

Athenianism:
OR, THE
NEW PROJECTS
OF
Mr. John Duntou,

Author of the Essay entitl'd,
The Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance

BEING,
Six Hundred distinct Treatises (in *Prose* and
Verse) written with his own Hand; and is an *Entire*
Collection of all his Writings, both in Manuscript, and
such as were formerly Printed.

To which is added,

Duntou's Farewel to Printing.

In some serious Thoughts on those Words of
Solomon, Of making many Books there is no End, and much
Study is a Weariness of the Flesh.

V O L. I.

With the Author's *Effigies*, to distinguish the
Original and True Copies from such as are *false and imper-*
fect. Take Care also of being cheated by *Wooden Cuts*
the right is that which is drawn and 'grav'd by these
Two Celebrated Artists, *Knight and Vander Gucht*.

To this Work is prefix'd an *Heroick Poem* upon
Duntou's Projects, writ en by the *Athenian Society*; with an
Alphabetical Table of the several *Projects, Questions, No-*
vels, Poems and Characters inserted in this Volum

L O N D O N:

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i

T H E
DEDICATION
T O T H E
Athenian SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,

ATHENIANISM being first and entirely my own Project, and my self being Honour'd so far as to be chosen and continu'd a Member of your Society, for the whole Time the Athenian Mercury (or Question-Project) was publish'd; for these Reasons you lie under a sort of Necessity to Patronize whatever bears the ATHENIAN Name: And since the Athenians thought they cou'd not make a more pleasing and agreeable Present to APOLLO, (the Name of one of the Projects in this Volume) than by sending to his Temple at Delphos their First Hare, (which they consecrated to him, as the First Production of their Brain) this makes me hope that the Athenian Society will not refuse to Patronize this, not only First, but entire Collection of all my Writings. Besides, 'twere the highest Piece of Ingratitude not to pay the First Fruits to that Sun under whose kind Influence they ripen'd and came to that little Growth you now see them in. I dare not, Gentlemen, presume to attempt a Strain of Panegyrick, lest when I have done my utmost Endeavours, the World shou'd condemn me for speaking too little on so Eminent a Subject. However, (tho' I know I shall offend your Modesty) I shall venture to say, your Learned Character is so well known in the World, I cou'd not with Honour, or Prudence, have dedicated Dunton's Projects to any other Patron but your selves.

The Learned and Famous Verulam delivering his Opinion of the Dedication of Books, declares himself no Friend to Addresses of that Nature, Because Books ought to have no Patrons but Truth and Reason. Then I am sure, had that great Man been now living, he wou'd have Licens'd the Dedication of these Projects to the Athenian Society, or at least those Three Illustrious Hero's (the late Marquess of Hallifax, Sir William Temple, and Sir Thomas

Pope Blount) wou'd have approv'd of this Dedication, as they all honour'd the Athenian Mercury so far as to call it the most entertaining and useful Project this Age has produc'd; with many other Encomiums, for which I refer you to my Sixth Project, entitl'd—Dunton's Apollo; or a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle.—

Now, Gentlemen, having produc'd Three such great Authorities, to prove the Athenian Society the fittest Patrons for this Work, I shall make no further Apology for this Dedication, since you see by the Joint Suffrage of Three of the greatest Men of the Age, my Six Hundred Projects have a just Title to your Learned Patronage; and tho' it wou'd much advance the Reputation of Dunton's Athenianism, to prefix your Names in the Front of it, yet, Gentlemen, I shan't presume to put your Names to this Dedication, because I know your Inclinations lead you to more solid Learning than you'll find here; yet guessing that a Variety may not be unpleasant, I have ventur'd so far as to put the Initial Letters of your Names to the First Volume of Dunton's Projects; and to dedicate them to you under that Cover, as hoping they may serve for your Diversion, when tir'd with graver Studies.

Gentlemen, I need not tell you (you have heard it so often in Letters sent to the Black Raven) how universally the Writings of the Athenian Society have obtain'd in the World; for the several Editions of the Athenian Oracle sufficiently evince it: But tho' ATHENIANISM was entirely John Dunton's Thought, (I mean both the Athenian Mercury, the Athenian Oracle, and even the Athenian Society it self) yet this Age affording more Poets than Patrons, (for NINE MUSES may travel long e'er they can find one Mecænas) I had not presum'd to inscribe The General Collection of all my Writings to your celebrated Names, had not your great Humility, as well as Learning, unanimously voted the Athenian Society the fittest Patron to protect, and defend a Work entitl'd ATHENIANISM. If it were not that most Writers have a sordid present Gain in View, when they design a Dedication, I am confident we shou'd see few Noblemen's Names at the Beginning of their Works, since it must be confess'd, 'twou'd be more for the Advantage of their Reputation, to chuse one another for Patrons, a Writer being better qualify'd to defend that which he has once espous'd with his Pen, than any great Man with his empty Name, or a long Catalogue of Titles. Besides, great Men make but small Reckoning of such Presents as these, in Regard they are often above their Understanding or disagreeing from their Genius, or (which is as bad to an Author) are so far from rewarding his fullom Prailes, (for most dedications consist of little else) they han't the Soul sometimes to pay for the bare Book they present him with; (of which I cou'd name several Instances) but for my Part, I prefer Piety before Birth, and Learning before Dignity, and consequently chose rather to address these Six Hundred Projects to the Athenian Society, than

to any other Person whatsoever. At least, I am sure no Man will think my Choice of Patrons improper, when he shall consider how well able you are to protect my Failings with your Invincible Pens, against all those who shall hereafter attack them: Nor will the Defect of what I have writ make me at all despair of your favourable Reception, since every Action ought to receive its Value from the Intention, not the aukward Manner of Performance.

So that you see, Gentlemen, Honour, or Applause, or a Present of Guineas, was the least Thing I minded in this Dedication; no, Gentlemen, to be plain with you, I rate my Time and Freedom higher than to CREEP Three or Four Days to a great Man, (for perhaps a NOD, or a Brace of Guineas) because the DUKE that wears it rides in his Coach and Six. I value no Man for his splendid Equipage, or strutting Titles, but only for his Piety, Humility, and Learning. Every Fool can put the Sweat of his Tenants in his Pocket, but he's the Darling of Fortune that (like the Athenian Society) carries his Estate in his Brains. Then, my Athenian Brethren, if you'll smile upon Dunton's Projects, I shall think myself more honour'd, than if a Duke, or Lord, had condescended so far as to have ask'd me to dedicate this Volume to him.

So that you see, Gentlemen, there's many Reasons why I shou'd dedicate my Six Hundred Projects to the Athenian Society; neither durst I venture 'em abroad under any Patronage but yours; for to whom cou'd Athenianism more justly fly for Protection, than to the Athenian Society, who (my unworthy self excepted) are acknowledg'd by all to be so truly Masters of it: The Muses have long acknowledg'd you their Sovereign, and indeed your General and Curious Learning deserves this Eminent Title much better than the Apollo's, Reviews, P—vey's, and those other Interlopers that (meerly for the Sake of Bread) have presum'd to APE my Athenian Project; "since you have not only encourag'd them to write by your Munificence, but by your Example, which is always more efficacious: But tho' (Gentlemen) this were Glory enough for any other Person but the Athenian Society, yet WIT is not the only shining Quality for which the World admires you: To a Happy Imagination and Lively Genius you have reconcil'd the Severity and Profoundness of Judgment. So that I may well dread presenting Six Hundred Projects (but more especially my Projects in Verse) to your Critical Eye; but as you are a great Judge of Wit and Poetry, so you are likewise my Friend, (which I presume to call you, as I've been concern'd in your Noblest Passions, and are the Secret Oracle I consult in all doubtful Matters) and I hope will excuse what Errors you find in this, and those succeeding Volumes that are to compleat Dunton's Athenianism; for tho' the Generality of Readers are govern'd by Opinion and Humour, instead of Reason, and will run down a Book when they have scarce read the Title Page, yet I hope you will give Sentence like a just and merciful

ful Judge; and my late *Essay entitl'd— The Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance coming to SIX EDITIONS in London**, (besides those Printed in Holland, Edinburgh, Dublin, and in the University of Oxford; (where, as Mr. Swinnock informs me, 'twas re-printed several Times) it has encourag'd me to hope that even my Enemies, as well as my Friends, will be very kind to the General Collection of all my Projects, which I entitle Athenianism. The Thurians had a Law, that whoever abolish'd an old Law, or establish'd a new, shou'd present himself before the People with a Rope about his Neck, that if his Project was not approv'd, he might be presently strangl'd. I shou'd scarce have ventur'd my Question-Project (tho' an Invention of General Use) upon that Bottom, and much less Dunton's Six Hundred Projects, as they all DRIBL'D thro' one Quill—— However, 'twas the kind Reception the World gave to my— Christian's Gazette— Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance— Panegyrick on Jeffery's Cruelties— and Satyr upon King William— (which is the Eighth Project in this Volume) that encourag'd me to revise all my Writings formerly publish'd, and such as I had still by me in Manuscript, and to publish the whole under the General Title of Athenianism; and (Gentlemen) how far they'll deserve that New and Celebrated Title you'll soon see, if you'll either consult— the Titles of the several Projects,— or at least will be sensible of it by that Time my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd.

Gentlemen, My chief Design in writing and publishing these Six Hundred Projects, is to furnish the VIRTUOSI with Matters fit for pious and ingenious Conversations, which perhaps I have perform'd in some Measure, because of the great, and not unpleasant Variety of Things they contain. I speak every where my Mind with a Philosophical Freedom, neither blaming other Mens Fancies, nor presuming too much upon my own Conceits; for to polish my own Notions, I consulted not only your learned selves, but the best Authors I cou'd find on the Subjects I was treating of, and made the best Improvement I cou'd of 'em; for I judg'd it safer, where my Projects were Nice and Curious, to build upon the Foundation of learned Authors, than to obtrude my own raw and indigested Notions (meerly for Novelty's sake) upon the Publick: Or if any Reader shou'd condescend so far as to ask for such new Thoughts as are entirely my own, they'll find it in my Projects entitl'd— The Double Courtship— Satyr upon King William— Dunton's Apollo— New Creation— Judas— Dunton's Shadow— He-Strumpets— Dissenting Doctors— Mounted Beggar— Dunton's Sermon— (for I think I have as much Authority to preach as Daniel de Foe, who lately made his REVIEW a Pulpit and himself the PAR-

* With those Three Editions the Pyrate-Printers rob'd me of.

The DEDICATION. V

SON) in which Ten Projects I scarce consult either Author, or Friend.

But, Gentlemen, as I publish every distinct Treatise for Real Athenianism, and give it the Name of a NEW PROJECT, 'tis necessary I here tell you what I wou'd have understood by those Words, Athenianism— and New Project.

“ All Ages (as if Athens had been the Original) have been
“ curious in their Enquiries, (that is, Lovers of Novelty) Curio-
“ sity it self is so much a Part of Nature, that 'tis seldom
“ laid aside 'till the whole Frame is dissolv'd; which made Dr.
Wild say,

We all are seiz'd with th' Athenian Itch,
News and new Things do the whole World bewitch.

'Twas this Love to Novelty, together with my Correspondence with Madam Singer, (as you'll find in my First Project, entitl'd The Double Courtship) put me on writing Six Hundred Projects; neither is that Number to be wonder'd at, for the Mind of Man is naturally active, and prone to Thoughts, 'tis daily forming some NEW PROJECT; in a Moment, with the Slight of a Thought it mounts from Earth to Heaven, and back again, from Age to Age. from present to future; like Lightning it shoots from East to West, vanishing in Appearance. So that a Project (or New Thought) design'd for the Press, has no other Being but what it borrows from the Author's Fancy, which (did the World but give him Encouragement) might as well produce Six Thousand as Six Hundred Projects. So that you see, Gentlemen, A New Project (or delicate Thought) is the finest Production of the Mind, and the Flower of Wit— But such as are curious to know more than's reveal'd, are a sort of Madmen, that to be cur'd of the Athenian Itch, go to the Devil for Brimstone. One wou'd think indeed one cou'd not be too curious, nor delicate, in searching after Novelties; but Men over-refine sometimes with thinking too nicely, and then the Thought (or Project) degenerates into a Subtilty which stretches into what we call Vain Curiosity. This subtile Projecting is an exquisite Affectation, or as an Italian calls it, “ A Distillation of the Brain: But Athenianism (or a Search after Novelties) may be so refin'd as to become a Duty. The ingenious Hurst being sensible of this, directs his Hearers* how they may enquire after News, not as Athenians, but as Christians; and I hope, Gentlemen, there will be nothing found in the following Projects that I need blush to own, or another to read.

Every Day is so crowded with New Books and Pamphlets, that some think that the only Project that is now wanted in the learned

* See Mr. Hurst's Sermon in the Casuistical Morning Exercise. p. 400.

World is— A Look-back into ancient Times— for something more nice and valuable than our Modern Authors have yet publish'd, which gave Birth to that Collection of Rarities entitl'd The PHENIX, which was a Project entirely my own. 'Tis A Revival of such scarce and valuable Pieces as are found only in the Closets of the curious, or such as I have been purchasing in Auctions for Twenty Years (as any Auctioneer can tell you.) But this Phoenix Project (of which there is Two Volumes already publish'd) being a Project of large Extent and of great Expence, I have resign'd the sole Management of it to the nice Judgment and great Fidelity of Mr. D——, and do believe the Phoenix to be (the Athenian Oracle excepted) the best Project I ever yet propos'd to the World: But I know you Athenian Gentlemen will be ready to say, "There is no Novelty in old Books, and to look back into ancient Times is to discover nothing but what we know: Then pray Mr. Dunton, don't amuse us with old Stories, but tell us something we don't know.

Gentlemen, I hope my Athenianism will tickle your Fancy in that Particular; for it discovers to you Six Hundred Projects that are wholly New. As my Project entitl'd The Phoenix is to present you with nothing but what is old, scarce, and valuable; so my Project entitl'd Athenianism, is wholly the Reverse of the Phoenix Project, being only to present you with what is new, strange and surprizing.

