

THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors:
WITH THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Summer-Friend.

To which is Added,

The Lives, Religion, and Honesty of
the *Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, *Rehearsal*, *London-C* — *D*
(*alias Post*) *Interloping Whiffler*, and the other *AT*
FACHERS of my Person and Goods.

Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Mat. 18. 26

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THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
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TO HIS
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My Generous Friends,

MR. Thorp being much in Debt, retreats to the Mine, where he falls to writing *A Poem on himself*, which he calls *A LIVING ELEGY*; and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his Death: But (Gentlemen) tho' I call this *Letter The Living Elegy*, you'll have no Reason to lament (my *Life or Death*) on the Account of any Loss you'll receive by me; for I have taken Care (as you'll hear anon) that if any Creditor come to my Funeral, that he'll have Cause rather to lament the Loss of my Life (were it worth a Tear) than any thing else he can lose by me: So that if a Fix'd Resolution to pay my Creditors (whether I live or die) will dry up your Tears, (and make you chearful) you'll laugh when other Creditors weep; and I shan't miss of as much Compassion as this *Living Elegy* (or *Word of Comfort* to you that trust me) mourns and laments for. And the Truth is,

4 *The Living Elegy: Or,*

I greatly admire, that Men that stand in need of *Mercy* themselves, should be hard-hearted and cruel to their *Poor Debtors*: I own Gentlemen, this is none of your Temper or Practice; for I have Traded with you for many Years, and can say, from my own Experience, None can be more pitiful to the *Distressed*, or more willing to succour the *Unfortunate*. And I must say, if there be such a thing as a *Friend*, (which some question) 'tis only he who has the *Courage* and *Honour* to defend and assist us from the Beginning of *Winter* to the End of it; for when the *Summer* [of Health and Prosperity] comes, all the World will care for and serve us: But where are these *Winter-Friends*? For my own share, (my few *Creditors* excepted) I never saw the Man that would own a *Friend* in *Adversity*. I confess, if any thing could beget us *Friends*, it would be the freely venturing all one has, to serve others in their *Distress*: But this I have done for several; but upon the first *Cloud* that arose, I found those that I most obliged, the very First that would cut my *Throat*: So that (as *Cowley* says),

There are fewer *Friends* on Earth than *Kings*. *FRIENDS!*
 What had Word was that? Gentlemen, did you ever see any of those *Creatures*? Are they *Men* and *Women*?
 If they are, they come from *Bantam*, or *Japan*; for my part, I never saw any such born in *England*.
 'Tis true, I have seen some thing like 'em, call'd by the *Delicate Name* of *Well-wishers*; Persons that have it often in their *Mouths*, *Well, Mr. Dunton*, I'm glad to see you well, and should mightily rejoice if your Mother would lend you 500*l.* or your *Sister B* could pay you, that you might discharge your *Debts*, and be as happy as formerly; when these *Shadows* of *Friends* would not step over the *Threshold* to do me a *Kindness* — So that except I'd put my self in the *Gazet*, or stand at the *Exchange*, like an *Irish Man*, with my *Breeches* full of *Petitions*, delivering 'em like *Doctor's Bills*, to all I see, I shall get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my *Purse* is empty

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empty, no Body knows me; (neither Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, &c.) (a) The surest Friend I have found in my Retirement, and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an Embroider'd Waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. Ann Godfrey; it has stuck to me for Twenty Years, and I cou'd almost grow superstitious over the very Ruins of it. I might also mention my DOG (b) METTLE; for like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close to his Master in all Weathers—— He's a DOG of Honour, and teaches Fidelity, Love, and Gratitude to all such as slight their Friends in Distress—— Well might Job say, Ask now the Beasts, and they shall teach thee—— There Job 12. 7. is such true Love and Gratitude in some Bruits, (but more especially in the English Spaniel) that my Summer-Friends (the greater Bruits of the two) are meer Strangers to—— But tho' there is Friendship in Dogs and Waistcoats, there is none in Men; or at least, none in that waspish Creditor that (like S—— and C——) had so little Honour and Friendship, as to **ATTACH** (I mean Insult) Dunton, in his Life and Errors; and that only for giving him a good Character, (meaning thereby, that I had said too little in his Commendation)—— This is the only Fool I have of a Creditor; but 'tis not his want of *Manners* or *Patience* that does discharge my Debt; and therefore I say to this *Sneaking Coxcomb*, as I do to my **Generous Creditors**—— *Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.* (Luke 10. 12.) But oblige an ungrateful Block-head (as I did C—— in Forty Instances) and he'll be your Enemy the first Opportunity. *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.* How-

(a) Dr. R—— Mr. Larkin.—— Sister S—— ry,—— Aunt M—— at —— and Cousin Nath. Reading, only excepted.

(b) *Mettle* is the Name of a Spaniel that was presented to me January the 27th. 1705, by my worthy and constant Friend, Mr. George Larkin.

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ever. I hope to make such good use of this **Fellow's Ingratitude**, as may turn more to my Advantage than all the Services of my **Triend Friends**; for *ungrateful Men* are the only Persons can make me to abhor in my self what I see so odious in them: For to reflect upon my own *Ingratitude to God*; how humble and modest should it make me in exacting *Gratitude to my self*, a poor *sinful Mortal*, who never think how much I am indebted to God's Favour and Goodness, for all the Means he gives me of helping others. And I ought to esteem the Services I did my *Summer-Friends* as Special Blessings Heaven bestow'd upon me; nor can their want of Acknowledgment do me the least Injury; For, if I look into my self, to see with what Mind I serv'd 'em, and find I had no *Worldly Respects* in it, but was carry'd to it by a *Charitable Sense of their Wants*, and Respect to my Duty, they then by their **Ingratitude** turn me over to God for my Reward; and how much better is that, than the best of their Acknowledgments? Or if my sole Aim was to *tye 'em to me*, that they might repay me in the same Coin, how well do I deserve to lose so *vain a Reward*? Or suppose 'twas a *Fawning and pretended Affection* that deluded me (*A Misfortune Men of my Credulous Temper are most liable to*) I have sinends made me, by their shewing me that the World is fill'd with **False Appearances**, and that 'tis a Folly to rely on *Humane Comforts*; for *Change of Fortune, changes Friends*, for the most part. All I have to regret is, that my *Pains and Cost* shou'd be so far lost, as hat the *Kindness Intended*, shou'd be turn'd to an *Injury*, by making 'em guilty of so Black a Crime as every one call's **Ingratitude**.

But however I am treated now by **Ungrateful Persons** (or *Summer-Friends*, for they are *Synonymous Terms*) I have all imaginable Reason to be thankful to the Goodness and Care of Providence, I had my length of Prosperity as well as other Men; nor am I yet such a *Forlorn Hope*, but my Sun may rise again, and chase those *Shadows* in which I am now a *Wanderer*. And I
 have

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have always entertain'd a very grateful Sense of the Goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smil'd on me so long as dear (a) *Iris* liv'd; and indeed ever since, my Life has been no more than a *WAKING DREAM*: (or rather a *Living Death*.) And for that Reason I call this Letter *The Living Elegy*; for all such as are poor or unfortunate (tho' alive and well) are *Dead to their Rich Friends*. Whilst I liv'd in *Ireland*, my Friend *Mr. Larkin* brought me acquainted with a Gentleman, who in his perfect Health, sent for the Sexton to *Bring his Bell*; being ask'd the Reason, he reply'd, *Because he was dead*; that is, (said he) in a Civil Sense, *I am dead*, (tho' I walk about) for my Money is gone, and I were as good be out of the World. This Gentleman that thought he was as good as dead when his Money was gone, might have some Cause to think himself *Really Dead*, tho' he walk'd about, perceiving the Fear every ones Countenance discover'd at the Sight of him.—Those also that grudge themselves the Conveniences of Life, may be said to be *DEAD* (whilst they are yet *Breathing*) as much as the *foresaid Gentleman*; for the one is starv'd for the want of Money, and the other is starv'd with his Abundance; and in this Sense, each Miser is *Dead*: Like a Dog in a Wheel, he toils to roast Meat for others eating, and therefore is a fit Subject for a *Living Elegy*: So that you see, Gentlemen, 'tis a clear Case: If I have a great deal of Money and no Heart to use it, I'm dead, (and buried in my *useless Heaps*) Or, if I want Money (to pay my Debts) I'm Dead to my *Summer-Friends*; which is my Case: And as I'm Civilly dead, A *Living Elegy* is the fittest Title for this Letter: But when an Enlarged Fortune shall make me alive again to my *Quondam Friends*; (that is, when I can breathe so much as to tell the World I'm out of Debt) I shall then come into Being again: Which is such a *Word of Comfort* to all my Creditors, as will (till I close my Eyes on this vain World) further

(a) My first Wife.

prove this *Letter The Living Elegy*: So that my want of Money (in the Opinion of Fools and Knaves) hath chang'd my *Now Living Body* into a *Dead Carcase*. But if I can grow Rich, my *Summer-Friends* (like *Timon's Admirers*) will think me *alive* again, and be as sweet upon me as heretofore; and if I en't partial to my great Losses, I have as much Reason to expect this *Resurrection from Civil Death* [or *New Life of Credit*] as any Debtor whatever: For, Gentlemen, I do assure you, I am not more forward to ask *compassion* to my own Misfortunes, than I have been ready and willing to shew it to others in the same Circumstance (of which *Fineaux of Canterbury*, *R———d of St. Omers*, and *M———ry of Cornhil*, are Three late Instances) but 'till that *Enlargement* happens, the *BEST*, (I might add the *ONLY*) Friends I have in the World, are my *VERY CREDITORS*, who have known my Life and Dealings for Twenty Years. But, tho' Gentlemen, by Trading with such as you, I have fallen into *Generous Hands*, yet it must be confest that *Debtors* are commonly the most abject Creatures in the World; and there be very few *Traders* (*your selves excepted*) while they pity and relieve 'em, but at the same Time have a great deal of Contempt for them; so little Reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, which has made us all *Debtors*, not having the least Right to the poorest Blessing upon Earth: (for what was given at our Creation, was forfeited by Rebellion) So that every Thing lives under a Necessity of owing something; for to God we owe all we have and are. *And this Debt I can never pay*—— But as to your selves, Gentlemen, (were my Name but cross'd in your Books) I'd owe you, *not no Man, any thing else but Love*, (Rom. 13. 8.)

