himſelf Prentice to a Trade, which he has no
Stock to ſet up with, if he ſhould ſerve out his
Time, and live to be made free. He runs a
whoring after another Man’s Inventions (for he
has none of his own to tempt him to an incon-
tinent Thought) and begets a Kind of Mun-
grel Breed, that never comes to good.
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[*two rules*]

# ANALDERMAN

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*]

# AQUAKER

I2S a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without
Founder, Vow, or Rule ; for he will not
ſwear, nor be tyed to any Thing, but his own
Humour. He is the Link-Boy of the Sectaries,
and talks much of his Light, but puts it under
a Buſhel, for nobody can ſee it but himſelf. His
Religion is but the cold Fit of an Ague, and his
Zeal of a contrary Temper to that of all others,
yet produces the ſame Effects ; as cold Iron in
*Greenland*, they ſay, burns as well as hot ;
which makes him delight, like a Salamander,
to live in the Fire of Perſecution. He works
out his Salvation, not with *Fear*, but *Confidence*
*and Trembling*. His Profeſſion is but a Kind
of Winter-Religion ; and the Original of it as
uncertain as the hatching of Woodcocks, for
no Man can tell from whence it came. He
Vapours much of the Light within him, but
no ſuch Thing appears, unleſs he means as he

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

are ſaid to be condemned to Weeping and
Gnaſhing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of
their Church, that renounced his Trade and
turned Preacher, becauſe he held it ſuperſtiti-
ous to ſit *croſs-legged*. His Devotion is but a
Kind of ſpiritual Palſy, that proceeds from a
Diſtemper in the Brain, where the Nerves are
rooted. They abhor the Church of *England*,
but conform exactly with thoſe primitive Fa-
thers of their Church, that heretofore gave An-
ſwers at the *Devil*’s Oracles, in which they ob-
ſerved the very ſame Ceremony of quaking and
and gaping now practiſed by our modern En\_
thuſiaſts at their Exorciſms, rather than Ex-
erciſes of Devotion. He ſucks in the Air like
a Pair of Bellows, and blows his inward Light
with it, till he dung Fire, as Cattle do in *Lin*-
*colnſhire*. The general Ignorance of their
whole Party make it appear, that whatſoever
their Zeal may be, it is not *according to Know*-
*ledge*.

[*double rule*]

# AVINTNER

H2ANGS out his Buſh to ſhew he has not
good Wine ; for that, the Proverb ſays, needs it not. If wine were as neceſſary as
Bread, he would ſtand in the Pillory for ſelling
falſe Meaſure, as well as Bakers do for falſe
Weight ; but ſince it is at every Man’s Choice
to come to his Houſe or not, thoſe that do, are
guilty of half the Injuries he does them, and
he believes the reſt to be none at all, becauſe
no Injury can be done to him, that is willing
to take it. He had rather ſell bad Wine, than
good that ſtands him in no more, for it makes
Men ſooner drunk, and then they are the eaſier
over-reckoned. By the Knaveries he acts
above-board, which every Man ſees, one may
eaſily take a Meaſure of thoſe he does under
Ground in his Cellar ; for he that will pick
a Man’s Pocket to his Face, will not ſtick to
uſe him worſe in private when he knows no-

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

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

[*double rule*]

# ALOVER

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*]

# ABANKRUPT

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*]

# ARIBALD

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. *Whatſoever he hears well ſaid*, &tc. ] In this *Butler* alludes to
*Martial*'s Epigram to *Fidentinus*. [*footnote cont. next page*][^2] [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
2. *Whatſoever he hears well ſaid*, &tc. ] In this *Butler* alludes to
*Martial*'s Epigram to *Fidentinus*. [*footnote cont. next page*][^2] [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
3. [*footnote for next page*] *We read that Virgil uſed to make*, &c.] This alludes to a Paſſage
in the Life of *Virgil* aſcribed to *Donatus*. “ Cum Georgica ſcribe-
“ ret traditur quotidie meditatos mane plurimos verſus dictare ſo-
“ litus, ac per totum diem retracando ad pauciſſimos redigrere :
“ non abſurde carmen ſe urſæ more parere dicens, et lambendo
“ demum effingere. [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
4. *As* Seneca *ſays he was in that of a farm*.] *Seneca* in his 86th
Epiſtle finds ſeveral Faults with *Virgil*'s Rules and Obſervations in
Huſbandry, as they are delivered in his *Georgics*, and adds of him ---
“ Qui non quod veriſſime, ſed quid decentiſſime diceretur, ad-
“ ſpexit ; nec Agricolas docere voluit, ſed legentes delectare.” [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
5. *So they did him to feed with Horſes*] This muſt be explained by
the ſame Writer of *Virgil*’s Life, who informs us, that *Virgil* in
his Youth ſtudied Phyſic, in which having made great Proficiency,
he repaired to *Rome*, and applying himſelf to that Branch of it [*footnote cont. next page*][^6] [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
6. *Like him that made Plato*, &c.] Who this Blunder is to be fa-
thered upon I cannot diſcover ; but that which he imputes to *Per*-
*ſius*, and another of *Juvenal*’s, a Paſſage of his own in a Part of his
Proſe Collections called *Criticiſms upon Books and Autohrs*, will ex-
plain --- *Persius*, ſays he, commits a very great Abſurdity, when
laying the Scene of his fourth Satyr in *Greece*, and bringing in *So*-
*crates* reproving a young Stateſmen, he makes him call the *Græ*-
*cians* Quirites. [*footnote cont. next page*][^8] [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
7. *Some of the old* Latin *Poets*, &c.] Thus *Horace*
 [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
8. *Whatſoever he hears well ſaid*, &tc. ] In this *Butler* alludes to
*Martial*'s Epigram to *Fidentinus*. [*footnote cont. next page*][^2] [↑](#footnote-ref-64)