But, Gentlemen, if in these New Projects I seem to be somewhat Paradoxical, 'tis no more in Appearance perhaps than in Reality; for these seeming Paradoxes, if not overlook'd, may appear to an unprejudic'd Reader, undeniable Truths, or at least, not to be altogether improbable. (as were many of the Paradoxes in my Two Projects entitl'd— Athenian Spy— and Athenian Sport— which Paradoxes shall be continu'd in Dunton's Athenianism, tho' under other Titles, till those Two diverting Projects are both compleated) Of such Subjects 'tis free to every one to dispute Pro and Con, as it serves his Turn, or present Fancy, wherein I cou'd never conceive anything of a Pedantick Humour, but a very lawful and laudable Exercise of Wit and Ability; which I designedly add, because some I know are of Opinion, that all kind of Learning and Ingenuity shou'd be banish'd from a free and familiar Converse: But I conceive such Men to be either of the dullest Sort, or meer Epicureans, as taking Delight in nothing but what may please their Senses, or revive the Images of their past Pleasures. Thus some Homebred Gentlemen make a long Story to every one they meet, of what they daily eat or drink, others talk perpetually of their Amours, Mistresses, and new Intrigues, and not a few (like the Female Tatler) abuse your Patience with severe Reflections on their Neighbours: But, Gentlemen, since you are not guilty of such Irregularities, I had no other Reason than your Learned

Chas.

Character to prefix your Name to Dunton's Projects: 'Tis true, your new Honour (for all Men adore the Rising Sun) might have engag'd me to make you this Present, had I been of an Humour to value Men only by their Out-side, I mean by what is without them, and not rather by their real Parts, and if I may so say, Intrinsic Nobility. I owe indeed an outward Respect to a Duke, or Lord, &c. yet I shall pay him no inward Homage, if nothing else recommend him but the Greatness of his Family; whence you may easily judge, that how considerable soever you may be in the Eyes of the World, by your New Preferments, I do value you most for what is really your own, I mean your Ingenuity, Discretion, Wisdom, yea, and Virtue too, so seldom to be met with in this corrupted Age we live in. As these Endowments of the Mind are far more taking with me than any other Advantages of Fortune whatsoever, so they were my chief Inducement to ask your Patronage of this Work: And the Truth is, as you thought good to Honour me so far as to dedicate one whole Volume of the Athenian Mercuries to my self, and another to the Pindarick Lady*, (whose Poems so greatly recommended the Athenian Project, and to whose Platonick Friendship my Six Hundred Projects owe their Birth) 'twou'd be a high Ingratitude, shou'd I dedicate Dunton's Athenianism to any other than to the Athenian Society. What tho' our Athenian Brother (Dr. N——) is preferr'd, our Divine (Mr. W——) dignify'd, (and I wou'd say deseru'd it, had he not left the Whigs that gave him Bread, to Herd with the High-flyers) and our Mathematick Brother (Mr. Sault) has exchange'd his beloved Algebra for a Demonstration in Heaven: However, Gentlemen, I hope your New Preferments have not so far made you forget our former Intimacy and Friendship, as to deny your Patronage to this Work; or if it does, I must beg your Pardon, if I recommend to your Reading my Twelfth Project, where you'll see how the Beggar looks, who being Mounted, rides to the Devil: But this SATYR can no ways affect you, for "your Great Advancement
 "has made no Alteration in your former engaging Tempers and
 "Carriage; you are still as free, as pleasant, and as affable to
 "your meaner Friends as you were before; whereas we daily
 "see many Persons whom a little Honour, or Advancement,
 "changes from all the good Qualities they once possess'd, to Loistinss
 "and Pride; whom an high Station fills with as high
 "Thoughts, and who cannot, from their more exalted Condition,
 "look upon such as are below them without Contempt and Scorn: But you are Gentlemen and Scholars, and as such are above Pride, and I don't fear but will condescend so far as to patronize a Work that is to perpetuate and compleat the Question-Project, under the new Word— ATHENIANISM— and 'tis hard,

* Madam Singer.

if amongst Six Hundred Projects that are to furnish out that Word, you don't find ONE that shall deserve your Patronage. 'Tis true, these Projects were all Hatch'd in the Retirements of a Country Cell, and now fly abroad, not so much to boast the Paint of their Plumes, and Elegancy of their Dress, as the Newness of their Garb and Habit, wherein they appear; and for that Reason they are entitl'd ATHENIANISM. Not (Gentlemen) that I presume to discover any thing you don't know, you have advanc'd so far in all Art and Science, as that the utmost of my Projects (were the Six Hundred enlarg'd to as many Thousands) can't contribute one Thought to further your Progress, neither is it possible for me to flatter you, your Learning (but much more your Humility) has set you so much above it; and for that Reason I here dedicate my Six Hundred Projects to the Athenian Society, as believing that celebrated Name a sufficient Recommendation, and your Learned Patronage the Highest Honour that can be conferr'd on your undeserving Athenian Brother.

Gentlemen— Having told you what I mean by that new Word—ATHENIANISM—what by—NEW PROJECTS—and shewn the Necessity you lie under of PATRONIZING those Six Hundred Projects that were either written, translated, abridg'd, or paraphras'd with my own Hand, 'twill be necessary in the next Place I give you a brief Account what the Six Hundred Projects are: And here I am first to acquaint you, (what you'll find more at large in Dunton's Apollo) "that having been an ATHENIAN (or Lover of Novelty) almost from my Infancy, I hope to present you with Six Hundred Projects that are wholly NEW, (either as to the Subject, or Method of handling) or that are so scarce, that they are not to be purchas'd in London; of which—my Projects call'd—The Art of living Incognito—Abdicated Prince—Merciful Assizes—Parable of the Magpies—Satyr on King William—and Night-walker—are but Six Instances of near an Hundred I cou'd name, which are so SCARCE, that I am yet to seek for Copies to print 'em by: And as I shall reprint (under the General Title of Athenianism) what TREATISES I formerly writ, and are now out of Print, so I shall mix them with great Variety of Manuscripts which I have been long preparing fair for the Press, and have never yet seen the Light; of which you have at least Fifteen Instances in this First Volume, and perhaps may have as many in the Second, my Design being to furnish out Dunton's Athenianism with at least Five Hundred Projects that are wholly new, the Number of those I formerly writ and publish'd being, as near as I can judge, about One Hundred Projects.

Thus (Gentlemen) you see what the Six Hundred Projects are that you are to expect in this and the following Volumes. I suppose
'twill

'twill be needless to give you any further Account what the Six Hundred Projects will treat of, only you may please to take notice, that under the General Title of Athenianism there is included HISTORY, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, PHILOSOPHY in all its Parts, PHYSICK with its Train of wonderful Cures, and PHILOLOGY with all its known Criticisms, and in a word all Dunton's Athenian, Serious, Historical, Amusing, Comical, Letter, and Poetical Projects. Malvezzi seeking out the Reason why NOVELTY is pleasing says; 'That Men being necessitated to die behold not willingly decay'd Things, which put them in mind of that unavoidable Necessity. I own Descartes asserts that NOVELTY is but Oblivion, and KNOWLEDGE but Remembrance; and if this were true, all my Search after Novelties is but an Endeavour to restore to Posterity those lost Arts and Projects which render Antiquity so venerable: But with Submission to the Judgment of that great and learned Man Descartes, I hope to prove there is something new, (and that my Six Hundred Projects are so many Instances of it) and therefore I hope the World will be kind to this General Athenian Project, if not for the Pains I have taken, yet for the NOVELTY they will find in it; for as I have put the Word—ATHENIANISM—in my Title Page, I am in a manner oblig'd to treat of nothing but what is NEW, but I intend more particularly to discourse of whatever shall occur NEW in Divinity, History, Projecting, and Conversation, &c. for which End I have establish'd a general Correspondence both Abroad and at Home, not that I intend to confine my self altogether to what is NEW, but in several Projects will reserve a Liberty to divert into the Paths of Antiquity, (as I have done in my Two Projects call'd Double-Hell and the Secret Narrative) view the Recesses of former Ages, and enquire into the Productions of ancient Learning, so that by that time my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd I hope to present the Athenian World (or Lovers of Novelty) with a compendious View of UNIVERSAL LEARNING. I confess 'tis a BOLD PROMISE, but that my Athenianism (when compleated) may make it good, the first Project in my Second Volume shall be— The Philosophick Spy: Or a new Search after Vanity in the Arts and Sciences, &c. which SPY I design to continue in all my Athenian Volumes, 'till my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd; and in the last Volume that compleats these Projects I shall add A FAREWEL TO PRINTING in some serious Thoughts in those Words of Solomon: Of making many Books there is no end, and much Study is a Weariness of the Flesh. And then if a Man goes to Bed 'till he dies, nor wakes 'till the Resurrection, Good Night to you here, and good Morrow hereafter; and JOHN when thou art so repos'd,

Lie still in thy Grave for the Quiet o'th' Nation,
Nor canst thou write more without flat Conjurat[i]on.

x The DEDICATION.

Gentlemen,— after giving this last Farewel to this Life and World (the Mind I am in) I shall trouble the World with no more PRO-JECTS, but having printed Seven Hundred Books written by other Persons, I was willing to add Six (or perhaps Twelve) Hundred of my own writing, to convince the Lovers of Novelty how much I have labour'd to gratifie their CURIOSITY.

Gentlemen, in all this great Variety of Books I never printed another Man's Copy without his Leave, or ONCE stole his Thought or Project; had Mr. S—— and Mr. P—— consider'd this sure they would never have interlop'd with my Question-Project, and afterwards (to advance the Credit of their British-Apollo) treated me with such mean and scoundrel Language, for they can't but know my Estate in Land, (when all my Debts are paid, which should be next Minute were I releas'd from my Wife's Jointure) would buy out their WHOLE SOCIETY of British Apollo's, (which THE REHEARSAL tells you consists of—Abennigo, Simpleton only)—at least forty times. Then judge what a SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN this is, (Men of the brightest Parts, as they call themselves) to RATTLE so much of my great Poverty, and to publish so many Poems writ by themselves in their own Commendation; and tho' I intend to forgive 'em, (for he's below himself that is not above an Injury) yet the Wrong they did me in their ADVERTISEMENT was so spiteful as to deserve CORRECTION, and therefore (as they pretend to be Gentlemen) I resolve to demand Satisfaction, when and wherever I see 'em, for you know the Athenians and Lacedemonians were ever at Daggers drawing, of which TOM BROWN was a scandalous Instance, 'till we suppress'd his Interloping-Mercury, by re-answering all the Questions that were sent to him; which Method I will take again in a Paper I intend to entitle Athenian News, &c. and will abridge all the British Apollo's they have yet publish'd, if these just Resentments don't teach their Apollo the Golden Rule, or at least lash him into better Manners, than first to STEAL a Man's Project, and then abuse him to justify the Interloping.

Thus (Gentlemen) having given you a brief Account of my PROSE-PROJECTS—— I shall say something of those in VERSE—— and so conclude with a short Remark on Dunton's Effigies facing the General Title to his Six Hundred Projects and shall add a Word or two about the Errata, and then farewel, my Athenian Brethren, 'till I make you a Personal Visit, to request your best Thoughts upon those many nice and uncommon Questions which I intend to insert in my NEXT APOLLO.

Gentlemen, as to my Projects in Verse I am here to acquaint you that I have (for Variety sake) equally divided my Projects into Prose and Verse, so that Project 1. is Prose, and Project 2. is Verse and my Six Hundred Projects shall be all continu'd in that Method (viz. one in Prose, and one in Verse) 'till they are all publish'd.

Gentlemen

The DEDICATION. xi

Gentlemen, I will not call this Poetical Part of my Projects my WORKS, they were my RECREATION; the Poet calls his Books his CHILDREN: For, says Randolph,

If I a POEM leave, that Poem is my SON.

That Poetical Project (that is to run thro' my whole Athenianism) is but a DAUGHTER, slight, trifling, slender, impertinent, yet the RARITY of the Projects encourage me to hope that what cannot satisfy because not so useful; may please for the sake of Rhiming and Novelty, not that I am ambitious to be thought a Poet, for they are generally Beggars; the famous Butler, (if you'll believe Oldham)—was forc'd to die and be interr'd on Tick.—Yet I have ever had a great Love to the Muses, but shall never deserve the ILLUSTRIOUS Name of a Poet, for tho' in the Eight Lines under my Picture you are pleas'd to say,

And's Heraldry he from the Muses Farms,
For Pegasus shou'd be a Poet's Arms.

Yet (Gentlemen) I reckon you there call me POET in meer Compliment, or for the Verse sake, and perhaps make PEGASUS my Coat of Arms, (as a sort of New Project) to supply the want of a real Coat, but be it as 'twill, the Name of Poet I neither slight nor covet; however, I have ever been a sort of Persecutor of Nature, and would fain have chang'd the dull Lead of my Brain into finer Metal, and I hope I may be allow'd to say, if my Soul had been improv'd equal to some others, (I mean, if I had not discontinu'd my Studies for that Twenty Two Years I was an Apprentice and Trader in the Stationers Company) it might have produc'd better Things; (a fuller Stream than HELICON'S may be drain'd that has no Showers to supply the Current.) But tho' I am not worthy to hold the Stirrop to PEGASUS, (notwithstanding you make him my Coat of Arms) yet I thought it no great Presumption to attempt a Frolick in Verse upon merry, odd, barren and trifling Subjects,—— and I fear no Rival in such Projects, for our English Bards are too conceited to own themselves Authors of meer Impertinence; and the Truth is, our FIRST-RATE-POETS have some reason to value themselves above the unthinking Crowd, for good Poetry is such an immortal thing, that, were it put to my Choice, I would sooner chuse to be Author of Cowley's Works, Garth's Dispensary, or Watts's Horæ Lyricæ, &c. than to be a Sovereign Prince; and for that Reason I have in my Projects entitl'd, The Irish Huckster,—— The true Gentleman,—— Wedding-Legacy,—— wrought in many curious Thoughts that I met with in Cowley, Dryden, Garth, Congreve, Sedley, Gold; and this I have done without quoting the Authors, that the Criticks may rail at Cowley, Dryden, Garth, &c. when they think they rail at me; but if at any time I have borrow'd a sparkling Thought, yet still