As to the Moneys I owe you, 'tis more than I can pay at present, but I don't owe more than I am willing and able to pay; and therefore (*as no Man will lose a Farthing by me*) I presume, I have still a Title to your
good

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good Opinion. ' Indeed, all Men under a Cloud, are
' call'd Knaves and Maggots; but 'tis a Word I cou'd
' never digest, and by the Grace of God, I will never dis-
' serve it: Yet I can't deny but most Men O W E not only
' their Learning to their Plenty, but likewise their Virtue
' and their Honesty. For, how many Thousands are there
' in the World, in great Reputation for their Honesty and
' Just Dealings with Mankind, who if they were put to
' their shifts, (as others, as honestly inclin'd, are) wou'd
' soon lose their Reputation, and be as I & L thought of, as
' they now think of such as are Poor and Insolvent. (A)
And for that Reason, I have ever had a great Aversion
to be in Debt, in Small as well as in Greater
Matters: I suppose (Gentlemen) most of you will own
this, when you call to mind my Evening with you (and
all the World) every six Months. 'Twas this made ye
FORWARD to trust me for Twenty Years; (the
Time I Traded in Publick (b) and as ready to Compassi-
onate that Melancholy Circumstance, some People's
Unnatural Avarice had laid me under—— You
consider'd when I ceas'd to be less Punctual than former-
ly, that 'twas owing to my Great Losses, and not to any
Neglects or Injustices. For this Reason, (like Generous
Creditors) my Misfortunes did but excite and enlarge
your Friendships; for you have been as willing to trust
me since I liv'd Intognito, (and out of your Reach) as
you were when the World smil'd: So that the good
I am still Indebted, is chiefly owing to the Trust you
gave me since D——y (and my former Friends) treated
me like a Bankrupt——

Gentlemen, how far I have deserv'd your good Opi-
nion, will appear by that Full Payment I hope to
make you in a Few Months: I confess, I have just
finish'd a Merry Paradox, proving—— No Man is
Honest, but he that is Rich—— But this is only a

(a) See the History of my Life. A. 1740.

(b) viz. in Princes-street—— The Poultry——
And Jewen-street——

Paradox to divert that Melancholy I groan under, for being so long your Debtor; for I'll make it appear that you are not deceiv'd in *DUNTON*, but that he is and will (always) be as honest as you can desire.

Gentlemen, Whatever my Losses in Trade were, I still took effectual Care they shou'd be none of yours, (saving the waiting for your just Debts a little longer than usual) And to convince you of this, I shall now (as a Word of Comfort after long waiting) tell you the *VERY DAT*, when I shall pay you all to a Farthing. 'Tis true, (as I said before) I had great Losses in Trade, (many of which have been owing to *M*——— telling me there was 400 Sold of a Book when there was not 60) and have had a much greater Disappointment in the Sale of my Woods; for, on the Account that the Mortgage on my Estate was expir'd, I was forc'd to sell that for 300 £; that (cou'd I have help'd it) shou'd not have gone for Six: But as good as the Bargain was, (my Three Farms being Joyntur'd) had I not surmounted a Hundred Difficulties, been at a great Expence to secure the Title; and besides that, met with a Generous Chapman, (the only Good Samaritan, that wou'd part with Money to heal my Wounds) I cou'd not possibly have clear'd so far, as I did: But now (the Mortgage being paid off) 200 £. is all I owe in the World; and cou'd my Sister *B*——— now pay me that 200 £. (a) I can prove she owes me, I wou'd clear with the whole World before I slept. However, this 200 £. is a further Argument to convince my Creditors that I shall pay 'em all at the Time I promise; for my Sister *B*——— is a very grateful and just Person, and as I never ask'd her till now, for the Money she owes me, (in mere Compassion to her great Losses) so now I expect to be paid in a Few Months, out of her *JAMACA* Windfall, which will amount to some Hundred Pounds——

But perhaps you'll say, Suppose your Sister shou'd never pay you, what must we do for our Money?

(a) Or rather more, in Principal and Interest-money.

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No Gentlemen! No Man shall lose a Farthing by me; for as I have now clear'd the Mortgage, to the Full Satisfaction of those concern'd, so I have made Provision (as you'll hear anon) to satisfy those **F E W C R E D I T O R S** that are yet unpaid. But tho' I don't wholly depend on the Money my Sister owes me, yet 'twas necessary to mention it in this Place, to humble those who forget to own it: (and the voluntary Offer I made of Boarding Gratis, a Fatherless, Brother and Sister) And which is Ten Times **BLACKER**, to abuse me for it—— “But I can't see how the Misfortunes of a Friend, can cancel every Kindness he has done me; Because he's unhappy, therefore I'll be ungrateful: But the Business lies here, when a Man begins to sink, every Body runs at a distance, that they mayn't be taken within the Compass of the Ruines. (a) This was the Case of the Ingenious **Suckling**, which made him cry,

One Thing alone I fain wou'd ask,
Of all the Pow'rs Above,
That I were once but out of Debt,
As I am out of Love.

'Tis the Misfortune of some Men to run in Debt to **MEER UPSTARTS**; (I mean such as are distinguish'd from all others, by their Ingratitude to their old Friends) And the Insults and Contempt they frequently meet with on that Account, are such as no Flesh can bear—— But Sir John was only treated ill, because his Money was spent: But my Summer Friends have quite mistaken my Case, for to return to my Generous Creditors——

Gentlemen, I can now assure you, that the Trust you gave me in Trade, will be but Few Months longer unpaid than the Credit others gave me in Ready Money. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I can't pay you at the

(a) History of my Life, from P. 104. to P. 112.

Time I promis'd; for my Woods did but just clear the Mortgage and old Arrears for *Physick, Cloaths, and very Subsistence*, yet you may depend upon this, (except I shou'd disappoint you so far as to pay you sooner, than *October the 10th, 1758*, I'll sell the Reversion of *Bottom-Farme*, but I'll clear with the whole World.

'Tis true, Mr. *Tooke* (an old Creditor) Importun'd me for Work that very Week my Goods were Attach'd, adding this friendly Expression, (which I can never forget, as 'twas spoke in my greatest Extremity) "That I was serv'd but right, for going to Printers that did not know me. And Mr. *Brudenell* was so kind and Generous, as to tell my Friend Mr. *Larkin*, that if I'd still employ him, he'd never ask me for a Penny of Money till some *Windfall* happen'd. And another Creditor has been so Noble as to send me word he'd take *Ten Shillings* in the Pound, and give me the Remainder to Trade with: But I learn to pay, either him or any Man else, less than *Twenty*: For, 'twas ever my Thoughts, that *COMPOSITION* (where it can be avoided) is *Plain Cheating*; or at least, 'twou'd be so in me; for as hasty as the *TWO ATTACHERS* (a) were for their Money (Loo'd on by *M—* to delay her Accounting with me (b) I'm able to prove (if my Relatives do me Justice) that I shall have *Ten Thousand Pounds* to enjoy (c) after every Penny I owe in the World is paid—— Then, how base was

(a) *H—* and *M—*

(b) *M—* (One of the Attachers) hinted this to my self and another Person; and with this Addition, "That had he not been put upon Attaching my Goods (by *M—*) he had never done it. And to shew his Sincerity in this Matter, both he and his Partner in the Attachment, withdrew it at their own Charge; which engag'd me to write a Paradox, proving, To Imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty——

(c) In Possession and Reversion.

M—

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M—— and her Two Scoundrels (a) to call me *Dunkerhead*—— *Simplton*—— *Fraſtur'd Bookſeller*—— *Whipping Spark* (that can't hold it) *Bankrupt*, *Fail-Bird*; and to tell the World I was *ſtarving*, &c.—— when none of my Creditors ever *question'd* their Money; and are here told to *A DAY*, when they ſhall be *pay'd* every Farthing I owe them——

Had M—— call'd me *Sot*, or *Madman*, for *truſting* ſuch a *Hedge-Puſher*, perhaps thoſe that did not know me, might have *believ'd* her; but to call me *Bankrupt*, *Fail-Bird*, one that *Writes* to prevent *Starving*, is a *malicious Falſhood*. Nay, ſays another of M——'s *Hackneys*, (for ſhe hir'd theſe *Fellows* to *blaſt* my *Credit* if poſſible) “*Wou'd I hang my ſelf, no Chandler in Town wou'd truſt me with a Penny Cord.* So that if I'll die in a *String*, (if you'll believe a *Rake* that has more *W——s* than *Pence*) I muſt be hang'd upon *meer Charity*. And the *Wandering Spy* (*alias W——*) is ſo very haſty to ſend me to *Tyburn*, that “*He wou'd have it Death for me (b) to Print a Word, more, till my laſt Dying Speech and Confession came out Sign'd by the Ordinary of Newgate*—— To this I *answer*.”

I do confeſs, (for it was Herbert ſaid it)
If Virtue has no Coyn, ſhe has no Credit.

But tho' in the Eye of the World, the want of Money has *Wickedneſs* in't, and no Man is *Honeſt* but he that is *Rich*, yet by your Leave *Gentlemen*, I ſhall ne'er think the worſe of my ſelf for a *Spitelul Character*. “*'Tis* *easy to dreſs even an Apoſtle in a Fool's Coat, and then laugh at him.*” The *Great Sherlock* cou'd not paſs thro' the World without a *WEASLE* nibbling at his *Reputation*—— So much as the *Peaceable F——* had his ſhare in this vile *Treatment*: For, what a *lewd* and *ridiculous Figure* did *W——* make of a *ſe-*

(a) *The Moderator and Wandering Spy.*

(b) *Wandering Spy, Numb. 10.*

Salmon? (a) Yet none are so weak, as to think *S*——— a *W*——— or *F*——— a *R*———ge, because *W*——— said it. His bad Word is a Panegyrick. And the same may be said of *M*———; for, like a right Slanderer, She'll Publish that to all, she dares not own to any: Which is so like *W*———y, that———

But I'll say no more; for without *S H E* humbles her self, the World shall see Her, &c. in *Dunton's Whipping-Post*, with all the Formalities and Respect due to a Publisher of Lyes and Slander.

Bankrupt! Fail-Bird! &c. Why poor *Dunton*, is thy own Estate of *four* Thousand Pound, (b) and *Six* Thousand Pound that is owing to thee from Near Relations, of so little value as to be worth nothing; no, not so much as a *Penny Halter* to dangle thy wretched Carcase?

