

committed his *Perjuries*, and resolves to purge his Crime by his TEARS, which were so bitter, and in so great Abundance, that they drown'd his Unfaithfulness. Nature cou'd never have furnish'd in any one so great a Quantity of Tears, had not Grace made a running Fountain of his Heart: Neither Age, nor Time, nor the Cares of the Government of the Church, cou'd ever stay, or diminish their Course. The Water that Moses made to flow out of the Rock follow'd the People into their Houses, to furnish them with Drink: In the same Manner, wherever St. Peter went, his TEARS were his Companions, and his most delicious Drink: *His Bed swims in Tears, like David's*; with them he steepes his Bread, and mingles his Words, they enter into all his Actions, and he finds Cause to weep, in all the Objects that he considers—— If he looks up to HEAVEN, he weeps, because he has deny'd him that has given him the Keys—— If he considers the SEA, he weeps, because he has deny'd him that of a poor Fisher had made him the best PILOT of his Church—— If he sees his COMPANIONS, he weeps, that having brav'd that he wou'd suffer Death for his Master, he cou'd not maintain the Voice of two Women—— If he warms himself he weeps, that heretofore by a Fire he had committed so execrable a Perjury—— When he is Cold, he weeps, that his Heart had been so frozen with Fear as to cause him to swear that he knew not his Lord—— If he enters into the House of any High-Priest, he weeps, that in that of Caiphas he had wanted Faith to the Sovereign Bishop of his Souls—— The Cock never crow'd, (and he heard it every Night that he wak'd in Prayer) but he struck his Breast, and renew'd his Tears—— And when his Master, after his Resurrection, was pleas'd to appear to him, he wept; but it was with Joy as well as Grief, that he had deny'd him from whom he receiv'd so friendly a Visit. He thought that the Light that shin'd upon his Body, reproach'd the Blindness of his Heart: The more he was sensible of its Glory, the more he was afflicted, and hearing himself examin'd the Third Time; *If I LOVE*, the Repetition dissolv'd him into Tears—and taking it as a secret and just Reproach for his Unfaithfulness, weeping he answers, *Lord, thou knowest that I love thee*, John 21.

Now, Gentlemen, you that have deny'd the blessed Jesus a Thousand Times more heinously than St. Peter, do you imitate his Repentance. He has consecrated your Bodies, and your Souls, and made you his Temple; yet instead of being faithful to your Benefactor, you have defiled his Temples—— You have debauch'd Virgins—— You have corrupted Wives—— You have encourag'd Night-walkers—— You have declar'd your selves Enemies to Christ's Purity—— You have rendin'd your Pretences in his Empire—— and have ren'er'd your selves Slaves to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

Then, Gentlemen, as you have all Four sinn'd with *David* (in his Adulteries) and with *Peter* in denying Christ, (for en your administering the Holy Sacrament whilst you liv'd Whoredom, a denying the Justice and Omniscience of Christ) as sincerely and publickly repent with 'em; for consider seriously, Is a few Years Sadness to be compar'd to an Eternity of unsufferable Torments? To weep sometimes, or to burrow ways, are not Two Things that we shou'd dispute with great Difficulty. What can you see, Gentlemen, (if you'd consider how you have scandaliz'd Religion, by your many Adulteries) that shou'd not oblige you with penitent *David*, and weeping *Peter*, to melt into Tears?

Having but the least Grain of Faith, can you behold the Heavens and not weep, that you have lost so beautiful a Dwelling for a Brutish Pleasure?

Can you behold the Glory of the Sun, and not weep for the Darkness in which you are involv'd, by your Night-walking and secret Adulteries?

Can you observe the regular moving of the Stars, and not weep the Disorders of your Lives, by Drunkenness, and deserting your faithful Wives?

Can you cast your Eyes upon the Earth, and not weep for those Debaucheries which draw the Curse of God upon us?

Can you fix your Eyes upon the Beauty of your Bodies, and not weep, because you prefer it to the Immortal Beauty of your Souls?

The Thrones of Kings, and the Pomp of their Courts ought to make you weep, because you have renounc'd the Throne of the King of Kings, to be Slaves to a Whore.

Gentlemen, sure I am, if ever you become truly penitent for your lewd Practices, you will draw from these Objects Rivers of saving Tears, that will rejoyce the House of our Lord. And as a further Encouragement to you all Four to Repent Earnest, (I mean as publickly as your Adulteries have been divulg'd) consider, after a little Time you shall reap the Fruit with Songs of Triumph and Gladness, remembering that of our Saviour and our Judge saith, *Ever happy be those that rejoyce, and woe be those that mourn, for they shall be comforted, Mat.*

But remember, Gentlemen, that to Repent in Earnest, is to confess and WEEP the Lewdness of your Lives past, and not to expose your selves to any more Temptations——— May you all Four WEEP like penitent *David*, or like humbling *Peter*, that having once deny'd his Saviour confesses it all his Life——— May you all Four be dispos'd (even) to die for Christ, (were you call'd to it) and to hope in his Mercy, which will bring you to that Height of Virtue from which you are fallen, and make you know that there is nothing so strengthening as Grace. *St. PETER* became so strong after his Combats

that he avow'd his Master before *Nero*, whom he had deny'd to Two Women Servants: And may you all Four be so truly happy as to hear these Words, *Thy Faith hath healed thee, go and sin no more.*

Thus, Gentlemen, having shewn you what Hope there is— of restoring of *Fallen Brethren*, (and of your selves in particular) from the Example of penitent *David* and weeping *Peter*— I shall conclude my Letter with a FEW REMARKS on the— *Extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——*, (the young Woman Mr. *L——*'s debauch'd) who being a Partner with him in Lewdness for many Years, and now got clear of the Devil's Fetters, will be— *A fit Pattern for your Imitation*—

So that Mrs. *E——*'s confessing and forsaking her Whoredom shall be the Fourth and last Argument to move you to a speedy and publick Repentance.

Gentlemen, you can't but own that *E——*s was *L——*'s *W——* for Fifteen Years, and one of your Fellow-sinners, (for 'tis largely prov'd in the *Secret Narrative*) but being now a *Sincere Convert*, I think her deserting the Devil's Service (with so much Honour to Religion, and Satisfaction to her own Mind) is a great ENCOURAGEMENT to you all Four (but more especially to *John L——*) to be as publick in your Repentance as she has been—— We have a common Saying—— *Once a W—— and ever a W——* but we see the contrary in Mrs. *E——*, for she is so sincere in her Penitence, that she discover'd the Whoredoms of *John L——* to his whole Congregation, resolving to shame both him and her self, out of future Lewdness; and for that Reason Mrs. *E——* is no longer a *W——* (that lewd, vile Creature I describ'd before) but *A Returning Prodigal*—— *A true Penitent*—— and one that ought to be HIGHLY HONOUR'D, for preferring a chaste and holy Life to the Devil's Service. I say it again, that ought to be HIGHLY HONOUR'D; for 'tis often seen*, That such Eminent Penitents as Mrs. *E——*, after the Reconcilement of their enormous Souls to Grace, have strangely excell'd all others in Piety, and out-shin'd those who were (in Comparison of them) unspotted and undefiled—— Then, Gentlemen, let me perswade you to imitate— *the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——* for she now declares, *She finds more pleasure in a virtuous Life* (and so will you when you begin to think) *than in the most gainful Transgression.* She now considers, 'tis not all the Fine Things Mr. *L——*'s promis'd her, (in Case he had made good his Word; which he never did, nor intended) can restore that Peace of Conscience he rob'd her of, when he tempe'd her to live in a known Sin; and for that Rea-

* As I prov'd in my History of strange Conversions, p. 71.

son she accuses both her self and Mr. L—— to the ELDER OF THIS CHURCH, that she might convince the World that she had rather live upon Bread and Water, than to beholden to any unlawful Way for a Livelyhood; and therefore, if he that repents of his Sin and forsakes it shall find Mercy, 'tis not doubted but Mrs. E——'s *Extraordinary Penitence* will save her Soul, and give her a fair Reputation for tho' Mr. L——s has again attempted to corrupt her Chastity, (for the *Secret Narrative* tells ye, "that Mr. L—— "is so far from shewing any Signs of Repentance, that he "invited Mrs. E—— to his House to tempt her again to Lewdness) but tho' he might force her, he'll ne'er be able to tempt her again from the Pleasures she finds in a virtuous Life. So that you see, Gentlemen, her extraordinary Penitence makes her a fit Pattern for your Imitation: But whether you think so or no, 'tis certain Mrs. E—— does; for she has been so sincere and publick in her Repentance, that she voluntarily told to Mr. L——'s Church, where, when, and with whom she had play'd the Whore: And seeing L——s durst not come to CONFRONT his Accuser, (for he was invited to it, but never appear'd) no Man can doubt but E—— Charge against him was true, nor do I wonder he durst not look E—— in the Face, in the publick Meeting, seeing she declares (in the *Secret Narrative*) "that he deserv'd to be "hang'd for the Abuses she had receiv'd from him.

So that 'tis clear from Mrs. E——'s *Publick Repentance* that no Pleasure or Profit can bribe an accusing Conscience. When God touches the Heart, the *Guilty Sinner* is glad (to present Ease) to be his own Accuser, (as was Mrs. E—— Case). Then no Man can question her being a true Penitent for 'tis evident, both from her *Publick Confession*, (and from E——'s Silence in such Cases where 'twas not modest for her to speak) that she accus'd L—— purely to ease her Conscience, and to bring him to a Sense of his Whoredom.

Mrs. E—— being now a sincere Penitent, she is for dedicating her whole Time and Affections to God, and almost blushes at a lewd Thought; which shou'd be a prevailing Motive to other Virgins to despise the most specious Offers that tend to debauch 'em; for E——s preferring a chaste Life to her former Whoredoms, wou'd make any one think there was something more delightful in Religion, than in gratifying the Lusts of the Flesh: And, Gentlemen, wou'd you retire a little into your own Bosom, (*i. e.* imitate the penitent E——) you'd soon see your lewd Practices will end in the Ruin of your Health, and Estates, and (without Repentance) in the Loss of your Souls. You see Mrs. E—— (like a true Convert) chuses rather to live upon Bread and Water, than to live plentifully with the further Loss of her Innocence——

So that she must needs be a fit Pattern for your Imitation; and being an extraordinary Penitent, I verily think she'll never more listen to the lewd Temptations of *John L——s*; for she is not only a true Convert, but a very sensible Woman, and knows we shou'd hold no Dispute against any Temptation to Uncleanness: To dispute with it is the Way to be overcome by it. Hear the Temptation but speak for it self, and before you are aware it insinuates it self into the Bosom of you, and it is in your Heart before you can think it got into your Head, with an unseen Fire, and sensible Power, it melts you into Softness, and dissolves you into yielding; and therefore the penitent *E——* now gives it no Consideration, "She knows every Temptation she overcomes will be a shining Jewel in her Crown of Victory, and therefore won't come so near the Temptation as to parley with it, but runs away from it as *Joseph* did from his tempting Mistress; and in this *Mrs. E——* (tho' a frail Woman) is a fit Pattern for your Imitation, and ought to be had in Eternal Honour, for such *Extraordinary Penitents*, were they but known, wou'd be better rewarded for their Virtue than Whores are for their Lewdness; and therefore I perswade my self, that such a generous and pious People as she has made her Confession to, will (if they han't already) give her a *Noble Reward*. If any one deserves it, 'tis *Mrs. E——*, for she is now so humble and penitent as to own her self the Slave of all those that call'd her their Mistress, that there was nothing so heavy as those *Chains* which a small Time since she had esteem'd as *Roses*; nothing so troublesome as those Days which she had believ'd the most quiet; nothing so bitter, nor so fading, as her Pleasures; nor nothing so false as her Joys: Her Whorish Life being, since she was thus penitent, a Shame to her self and Family, she now remembers, and publicly owns, that she was an *Abomination to God, the Horror of the Angels, the Triumph of the Devil, the Instrument of his Malice, a Scandal to Religion, and the Aversion of all modest Women*—— so that having all the Signs of a true Penitent, she is a fit Pattern for such lewd Persons to imitate, as have been Partners with her in the same Sin, and may you all (four as heartily and publickly) weep for your Whoredoms as she has done; or now (like a true penitent) she lays aside those Nets in which she took the Hearts that belong'd to God, and not being able to restore the Thefts, she *Consecrates* those Eyes that help'd to make the Robberies, and at the same Instant wipes away the Stains by a faithful Repentance: So that now she may say, as a *Converted Whoremaster* once did to a Harlot tempting him to Lewdness; What, don't you know me? 'tis I that you treated at such a Place, and at such a Time; Ay, says he, but *Ego sum ego*, I am not the same Man. So *Mrs. E——* (being a sincere Penitent) is now no more what she was, being become

the Miracle of Grace, the Example of Converts, the Consolation Sinners, and the Triumph of Divine Charity. She has but quit the lewd Embraces of *John L——s*, and she runs swift a Race in the Progress of sacred Love, that he whom she begins to love sees she hath loved much; and her Love to Christ and Abhorrence of her former Whoredom, is as sincere that of the penitent *Magdalen*.

Then, Gentlemen, if you will pretend to repent, do you Four examine the Picture I have here drawn of the penitent *E——* (lately one of your Partners in Lewdness) for I have said enough to convince you all, *she's a fit Pattern for your Imitation*: But alas, you are too much harden'd (at present) write after this penitent Copy. You must have some little Time to unty these Chains, which you cannot break without Trouble, and which perhaps will dishonour some Strumpet other that is interested in your Vice: But, Gentlemen, give me Leave to tell you, if you have any Respect for your Souls or your Reputations, you must not stay 'till your Bands be loose, you must break them at once. You design, perhaps, to repent to Morrow, and it may be that the Moment you are speaking is the last of your Lives. If such an Accident happen, what a sad to Morrow will that be, that brings you an everlasting Damnation? where you will find no Yesterday, nor no to Morrow, but the very Day of unsupportable Torment which will never end: But Christ is not yet upon a TRIBUNAL, to condemn you, but at a SACRED TABLE, to give you the Nourishment of Divine Grace.

