

[two rules]

PREFACE.

T^HE writing of Characters was a Kind of Wit much in Fashion in the Beginning of the last Century. The two principal Authors in this Way were Sir Thomas Overbury, and Dr. John Earle Tutor to Prince Charles in 1643, and after the Restoration Dean of Westminster, and successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. How agreeable these Sorts of Essays were to the public Taste may be judged from Sir Thomas's little Book having fourteen Editions before 1632, and the Bishop's six between 1628 and 1633. Whether Butler has equalled or excelled them, and what Place he is to hold in this Class of Writers must be left to the Decision of the Public, as the Interest and Prejudice of a Publisher may render me a suspected or an incompetent Judge. The Reader will have an Opportunity of determining for himself, as they have all attempted to draw the same Pictures.

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

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

Carbery.

[double rule]

A
HUFFING COURTIER

IS a Cypher, that has no Value himself, but from the Place he stands in. All his Happiness consists in the Opinion he believes others have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffers 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 contemplate his Legs, and the Symmetry of his Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the Rooms, and serves for a walking Picture, a moving Piece of Arras. His Business is only to be seen, and he performs it with admirable Industry, placing himself always in the best Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation is to show his Cloaths, and if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himself. His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold, and he were a lost Man without it. His Cloaths are but his Taylor's Livery, which he gives him, for 'tis ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to discover the Lining of his Coat, that you may not suspect any Want of Integrity or Flaw in him from the Skin outwards. His Taylor is his Creator, and makes him of nothing ; and though he lives by Faith in him, he is perpetually com_

mitting Iniquities againft him. His Soul dwells in the Outfide of him, like that of a hollow Tree ; and if you do but pill the Bark off him he deceafes immediately. His Carriage of himfelf 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 Greatnefs. He is an Idol, that has juft fo much Value, as other Men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his Ignorance pafs for Referve, and, like a Hunting-nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has juft fo much of Politics, as Hofblers in the Univerfity have Latin. He is as humble as a Jefuit to his Superior ; but re-

pays himfelf again in Infolence over thofe, that are below him ; and with a generous Scorn defpifes thofe, that can neither do him good, nor hurt. He adores thofe, that may do him good, though he knows they never will ; and defpifes thofe, 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 pafs there. It is a great Comfort to him to think, that fome who do not know him may perhaps take him for a Lord ; and while that Thought lafts he looks bigger than ufual, and forgets his Acquaintance ; and that's the Reafon why he will fometimes know you, and fometimes not. Nothing but want of Money or Credit puts him in mind that he is mortal ; but then he trufts Providence that fomebody will truft him ; and in Expectation of that hopes for a better Life, and that his Debts will never rife up in Judgment againft 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 Hiftoriographers to

their own Pofterity ; and he believes he lofes fo much Reputation, as he pays off his Debts ; and that no Man wears his Cloaths in Fafhion, that pays for them, for noting is further from the Mode. He believes that he that runs in Debt is beforehand with thofe that trust him, and only thofe, that pay, are behind. His Brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the Top of a Houfe ; and that's the Reafon it is fo troublefome 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 vanifhes. He runs as bufily out of one Room into another, as a great Practifer does in Weftminfter-Hall from one Court to another. When he accofts a Lady he puts both Ends of his Microcofm in Motion, by making Legs at one End, and combing his Peruque at the other. His Garniture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks in his Portcannons like one, that ftalks in long Grafs. Every Motion of him crys Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, quoth the Preacher. He rides himfelf like a well-managed Horfe, 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 ftiff as if he was upon the Spit. His Legs are ftuck in his great voluminous Britches, like the Whiftles in a Bagpipe, thofe abundant Britches, in which his nether Parts are not cloathed, but packt up. His Hat has been long

in a Confumption of the Fafhion, and is now almoft 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 juftify his Prentenfions to the Gout, or fuch other Malady, that for the Time being is moft in Fashion or Requeft. When he falutes a Friend he pulls off his Hat, as Women do their Vizard-Mafques. His Ribbons are of the true Complexion of his Mind, a Kind of painted Cloud or gawdy Rainbow, that has no Colour of it felf, but what is borrows from Reflection. He is as tender of his Cloaths, as a Coward is of his Flefh, and as loth to have them difordered. His Bravery is all his Happinefs ; and like Atlas he carries his Heaven on his Back. He is like the golden Fleece, a fine Outfide on a Sheep's Back. He is a Monfter or an Indian Creature, that is good for nothing in the World but to be feen. He puts himfelf up into a Sedan, like a Fiddle

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

[double rule]

AN
ANTIQUARY

I²S one that has his Being in this Age, but his Life and Converfation is in the Days of old. He defpifes the prefent Age as an Innovation, and flights the future ; but has a great Value for that, which is paf and gone, like the Madman, that fell in Love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery-Philofopher, that has fo ftrange 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 Upftarts. He neglects himfelf, becaufe he was born in his own Time, and fo far off Antiquity, which he fo much admires ; and repines, like a younger Brother, becaufe he came fo late into the World. He fpends the one half of his Time in collecting old insignificant Trifles,

and the other in fhewing them, which he takes fingular Delight in ; becaufe the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his Curioufities 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 ftricken in Years, and are grown fo aged, that they have out-lived their Employments---Thefe he ufes with a Refpect agreeable to their Antiquity, and the good Services they have done. He throws away his Time in enquiring after that which is paf and gone fo many Ages fince, like one that fhoots away an Arrow, to find

out another that was loft before. He fetches things out of Duft and Ruins, like the Fable of the chymical Plant raifed out of its own Afhes. He values one old Invention, that is loft and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the World, tho' never fo ufeul. The whole Bufinefs of his Life is the fame with his, that flows the Tombs at Westminster, only the one does it for his Pleafure, and the other for Money. As every Man has but one Father, but two Grand-Fathers and a World of Anceftors ; fo he has a proportional Value

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

He is a great Time-ferver, but it is of Time out of Mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retied from the prefent. His Days were fpent and gone long before he came into the World, and fince his only Bufinefs is to collect what he can out of the Ruins of them. He has fo ftrong a natural Affection to any Thing that is old, that he may truly fay to Duft and Worms you are my Father, and to Rottennefs thou are my Mother. He has no Providence nor Fore-fight ; for all his Contemplations look backward upon the Days of old, and his Brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obfcure Word in any old fenfelefs Difcourfe, than be the Author of the moft ingenious new one ; and with Scaliger would fell the Empire of Germany¹ (if it were in his Power) for an old Song. He devours an old Manufcript with greater Relifh than Worms and Moths

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

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

[two rules]