Why Slanderers! Why M——— with what Face can you Publish such known and Ridiculous Lyes as these. For, you can't deny my *Printers* and *Stationers* knew the Misfortunes I labour'd under, and as they had the *Product* of their own *Trust* to a *Farthing*, (so far as I have yet receiv'd) 'tis both base and sordid to reflect thus for *Present Deficiencies*, seeing they'll be made good to a Tittle: And 'tis yet the baser in these Detractors, as one of 'em (c) is still in my Debt; and the rest never saw my Face. But, as *Philip* said of the *Grecians*, "If Men slander me without Reason, what would they do if I shou'd do them hurt? But (added he) they make me a better Man, for I strive Daily, both in my Words and Deeds, to prove them Lyars. That I may imitate *Philip* in this Excellent Practice, all I shall say to *M*——— and her *Two Hackneys* [the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*] is, what one said of Scandals, "If I do not deserve (saith he) what is thrown upon me, my Life will give them the Lye; if I do, it's my Duty to be Patient and amend——— And sure enough, I had need have Patience to deal with *M*———: For, *D*———y

(a) In the *Wandering Spy* Numb. 7. (b) In present Possession and Reversion. (c) viz. *M*——— when

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when he Attach'd my Life, and Athenian Oracle, finding he had only Attach'd the Credit that Printers gave me, &c. was ashamed (or I'm sure he might) of what he had done, and withdrew the Attachment of his own Accord; which M—— finding, she contrives that other Attachment mention'd before, and did me all the Private Mischief she could. The Thing is true, (that D——y has Attach'd his Books) but pray say nothing you had it from me, is a Wound can never be cured: 'Tis stabbing a Man behind, and is the worst Sort of Murder, as it leaves no room for Defence. This way of Attaching (or rather stabbing) is so unmanly, that Anthony put those Slanders to Death which could not prove their Accusations. But M—— never consider'd this, and therefore (to revenge my going to another Publisher) hir'd the Moderator and Wandering Spy, to call me "All the Simple and Poor Fellows in Nature. But tho' M—— and her little Scoundrels, thought me so very low, that they might venture to trample upon me; yet, **UNGENEROUS FOOLS!** I must here tell 'em, (for tread on a Worm and he'll turn again) that my Printers and Stationers are as willing to trust me as ever. I wou'd give many Instances to prove this, were not the *Whipping-Post* (a) (or *Satyr upon every Body*) and a *Diverting Project* I've now in the Press, sufficient to prove, That no Disappointment in Trade can lessen my Credit with such as know me; and as for others (I mean such that speak Ill of a Man that they can't prove) "Their good Word is a Scandal. And for all such, I as little want their Trust, as they need my Friendship: For, as Fractur'd and starving as M—— wou'd now make me; till I had Great Losses, I e'en Dunn'd the Printers to take their Money, and shall do it again in a little Time—— Then, entic'd Rare Gratitude in M——, who tells me in several Letters, "That I was the only Friend in the World that had stood by her) to hire a Crew of Hack-

(a) To be Published in Parts.

Deys (the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*) to slander me at this Rate: But if I hear any more of Her, (except it be to pay me for the 600 Books she convey'd away) the World shall know, I shall be able to shew my Head as long as M—— and her Louzy Authors will be able to shew their Ears—— Ears! Have they any left? —— For the *Wandering Spy*, was Sentenc'd in the *Old Bailey*, for a *Fabulous, Obscene, Scandalous Writer*: (or rather *Beast in the shape of a Man*) Whosoever you say, he will draw to *Bawdry*. He makes *Christenings*, and sometimes *Funerals*, speak it. He ne'er sees a *Woman* but he Lusts after her, strips Her Naked, and enjoys Her streight in *Imagination*. Every thing with him is *Incentive* unto Lust; and every *Woman*, Devil enough to tempt him to't. *Silk Gowns* and *Red Petticoats* are all alike to him; he playing at *Women*, just as he does at *Cards*, while every *Suit*, in their *Turns*, is turn'd up *Trump*. Whence he has (as 'tis thought) more *Diseases* than an *Hospital*, of which he lyes in every *Spring* and *Fall*. His very *Publisher* was a *Midwife*, his *SPY* is a *Pimp*, and his *Wit* is never so *Quick* as here: The *Dox* only converts him, and that only when it kills him. *Joan's as good as my Lady*. And since W—— (the suppos'd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) can't Feast on other Men's Goods, he is resolv'd to enjoy their *Wives*. His *Whore* in *Little Britain* Besieg'd his Door with a *Child* from *Sunday Noon* to *Sunday Night*; but came too late for *Admittance*, his other *Strumpet* having been there with a *Bastard* before her. (a) His Word is, *A merry Life and a short*. I know not how merry 'tis, but I'm sure 'tis short enough, he consuming just like a *Candle* at both *Ends*, betwixt *Wine* and *Women*; without which (in spite of his *Fabulous Morals*) he holds there is no *Pleasure* in this *World*: And for the other, he wou'd fain be an *Atheist*, and believe there is none at all, whilst his

(a) For a further Account of this, I refer the Reader to his own Confession, or rather to *Peregrine's Maid*.

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Minnis and Ignorance supply his want of Faith; for he lives like One, and knows no Soul he has: For, he can't but own, he repents more the omitting an evil Action (but more especially Whoredome and Drunkenness) than any Saint wou'd the committing it——
This is the Lewd and Scandalous Life of the *Wandering* (or rather *Earlets*) *Spy*; and I judge his Death won't be much better, for *Atheism* is ever the *Refuge* of such Sinners as *W——*, whose Repentance will be only to hang himself; for a *Deliberate* Hanging at *Tibon* (the Death he'd prefer me to) is too great an Honour for such a *Libertine*: For he makes a *Jest* of *Repentance* and *Modesty*, and is an *Artificial* *fook* (or *Jack-Pudding*) that gets his Living by making others and himself *Ridiculous*. In a Word, *He is the Rich Man's Anick, and the Devil's Factor*, that by a strange *fable of Invisibility*, sends Men Laughing to Hell. And all this (with *Lewder Things* that I hear of him) is the true Character of the *Wandering Spy*. **E A R S!** (can such a Letcher as this have **E A R S**?) 'Tis to affront all the Women he ever met, to say he has either **E A R S**, **N O S E**, or so much as *Genitals*.

As to the *Moderator*, he is rather worse than the Former; for, being a *Designing Hypocrite*, (and *meer Hackney Author*) there is no Hopes of his Repentance, or Amendment; whereas, the *Wandering Spy* owning himself a *R A K E*, may with the Prodigal return at last: But there is no Hopes of the *Moderator*, for all his *Papers* are so *Abusive, Dull, and Foolish*, They can be writ for no other End, but to get a Penny, and distract the Kingdom. This *Fellows* is a *Cunning Archer*, that looking to the *Publick Service*, as the Mark he aims at, yet squints aside at his *own* **ENDS**, (viz. *Bread to keep him from starving*) which is the True **BUTT** all his *Moderators* are shot at. He fights with a *Tacking Gun*, (a) [*alias B——*]

(a) There is a Latent Meaning in these Words, which the World shall know, if there be Occasion.

and yet has the Impudence to tell the World, his *Moderator* is Publish'd for promoting us Peace, and Reconciling of Differences between Parties. St. Jerome tells us, there was a Woman that to every Body appear'd a Beast, to *Hilarius* only a Woman. The same may be safely asserted of this *Weathercock*, [the *Moderator*] He seems to all Men a *Blockhead*, a *Parasite*, a *Beaujeau*, a *Scoundrel*; to himself only he seems a *Moderator*, the only *Wise-Man*, and *Reconciler* of Differences: But he seems so to no Body else. For, as *Cutchin* (a) observes, "Let the *Moderator* look to his Title, and see whether his Paper answers it; and whilst he reflects on others for unmannerly Language, let him consider whether his Readers mayn't say *Clodius accusat Mœchos*, and what Difference there is betwixt the Words *MODERATE* and *Exasperate*—— The *Moderator* (so falsely call'd) is the unfittest *Changeling* that ever was, to *Reconcile Parties*: For, being neither *Hot* nor *Cold*, but *Lukewarm*, (for that's all the *Moderation* we find in his dull Papers) he is detestable both to *God* and *Man*. In *Moderator* Numb. 1. he tells us, "Here are *Scandalous Clubs* (b) to expose *Citizen's Vices*, and teach the *Government* what to do—— And here is a *Scandalous Observator*, that cooks up his *Puns*, and *Dishes out* his *Malitious Bombast*, to render the *High-Church* *Ridiculous*—— But consult him in other Papers, and you'll find *Mr. Foe* *Much* in his Favour, and the *Observator* a *Useful Paper*. The *Moderator* is a meer *Polypus*, always of the same Colour of the Side he meets with; for he varies his *Shape* and *Religion* as often as his *Company*. In short, the *Moderator* is a meer every Thing; and if he have two *EARS*, (which I much question) honest Men have been depriv'd of theirs. His *Religion* is yet to chuse; what he shall be, he knows not, nor what he is; for he tells us (c) "He writes for no *Denomination* of People in particular. Yet I hold him an *INDEPENDENT*: For,

(a) *Observator* Vol 4. Numb. 38. (b) Meaning *Mr. Foe's* Reviews. (c) *Moderator* Numb. 1.

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whilst he sides with all Religions, he'll be sure to *rove* like a Pair of Compasses, the one End of him stand^s fast, whilst with the other of his Speeches he *walks* the Round of every prevailing Faction. No Man pretends more to Religion, and the Publick Good, than the *Moderator*; and yet no Man intends it less: (and we'll say he in *shew* advance that which keeps his Grinders a going) Like that Notorious *Pick-Pocket*, that whilst (according to the Custom) every one held up their Hands at *Rehearsing the Creed*, he by a Device, had a false Hand, which he held up like the rest, whilst his True Hand was false in other Mens Pockets ——— In a Word, the *Moderator* is a very *BLANK*, wherein you may write any thing that will make for his Profit: (with the *Hebgehog*) he turns his DEN which way soever the Wind of Prosperity blows ——— To sum up his Character (in Three Words) he's ——— *A MERCENARY SCOUNDREL*. And for that Reason proposes "To have all Papers, but his own, suppress'd; but as a Judgment upon him, (for telling so many Lyes of their kind Reception) his own Papers have led the way: So that all the Honour the *Moderator* has, (after Publishing Thirty Numbers) is now to wipe ———

EARS! Can such an *Ambo-dexter* ——— *Parasit* ——— *Scoundrel*, ——— *Nothing at all, &c.* have *EARS?* ——— No! ——— 'Tis to call in Question the Understanding of Men of *Learning and Temper*, to say he has had either *EARS* or *Credit*, ever since he disgrac'd that *Excellent Virtue of Moderation*, in pretending to write for it.