Then shake off your Chains, and repent in earnest, (*E——* has done) imitate her extraordinary Penitence, and be as publick in it as she has been; for you see *Mary Magdalen* (as well as your Fellow-sinner) gives you an Example of publick Penitence, *she sighs, she languishes, she weeps, she washes Jesus Feet, she wipes them with the Hairs of her Head, and anoints them with precious Ointment.*

Thus, Gentlemen, you must blot out the Stains of your Souls by many Tears, you must mourn for your Whoredom both in private and publick, and don't in the least (like *John L——s*) mitigate, or conceal it.

The Woman taken in Adultery did not defend her Crime, saying that it happen'd by Human Weakness, or by the Violence of Temptation, or by the Strength of her Natural Inclination, the which she had not Power enough to command or by the Importunity of her Lover, the which she could not resist, nor by any Way that cou'd diminish it, she lets her Accusers speak without answering; by which Silence she owns she have merited the Punishment establish'd by the Law of *Moses* she abash'd her Eyes, but it was by a shameful Repentance, and not by the Trouble to have been surpriz'd; she blushes,

is not so much that she is observ'd by the Multitude as an *Infamous Adulteress*, but that she has committed a Crime for the which she merited the *Scorn of God*: She does not ask Pardon, but she waits, expecting that her Sentence shou'd be pronounced.

Behold (Gentlemen) in this Woman *the perfect Model of a true Penitent*; and as you have fallen into the same Sin, I hope you'll imitate *E——*'s Example so far as to write after this modest Copy, for you see in this *Woman taken in Adultery*, a *Christian Bashfulness*, which did not proceed from Custom, or Fashion, but from the Confusion she had for having offended her Creator.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, if you desire your Judge shou'd be merciful, you must no longer excuse your selves, or conceal your Adulteries, for in so doing you become more guilty, adding to your Crime Pride, Lying, and Impenitence, nor must you take it amiss when you are either publicly or privately reprov'd by your Christian Friends; nor must you think it strange, if your respective Congregations to whom you confess your Whoredoms, if they severely rebuke you for it, altho' Jesus Christ did not to the *Woman taken in Adultery*, for the publick Shame she suffer'd gave him Satisfaction; nor was there Occasion to reproach her of an Action of which she was sensible; tho' perhaps not more than Mrs. *E——*, (one of your Fellow-sinners) for you all know *E——*'s is sincere and publick in her Repentance; and having WHITEN'D and REFIN'D her Reputation by that CLEANSING GRACE, we shou'd wrong her extreamly if we shou'd so much as think her a *W——*. So that we must call her no more by that scandalous Name, she being become the Friend of him that cannot suffer the least Uncleanness; and as *much is forgiven her, doubtless she loves much*. You know 'tis said of that EXTRAORDINARY PENITENT, *Mary Magdalen*, that whilst her great Benefactor remain'd upon the Earth, she follow'd him, like a conquer'd Slave, proclaiming (PUBLICKLY) in every Place, the Honour, Victory, and Triumph of her Master; and when all his Apostles left him, she follow'd him to *Calvary*, where seeing him suffer, she dy'd with him, not by the Hands of an Executioner, but by her *Faithful Love*, which pierc'd her Heart with a Mortal Wound: For, (as was said before) *to whom much is forgiven they love much*; and for the same Reason, were the *Blessed Jesus* now upon Earth, 'tis not doubted (by such as heard the publick Confessions of Mrs. *E——*) but (with *Weeping Magdalen*) she'd publickly wash the Feet of her GREAT BENEFACTOR with her penitent Tears, and as publickly declare her Repentance, for *her Sins, which are many, are forgiven*, (by her hearty and publick Repentance) *for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little*, Luke

7. 47. And therefore, Gentlemen, do you all Four beg of God, that by his Infinite Mercy he wou'd blot out what he has written, and lying all down in the Dust, (like E—s; penitent *Magdalen*, and the *Woman taken in Adultery*) cover your Heads with Ashes, to expiate that lewd Entertainment you have given to your Senses, and from this very Moment be as severe in returning to God as you have been indulgent in offending him; and when you shall hear those pleasing Words, *Go in peace* (which Christ utter'd to the *Woman taken in Adultery*) *I do not condemn thee, but sin no more.* Do you principally remember the last Precept that closes the Absolution— *But sin no more*—

In a Word, Beg of God this Night, before you sleep, that he wou'd take away all your vile and whorish Inclinations, that you may all four be not only sincere and publick, but *Thorough Converts*, to the End of your Lives.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have finish'd my Letter, *persuading you all Four to make your Repentance as publick as your Crime*— I was desir'd by that *Worshipful Dissenter* that sent me the *Secret Narrative*, to make these REMARKS upon it; and if they either reform you, or please my FRIEND, I have my End in the writing of 'em— If I have been over-long in reproving *Spiritual Persons*, let not the LAY-SINNERS suppose I have forgot 'em, for I wou'd long before this Time (had not the Silence convinc'd me of their hearty Repentance) have had the black Ingratitude and *secret Vices* of scandalous D—, *Ma lam F—*, and *Rhyming W—*, in as clear a Light as I have set the *Four Dissenting Parsons* that were lately silent for Whoredom—

And thus, Gentlemen, I have done with the *MOCK PARSONS*; (I mean your selves) many Things I have omitted, (that were in the *Secret Narrative*) because I wou'd not be too tedious; and if in the REMARKS I have made upon it offend any, let it be their GLORY to pass it by; for my Design in this *Judas Project* was not to expole, but reform you, and I hope by the Pains I have taken in my REMARKS upon it, Truth will be manifest, and Falshood discover'd, that the Righteous Ways, and People of God may be justify'd, and the wicked Ways of unclean Persons condemn'd: Wherefore, I wish all that respect the Health of their Bodies, to take heed of *Empericks* and *Mountebanks*; so I advise all that respect the Health of their Souls, and Peace of their Spirits, to take heed of *MOCK PARSONS*, and counterfeit Preachers, who though they appear in *Sheeps Cloathing*, yet inwardly are ravenous *Wolves*; I mean such as make themselves Preachers, to gain filthy Lucre for their Preaching; amongst which Number I find you *Four Gentlemen*, mention'd in the *Secret Narrative*, of whose (your living in *Whoredom* has so fear'd your Consciences) the

Small Hopes of Repentance; but less of *John L——s* than of any of the rest of the *Fallen Brethren*, for the Language of cutting down his Vines, defacing his Walks, and encouraging a **SORRY FELLOW** * to make his Garden a sort of Wilderness, upon leaving his House and meeting, is plainly this; *That he never designs to repent*—— And which further shews him a *Harden'd Wretch*, since he left his House in this scandalous Manner, meeting with one of his Hock he ask'd him, "how all the *Knaves* did; (meaning his Congregation) to which (by their Leave) I will answer for them; *They are all well, since they have spew'd out that Judas that had made 'em sick at the very Heart*: And as no Man can doubt their recovery, (as heard the Letters he sent to debauch *E——s*) he may assure himself, all the World (but more especially those pious Men that he calls *Knaves*) will think him sick, (I mean rotten at Heart) 'till he repents as publickly as he is add'd to in this Letter—— And so, Gentlemen, **FAREWELL**, for that you may all Four become **THE WONDERS OF FREE GRACE**, (and as publick Penitents as you have been Adulterers) shall be the daily Prayer of

* For he cou'd be no better than a Sorry Fellow, that wou'd assist in quite ruining a most beautiful Garden, because he was told by *L——s*, He wou'd bear him harm; less.

Your sincere Friend,

A N D

Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The private Letters that past between Mr. L——s and Mrs. E——s, the young Woman he debauch'd—— With the Informations of several Persons of Credit proving the Truth of the Secret Narrative—— the Justice of the Remarks upon it—— the Necessity of L——'s making his Repentance publick as his Crime—— And the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——s.

The private Letters that past between Mr. L——s and the young Woman he debauch'd—— Being a Letter written by Mrs. E——s her own Sister, and to Mrs. N——son, her Fellow-servant, whilst she liv'd at C——

Dear Friend,

I Receiv'd your Letter; where you say Mr. L—— deny'd what he own'd before me and you. He deny'd to you I did not force me; but when I came to him and told him I could make Oath of that, Mr. L—— answer'd, that it was a Mistake: But he cannot deny before the Great God of Heaven, but that he forc'd me, and us'd me very barbarously several Times and Years in that Kind.

When Mr. L—— was coming for London, he ask'd me if I wou'd discover him in this Matter; I answer'd, No. When he was not likely to come down, I wrote to him how unwilling his People were to part with him, and that I heard that he was going to be marry'd, and told him how ill he had done by it: But to carry on his Design, that he was mine, I pray open your Trunks, and you will find a Letter of his. I will be in London very soon—— As for my coming to London, I am willing to come, to own the Truth; it's my Duty so to do.

M—— E——

Here follows a Copy of a Letter sent by Mr. L——s to Mrs. E——s, under Covert of one directed to Mrs. M——son, to give into her own Hands; but he subscrib'd not his Name to it. But the Letter plainly speaks from whom it came. It was dat'd Feb. 13. 1708. Which was several Years after he had took upon him the Office of Pastor to this Church*, (and some considerable Time after he was marry'd) and no Wonder profited no more under such a scandalous Ministry.

Mr. L——s's Letter to Mrs. E——s, whilst she liv'd in the Country, and he Pastor of a Church in London.

Mrs. M——E——,

Feb. 18. 1708.

Receiv'd a threatenng Letter, I suppose from your Sister; I desire you to consider what will be the Effect: I shall be made both unserviceable to God and Man; many good People will be afflicted, and the World will rejoyce. This will no manner of Way turn to your Account—— If you will accept of Six Pounds a Year at present, it may be more in Time. I shall carefully pay you; which will be better to you than my coin. What is sent for you shall have, (*viz.* the Rings, &c.) more than their Value in Money. Let me have a Letter soon as you can: Leave it for me at Tom's Coffee-house, near St. Dunstons Church-gate.

The Informations of several Persons of Credit, proving the Truth of the Secret Narrative, so far as it relates to Mr. John L——s.

May 23. 1709.

Here was an Information given against Mr. F—— L—— by Mr. V——nes, who saw him pick up a common Strumpet; and the said V——nes going to the House opening the High-way, going up to Islington, (the House had for the sign the Flower-pot) he there actually saw Mr. L—— caress a Strumpet that he had pick'd up.

The Church he was lately Pastor of in London.

Mr:

Mr. Samuel B———kes also inform'd the Elders of Mr. L—— Church, that he actually saw him pick up a lewd Woman, and observing what pass'd between 'em, he went up to Mr. L—— and spoke to him thus——— “ Sir are not you ashamed, a Man in your Coat, to keep Company with a Woman known to be a common Slut, and lean upon the Rails with her, and fall upon your Back and wallow in the Mire as you did?”

There was also another Information against Mr. L—— by Mrs. N———son, (Mrs. E———'s Fellow-servant who she liv'd at C———am) proving the Truth of the Secret Narrative, so far as it relates to Mr. L———s; of which I have this following Account, as I find it in the large Secret Narrative that was read in Mr. L———'s Meeting; (of which I had the Favour to obtain a Sight) and by comparing of it with the Short Secret Narrative before inserted, I find my worthy Friend that sent me the Secret Narrative, kept most exactly to Truth in all the Informations he had sent to me; as will further appear, by inserting here——— *A Copy of Mrs. N———son's Information against Mr. L———s*——— And I shall insert it in the same Words I find it in the large Secret Narrative; viz.

This Day (the 20th of June, 1709.) several of the Brethren viz. Brother C———k, Brother R———ds, Brother B——— Brother B———see, &c. when they had the following Relation from Mrs. N———son; after which it was read to them, and was by them to be the Truth, &c.

A COPY of Mrs. N———son's Information against Mr. L———.

ABout a Month after Mr. L——— was marry'd, I went to him myself, and meeting with him at his House the Morning, I ask'd him if his Name was not L———, never having seen him before) he said Yes——— at which Time I was under such a Concern, that I trembl'd, and cou'd hardly speak to him: But having recover'd my self, I told him I came from his Wife, M——— E———s. I being sent upon my Master's Errand, as was Nathan to David, Thou art the Man, he told him he had ravish'd Mrs. E———s; he said she was a strange Woman, how cou'd she say he ravish'd her? Upon this I swore'd, if he cou'd deny what I had charg'd him with, I would be so far from being her Friend, as that I shou'd be one of her greatest Enemies, if she cou'd take up such a Reproach against a Minister. At this he desir'd me to sit down, and fell to writing: Then I told him all the former Story, with their Circumstances, as before is related. He said, he cou'd bless God

had sinn'd, he had seen the Corruption of his Nature, and the Temptations of Satan, and the Sufficiency of Christ: Upon this, he entreated me not to discover it. I told him I did not think it well to tell it to my own Husband: Upon this he promis'd me, he wou'd see a further Sign of his Repentance, and that he wou'd satisfy me further, and that he wou'd return her Rings and Trunk, and take Care to maintain her, as if she was his own Sister—— I told her she was greatly prejudic'd in her Eyes, and had great Swellings in her Limbs, and was render'd greatly unfit to get her read *.