A
PROUD MAN

I²S a Fool in Fermentation, that fwells and boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He fets out his Feathers like an Owl, to fwell and feem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tumour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that renders every Part of him ftiff and uneafy. He has given himfelf Sympathetic Love-Powder, that works upon him to Dotage, and has transformed him into his own Miftrefs. He is his own Gallant, and makes moft paffionate Adreffes to his own dear Perfections. He commits Idolatry to himfelf, and worfhips his own Image ; though there is no Soul living of his Church but himfelf, yet he believes as

the Church believes, and maintains his Faith with the Obftinacy of a Fanatic. He is his own Favourite, and advance himfelf not only above his Merit, but all Mankind ; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear felf, and values his

Crony above his Soul. He gives Place to no Man but himfelf, and that with very great Diftance to all others, whom he efteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatfoever he has receives a Value in being his ; as a Horfe in a Nobleman's Stable will bear a greater Price than in a common Market. He is fo proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himfelf as with others ; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himfelf only fuperficially ; therefore he treats himfelf civilly as a ftranger with Ceremony and Compliment, but admits of no Privacy. He ftrives to look bigger than himfelf, as well as others, and is no better than his own Parafite and Flatterer. A little Flood will make a fhallow Torrent fwell above its Banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring Noife, while a deep filent Stream glides quietly on. So a vain-glorious infolent proud Man fwells with a little frail Profperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his Bounds, and when he finks, leaves Mud and Dirt behind him. His Carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he were advanced upon Men's Shoulders, or tumbled over their Heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies

himfelf a Coloffe, and fo he is, for his Head holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foundation is leffer than his upper Stories. We can naturally take no view of our felves, unlefs we look downwards, to teach us how humble Admirers we ought to be of our own

Values. The flighter and lefs folid his Materials are, the more Room they take up, and make him fwell the bigger ; as Feathers and Cotton will ftuff Cufhions better than Things of more clofe and folid Parts.

[double rule]

A
FIFTH-MONARCHY-MAN

I²S one, that is not contented to be a Privy-Counfellor of the Kingdom of Heaven, but would fain be a Minifter of State of this World, and tranflate the Kingdom of Heaven to the Kingdom of Earth. His Defign is to make Chrifl King, as his Forefathers the Jew did, only to abufe and crucify him, that he might fhare his Lands and Goods, as he did his Vicegerents here. He dreams of a Fool's Paradife without a Serpent in it, a golden Age all of Saints, and no Hypocrites, all holy-Court Princes, and no Subjects but the Wicked ; a Government of Perkin Warbec and Lambert Simnel Saints, where every Man, that had a Mind to it, might make himfelf a Price, and claim a Title to the Crown. He fancies a fifth-Monarchy as the Quinteffence of all Governments, abfracted from all Matter, and confifting

wholly of Revelations, Vifions, and Myfteries. John of Leyden was the firft Founder of it, and though he mifcarried, like Romulus in a Tempeft, his Pofterity have Revelations every full Moon, that there may be a Time to fet up his Title again, and with better Succefs ; though his Brethren, that have attempted to fince, had

no sooner quartered his Coat with their own, but their whole outward Men were fet on the Gates of the City ; where a Head and four Quarters stand as Types and Figures of the fifth-Monarchy. They have been contriving (since Experiments, that cost Necks are too chargeable) to try it in little, and have deposed King Oberon, to erect their Monarchy in Fairy-Land, as being the most proper and natural Region in the whole World for their Government, and if it succeed there to proceed further. The Devil's Prospect of all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and the Glory of them, has so dazzled their Eyes, that they would venture their Necks to take him at his Word, and give him his Price. Nothing comes so near the Kingdom of Darkness as the fifth-Monarchy, that is no where to be found, but in dark Prophecies, obscure Mythologies, and mythical Riddles, like the Visions 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 Prophecies ; so near of Kin are all fantastic Illusions, that you may discern the same Lineaments in them all. The poor Wicked are like to have a very ill time under them, for they are resolved upon arbitrary Government, according to their ancient and fundamental Revelations, and to have no Subjects but Slaves, who between them and the Devil are like to suffer Persecution enough to make them as able Saints, as their Lords and Masters. He gathers Churches on the Sunday, as the Jews did Sticks on their Sabbath, to fet the State on Fire. He humms and hahs high Treason, and calls upon it, as Gamesters do on the Cast they would throw. He groans Sedition, and, like the Pharisee, rails, when he gives

Thanks. He interprets Prophefies, as Whittington did the Bells, to fpeak to him, and governs himfelf accordingly.

[two rules]

THE
HENPECT MAN

R²IDES behind his Wife, and lets her wear the Spurs and governs the Reins. He is a Kind of prepofterous Animal, that being curbed in goes with his Tail forwards. He is but fubordinate and minifterial to his Wife, who commands in chief, and he dares do nothing without her Order. She takes Place of him, and he creeps in at the Bed's Feet, as if he had married the Grand Seignor's Daughter, and is under Correction of her Pantofle. He is his Wife's Villain, and has nothing of his own further than fhe pleafes to allow him. When he was married he promifed to worfhip his Wife with his Soul inftead of his Body, and endowed her among his worldly Goods with his Humanity. He changed Sexes with his Wife, and put off the old Man to put on the new Woman. She fits as the Helm, and he does but tug like a Slave at the Oar. The little

<<<<<<< HEAD

Wit he has being held in capite has rendered all/ the reft of his Concerments liable to Pupi-/ lage and Wardfhip, and his Wife has the/ Tuition of his during his or her Life; and/ he has no Power to do any Thing of himfelf,/ but by his Guardian. His Wife manages him/ and his Eftate with equal Authority, and he/ lives under her aribtrary Government and Com-/ mand as his fuperior Officer. He is but a kind/ of Meffuage and Tenement in the Occupation/ of his Wife. He and fhe make up a Kind of/ Hermaphrodite, a Monfter, or which the one/ half is more than the

whole; for he is the/ weaker Veffel, and but his Wife's Helper. His/ Wife espoufed and took him to Hufband for/ better or worfe, and the laft Word ftands./ He was meant to be his Wife's Head, but being/ fet on at the wrong End fhe makes him ferve/ (like the Jefuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her/ Province, an Acquifition that fhe took in,/ and gives Laws to at Indifcretion; for being/ overmatched and too feeble for the Encounter,/ he was forced to fubmit and take Quarter./ He has inverted the Curfe, and turned it upon/ himfelf; for his Defire is towards his Wife,/ and fhe reign over him and with Efau has/ fold his Birthright for a Mefs of Matrimony./ ===== Wit he has being held in capite has rendered all the reft of his Concernments liable to Pupilage and Wardfhip, and his Wife has the Tuition of his during his or her Life ; and he has no Power to do any Thing of himfelf, but by his Guardian. His Wife manages him and his Eftate with equal Authority, and he lives unde rher arbitrary Government and Command as his fuperior Office. He is but a kind of Meffuage and Tenement in the Occupation of his Wife. He and fhe make up a Kind of Hermaphrodite, a Monfter, or which the one half is more than the whole ; for he is the weaker Veffel, and but his Wife's Helper. His Wife espoufed and took him to Hufband for better or worfe, and the laft Word ftands. He was meant to be his Wife's Head, but being fet on at the wrong End fhe makes him ferve (like the Jefuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her Province, an Acquifition that fhe took in, and gives Laws to at Indifcretion ; for being overmatched and too feeble for the Encounter, he was forced to fubmit and take Quarter. He has inverted the Curfe, and turned it upon himfelf ; for his Defire is towards his Wife, and fhe reign over him, and with Efau has fold his Birthright for a Mefs of Matrimony.