—— The

———The Projection, Plot, and Method———of every Project
 (both in Prose and Verse) is entirely my own, and so for the most part
 are the Words; yet there's few extraordinary Thoughts in any of our
 modern Poets but are brought into Dunton's Athenianism, but they
 are so much alter'd, enlarg'd, or adapted to new Purposes, that the
 Original Author can't pretend any Right to 'em; and if after all the
 Pains I have taken my Poetical Projects should only wipe——I shan't
 complain, for not one POEM in Twenty is worth reading; then what
 must my MUSE expect that has but a JADE to ride on? To the ma-
 king of a good Poet it is requisite that he should have a round Stock of
 Learning, a Conversation with the Court, and the Art of ver-
 sifying, these Things, besides a GENIUS, (which is the Soul of all)
 are so connected with each other that a Man can never be said to be FI-
 NISH'D without them all; then (Gentlemen) you can't expect in my
 ARTLESS Performance the least Perfection, or any of those shining
 Graces of Poetry that adorn the Works of the famous Dryden, &c.
 I have attempted what he could have made compleat. To have Pro-
 portion, good Sense, Beauty and Harmony in a POEM belongs
 not to Six Men, there are very few that arrive to any Perfection in Po-
 etry; I scarce know any but Cowley, Dryden, Garth, Stennet and
 Watts, &c. that deserve the Name of a Poet. But if the World should
 be kind to the Poetical Projects in this Volume, in my Second Volume
 I will insert a Poetical Project, which I'll venture to call—— A
 PROVERBIAL POEM, (or the Wit of the Age reduc'd to Practice)
 in which, (if I live to compleat it) I shall present the Reader with A
 Poetical View of the World in Characters. Since then Poetry has
 had the good Fortune to become the Favourite of the Age, I hope my
 POETICAL PROJECTS, being as numerous as the PROSE, will
 not fall short of their own End, and my Design, which is to divert and
 please. And (Gentlemen) how far I have consulted this will appear
 from my Poetical Projects entitl'd,—— The Nightingal,——
 Dignify'd and Distinguish'd, —— Weeping-Elegy, &c. ——
 which great Variety of Poems cannot but be grateful, and a MISCEL-
 LANY must needs yield more Delight than one continu'd Poem,
 for the same Reason I presume as at an Entertainment most People are
 pleas'd with Variety of Courses, when a standing Dish would not
 at all gratify their Appetites; or if any Reader is so morose as to be
 disgusted with that pleasant Variety he'll find in my POETICAL
 PROJECTS, if he can be so much the Master of his Passions as
 to read himself over in these Projects, (for 'tis Ten to one but he'll
 meet with his own Character, if he begins with the first and reads on
 to the last Volume of Dunton's Athenianism) with Patience, and
 without either CURSING this Author or his Projects, I shall begin to
 hope there may be a Possibility of his Reformation; 'till then I value
 as little the Censure of such a Man as I do his Friendship; So
 that if any are displeas'd with the Rhiming Projects in this Book, such
 (as— The Parson's Son,— Mathematick-Funeral,— Purple Mo-
 narch,—

March, &c.— *I have no Reason to be concern'd, for if I have mix'd Divine Subjects with such as are more cheerful, 'twas in hopes*

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies.—*Herbert.*

And (Gentlemen) I believe you'll own there be some Readers wou'd not look upon a serious Book, if something more AIRY did not allure them to it: But tho' some of my Projects, (but more especially the POETICAL) are more serious than others, yet I don't know one Line in the most facetious Project that can justly offend the gravest Reader, and therefore if any thing prevent the perfecting of Dunton's Projects 'twill be only the Censure of wise and good Men; but yet there are so few of them, that I think for that Reason I am pretty safe, and the more because they are Men of the greatest Candor, the slowest to Censure, the easiest to excuse, and the readiest to pardon; and which I the more expect, as there shan't be one Poetical Project in Dunton's Athenianism but what is either innocently pleasant or really profitable; or if any serious Christian is of another Opinion, if he'll send his NAME and CORRECTIONS to my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. Daniel Waghorn in Noble-Street, (to whom I'm oblig'd for the GREATEST SECRETS in this Volume, and for that miraculous Narrative entitl'd,— The Apparition-Evidence) they shall be all inserted in the Second Edition of this Book.

I shall now (as I promis'd) conclude with a short Remark on Dunton's Effigies facing the General Title to his Six Hundred Projects.

I shall introduce what I have to say of Dunton's Picture with a short Account of the Original of Drawing Faces, for 'tis so little known the Discovery of it is a sort of Novelty.

The first LIMNING that ever was owes its Rise to—— the Parting of Two Lovers,—— in this manner: When the Daughter of Deluriades the Sycionian was to take Leave of her Sweet-heart, now going to Wars, to comfort her SELF in his Absence she took his Picture with a Coal upon the Wall, as the Candle gave the Shadow, which her Father admiring perfected it afterwards, and it was the first Picture by Report that ever was made. —— But the Drawing OF Dunton's Face—— owes its Rise to the great Wrong done me by H——, and other Pyritical Printers, and not to LOVE, (as was the Case of the Sycionian Limner) for being marry'd my SPOUSE and I wear each others Pictures in our Hearts, (being drawn and hung there) and so have no Occasion for an outward Picture to comfort us, for neither Absence, Time, nor scarce Death itself, can fade the Colours where a united Heart's—— the Frame, —— and —— the Picture—— true Affection; so that you see (Gentlemen) 'twas meer Right and Property, and not the fear that my Wife should lose the Idea of her Husband's Face, that tempted me to the Exercise of so much Patience as to sit THREE TIMES

TIMES to have (an't please ye) my Face Drawn, to be star'd or as often as the Reader pleases; yet I might affirm, (did not Modesty forbid me to give 'em their just Praise) — that Knight and Limn'd, Vander Gucht grav'd, — and Freeman (a) work'd off my Picture so much to the Life, you don't flatter 'em when you say,

They make my Picture seem to think and live.

A Gentleman seeing a very good Picture of S. Bruno, the Founder of the Carthusian Order, and being ask'd his Opinion of it, Were not it, says he, for his silent Rule it would speak. So I may say of Dunton's Picture, ('tis Drawn so much to the Life, 'bating a little Flattery) that were not Pictures resolv'd on a perpetual Silence (that is, had they not a RULE to hold their Tongues) this Picture would talk as LOUD and as often as the Original does by which 'twas Drawn: So that (Gentlemen) you might well say of my Two Linn'ers,

Their Pencil sure was made of Flesh and Blood.

For as SPEECHLESS as my Picture is 'tis Drawn so much ALIVE 'tis hop'd 'twill guard Dunton's Athenianism from all Pyrratical Printers, by distinguishing the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect.

So that you see (Gentlemen) I'm guilty of no PICTURE-VANITY in putting my handsom Pbitz (for if I'll banter my self who can help it) in the Front of my Writings, for I do it to secure the Profit of my own Labour, and to prevent the Pyrratical Printers cheating the World again with sham and imperfect Copies of Dunton's Projects; and if this innocent Countermine (or Picture-Project) don't secure my Right and Property I must bid Farewel to Printing before I have writ that Farewel to it I promise in the Title to this Work, for the Pirate Printers ever since the great Sale of my Essay on A Death-Bed-Repentance, rob me of all the Copies I now publish with my own Name, or that they think I am any ways concern'd in writing. (The Satyr call'd — The He-Strumpets was pirated in Two Hours after 'twas publish'd, as Mr. CURL and several others can tell you) and therefore 'tis I put my Picture to DUNTON'S PROJECTS; to distinguish the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect: Take care also of being cheated by Wooden Cuts for no ATHENIANISM is publish'd by me, (or has the thirtieth part of my Original Copy) but what has my EFFIGIES in Copper, Drawn by those Two celebrated Artists Mr. Knight and Mr. Vander Gucht. But what a wicked and thievish Age do we live in that there should be any occasion for this Caution? Surely that CHARITABLE

(a) Mr. Freeman the Rolling-Press-Printer is here meant, who lives in Bishop's-Head-Court in Grays-In-Lane.

The DEDICATION.

PIRATE did not consider, The Receiver is as bad as the Thief, who (if the Report be true) sent to H———H——— to desire him to print Sir W———D———s Sermons with what speed he cou'd, for they were much esteem'd, and if he cou'd have them at a small Price, he wou'd give away several Hundreds: But if —— The Receiver be as bad as the Thief——— (as all acknowledge) 'tis strange to me, that any Booksellers of Credit, or honest Buyers, shou'd so far encourage these Thievish Practices, as either —— to sell or buy —— those stolen Copies that are publish'd by Pirate Printers (not for the Benefit of the Poor) but to cheat the Publick; for as De Foe * observes, "This wronging of Authors, by publishing their Works imperfect, and robbing the Booksellers, by mangling and re-printing such Copies they had honestly bought, is the Shame and Scandal of the present Time, and gives a liberty to daily Invasions of Property, equal in Villany to robbing a House, or plundering an Hospital. Nor is this all, it is a Discouragement to Industry, a Dishonour to Learning, and a Cheat upon the whole Nation; by this Practice a Man that has studied several Years to perform the most elaborate Work, has perhaps been at 500l. Charge to print it, besides all the other Pains, and to whom such a Work might otherwise be an Inheritance, and to his Family; has his Labour destroy'd, his Expences lost, and his Copy printed by Sham and Piratical Booksellers and Printers, who eat the Gain of the poor Man's Labour, destroy and spoil the Work itself, cheat the Buyer, by performing it imperfect, and ruin the laborious Author: Upon this Account, I with so much Detestation abhor the Practice; and therefore if the Stationers Company ever think good to attempt so good a Work, as the Regulation of the Press, they shall not fail of all my Assistance, both as to Labour and Charge —— Thus far Daniel De Foe, and seeing H——— H——— is the Printer that is chiefly saviz'd in these Reflections, I shall here tell that *ARCII-PIRATE*, and hard'ned Wretch, that I verily think he is as much obliged to make Restitution for the Wrong he has done to my self, in Printing The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance —— And to Daniel De Foe, in Printing his *Jure Divino*, &c. as if he had pick'd our Pockets, or robb'd us on the High-way; and I wish he may not find it so in the other World, whatever *JEST* he may make of his Thefts in this, for all Divines are of this Opinion —— That without Restitution, there is no Salvation; and I can say for my own Share, I'm damag'd by him above an Hundred Pounds, in that one Book call'd, The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance; but I wou'd freely forgive him cou'd I see any Sign of his Penitence, but I have no hope of a Thief that defends and makes a Jest of his Piracy; for he says, "When a Book is

* In his Weekly Review.

The DEDICATION.

“ publish'd, every Man has a Right to print it : However, since the Receiver is as bad as the Thief ; sure'y every HONEST BUYER, being thus forewarn'd, will no longer have a Hand in cheating himself, as he really does, that buyes Duinton's Athenianism without my Effigies, or any Book with my Name to it, if not publish'd by John Morphew.

So that you see, Gentlemen, 'tis merely the securing the Benefit of my own Copies, that has put me to the Charge of a Copper Plate, and not the Ambition to have a Face cut in Brass, with a Laurel about my Head, and Pegasus for my Arms, and eight Verses under my Picture, writ by the Athenian Society.

I shall now add a Word or two about the ERRATA, and then, Gentlemen, Farewell, till we meet at E——— or at Smith's (the old Athenian Coffee-House) in Stocks-Market.

As to the ERRATA, all I shall say is this——— Humanum est errare —— (for why else was the ATHENIAN MERCURY once suppress'd for answering an ensnaring Question concerning an old Gentleman that had two Daughters). We transgress in all the Ways of our Lives ; nay, even Life it self is little else than Digression : Then let him that stands take care of falling : The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches against pardoning my Faults to Day, may want it for himself and Family to Morrow. The best Man living (says Bishop Usher) does enough in the Day, to bring him on his Knees at Night. Then no Wonder so mean a Writer, as JOHN DUNTON can pretend to little else than Mistakes, and ERRORS, not only in this Book, but throughout the whole Course of my Life ; but tho' my ERRORS are many (and some of them scarce pardonable) yet to do my two Printers * Justice (tho' I scarce think they are perfect) I have no ERRORS to charge them with, and for my own MISTAKES (as to this Book) the most material are to be found in those two Projects entituled——— The Scotch Commencement——— and Dissenting Doctors——— where for Dr. Benjamin Calamy, read Dr. Edmund Calamy——— and for Dr. Nathaniel Oldfield, read Dr. Joshua Oldfield.

Gentlemen——— as to any other ERRORS you may meet with in this Book, I hope your good Nature will be as ready to forgive 'em, as your Wit is able to find 'em, for my Projects are NEW and as I venture to embark for Terra Incognita, I hope the Hazard I run to oblige the CURIOUS will be accepted, were my Errors in Sailing never so many. Besides (Gentlemen) 'tis some small Excuse for the Errors you'll meet with in this Work that the great Variety and Usefulness of the Subjects, that go to compleat it, might well have employ'd all the Time and Care of REAL APOLLO ; and yet have fall'n short in the Performance where the Project (like mine) was a Universal Entertainment.

* Mr. Robert Tookey, and Mr. Thomas Darrack.

The DEDICATION.

But, Gentlemen, if I enlarge, I shall make an ERRATA in my very ERRATA; I shall therefore conclude with this one Request, That the Ingenious of either Sex (but more especially your selves) wou'd send such Pieces in Prose and Verse, as may properly be inserted in my second Volume; but more especially you are desired to send what may compleat my History of strange Conversions—— Frolick in Verse—— Dunton's Apollo, or any Project, Question, or uncommon Subject, not yet inserted in Dunton's Athenianism; and I hope, as many of the Rhiming Frolicks in this Volume were sent to me by unknown Hands, that others will follow that generous Example, that Dunton's Athenianism may present the Curious with such Novelties, as may effectually cure the Athenian Itch, by that time my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd: What Novelties you send, direct them to John Dunton at the Sword in Newstreet, and for those that desire it, they shall have their Names publish'd as Benefactors to this NEW PROJECTION; I call it NEW, as in these Sheets I have advanc'd many Things wholly New, and design every succeeding Volume shall consist chiefly of Novelties, of which you have several Instances in the Projects entituled—— The Court and Character of Queen Mary—— Dunton in Mourning—— Satyr on the Mathematick Professors—— Mistical Cases—— and in my Project entituled The Benevolence—— And will have yet more surprizing Novelties in the second Volume of Dunton's Athenianism, my Generous Friend Mr. Daniel Waghorn, having promis'd me another Pacquet of Secrets to furnish out that Volume; and I hope my third, Fourth and Fifth Volumes, &c. will be oblig'd to some (as
) UNKNOWN BENEFACTORS.

Gentlemen—— I am further to acquaint you that you have in this First Volume of Dunton's Athenianism, Twenty Four of these Six Hundred Projects promis'd in the Title to this Work; it wou'd too far anticipate my own Design of presenting the World with Novelties, to tell you what the [576] remaining Projects; besides to be particular in that Discovery, wou'd take up more time than this Address will allow of, I having exceeded the Bounds of most Dedications already: However, Gentlemen, I will so far indulge your Athenian Itch, as to promise you in my second Volume, the Projects entituled,

1. The Art of Living Incognito; being an hundred Letters on many uncommon Subjects; written by John Dunton during his Retreat from the World and Business. The Second Edition corrected and much enlarg'd; with an Alphabetical Table to the whole Undertaking.