Thus parting with him I waited a great while, as did Mrs. E——, for I thought there was some Sign of Repentance, and told it to Mr. C——man with a great deal of Joy; but hearing no more from him, but that he went to Mrs. E——, and sending for her to an Alehouse, he greatly press'd upon her not to discover what had pass'd between him and her; but she said she wou'd not promise him, for that she had kept the Devil's Counsel and his long enough, and they had both deceiv'd her too long. At this he seem'd very much concern'd, and said she wou'd hinder his living comfortably in the World: I told him he had greatly dishonour'd God, which was her greatest Concern. He desir'd they wou'd take Care what they did, for he had lain under many Temptations, and thought to have taken OPIUM. (All this was at a Place in Baldwin's Gardens.) After this we consider'd of it a great while, but we heard nothing from him, that I thought it proper to go with Mrs. E—— my self. When she went I went with her; when we declar'd to Mr. L—— the Heads of what we told him before, when he again press'd us not to discover him. By this I thought to keep him in Awe, he telling her he wou'd perform his former Promises to her: But as for the Rings he had pawn'd with his Watch to a Person that was gone away with them, he being still under a great Concern of Mind, and seeing no prospect of a real Change, he having promis'd her once and again, but nothing more, we thought it our Duty to go to Mr. C——man, and lay the Matter before him for Advice, who observ'd it a very difficult Case, but believ'd that in the Lord's Time he wou'd bring the Truth to Light. About this time Mrs. E——s frequented hearing Sermons, and was especially affected with one from these Words, [Remember Lot's Wife;] at which Time it was impress'd upon her Mind, that she had not done her Duty. I was hereby put into a further Concern—— She desir'd me to go with her to Mr. E——bet's. I told her then that all her Faults wou'd be dis-

Less cou'd scarce be expected by Mrs. E——s, she having so much a Man that wou'd pick up common Strumpets; but of that she was wholly ignorant.

cover'd.

cover'd. She reply'd that shou'd not binder her, for her great E was that his Soul might be sav'd—— I desir'd her to consider whether there was not Revenge in the Case, and perswaded her leave it to the Lord: But she said contrary to that, she lov'd him than hated him; but that it was the Salvation of his Soul she was mainly concern'd about. After the foregoing Passages I discoursing with Mrs. N——ton, ask'd her if ever she observ'd Mr. L—— to have any Trouble of Spirit upon him. She answer'd, that he contrary to that walk'd as if having a full Assurance, &c.—— After this I inform'd Mrs. N——ton of the whole of what I knew; which she faithfully kept a Secret until it was brought to Light by other Ways, which was about a Month ago, upon an Information given of some other unbecoming Practices; which being enquir'd into appear'd so notorious, as it became a Grief to some of the Brethren. About this Time Mr. S——n* express'd that something lay with Weight upon him, as reported of Mr. L——: At which Mrs. N——ton reply'd, I wish I knew worse by him. Upon which Mr. S——n observ'd that there was something whisper'd about, but none wou'd speak out the Truth. She desir'd him to go to Mr. C——man, where he might be inform'd; which the Elders did. When Mr. E——man gave them the Heads, and desir'd them to go to me for further Information, the Elders desir'd me to mention them at Mrs. N——ton's; which I did, and declar'd the whole Matter of what I have now said, and look'd upon it as my Duty so to do, as not observing any Reformation in Mr. L——s, in one Respect or another, and never performing any of his Promises.

If now I have err'd in giving this Relation, which for Substance is true, I desire to be better inform'd, and wou'd gladly be convinc'd of my Mistake.

And then Mrs. N——son concludes her Information with saying, All this Time, to my Knowledge, did Mr. L—— never charge Mrs. E——, that she had charg'd any thing wrong upon her; so cautious was Mrs. E—— of charging Mr. L—— wrongfully.

Thus far Mrs. N——son, which Information is but a small Part of the large Secret Narrative, but is an exact Copy of Part of it, without the Addition or Alteration of one Syllable, and (as I said before) does sufficiently prove—— The Truth of the Secret Narrative—— The Justice of the Remarks upon it—— The Necessity of L——s making his Repentance publick as his Crime—— And the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E—— and that Mr. John L—— was the first and

* One of Mr. L——s Elders, and a Person of eminent Piety.

Tempter, and a most harden'd Sinner. 'Tis true, Mr. L——s, to excuse his debauching and ruining Mrs. E——s, has asserted, *She put on a clean Shift and came to Bed to him, (his Room when he liv'd at the Lady O——'s being at some Distance from the House) to which Mrs. N——son reply'd*, that he ought not to excuse himself, but be humbled before the Lord, for true Grace made the Soul humble.* But I think no Man can be so senseless as to think Mrs. E—— was the first Tempter, when the Information given by Mrs. N——son asserts, Mr. L——s pull'd her into his Bed, where he us'd her in such a Manner that she cou'd not speak. In this Time of staying he was call'd away, his Lodgings (where he abus'd her) being at some Distance from the House; but he had abus'd her so as he had much-a-do to get down the Stairs; *what was the Reason (says Mrs. N——son) is too immodest for me to express, but was occasion'd by his forcing of her, (and how inconsistent that is with her putting on a clean Shift and going to Bed to him, let the World judge.)* No, 'tis plain he committed a RAPE upon her, and for that Reason she declares in the Secret Narrative, *He deserv'd to be hang'd at Tyburn for the Wrong he had done to her: However, after this Ravishment (or Force upon her) he had the Impudence ('tis too soft a Word) to come to Breakfast in Madam O——'s Parlour, where Mrs. E——s attended on him, that pull'd her Straw-hat over her Eyes; but he turn'd it up, and look'd in her Face and laugh'd at her. At this Time he was Pastor to a People, where she sat down with them: And it is to be observ'd, that the first Time he lay with her was on a Sunday Morning, having the Day before preach'd an excellent Sermon on Eccles. 12. 1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.* A very little Time after this he took her into his Chamber, and by the Strength of his Arm that is *Lame*, held her and undress'd her Pin by Pin, and took and flung her to bed with him, telling her she was his own, and lay with her that Night—— After this she fell under great Trouble of Spirit, upon the Account of that great Wickedness she had committed with him, at which Time she fell upon her Knees and promis'd to the Lord, rather than yield any more to such a Temptation, she wou'd destroy her self. So that I think no Man can doubt of Mrs. E——'s being an extraordinary Penitent, or that Mr. L——s was the sole Tempter, and that without a speedy and publick Repentance, he is within one Breath of Eternal Flames.

* At a Conference she had with Mr. L——s in Moorfields.

PROJECT XII.*

The Beggar mounted; or set a Fellow [of mean Birth, or Trade] on Horseback he ride to the Devil— Being a SATYR on some Musbrome Gentlemen and Ladies (Dunton's Acquaintance) who being advanced from nothing to a Coach and Six, scarce know themselves, and despise their Friends.

Since first by Heaven's Decree, the World began,
 Good and ill Fortune has attended Man:
 The Chequer'd Scene with Black and White spread o'er,
 Here shews keen Want, and there superfluous Store:
 But 'fore I tell the Names, or shew the Evil
 Of *Mounted Beggars* riding to the Devil,
 I'll shew their RISE, and what a sort of *Phiz*
 Those have that do their poorer Friends despise.
 Then here, my Muse, new Edge thy pointed Satyr,
 And do't by Questions— *ATHENIANIZE* the Matter.
 Then Snarling *Jack*, examine each Extream,
 The Rich Man and the Poor shall be thy Theam;
 Having been both, thou can't best judge of them:
 And thus by QUESTIONS I'll their *Rise* proclaim.

A rich (or *mounted*) Beggar, what is that?
 (He keeps his Coach and Six, and wou'd be great)
 But has the Upstart Goodness, or a Frame
 Distinct from others? or a better Name?
 Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?
 Has he less Care, less Crosses, or less Pains?
 Was he created of a finer Clay?
 Not Midwiv'd into th' World the common Way?
 If no Distinctions of this Sort appear,
 But all Mankind the same Materials share,
 Where's the Distinction then 'twixt Rich and Poor?
 One hath enough, and t'other can't have more.
 Can Riches keep the *Mounted Wretch* from Death?
 Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath?
 Can raging Fire, or Water do him Harm?
 Or can he walk uncloath'd and yet be warm?
 Can he subsist, or Nature be supply'd,
 If Providence the Fruits o'th' Earth deny'd,
 Altho' his Gold and Silver multiply'd?

Does Heaven extend its Love and Mercy more
To *Mounted Beggars* than to Starving Poor?
If not, why should the Beast take so much State,
Exalt himself and others under Rate?

'Tis senseless Ignorance that sooths his Pride,
And makes him laugh at all the World beside.

But when Excesses bring on *Gout*, or *Stone*,
All his vain Mirth and *Mushrome State* is gone;

Then to make any Truce with his Disease,
And purchase the least Interval of Ease,

He'd all his ill-got Golden Bags resign,

And at Health's Altar sacrifice his Coin:

And when he dies, for all he look'd so high,

He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To enumerate the several Sorts of Poor,

Wou'd be a Task as endless, as tell o'er

The tumbling Billows on the *British Shore*.

Some are born Poor, of these I shan't say much:

The Common Charity provides for such.

Others by vicious Courses are undone,

(By diff'rent Paths, to diff'rent Ends we run.)

Both these my Muse will purposely decline,

And to the *Mounted Cit* her self confine.

Now view this *Mounted Beggar* dress'd, to ride,

With all his Pages running by his Side!

His Coach and Six do so transport the ELF,

He knows no former Friend, nor scarce himself.

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}

A Man of **LOW BIRTH** was a Cardinal made,

With many Respects to his Dignity paid;

And among the vast Tribe who with Homage adore,

There comes a Poor Man that had known him before,

Who heartily puts in his kind Salutation,

By Way of well-wishing, and Congratulation:

But my Lord in his *Pontificalibus* deck'd,

Took as an Affront the poor Fellow's Respect;

Deny'd he e'er knew him, and *Sirrah*, says he,

Pretend not to impudent Freedom with me:

I'd have you to know you're in my Jurisdiction,

And the next Time you prate thus I'll give you Correction.

The Fellow withdrawn, thus to mutter was heard,

How People are alter'd by being preferr'd?

My Friend here don't know me, but I wonder not,

For I more than believe he himself hath forgot.

(All Scoundrels that mount have the very same Evil)

A true Gentleman always is courteous and civil,

But, *A Beggar on Horseback will ride to the Devil.*

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}

This *Mushrome Spark* perhaps was first a RAT*,
 A *Hackney* Author, or a Butcher's Brat,
 A Quack, a Taylor, or the Lord knows what:
 But being HORS'D, he's grown so proud an Evil,
 You'd swear, *A Beggar mounted* is the Devil:
 For, his old Friends that Minute he'll despise,
 Who did by Creeping, or Extortion rise.
A Beggar mounted rides a Knavish Rate,
 He rides from nothing to a vast Estate;
 But prostitutes his Conscience to be Great.

This *Mounted Cit* not only Truth denies,
 But solemnly calls God to vouch his Lyes:
 His Faith and Conscience he does pawn so fast,
 'Tis to be wonder'd how the Stock does last.
 As just is he that steals for his Relief,
 For what's a Tradesman but a licens'd Thief?
 But what of that? As long as he is rich,
 The Man is *Wise* and soars an honest Pitch.
 True Wit was priz'd as sacred heretofore,
 And held more precious than the shining Oar,
 But now 'tis downright Nonsense to be poor.

The vilest Fop, whom Nature did create
 For nothing but to cringe, to grin and prate,
 Fraught with more Fashion, Nonsense, Lyes, Grimace,
 Than e'er before were crowded into ASS,
 Let him appear, th' unnatural Brute's receiv'd;
 Not only lov'd, but which is worse, believ'd.
 Such Fops are MOUNTED, or I'd ask the Tools,
 Why shou'd a Wit (against *Apollo's* Rules)
 Take Pay for giving Fame to Knaves and Fools?
 Why shou'd that Art to Prostitution fall
 Inspir'd by Heav'n, be at a Coxcomb's Call?
 He's *Mounted*— But 'tis here we do behold
 One *Eminent* for nothing but his Gold:
 'Tis that which makes him Insolent and Bold.
 Who does not see Pride in our Nature lies,
 When what we ought to honour we despise?
 The Parents that did press us to the Breast,
 Must not appear, if they are meanly dress'd;
 Or if they do, their Visits must be brief,
 As if they lost their Senses with their Teeth.
 Some drive 'em from their Doors, (unnatural Race!)
 And wonder they'll come there to their Disgrace.
 'Tis true, this only is of *Upstarts* said,
 The *Mounted Cits* you'll say, are better bred;

* By Rat is here meant an Insolvent Debtor.

But mark if in their Conduct you can find
 One Thought that's to *Humility* inclin'd :
 Their nearest Kin, reduc'd to Poverty,
 They loath to hear of, and they blush to see.
 Observe the *Cit* that is just come to Age,
 (His Mother dead that brought the Heritage;) }
 See in a Storm, when he does Coach the Streets,
 And his old Father overtakes, or meets,
 Dropping all o'er, and soak'd thro' to the Skin,
 Mark if the *Upstart* stops to take him in.
 In short, Men that do mount from Beggars Blood,
 By Consequence, are rather proud than good :
 Pride's Fountain-Head we may from Money bring,
 As nat'rally as Water from the Spring;
 Whether 'tis in the Heart, or in the Dress,
 'Tis Money makes it more, but never less:
 But when this Vice does on meer Beggars fall,
 'Tis then the most ridiculous of all;
 For he that *Mounts*, that late was bare of Pence,
 If to *Nobility* he makes Pretence, }
 We may conclude to be as bare of Sense.
 See you yond' Thing *, who looks as he wou'd cry,
I am a Lord! — A Mile e'er he comes nigh;
 And thinks to shew it by his being proud,
 His strutting as he goes, and talking loud;
 (Or *Sb* — *l*-like scorning to speak a Word.) }
 Behold him well, you'll hardly find enough
 In the whole Man to make a Lacquey of;
 And for true Honour and Nobility
 His Groom and Coachman have as much as he.
 Such *Mounted Fops* have nothing else of Worth,
 But Place and Titles for to set them forth;
 Being just like *Dwarfs* dress'd up in *Giant's* Cloaths,
 Bigger he'd seem, the lesser still he shows :
 Or like small Statues on huge Basis set,
 Their Heights but only make them shew less Great.
 Here ONE † with some Petition to his GRACE
 Submissive waits Six Hours for Access, }
 And Ten to One his Aim at last may miss.
 Which made fam'd *Cowley* say, (who scorn'd to wait)
 ' And if I'd curse the Beggar that I hate,
 ' Attendance and Dependance be his Fate.
 Thus *H* — — — — — mounted on a Whoring Evil,
 Forgets his mean Descent; yet is so civil,
 He rides *Three Quarters* Speed to meet the Devil. }

* Mr. N — — — — s. † ONE, viz. Your Humble Servant, the Author of this Satyr.