>>>>>> 159ee409900c95c1506e687c9b8acc6310246559

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]

A
 SMALL POET

I²S one, that would fain make himself that,
 which Nature never meant him ; like a Fa-
 natic, that inspires himself with his own
 Whimfies. 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 flak-
 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 Modefty, and his own by his Confidence. He makes nothing of writing Plays, because he has not Wit enough to understand the Difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as Chowfes do to play with cunning Gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of Wit, as those, that have bad Voices, are always fingering out of Tune ; and those, that cannot play, delight to fumble on Instruments. He grows the unwifer by other Men's Harms ; for the worse others write, he finds the more Encouragement to do so too. His Greediness of Praise is so eager, that he swallows any Thing, that comes in the Likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as Shot-free against any Thing, that may lessen his good Opinion

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

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

If he understands Latin or Greek he ranks himself among the Learned, despises the Ignorant, talks Criticisms out of Scaliger, and repeats Martial's bawdy Epigrams, and sets up his Reft wholly upon Pedantry. But if he be

not so well qualified, he cries down all Learning as pedantic, disclaims Study, and professes to write with as great Facility, as if his Muse was

fliding down Parnassus. Whatsoever he hears well said² he seizes upon by poetical Licence ; and one Way makes it his own, that is by ill repeating of it---This he believes to be no more Theft, than it is to take that, which others throw away. By this means his Writings are, like a Taylor's Cushion, of mosaic Work, made up of several Scraps sewed together. He calls a slovenly nasty Description great Nature, and dull Flatness strange Easiness. He writes down all that comes in his Head, and makes no Choice, because he has nothing to do it with, that is Judgment. He is always repealing the old Laws of Comedy, and like the long Parliament making Ordinances in their Stead ; although they are perpetually thrown out of Coffee-Houses, and come to Nothing. He is like an Italian Thief, that never robs, but he murders, to prevent Discovery ; so sure is he to cry down the Man from whom he purloins, that his petty Larceny of Wit may pass unsuspected. He is but a Copier at best, and will never arrive to practice by the Life : For bar him the Imitation of something he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

Observation and Fancy, the Matter and Form of just Wit, are above his Philosophy. He appears so over concerned in all Men's Wits, as if they were but Disparagements of his own ; and cries down all they do, as if they

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

were Encroachments upon him. He takes Jefts from the Owners and breaks them, as Justices do falfe Weights, and Pots that want Meafure. When he meets with any Thing, that is very good, he changes it into fmall Money, like three Groats for a Shilling, to ferve feveral Occafions. He difclaims Study, pretends to take Things in Motion, and to fhoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often miffing of his Mark. His Wit is much troubled with Obftructions ; and he has Fits as painful as thofe of the Spleen. He fancies himfelf a dainty fpruce Shepherd, with a Flock and a fine filken Shepherdefs, that follows his Pipe, as Rats did the Conjurers in Germany.

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

fuch, as will ferve, like a wooden Leg, to piece out a main'd Verfe, 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 hardeft and moft obfcure beft : For as Ladies wear black Patches, to make their Complexions feem fairer than they are ; fo when an Illuftration is more obfcure than the Senfe that went before it, it muft of Neceffity make it appear clearer than it did : For Contraries are beft fet off with Contraries.

He has found out a Way to fave the Expence of much Wit and Senfe : For he will make lefs than fome have prodigally laid out upon

five or fix Words ferve forty or fifty Lines.
 This is a thrifty Invention, and very eafy ; and,
 if it were commonly known, would much in-
 creafe the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

titude of fmall Poets in conftant Employment.
 He has found out a new Sort of poetical Geor-
 gics, a Trick of fowing Wit like clover-grafs
 on barren Subjects, which would yield nothing
 before. This is very ufeful for the Times,
 wherein, fome Men fay, 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 Bufinefs of Mankind has prefently
 vanifhed, the whole World has kept Holiday ;
 there has been no Men but Heroes and Poets,
 no Women but Nymphs and Shepherdeffes ;
 Tress have born Fritters, and Rivers flowed
 Plum-Porrige.

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

³ [footnote for next page] We read that Virgil ufed to make, &c.] This alludes to a
 Paffage

in the Life of Virgil afcribed to Donatus. “ Cum Georgica fcribe-
 “ ret traditur quotidie meditato mane plurimos verfus dictare fo-
 “ litus, ac per totum diem retracando ad pauciffimos redigrere :
 “ non abfurde carmen fe urfæ more parere dicens, et lambendo
 “ demum effingere.

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

it was no better than bringing a Noble to Ninepence. And as fuch Courfes brought the prodigal Son to eat with Hogs : So they did him to feed with Horfes,⁵ which were not much better Company, and may teach us to avoid doing the like. For certainly it is more noble to take four or five Grains of Senfe, and, like a Gold-Beater, hammer them into fo many Leaves as will fill a whole Book ; than to write nothing but Epitomes, which many wife Men believe will be the Bane and Calamity of Learning.

When he writes, he commonly fteers the Senfe of his Lines by the Rhime that is at the End of them, as Butchers do Calves by the Tail. For when he has made one Line, which is eafy enough ; and has found out fome fturdy hard Word, that will but rhime, he will hammer the Senfe upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleafes.

There is no Art in the World fo rich in Terms as Poetry ; a whole Dictionary is fcarce

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 fmall Poets have fuch a Stock of able hard Words lying by them, as Dryades, Hamadryades, Aonides, Fauni, Nymphae, Sylvani, &c. that fignify nothing at all ; and fuch a World of pedantic Terms of the fame Kind, as may ferve to furnifh all the new

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

Inventions and thorough-Reformations, that can happen between this and Plato's great Year.

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

fore he has no Respect to Decorum and Propriety of Circumstance ; for the Regard of Persons, Times, and Places is a Restraint too servile to be imposed upon poetical Licence ; like him that made Plato⁶ confess Juvenal to be a Philosopher, or Persius, that calls the Athenians Quirites.