2. Death-Bed Charity, or Aims and no Alms, a Paradox; being Madam Jane Nicholas giving Fifty Pound a Year to the Poor of St. A—— was no Charity, but as she (vainly) thought, a way of compounding with God Almighty, for giving nothing to

The DEDICATION.

the Poor in her Life-time; with Reflections on the Panegirick Sermon, preach'd at her Funeral, by Dr. C—— Arch D—— of St. A——

3. *Mother Sparges: Or a Congratulatory Elegy to the Poem of St. A—— upon the Death of Madam Jane Nicholas: This Project is a Poetical Description of a Miser's Funeral, or rather, an enumeration of all those distinct Species of Beings, that rejoice that Madam Nicholas has now no more than her Length and Breadth in the Abby-Church of St. A——*

4. *The Wedding Legacy: A Poem, shewing all the Good Madam Jane Nicholas ever did with her Estate, was to give on her Death-Bed, an Annual Pension of Five Pounds to Mrs. Elizabeth Ben—— (now living in Barkhamstead) which has help'd her two Sweethearts (and probably to an Husband) in her Fortieth Year.*

5. *Jane Nicholas Ghost, lamenting her unjust Will, and promising to haunt all that perswaded her to it: Fancied in a morning Dream.*

6. *Dunton's Creed: Or, the Religion of a Bookseller, in imitation of Dr. Brown's Religio Medici: Dedicated to the Stationers Company: The fourth Edition. To which is added, The Author of Fortune; or a Panegirick on writing for Bread.*

7. *The Double Life: Or, a new Project to redeem the Time by living over to Morrow before it comes.*

8. *The Merciful Assizes: Or, a Panegirick on the late Lord Jeffreys's hanging so many in the West: In a Letter to Madam Hewling, who had a Son hang'd and quarter'd at Taunton: The Second Edition.*

9. *The lost Rib restor'd: Or, an Essay attempting to prove the Relation between Man and Wife is not dissolv'd by Death, but abides for ever; and that those Virgins who die unmarried, are yet related to Husbands, and will be united to 'em in the other World.*

10. *The Conforming Dissenter: A Paradox proving a Man may change one orthodox Way of worshipping God for another, and yet be no Turncoat; occasion'd by Mr. D——s Mr. P—— and Mr. H——sets, &c. being educated amongst the Dissenters and preaching in a Conventicle many Years, and now conforming to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.*

11. *The Royal Dirty: Or, King WILLIAM's Closet Book. The Fourth Edition; so greatly enlarg'd, as to complete the Diary.*

12. *Alter Ego: Or, Dunton's Character of his worthy Friend Mr. George Larkin, Sen. By Way of Elegy.*

13. *The Methodizer: Or secret History of Mr. Sault, Author of the Second Spira; with the Narrative of that Imaginary Wretch, and Dunton's Affidavit, clearing his Innocence, and any Sham or Fraud in publishing of that Narrative.*

14. *The Funeral of Mankind: A Paradox, proving we are all dead and bury'd.*

The DEDICATION.

15. A House to be let: Or a Widow in mourning.

16. The Irish Huckster: A Satyr on the engrossers of Corn; but more especially on DIVES (one of the dear Joys) with the Character of his two P——ks.

17. The Surprize: Or History of such as have dyed suddenly from Eutichus down to Mrs. Fuller in Noble-Street, who was well and dead in the same Moment.

18. A Proverbial Poem: Or the Wits of the Age reduc'd to Practice.

19. The weeping Poet: Or, Elegies describing the Lives and Deaths of the eminent Dissenting Ministers that dyed in the last Century.

20. Deceptio Visus: Or, Seeing and Believing are two Things.

21. The Saint Allamode: Or, a view of the Piety and Morals of some high Pretenders to Religion, without Respect to Parties: With an Alphabetical Table of the several prophane Wretches and modern Hypocrites characteriz'd and expos'd in this dis-obliging Project.

22. The She Club: Or Sixty Maids at Confession.

23. The Religion of Brutes: Or, the whole Duty of Man as taught us by Beasts, Birds and Fishes.

24. Non Entity: Or, a grave Essay upon Nothing.

25. The Poet in Love; or the Courting Project.

26. The Philosophick Wife: A Poem on the Arts and Sciences.

27. The History of Slander (or Acquial of innocent Persons) from our Saviour's Time, down to the publick Clearing of Dr. W——s.

28. The Querists: A Satyr on Interloping; dedicated to the British Apollo.

29. The Athenian Catalogue: Or, Private Instructions for erecting a Library, with Dunton's Notes, containing his Observations on Books and Learning, for the two and twenty Years he traded in the Stationers Company.

30. The Chimical Beggars: Or, a Satyr on the Philosopher's Stone.

31. Dunton preaching to himself: Or, every Man his own Parson: Dedicated to the most Reversnd Father in God——

32. The Secret Oracle: Or, a modest Answer to such Love Questions as were formerly sent to the Athenian Society by the mask'd Ladies and Town Sparks.

33. The Spiritual Hedgehog, a Project (or Thought) wholly new and surprizing.

34. Dives and Lazarus, an Heroick Poem, in Twelve Books.

35. The History of Ingratitude: Or, Dunton's Experience of pretended Friendship throughout the whole Course of his Life.

Gentlemen

The DEDICATION.

Gentlemen— These with other Manuscript Projects are what you may expect in the Second Volume of Dunton's Athenian, and in the Interim, if my Time and Health will allow it, I shall publish a Weekly Paper I shall entitle,

Athenian News: Or, Dunton's Apollo, containing Twenty distinct Posts, viz. 1. The Post-Angel; Or, a divine Improvement of every Remarkable Occurrence. 2. The Philosophick Post; Or, Learning freed from the Intricacies of the Schools. 3. The Lame Post: Or, a Review of Miraculous Events, from Adam down to the present Year. 4. The Question-Post: Or, a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle, upon very nice and uncommon Subjects. 5. The Secret Post; Or, a Word in your Ear about Matters not fit to be spoke aloud. 6. The Courting Post: Or, News for the Ladies. 7. The Post-Pigeon: Or, a Project to send Letters invisibly to the most Eminent Persons in Church and State. 8. The Whipping-Post: Or, a War with the Authors. 9. The Rhiming Post: Or, a Poem on any Subject desired. 10. The Whoring Post: Or, a Detection of Lewd Women, from the Key-Miss, down to the Common Strumpet. 11. The Lying-Post: Or, Fictions prov'd Realities. 12. The Preaching-Post: Or, a Project to reform the Pulpit, being a weekly Sermon preach'd by Moderation, Chastity, Temperance, and so on, till all the Virtues have held forth. 13. The Conjuring Post: or an infallible Almanack for the Year 1710. 14. Dunton's Post: Or, the History of all his Projects. 15. The Merry-Post: Or, News to divert every Body. 16. The Ratler: Or, Travelling-Post. 17. The Naked Post: or, a dying Farewel to this Life and World. 18. The Sick Post: Or, diverting Physick for every Disease incident to the Soul of Man. 19. Memento Mori: Or, the Funeral Post. 20. The Post-Devil: Or, a Flaming Pacquet from Charon's Passengers.

Thus, Gentlemen, you see, that as every British Post, carries different Pacquets, viz. The English, Scotch, Dutch, and Spanish, &c. So to comply with Custom, and to please the Lovers of Novelty, I have here named Twenty Distinct Posts, and furnish out that Weekly Paper, I call Athenian News, or Dunton's Apollo; and if I find these Twenty Posts are not enough to cure the Athenian Itch, I shall enlarge them to double the Number, which shall all take their Turn in my Weekly Paper (for Forty Posts can never come into one Sheet) as the Wind of Occasion blows, or the several Posts arrive: So that my Weekly Paper (call'd Athenian News) will consist of Occurrences that neither the Gazzet, Post-man, Post-boy, or Flying Post, &c. takes any Notice of, and that which will render this Weekly Paper the more useful; I shall insert no NEWS, or Occurrences, if, that (like other Mails) is useless after 'tis read, but such as is truly Remarkable, and will be worth reading as long as we live for Dunton's Apollo will consist of every thing that may gratify a Curious Palate, and will be so manag'd as to be made a Universal Entertainment.

Gentlemen

The DEDICATION.

Gentlemen— If I find these Twenty Posts too many to gallop through Dunton's Quill, I shall Press a TROOP of New Athenians, which I'll call— Number Twenty — and will oblige every one of these Listed Authors to affix his Name to his own Post, that so if the British Apollo shou'd charge the Athenian Troop, (i. e. sling Dirt on Dunton's Apollo) our Twenty Posts may be all defended by Twenty courageous Champions; for as the ingenious Montaign observes, "When I have my Pen in my Hand, and subject in my Head, I look upon my self as mounted my Horse to ride a Journey, wherein, altho' I design to reach such a Town by Night, yet I will not deny my self the Satisfaction of riding a Mile or two out of the Way, to gratify my Senses with some new and diverting Prospect, or to CHARGE Error and Impudence, if it shou'd attack me ——— Now be that is of this rambling Humour, will certainly be pleas'd with my Whipping-Post (or War with the Authors); however in this I have the Honour to imitate the great Montaign, whose Umbra is sufficient to protect every one of my Twenty Posts against any one Age of Criticks; but observe, Gentlemen, I only promise to command and lead this Athenian Troop, in case I han't Time or Health to ride and defend these Posts my self; so that if ever I publish this Weekly Paper the Labouring Oar will be my Lot, and for that Reason I call my Twenty Posts, Athenian News, or Dunton's Apollo.

Gentlemen, these are but brief Hints of the Novelty and Usefulness of my Athenian NEWS, or Weekly PROJECT, but by what they are, you may judge what will follow; consider therefore this only as the Design of a Work which Time will better polish.

Gentlemen— This Athenian News (or Dunton's APOLLO) will be publish'd every Tuesday, in a large Octavo Sheet, of the same Size and Letter with Dunton's Athenianism, and this publick Notice is given of it, that so the Ingenious of either Sex, may send such Discoveries in Verse or Prose, as may properly be incerted in either of these Twenty Posts, directing them for Dunton's Apollo, at the Sword in New-Street: And when this New Volume of Dunton's Athenianism is compleated, there will be added, for the sake of those that take in the Sheets weekly, An Alphabetical Table of the several Novelties contain'd in it.

Number 1. Of these weekly Sheets, shall be given Gratis, to all those Gentlemen, and London Coffee-Houses that ask for 'em, being willing that my Athenian News (as well as my Six Hundred Projects) shou'd live or dye by the Judgment of such as read it with unprejudic'd Eyes, and not by the malicious and silly Banterers of such frothy Scriblers, who write for Bread, which I never did nor never will.

Gentlemen, as for those Six Hundred Projects, which now beg your Patronage, I am not insensible, that many of 'em lie out of
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The DEDICATION.

the common Road of Thinking; and may upon that Score, incur the Censure of those narrow spirited THEORISTS, who confine their Speculations to the Limits of Antiquity, Resign up (as the ingenious Norris expresses it) the natural Prerogative of their Understandings, to the Tyranny of Dead Authors; and prefer Lead and Copper, so it wear the Stamp of Authority, before the finest and noblest Metal that has not the Luck to be a COYN.

But, Gentlemen, I need not fear your Disapprobation of Dunton's Projects on this Account, whose Active Souls have long since travers'd o'er The whole Field of Truth, and whose Temper is so unprejudic'd and even pois'd, as to receive the most Novel Hypothesis (were it possible for any to be such to you) without starting and amazement; and if true, to embrace it, tho' with the Censure of Singularity; and, Gentlemen, you'll find by the several Projects inserted in the First, Second and Third Volume of Dunton's Athenianism; your Love to NOVELTY was (besides your consummate Learning) the chief Motive I had to beg your Patronage to Dunton's Writings; but to make amends to such as love nothing but what has already stood the Test of the Men of Sense and Piety, in my TWENTIETH VOLUME (if I live so long) I intend to insert that serious and instructive Project, entituled, The Athenian Catechism, and will enlarge it to about Two Hundred distinct Chatechisms; and seeing the kind Reception the World has given to my Essay on a Death-bed Repentance ——— was that which put me on this GENERAL PROJECT of Printing A Collection of all my Writings ——— I shall revise that Answer to Dr. Kennet's Sermon, and insert it in my ——— Third Volume of Dunton's Athenianism ——— And to render this NEW EDITION compleat, I shall add to it, ——— My Third and Last Answer to Dr. Kennet's Sermon, preach'd at the Funeral of W — D — of D ——— wherein is further discuss'd, the Hazard the D — — run, in deferring his Repentance to a Death-Bed, under four general Heads, viz. 1. The History of the converted Thief on the Cross: Shewing how far the End of that dying Penitent suits the Case of the D — of D — and other Death-bed Repenters. 2. Answers to all the Arguments brought to prove the Possibility of a Death-bed Repentance. 3. Conjugal Perjury: Or, a further Address to the Husbands of Quality that keep Misses. 4. The secret History of the Authors Failings; published to shew his Impartiality in this and his two other Answers to Dr. Kennet. To which is added, The CAT's-FOOT: Or, an Answer to that witty Gentleman who pretends to vindicate Dr. Kennet from those pernicious Errors he is charg'd with in the foremention'd Sermon: The whole compleating my Remarks on the Dean of Peterborough's Sermon preach'd at the Funeral of the D — of D ———

Gentlemen

The DEDICATION.

Gentlemen—— I have only to let you know that besides the SATYR here and there scatter'd in Dunton's Projects, there are many Things which want a KEY, and are like to do so (without new Provocation), for they were not writ for every Body; tho' (I hope) there's enough intelligible to entertain the World with a great deal of Profit and Diversion.

I wou'd enlarge, but having been too tedious already, I am barr'd further Impertinence, by the Haste I take to subscribe my self;

Worthy Gentlemen,

Your Athenian Brother, and very humble Servant,

J O H N D U N T O N.

A N

HEROICK POEM

Upon Mr. Dunton's Six Hundred Projects;
but more especially upon his PICTURE,
facing the Collection of his Writings, entituled
ATHENIANISM.

By the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Here's Dunton's PHIZ, that New * Athenian Swain,
Who hatch'd Six Hundred Projects in his Brain:
The Brood is large, but give him Time to sit,
He will Six Hundred Projects more beget;
As like his MIND, as this is like his PHIZ,
For in this Face, Art and the Graver kifs:
Yes, Knight and Gutch are here at equal Strife,
To draw John Dunton's Features to the Life;
First Knight did limn, what Van-Gutch after drew,
They are matchless Artists, every Line is YOU:
For all do say that see this painted Frame,
That 'tis not Dunton's Picture but the same.
Surely this PHIZ wou'd to their Praise redound,
Cou'd they but give the SHAPE they made, a SOUND:
What wants the ECCHO of a living Creature,
But SHAPE, and what but VOICE this manly Feature;
Yet both can't meet together, God alone
Will have this SECRET ART to be his own:
Yet Knight and Gutch here copy so from Nature,
We don't know Dunton's dead from living Feature.