There a rich Miser *, striving to attain
To greater Wealth, and knows no End of Gain.
Never contented, he still aims at more,
Is ever heaping, and is ever poor.

He sprung from LUST, (that's was a Bastard born)
But being Mounted, all the World does scorn.

Here a lewd Cit † swells bloated up with Praise,
Which the vain, empty, fickle People raise:
He wou'd Reform us with TWO Whores at least;
But when the Fox does preach beware the Geese,
For LUST and GRANDEUR is his Darling Vice:
Values himself upon't, and strait grows proud,
To be the PAGEANT of th' unthinking Crowd;
But rose from Nothing, (was K—— James's Man)
Tho' he late rid the Met——tan.

Why shou'd stiff V——t, that thro' the gazing Rout
In Triumph rides, scorn ** his wise Friend on Foot?
Who tho' he lowly bows with humble Grace,
The Mounted Beggar never turns his Face,
Nor answers his ingenious Friend again,
His Cravat-string so close has wedg'd his Chin.
But 'tis not State, nor Gold, nor gay Attire,
Can his wise Friend with Vanity inspire:
The learned Books and Sense he understands,
Makes him more rich than V——t with his Lands.
He knows, tho' white and soft appears the Skin,
A rotten Carcass may be hid within:

* Sir R—— B——. † Sir E——.

** Men ought by no Means to forget their meaner Friends, or to carry it proudly to one another, for we were all out of the same Stock and equal by Nature, tho' as to our States and Conditions therein there is a Disparity, yet it is no otherwise than Figures of the same Denomination set in different Places: One is a Unite, another a Ten, another an Hundred. We are all of us, whether high or low, descended from one common Parent: We are of the same Mould, and were all deriv'd from the Dust, and shall return unto the same again. We all owe our Being and Original to the God of us all; in him the poor Man on Foot, as well as the Mounted Beggar, doth live and move, and hath his being. Hence may rationally be inferr'd, that since we are thus equal by Nature, and receiv'd our Being from God, and the Preservation of that Being is daily given us of God, it is altogether unaccountable for any rich Man to wrong or slight another, and appears greatly evil and base, by Reason of that Consanguinity of Nature whereby all Men are link'd together in the Relation they stand each to other as Fellow-Creatures; as being created by the same God, and as Fellow Brethren being preferr'd and maintain'd by the same Parental Care and Protection. This very Consideration had so great a

Tho' clog'd with Lacquies the gilt Coach does roll,
 The Butcher's Son within may be a Fool.
 Tho' V———t scour with Coach and Six abroad,
 He's but a Beggar swell'd into a Lord.
 What signifies an empty foolish Word?
 Saving your squeamish Presence, not a T———,
 'Tis Virtue stamps the shining Character,
 And adds a real Lustre to the STAR.
 But V———t en't all the Beggars got astride,
 That strut, and to the Devil mean to ride,
 There's D——— F———s, a Fop I meerly fed,
 (For 'twas my W———ball-Projects gave him Bread.)
 No sooner learnt the Art of Authorizing,
 (For 'tis to DUNTON that he owes his Rising),
 But on a Haughty Pegasus is mounted,
 And wou'd a very DRYDEN be accounted.
 Nay, the Welsh Know-post is so sawcy grown,
 He knows me not, that meerly drudg'd for JOHN,
 At Six per Sheet— (and once I made it Ten.)
 This Fop for sure deserves the Pedant's Rod,
 That mounts above a Condescending Nod!
 Or that is all— whereas were he but wise,
 He'd BOW at least to whom he ow'd his Rise:
 But if his MASTERS will not let him flatter,
 The Six per Sheet will fully prove the Matter.
 Such Hackney Fops (tho' Mounted) shou'd be civil,
 But judge if F———s en't riding to the Devil.

Influence upon Job, that in his Afflictions, we may see his Appeal from
 having committed Injury or Injustice, when he said, If I did despise
 the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-servant, when
 they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth
 up? And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not
 he that made me in the womb make him? And did not one
 fashion us in the womb? We are made by the same God, but
 we (when we are Mounted by Honour, or Riches) to forget and despise
 one another: Pathetick to this Purpose is that of St. Paul in the
 Acts; God that made the world, and all things therein, hath
 made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face
 of the earth, there is then very great reason that we should so
 carry our selves towards others, as we would desire from them,
 in as much as we are all Partakers of the same Nature, joint Possessors
 of the same Earth; Branches sprouting out from one and the same
 Stock. Then Mounted Beggar, as Solomon says, Go to the
 beasts, and they shall teach thee; for we see it plainly in Lions,
 Wolves, Bears, and the most ravenous and fierce Brutes, this Instinct
 of Nature, viz. that they devour not one another, but are always
 (I may so express it) kind and courteous to one another.

Then shou'd I ever condescend agen
 To keep a Shop, or use another's Pen,
R—pass and *G—don* shou'd be all the Men.
 They're Men of Worth, and universal Sense,
 Ne'er writ for Money, trust the Sale for Pence,
 And have no Match in Wit and Eloquence;
 And yet so LITTLE, they wou'd not be seen,
 They're only BIG in other Mens Esteem.
 Wou'd *F—*s but Copy from such *Humble* Men,
 I'd doat on *Learned Taffy* once agen.
 But *F—*s being swell'd with Fame of writing well,
 And chosen *HACKNEY* to *Athenian B—*,
 He'll ride the Devil, tho' it cost him Hell.

There's *C—* too, a proud and sawcy Prig,
 Who has— but ne'er deserv'd the Name of *Whig*,
 He did so WHORE and STEAL by 'Prentiship Intrigue:
 But being *Mounted* now on Fortune's Wheel,
 His Brains grow giddy 'till his Manners reel.

Nay, had the Impudence to rave and bounce,
 For that [by Praise] I satyriz'd him once.
 I did it, 'cause I thought his Penitence
 Had cleans'd his Soul, and giv'n him Excellence,
 (For I shall ever love a Man of Sense.)
 But now I blush whene'er I meet the Fool,
 To see that HE, that's but a *Mounted Tool*,
 Shou'd turn his A— where he shou'd bend the Knee,
 To own how I NEW CAST his V—ny,
 'Till 'twas a MITE fit for the TREASURY.

The other *Mounted Beggars* I shou'd name,
 Are *B—*, *H—*, *L—*, and Col. *A—m's* Man
B— stole a Wife, and *H—* let match'd a CRONE*
 And for the rest, they rose like *Whittington*:
 Their Trades are poor, and Birth as mean as that,
 For *B—* was but a lowlie Butcher's Brat;
 And *H—* and *L—* have Blood not quite so great:
 But being COACH'D, are now so Lordly grown,
 Each struts and rides the Devil in his Turn,
 And quite forget that once we THREE were ONE.
 I have been *Rich*, and *Poor*, as is allow'd,
 (Ten Thousand Pound I had, or might have ow'd)
 But thought it still beneath me to be proud:
 For we do find that when the World began,
 One *Common Mass* compos'd the Mould of Man;
 Then was no Duke, no Lord, no gay Sedan,

* An old Woman; and I believe wou'd have taken a Palatine
 Bride, had she kept her Coach, *H—* being resolv'd to purchase
 Grandeur, tho' it cost him all the Comforts of Marriage.

One Paste of Flesh, in all Degrees bestow'd,
 And Kneaded up alike with moist'ning Blood:
 Thus born alike— from Virtue first began
 The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man.
 He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
 But that which made him *Noble*, made him *Good*.
 Mind that, ye *Mounted Beggars*, and bethink
 What 'tis you are, when you so *Strut* with Chink;
 For 'tis by all the Men of Sense allow'd,
 That he's a *Double Scoundrel* that is proud.
 He may be *HORS'D*, but 'tis a common Evil,
 To see such *Beggars* riding to the Devil.
 Then *Wealthy Cits*, if you wou'd us transcend,
 MOUNT above *Pride*, and *Nodding* to a Friend:
 Scrape when the meanest *Insect* bows to you,
 Carels *F*——— *D*———, as you were wont to do,
 When he was much the richer Man o'th' Two.
 You still are subject to the Pow'r of *Chance*,
 For *Fortune* can depress, and can advance.
 There's Sir *John S*——— look'd once as *Big* as you,
 But riding *Whores*, as *Mounted Beggars* do,
 They flung the *Knight*, and left him in a Slough.
 His Nag was *Lust*, and yours senseless *Pride*;
 Back either, *Sirs*, you to the Devil ride,
 (Tho' *Pride* runs fastest, as hath oft been try'd.)
 Then *Fops* dismount, let not your *Carcass* swell,
 (Neither Sir *B*———, Sir *H*———, nor yet Sir *L*———)
 For whilst you *Strut*, you're riding Post to Hell.
 If *Birth* and *Trade* will make us *Fellows* still,
 I'm much your *Betters*, and you know it well.
 My *Trade* is *Thinking*, you but deal in *Scuers*,
 And for my *Birth* 'tis *Highb**, compar'd with yours.
 I sprung from *LEVI*, (or the sacred Gown)
 The *Chief* of you is but a *Butcher's Son*.
 But what of that? I did not slight your *Birth*,
 I thought you *Good*, that made you *Great* enough:
 Nay, which is more, (and shews how kind you were)
 I once was chosen for your *TREASURER*†,
 Not that I think my self the better Man,
 For *Honour* springs from *Piety* alone.

* See my Poem entitl'd, The Parson's Son.

† Alluding to the ADDRESS that was presented to Sir Patience Ward, (Lord Mayor of London in the Year 1680.) by 30000 Apprentices, to whose Cash (for that publick Service) I was unanimously chosen *TREASURER*, and one of the Presenters of the said ADDRESS.

From Piety all shining Titles grow,

'Tis that alone makes Kings and Nobles too :

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,

And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return.

Then pray, *Dear Friends*, (for so we once did call)

Dismount the Devil, and then out-ride us all :

I mean, be *Humble*, were you ne'er so *Tall*.

Don't proudly look that such as I shou'd d'off

Our Hats, and make a Leg Twelve Furlongs off;

Nor take Exception, ('cause you are prefer'd)

That I don't cry— *Your Grace*, or else *My Lord* :

(I can't forget *Dear Friend* was once the Word.)

Besides, you'd look a Thousand Times more great,

By your Neglect on't than by *keeping State*.

Humility is Honour's Pinacle,

'Twould founder Satan, and he'd drop you all :

'Tis Heaven on Earth— when *Pride* has such a *Fall*.

The Devil is a proud and sawcy Don,

E'en let him ride his *Fiery Stage* alone.

I don't reflect that you do keep a Coach,

For *Humble Grandeur* is no Man's Reproach;

Besides, your Income warrants Coach and Six.

But they that keep a COACH shou'd Feast the Poor,

And *Hug* their meaner Friends, as heretofore;

But that's a *Grandeur* which you have forbore.

But Men of *Birth* and *Trade* that is but mean,

Think that by *Strutting* they shall get Esteem;

Tho' 'tis the only Way to lessen them.

Your *Gaudy Coaches* with the Fools may pass,

Caught with meer Shew and vain Appearances.

But we know how you from the Dunghil came,

How mean your Birth, how low your Trade and Fame,

From *B—*, *H—* *L—*, to Col. *A—m's* Man.

You Mounted first by lavish Feasting Bills,

By creeping, canting, and meer tricking Wiles.

“ 'Tis certain, when w'are born we must be fed,

“ And what won't starving Rascals do for Bread?

“ But what can those Men urge in their Defence,

“ That roll in Wealth, and are endu'd with Sense?

“ Yet lye, deceive, cheat, ravage, crush and grind,

“ As if they'd sworn to ruine Humane-kind.

“ *Villains!* whom Mercy's self wou'd blush to save,

“ Or, tho' 'twere under *Tyburn*, grant a Grave,

“ For whom all Curses pass, and all to come

“ Here, and in Hell it self's too mild a Doom!

“ Yet they shall boast their *Birth*, and *High Descent*,

“ Which is, if possible, more impudent;

'Tis true, we own, as to their Station here,
 Some of 'em move in an *Illustrious Sphere*;
 (*Illustrious*, if they wou'd continue there.)
 But as no Man is Base-born that is good
 So Peers may be *Plebeians* understood,
 For Virtue 'twas that first distinguish'd Blood.
 He that betrays his Country, tho' the first
 In Pow'r is, in Degree of Vice the worst:
 If he then that's most vicious is most base,
 Why shou'd a *Villain* talk of Noble Race?
 If by brave Deeds our Fathers got a Name,
 Have we by ill the same Pretence to Fame?
 Ah! no— their Glory but decries our Shame.
 And therefore, tho' your Wealth may gild your Evil,
 Till you disgorge your riding to the Devil.
 'Twere endless to set all the Fops astride,
 That being *Mounted*, to the Devil ride,
 In Coach and Six— or else by humble Pride;
 For Reader, know, such *Paradoxes* be,
 That some Men *Strut* by their Humility.
 There's other *Beggars Mount* by Confidence;
 They talk of *Manners*, but are void of Sense,
 Save just what rises from *Scotch Eloquence**:
 They *Rattle* when not worth scarce Thirty Pence.
 They're poor, yet *Strut*, and if you'd view the LOON,
 Read o'er my Poem call'd— *The Parson's Son*.
 "Wou'd not that Noble Coxcomb raise our Mirth,
 "That thinks his Laziness declares his Birth,
 "Joyn'd with a Resolution, ne'er to get
 "Out of a Mercenary Rascal's Debt?
 "Of all the Blockheads that debase their Kind,
 "No Wretch more vile and scandalous we find,
 "Than he that for Respect and Honour looks,
 "Yet over Head and Ears in Tradesmen's Books.
 "Not that we shou'd despise the Man that's poor;
 "But these look bigger, as their Wants grow more.
 "If Quality can stoop so very low,
 "What is't it may not condescend to do?
 "Dissolv'd in Idleness, he grows a Drone,
 "And neither eats, or drinks, or wears his own;
 "But sponges on the Labours of the Poor,
 "Who trusting them, make but their Wants the more.
 "Their Servants Wages, if they ever pay,
 "I warn the lucky Wretch to make no Stay,
 "Let him go off with Money while he may;

* Alluding to a Book entitl'd, Scotch Eloquence.