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

He'll take 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

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

you see his Verses hanged up in Tobacco-Shops,
 you may say, in defiance of the Proverb, that
 the weakest does not always go to the Wall ; for 'tis

well known the Lines are strong enough, and
 in that Sense may justly take the Wall of any,
 that have been written in our Language. He
 seldom makes a Conscience of his Rhimes ; but
 will often take the Liberty to make preach
 rhyme with Cheat, Vote with Rogue, and 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 Poets⁷ bragged, that their Verses
 were tougher than Brags, 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 fitu 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 fiew, but their own Wits, of
 which he is but the Subject. The
 Letchery of this Vanity has spawned more
 Writers than the * civil Law: * For
 those, whose Modesty must notorious Va-
 pours imaginable. For if the Privilege of
 Love be allowed--* Dicere quae* pudit,
 scribere iuffit Amor,* why should it not
 be so in Self-Love too? For if it be Wis-
 dom 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

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

they speak of it. They say--Praise is but the Shadow of Virtue; * and sure that Virtue is very foolish, that is afraid of its own Shadow.

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

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

There was one, that lined a Hat-Cafe with a Paper of * Benlowfe'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 tingling in his Head, which within two Days turned to a Vertigo-- He was let Blood in the Ear by one of the State-Physicians, and recovered; but before he went abroad he writ a Poem of Rocks and Seas, in a Style so proper and natural, that it was hard to determine, which was rugged.

There is no Fear of Activity, nor Gambol of Wit, that ever was performed by Man, from him that vaults on * 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 * Carwickets, Clenches, * and * Quibbles--/ As for Altars * and * Pyramids * in Poetry, he has/ out-done all Men that Way; for he has/ made a * Gridiron, * and a * Frying-Pan * in Verse, / that, beside the Likeness in Shape, the very/ Tone and Sound of the Words did perfectly/ represent the Noise, that is made by those/ Utensils, such as the old Poet called * fartago 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 flake the/ Chesf out of it, make * Nature * flew Tricks like/ an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but/ ftill it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can/ so fuch noble Feats, they were unwife to def-/ cend to mean and vulgar: For where the rareft/ and moft common Things are of a Price (as/ they are all one to Poets) it argues Difease in/ Judgement not to chufe the most curious. Hence/ fome infer, that the Account they give of things/ deferves no Regard, becaufe they never receive/ any Thing, as they find it, into their Compo-/ fitions, unlefs it agree both with the Meafure/ of their own Fancis, and the Meafure of their/ Lines, which can very feldom happen: And/ therefore when they give a Character of any/ Thing or Perfon, it does commonly bear no/ more Proportions to the Subject, than the Fifhes/ and Ships in a Map do to the Scale. But let/ fuch know, that Poets, as well as Kings, ought/ rather to confider 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 fmallest Poet feldom/ goes below more then moft, 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 / Spanifh Tobacco in a Paper of Verfes, which/ Benlows had written againft the * Pope, * which/ by a natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to / any Thing that's Catholic, fpoiled the Tobacco;/ for it prefently turned Mundungus. This Au-/ thor will take an * English * Word, and, like the/ * Frenchman, * that fwallowed Water and fpit 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-/ fand fuch./ / ##There was a young Practitioner in Poetry,/ that found there was no good to be done with-/ out a Miftrefs: 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 Gamefter, that plays for/ / #*More the moft] There is an appearance Defect or Error in thefe/ Words; but I leave it to the Reader to fupply or correct./

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore,/ firft to furnifh himfelf with a Name for his/ Miftress beforehand, that he might not be to/ feek, when his Merit or good Fortune fhould/ beftow her upon him: for every Poet is his/ miftrefse's Godfather, and gives her a new/ Name, like a Nun that takes Orders. He was/ very curious to fit himfelf with a handfome/ Word of a turnable Sound; but could light/ upon none, that fome Poet or other had not / made ufe of before. He was therefore forced/ to fall to coining, and was feveral 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 accofted fome of all/ Sorts, and gave them to underftand, both in/ Profe and Verfe, how incomparably happy it/ was in his Power to make his Miftrefs, but/ could never convert any of them. At length/ he was fain to make his Landrefs fupply that/ Place as Proxy, until his good Fortune, or/ fomebody 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, fhe was fure to be a Nymph and/

a Goddeffs. For what greater Honour can a/ Woman be capable of, than to be tranflated/ into precious Stones and Stars? No Herald in/ the World can go higher. Befides fe found no/ Man can ufe that Freedom of Hyperbole in the/ Character of a Perfon commonly known (as/ great Ladies are) which we can in defcribing/ one fo obfcure and unknown, that nobody can/ difprove him. For he, that writes but one/ Sonnet upon any of the public Perfons, fhall/ be fure to have his Reader at ever third Word/ cry out--What an Afs is this to call * Spanifh/ paper and Cerufe Lillies and Rofes, * or * claps In-/ fluences--* To fay, * 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 fhe looks afquint--Or that her/ Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds, * when fhe/ puffs Tobacco?/ / ##It is no mean Art to improve a Language,/ and find out Words, that are not only removed/ from common ufe, but rich in Confonanats,/ the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to raife a/ / ---

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

- Arts rattling Forefkins fhripping Bagpipes quell.* /

This is not the only the moft elegant, but moft po-/ litic Way of Writing, that a Poet can ufe; for I/ know no Defence like it to preferve a Poem from/ the Torture of thofe that lifp and ftammer./ He that wants Teeth may as well venture upon/ a Piece of tough horny Brawn as fuch a Line,/ for he will look like an Afs eating Thiftles.

He never begins a Work without an Invoca-/ tion of his * Muse; * for it is not fit that fhe fhould/ appear in public, to fhew her Skill before fhe/ is entreated, as Gentlewomen do not ufe to / fing, until they are applied to, and often defired.

I fhall not need to fay any this of the Ex-/ cellence of Poetry, fince it has been already/ performed by many excellent Perfons, among/ whom fome 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
Verfe. 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-Gaffendo-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 fit * 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 so 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 immaterial Substances, and his Reasons are very pertinent, that is, substantial * as he thinks, and

- immaterial * as others do. Heretofore his Beard/ was the Badge of his Profession, and the Length ---Footnote

Center [131]

Double Rule

Center A

Center FANTASTIC

[Double line capital]Is one that wears his Feather on the Inside of his Head. His Brain is like Quicksilver, apt to receive any Impression, but retain none. His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that alters Colour with every Motion towards the Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs through him immediately. He does not know so much as what he would be, and yet would be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-Lantern, that turns with the Smoak of a Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient Laws of the Land have provided, according to his Quality, that he may be known what he is by them; and it is as easy to decipher him by his Habit as a [i] Pudding. He is rigg'd with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;
#Center K2

132 #Center A FANTASTIC.

all the rest of him is Hull. He is sure to be the earliest in the Fashion, as others are of

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

Center A FANTASTIC. 133.

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

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

N.H. The last Word not legible.