* Referring to his Athenian Oracle, or Question-Project; as also to OLD ATHENS, mention'd in Acts 17. v. 21.

An Heroick Poem

Such Art! such Life! A PHIZ so nice and good,
Their Pencils sure are made of Flesh and Blood!
So just a Form they to his Picture give,
So like [J. D.] that it appears to live:
This very SHADOW charms Beholders more,
Then Duntton's real SUBSTANCE did before:
D—— view it not, such is its Power to move,
Narcissus, * like you, may your Image love.
So LIVELY is the Shade your Limners drew,
That Heav'n alone cou'd finer Painting shew,
In Flesh and Blood, when it had finish'd you.
In Maids this Phiz will fond Desires create,
For painted Fires will serve to ogle at,
When they are DRAWN —— so much resembling Heat.
If to this DRAUGHT D——s Projects Love cou'd give,
He, like Pigmalion †, soon might make it live;
And court those very Maids that long to wed,
For Picture Marriage || gets a Maidenhead,
When that a Woman is resolv'd to breed.
Thus Knight and Gutch, in Art have equal Shares,
Prometheus ‡ Work in Duntton's Phiz appears,
And from their Paint it got the Fires it bears:
Nay, Duntton's Phiz is here so nicely wrought,
That we can in his Aspect read his Thought:
Or in one Word —— to sum out Thoughts extent,
The perfect Piece ALL DUNTON does present;
So many Projects ev'ry Line indites,
You'd swear the very Picture lives and writes.
Yet D—— himself has drawn with better Grace,
His Book's his Picture, there's his Living Face.
Fam'd Knight and Gutch DREW but the outward Rhind,
But Duntton's Projects DRAW his very Mind.
When D—— beheld his Picture, and perceiv'd
How vain it is our Portraictures to leave;
In Lines and Shadows (which make shews to day
Of that which will to Morrow fade away;)
And saw what mean Resemblances at best,
Are by mechanick Instruments exprest:
He thought it better much to leave behind him,
Some Draught, in which his living Friends might find him;

* Narcissus, a beautiful Youth who fell in love with his own Shadow. † Pigmalion (if you have Faith enough to believe it) made an Image of Stone, and then blew Wind in its B——ch till it could breath and walk. || By Picture-Marriage, we mean that cuckoldly State of Life, (for it often proves so) when an old Man marries a young Woman. ‡ Prometheus Son to Japetus, who stole Fire from Heaven to put Life in his Image.

Upon Dunton's Six Hundred Projects

And which in Absence, will more truly show him,
Than *Outward Forms*, to those who think they know him :
A *Picture* tho' with most Exactness made,
Is nothing but the Shadow of a Shade :
This made him DRAW his Soul in Black and White,
Six Hundred Projects club to do him right,
Half Prose, half Verse, and DRAW with equal Might. }
As for his Projects that are DRAWN in Prose,
They have the ITCH * (that's DRAW *Athenian News*).
We do believe *John Dunton* never writ }
A Line in Prose, or Poem did beget,
But what was NEW, or made so by his Wit.
His meer Collections are so finely wrought,
They are more surprizing then the *Newest Thought* :
His BROTHER the *Melifluous Humble-Bee*,
Projects like him, both DRAW by *Chymistry*.
For both pick up whatever Sweets they ken,
One with his TRUNK, and t'other with his PEN :
ATHENIANISM, here is DRAWN so fine,
There e'nt one Piece of Wit or sparkling Line,
In *Singer, Prior, Garth* or *Addison*, }
(Or any other First-Rate Rhiming Don)
But he *New Draws* it till 'tis all his own. }
Thus DUNTON draws his very Soul in Prose,
Nor can we hear the MUSICK of his Verse. }
But leaving Earth, we strait with Heav'n converse :
If we must use as MORTAL what we have,
And as IMMORTAL, keep what Fortune gave ;
His *Rhiming Projects* then will never dye,
They'll DRAW his Fame to all Posterity
D—— in his PROJECTS will for ever live,
In these he does (as 'twere) himself survive :
When Death displays his Coldness in his Cheek,
Or D—— in D—— does his own *Picture* seek :
Tho' D—— is alter'd, this remains the same,
As it was DRAWN, retains the Primitive Frame :
Behold what Frailty we in Man may see,
Whose Shadow is less given to change than he.
For famous *Knight*, who did this *Picture* DRAW,
Will swear, next Year, D——'s Face he never saw, }
Time draws so Course, altho' it draw in SNOW.
And Six Years hence will so much alter D——
This will the SUBSTANCE, D—— the SHADOW be :
Thus *Art* and *Gravers* did in Council sit,
The *Last* to shew his Face, the *First* his Wit ;

* Alluding to that Distick, written by Dr: Wild:

We all are seiz'd with the *Athenian Itch*,

News, and New Things do the whole World bewitch.

An Heroick Poem

But not being able for to joyn in ONE,
TWO Things, where each might claim Perfection ;
Themselves they did divide, and Parts they took ;
The *Gravers* drew his Face, and *Art* his Book ;
And what JOHN DRAWS for ever is endors'd,
The *Picture of his Mind* can ne'er be lost ;
'Twill be preserv'd, tho' not in glorious Tombs,
In LIBRARIES, which are more noble Rooms ;
'Mongst all the Helps of *Art and Nature's* Care,
It is the POET only DRAWS you fair :
Nay, we have heard some say, that cou'd not Rhime,
No Verse, no Text ; no Poet, no Divine.
Then *Dunton* may a First-Rate *Norris* be,
For he can Rhime and Preach as well as he ;
That's he ne'er rails at Whigs, or Impotence ;
What tho' he han't JACK's metaphysick Sense,
He preaches best who has most healing Brains.
And yet (which shews good *Preachers* have their Stings)
He DRAWS, that's Preaches on the boldest Things.
His Sermon to *John L*—— in this Book,
Shews he dares face, and DRAW the lewdest Rook -
And what he preach'd to S —— and Dr. K ——*,
Shews no Man preaches bolder Truths than he ;
And yet his Sermons do so well unite,
The Prief. may own all that the Poet writ :
His Verse *Draws* Love, yet soars, no Muse can reach
His *Lawrels*, or can match his Rhiming Fitch ;
His Face, and Out-side, Artists may design ;
But stop *Sir Gutch*, you can no further limn ;
'Tis sacred, 'tis APOLLO all within † :
For what *Pincarneek Cowley* did unfold,
Or smooth Tongu'd *Dryden* to the World hath told ;
What came in Reach of *Waller's* tow'ring Mind,
Or *Oldham's* snarling Brain cou'd ever find :
All their Rare Arts *John Dunton* does display,
All Stars mix here, and DRAW a *Milky-Way* :
His Numbers are so full that he alone,
Had been an *Oxford* had we wanted one :
He sweetly guides the nimble *Lyrick Feet*,
And makes the thund'ring *Epicks* aptly meet :
Let other Limners DRAW the Body whole ;
Our Poet's Pencil can pourtray the Soul :
Thus *Dunton's* Paint exceeds fam'd *Knight* and *Gutch*,
He DRAWS the Jewel, they but draw the *Hutch* ;

* His Answer to Dr. Sacheverel's, and Dr. Kennet's Sermon is here meant. † Alluding to the Sixth Project in this Volume, entituled, DUNTON'S APOLLO.

Upon Dunton's Six Hundred Projects.

That's Dunton DRAWS the Beauties of the Mind,
But they but DRAW the Shell or outward Rhind:
They with a matchless Art have drawn his Face,
But D—— has DRAWN the jewel to this Case,
And which is more, DRAW it in Prose and Verse:
And tho' Six Hundred Projects DRAW his Soul,
His Matchless Wit does ATHENIANIZE the whole:
In short —— (And with those Words we bid Farewel)
His PROJECTS do Eternity intail:
For tho' no PROJECT can prevent his Death,
Yet in the following Sheets he'll ever Breath.

ATHENS.

DUNTON's Reflections upon the Heroick Poem written in Praise of his Six Hundred Projects. In a Letter to the Athenian Society.

Gentlemen,— Tho' I have been so far lost to all Sense of Modesty, as to insert that Heroick Poem your Society sent to me (as a Sort of Bush to my bad Wine) yet to be plain with you, I think it necessary to bestow a few Reflections upon your Satyrick Praises; I call 'em so, as I can't see how your Heroick Poem shou'd advance the Reputation of Dunton's Athenianism; for, Gentlemen, you use me as ill Painters, who while they labour to make Faces fair, neglect to make them like. I'm so far from thinking my Six Hundred Projects deserve your high Encomium, I'm sensible there are many great Errors and Omissions in 'em: However, Gentlemen, I know you are all great Promoters of the Reformation of Manners, and I'm resolv'd (as much as Sacheverel rails at 'em from the Pulpit, for he was asham'd to do it from the Press) that every good Thing that any of that Society speak of me, shall, like the Blast of a Trumpet in War, animate and encourage me to a closer Pursuit of a Nobler Virtue. Or did I Draw (as you say I do) the Features of my MIND, with as much Art as Knight and Gutch have drawn those of my FACE; yet I should begin to suspect my Performance, that very Minute I value my self upon it. However I've neither the Fondness nor Vanity for Dunton's Athenianism, to prefer a Noise about it to its own silent Merit (if it has any); and therefore, Gentlemen, tho' I deny nothing of that Athenian Character you give me, but the MERIT (for as to my Design, it is what you say, To present the World with Six Hundred Projects that are wholly New;) yet I had not inserted your Heroick Poem, but that the World might see (in your lavish Panegyrick) how far a Nice and Curious Judgment, may be blinded by Friendship and Gratitude: But being guilty (at least) of as many Errors as there are Projects in Dunton's Athenianism; I shall be always obliged to subscribe my self, Your undeserving (tho' Athenian) Brother,

JOHN DUNTON.

AN

An Alphabetical TABLE.

A.

A *Athenian Project*, the Rise Design and Novelty of it. Pag. 113—*Apollo's Proclamation*, p. 198 — *Advice to the Independent Congregation*, who excommunicated Mr. *John L*— p. 257 — *Divine Enigma's*: Or, Mystical Questions and Cases propos'd and answer'd, p. 125, 134 — *Dr. Amesley*, p. 174 — *Argus, the Frome-Spy*, p. 38, 46. The Narrative of Bp. *Atherton's* unnatural Lewdness, p. 246 — *The Apparition Evidence*: Or, a miraculous Detection of the Murder committed by Bp. *Atherton*, p. 352.

B.

Bp. *Burnet*, p. 68 — Bp. *Blackhall*, p. 66 — *Blessed*, will there not be as great Diversity in their Bodies as in their Minds, p. 187 — *Bastards*, have they a Right to Baptism, p. 164 — *Boats Crew*: Or, a Health to the Travellers to *Parnassus*, p. 208 — *Bishop and Beggar*, p. 220 — *Bear-fac'd Lady*, p. 218 — *A Beggar on Horseback*, p. 304.

C.

Conformists, all the most Eminent nam'd and characteriz'd, p. 73—*Court and Character of Q. Mary I.* p. 76 — A Poem to *Chloe*, who wish'd her self young enough to marry, p. 217 — *Christ*, was he beautiful in his Face and outward Features, p. 185 — Was *Christ's* whole Humanity taken from the *Virgin Mary*,

p. 191 — The Scandal of a *Clergyman's* living in a known Sin, p. 278 — His scandalizing his sacred Function, is a paralel Case to that of *Judas*, p. 282 — Four lewd *Clergymen* (but more especially Mr. *John L*—) exhorted to repent, from the Example of holy *David*, and *St. Peter*, p. 285, 288 — *Dr. Calamy*, p. 155. — *Mr. Cullum*, p. 166 — *Mr. Clark*, p. 168 —

D.

Double-Courtship, according to the Idea of *Plato* and Opportunity, p. 1 — *Dignify'd and Distinguish'd*; A Poem, 61. — *Sir William Daws*, p. 67 — Such as have been rais'd from *Death*, Did they die the second Time? p. 182 — *Doomsday* is not so near as dreaded, and asserted by *Dr. Beverly*, and other learned Men. p. 99 — What are the different *Degrees* of heavenly Glory, p. 189 — *Dissenting Doctors*; a Poem; p. 141 — *Double Hell*; or, an Essay on *Despair*, intermix'd with a Conference between the Famous *Mr. Dod*, and *Mr. Throgmorton*, then lying under Desertion, p. 65 — *Mr. Dixon*, p. 158 — *Dunton's Picture*, *Vid. Dedication* — *Dunton's Apollo*, or a Continuation of the *Athenian Oracle*, p. 111 — *Dunton's Shadow*, p. 101 — *Dunton's Letter and Sermon to the four Dissenting Parsons accus'd*

An Alphabetical T A B L E.

accus'd of Adultery, p. 245,
258 -- *Dunton*, a Poem, p. 206 --
E.

Excommunication of Mr. *John L* — and the Manner of it, p. 232. — The extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. *E* — the young Woman Mr. *L* — debauch'd, p. 291 — Why are not the *Elect* sanctify'd and glorify'd in one and the same Instant, p. 185 — *Examples*, their great Use, p. 65. — Remarks upon the *Errata* in this Book, *Vid.* Dedication.

F.

Mr. *Flamstead*, p. 71 — Mr. *Franks*, p. 165 — Mr. *Freke*, p. 172 -- The Narrative of Mr. *Foulks*, Minister, who was executed for murdering his Bastard Child, p. 252 — The *Fiery-Tryal*, p. 76 —

G.

The Fourteen young Gentlemen, who took their Degrees at *Aberdeen*, in the Year 1709. characteriz'd, p. 160 — Mr. *Gravener*, p. 162 — Mrs. *G* — of *H* — *ford*, p. 104 --

H.

Mr. *Hadly*, p. 69 — Mr. *Henry*, p. 171 — Mrs. *Humility* of *St. Albans*, p. 103 — The *He-Strumpets*, a Satyr, p. 93 — Shall *Hope* continue in Heaven, p. 141 -- *Heaven*: or the Celestial Court, a Poem, p. 149 — Is the *Happiness* of the Blessed ever encreasing, p. 185 —

I.

Judas: or the secret Narrative of the four Dissenting Parsons who were lately silenc'd for Whoredom, p. 219 — *Irish* Protestants miraculously preserv'd by a Pack of Cards,

p. 82 — Several curious Questions concerning the *Jews* and their Conversion, p. 136.

K.

A Satyr upon *King William*, p. 1 — Dr. *Ker*, of *Clarkenwell*, his Character, p. 129 — A *King* turn'd Thresher, p. 213 — A Satyr upon *Knowledge*, p. 211 -- What is *Knowledge* by Intuition, p. 179 —

L.