Thus have I given a brief (but true) Character of those *Carless Fellows*, (if they had their Due) the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, that (to oblige *M* ———) said all they cou'd to blast my Credit with *Printers and Stationers*.

I come next to the *WHIPSTER*, (*Drunken Ale-cho*) who stole my Title of *Whipping-Post*, and then spits, and froaths, and drivels as much *Nonsense, Malice and Vanity* at me, as *Tom S* ——— would pay him for. This *SOT* of an Author is a Compound of all that's

Wile, Dull, and Abusive in the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, with this Addition, That *P——s* is the **Greater Sot** — In order to his Preferment, *P——s* Friends sent him to *Oxford*, where he *eat, and drank, and slept*, plaid a Match or two at Foot-ball, (perhaps) stole a Pig, ran away from the *Proctor*, and study'd Three or Four Years to as much purpose as was his stealing my *Whipping Title*; or if they did not steal my Title, let 'em clear themselves by an *Affidavit*, and then I'll fairly own there's no **Chiebing**, but only *Good Wits Jump in the Case*: But without this, let the World judge how basely they have way-laid me; as it 'twas entail'd upon *S——s* Family, to steal both Titles and Projects from *John Dunton*, for this Bulky *Whipster* is Son to that very *S——s* who undermin'd my *Question-Project*, 'till he lost about Twenty Pound, and then flung up his **Lacedemonian Mercury**, (as his Son has done the *Whipping-Post*) as the Just Reward of an *Interloper*. So that (if I en't mistaken) here is **TRIM TRAM**; or whatever the Master is, sure I am the **Rake**, or **Tool** he employs, is both **SOT** and **Coxcomb**. His Head is like an *Irish Bog*, a *Spungy Quagmire*, his Brains are in a perpetual **Souce-Tub**, the **Pickle** (since he stole my Title) is only chang'd from Ale to Wine. This profound Soaker (*alias WHIPSTER*), is one of the common Scorns of all Civil People, as carrying about him all the Signs and Tokens of a *Shameless Sot* — His **EYES** are ready to tumble out of his Head — His **Bacon-Complexion** is Greasy, and like the Jelly of Veal, and his Breath and Belching are strong enough to cause an Infection — And as the **BEAST** hath on him the Drunkard's Mark, so he hath their Rewards, *Shame and Poverty* — This **Parboll'd Rat** (had his Interloping succeeded) had been accounted a *Rabbin* with *Tom S——*; but to every Body else, his besotted Countenance betrays and discovers his Ignorant, Dull, Stupid Soul — This *Drunken Whipster* (if you dare take his Word for't) studie only at the Tavern, in Company with *Rakes and Scoundrels*

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deals: For, in his [Miscellanies over Claret] he tells his Readers "But as Mottoux desir'd his Letters (after Postage paid) to be sent to the Coffee-House, so we have Two or Three among us such exceeding Drunkards as to submit to no Place but the Tavern: At present our Office is kept at the Rose-Tavern without Temple-bar; which may be as well call'd an Office of Credit as the Land-Bank, for we pay our Reckonings after the same manner Dr. Ch———n does his Salaries, that is, not at all. But no matter, our Landlord is an Honest Man, (that he is) tho' I believe he'll soon be weary of his Poets, or we have just now chalk'd up a Crown with him———

These are his own Words, in the Preface to his [Miscellanies over Claret] by which he insinuates, "He that drinks well, sleeps well; and he that sleeps well, thinks no harm. The Falshood of which may be soon contuted, because he STAGGERS in the Argument; and which is yet worse, he glories in his Drunkenness, for to convince the World he's a Shameless Sot, In his DEDICATION to the 'foresaid Book, he tells his Patron (a) "My Lord, We are Four or Five, some say Honest, others Foolish, but all say Drunken Fellows, now drinking your Lordship's Health at the Tavern; and our Poetical Inclinations are all attended with Poetical Pockets. Some of us have Six Pence and Eight Farthings, some neither Eight Farthings, nor a Six Pence; so that the chiefest of our Dependance is upon the Strength of this Dedication. And since the Majority of us are too dirty for your Levee, we have pick'd out the Nicest Spark of us all, to make this Present by. He is our Plenipotentiary, and we give full Power to receive, &c. any thing your Lordship shall order towards the Continuance of your Lordship's Health. Your Lordship may guess by him, what a Figure the rest make, for he's the very Quintessence of Gentility among us all——— But the Rogus of a Drawer will bring up the Reckoning, unless we call for more Wine; therefore, to avert that

(a) The Earl of D———

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(a) The Earl of D——

Judgment,

“ Judgment, we beg Leave (tho’ abruptly) to Subscribe—
 “ My Lord— Your Lordships most Dutiful and Obedient
 “ Servants, &c.— Thus (Gentlemen) you see that
 P——s (*my Whipping Enemy*) is a Drunken Sot by
 his own Confession; and for that Reason, (if he have
 any EARS) the Pillory or Stocks is the most likely
 Place to find ’em. And that he might want no Ac-
 complishment necessary for a TOWN RAKE, he
 is as great a Sharper as he is a Drunkard: For,
 “ He’ll offer a Dinner, or Bottle of Claret, out of his Joy
 “ to see you; and in Requital of this Courtesy, you can do
 “ no less than pay for it. So that no Man puts his
 Brains to more use than P——s, for his Life is a
 Daily Invention, (for Punch and Claret) and each Meal
 a new Stratagem. And I suppose no Man will question
 this, that reads his Drunken Letter to Dr. Read, which
 was Sign’d with his own Hand, and was to this Effect. —
 “ That he got drunk the Night before, at the Rummer-
 “ Tavern at Charing-Cross, that he was Benighted, and
 “ forc’d to lye at the Star Inn, where he was dip’d over
 “ Head and Ears for 3s. 6d. and had no Friend, &c.— (a)
 By means of such Drunken Adventures (as are
 here concess’d) P——s often wants a Surgeon to
 Plaster his Countenance; and is as often in danger of
 Drowning, except when he rides at Anchor in Newgate;
 (where we find him often) the Round-house, or Bridewell—
 But it appears by his Letter to Dr. Read, that his
 most usual Rest and Repose is upon Benches, and Chairs,
 in Petty Inns and Tap-Houses, unless he chance to creep
 under some Cart, and get a Pile of Faggots to shelter
 him— Now (Gentlemen) I leave you to judge who
 is — the greatest Maggot, — or Lunatick — (the Epithet
 this Whipster gives me) Dunton, or P——s —
 For, as to the First, he can’t do me a greater Honour
 than to call me Maggot; for if a Man must be call’d
 a Maggot, for starting Thoughts that are wholly New,
 then farewell Invention. (Even Philosophy it self had
 never been improv’d had it not been for New Opinions.) (b)

(a) *Observer*, Vol. IV. Numb. 38.

(b) See the Preface to my *Life and Errors*.

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And as to his Charge of *LUNACY*, if *New Projects* to pay my Debts, and to act justly, be a Sign I have lost my Senses, I desire to be so accounted: Tho' it must be own'd, the Loss of one's Reason and one's Liberty at once, wou'd break a Body; and a Statute of Bankrupt might be awarded against me by the Great Governour of the Intellectual World who has given me Credit for my Faculties, when he's like to lose both Principal and Interest. But whatever Dunton is, (who has had enough to Distract a stronger Brain than his) sure I am that Man is absolutely M A D, (or worse) than the *P——s*, instead of Quenching his Thirst, drown his soul! — How many White Beasts will rise up in Judgment against *P——s*, who make the Sufficiency of Nature their Standard, in Eating and Drinking! — Then en't this a special Fellow to WHIP the Age into Sobriety? But let him remember the Story of *Dives*; there is no Tippling in Hell! — But he's a Hardened *Sot*, and there is no Hopes of his Reformation: For, he was Famous even in Oxford, by the Name of Drunken *P——s*; but the *Sot* (his Brains a little settled) had the Luck to reel out of Oxford to London, and from thence, in pursuit of Adventures, to *S——* in Little Britain, there to steal other Men's Projects, and to guzzle (had their WHIPPING succeeded) as deeply in the Juice of the Grape as he had (whilst he liv'd at Oxford) Swill'd himself in that of good Ale. But tho' Oxford has Specter'd him out, yet he has taken all his Degrees in the school of Bacchus; and is now accounted a Finish'd Toper, a Living Conduit, a Drunken Rake, a *Sot* all over! — Gentlemen, this is the Interloper that wou'd whip the Age into good Manners! But I have given but a Taste of his Drunken Practices, shou'd I mention all, I shou'd never have done! — I might proceed to his other Crimes (which are yet Blacker) — As his Swearing — Prophaning the Sabbath — Jestling with Sacred Things, &c.

And here (Gentlemen) I shou'd tell you that his Oaths are all his Prayers: (he never but in them remembering

membering God) He crys *the Church is in danger*, but 'tis thought (as is usual with such **Altheists**) he never sees *the Church*, but on purpose to sleep in it, or when some **Enemy to the Church** reaches, (as he calls a Pious and Moderate Clergy-man) with whom he means to make **S P O R T** in his next *Whipping-Post*. He comes to Sermons, not to learn, but to catch; and if there be but one *Solecism*, that's all he carries away. In a Word, he *Laughs at Heaven* and sports with *Hell*; and (being an Incomprehensible Sot) 'tis thought he has Committed the *Unpardonable Sin*. I have many Reasons for this Censure, but I haven't Patience, and my *Ink* is too clean for a further Description: However, as 't has some Reference to his **Heeling Vice**, (by which he is most known) I must (as *putting*) commend his Excellent Skill in a **Silver Tankard**, which I resolve to clank at *Dunton's Whipping-Post*, if he **DARE** answer the Character I have here given him: But I'm now satisfy'd for the Wrongs he (and his **Master**) did me, and shall say no more (either of *Tom S* ——— or his *Whipping Tool*) 'till I'm further provok'd; and I'm sure then I shall have good Authority to discover the **Hasty Amour**, and to lash *P* ———s where'er I find him. For, *P* ———s whilst he is waking and drunk (and when is he otherwise?) Himself purges all **Secrets**: Lest I therefore in keeping him awake longer should err in the same kind, I have (by dropping the *Tankard*) now cast him into a *Deep Sleep*; but if he ben't **DEAD DRUNK**, we shall find him alive (and like other **Topers**) as dry as a **LEACH**) when he's wak'd at the *Cart's Arse* ——— **EARS!** Can such a mercenary shameless **Toper** as this, have **Ears**? 'Tis to **WHIP** all the *Beadles of Bridewell*, to say he had either **Ears**, or a *Sound Back*, over since he trick'd *Dr. Reid* of 3s. 6d. Reel'd to the *Star-Inn*, &c. abus'd *Dr. Willis* for his *Healing Sermon* before the **QUEEN**, and stole my Title of **WHIPPING POST**.