"For Quality has long the Trick profess'd,
 "To bilk the Yearly Hireling with the rest.
 "Besides these *Horsemen*, there are *Beggars* which
 Ride to the Devil to make their Children rich.
 Whence rose that common Speech, and growing Evil,
Happy the Child whose Father went to th' Devil?
 " 'Twas Nature's Crime, who sometimes is in Haft,
 "For when a *Fool* is form'd she works too fast,
 "And letting but the grosser Substance pass,
 "Shuts out the Mind, that shou'd inform the Mass;
 "At the next Trial, she her Bungling mends,
 "And thither too, of Right, th' Estate descends.
 "The Birth-right *Esau's* Folly did refuse;
 "What he deserv'd not, *Jacob* did not lose.
 "But if 'tis fit *Fools* shou'd be begg'd at all,
 "Of all Sorts, we shou'd spare the *Natural*;
 "The *Scraping Coxcomb* shou'd the Person be,
 "That's so of Choice, not of Necessity.
 "The Friendship of the Rich we may implore,
 "And shall attain it— if we are not poor;
 "They feast, invite, and pamper one another,
 "But spare not one Thought on a starving Brother.
 "Yet some will give, but 'tis to get Applause,
 "Or patch up many *Avaricious* Flaws;
 "A specious Veil they draw, but who's not blind
 "May see the sneaking, grudging Churl behind.
 "But dismal will the *Flaming Prospect* shew,
 "When Hell, and full Damnation come in View;
 "In vain he'll then his Crimes and Folly mourn,
 "The deeper plung'd for thinking of Return.
 "Then will he feel, and feeling rue, how vain
 "He was to trust in curs'd ill-gotten Gain.
 "These Lines (which I expect he'll laugh at here)
 "Will then a sad, a dreadful Truth appear:
 "Then he will wish (Ah wretched Wish! too late)
 "He had believ'd, or fear'd a future State.
 O *Industry!* thou Child of true Content,
 Who'd not be needy, to be innocent?
 What makes the haughty Merchant cross the Main,
 The Lawyer any Villain's Cause maintain,
 Those indefatigable Slaves of Gain?
 For know, each Term for Hire great pleading Boys
 Let out their Tongues to Jangling, Strife, and Noise.
 All is for Money, for to make 'em Great,
 To buy a Lordship, or some Country Seat.
 Who wou'd not be the poor Man nam'd before,
 Than these with an ill Conscience, and their Store?

But, as the Man that's civil ne'er will hit
The lucky Vein that constitutes a Wit ;
So he that's honest cannot wealthy grow
By the bare Method of continuing so.
Whatever then the *Mounted Churl* may say,
All great Estates are got another Way.

O *Honesty!* thou lasting Peace of Mind,
Thou Radiant Jewel which but few will find !
All over bright thou liest to charm the Eye,
But (wretched Men !) we wink, and pass thee by.
Give me but that, ye Pow'rs, I ask no more,
To Muck-worms leave the Riches they adore ;
No surer Guard I'll e'er desire to keep
Me safe, nor softer *Opium* for my Sleep :
Serene my Hours, like them my Conscience free,
Which no proud *Mounted Beggar* e'er can be,
No griping, scraping, hard, assiduous Slave,
No wealthy Fool, or over-reaching Knave,
Tho' he is lighted by the Sun of Pleasure,
And can lie Basking on his Banks of Treasure,
He's but a *Mounted Beggar* got astride
Upon his Bags, and does the Devil ride.

Nor are the Men all that do *Mount* and *Prance*,
Till they lose all their Honour in the Dance,
For Women do dress *Cap-a-pee* and ride
Unto the Devil both in Lust and Pride.
Who'd think, at Ten a Clock it shou'd be said,
That Madam C——nd's soaking in her Bed ?
When, to repair the sensible Decay
That Twelve Hours hearty Sleep has took away,
Dish after Dish, for Chocolate she calls ;
(She must be often rais'd that often falls.)
That strong-back'd Liquor hoops her in the Chine,
No other *Nectar* she'll allow Divine.

This *Mounted D———s* is a very Beast,
She will be drunk Six Times a Week at least.
She rose by Pride and Lust, but Brandy most,
And rid the Devil at a Monarch's Cost.
The Harlot's Pleasure too may turn to Pain,
One cruel *Flux* licks up a Twelve-months Gain ;
But *Flux on Flux* makes not her Lewdness less,
Nor the lewd Beau less eager to possess ;
'Till pox'd all o'er, embracing one another,
They but change *Hells* at last, from that to t'other.
I wou'd not judge— for Grace is *Infinite*,
(*John L———*'s Sin has not exceeded that.)
But where do Misses ride, that St——ns hire ?
If not to live and *FLUX* in endless Fire.

Vain Sex! at once both foolish and unjust,
 To think they need Provocatives to Lust.
 Were all their Lives to be one Nuptial Night,
 Their Stock wou'd never be exhausted quite;
 Then, on their Natural Fund they might rely,
 And not so lavishly take in Supply.

Name but a Kitchen to nice Madam S———
 She cries, *O filthy!* What shou'd I do there?
 Not thinking, that the more she knows, the less,
 By Consequence, she's blam'd for Foolishness.
 Her Offices she never comes into,
 Or scarce knows one from t'other, if she do:
 Full of her self, she nothing else can see;
 Tho' Mother, yet her Pocket-glass shall be
 Look'd into oftner than her Nursery.
 Mark, in this Town, if there's not many a one
 That hugs her Monkey oftner than her Son,
 (And, Truth, we scarce know which is most her own.)
 Yet in all Women this I do aver,
 Their *Lust* will fail, but *Pride* will never stir:
 So that both Sexes often mix in Evil,
 And when so *Mounted*, ride both to the Devil.

Having brought the *Mounted Beggars* to their Inn,
 Where *Hell's* the Sign, and *Dev'l* Chamberlin,
 (And ev'ry *Drawer* is a flaming Fiend)
 The *Man of Honour*— next I will describe,
 See how he *Mounts*, and which Way he does *Ride*.
 (It is to Heav'n, by that he's dignify'd.)
 But since my Muse has gallop'd long in Verse,
 This pious Hero I'll describe in Prose;
 That *Pegasus* may have a little Rest,
 For he has rid a dirty Way in Quest
 Of *Mounted Fops*, that are— *The Devil's Jest*;

PROJECT XIII.*

The MAN OF HONOUR, or TRUE GENTLEMAN, riding Post to Heaven.

HAVING shewn how many Ways the *Beggar Mounted* rides to the Devil, I shall here describe his Reverse, *The Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*; and you'll find by the Character I shall give of him, (which shall be only a short Abridgment, or rather Improvement of *Ellis's Brave Gentleman*) that the *Mounted Beggar* don't ride faster to Hell than the *True Gentleman* rides Post to Heaven.

Reader, being here to give you a Character of the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, you might very justly expect to meet with something truly like the Subject, High, and Noble. He is indeed too sacred a Thing to be touch'd by so common a Pen; every Slip whereof can be deem'd no less than a Propagation of his Worth, who is the liveliest Image which God has left us of himself, upon any of his Creatures.

However, seeing where there is so venerable an Excellency, as all Encomiums may be thought Folly and Presumption, so can Silence be judg'd no less a Sacrilege: Seeing we use to offer unto Heaven; not so much what we owe, as what we may, I think it much better becomes me to say that little I can, than not to say anything; and to tell you, if not what the Gentleman is, yet at least so much of his Greatness, as falls to my Share to understand. I had much rather be censur'd for committing such a pious Error, than be condemn'd for the wilful Omission of so necessary a Duty. I dare not suspect the Gentleman's Goodness to be of a less Extent than my Ignorance; and therefore I doubt not but he can pardon as often as I thro' Weakness shall offend. Where I err, let him think it was the Brightness of my Subject which dazl'd the Eyes, and occasion'd me to stumble. Where my Expressions fall low and flat, I do beg of him that he wou'd impute it to that Reverence which I bear unto his Virtues, which commands my Pen to keep its Distance—— But to come to the Character.

The *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, is one that is as much more, as the false one is less, than what to most he seems to be. One who is always so far from being an Hypocrite, that he had rather appear in the Eyes of others just nothing, than not be every thing which is indeed truly virtuous and noble. He is a Man whom that most wise King, he best resembles, has fitted with a Character. *A Man of an excellent Spirit.*

Spirit. This is he whose brave and noble Soul soars high above the ordinary Reach of Mankind, that seems to be a distinct Species of himself. He scorns so much the Vices of the World; that he will hardly stoop to a Virtue which is not Heroick; or if he do, it is by his good Improvement of it to make it so. He is one to whom all Honour seems cheap, which is not the Reward of Virtue; and he had much rather want a Name, than not deserve it—— So that 'tis evident, as the proud *Mourning Beggar* is always riding Post to Hell, so the *True Gentleman* is always riding Post to Heaven.

The *Man of Honour* is indeed a Person truly Great; because truly Good; his Honour is of too excellent a Nature to be suppos'd the Creature of any thing besides his own Virtues and those Virtues too eminent to be esteem'd less than the most refined Actions of so great a Soul. He is no less the Glory of Mankind, than Man the Glory of the whole sublunary Creation. One that would every way deservedly be accounted more than what is Humane, were not one Part of him mortal: However, it is his first-Care and Endeavour to make his Mortal Part of him such as may make it apparent to the World, how great an Excellency may be the Companion of so much Frailty.

'Till he may be so happy as to enjoy the Heaven he is riding Post to, he does what he can to be an Heaven to himself, and by his extraordinary Pains so beautifies his Soul with all *Celestial Accomplishments*, that he needs only die to be in Heaven, and seems to want nothing of those glorious Spirits which dwell there, but only to be without a Body, and as high as they.

He looks upon himself whilst in this World as no more than a *Probationer* in the School of Honour, and makes it his Business so to behave himself at present, that he may be sure of an Admission into that true Honour (when the Day comes) which will be as certain and durable, as true and great; well knowing that the only Way to be *Lord of many things*, is to be *faithful* in those few wherewith he is now entrusted.

His Soul is so truly Great and Capacious, that nothing but Heaven and Eternity can fill it: So Nobly High are all his Thoughts, that he is ever riding Post for an Heavenly Crown. So active and mounting his holy Ambition, that it disdains to perch longer than a breathing Space, upon the most exalted Spire of all sublunary Glories. He is so thoroughly sensible of the *Celestial* Nature of his Soul, that (did he not think it a great Part of his Happiness, to suffer any Kind of Misery or Submission to God) he cou'd not think his Life less than one continual Torment; and so long a Detention here upon the Earth a meer Restraint and Confinement from all Comfort and Blessings.

As for the Blessings of this World, he looks upon them, as the Child shou'd do upon his Farthings, or Counters, for
Things

Things; indulg'd him for the Recreation, not the Business of his Soul. Yet (such a good Huswife is Virtue) he reaps no small Advantage to himself, from these subordinate Enjoyments; which by their frequent Cousenages perswade them more to be in Love with what's both more precious and more useful. Knowing that his Mansion is prepar'd in Heaven, he can esteem the World no better than the handsome Frontispiece to that most glorious Building; where he beholds a great many fine flattering Objects, and pretty Curiosities, both of Art and Nature; but all's no more than an earnest and kind Invitation to him to enter in, and possess those unspeakably excellent Mansions, which things so dimly shadow'd out unto his Eye; these well dress'd Dainties which he enjoys here, he dares but taste at most, to prepare him an Appetite; he intends to feast himself when he has reach'd Heaven.

To give you the Sum of what I think of him in the General; He is every way so much more than a Man, that he is no less in all Things than himself. One whose rare Excellencies are such as would make us believe his Breeding had been amongst the Angels in another World, rather than amongst Gentlemen here in this, and that he were only lent us a while, an universal Pattern for Mankind to imitate; and to let us see how much of Heaven (if we will receive it) may dwell upon Earth. He is so refin'd from all Mixture of our coarser Elements, as if he were absolutely spiritualiz'd before his Time; if ever he were proud of any thing, it was of being the Conqueror of that, and all other Vices. Tho' the *Mounted Beggar* forgets and scorns his meaner Friends, the *Man of Honour*, or *True Gentleman*, scorns, and is ashamed of nothing but Sin. He lives in the World as one that intends to shame the World out of Love with it self; and he is therefore singular in all his Actions, not because he affects to be so, but because he cannot meet with Company like himself, to make him otherwise. In a Word, he is such, that (cou'd we want him) it were pity but that he were in Heaven, to which he has been riding Post all his Life; and yet I pity not much his Continuance here, because he is already so much an Heaven to himself.

But to be a little more particular in his Character——
His whole Behaviour and Carriage is Masculine and Noble, such as becomes his Heroick Spirit; and yet always accompany'd with a wonderful Humility and Courtesie: His Body is only made strait, and the more it self, not (as most Men's are) new moulded by Art: He has just so much of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to laugh at those that have too much. He has made more Use of the Vaulters and Fencer, than the Dance; for his Desire was more to be a Man than a Poppet, and to be a servant to his Country, rather than to his Lady. His Inferiors may behold in him how well Humility may consist with Greatness,

ness, and how great an Affability Authority will admit of: his Practice our licentious World might easily be convinced that Freedom and Subjection may dwell together like Friends.