Mr. *L* — s private Confession to his Hearers, p. 239 --- Mr. *Lutwich*, p. 105 — Mr. *Larkin*, p. 105 — Mr. *John L* — s his Character, p. 171 — The Private Letters that pass between Mr. *L* — s and Mrs. *E* — the young Woman he debauch'd — The *Lyar* in Mode and Figure, p. 221 — *Life* and Death; a Poem, p. 152 — A Poetical Love Question, p. 153 —

M.

Dr. *Marshal*, p. 67 — Dr. *Moss*, p. 71 — Mr. *Mauduit*, p. 172 — The superannuated *Maid*, p. 210 -- Whether a *Maid* should be Fond or Coy, p. 176 — The *Mathematick Funeral*, p. 88 — A Satyr on the *Mathematick* Professors, p. 88 -- *Lawful Murder*, or the Art of *Mankilling*, p. 56 — The *Man* of Honour riding Post to Heaven, p. 317 —

N.

Mr. *Norris*, p. 69 — *Narcissus*: or an Elegy on Beau *F* — p. 212 — The *New Creation*, or *Dunton's* Thoughts in a Fit of Sickness upon those Words, *Arise ye dead and come to Judgment*,

An Alphabetical T A B L E.

ment, with Answers to several Nice Questions concerning the Time and Manner of the last Judgment, p. 99---
The most Eminent Nonconformist Ministers characteriz'd, p. 173---

O.

Dr. Oldfield, p. 157---

P.

Mr. Palmer, p. 169---
Mr. Pomfret, p. 173--- The Patronage of the Athenian Society prefer'd to that of a Duke's or Lord's, *Vid. Dedication*. The Parson's Son, a Poem, p. 214--- The Passing-Bell, p. 153--- The Platonick Wife, p. 155---
Parnassus Ho! Or, a Frolick in Verse, p. 195--- Pegasus: Or, the Muse on horseback, p. 204--- The Poetick Ramble, p. 202---
The Nightingal: Or an Ode upon the Death of Mr. Henry Purcel, p. 124---
Pyratyck Printers, are Thieves and Robbers, *Vid. Dedication*.

R.

Mr. Roswell, p. 164---
May we by *Ratiocination* in Heaven, arrive to the Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation and Resurrection, p. 169---
A Satyr upon Reason, p. 221---
An old Fellow goes to Law with his Friend for cutting the *Rose* when he was hanging himself, p. 215---

S.

Bp. Sprat, p. 65--- Dr. Stanhope, p. 67--- Mr. Savage, p. 68--- Mr. Showers, p. 170--- Mr. Stennet, p. 162--- Mr. Jeffery Stevins, p. 152---
A Narrative of the late Scotch Commencement; or an Account of

what pass'd at *Edinburgh* upon Mr. Williams's, Mr. Calamy's, and Mr. Oldfield's being advanced to the Doctoral Dignity, p. 126---
Madam Singer's Character, p. 3---
In her pious Life is exemplify'd the Primitive Christian, p. 49---
Sympathy and Antipathy set in a new Light, p. 147---
The Summer-Friend characteriz'd, by Nat. Lee, whilst in *Bedlam* p. 110---
The Sun is the Seat of the Blessed, p. 156---
How does the Soul leave the Body, p. 160---
Whether any thing is reserv'd for *Supernatural Revelation*, p. 165---

T.

Archbishop Tillotson, p. 62---
Archbishop Tenison, p. 61---
Mrs. T--- of *Bford*, p. 104---
Are the Torments in Hell always encreasing, p. 163---
The History of the converted Thief on the Cross, p. 203---

V.

The Royal *Violet*, or Purple Monarch, p. 326---
The Amorous Union, a Poem, p. 224---
How is *Vision* made, p. 180---

W.

Dr. Williams, p. 151---
The *Will-be-Doctors*, p. 161---
Mr. Wats, p. 166---
Reflections on his Poem made on seeing some of Madam Singer's Divine Poems, never Printed, p. 58---
Mr. Walker, p. 173---
The Married *Widower*, a Paradox, p. 345---
The *Weeping Elegy*, p. 52---
A *Widow* wou'd marry, p. 222---
Whether there be a Succession of *Worlds*, p. 164---
The *Wedding-Bell*, a Poem, p. 216---

ATHENIANISM:
OR, THE
New Projects
OF
JOHN DUNTON.

PROJECT I.

The Double Courtship, (according to the Mode of Plato, and Opportunity) or Dunton's Character of Madam Singer, writ when he was a Widower; in which is exemplify'd the Primitive Christian, or a nice Pattern of holy Living.

ATHENIANISM being the Name I have given to those Six Hundred PROJECTS that were either written, translated, abridg'd or paraphras'd with my own Hand, shou'd I not introduce these Projects with a Subject that was wholly New, my first Project wou'd give the Lye to my Undertaking, and prove it to be no *Athenianism*: Resolving therefore to begin the Revival of my own Writings with'a Subject that was new, and surprising enough to justify the Title of this Work, I thought no Project cou'd be so proper to lead the way (to the Six Hundred that are to follow) as to attempt the Character of *Madam Singer*, (deservedly call'd, *the Pindarick Lady*) * as 'tis only here (her Brain and

* *In the Athenian Oracle, and in all other Books writ by the Athenian Society.*

Tongue is such a flowing *Mint* of Wit and Verse) we shall ever find *Athenianism* (or something New); and I the rather chuse to make *Madam Singer's* Character the Leading Project to all the rest, as I owe my chief Reason of Writing and Printing Six Hundred Projects to that *Platonick Love* (or innocent Pleasure) I found in corresponding with her for Six Years.

Yes, *Cloris* *, I did so refine my Love,
 That for Six Years I lov'd like those Above:
 No Love more Chast, all Pure and unconfin'd
 Was that bright Flame I bore thy brighter Mind:
 No stragling Wish, or Symptom of Desire,
 Came near the Limits of this Holy Fire;
 Yet 'twas intense and active, tho' so fine,
 For all my Pure Immortal Part was thine:
 'Twas this I lov'd, nor burnt with common Fire,
 Mine was the meer Perfection of Desire.
 But this Love being in the Body plac'd,
 The Sex crept in, and fair wou'd have a Taste,
 And then as Flesh prevail'd, my Love decreas'd.

That is, when from courting her *SOUL*, I fell to courting her *BODY*, (and that's the Reason I call this Project the *Double Courtship*) our Friendship (*Mutually*) chill'd; whence see the Folly and Madness of Praising a Woman's Vertue 'till (in the dull Way of Matrimony) we desire to get to Bed to her.

Then Flesh and Blood farewell: Aspire my Soul,
 And to this End thy carnal Love controul,
 Leave pleasing Sense to Epicurus Train,
 And be thou Plato's Profelite again.
 Be gone, and stretch thy Pinions wide,
 Swim with the Current of th' Ætherial Tide,
 And then let them ascend above,
 A Place fit for Platonick Love:
 Hence gilded Lusts and Mistresses are driven,
 For there's no Double Courtship found in Heaven.

So that you see (Reader) I have all the Reason in the World to begin my Projects with a Character of *Madam Singer*, and my Obligation is yet the greater to this Lady as 'tis to her *Platonick Friendship* and Correspondence I owe the Refining of my Grosser Part, which was now

* The Name I gave to *Madam Singer* in those Private Letters that pass between us.

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 3

grown errant Flesh and Blood (by a *Double Courtship*) into
meer Soul and Spirit again : So that 'tis to Madam Singer
I owe my Best (or Intellectual) Pleasures, and in a great
Measure my Love to Scribling (being never pleas'd but
when I was writing to her or hearing from her). Nay, I
might truly say, my very *Athenian Oracle* it self, had never
been so kindly receiv'd (as to come to a Tenth Edition*) had
not Madam Singer's Poems so often recommended it to the
taste Palates of the most Ingenious of both Sexes ; and indeed
I cou'd scarce miss of Success as *Philomela*, in the second
Letter she sent to me, honour'd me with this Promise, viz.

Mr. Dunton,

Assure your self, all the Poems that I have, or shall for the
future compose, are designed for the Gentlemen of the Athe-
nian Society, to which 'tis suppos'd you belong

So that you see, Reader, *Athenianism* is a fit Title for
Dunton's Writings, and that my first Project, (as it owes
its Rise to a distinct Address to the Soul and Body of *Philo-
mela*) is properly call'd *The double Courtship* ; *Double*, as 'tis an
Amour, according to the Mode of *Plato*, and Opportunity.
e. My first Courtship was a chaste Address only to the
Soul of *Philomela*, according to *Plato's* Idea, who held a
Man might admire the Soul of a fine and beautiful Woman
abstracted from all gross Desires : And I endeavour'd to fol-
low this Mode of *Platonick Love*, (till by the Death of *Iris*) †
Corporal Courtship became as Innocent.

Yes, *Philomela*, you were so refin'd,
My first Address was only to your Mind ;
And that so Dazled thro' its earthly Case,
I scarce could tell which spread the finest Rays.
You are the first and brightest Soul that e'er
Was sent from Heaven, to shew us Mortals here,
What Angels and Translated Saints are there !
To see you once, is every Charm to know,
Of Peace Above, or Purity below,
Imagination cou'd no further go.
The Saints as well may those bright Forms express,
That in a Rapture they conceive of Bliss,
As I can give such Inward Charms their due,
Or dress in Words my brighter Thoughts of you ;

* Including all those 20 Single Volumes first Printed by my self,
under the Title of *Athenian Mercury*, and since Re-printed by
Mr. Bell, under the Title of *Athenian Oracle*.

† *Iris* was a Name I gave to my first Wife in those Letters that
pass'd between us before our Marriage.

Charming and gay, your fair Idea seems,
 As Gay as if compos'd of Love and Beams;
 A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,
 Was ne'er conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought:
 Such pleasing Looks in midst of Spring adorn
 The flowry Fields; so smiles the beauteous Morn;
 So mild your Eyes, so beautiful and bright,
 That finer Eyes did ne'er salute the Light.
 With such a gentle Look, and such an Air,
 So lovely, so exceeding sweet and fair,
 To me the heavenly Messengers appear;
 Whilst that bright Soul that Heaven has plac'd within,
 Makes every Charm with double Lustre shine.
 The gentle Cowley in a mournful Strain,
 Once of Injurious Fortune did complain;
 But thought not then, that our obliging Times,
 Wou'd recompence his unrewarded Rhimes:
 For now presented at Aстреas Feet,
 His Noble Muse her full Reward does meet:
 The MISTRESS whose bright Charms such Fame did gain
 Was but a fair Creation of his Brain.
 And Nature griev'd to see the ART of Thought
 Exceed the finest Pieces she had wrought,
 Resolv'd to try the best her Power cou'd do,
 Expresses all his fancy'd Charms in you:
 Since then in you those REAL BEAUTIES live,
 That to those POEMS such Applause cou'd give,
 No wonder that I feel a FLAME for you,
 Beyond what Cowley e'er describ'd or knew,
 For mine's Divine — just so did Plato woo.
 Then think, when Cowley's tender Lines you see,
 Your Self the Mistress, and the Lover me.
 But own withal, (for Truth was ever bold)
 My First Address was only to your Soul.

Thus, Reader, you see my First Courtship was a chaste Address only to the Soul of Philomela, according to the Mode of Plato, and my Second being a more sensual Adventure, I call it a Courtship according to the Mode of Opportunity, as the greatest Platonick I ever knew, was no longer so, when (with Justice and Honour) he cou'd be otherwise; and that justifies my calling this Project, *The double Courtship*: But Double Courtship to the same Woman, being a Sort of Paradox (or New Solicism in the Art of Love), I shall give yet a more particular Account of my Double Courtship to Philomela.

First then, I call this Project *The Double Courtship*, as my first Amour was a Courtship according to the Mode of Plato, i. e. as 'twas a chaste Address to the Soul only of Philomela.

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 5

Philomela, abstracted from all sensual Thoughts and Desires, which was so truly my Case; with Respect to *Philomela*, that made her a solemn Promise (which I sacredly kept) never to see her in a marry'd State, or to desire any Favour of her, but barely the Pleasure of Corresponding with her upon Subjects that were *Nice* and *Curious*, which she readily granted, being convinc'd our Correspondence was begun and carry'd on by the Consent of *Iris*, (with whom I liv'd as well and happy for 15 Years, as if every Day had been the first of our Marriage) as appears by the following Letter.

Madam,

Was much concern'd at that unhappy Accident which threaten'd the putting a Stop to the Correspondence between you and *Philaret*, * for I ever esteem'd Platonick Love to be the most Noble, and thought it might be allow'd by all; but some wise Persons are afraid lest the Sex should creep in for a Share: Here was no Danger, for tho' Nature and Art have done their utmost to make *Cloris* charming to all, her Wit and Beauty being beyond most of her Sex, yet *Philaret*, having for Fifteen Years, given such Testimonies of a Conjugal Affection, even to Excess, (if such a Thing can be) I fancy'd their Friendship might have been honourably continu'd to the End of Time: I hope what Difficulties they meet with at their first setting out, will heighten their Friendship, and make it more strong and lasting: So wishes

Your Humble Servant,

I R I S,

This Letter was sent to *Cloris* upon the first News that *ARGUS* (the *Frome-Spy* as he call'd himself.) had discover'd our Correspondence, and sufficiently convinc'd her, I had no other End in my *Platonick Amour*, but innocent Diversions, and improving my Time to the best Advantage, by corresponding with such an Excellent Person as *Philomela*; I call her so, as 'twas the Opinion of the *Athenian Society*, there was not a Lady in the Three Kingdoms of finer Accomplishments, or a better judge of *Platonick Love and Poetry* than *Madam Singer*, and for that Reason they call'd her *The Pindarick Lady*; and my self, without any more Ceremony, was in *Platonick Love* with her.

Not dull and smoaky Love, but Fire divine,
That burnt not to consume, but to refine.

* *Philaret* (or a Lover of *Vertue*) was the Name that *Cloris* gave to me in all the Letters she sent to me during the Time of our Correspondence.

Cloris Answer to my first Letter, was so ingenious and metaphysical, I thought at my first Reading of it, I exactly knew her tho' I never saw her Face, and was ready to leave my Body behind to search her out, to have purer Communication with her Spirit: So that now a *Platonick Courtship* was actually commenc'd between *Philomela* and *Philaret*, and it continu'd, for six Years, with so much Spiritual Love and Innocence, that during our whole Correspondence,

*We wore no Flesh, did one another greet,
As Blessed Souls in Separation meet.*

The Sun and Moon have courted and pursued each other, these Six Thousand Years, and yet are as Chast and Innocent as you'd desire, and so (if you'll believe a *Platonick Lover*) may different Sexes do, with all the Strength and Innocence of Affection, that the very Angels wou'd not be ashamed to entertain the like Fires.