#Center K3

[double rule]

A
MELANCHOLY MAN

I²s one, that keeps the worst Company in the World, that is, his own; and tho' he be always falling out and quarrelling with himself, yet he has not power to endure any other Conversation. His Head is haunted, like a House, with evil Spirits and Apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himself, till he stands empty and forsaken. His Sleeps and his Wakings are so much the same, that he knows not how to distinguish them, and many times when he dreams, he believes he is broad awake and sees Visions. The Fumes and Vapours that rise from his Spleen and Hypochondries have so smothered and fullied 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 Glafs, 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 for 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 Infirmary of his Temper pass for Revelations, as Mahomet did by his falling Sickness, and inspires himself with the Wind of his own Hypochondries. He laments, like

Heraclitus the Maudlin Philosopher, at other Men's Mirth, and take Pleasures in nothing but his own un-fobber Sadness. His Mind is full of Thoughts, but they are all empty, like a Nest of Boxes. He sleeps little, but dreams much, and foundest when he is waking. He sees Visions further off than a second-fighted 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 AN

Center HARANGUER

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

a Man up against a Wall, and hold him at a

138 #Center AN HARANGUER.

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

3

Center AN HARANGUER. #Justifyleft 139
 run him down, and then he winds a Death
 over him. A Sow-Gelder's Horn is not so
 terrible to Dogs and Cats, as he is to all that
 know him. His Way of Argument is to talk
 all, and hear to Contradiction. First he gives
 his Antagonist the Length of the Wind, and
 then, let him make his Approaches if he can,
 he is sure to be beforehand with him. Of all
 dissolute Diseases the Running of the Tongue is
 the worst, and the hardest to be cured. If he
 happen at any time to be at a Stand, and any
 Man else begins to speak, he presently drowns
 him with his Noise, as a Water-Dog makes a
 Duck dive: for when you think he has done
 he falls one, and lets fly again, like a Gun, that
 will discharge nine Times with one Loading.
 He is a Rattlesnake, that with his Noise gives
 Men warning to avoid him, otherwise he will
 make them wish they had. He is, like a Bell,
 good for nothing but to make a Noise. He is
 like common Fame, that speaks most and
 knows least, Lord [i] Brooks, [i] or a Wildgoose al-
 ways cackling when he is upon the Wing.
 His Tongue is like any Kind of Carriage, the
 less Weight it bears, the faster and easier it
 goes. He is so full of Words, that they run
 over, and are thrown away to no Purpos*e; and

140 #Center AN HARANGUER.
 so empty of Things, or Sense, that his Dry-
 ness has made his Leaks so wide, whatsoever is
 put in him runs out immediately. He is so
 long in delivering himself, that those that hear
 him desire to be delivered too, or dispatched
 out of their Pain. He makes his Discourse the
 longer with often repeating [i] to be short, [i] and talks
 much of [i] in fine, [i] but never means to come near

it.

Center [141]

Double rule

Center A

Center POPISH PRIEST

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

142 #Center A POPISH PRIEST.

Hypocrisy, the Fleece is sure to be sound and orthodox. He tars their Consciences with Confession and Penance, but always keeps the Wool, that he pulls from the Sore, to himself. He never makes a Posclyte, but he (i) converts (i) him to his very Shirt, and (i) turns (i) his Pockets

into the Bargain ; for he does nothing unless his Purse prove a good (i) Catholic. (i) He never gets within a Family, but he gets on the Top of it, and governs all down to the Bottom of the Cellar--He will not tolerate the Scullion unless he be othodox, nor allow of the turning of the Spit, but (i) in ordine ad Spiritualia. (i) His (i) Dominion is not founded in Grace, (i) but Sin ; for he keeps his Subjects in perfect Awe by being acquainted with their most sacred Iniquities, as (i) Juvenal (i) said of the (i) Greeks. (i)

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

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

Center A POPISH PRIEST. #Left 143

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

center [144]

double rule

center A

center TRAVELLER

[I]s a Native of all Countries, and an Alien at
[I]Home. He flies from the Place where he
was hatched, like a Wildgoose, and prefers all
others before it. He has no Quarrel to it, but
because he was born in it, and like a Bastard,
he is ashamed of his Mother, because she is of
him. He is a Merchant, that makes Voyages
into foreign Nations, to drive a Trade in Wis-
dom and Politics, and it is not for his Credit
to have it thought, he has made an ill Return,
which must be, if he should allow of any of

the Growth of his own Country. This makes him quick and blow up himself with Admiration of foreign Parts, and a generous Contempt of Home, that all Men may admire, at least, the means he has had of Improvement, and deplore their own Defects. His Observations are like a Sieve, that lets the finer Flour pass, and retains only the Bran of Things;

center A TRAVELLER. #justify left 145
 for his whole Return of Wisdom proves to be but Affectation, a perishable Commodity, which he will never be able to put off. He believes all Men's Wits are at a stand, that stay at Home, and only those advanced, that travel ; as if Change of Pasture did make great Politicians, as well as fat Calves. He pities the little knowledge of Truth which those have, that have not seen the World abroad, forgetting, that at the same time he tells us, how little Credit is to be given to his own Relations and those of others, that speak and write of their Travels. He has worn his own Language to Rags, and patched it up with Scraps and Ends of foreign--This serves him for Wit, and they applaud one another accordingly. He believes this Raggedness of his Discourse a great Demonstration of the Improvement of his Knowledge ; as (i) Inns-of-Court (i) Men intimate their Proficiency in the Law by the Tatters of their Gowns--All the Wit he brought Home with him is like foreign Coin, of a baser Alloy than our own, and so will not pass here without great Loss. All noble Creatures, that are famous in any
 Vol. II #Center L

146 A TRAVELLER.

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

Center [147]

Double Rule

Center A
Center CATHOLIC

[S]AYS his Prayers often, but never prays, and [S] worships the Cross more than (i) Christ (i). He prefers his Church merely for the Antiquity of it, and cares not how sound or rotten it be, so it be but old. He takes a liking to it as some do to old Cheese, only for the blue Rot-

tenness of it. If he had lived in the primitive
 Times he had never been a (i) Christian (i); for the
 Antiquity of the (i) Pagan (i) and (i) Jewish (i) Religion
 would have had the same Power over him
 against the (i) Christian, (i) as the old (i) Roman (i) has
 against the modern Reformation. The weaker
 Vessel he is, the better and more zealous Member
 he always proves of his Church; for Religion,
 like Wine, is not so apt to leak in a leathern
 Boraccio as a great Cask, and is better pre-
 served in a small Bottle stopped with a light
 Cork, than a vessel of greater Capacity, where
 the Spirits being more and s*tronger are the
 #Center L2

148 #Center A CATHOLIC./ more apt to fret. He allows of all holy Cheats,/ and
 in content to be deluded in a true, ortho-/ dox, and infallible Way. He believes
 the (i) Pope (i)/ to be infallible, because he has deceived all the/ World, but was
 never deceived himself, which/ was grown so notorious, that nothing less than/
 an Article of Faith in the Church would make/ a Plaster big enough for the Sore.
 His Faith/ is too big for his Charity, and too unwieldy/ to work Miracles ; but
 is able to believe more/ than all the Saints in Heaven ever made. He/ worships
 Sainst in Effigie, as (i) Dutchmen (i) hand/ absent Malefactors ; and has so weak
 a Me-/ mory, that he is apt to forget his Patrons,/ unless their Pictures prevent
 him. He loves/ to see what he prays to, that he may not mis-/ take one Saint
 for another ; and his Beads and/ Crucifix are the Tools of his Devotion, with-/
 out which it can do nothing. Nothing staggers/ his Faith of the (i) Pope's (i)
 Infallibility so much,/ as that he did not make away the Scriptures,/ when they
 were in his Power, rather than/ those that believed in them, which he knows/ not
 how to understand to be no Error. The/ less he understands of his Religion, the
 more/ violent he is in it, which, being the perpetual/ Condition of all those that
 are deluded, is a/

Center A CATHOLIC. #JustifyLeft 149
 great Argument that he is mistaken. His Religion is of no Force without Ceremonies, like a Loadstone that draws a greater Weight through a Piece of Iron, than when it is naked of it self. His Prayers are a kind of Crambe that used to kill Schoolmasters ; and he values them by Number, not Weight.