My last undeserv'd and Publick Enemy (and consequently, the last I shall lash in Publick) is *L* ———

(the

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(the Tacking Author of that Scandalous Paper called *The Rehearsal*)—— this *Hackney* Writer has more Wit and Learning than either *The Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, or *Drunken Whipster*, and therefore I wou'd *LASH* him more (severely) than I do those *Empty Blackbeards*, did not his *Reverend Gown* protect him. This *Scribbling Levite* hath flung a great deal of Dirt at me and the Present Government: And for that Reason (*his Hands and Soul are so foul and black*) I'll not *Stain* my Paper with answering of him: However, I'll draw his *Picture*, that my Porter (the fittest Man to correct him) may find him out. And *Honest Friend*, come hither and mind my Directions; “*Tho' I'd have you down with his Breeches, and LASH him 'till he owns Perkin a Sham, and his Looing the Tackers at me, (a) a Jacobite Trick; yet don't kick him, as you may the Moderator, Spy, Whipster, &c. for the sake of his GOWN; and that's all the Respect you need shew him on my Account.*

But to come to his Character, what I shall say of him will chiefly respect 1. *His Scholarship*—— 2. *His Behaviour towards Dissenters*—— 3. *His Religion*—— And 4. *His Loyalty*——

As to his *Scholarship*, he shou'd be Learn'd, for he is always in *Controversies* about the Government—— His *REHEARSAL* is a meer *House-Fly*, ingendred of the *Corruption* of a Kingdom, when too much *Peace and Learning* hath set men a *Quarrelling*—— His *sophistry* lyes in telling the World that some sort of Government must necessarily be *Jure Divino*—— One wou'd think he had had a Kiss of his *Holiness's Slipper*, (as the first Step to the *Popedome*) for he'd be thought *Infallible*, in what he says of the *Primo-Geniture*; (b) and disputes *Liberty and Property* out of the World—— He's a *CRITICK* in Royal Titles, and can prove

(a) See his *Weekly Lampoon call'd The Rehearsal*, Numb. 21. and my *Satyr upon the Tackers*, P. 15.

(b) *Rehearsal* Numb. 57.

(if you dare believe him) “that one Man is mark’d by
 “ God above another, ——— that Kings come Boor’d and
 “ Spurr’d into the World, and may (Jure Divino) ride and
 “ Tyrannize over their Subjects, &c. But ’tis Treason to
 follow him here; for F O E has prov’d that L——y’s
 Project of **Divine Right** is no other than “ A de-
 “ nying and invalidating the **QUEEN’s** Title, a super-
 “ seding all Parliamentary Authority, and the introducing a
 “ Tyrannick and arbitrary Power in its full Exercise——
 So that whatever Skill he has in the Sciences, ’tis plain,
 he’s **MASTER IN THE ART OF BULLY-
 ING (a)** and **Tyranny**; and if ever Young *Perkin*
 return, he’ll prove *Persecution* a Royal Vertue.

So much for his *Tyrannick and Jesuitical Knowledge*——
 I come next to his **GOWN**, and here I must tell
 the World, he took his **DEGREES** in *Dublin*, and
 had (what he never deserv’d) *Episcopal Ordination*: Yet
 I can’t call him a *Clergy-man*, for he (sometimes) wears
 a Grey Coat and Sword, instead of a **GOWN** and
CASSOCK: But whether he embrace the Title
 of *Doctor* or *Captain*, whether he use the Martial, or
 Spiritual Sword, I won’t determine; yet this I’m sure
 he has **IMPUDENCE** (I shou’d say **Courage**)
 enough to hang or burn all the **CUCKOES (b)** (for
 so he calls the Whigs) in the Three Kingdoms——
 He thinks *Foe’s Shortest Way with the Dissenters* might
 (justly) be made yet a little shorter: Or, if any one doubt
 this, let ’em read his *Spiteful Remarks* upon that Book.

And this leads me (having done with his Scholarship)
 to the Second Head I promis’d to treat of, *viz.*——
His Behaviour towards Dissenters —— And here I shall
 prove, he cares not how maliciously he spits at and
 abuses the Loyal Dissenters, witness his **LOOK (c)**
 into Mr. *Burgess’s* Meeting, and hunching the moving
 Stars —— He’ll rail at the *Plainest Truths*, if a Dissen-

(a) See his *Rehearsal upon that Subject*, Numb. 21.

(b) See his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 50.

(c) In his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 18

er speak or write them—— Read his Answers to *Foe*, or *Tutchin*, or what he says of *The Oxford Weather-cock*—— *Saliers-Hall*—— And of the *Dissenters* keeping the 30th of *January*, &c. and you'll find Lying and Slandering his *MASTER SIN*—— How many false Stories did he tell about the *Affair of Sandwich*, and *Tutchin's Tryals*, &c? —— He is not inferiour to a Woman in Malice, for she is that way limited, tho' determinable, but he transcends; accounting it his *POMP* to be infinitely abusive, if the Subject be a *DISSENTER*—— Dissenters! He thinks 'em Phanaticks, and had rather be a Rebel than a Conscientious Whigg.

In Brief, *L*——y is an absolute *Bigot*, (or which is worle, a *Tacker*) and having lost all *Moderation* and *Candour* himself, is loth to find it in another—— But *Curst Cows* have but short *Horns*; for this *Bigot's* Religion consists much in venting his *Malice* against that *People* and *Truth* he never well understood——

Cou'd he have his *Will* (to use one of his witty Sayings) he wou'd *Massacre* all the *Dissenters* and *Low-Church-men* “ *By way of Moderation*; but who can blame him? For, he tells you “ *The Dissenters attack the Creed*; (a) (I suppose his *Sword* was on, and he was willing the *World* should see he cou'd banter Religion in *Terms of War*) “ *that Popery is at the Bottom*, and that the *Dissenters* are the *Cats-Foot*, &c. But he that is so well acquainted with the Religion of other Men, (I doubt) can give no certain Account of his own; for he puts his *Foot* into *Perkinism* in *France*, into the *Faction* in *Scotland*, (b) into *Tackism* in *England*, tenderly as a *Cat* in the *Water*, and pulls it out again; and still something unanswer'd delays him, yet he bears away some *Parcel* of each, and you may sooner pick all *Religions* out of him, than *ONE*—— And this leads me to consider his *Piety*.

(a) *Rehearsal Numb 32.* (b) *See his Rehearsal Numb. 26*
D d 2 *For*

For his Religion (if he have any) it is altogether for Liberty of Conscience; but whilst he keeps loose his own, he stickles hard for an *Occasional Bill* to bind other Mens—— He wou'd make a bad MARTYR, and a good TRAVELLER, for his Conscience is so large, he cou'd never wander out of it; and in *Amsterdam* (as much as he hates Dissenters) cou'd pass for a stiff Independent: For Things that are Furious, never last; and he that's a *Bigotted Church-man* to Day, wou'd (shou'd the Wind of Government turn) be as much a Dissenter to Morrow. (a) “By which it appears 'tis the “Moderate Man credits Religion, and that the Way to “Heaven lies between all Extreams—— (b)

This is the Arch (or Spiritual) Guide to the Lay-Tackers——He talks HIGH for the Church, &c. but cou'd like the *Grey Hairs of Popery*, did not some Dotages there stagger him—— In our Differences with Rome, he is strangely unfix'd, for he wants to see which Side will be uppermost, yet wou'd be a *Papist, Jew, Turk, &c.* or any thing, rather than a *Presbyterian*.

(a) See my *New Practice of Piety*, P. 53.

(b) As much as L——y has banter'd the Word Moderation, Moderation is the Ballast of the Soul, which keeps it upright. By Moderation I don't mean a *Lukewarmness in Religion*, but the subduing our (Irregular) Passions. This made Dr. Fuller say “Once in an Age “the Moderate man is in Fashion, each Extream Courts “him to make them Friends. The Moderate Man is neither of a hot, fiery, nor of a Key-cold Temper, but of a Moderate, between those Two Extreams, which is the Healthiest (the only Reconciler) and will be the longest Liv'd. In a Word, MODERATION is a Princely Virtue, and is often recommended by Queen ANNE: But as Neutrality gains much by having Moderation for its Vizard, so Moderation suffers more by having Neutrality for its Neighbour; yet may they be easily discern'd, for Neutrality hath only its own Ends for its Aim, but Moderation looks only at the Truth——

Yet

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Yet (which is a **Great Paradox**) He has not any Design of Religion in what he writes against the Dissenters; for he cares not (as *Tutchin* proves (a)) "whether the Directory be in Scotland, the Mass-Book in England, or the Alcaton in Ireland: His Business is to create Feuds and Animosities, to clear the way for his Little Master at St. Germain's ——— And for this Reason he always sides with the **Catholics**, and is more Furious against Protestant Dissenters than he is against *Papists* or *Libertines* ——— He'd come wholly over to the Church of Rome, did not the Scandalous Name of **TURN-COAT** affright him: So that his Religion is *Tyranny and Popsry*, and he's a *Jesuite* or nothing. If he commends *Moderation*, 'tis to banter the Government; and his pretending to be a Protestant is a *Greater Scurr* upon the Church of England than he is able to write ——— Or if he be a Protestant, 'tis a **fiery one**, for **Peace** and **Union** are Two Words that fright him; neither will he hearken to *Moderation* (for he thinks it a *Canting Word*) 'till he lacks his **EARS**, if he han't lost them already for **REHEARSING** Treason, and *Festing with Sacred Things* ———