I know, Reader, you'll say, That *Platonick Love* has ruin'd half the Female Sex, and they can't but know as much, and therefore seem to admit the Pretences of it, only with a Desire to be undone more plausibly, and to retain the Shadow of Innocence, when the Substance is vanish'd; they guild their Poison, and then fancy 'tis good Food or Physick.

To this I answer, *Platonick Love* (or a Tender Friendship between Persons of a different Sex) is not only innocent, but commendable, and as advantageous as delightful: A strict Union of Souls (as *Plato* asserts) is the Essence of Friendship: Souls have no Sexes, nor while those only are concern'd can any thing that's Criminal intrude. 'Tis a Conversation truly Angelical; and has so many Charms In't, that the Friendships between Man and Man, deserve not to be compared with it. The very Souls of the fair Sex, as well as their Bodies, seem to have a softer Turn than those of Men; while we reckon ourselves Possessors of a more *solid Judgment*, and *stronger Reason*, or rather may, with more Justice, pretend to greater Experience, and more Advantages to improve our Minds, nor can any thing on Earth give a greater or purer Pleasure, than communicating such Knowledge to a capable Person, who, if of another Sex, by the Charms of her Conversation, inexpressibly sweetens the pleasant Labours, and by the Advantage of a fine Mind, and good Genius, often starts such Notions as the Instructor himself wou'd otherwise never have thought of: All the Fear is, lest the Friendship shou'd in Time degenerate, and the Body come in for a Share with the Soul, as it did among *Boccalins Poetesses* and *Virtuoso's*, and in *Dunton's Second Courtship*, when he fell to

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 7

to love *Philomela*, according to the Mode of Opportunity; But, whilst *Iris* liv'd, there was no Danger from Opportunity, as she does me the Honour to tell *Cloris*, (and always said) I lov'd her even to Excess.

No, Reader! Dunton was never yet so fond of his own Ruin, as to like it the better for being dress'd in Petticoats. Who'd place his Happiness where the dull Plowman, or the Carrier's Horse can find it out? Shall Souls refin'd not know how to preserve a noble Flame, but let it burn out to Appetite?

*Beasts love like Men, if Men in Lust delight,
And call that Love which is but Appetite.*

I confess Beauty is a delectable Philtre, especially where the Glances of the Eyes are amorous: But if Dunton may be believ'd, 'twas the Soul, and not the Body of *Cloris* he was charmed with. 'Tis true, *Alexander* thought all Cost too little to make a Casket to keep *Homer's* Poems in, and *Cloris* Body was as curiously wrought as if Nature thought the same by her Soul. But as to her Person (were it ne'er so young and charming) I now valu'd it not, but as 'twas the Case of the finest Soul in the World. In short, Reader, my first Courtship, or Address to *Philomela*, was the Love of Angels, for I lov'd and admir'd nothing but her Soul.

*Love thus is pure, which is refin'd
To court the Beauty of the Mind:
No pimping Dress, no fancy'd Air,
No Sex can bribe our Judgment there;
But like the happy Spirits above,
We're blest in Raptures of Seraphick Love.*

*Such chaste Amours may justly claim
Friendship's the noble manly Name:
For without LUST we gaze on Thee,
And only wonder 'tis a S H E.
Only our Minds are Courtiers grown;
Such Love endures when Youth and Beauty's flown.*

Thus you see, Reader, in my first, or Platonick Courtship, that uninterrupted Joy was the Product of my Passion (if it merit so gross a Name) without any Mixture of Pain, 'twas like the Vestal Fire, burning without material Fuel; whereas Corporeal Love (or that Love of Opportunity I shall treat of anon) dies and is soon extinguish'd, if depriv'd of its Fuel, Beauty, and the auxiliary Bellows of Strifes and Squabbles; but 'twou'd be endless to run thro'

8 *The Double Courtship; or*

all the Advantages the Platonick has above the sensual Lover; so that now, (believing a Marriage of Souls was possible, I was for stripping *Cloris* and my self into naked Spirits, to celebrate our Platonick Wedding in the Ideal World; and doubtless all this might be done with a World of Innocence; but perhaps, Reader, you'll say, Here lies the Mischief, there's Flesh and Blood in't: 'Tis true we are not quite undress'd into naked Spirits, and where's the Harm on't, our Sex don't love Apparitions; however I'm very positive, that during the whole Time of my Platonick Courtship, there was not one Grain of Flesh and Blood about me, but what was so chaste, an Angel might adopt it into Personal Union: I lov'd nothing of *Cloris* but her Soul, and had *Iris* liv'd I had always courted her as a walking Thought, or Incarnate Seraphim:

*For to secure my Heart from all Surprise,
I fixt a Guard of Vertues o'er my Eye:
And whilst dear Vertue guards my chaste Desires,
I'll flame and burn in such Seraphick Fires.*

And to do *Philomela* Justice, she was the best qualify'd of all her Sex for the *Spiritual Amours of Plato*, (where Flesh and Blood, with the whole Catalogue of sensual Satisfactions, are altogether unconcern'd) and perhaps, if I may be allow'd to praise my self, I knew as well how to court a Spirit, when dress'd in *Flesh and Blood*, as *Cloris* did to receive the Address of such a Lover. I knew the Nature of Platonick Love lay wholly in the disinterested Union of two Minds, which were made (as *Mr. Norris* and *Madam Astel's* * were) of Inclination that was purely Spiritual. Then, Dear Platonick

1.
*Since Love hath kindled in our Eyes
A Chast and Holy Fire,
It were a Sin if you or I
Should let this Flame expire.*

2.
*What though our Bodies never meet?
Love's Fewel's more Divine:
The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never join.*

* *The Lady the Reverend and Learned Mr. John Norris* corresponded with in his Book entituled, *Letters concerning the Love of God, between the Author of the Proposal to the Ladies; and Mr. John Norris, &c.*

3.
*False Meteors who still change their Place,
 Tho' they seem Fair and Bright,
 Yet when they covet to embrace,
 Fall down and lose their Light.*

4.
*If you perceive your Flame decay,
 Come light your Eyes at mine;
 And when I feel mine fade away,
 I'll take fresh Fires at thine.*

5.
*Thus when we shall preserve from waste
 The Flames of our Desires,
 No Vestals shall maintain more Chast,
 Nor more Immortal Fires:*

'Twas in this Manner, and with this Innocence, I made Love to the Soul of Cloris; and therefore in this Platonick Courtship I cou'd safely protest for an Hour together, upon the Sincerity and Chastity of my Intentions; nor was Cloris Friendship less kind or spiritual then mine, for in her 6th Letter, she there affirms; *She is so much the same with me, that she can scarcely distinguish the Motions of her own Thoughts from mine*; but this is her highest Flight, and I out-lov'd her here abundantly, for I told Cloris, *She cou'd breath into me no other Thoughts but mine, and that every Thought I had was so far from being scarcely distinguishable from hers, that I cou'd (almost) think 'twas moulded in her very Breast*: Nay, our mutual Friendship was grown so truly Platonick, that had we grown together, our chaste Hearts cou'd not have been more Spiritual, or more entire: In a Word, During this whole Platonick Amour, no Description cou'd reach the Height of that Spiritual Friendship I bore Cloris, since it admits not of any Parallel, but (being all Platonick) deriv'd its Value only from its Excess.

Reader, be charitable now, for tho' I run on at this warm rate, I'm certainly one of the most Platonick Lovers this Day living, for I can so innocently view and admire a Lady, her pretty pinking Eyes, her Ivory Neck and Breasts; and can gaze so long without one Irregular Thought, that you'd e'en wonder to see *so much Ice in Flesh and Blood*.

*You'd stand amaz'd, and greatly wou'd admire;
 How so much Water sprang from so much Fire.*

Where Souls are wedded they need not wed Bodies too, that were a needless Charge — Lie with Cloris! How vile and horridly that sounds — No, if Men must be made, left

lest the World should cease, we both desir'd, that Nature would expect such course and homely Drudgeries from Porters and Carmen, and not from us, (such Honey wou'd quickly cloy) besides, if we wed no further than *Plato* allows, we may lawfully beget *Reflections* in each others Eyes, and those immaterial Creatures cannot sin or inherit any thing; this Life the Angels lead, and to court thus, is to court like them, for they no Sexes know; but ever live in Meditation, not in Act: 'Twas in this spiritual Manner I courted the Soul of *Philomela*; I was not passionately, but only platonically hers, for I had not forgot what the old Philosopher tells us, *That when Passion is working, there's also an Emotion of the Blood and the Animal Spirits*; and I knew neither of these must have any Concern in a marry'd Platonick; however, were I so humble to own I was no better than I should be, yet I did not doubt but one single Smile from the Vertuous *Cloris*, wou'd have perfectly transform'd me into true Platonism at any Time: 'Tis true, Reader, I carry'd Flesh and Blood under my Coat, (as I said before) but 'twas so refin'd by Mortification, that I desired to make Love to her spiritual Part, and to nothing else.

*To such a subtle Purity I was wrought,
I was lov'd and fasted to a walking Thought.*

Then why, Reader, should I not have the Preference to all her other Admirers, for they but love her Body, but I her Soul, and nothing but her Soul; perhaps they'll tell you, they cou'd lose an Arm or Leg for a Nights Lodging, and was there no such Thing as Vertue, I shou'd not blame them, for all that sees her Person admire it, she is an Angel dress'd in Flesh and Blood.

*Saint like she looks, an Angel if she sing,
Her Eyes are Stars, her Mind is every Thing.*

But still there's a *But* in this kind of Love; for Beasts and Plants (as well as these) move to propagate their like: *Children* are the poorest Way of Immortalizing as can be, and as natural to a Beggar as a Prince, and therefore away with this *Dull-Enjoyment*.

*Sense is enough, where Senses only woo;
But Reasoning Lovers, must have Reason too:
Bodies are finite, and do quickly cloy;
But Souls are infinite, and like themselves enjoy.*

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. II

Then in spite of all her *Corporal Lovers* *, that court her Body (not her Mind) commend me to *love* according to the Mode of *Plato*; for as long as I courted *Cloris*, in that *spiritual Manner*, we beheld one another with the Eyes of a Dove, and were mutually inflam'd with a chaste Affection: But alas, DUNTON was thus happy but six Years, when six Ages had been too little; but if I shou'd ever meet this Angel again, in a *spiritual Courtship* (for there's such a Thing as the *Platonick Year*, as well as the *Platonick Lover*); I'll live o'er our absent Years in that first Letter I receive from her, and then, (if she consents to a *spiritual Marriage*) love on to the End of my Life.

Perhaps, Reader, you'll here expect I shou'd describe the Purity of that Love which such profess who distinguish themselves from the Herd of sensual *Inamoratos*, by the Title of *Platonicks* (or shew what 'tis to love according to the Mode of *Plato*): That I may impartially do this, it is requisite I enquire into the Original of *Platonick Love*.

Plato in his Dialogue, entituled *Convivium, or the Banquet*, (the Argument whereof is Honourable Love) bringeth in *Socrates*, a wise, grave, and chaste Philosopher, taking high Delight in the Society of *Alcibiades*, a beautiful Youth; and loving him passionately, tho' virtuously, not for any sensual Respect, but (according to the Mode of *Plato*) only to impregnate him with that Knowledge, and those Vertues, with which his own Mind was pregnant.

*This is the Point where circling Pleasures move,
When happy Lovers have Returns of Love;
Such Sweets can scarcely be by Death destroy'd,
Where not the Body, but the Soul's enjoy'd.*

Enduring, or *Platonick Love*, is ever built upon Vertue which no Man can see in another at once; he that fixeth on Vertue (i. e. He that only loveth the Soul, according to the Mode of *Plato*) shall find a Beauty that will every day take him with some *New Grace* or other: I like that chaste and pure Love, which by a soft Ascension doth degree self in the Soul.

*When Essence meets with Essence, and Souls joyn
In mutual Knots, that's the true Nuptial Twine.*

This, Reader, is loving according to the Mode of *Plato*; for the Sum of *Plato's* Opinion concerning this kind of Love, is

* *C—drus, B—ber—Celadon, &c.*

this, That a Man, whose Mind is full of Wisdom, and other Vertues, is naturally inclin'd to seek out, and dearly affect some beautiful Person, of Age and Capacity to conceive, in whom he may by frequent Instructions and familiar Ways of Insinuation, beget or produce the like Wisdom and Vertues ; and that the Delight he receives therein, is very great, as the Motive to it is very Honourable.

Thus, Reader, have I given you a true Idea of Platonic Love, and shewn you how I courted the Soul of Cloris, according to that Idea, or Mode, and I hope by that have convinc'd you how innocently I lov'd the Pindarick Lady.

Having begun my Platonic Courtship upon this just and spiritual Foundation, I now thought I might safely and honourably love Cloris into pure Identity with my self, till our Understandings were mingled, and a spiritual Union run through every Faculty about us : But tho' I pursu'd this spiritual Amour, according to the Idea, or Mode of Plato, yet — *The Banns of Platonic Matrimony* — were never publish'd between the Soul of Philaret and the Soul of Cloris, but if either *Argus*, or any peevish Critick, know any Cause or just Impediment why we shou'd not be joyn'd together in *spiritual Matrimony*, (for as to Flesh and Blood, we have no occasion for that in Platonic Amours) ye are now to declare it, for this is the *First, Second, or Third, Time of asking*.

Now, Reader, you need not give your self the Trouble to entertain the least Suspicion of my vertuous Design in publishing these Banns of Platonic Matrimony, for there's nothing but *Ingenious Innocence*, and yet a World of Intellectual Happiness in the whole Amour : Yes Cloris I shall own!

*Celestial Flames are scarce more bright,
Than those your Worth inspires;
So Angels love ——— and so they burn
In just such holy Fires.*

In short, I was now courting the Soul of Philomela after the same spiritual Manner which the Angels love, that is, in all the purest Quintessence of Platonic Friendship ; and I was now for solemnizing this Platonic Wedding, according to that Form which I publish'd in the *Athenian Spy* *, for

* Where, as Romantick as the Letters look, a great Part of 'em are transcrib'd into this Platonic Amour, from those first hundred Letters that really pass between Philomela and Philaret, during the Time of their Correspondence ; of which five hundred Letters, the Reader will find a large and distinct Account in the following Sheets.

their sakes who wou'd innocently court the Soul of a beautiful Woman, distinct from any Love or Regard to her Body.