#center L3

Center [150]

Double Rule

Center A
 Center CURIOUS MAN

[V]ALUES things not by their Use or
 [V]Worth, but Scarcity. He is very tender
 and scrupulous of his Humour, as [i] Fantatics [i]
 are of their Consciences, and both for the most
 part in Trifles. He cares not how unuseful
 any Thing be, so it be but unusual and rare.

He collects all the Curiosities he can light upon
in Art or Nature, not to inform his own
Judgement, but to catch the Admiration of o-
thers, which he believes he has a Right to, be-
cause the Rarities are his own. That which
other Men neglect he believes they oversee,
and stores up Trifles as rare Discoveries, at least
of his own Wit and Sagacity. He admires
subtleties above all Things, because the more
subtle they are, the nearer they are to nothing;
and values no Art but that which is spun s*o

Center A CURIOS MAN. 151

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

#center L 4

152 A CURIOS MAN.

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

[two rules]

A RANTER

I²s a Fanatic Hector, that has found out by a very ftrange Way of new Light, how to transform all the Devils into Angels of Light ; for he believes all Religion confits in Loofenefs, and that Sin and Vice is the whole Duty of Man. He puts off the old Man, but puts it on again upon the new one, and makes his Pagan Vices ferve to preferve his Christian Virtues from wearing out ; for if he fhould ufe his Piety and Devotion al- ways it would hold out but a little while. He is loth that Iniquity and Vice fhould be thrown away, as long as there may be good Ufe of it ; for if that, which is wickedly gotten, may be difpofed to pious Ufes, why fhould not Wickednefs itfelf as well? He believes himfelf Shot-free againft all the Attempts of the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, and therefore is not afraid to attack them in their own Quarters, and encounter them at their own Weapons.

For as ftrong Bodies may freely venture to do, and fuffer that, without any Hurt to themfelves, which would deftroy thofe that are feeble: So a Saint, that is ftrong in Grace, may boldly engage himfelf in thofe great Sins and Iniquities, that would eafily damn a weak Brother, and yet come off never the worfe. He believes Deeds of Darknefs to be only thofe Sins that are committed in private, not thofe that are acted openly and owned. He is but an Hypocrite turned the wrong Side outward ; for, as the one wears his Vices within, and the other without, fo when they are counter-changed the Ranter becomes an Hypocrite, and the Hypocrite an able Ranter. His Church is the Devil's Chappel ; for it agrees exactly both in Doctorine and Difcipline with the beft reform-ed Baudy-Houfes. He is a Monfter produced by the Madnefs of this latter Age ; but if it had been his Fate to have been whelped in old Rome he had pafst for a Prodigy, and been received among raining of Stones and the fpeaking of Bulls, and would have put a ftop to all public Affairs, until he had been expiated. Nero cloathed Chrifians in the Skins of wild Beafst ; but he wraps wild Beafst in the Skins

of Chrifians.

[two rules]

A
CORRUPT JUDGE

P²asses Judgement as a Gamefter does
falfe Dice. The firft Thing he takes is
his Oath and his Comiffion, and afterwards
the ftrongeft Side and Bribes. He gives Judg-
ment, as the Council at the Bar are faid to give
Advice, when they are paid for it. He wraps
himfelf warm in Furs, that the cold Air may
not ftrike his Confcience inward. He is never
an upright Judge, but when he is weary of
fitting, and ftands for his Eafe. All the Ufe
he make of his Oath is to oppofe it againft
his Prince, for whofe Service he firft took it,
and to bind him with that, which he firft pre-
tended to bind himfelf with; as if the King by
imparting a little of his Power to him gave
hi to Title to all the reft, like thofe who hold-
ing a little Land in Capite render all the reft

liable to the fame Tenure. As for that which
concerns the People, he takes his Liberty to do
what he pleafes ; this he maintains with Cant-
ing, of which himfelf being the only Judge,
he can give it what arbitrary Interpretation he
pleafes ; yet is a great Enemy to arbitrary
Power, becaufe he would have no Body ufe it
but himfelf. If he have Hope of Preferment
he makes all the Law run on the King's Side ;
if not, it always takes part againft him ; for as
he was bred to make any Thing right or wrong
between Man and Man, fo he can do between

the King and his Subjects. He calls himself Capitalis, &c. which Word he never uses but to Crimes of the highest Nature. He usurps unfufferable Tyranny over Words ; for when he has enflaved and debased them from their original Sense, he makes them serve against themselves to support him, and their own Abuse. He is as stiff to Delinquents, and makes as harsh a Noise as a new Cart-wheel, until he is greased, and then he turns about as easily. He called all necessary and unavoidable Proceedings of State, without the punctual Formality of Law, arbitrary and illegal, but never considers, that his own Interpretation

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

[two rules] / / #AN/ #AMORIST/ / I²s an Artificer, or Maker of Love, a sworn/ Servant to all Ladies, like an Officer in a/ Corporation. Though no one in partic- ular/ will own any Title to him, yet he never fails,/ upon all Occasions, to offer his Services, and/ they as 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 Vifits,

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 Affiſtant at L'hombre; and theſe are all the Uſes they make of his Parts, beſide the Sport they give themſelves in laughing at him, which he takes for ſingular Favours, and interprets to his own Advantage, though it never goes further; for all his Employments being public, he is never admitted to any private Services, and they deſpiſe him as not 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 Windows he ſecures them from Beggars, and returns fraught with China-Oranges and Ballads. Thus he is but a Gentleman-Uſher General, and his Buſineſs is to carry one Lady's Services to another, and bring back the others in Exchange.