L ——— y (after all his Noise of the Church's Danger) is a **MONSTER** in Religion, having not the right Mark and Shape of a Christian. He's *Deficient* in what he ought to do, and *Redundant* in what he ought not; and is a *meer Heteroclite* in Divinity. Religion, that shou'd be a **Matter of Practice**, **L** ——— y has made a **Business of Controversy**: The **ITCH** of Disputing is grown to such a **SCAB** in the Church, (by means of this *Weekly Wrangler*) that 'twill hardly be cured without some such **Wynstone** as fell upon *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* ——— He rails against *Moderation* as an *Empty Thing*, a *study'd Cheat*, *Occasional Conformity* as an *Artifice* to subvert the Church; and (as if *Persecution* were the Air he breath'd in) he studies strange Arguments to defend his *Heterodox* and *Fiery Tenents*, as tho' the *Spring*

(a) *Observator* Vol. 4. Numb. 91.

of *Living Water*, were a *Fountain of Contention* ———
 L———y by his *Intemperate Zeal* (which he calls
Religion) wou'd set Church and State in a *Flame* ———
 His very Looks, as well as his Fortune, seem *Desperate*
 for *High-Church*: That is, (as Bishop *Burnet* explains
 it) *the Church of Rome*. (a) As tho' he had a *Design*
 (like another *Guido*) to attempt some *Solemn Mischief*,
 with a *Dark Lanthorn*, in another *Hellish Powder-Plot*.
 But before he writes for the *Church* (if he means the
Protestant Church) I'd advise him to take *Tutchin's Advice*,
 "In the first Place take the Oaths to the *QUEEN*,
 "live in Obedience to his *Spiritual Fathers*, and then set
 "up for *Monarchy and the Church* (b) ——— But this
 (with all his *Religion and Zeal* for the *Church*) is what
 he will never do, for L———y is a *High-Flyer* in the
 worst Sense that the *Word* can bear; nothing terrifies
 him so much as to think of our *Healing Parliament*, and be-
 ing punish'd (as he justly deserves) for his *Weekly Lampoons*,
 'tis therefore his *Policy* to be an *EVIL ANGEL*,
 and (by his *Rehearsals*) mud the *Waters*, like the *Fish*
Septa that he may go away undiscern'd ——— He
 calls *Tutchin* [*The Observer confounded*: (c)] But if
 one *Observer* (to use his *Words*) "is enough to hang a
 "County, his *Weekly Rehearsal* is enough to poyson the
World ——— And this is all the *RELIGION* I can
 find in him ———

I come next to his *Loyalty* ——— But I ask his *Pardon*
 for calling him *Loyal*, for he *SCORNS* to be so to
 a *Protestant QUEEN*: So that, to do him *Justice*,
 He is only a *Rotten Sepulchre* newly *Painted* over with
 a *Colour of Loyalty* ——— By refusing to take the *Oaths*
 to Her *MAJESTY*, he does (as 'twere) wear the
Livery of young Perkin; and all his *Policy* is, if he can
 carry it undilcover'd, (as 'tis likely he will) for he tells

(a) See Bishop *Burnet's Speech* in the *House of Lords*,
 about *Occasional Conformity*.

(b) *Observer*, Vol. 4. Numb. 58.

(c) In his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 24.

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his *Friends*, (if I may believe a Person that had it from his own Mouth.) “ That he refuses to take the Oaths to “ the *QUEEN*, that he may do the greater Service to “ the Church of England. (a) But what *FRIEND* can he be to the Church or State, that scruples to take the Oaths to be Loyal to it? So that *L* ———y is an *Essence* needing a double Definition; for he is not what he appears, but like some of the *Spheres*, that besides their General Motion with the others, have a particular one to themselves, like a *Water-man* that looks one Way, but rows another: But for all his *Out*, he cannot change his *Inside*; so that he differs nothing from an *Hypocrite* ——— He says the *Observer* “ Is of no “ Church, and Mob Principles (b) (which by the Way, is a great Mistake) or, were it true, I think it a better Character than for a Man to enter into *Holy Orders* and then disgrace his *Gown* by *Tacking Principles*, and *Lamponing* the Government ——— He extolls and commends the *Bloody Reign* of *James II.* and despairs (except the *French Tyrant* shou'd conquer *England*) of ever seeing the like; yet is he always desiring of Change, like *Sick Folks*, thinking *Unquietness* wou'd procure Rest — *Loyalty* is as often in his Mouth, as seldom in his Heart; for like a *Corrupt Chyrurgion*, he lives upon keeping the *Sore raw* ——— All his *Rehearsals* are *invectives* against the Government, and like a *Froward Child*, because he cannot be happy according to his own Will, he will be miserable in *Spight* ——— He rails against *Church* and *State*, in that very *REHEARSAL* that treats of *Loyalty*: (c) And tho' he han't Courage to do it openly, speaks *TREASONS* confidently to himself alone, expecting an *Event* of his *Desires* ——— He is a meer *Bladder*, puff'd up with the *Wind of Hope*, and could

(a) This was asserted, in Mr. Larkin's Presence and mine; but whether True or False, is left to their Consideration who waste so much Time every Week as to read his Rehearsal.

(b) Rehearsal Numb. 16.

(c) See his Rehearsal, Numb. 2.

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he prove the Succession in the *Primo-Geniture*, from *Adam* to *Noah*, and so down to these present Times, he'd take the Oaths to the *Sham Prince*: But 'tis
“ *past Twelve a Clock* (a) with this Weekly Incendiary; for whilst he wishes harm to the *QUEEN*, it rebounds to himself: And the Loyal Dissenters (*like Cammomil*) grow the better for his envious Treading— I cou'd say more of his *Sham Loyalty*, but all his *Rehearsals* proves, he wishes all Things turn'd Topsy-Turvy: And for that Reason, (were there no Proof of his Treasons) he deserves to be H—d by an *INNENDO*. And were I his Judge, this Sentence wou'd pass for *Lex Talionis*, (or a just Judgment upon him.) For all must own, that his *Rehearsal* (*Numb. 21.*) was design'd for my *Utter Rutne*, that remembers I publish'd my First Edition of the *Tackers* whilst the Parliament was actually sitting: And for this Reason, he tells the World, “ *The most considerable Men in the*
“ *House were Tackers; but yet* (continues this *FRENCH*
“ *TOOL*) you see *John Dunton* defies them, and dares
“ *Publish his Character of a Tacker while the House of*
“ *Commons is sitting.* (b) ——— But tho' the *Tacking Members* were provok'd by my *Satyr* upon them, (and L—y said all he cou'd to procure me a Visit from the *Serjeant at Arms*) yet these *Pinacle Gentlemen* being ashamed of their *Tacking Bill*, never winc'd at my *Satyr* upon them; nor did they give L—y the *Thanks of the House* for making such a Noise about it, but wou'd have been glad that the very Word *Tacker* might have been forgotten. However, L—y shew'd his *Teeth*; and none will question his being a *Perkinite*, (or *Splight and Malice* to *John Dunton*) that reads his *Rehearsal*, *Numb 21.* ———

EARS! Can such a Rebel as this have Ears? 'Tis to Impeach the Law, and to say the Hangman neglects his Duty, to say L—y has had either Ears (or Head)

(a) See his *Rehearsal*, *Numb. 41.*

(b) In his *Weekly Lampoon* call'd the *Rehearsal*, *Numb. 21.*
ever

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ever since he wrote that Treasonable and Scandalous Paper call'd *The Rehearsal*——

So much for his *Scholarship*—— *Religion*——
Loyalty—— Now, in meer Respect to that *Coat and Church* which he strives to disgrace, (by his *Weekly Rehearsals*) I leave him hatching Plots against the State, and Building **Castles in the Air** for the Reception of young *Perkin*: And who knows (as much as he deserves the *G*——s) but an Hundred Years hence he may chance to creep (as a Saint) into the *Roman Calendar*, for turning *Nonjuror, alias Tacker, alias Papist*.

I cou'd enlarge, but he is an *Everlasting Argument*; and I am weary of him, and perhaps some will think I have said too much; but I've dwelt the longer on this Character, that *L*——y (and the other **ATTACHERS** of my *Person and Goods*) may see what a pretty **Figure** they make when they are drawn at Length——

Having given a brief Account of the **Libels, Beligion and Honesty, &c.** of the *Moderator, Spy, Rehearsal, Whipster, &c.* I come next to *M*——, that **Spiteful Woman** that hir'd these Fellows to slander me——

"*M*—— was the Famous Publisher of *Grub-street News*; She Copies her *Religion and Honesty* from *Hackney Authors*—— and if she have any **EARS**, 'tis more than I dare assert of any Scoundrel that writes for Her—— *M*—— is one in whom good Women suffer, and have their Truth and Fidelity misinterpreted by her Flattery and Ingratitude—— She is one she knows not what her self, if you ask her; (for she recommends *Funeral Sermons* and *Wandering Spies, &c.* with the same Breath) she rails at other Women (especially her Cousin *S*——) by the Name of *W*——, and calls her very Father a—— Her *Puriny* consists much in her **Linnen**, Her *Wealth* in strutting and talking Big; but her *Cunning* is chiefly seen in preserving her **EARS**: However, she sets up for a **WIT**, and if she can say no Ill of a Man, she seems to speak **Middles**, as if she cou'd tell strange Stories if she wou'd: And when she has rack'd her

E c

Revenge

Revenge to the uttermost, she ends. “*But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my Peace*——— She is a private Slanderer, but (where she is known) all her Words go for Jest, and all her Jest for nothing. Her very Courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such Arrogance, (and Design upon you) and she is the only Person you may hate after a Good Turn, and not be ungrateful.— I may justly reckon it among my **Calamities** that ever I listned to her *Double Tongue*, or suffer’d my self to be Treated by her; but I en’t the only Person that was deceiv’d: For, *M*——— having learn’d to wheedle from *D*——— *N*———, and the Art of Shamming from her first Husband, she has put such Tricks on the *Printers and Stationers, &c.* she can now pay but 2 s. 6 d. f’ th’ Pound.

Gentlemen, this is the Woman, and these are the Earless Fellows (if they had their Due) that were trying for Ten Months to blast my Credit with *Printers and Stationers*, to tdvance their own———

I own (Gentlemen) that *L*———y, *M*———, &c. and all the rest of my *Scribbling Enemies*, are such a **RABBLE** (a) of noisy, empty, scanda’ous Authors, they are scarce worth my Notice; and if they shou’d provoke me a Second Time, (as they are beneath my Pen and Sword) I’ll only stoop so low as to hire some *Able Porter* to kick ’em into better Manners: But I thought it needful to draw their *Pictures* in this Letter, that my *Creditors* might all see what sort of *Hackneys* they are that were so zealous to Blast my Credit, and (had it been in their Power) to ruine me quite———

But I won’t enlarge, for (except they are hardned) they now see their Sin in their Punishment. But if they reply to this, I have now **DRAWN MY PEN**, (and a Brighter Weapon is always at Hand in a Just Cause) and resolve to humble ’em.