Thus, Reader, have I briefly given you the History of my *Double Courtship*, as 'twas an Amour according to the Mode or Idea) of *Plato*.

I shall next give you the History of my *Double Courtship*, as 'twas a more sensual Adventure, or (in plainer Words) as 'twas a Courtship to *Philomela*, according to the *Mode of Opportunity*; and here I shall prove (what I hinted before) that the greatest Platonick I ever knew, was no longer so, when with Justice and Honour he cou'd be otherwise: We use to say, *Opportunity makes a Thief*; I'm sure 'twas *Opportunity* (I mean the Death of *Iris*) that first made a Corporal Lover of me, and then turn'd my Platonick Courtship to *Philomela*, into meer sighing and whining (and all but hanging) to enjoy her Person: Oh Intellectual Love whether hast thou led me!

*I first lov'd Cloris Soul, but see
How now her Eyes have conquer'd me.
I dare not yield, and yet I must,
Lest to my self I prove unjust.
And thus the wondrous active Mote
Around the burning Candle flies,
A buzzing forth her harmless Note,
Till in the Flame she's catch'd, and dies.*

Thus (by a distinct Address to the Soul and Body of *Philomela*) I turn'd my first Amour into a *Double Courtship*, and considering I was now a *Widower*, and *Philomela* the only Woman cou'd Repair the great Loss I sustain'd by the Death of *Iris*; no Man can blame me for thus degenerating a second time into *Flesh and Blood*: 'Tis true (as *Mr. Bowden** observes) were we nothing but pure Intellect, were we strip'd of *Flesh and Blood*, and arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints above enjoy, when a bare abstraction of Thought, and orderly ranging of Ideas might serve the Turn; but while we continue such Beings as we are, while *Blood and Spirits, Imagination and Passion*, make up a Part of our Nature, these must have their proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory; for what are these but a Sort of Wings to the Soul? She may creep but will hardly soar without them.— So that you see, Reader, the Pious *Bowden* confesses that *Blood and Spirits, Imagination and Passion*, must have proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory; and my ingeni-

* In his Preface to *Philomela's Poems*.

ous and reverend Friend *Ignotus*, is of the same Opinion, as to the Innocence and Necessity of a little Flesh and Blood [Proper Objects and Incentives, as Mr. *Bowden* calls it] or wou'd never have *Honoured* me so far as to have delivered one of my Letters to *Cloris* with his own Hand, or have reflected on her Poem, on Platonick Love, [beginning *So Angels love, and all the rest is Dross;*] in these Words, viz.

1.

So Angels love — so let 'em love for me,
As mortal, I must like a Mortal be;
My Love's as pure as theirs, more unconfin'd,
I love the Body, they but love the Mind.

2.

Without Enjoyment, can Desire be ill
For that which wou'd a Man with Pleasure fill?
This more intense and active sure must be,
Since I both Soul and Body give to thee!

3.

This Flame as much of Heaven as that contains,
And more, for unto that but half pertains:
Friendship one Soul to th' other doth unite,
But Love joyns all, and therefore is more bright.

4.

Neither doth humane Love Religion harm,
But rather us against our Vices arm;
Shall I not for a charming Mistress dye,
When Heaven commands — Increase and Multiply?

Thus far *Ignotus*, (for so I call'd this *Anti-Platonick*, in the several Letters that past between us) and if, in the Opinion of two such pious and learned Persons as Mr. *Bowden* and Mr. *C* — we can scarcely be Good and Brave, where there shou'd be an Innocent Mixture of Soul and Body, (which was my Case as a Widower) sure I am this justifies my Personal Love-Visit, and Double Courtship to *Philomela*, after six Years Platonick Courtship: 'Tis true, for Sensual, or such high-fed Love as this is, *Crates's* Tripple Remedy is the best that I know; either Fasting, or Time, and if both these fail, a Halter; and surely such a corporal Lover as I now was deserv'd it, for first robbing my self of my Ease, and then endeavouring to steal the Heart of the Finest Woman this Age has known; but Love is a Sort of Small Pox, all have had it, or are to expect it, and some Twice, which was my Case.

*The Proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.*

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 15

*A general Doom on all Mankind is past,
And all are Fools, and Lovers, first or last.*

Now to demonstrate this in Man; he having by Nature printed in his Soul an affected Desire, or earnest Inclination to that which seemeth good, is drawn, as 'twere by Necessity, to search it out in every Thing which he esteemeth fair and good; and finds nothing so apt to be the Center of his Affections, and to correspond with his Nature (her Creation solely tending to that) as Woman: For after God had created Man, and placed him in the Garden to dress it, *it is not good (saith he) that Man should be alone, I will make him an Help meet for him.* Now seeing Man was created for his End, he cou'd not continue without Generation, which cou'd not be, unless he were joyn'd to a Woman; which was before his Fall, a most pure and innocent Love; but now because of his Corruption, his Affections are irregular, and are made extream; there is nothing so greatly excitemeth and carrieth away his Mind, nor cometh more near to his destruction, than this foolish Passion of Love; and if it seizeth our Hearts in Youth, (I mean before we arrive at our twentieth Year) 'tis rarely prudent or lasting: If Love admits discretion, if it ponder and consider, search and compare, and judge, and then resolves; 'tis Policy, not Affection, which made Cowley cry,

1.

Discreet! What means this Word, Discreet?

A Curse on all Discretion:

This barbarous Term you will not meet

In all Love's Lexicon.

2.

Jointure, Portion, Gold, Estate,

Houses, Household-Stuff, or Land,

(The low Conveniencies of Fate)

Are Greek no Lovers understand.

3.

Believe me beauteous One, when Love

Enters into a Breast,

The two first Things it does remove

Are Friends; and Interest.

So that I don't see why any shou'd blame me for turning my Platonic into a Double Courtship, nor can any Thing be headed more to the Advantage of corporal Love, than that 'tis necessary in our present State of Life: When we come to be Angels 'tis another Matter; but (if I might judge by my corporal Address to Philomela) there's something highly rational in

in the very Essence of Virtuous Love; 'Tis a common saying, None but a Fool can e're be guilty of Love; but so far is Love from being an Argument of Folly, that I challenge all the World to instance in a Fool that ever was in love: If there be no Reason below the Girdle, sure there's some above it, or else we are in a worse Condition than those which some esteem their Fellow-Reasoners, and Fellow-Lovers too, if they Love promiscuously, and make it all a Matter of Sense only. But that there's something more refin'd in corporal Love, is evident to any; who will but be at the Pains to reflect on the Cause and Manner of it, and nothing is more certain than that the Mind of Man perceives it is not, nor can be in it self compleatly happy: It therefore looks abroad, coasts about, and surveys the whole Creation, as the first Man did in Innocence, to seek for something like it, and suitable to it, till it meets at last with some embody'd Soul, and that it loves, for were it the Body only, 'twould love a Carcass as well as an Animal, at least one Person as well as another, the contrary whereof is evident to all the World, and that only Brutes, or those who are very near 'em, have no Choice in these Matters. However, in my Corporal Amour (or making of Love to the Body of *Philomela*) I did but imitate the best and greatest Platonicks who are so obliging to their carnal Appetites, as to let Flesh and Blood partake in all their spiritual Friendships whenever they can do it with Honour and Safety (that is according to the Mode of Opportunity). So that now being a *Double Lover* (that is being now at *Frome*, innocently courting both the Soul and Body of *Philomela*) I cou'd no longer live on the airy Diet of Platonick Love, without now and then *stealing a Kiss*, or (if that was forbid) begging a Smile, or a kind Word, for Love's an insinuating Devil and if he gets but the Tip of his Wing into your Heart, his Aguish Train of Pains and Joys, his huge Bow and Quiver, and a thousand poison'd Arrows quickly follow, and if you once talk of driving him out again, 'tho' he lurks there only under the Pretence and Mask of Friendship; how will the little Villain storm and rave, and try to be terribly angry?

So that you see, Reader, *Corporal Love's* an insinuating Passion; and that the *Platonick-Tale* (for the most Part) is either a Whim, or a Cover, or Friendship or nothing at all: It's true enough, nor can it modestly be deny'd, That the same sort of Love I have for a Man I may have for a Woman; but then for the most Part (except where Age keeps 'em innocent) the Sex will steal in and quickly make a Difference.

That Wag *Boccaline* has a pleasant Story enough (among a great many others) in his Advertisements from *Parnassus* to this Purpose ——— The *Vertuosi* there having fallen into

Acquaintance of some *She-wits and Poetesses*, and thought themselves for a long time extremely happy in a *Platonick Conversation* with 'em — But 'twas not long before *Apollo* cover'd some such Familiarities and Intimacies betwixt *Virtuosi* and the Ladies, that being afraid *Parnassus* wou'd over-stock'd if they continu'd there much longer, he immediately expell'd all those *dangerous Creatures*, and ordn'd by a perpetual Edict they shou'd never be admitted

er — I cou'd give a nearer and truer Instance to the same Purpose — 'Twas not many Years since that there liv'd in *Madon*, a Sect of Persons pretending to Perfection, and perpetual Virginitie — All their Love being *Angelick*, without the least mixture of Matter, tho' betwixt different Sexes every one having their particular Friend —

Thus things continu'd for some Months, they admiring their own Purity and Sanctity above all Mankind — When bold — unluckily several of the Virgins began to *burnish* and thrive amain, and at the usual Time, to the Amazement of all the Society, this their *pure Friendship* sent several *young Bakes* into the World — After which they were forc'd to drop their Principles, and be content with Matrimonial Purity instead of that Virginal One to which they first pretended.

Thus Opportunity makes a Lover as well as a Thief, and as I am, no Friendship e'er languish'd, or look'd half so good as *Platonick Love*, when favour'd with Opportunity, it then turns to a sensual Flame, trembles and looks pale; and generally ends, like mine, in a *Double Courtship*.

*A serious Lover can alone explain
In some well-order'd Speech his amorous Pain.
But when his beauteous Idol comes in place,
All's lost in Cringes and a begging Face:
Fear of offending and Desire to please,
Turns all to Blushes and half Sentences.
Yet that Confusion shews a Love more true,
Than all the Flow'rs of Rhetorick can do.*

Platonick Lovers, they may pretend their Affections are pure and courageous as they please; however I can't believe they wholly forget the Materials of a Woman, when they make love to her Soul, unless her Skin be turn'd into *ickram*: Nay, they'd e'en dispense with that, and a thousand worse Qualities, were there but a Fortune to smooth and supple her; Surely these avou'd *Platonicks* must be troubled with Poverty as well as Age, or they'd never (when Opportunity presents them with a corporal Wife) take up

with bare Words that are only the empty Alms of Passion. 'Tis certain an honest Man can turn Necessity into Virtue and fly to the Spirit, when he is too impotent for the Flesh (or can't with Justice and Modesty admit it into the Courtship) But Platonick Love (if the Words of *Plato* may determine the Matter) is not altogether refin'd from sensual Regards: I am sure he seems to relish the Kifs of *Agathia* with all the Fire that can be found in a *Double Courtship*; and find the immortal *Cowley* of the same Opinion, for in his Poems entituled *The Mistress*, he there says,

1.

*Indeed I must confess,
When Souls mix, 'tis a Happiness,
But not compleat, till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together join:
But half of Heaven the Souls in Glory taste,
'Till by Love in Heaven at last,
Their Bodies too are plac'd.*

2.

*In thy inimitable Part,
Man, as well as I, thou art:
But Something 'tis that differs thee and me,
And we must ONE, even in that Difference be.
I Thee, both as a Man, and Woman, prize,
For a perfect Love implies,
Love in all Capacities.*

But however spiritual the Body too may be in *Heaven*, if in this World were all *Plato's* Disciples as innocent as their *Master's Idea* (or Mode of loving the Soul without Regard to the Body): It is not necessary their Love shou'd be therefore *Pure*, or void of all sensual Respects, because (as the greatest Philosopher of our Age hath excellently observed) *The Continent have the Passion they contain, as much, and more than they that satiate the Appetite.*

We have the memorable Confession of *Lais*, that she had more Philosophers (and those *Stoicks*) for her humble Servants, than Men of lower Professions. Divine *Plato* (as the Learned know) confesses himself so passionately in love with his *Archianassa*, that forgetting his Doctrine of Ideas he knew none but that of her Face; and the Grave *Stagyrit* as well sacrificed to his *Herpelis* as to *Ceres*. But leaving *Plato's* Opinion and Mode of loving the Soul distinct from the Body, let us see how the Love which our modern *Platonicks* pretend to be justifiable thereby, does agree therewith.

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 19

First, Our Platonicks are generally of different Sexes; whereas *Plato* and *Socrates* (who so passionately made love the Soul of his Darling *Alcibiades*) were both Masculine.

Secondly, Our Platonicks are commonly both Young, and the Canicular, or scorching Years of Life: But *Plato* and *Socrates* were ancient, and superannuated for the Incitements wanton Desires.

Thirdly, Our Platonicks are generally far short of that Wisdom and those Virtues that are requisite to form the Excellencies in others.

Again, Our Platonicks pretend to love, because they wou'd learn, not teach, and the Male Platonick (forsooth) never admiring and extolling the Content he takes in contemplating the Ideas of those rare Virtues, which he discovers daily in the Female; while she (good modest Soul) is much transported with those Perfections of Mind she discerns in him: When indeed, those Virtues and Excellencies are kept so close, that no Person else can perceive any such in either of them.

Lastly, Our Platonicks (especially the Women) are for the most Part, married to others, and so ought to propagate Virtue, (if they have so much as to spare) rather in their Husbands and Children, than in Strangers: But, alas! those Relations are despised in comparison of the noble Lover, who alone deserves to be made wiser and better.

I cou'd reckon up many other Differences more; but these are enough to let you see what vast Disparity there is, betwixt the Platonick Love of the Ancients, and that of modern Puritan Lovers, and how little Reason they have to surp either the Example of *Socrates*, or the Mode of *Plato* and their Patronage: I hope therefore, Platonick Reader, you will not be offended, if I take leave (without Prejudice to that noble Amity, call'd Friendship) to suspect that your spiritual Passion is but an honourable Pretence to conceal sensual Appetite, and is (in plain Truth) Cousin German, at least, to that Love, which made the *Ephesian* Matron so gentle and obliging to the Soldier.

Reader— You know the End of Fishing, is Catching, not Angling — of Love; Wedding not Wooing — The Eye is the Messenger of Love, not the Master; or suppose, Reader, you had neither Ears to hear your Lady speak, nor Eyes to see her Beauty, shall you not therefore be subject to the Impressions of Love —

If you answer, No, I can alledge divers born deaf and blind that have been wounded: If you grant this, then confess the Heart must have his Hope, which is neither seeing nor hearing —