All his Words, and all his Actions, are so many Calls to Virtue, and Spurs to quicken his Pace to Heaven; and by what himself is, he shews others what they ought to be. If Heaven were such a Thing as stood in need of an Assistant Temptation (which a Man wou'd almost believe, when he sees how little Men love it for it self) certainly it wou'd make Choice of a Gentleman as the loveliest Bait to draw others thither, were the Generality of Mankind grown so stupid in their Sins, as fall in Love with Hell; were they not infatuated even to a Confidence in those Vanities, which are worse than nothing, and bespotted into a Sensuality below what's Brutish, who would not make Haste to Heaven, (i. e. who wou'd not part with it) were there no greater Happiness than the Fruition of such a Companion as the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all Speed he must resolve to go, though he intends to enjoy him long; for he rides too fast to that Place of Happiness, to stay long by the Way. After this Man does he in the first Place Lord it over his Passion, 'till in a little Obedience she have serv'd out her Apprenticeship to his Reason; then is he deservedly enfranchis'd into a Virtue, and becomes at length her Lord's Mistress; and 'tis she will give him a Reward for his Service, when he gets to Heaven.

There is a brave Heroick Virtue, which is as a second Spring into the *True Gentleman*, and enspirits every Part of him with an admirable Gallantry: I mean Christian Magnanimity and Greatness of Soul. This presently heaves him up to that State that the wide World seems too strait and narrow to contain him, or afford Room enough for him to express the Activity of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at small Things, and disdain to go less than his Name. Being carried up on high, upon the Wings of this Virtue, he casts down his Eye upon those little Happinesses which so much delight *Mounted Beggars*, and Men of a proud and narrow Soul. But the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, knows not how to be generous and not to do good, and therefore one Half of his Study is to give himself away. Neither his Breast nor his Purse are ever shut to such as need him. Nor doth this Virtue more manifest it self in a liberal Distribution and Instruction, than in as fit and impartial a Correction and Reproof, whensoever it is requisite, chusing much rather to cross the Humour of his Friend than flatter his Vice; and to lose his Friendship here, than to keep it another Day. He is not afraid to call every Man by his Name, or add the Epithet which is due unto it; that so every one that comes into his Presence, may be afraid to bring

had Name along with him. He can envy no Man, because he cannot see any one *better* than himself; neither yet can he despise any Man, because he really desires every one shou'd be as good as himself.

So that what's most of all commendable, this most excellent Virtue is accompany'd with a most exemplary Humility; and there is nothing can more deservedly exalt him in the Thoughts of all Men, than this, that he is such a *Diminutive* in his own. The Truth is, *His high Abilites were accompany'd with so much Candor and Sweetness, that they made him equally lov'd and admir'd; for it is a Debt due to virtuous Modesty, that those receive most Honour who least seek it.* Nor does this proceed from an Ignorance of his own Excellencies, but rather hence, that he knows whence he had them. Neither does he therefore prefer every Man in Honour before himself, because he knows not what other Men are, but because he knows not what they may be. He is really so high that he may with Ease reach Heaven, but (like the *Courteous Russel*, the *Humble Stiles*, and the *Most obliging Cbelsum*) he makes himself so low, that he may go in at the *Strait Gate*. When he looks upon his own Virtues (which he had rather shew than see, and have than shew) he will not think them great, because he intends to make them yet much greater; neither can he tell how to applaud himself when he sees them great, because he knows well how little he either made or deserv'd them. It is this Virtue that makes him much more desire the Friendship of a virtuous Beggar, than the Favour of a vitious and licentious Prince; because this he must assuredly lose, seeing he knows not how, in a Compliance to his Humour, to become wicked: But that shall never end, but last as long as Heaven, to which he is riding Post. He chuses his Companions not by the outward Habit of their Body, but that internal of the Soul; and sets an higher Value on them for their Merits than their Births. He is so little proud of what he is, that he is indeed very humble for what he is not. He will never be perswaded (like the *Mounted Beggars*) to *Pride* himself in his Vanity, *Boast* of his Folly, and *Glory* in his Profaness.

In a Word, *The True Gentleman's Charity is no other than his Soul drawn out to his Fingers Ends.* Every Piece of Money he hath bears as well the Impression and Image of this Virtue, as that of his Prince; and this is it which makes him value the Coin more, and the Silver less. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many Hands as he meets with Receivers; and for this Cause he is look'd upon as a Monster, in these latter Days, and very rarely to be met with amongst *Mounted Beggars*.

The Course he takes to Air his Bags, and keep them from moulding, is to distribute freely to all that are in Need. He esteems

esteems it a very high Honour, that God hath vouchsaf'd to make him one of the Stewards in his great Family; and he is nothing ambitious of his Epithet to his Name, or Reward of his Pains who is recorded in the Gospel for his Injustice.

When by giving to the Poor, he lends to the Lord, the Honour of being the Lord's Creditor is all the Interest he expects; and doubtless this Happiness is not every Man's, to have God his Debtor. He accounts it much the safer Way, to trust his Charity than his Luxury with the Bag; the former will bring in an even Reckoning in Heaven; the latter perhaps a jolly one in the Tavern, but a very sad one in Hell. But the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, considers he is riding Post to Heaven, and therefore delights not to see any thing starve but his Lufts, he lets these crave without an Answer, and die without Compassion. I would to God there were many in the World such as he, we shou'd then see fewer Beggars, and more Gentlemen. Mens Backs and Bellies wou'd not then so frequently rob and undo their Souls.

— Then happy that Man, thrise happy he,
 That tho' possess'd of Riches, yet can be
 From all the Crimes that it produces free;
 Who, Spight of that Temptation to be ill,
 Can his Desires and Wealth command at Will;
 What God design'd his Servant manage so,
 As ne'er to let it his proud Master grow;
 Ungovern'd then, as Water, or as Fire,
 Who, tho' for Servants we so much admire,
 Yet ruin all when they to rule aspire;
 That does the Genuine Use of Money know,
 And, serv'd himself, the Surplus can bestow;
 That does believe Compassion on the Poor
 A truer Key to Heaven's Eternal Door,
 Than all the Merits of his Birth and Store:
 That does with Virtue, Peace and Truth comply,
 The Centre of his Actions, Charity,
 The Camel then goes thro' the Needle's Eye!
 But where? O where! (and search the Land around)
 Can Ten of these True Gentlemen be found?
 Cou'd Ten be found, they wou'd atone our Crimes,
 And, by their bless'd Example, fix the Times,
 Keep all Calamities from entering here,
 Plague, Famine, Sword, and Fire we need not fear;
 Our Sodom had not burnt, had Ten such Lots been there.

Thus the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, where he is not able to make his Estate adequate to his Desert, he takes a better Course, and levels his Desires to his Fortune: Tho' he seldom

seldom have all that he deserves, yet he always has whatsoever he covets. He never wants much of that which is needful, because he enjoys all that he is in love with. He makes his Life and Health, not his Estate or Ambition, the Standard; his Reason, and not his Humour, the Judge of his necessities, for he is above this World that believes he is riding Post to Heaven.

Such is *Temperance and Sobriety* to the *True Gentleman*, in the Use of those Creatures, of which by God's Blessing he is made Owner; that he sacrifices very much to his God in the Relief of the Indigent, nothing to Sin, in satisfying the importunate Cravings of his Carnal Lusts.

He is content with any thing, and by this Means enjoys all things; and is so charitable of a little, that it is evident in that little he wants not much.

He chuses rather to be well in the Morning, than drunk over Night, and at any Time had rather be free from the Sin than please his Companions with the Frolick. His Money is too little to love, but too much to throw away; and he had much rather give it than lose it, preferring his Charity before his Game, and the poor Man's Life before his own Wantonness and Riot: Tho' he had never so much he cou'd never have more than enough, because he sees so many that want what he has, and pities all he sees in Want. He looks upon his Estate as that which was given him for Use, and not for Waste; and upon so much of it as he loses at Play, as that whereby he hath rob'd himself of a Virtue, and another of a comfortable Livelibood, and he cannot sport himself with such Losses; for he knows there is no riding Post to Heaven either upon Avarice or Extravagance, and therefore keeps to Moderation in all Things, except in religious Worship, where he thinks he can never be too devout or zealous.

Divinity can never lie out of the True Gentleman's Way, because he is always riding Post towards Heaven: For, notwithstanding she seems so pale fac'd, and of so sour a Countenance to those that love her not, because they do not know her, yet is there so much Heavenly Beauty, and so many noble Features discernable in her Face, by the Gentleman's undistemper'd Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to love her, and he can never go on far in any other Path whatsoever, but he must often cast a longing Eye back upon her: Still bearing in Mind the happy Place whither he is Posting with so good a Will; he calls in at other Arts and Sciences as at so many Inns, to take a short Repast by the Way; or he stands looking upon them a while, as upon so many Way-marks set up at the several Turnings and cross Paths, that from them he may receive Directions which Way to turn. But the Knowledge of his God, that's the Way he constantly rides in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that Home, where he shall meet with a Welcome, which will abundantly recompence the Tedioussness of his Journey, and

an Entertainment suitable to the QUALITY of a GENTLEMAN.

His Way being long, it is not amiss that he allows himself sometimes a Recreation and Diversion. But then his Recreation shall be always such as he dares not make his Business, and yet such as he dares safely make his Play: It hath always so much of Innocence as to be blameless, and so much Brevity as to be no Hindrance. It hath so much Youthfulness as not to be a Business, and yet so much Business as not to be Boyish. It shall bring with it so much real Pleasure as may make it a Refreshment, and yet so little Loveliness as may spoil the Temptation. He may step over the Hedge into the pleasant Meadow, and pluck a sweet Flower or two to smell to as he goes along, but he dares not lie down, or roll himself upon the tender Grass, lest he shou'd be tempted to too long a Stay, and thereby be benighted in his Journey to Heaven.

He thinks it no Prudence to fall in Love with any Sport which like a cunning Thief, smiles him in the Face, whilst it cuts his Purse, steals away his Time, and cheats him of a good Conscience. If Hagar once begin thus to insinuate her self into those Affections, which are only due to her Mistress, out of Doors she shall go. He intends not to sell his Charity at so cheap a Rate, as the false Pleasure of his Game; nor has he so little, either Thrift or Religion, as to make so foolish an Exchange, and part either with his Soul or his Time, for the transitory Delight of a dangerous Temptation: His usual Recreation therefore is to make a Play of his Study. He makes one Study, like a Shoeing-Horn, to draw on another, and makes the Variety the Recreation. Thus he takes the surest Course that may be for making his Study so much his Delight, he saves himself the Labour of studying for a Pastime.

Thus, Reader, I have given you the Reverse of the Beggar Mounted, and shewn in what Manner he rides Post to Heaven, and tho' the Mounted Beggar will ride as fast to the Devil, I hope I have said enough to invite all Humble Christians to bear the True Gentleman Company; for, be they never so poor, being a Man of Honour, or True Gentleman, he is not ashamed of their Company; ——— for the True Gentleman is not ashamed to be call'd a Religious Man, altho' that Epithet be thought no better than a Term of Debasement, by the Mounted Beggars of our Age. He owns a God, and he worships him, and makes that Honour which he observes others to render unto God, the Ground of his Respect to them. He looks upon no Man as a Gentleman, but him alone, who derives his Pedigree higher than from Adam, even from Heaven; and he accounts all those who can brook any Dishonour or Contempt of their God, that one common Father of us all, as a Bastard and no Son. It would be no Honour for him to seek an Acquaintance here upon Earth, and

therefore by his frequent Devotions he often goes to seek out a better in Heaven; where he may be sure to meet with such as shall be worth his keeping. He dares call every Man a Fool to his Face, who with David's Fool, suffers either his Tongue or his Heart to say, *There is no God.*

If you ask him what Religion he is of, his Answer is ready, *of his Mother's*; that is, *he is a true Son of the Church*; he fears as little the Name of *Precise* and *Zealous*, wherewith the Devil, in the Mouths of his Disciples, thinks to fright him out of all Holiness, as they understand them, who thus too frequently abuse them. That boisterous Breath which the prophane World sends forth to deride and cross him in his intended Voyage, he, like a skilful Pilot, so orders by the right composing of his Sails, that he makes that his greatest Advantage and Furtherance, which was intended for his Ruin. *He can sail to Heaven with any Wind, and with any Name*, where he is so sure to meet with a *Title of Honour, a Name written in the Book of Life, even the Honour of all the Saints.* He thinks it an Happiness to go into *Canaan*, tho' it be thro' a *Red Sea.*

And now this Religion, which he has thus wisely espous'd, and entirely loves, *he dares not prostitute to Interest or Humour*: But as any Man accounts the Enjoyment of one thing which he principally loves, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part with in his Pursuit after it: So the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, can freely part with both *Honour and Interest*, with all he enjoys, and all he hopes for here, for his Religion's Sake, being sure to find them all again hereafter, in the Fruition of her whom he so sincerely loves. Like a prudent Lover, *he removes all Occasions of Jealousie from his beloved*; his Religion shall never have Cause to fear, that either his Pleasure, or his Honour, or his Profit, shall gain so much upon his Affections, as to become her Rival; for he has all his Life Time been riding Post to Heaven, and he'll part with Riches, Honours, and even life it self, to Mount that Glorious Place; And he that thus exceeds all others in Piety, Humility, and other Graces, may (as his Speed is so very great) be as properly said to ride Post to Heaven, as the proud Beggar on Horseback may be said to ride to the Devil.

Thus, Reader, whilst I go about to give you the Character of a *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, I am fallen into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no Wonder, for there is such a necessary Connection betwixt those two, that they seem to be no more than the different Names of the same Man. If you desire to see his Picture in a less Compass, here it is.