[two rules]

AN
Astrologer

It's 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

Houfes they frequent. They have no Power to do any Thing alone, until fo many meet, as will make a Quorum. He is Clerk of the Committee to them, and draws up all their Orders, that concern either public or private Affairs. He keeps all their Accompts for them, and fums them up, not by Debtor, but by Creditor alone, a more compendious Way. They do ill to make them have fo much Authority over

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

thority. And as Beggars, that have no Money themselves, believe all others have, and beg of 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]

A
QUIBBLER

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

with Clinches, Carwickets, and Quibbles, and talks under-Leg. His Wit is left-handed, and therefore what others mean for right, he apprehends quite contrary. All his Conceptions are produced by equivocal Generation, which makes them justly esteemed but Maggots. He

rings the Changes upon Words, and is fo expert, that he can tell at firft Sight, how many Variations any Number of Words will bear. He talks with a Trillo, and gives his Words a double Relifh. He had rather have them bear two Senfes in vain and impertinently, than one to the Purpofe, and never fpeaks without a Lere-Senfe. He talks nothing but Equivocation and mental Refervation, and mightily affects to give a Word a double Stroke, like a Tennis-Ball againft two Walls at one Blow, to defeat the Expectation of his Antagonift. He commonly flurs every fourth or fifth Word, and feldom fails to throw Doubles. There are two Sorts of Quibbling, the one with Words, and the other with Senfe, like the Rhetoricians *Figurae Dictionis* & *Figurae Sententiae* --- The firft is already cried down,
⁸: Without a Lere-Serfe] A Lere-Serfe is a fecond or supernumerary Scale, as a Led-Horfe was formerly called a Lere-Harfe, See Bailey's Dictionary.

and the other as yet prevails; and is the only Elegance of our modern Poets, which eafy Judges call Eafinefs; but having nothing in it But Eafinefs, and being never ufed by any lafting Wit, will in wifer Times fall to nothing of itfelf.

[two rules]

A /

WOOER

⁸ Whatsoever he hears well faid, &c.] In this Butler alludes to Martial's Epigram to Fidentinus. [footnote cont. next page][²]

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

deavors to match his Estate, rather than himself, to the best Advantage, and is his Mistress's Fortune and his do but come to an Agreement, their Persons are easily satisfied, the Match is soon made up, and a Cross Marriage between all four is presently concluded. He is not much concerned in his Lady's Virtues, for if the Opinion of the Stoics be true, that the virtuous are always rich, there is no doubt, but she that is rich must be virtuous. He never goes without a List in his Pocket of all the Widows and Virgins about the Town, with Particulars of their Jointures, Portions, and Inheritances, that if one mis he may not be without a Reserve; for he esteems Cupid very improvident, if he has not more than two Strings to his Bow. When he wants a better Introduction, he begins his Addresses to the Chamber-maid, like one that sues the Tenant to eject the Landlord, and according as he thrives there makes his Approaches to the Mistress. He can tell

readily what the Difference is between Jointure with Tutition of Infant, Land and Money of any Value, and what the Odds is to a Penny between them all, either to take or leave. He does not so much go a wooing as put in his Claim, as if all Men of Fortune

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

[two rules]

An
Impudent 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 himself, as he that wants a great deal appears in a better Condition, than he that wants a little. This renders him confident, and fit for any Undertaking, and sometimes (such is the concurrent Ignorance of the World) he prospers

In it, but oftner mifcarries, and becomes ridiculous; yet this Advantage he has, that as nothing can make him fee his Error, fo 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 himfelf. For as no Man is pleafed, that has an ill Opinion of himfelf, Nature, that finds out Remedies herfelf, and his own Eafe render him indefenfibel of his Defects—From hence he grows impudent; for as Men judge by Comparifon, he knows as little what it is To be defective, as what it is to be excellent. Nothing renders Men modeft, but a juft Knowledge how to compare themfelves with others; and where that is wanting, Impudence fupplies the Place of it: for there is no Vacuum in the Minds of Men, and commonly, like other Things in Nature, they fwel more with Rarefaction than Condensation. The more Men know of the World, the worfe Opinion they have of it; and the more they underftand of Truth, they are better acquainted with the Difficulties of it, and confequently are the lefs confident in their Affertions, efpecially in matters of Probability, which commonly is fquintey'd, and looks nine Ways at once. It is the Office of a juft Judge to hear both Parties, and he that confiders but the one Side of Things can never make a juft Judgment, though he may by Chance a true one. Impudence is the Baftard of Ignorance, not only unlawfully,

but inceftoufely begotten by a Man upon his own Underftanding, and laid by himfelf at his own Door, a Monfter of unnatural Production; for Shame is as much the Propriety

of human Nature (though overfeen by the Philofophers) and perhaps more than Reafon, Laughing, or looking afquint, by which they diftinguifh Man from Beafth; and the lefs Men have of it, the nearer they approach to the Nature of Brutes. Modefty is but a noble Jealoufy of Honour, and Impudence the Profitution of it; for he, whofe Face is proof againft Infamy, muft be as little fenfible of Glory. His Forehead, like a voluntary Cuckold's is by his Horns made Proof againft a Blufh. Nature made Man barefaced, and civil Cuftom has preferved him fo; but he that's impudent does wear a Vizard more ugly and deformed than Highway Thieves difguife themfelves with. Shame is the tender moral Confcience of good Men. When there is a Crack In the Skull, Nature herfelf with a tough horny Callus repairs the Breach; fo a flaw'd Intellect is with a brawny Callus Face fupplied. The Face is the Dial of the Mind; and where they Do not go together, 'tis a Sign, that one or Both are out of Order. He that is impudent

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

[two rules]

An
Imitator

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

something that he is not, nor ever will be: For Nature is free, and will not be forced out of her Way, nor compelled to do any Thing against her own Will and Inclination. He is but a Retainer to Wit, and a Follower of his Master, whose Badge he wears every where, and therefore his Way is called servile Imitation. His Fancy is like the innocent Lady's; who by looking on the Picture of a Moor that hung in her Chamber conceived a Child of the same Complexion; for all his Conceptions are produced by the Pictures of other Men's Imaginations, and by their Features betray whose Bastards they are. His Muse is not inspired but infected with another Man's Fancy; and he catches his Wit, like the Itch, of somebody else that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself. His Head is, like

his Hat, fashioned upon a Block, and wrought in a Shape of another Man's Invention. He melts down his Wit, and cafts it in a Mold: and as metals melted and caft are not fo firm and folid, as thofe that are wrought with the Hammer; fo thofe Compoſitions, that are founded and run in other Men's Molds, are always more brittle and loofe than thofe, that are forged in a Man's own Brain. He binds

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

[two rules]

AN
ALDERMAN

H²AS taken his Degree in Cheating, and the higheft of his Faculty ; or paid for refuſing his MANDAMUS. He is a Peer of the City, and a Member of their upper Houſe, Who, as ſoon as he arrives at fo many thouſand Pounds, is bound by the Charter to ſerve the Public with fo 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-fupporters, and, like the Unicorn in the King's Arms, wears a Chain

about his Neck very right-worshipfully. He wears Scarlet, as the Whore of Babylon does, not for her honesty, but the Rank and Quality

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

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

for a whole Year ; for though he invites all the Companies in the City he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the Reckoning beforehand. His Fur-gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the Feathers of an Owl, and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a Rabbet, had his Skin pulled off.