(a) As Mr. Foe calls ’em, Review Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

1.

Yes M——s know, since thou'rt grown so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown,
 Thou'dst else in the forgotten Crowd
 Of Common **M**idwives liv'd unknown,
 Had not my Books proclaim'd thy Name,
 And Imp'd it with the Plumes of Fame.

2.

That boasted Credit is none of thine,
 I gave it to thy Shop and **S P Y E S**,
 Thy **M O D E R A T O R** too is mine; (a)
 Thou art my Star, shin'st in my Skies:
 Then dart not from thy Borrow'd Sphere,
 Lightning on him that plac'd thee there.

3.

Treat me then with Abuse no more,
 Lest what I Made, I Uncreate;
 Let **C L A R K** (b) thy Haughty Looks adore,
 I knew thee in thy Begging State. (c)
 Wise Poets that wrap'd Truth in Tales,
 Knew Her themselves thro' all her Vails.

(a) Reader, don't mistake me here, for I don't mean by these Lines, that I have any Hand, either in Writing, or Printing that **D U L L** and Foolish Paper call'd *The Moderator*; or that more Scandalous One, call'd *The Wandering Spy*; but purely, as M——s owes all the Credit she had with Printers and Stationers, to that great Trust I gave her at her first setting up for a *Publisher*.

(b) This is a *Printer* in *Thames-street*, who was very Zealous to oblige M——; but what she has got by her (except an Opportunity to trust her with Twelve Pounds) He that knows, can tell——

(c) *Begging* indeed! For M—— was so low at first, as to promise me to even every Day, if I wou'd but deal with her.

Thus, with the *PHÆNIX*, I do, as 'twere flourish in my own Ashes, or rather Revive from those Attachments and Slanders, &c. that *M——* and her *Weekly Hackneys* thought they had bury'd me in.

So that all they got by their *Two Attachments and Private Slandering*, was the Pleasure of musing upon the Mischief they wou'd ha' done me, had it been in their Power. But I shall say no more of these *Detractors*, for *Alexander*, (a) at the *Olympick Games*, wou'd run with none but Monarchs. And tho' I think as meanly of what I write or Print, as either *Prejudice* or *Malice* it self can do, yet as no Man will lose a Farthing by me, I shan't condescend so low as to think *DUNTON* (with all his *Weakness and Losses*, &c.) a fit Match for such *Fack-Puddings*; [as the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, &c.] And therefore, as the *Generous Mastiff* is above minding the *Yelping* of little Curs, so for the Future, (except they'll put their Names to what they Print) I shall take no Notice of any of our *Weekly Writers*, except it be *Mr. Review* and the *Observer*, and only those, as they have the *Courage and Honesty* to subscribe their Names to all they Publish.

The *Ingenious Tutchin* puts his Name to his *Observations*; and *Foe* says, "I never write *Penny Papers*, (the *Review* excepted) nor ever shall, unless my Name is publickly set to them. [Review Vol. 3. Numb. 16.]

But as to *M——* and her two *Scriblers*, they stab a Man in the Dark, like a *Serpent* they bite *Dunton* by the Heel, and then creep into their Hole again, (*alias Garret*, the chief Residence of *Hackney Authors*) for want of *Courage* to abet their Actions. This is such a *Sneaking Cowardice*, that I shall answer no Man that is ashamed of his Name, or that like *M——* and her *Anonymous Rakes*, han't the *Courage and Honesty* to vindicate what they write——

(a) *Alexander*, when his Father wish'd him to run for the Prize at the *Olympick Games*, (for he was very swift) said, "He wou'd, if he might run with Kings.

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If M—— think this too hard Treatment, she must thank her self; for wou'd any but M—— (if her Name be M——) endeavour to lessen the Reputation of her BEST FRIEND; for so she call'd me, 'till (by Advertizing my Books) she began to make a FIGURE in Trade. And as PRIVATE as she now lives, I scarce think she'll deny this; for I can prove by her own Letter, “ That without my Assistance, “ she had never got so much as the Name of a Publisher— And (which further shews her Ingratitude) she tells me in the same Letter, “ That all her Friends in Town, “ but my self, either had, or at least had endeavour'd, to “ make a Prey of her——

Now, for such a Woman as this to call me Bankrupt—— Fail-Bird—— Person not worth a Halter, &c. and to heighten the Impudence, to be the first Aggressor, (when my bare trusting of her was a sort of Attachment) is such Ingratitude as has no Paralel—— But why shou'd I wonder at her, when I have Neighbours Fare; for, (not to mention her Reprinting a Copy (a) I brougher her to Publish—— Her dispersing Bawdy Falshoods in the *Wandering Spy*—— And Fifty Things that will keep cold) She slander'd S——b —— N——t —— B——g —— and so much as her own Father: (*Moorgate for that!*) Of which I'll give a particular Account, if she L O O her Whelps any more at me—— Whelps indeed! —— for none but such will bite the Hand that gives 'em Bread——

Gentlemen—— I had never discover'd M——'s ungrateful Treatment, or once mention'd the Service I did her, had not “ her Publick Detraction render'd a Publick Vindication necessary. I reckon it much below me “ to mention the Favours I have done, but 'tis Labour in “ vain you know, to oblige where every Kindness is misrepresented and unmade again, and a Man must shake off “ his Nature, and grow insensible, if he find no Resentment “ in him upon such Occasions—— (b)

(a) De-laune's Plea for the Nonconformists.

(b) History of my Life and Errors. P. 104.

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(b) History of my Life and Errors. P. 104.

And what greater Provocations cou'd be given, than for M—— to seek my Overthrow, after I had ventur'd my ALL to serve her, and that too, at a Time when her Rich Friends refus'd to appear for her: So that I meerly trusted her in her Extremity! and was so hearty in it, that I told the World, "That tho' her Husband M—— was very unfortunate, yet I hop'd his Widow (our New Publisher) wou'd have all the Encouragement the Trade cou'd give her: for she was not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter, and her self free from all that Pride and Arrogance (for so I thought, by her great Care to oblige at first) that was found in the Carriage of other Publishers.

Having as Publickly vindicated my Credit with Printers and Stationers as M—— (and her Two Hackneys) endeavour'd to blast it, I now forgive 'em; and except M—— and her Black Guard sling any more Dirt, I have nothing further to say to 'em, but advise 'em to practise my *Idea of a New Life*, (Publish'd, or rather ATTACH'D by M——) and to sin (I mean slander) no more, &c. And then I hope we shall all meet in that PURE and Holy Place, where none transgress, so much as in Thought——

Gentlemen—— this is a brief Hint of those many Losses and Wrongs I have groan'd under; (and that from Persons that ow'd all the Credit they had in Trade, and in Usurer's Bonds, to my appearing so heartily for 'em) by which it appears, that an over Credulity (and Readiness to serve the Unfortunate) has been the great Misfortune of my whole Life: But JUSTICE was still in my Eye under all my Losses; and whatever Treatment I have from others, no Man shall tax me with being a MONSTER: (I mean ungrateful) And this Resolution has so far blest my Affairs, that (as I said before) "I can now tell to a Day when I shall pay every Farthing I owe.

I wish B——l, S——ge, and M——s, that were so Zealous to lessen my Credit with Printers and Stationers, cou'd give 'em the same Assurance; for 'tis what I can make good, and I hope will satisfy all my

my Creditors: Or, if it don't, my **CRAZY BODY** is at their Service. But were I now in Prison, I cou'd neither say nor do more than I here promise; but 'tis such a Promise (*if it gives Satisfaction to all my Creditors*) that I'll make good to a Tittle; for that **Generous Person** to whom I sold my Woods, has obliged himself, [*by a Writing under his Hand*] either to Release **Over-Expense**, (which secures his Bargain) or else to purchase *the Reversion of Bottom-Farme*, which will pay six Times more than I owe—— And when I am out of Debt, (having given **A Farewel to Trade** (a)) I'll then purchase an *usefully Pleasant Library*, throw off the Drudgery of the Press, live at Liberty, and get ready for Heaven, and that shall be the **Last Act** of the Play.

So that you see *Gentlemen*, (as I said before) *I have taken effectual Care that my Losses in Trade shou'd be none of yours*: For, if I live till *October the 10th, 1708*, I have secured your Money every way; or if I die before that Time, 'tis **A Clause in my Will**, That my Heir shall not receive a Penny 'till all my Debts are discharged. 'Tis true, my Heir will think this a Hardship upon him, but a Just Debt ought to be paid; (tho' 'twere but a **Verbal Promise** (b)) and I'll rather displease my Heir than wrong my Creditors: And as all are alike kind, so I'll make no Distinction in my Justice to 'em; but will pay 'em all at the same Time, [*viz. October the 10th, 1708.*] Or next Week, wou'd my Friends enable me, as perhaps they may; for there is such a **Fair Correspondence** between me and *Valeria*,

(a) *In an Essay now ready for the Press.*

(b) *As for that sort of Debt which is brought upon a Man by his own voluntary Promise, it cannot, without great Injustice, be with-holden; for it is now the Man's Right, and then 'tis no matter by what Means it came to be so—— Thus far the Whole Duty of Man, P. 227. And (he adds) Surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, that does not punctually observe this part of Justice.* that

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that [in Answer to a Letter, wherein I request her to assist me in paying my Debts, for this Reason, that we must live asunder till then, as an Heir to her Joynture, wou'd cheat my Creditors.] She writes thus.