The *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, is one that is God's servant, the World's Master, and his own Man. His Virtue is his Business, his Study, his Recreation, Contentedness his Rest, and Happiness his Reward. God is his Father, the Church is his Mother, the

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Saints his Brethren, all that need him his Friends, and Heaven his Inheritance. Religion is his Mistress, Loyalty and Justice her Ladies of Honour, Devotion is his Chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his Butler, Temperance his Cook, Hospitality his Housekeeper, Providence his Steward, Charity his Treasurer, Piety is Mistress of the House, Discretion the Porter, to let in and out as is most fit. This is his whole Family made up of Virtues, and he the true Master of his Family. He is necessitated to take the World in his Way to Heaven, but he rides thro' it as fast as he can; and all his Business by the Way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two Words, he is a Man and a Christian.

And here, Reader, 'tis Time that I beg both the Gentleman's Pardon and yours, for thus abusing his Name, and presuming to give you his Character, whose Excellencies are not to be comprehended, much less express'd, by any one less than himself. But, Reader, having gaz'd so much before on the *Mounted Beggar, or Degenerate Gentleman*, 'tis no Wonder that the Picture I have here abridg'd of the *Man of Honour*, fall short of his true Features; but, if in any Place you meet with too deep a Shadow, where there shou'd be more Light, I desire, that beside the Weakness of my Eye, you wou'd consider the Darkness of the Time, and the uncertain Light I saw by. For we live so much in the Evening of the World, when the thick and foggy Mists of Ignorance darken the Air, and the fading Light we have is so variously refracted by our glittering Vices, that to speak the Truth, the excellent Original I wou'd have copy'd, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this Day, in *England*.

P R O J E C T XIV.*

The ROYAL VIOLET; or PURPLE MONARCH.

I.

HAil! Infant Flow'r! Heav'n's chiefest Care,
 Darling of all the Groves, and Woods,
 More beautiful, more sweet, more fair
 Than all their gawdy Flow'rs and Buds.
 Thou Spring's soft Joy, Mankind's Delight,
 Cloath'd in gay Purple Robes of Light.
 On whom (as *Phæbus* does his Progress take,
 And all the Earth one painted Landskip make)

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His Pencil does nice Strokes impart
Of double Care, and double Art;
And on thee nobler Colours does bestow,
Than those with which he paints his Heav'nly Bow.

II.

Hail thou the Spring's first Purple Morn,
Thou bright *Aurora* of its East,
That do'st the rising Year adorn,
In thy rich Princely Honours dress'd;
And when thy teeming Mother Earth
Gives thee her little Infant Birth,
She feels no Pangs, tho' labouring all the while,
But at the Sight of thee begins to smile:
She smiles, and all the Trees around,
And Earth with Buds, and Grass are crown'd,
Brooks murmur out their Joy, the Birds they sing
To welcome thee, the Goddess of the Spring.

III.

Now Western Gales begin to sport,
And am'rously about thee move,
And thee with tender Voice they court,
And in soft Sighs they whisper Love,
Then, as they kiss in wanton Play,
Increasing Sweets they bring away;
Which thence upon their downy Wings they bear,
And all along perfume the circling Air.
And when with their sweet Prize they come
On joyful Wings, in Triumph Home,
Young, new-fledg'd Winds, lur'd with those Sweets, fly out,
And with them, to embrace thee, roam about.

IV.

Whence! Nature's pregnant Wonder, whence!
Hadst thou these various Treasures! tell;
That thus thou should'st delight each Sense,
The Taste, the Touch, the Sight, and Smell.
What wou'd not Monarchs give to be
Chang'd to the happy Shape of thee?
When thee each Grace, and ev'ry Nymph does wear
In Chaplets bound about their fragrant Hair.
Fair Maids (and sure there's nought so gay
Besides thy beauteous self, as they!)
Treasure thee in their Breasts, and think they are
Never so charming, as when thou art there,

V.

Nor is it Wonder this kind Flow'r
 Shou'd to the Fair propitious prove,
 That it shou'd have a Sov'reign Pow'r
 O'er Woman's Beauty, and our Love:
 For when kind *Venus* strove to shield
 Her Son *Aeneas* in the Field,
 She from a *Grecian* Spear receiv'd a Wound;
 And as the purple Show'r drop'd on the Ground,
 Immediately the precious Juice
 This pretty Infant did produce;
 And ever since upon this Flow'r remains
 The Noble Dye she gave it from her Veins.

VI.

And as all Beauty, and each Grace,
 In all their Strength and Charms are seen
 In *Philomela's* lovely Face,
 And justly stile her Beauty's Queen;
 So in this Flow'r alone does meet
 All that's lovely, fair, or sweet.
 When *Jess'mine* and the *Woodbine* near thee grows,
 They all their Sweets, and all their Beauties lose:
 That they to thee may Homage pay,
 They breath their fragrant Souls away.
 All Flow'rs to thee all Sweets and Perfumes yield,
 The little *Purple Monarch* of the Field.

PROJECT XV.*

Family Duty: Or, a modest Essay upon Due Benevolence; shewing with what Caution and Decency a young and unexperienc'd Couple shou'd act, that they might not exceed the chaste and lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed--- Intermix'd with several Nice Cases relating to Conjugal Venerly--- with some Reflections on such Brutish Husbands as turn the innocent and allowable Freedoms in Marriage, into a sort of Adultery, by their undue and unseasonable Enjoyments.

The Whole publish'd to promote Chastity, in that State of Life wherein Men and Women, if they first say G R A C E, think they may fall to as they please.

Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence; and likewise also the wife unto the husband. 1 Cor. 7. 3.

I Hope I have sufficiently expos'd the heinous Sin of Adultery, in my Remarks upon the *Secret Narrative* of those *Four Dissenting Parsons* that were silenc'd for Whoredom; but there be many Husbands tho' they dare not be lewd, yet as they are marry'd they think they have (by the Right they have to their Wives) a lawful Warrant for whatever immodest Actions they think good to practise with their modest Yoke-fellows; and therefore this *Fifteenth Project* is design'd as a *Secret Oracle*, to teach that Part of *Family Duty* that relates to *Due Benevolence*, that no Brutish Husband, or Wife, may hereafter turn the innocent Use of the Marriage-Bed into an Act of Whoredom, by an *undue*, or *unseasonable* Use of the Act of Venerly.

Due Benevolence being a Case that was never stated by any Casuist, if I cou'd set this *Nice Point* in so clear a Light as not to offend any chaste Ear, (which I shall attempt to do in this *Fifteenth Project*) it wou'd be a Subject worth my serious Thoughts: But before I state the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*, 'twill be necessary I lay down some few Preliminaries founded on the Form of Matrimony, which acquaints us,

First, That Matrimony was ordain'd for the Procreation of Children, to be brought up in the Fear and Nurture of the Lord, and to the Praise of his holy Name.

Secondly, That Matrimony was ordain'd for a Remedy against Sin, and to avoid Fornication, that such Persons as have not the Gift of Continency might marry, and keep themselves undefil'd Members of Christ's Body.

Thirdly, That Matrimony was ordain'd for the mutual Society, Help, and Comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in Prosperity and Adversity, into which holy Estate (says the Form of Matrimony) these Two Persons present come now to be joyn'd.

Thus, Reader, you see that the Procreation of Children (or rendering to the Husband and Wife *Due Benevolence*) was one of the Ends of Matrimony; and therefore, for either the Husband or Wife to deny to each other the lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed, (the Husband perhaps for Fear of Charges, and the Wife for Fear she shou'd die in Child-bed) is, (to use the Words of Five honest Gentlemen) *Fantastical, Humourous, Whimsical*, and frustrating the Ends of Marriage: For, as 'tis the Husband's Duty to render to his Wife *Due Benevolence*, at fit and seasonable Times, so the Wife likewise, (for she'll find it her Duty, in 1 Cor. 7. 3.) shou'd be as willing and forward to render to her Husband the like *Due Benevolence*. But seeing ——— *Due Benevolence* is a Case that was never stated, that I may the better shew with what Caution and Decency a young and unexperient'd Couple shou'd act, that they might not exceed the sober and lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed, and might shew also what is that undue and unseasonable Enjoyment between a Man and his Wife that is immodest and lewd, (or which is a sort of Adultery) or in plainer Words, that I may set that which is properly call'd *Due Benevolence* in the clearer Light, 'twill be necessary I first treat

Of the Nature of Lusts, or Desires: The Description of the Combat between the Lusts and the Fear of God: And how Satan doth mingle and insinuate himself amidst our Lusts.

It is a difficult Thing for a City belieg'd to keep and save it self, if the Inhabitants do fight one with another; and if the Enemy that besiegeth it hath a Party, and part of the People

people to his Devotion. Such is our Condition; for while that Satan and the World doth besiege us without, within us there is a Combate between the Flesh and the Spirit, and our Lufts do make a Mutiny, with the which Satan and the World have a League and strait Correspondence.

That we may therefore well comprehend the Nature of the Combate between the Spirit and the Flesh, you must understand that before Man sinn'd, his Desires and Appetites were well rul'd, and did not move themselves, but by the Commandment of Reason, and this Reason was enlighten'd and guided by the true Knowledge of God: But even as after the Candles are extinguish'd, a Multitude of Rake-hells and Rascals do push one another in the Dark; so this Light of the Knowledge of God being put out by Sin, Reason is become blind, and the Lufts being destituted of guiding, have begun to move themselves without Order, and to stir up a terrible Tumult.

It is true, there is remaining in the Understanding some small Light, as when a Candle is put out, the Wick thereof gives a little Light: But this Light serves but to see near, and to behold Things Terrestrial, and serves not to penetrate into the Things which concern the Kingdom of God. The worst is, that Man (he is so wicked) endeavours to extinguish in himself that which remains in him of the Feeling, and Savour of Equity and Honesty, and the rebellious Lufts do band themselves against the good natural Impressions.

Now that these Lufts are more perverse than Man's Understanding is blinded, it appears: For, when we give Counsel to another in a Thing wherein we have no Interest, we give commonly good Counsel; but you shall see that the same Man who counsell'd well his Friends, will judge otherwise in the very same Business, when it nearly concerns him, because **CONCUPISCENCE** doth traverse and overthrow it, and that Covetousness, or Pleasure, or Choler, troubleth the Judgment.

Here, with what lively Colours cou'd I pourtray and set forth these Lufts, and the Mixture and Impetuosity of the Desires of the Flesh. Alas, who cou'd represent how many Serpents, how many Plagues, Man doth brood and hatch within himself, and make before the Eyes of Men an Anatomy of himself? There you might behold within, *Fear*, that trembleth, the *Lye* that counterfeits it self, *Pleasure* that tickleth, *Pride* that swells, *Choler* that burns, *Impatience* that itcheth, *Envy* that gnaws, *Covetousness* that hoards, *Prodigality* that scatters, *Despair* that casts it self headlong; *Impiety* which opens its Mouth with Blasphemies against God, and *Ingratitude* that tramples under Feet his Benefices. It is that Legion of Spirits that breaks the Bonds of all Laws, that holds in Man not among the Tombs,

Tombs, but even in Death, and that rusheth Men as Swine into the bottomless and everlasting Pit.

The Motions of these Desires are quick and violent; there needs but an ambiguous or cross Word, a Beauty that passeth before our Eyes, an alluring of Avarice, a dishonest Word, to enflame in an Instant, Choler or LUST; this Concupiscence is like to a smarting and inflam'd Ulcer, which is nettl'd and angry with the least Touch; or unto Brimstone, which from divers Parts sets on a light Fire.

And for the over-measure of Evil, these undue and unseasonable Lusts do fight among themselves, and agree in nothing but to disagree with God. Ambition will appear in Expences, but Covetousness pares and clips her Wings, and hinders her to take a Flight so high; the voluptuous is hot after his Pleasures, but it vexeth him that they cost him so dear; the Avengeful burns with a Desire to revenge himself, but he is stopp'd by Cowardice, or by the Fear of Punishment, according to the Laws: We are not only to desire, but to wait in the Execution of our Desires. Man hath not the Power to satisfie his LUSTS, and notwithstanding he doth not repress them, he desires the Things he cannot obtain, and the Difficulty thereof augments his Desire; he sees the Acquisition of what he desires impossible unto him, yet he cannot resolve to want it, and be without it. That which he can easily obtain, he esteems of little Value, but that which he cannot attain unto, seems unto him good, and fit to be long'd for: And if it happeneth unto him to have his Heart's Desire, he is presently distasteth therewith; if he changeth his Condition, it is a Wonder if he finds not himself worse in his last.

And these LUSTS are so strong, that the Virtues themselves have Need of their Help; one stirs up the Youth to his Study by Envy and Emulation against his Companions. Ambition incites a Man to generous Actions, and Choler provokes him to Valour: Covetousness doth awake Laziness, and reduceth Man unto Sobriety: Fear and Distrust renders Men witty; even that which we serve God with, proceedeth from that we love our selves, and hope in serving him to get some Profit thereby. It is this perverse FLESH that always kicks against the Spirit, and contradicts his Suggestions, and endeavours to divert his holy Motions, and doth always abate something of the Goodness and Integrity of our best Works.

Having (in order to set *Due Benevolence* in the better Light) first discours'd of the Nature of Lust, shewn how Satan doth mingle and insinuate himself amidst our Lusts, so as to make 'em undue and unseasonable, 'twill be necessary that in the next Place (to set this nice Point of *Due Benevolence* in a clearer Light) I treat

of the divers Kinds of Concupiscence, and the divers Degrees of evil Desires; and how the good Desires become undue and unseasonable.

Being to treat of the Combate against our own Lusts, it is necessary in the first Place for us to discern the good Desires, and distinguish them from the bad; for there are good Lusts and Desires. That is a good Lust whereof St. Paul speaketh, Gal. 5. 17. *The spirit lusteth against the flesh.* Christ's Desire was a good Desire, which he said, Luke 22. 15. *With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.* It was a good Longing, that of the King and Prophet David, Psal. 80. 2. *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord.*

We call a good, due, or seasonable Desire, that which not only tends to a good End, and desires just Things, and pleasing and acceptable unto God, but also tends to that good End, by Means that are good and lawful.