[double rule]

A
QUAKER

I²S a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without Founder, Vow, or Rule ; for he will not fwear, nor be tyed to any Thing, but his own Humour. He is the Link-Boy of the Sectaries, and talks much of his Light, but puts it under a Bufhel, for nobody can fee it but 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 fame Effects ; as cold Iron in Greenland, they fay, burns as well as hot ; which makes him delight, like a Salamander, to live in the Fire of 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 fuch Thing appears, unless he means as he

is light-headed. He believes he takes up the Crofs in being crofs to all Mankind. He delights in Persecution, as fome 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 Nofe, and the great Care he takes to keep his Hat on, lest his fickly Brains, if he have any, should take Cold at it. He believes his Doctrine to be heavenly, because it agrees perfectly with the Motus Trepidationis. All his Hopes are in the Turks overrunning of Chrif-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 quaking Liturgy, as the Papistical Possessions of the Devil, with which it conforms in Discipline exact. His Church, or rather Chapel, is built upon a flat Sand, without superior or inferior in it, and not upon a Rock, which is never found without great Inequalities. Next Demoniacs he most resembles the Reprobate, who

are said to be condemned to Weeping and Gnawing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of their Church, that renounced his Trade and turned Preacher, because he held it superstitious to fit cross-legged. His Devotion is but a Kind of spiritual Palsy, that proceeds from a Distemper in the Brain, where the Nerves are rooted. They abhor the Church of England, but conform exactly with those primitive Fathers of their Church, that heretofore gave Answers at the Devil's Oracles, in which they observed the very same Ceremony of quaking and and gaping now practised by our modern Enthusiasts at their Exorcisms, rather than Ex-

ercifes of Devotion. He fucks in the Air like a Pair of Bellows, and blows his inward Light with it, till he dung Fire, as Cattle do in Lincolnshire. The general Ignorance of their whole Party make it appear, that whatsoever their Zeal may be, it is not according to Knowledge.

[double rule]

A
VINTNER

H²ANGS out his Bufh to fhew he has not good Wine ; for that, the Proverb fays, needs it not. If wine were as neceffary as Bread, he would ftand in the Pillory for felling falfe Meafure, as well as Bakers do for falfe Weight ; but fince it is at every Man's Choice to come to his Houfe or not, thofe that do, are guilty of half the Injuries he does them, and he believes the reft to be none at all, becaufe no Injury can be done to him, that is willing to take it. He had rather fell bad Wine, than good that ftands him in no more, for it makes Men fooner drunk, and then they are the eafier over-reckoned. By the Knaveries he acts above-board, which every Man fees, one may eafily take a Meafure of thofe he does under Ground in his Cellar ; for he that will pick a Man's Pocket to his Face, will not ftick to ufe him worfe in private when he knows no-

thing of it. When he has poifoned his Wines he raifes his Price, and to make amends for that abates his Meafure, for he thinks it a greater Sin to commit Murder for fmall Gains, than a valuable Confideration. He

does not only 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 sophisticated ; 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 Antichristian 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]

A
LOVER

I²S a Kind of Goth and Vandal, that leaves his native Self to fettle in another, or a

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

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

-----The Lilly and the Rofe

Not in her Cheeks, but in thy Temper grows.

When his Defires are grown up, they fwarm, and fly out to feek a new Habitation, and wherefoever they light they fix like Bees, among which fome late Philofophers have obferved that it is a Female that leads all the reft. Love is but a Clap of the Mind, a Kind of run_ ning of the Fancy, that breaks out, if it be not ftopped in Time, into Botches of heroic

Rime ; for all Loverrs are poets for the Time

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

[double rule]

A
BANKRUPT

I²S made by breaking, as a Bird is hatched
by breaking the Shell, for he gains more
by giving over his Trade, than ever he did by
dealing in it. He drives a Trade, as Oliver
Cromwel did a Coach, till it broke in Pieces.
He is very tender and careful in preferving
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
Curiofity in performing his Word, until he
has improved his Credit as far as it can go ;
and then he has caught the Fifh, and throws
away the Net ; as a Butcher, when he has fed
his Beaft as fat as it can grow, cuts the Throat

of it. When he has brought his Defign to
Perfection, and difpofed of all his Materials,
he lays his Train, like a Powder Traytor, and
gets out of the way, while he blows up all
thofe that trusted him. After the Blow is
given there is no Manner of Intelligence to be

had of him for some Months, until the Rage and Fury is somewhat digested, and all Hopes vanished of ever recovering any Thing of Body, or Goods, for Revenge, or Restitution ; and then Propositions of Treaty and Accommodation appear, like the Sign of the Hand and Pen out of the Clouds, with Conditions more unreasonable than Thieves are wont to demand for Restitution of stolen Goods. He shoots like a Fowler at a whole Flock of Geese at once, and stalks with his Horfe to come as near as possibly he can without being perceived by any one, or giving the least Suspicion of his Design, until it is too late to prevent it ; and then he flies from them, as they should have done before from him. His Way is so commonly used in the City, that he robs in a Road, like a Highwayman, and yet they will never arrive at Wit enough to avoid it ; for it is done

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

[double rule]

A
RIBALD

IS 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

faid to engender. He is an unclean Beaft that chews the Cud ; for after he has fatisfied his Lust, he brings it up again into his Mouth to a fecond Enjoyment, and plays an After-game of Letchery with his Tongue much worfe than that which the Cunnilingi ufed among the old Romans. He ftrips Nature ftark-naked, and clothes her in the moft fantaftic and ridiculous Fafhion a wild Imagination can invent. He is worfe and more nafty than a Dog ; for in his broad Defcriptions of others obfcene Actions he does but lick up the Vomit of ano-

ther Man's Surfeits. He tells Tales out of a vaulting School. A leud bawdy Tale does more Hurt, and gives a worfe Example than the Thing of which it was told ; for the Act extends but to a few, and if it be concealed goes no further ; but the Report of it is unlimited, and may be conveyed to all People, and all Times to come. He expofes that with his Tongue, which Nature gave Women Modesty, and brute Beasts Tails to cover. He miftakes Ribaldry for Wit, though nothing is more unlike, and believes himfelf to be the finer Man the filthier he talks ; as if he were above Civility, as Fanatics are above Ordinances, and held nothing more fhameful than to be afhamed of any Thing. He talks nothing but Aretine's Pictures, as plain as the Scotch Dialect, which is efteemed to be the moft copious and elegant of the Kind. He improves and hufbands his Sins to the beft Advantage, and makes one Vice find Employment for another ; for what he acts loofely in private, he talks as loofely of in public, and finds as much Pleafure in the one as the other. He endeavours to make himfelf Satisfaction for

the Pangs his Claps and Botches put him to with

vapouring and bragging how he came by
them. He endeavours to 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.