But my Scope being to speak only of bad, undue, and unseasonable Desires and Lusts against the which we are to fight; it is of that we are to treat. *We must know therefore, that there are Two Kinds of undue and unseasonable Desires; there are some that are altogether evil, in what Sense soever you take them; as a Desire of Murder, or of Treason, or of Adultery; but there are others that are natural, and necessary for the Preservation of Mankind; as is the Desire to eat and drink, and to have a lawful Posterity, and to provide for our Family; but wherein Men do ordinarily err, by Excess, is desiring these Things otherwise than they shou'd, and more than they shou'd, and for the Causes they shou'd not: So that the Desires are undue, unseasonable, and do degenerate and turn into Gluttony, Drunkenness, Whoredom, and sordid and destructive Avarice, which grudgeth to it self the necessary Things, and fears to eat and drink, and holds his Goods as an Ezel that slips away, believing that every one spies his Money.*

The Fear of God fights against these Two Sorts of Concupiscence, but not in the same Manner; for concerning the Lusts that are natural and necessary, it doth not extinguish them at all, but doth govern them, and ranks them within the Limits of Mediocrity and Honesty, teaching them to desire the Things necessary, without troubling themselves about the superfluous Things, for fear lest by Custom the superfluous Things become necessary ones; for Nature contents it self with a little, but the unbridl'd Concupiscence hath no End; nay, which is more, the Fear of God makes one sometimes to abstain from lawful Things, that thereby he may the more easier pass off Things unlawful. But as touchieg the Lusts that are altogether evil, the Fear of God labours to extinguish them, and root them out wholly. They are hurtful and venemous Plants, which we must not plow or improve by Culture, but pluck them up by the

the Roots altogether out of our Hearts. A Man must not study to be a moderate Adulterer, or Perjurer, for in Things that are altogether evil, we must not seek a Mediocrity, or Qualification.

These Two Sorts of bad Desires do rise up and encrease in Man's Heart by Three Degrees. The first Degree of evil Concupiscence is a Tickling, which in those Persons that fear God passeth in a short Time, and is suddenly repress'd and extinguish'd by the Fear of God; as when one doth crush the Scorpion on the Wound as soon as he begins to sting. It is that which the Philosophers call, *the first Motions*, which they say are not in our own Power, and whereof the most virtuous Persons are not exempted, as when a Man sees a great Heap of Pieces of Gold on a Table, or beholds a Beauty pass before his Eyes, he feels some Emotion of Concupiscence, which he represseth and rebates incontinently by the Fear of God.

But sometimes this Concupiscence goeth further, and kindles burning Desires, unto which the Fear of God resists, but with Difficulty; so that the Spirit of Man is a great while in Ballance, *willing and not willig, driven and retir'd, and suspended with Unquietness between Concupiscence and the Fear of God*. The Philosophers call him *Temperate*, who is not tempted nor troubl'd with the Combate of his Lusts; but they call him *Continent*, who is troubl'd therewith, but finally adhereth to the good Side, so that Virtue and Honesty wins the Victory.

But if Concupiscence hath the Victory over the Fear of God, then there doth form in a lustful Man a firm Will and Resolution to execute his evil Desires, and satiate his Lusts. And if he finds some Obstacles in the Way, which hinder him to attain unto the End of his evil Desires, he is not for all that the less guilty before God; as Jesus Christ teacheth us, that *Who soever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart*.

Now altho' this last Concupiscence is the worst of all, and a greater Sin than the other, notwithstanding the Law of God condemns them all, saying, *Thou shalt not covet*, for God will have us to serve him and love him with all our Heart, and with all our Strength; which we do not, when in those Things which concern his Service, we vary and float in Uncertainties. It is no small Sin to doubt if we shall serve God or our Lusts, and ballance our Desires between Carnal Lusts and the Love we owe unto God. If a Virgin hath never so little hearden'd unto unchast Sollicitations, she draws on her self a great Shame and Blame, tho' she came not to a full Resolution. To have Thoughts to betray our Country, and to have Communication with the Enemy, is a Crime punishable with Death, altho' the Will hath been wavering, and not resolute; where St. Paul the Apostle writing to the Romans, saith he had no firm Will, nor deliberate Purpose to offend God, notwithstanding he

confesseth that *Concupiscence* was in him, and that *Sin* did dwell in him, and that he did the Evil he wou'd not, and acknowledgeth it to be a *Sin*, because the Law of God saith, *Thou shalt not covet.*

Having (in order to set *Due Benevolence* in a clear Light) largely discours'd— Of the Nature of undue and unseasonable Lusts— and of the diverse Kinds of *Concupiscence*— I shall (before I state the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*, so little consider'd by Brutish Husbands) so far *ATHENIANIZE* this Fifteenth Project, as to answer this Nice Question,

Quest. *Whether a Man and Wife, after some Years mutual and loving Fruition of each other, may so far abstain from giving each other Due Benevolence, as to part Beds, live asunder, and absolutely renounce all Carnal Knowledge of each other for ever?*

Ans. *St. Paul* never gave a direct Precept, if not in this: His express Charge is, *Defraud not one another, except with consent for a time, that you may give your selves to fasting and prayer, and then again come together, that Satan tempt you not, for your incontinency.* By Consent of all Divines, antient and modern, *Defrauding* is refraining from Matrimonial Conversation; but observe what he says, *For a Time, Consent cannot make this Defrauding lawful, except it be Temporary:* No defrauding without Consent, no Consent for a Perpetuity. *How long then, and wherefore?* Not for every Cause, not for any Length of Time, but only for a while, and for Devotion; for the Apostle adds, *that you may give your selves to fasting and prayer.* It is solemn Exercise which the Apostle here intends, such as is joyn'd with *Fasting, and External Humiliation;* wherein all Earthly Comforts must be forborn. But what if a Man list to task himself continually, and will be always painfully devout; may he then ever abstain? No; *Let them meet together again,* saith the Apostle, not as a Toleration, but as a Charge. *But what if they both can live safely thus sever'd?* This is more than they can undertake: *There is danger,* saith our Apostle, *in this Abstinence, lest Satan tempt you for your Incontinency.* What can be more plain? Neither may the Marry'd refrain this Conversation without Consent; *neither may they with Consent, refrain it for ever.* I see and confess how much some of the Fathers admir'd *Virginity;* so far, that there wanted not some, which both detested Marriage as vitious, and wou'd force a single Life upon Marriage, as commendable; whose Authority shou'd move me, if I saw not some of them opposite to others, and others no less to *St. Paul* himself. Then certainly forbidding of Marriage may be call'd *A Doctrine of Devils,* both as to its Original and Effects. That it comes from the Devil, the Father of Lies, and by Consequence the Author of every false Doctrine, is not to be controverted, since the Law of God and Nature commands

us to encrease and multiply, and fits us for it, which made the Reverend C—— declare*, (in his Poem to Madam Singer)

*Neither doth Humane Love Religion harm,
But rather us against our Vices arm;
Shall I not for a charming Mistress die,
When Heaven commands— Encrease and multiply?*

And that it might be in a regular Way, God himself instituted Marriage in Paradise, and the Apostle tells us, that Marriage is honourable in all.— But to return to the Case of Due Benevolence. How oft doth St. Austin redouble that Rule, and importunately urge it to his *Ecdicia*, in that serious Epistle, that without Consent the Continence of the Marry'd cannot be warrantable, teaching her that if her Husband shou'd contain, and she wou'd not, he were bound to pay her the Debt of Marriage Benevolence; and that God wou'd impute it to him for Continence notwithstanding. Hence is that of St. Chrysostom, that the Wife is both the Servant and the Mistress of her Husband, a Servant to yield her Body, a Mistress to have Power of his: Who also in the same Place determines it forbidden Fraud, for the Husband, or Wife, to contain alone; according to that of the Paraphrast, *Let either both contain, or neither.* St. Hierom contrarily, defines thus; *But if one of the two (saith he) considering the Reward of Chastity, will contain, he ought not to assent to the other which contains not, &c.* Because Lust ought rather to come to Continency, than Continency decline to Lust, concluding that a Brother or Sister is not subject in such a Case, and that God hath not call'd us to Uncleanness, but to Holiness. A strange Gloss to fall from the Pen of a Father; which yet I durst not say, if it were more Boldness for me to dissent from him, than for him to dissent from all others. He that censures St. Paul to argue grossly to his Galatians, may as well tax him of an unfit Direction to his Corinthians. It is no Presumption to say, that in this Point all his Writings bewray more Zeal than Truth. Whether the Conscience of his former Slip caus'd him to abhor that Sex; or his Admiration of Virginitie transported him to Contempt of Marriage. Antiquity will afford you many Examples of holy Men voluntarily sequester'd from their Wives. Precepts must be our Guides, and not Patterns. You may tell me Reader, of Sozomens Ammon, that famous Monk, who having perswaded his Bride the first Day to continue her Virginitie liv'd with her Eighteen Years in a distinct Bed and Habitation upon the Mountain Niria, Twenty Two Years. You may

* See Mr. C——'s Poem more at large, in my Project call'd, *The Double Courtship*; or *Dunton's Character of Madam Singer*. p. 14.

tell me of *Feromes, Malchus, Austins Ecdicia*, and Ten Thousand others; I care not for their Number, and suspect their Example: Do but reconcile their Practice with *St. Paul's Rule*, I shall both magnifie and imitate them. I willingly grant with *Albansius*, *that for some set Time, especially (as Anselme interprets it) for some holy Time, we may, and (in this latter Case) we must forbear all Matrimonial Acts and Thoughts, not for that they are sinful, but unseasonable. As Marriage must be always us'd chastly and moderately, so sometimes it must be forgotten.* How many are drunk with their own Vines, and surfeit of their own Fruits? Either *Immodesty* or *Immoderation* in Man or Wife is adulterous, (as I shall shew when I come to discover the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*.) If yet I shall further yield that they may conditionally agree to refrain from each other so long 'till they be perplexed with Temptations on either part I shall go as far as the reach of my Warrant at least, perhaps beyond it, since the Apostle chargeth, *Meet again lest you be tempted. Not meet when you are tempted. But to say absolutely and for ever renounce (by Consent) the Conversation of each other, what Temptation soever assault you, is directly not beyond, but against St. Paul's Divinity; for Meats are for the Preservation of Man, Marriage acts for the Preservation of Mankind; neither of them are without some Carnal Delight, which yet, if by the Bridle of Temperance it be held to the proper and natural Use, cannot be term'd Lust.* There is no Ordinance of God which either is of more excellent Use, or hath suffer'd more Abuse in all Times; *the Fault is in Men, not in Marriage;* let them rectify themselves their Bed shall be blessed. Here need no Separation from each other, *but rather a Separation of Brutishness* and close Corruption from the Soul, which whosoever hath learn'd to remove shall find the Crown of *Matrimonial Chastity* no less glorious than that of single Continence.

Having by these *Preliminaries* made way to render this nice Point of *due Benevolence* the more intelligible; I will next explain both to the chaste and brutish Husbands what *due Benevolence* is, in a short P A R A P H R A S E upon these Words.

“ Let the Husband render unto the Wife due Benevolence, and
“ likewise also the Wife unto the Husband, 1. Cor. 7. 3.

The Word translated *due Benevolence* signifieth due good Will, or Kindness; but from Verse 5. it appeareth what the Apostle meaneth. *Moses, Exod. 21. 10.* calleth it *the Duty of Marriage*, both of them using a modest Term in expressing the Conjugal Act, as we shall observe the Scripture always doing when there is occasion to mention what Men of profane Hearts are ready to make a Scoff at. The Apostle maketh this the mutual Duty both of Husband and Wife under due Circumstances, therefore useth the Word *Render*, which implieth the Thing requir'd, to be an Act of Justice.

Observe here, (1.) That Matrimonial Conversation, or the Husband's and Wife's performing towards each other all the Duties of Marriage which they promis'd, is an Act of Justice which they owe to one another: This is intimated in the Word *Render*, and consequently to deny the same is Injustice and Fraud *Defraud not one another*. Marriage takes away from Persons that Power which they had over themselves and their own Bodies and transfers it in some sort to the Person they are marry'd to. Yet observe, (2.) That Persons in a marry'd State may, and in some Cases ought, (namely, for religious Ends and Purposes) by mutual Consent to abstain from a Conjugal Duty for some Time. *Defraud not one another, except it be with Consent for a Time, that ye may give your selves to Fasting and Prayer*. Observe (3.) The Apostle lays no Obligation upon any single Persons to take upon them a Vow for a single Life, nor doth he direct marry'd Persons to those perpetual Divorces from the Marriage-Bed which the Papists practise under Pretence of Religion, for the Apostle admits of no perpetual Separation between Husband and Wife upon any Pretence whatever; no, not that they may give themselves to Prayer and Fasting, but only permits it for a Time, upon Condition that they come together again; so far was this holy Man from laying a Snare upon the Consciences of any Persons, either in a single or marry'd State.

Thus (in a short Paraphrase upon 1 Cor. 7. 3.) I have briefly stated the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*: But that no young marry'd Couple may be ignorant of the proper Season and Measure that ought to be observ'd in the performing this Conjugal and pleasant Duty, I'll here give 'em some further Directions for the Management of themselves in the Act of Enjoyment, that so by seeing the whole Case of *Due Benevolence* rightly stated, they may no more either abuse or deny to each other the lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed.

And here, that the young and unexperienc'd Couple might not mistake or transgress in this *nice Point*, I'll recommend 'em to the Directions of *the learned Italian*, who tells 'em "that because the Union of Man and Wife was chiefly ordain'd, and ought to be esteem'd, for the sake of Children, they must use Conjugal Embraces chiefly with the hope of propagating Issue; we sufficiently understand and perceive what manner of Nature there is in most Beasts, which for this Reason hath appointed them certain Laws of Congress, that the mortal Kinds of living Creatures might in a manner be render'd immortal by a perpetual Succession; wherein they may be Examples to us, to whom a more free and noble Desire is given, that we should not mutually embrace for the sake of Pleasure; even Beasts, never when great with Young, but always for the sake of Generation, they exhibit their Venereal Appetites; but if Women shall pass these Limits,