“ My Dear—— I was resolv'd to let you see how much
“ I lov'd you, in getting my Mother to pay for my Food and
“ Raiment, and all my Expences in other Things——
[And She adds in the same Letter] “ Considering (my
“ Dear) your frequent Fits of the Stone and Rheumatism,
“ &c. 'tis necessary you shou'd take a Servant to look after
“ you; and you may assure your self, I shall like any Ser-
“ vant that is tender of you: And my Mother will like any staid
“ Person [that you approve of] to be with me, before she
“ leaves the World, which she is very like'y soon to do. In
“ the Case she is in, every one thinks her Dangerous, and
“ her Life short. Which is all at present from Your Loving
“ Wife 'till Death—— Sarah Dunton——

Gentlemen—— I give you this Brief Account of my Wife's Letter, to convince you and the World, how Happy we shall be when Providence brings us together; and not to insinuate as if I intended (ONLY) to pay you with *Dead Folks Shoes*. For, tho' my Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, (whose Deaths give me a Just Title to Four Estates) shou'd prove an *Exception to the common Law of Mortality*, yet I so little need or desire their Death, that, if my Creditors are contented with what I have here promised, if they please (and can Bribe Death) they may live for ever. And therefore, as I never waited for *Dead Mens Shoes*, (a) so I hope mine are as little desir'd: For the Sale of what I mention'd before, will pay all I owe, (and leave me a clear Estate) and that without the least Thanks to any Relation. And when my Debts are paid, (which is a *Word of Comfort* your other Debtors do seldom give) I will not

(a) As I have Proved in An Essay upon *Dead-Mens Shoes*, &c. now ready for the Press.

desire

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desire that *Six Months Credit* that is usually given in Trade, but will always be a **Ready Money Customer** to all my Creditors, that so I may make them a large and constant Amends for their *Kind and long Forbearance*. But (*Gentlemen*) I shan't need to say any thing more to make you Credit my Promise, for I challenge all the Persons I ever dealt with (*both before and since my Misfortunes*) to prove I ever over-reach'd or deceiv'd 'em in any one Instance.

'Tis true, *The London C——d* (I shou'd say *The London Post*) had the Impudence to call me Fool and K—— in the following Words(a) —— “*nor is it any of the Celebrated Authors of this Age, no not John D——ton himself; who in spite of Matthe Dullness, [a better Name for a Fool] resolves to be a Wit, as he always did to be a K—— in spite of Second Spira, and a whole Volume of Repentance.*”

As to my being a Fool, I confess, my serving ungrateful Persons, (but more especially M——, &c.) has given too much Reason for that Reflection—— But as to my being a K—— I appeal to the Narrative of *Second Spira* (b) —— To my *Idea of a New Life*, (or that *Volume of Repentance H——* banter) how little I deserve his Infamous Letter K——. But our *London C——d*, like a Hectoring Scandalous T—— talks madly, DASH, DASH, without any Fear or Wit; and never cares how he bespatters others, or defiles himself. He pretends to Courage, but 'tis all BOUNCE; and H—— is as Black and Vile as the Devil wou'd have him—— *En: this a fine Champion for Truth and Honesty?* (The Title he gives to the *London Post*.) For my own share, I have heard so much of *The Secret Sinner*, (a Book he privately sells to debauch the Age) that I shou'd ha' been much concern'd if he had given me a good Word; for the

(a) Printed in the London Post, Wednesday April the 11th, 1705.

(b) To be found in The History of my Life, P. 218.

Commendation of B——— H——— is the greatest Reproach that an honest Man can meet with. He is so far from having any Dealing with Truth and Honesty, that his Solemn Word (which he calls as good as his Bond) is a studied Lye, and he scandalizes Truth and Honesty, in pretending to write for it——— His London Post (or weighing of Truth and Honesty) resembles the Bird of Athens; for it seems to be made up of Face and Feathers: For, setting aside his *Billing-gate Language*, and hunting up and down the World for any Occasion of venting his *Fulsome Slander*, there is very little of Wit or Honesty in him, but what he hath *stoln* from W——— (the Lewd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) or his own Hypocritical Heart.— The Employment (or rather Lively-hood) of B——— H——— is to blast other Men's Credit, and to steal their Copies——— He's a meer F———y for Slander, Falshood, Tricking, and F———le L———y And for this Reason, Dr. Partridge ought to lash him (when he's ty'd to *Dunton's Whipping-Post*) in such manner as will best atone for the Wrongs he did him, which are so notorious and frequent, that the *Ingenious Partridge*, in his *Almanack* for this Year, tells the World.

“ *Whereas, for the Two Years last past, 1704, and*
 “ *1705, I have been abused, and the Country also, by a*
 “ *Supplement added to my Almanack, forg'd and contriv'd*
 “ *by B——— H——— and his Son, and Printed as*
 “ *mine, tho' I knew nothing of it 'till it was Printed.*
 “ *This is therefore to give Notice, If any such Knavisb Sup-*
 “ *plement, or any thing like it, by another Title, is added*
 “ *to the Almanack, this Year, or any other, you may be*
 “ *certain it is not mine, but contriv'd and done by some Knave,*
 [not K——— for 'tis Knave at length] “ *to abuse, the*
 “ *World. And therefore if there is any thing in Print be-*
 “ *yond this Hand at the Bottom, it is a Cheat, and he a*
 “ *Knave that did it——— So says your Friend— J. Partridge.*

✻

Dr,

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Dr. Partridge (by this Advertisement) proves all I have said of H——— And as K——— and T——— is the best Character he has, had he call'd me **Honest Man**, (when he call'd me K———) I shou'd have thought it a great Slander; but seeing he has the Boldness to acknowledge he call'd me K——— were I to assign his Punishment, (That H——— might see how much I forgave him) He shou'd only be Lash'd every Monday and Friday, (the Two Days he Publish'd the London Post) at his own Door, by the Common Hangman: And every Monday and Thursday own himself a K——— and C———d, &c. in the London Gazette; 'till such Time he had ask'd Pardon of Dr. Partridge——— **John Dunton**——— and the other Persons he wrong'd in the London Post——— Or (shou'd he escape Whipping, or doing Penance in the **Printed Sheets**, yet) we shall find him a Second Time in the Pillory, (with his Wite, like a **KIND RIB**, standing by, to defend him against the Mob)——— But tho' H——— had the Impudence to call me K———; yet to shew (after he is well Lash'd and Pillory'd) I know how and where to forgive him,

Ben, take this Pass, e'er we for ever part,
Then hang; and then farewell with all my Heart:
Mark'd for a T——— long mayst thou raving lie,
Envyng an Halter, but not dare to die.
And when Condemn'd thou dost thy Clergy plead,
Some Frightful Fiend deny thee Power to read;
Slander, Ned W———, Confusion, Rage, and Shame
Attend you to the Place from whence you came.
To Tyburn thee let Carrion Horses draw,
In Folling Cart, without so much as Straw;
Faded may they lye down i' th' Road, and tir'd,
And (worse than one fair Hanging) twice be mir'd;
(a) Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulcher's Sexton's Sermon,
'Till thou roar out, For Hemp sake drive on Carman.

(a) [Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulcher's Sexton's Sermon.]
The Sexton of St. Sepulchre's Church makes a kind of Proach-
ment to such as go by to be hang'd. Not

Not one good Woman, who in Conscience can
 Cry out——— 'Tis pity Troth——— a Proper Man.
 stupid and dull, must then rub off like Hone,
 Without an open, or a smit'er'd Grain.
 May the K or miss the Place, and fitted be
 To plague and torture, not deliver thee;
 Be Half a Day a dying thus, and then
 Revive like Savage, (a) to be hang'd again,
 In Pity now thou shalt no longer live,
 For when thus satisfy'd, I can forgive.

But tho' I forgive, (when he is thus Lash'd, Pillory'd,
 and hang'd) yet he must not expect a Pardon from
 others: For K——— is the Mark he always sets upon
 Honest Men; but C——d and T——, &c. is the fit-
 test Name for himself, as he had a W——— to his
 W——— and a S——n (for what is got in the Bone
 won't out of the Flesh) that crept to Bed to his M——d.

This London C———l (I still forget) I mean Lon-
 don Post, abus'd Sir L———, Dr. C———ward, and
 Honest N———son, &c. as well as me; but they were
 above his Slanders: Neither had he been worth my
 Notice, (for H——— only pretending to Truth and
 Honesty, his Intamous Exit was disgrac'd by as Intamous
 an Elegy (b)) but that my Porter is ready at Hand
 to correct and kick him, for he does not deserve my
 LASH (or Rapier) any further than to tell the
 World, "Accusations make no Man a Criminal; and
 that I challenge this Paper Bully (and all the World)
 to prove Black is my Eye, with Respect to Women,
 Drunkenness, Swearing, Avarice, or K———ry of any Sort.
 And for that Reason, I measure not my self by what
 H———, or any Slanderer, lays of me. To be ill
 spoken of (and undeservedly) is neither my Fault, nor
 alone my Case: Christ himself was thought a Wine-bibber,
 and St. Paul Mad——— Men are so often misled by

(a) [Revive like Savage] One that was hang'd twice.

(b) Written by Drunken P———s the Interloping Whipster.

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Prejudice and Misinformation, that if we believe *ONE* Report in *FORTY*, we give a very large Allowance. (a) And for that Reason, I am very *SLOW* in believing Ill of any Man, and much slower in Reporting it: But if Ill Tongues (such as *H——*) cou'd make Men Ill, Good Men were in an Ill Case. I never regard what Men say against me, but my own Conscience: Tho' all the World condemn me, while God and my self do not, I am Innocent enough. It may be, if I were worse, I shou'd hear better, *The Devil does not accuse his own*. If I were one of *H——*'s *T——*'s Crew, he'd call me an honest Man: But for that Reason, all others wou'd call me *K——* So that I esteem his *K——* a Real Panegyrick.

But (*Gentlemen*) ever observe it, They that are forward in Accusing and Censuring others, are usually such themselves. "A Slandering Tongue is a sure Sign of a wicked Person——" I cou'd tell you of one that debauch'd a *Widow* in *Jewen Street*, and since that *Platonick Intreague*, made a meer Cuckold of his best Friend, that has been the First in Slandering his Innocent Neighbours. Then let *H——* call me *K——* and *F——* as long as he please, I'll never busy my self (having told the World what meer *Rubbish* my Enemies are) in searching into other Men's Lives, the Errors of my own are more than I can answer for. "It more concerns me to mend One Fault in my self, than to find out a Thousand in others——" Two Things I never trouble my self to know; Other Men's Faults, and other Men's Estates: My own Soul, and the Amendment of my own Faults, is all my Study. Nor do I think any Sin (or *K——ry*) less because it is hid, for to him that shall judge me it is open. —— But tho' I was never *The First Aggressor in any Quarrel*, nor never (like *B——* *H——*) comply'd with the World to slander him that is down, &c. Yet (as *Poe* observes (b)) "Self De-

(a) This was a Saying of the Learned and Pious Mr. Mathew Pool, Author of the Synopsis Criticorum.

(b) Review Vol. 2. Numb. 40.

“ fence is the Law of Nature, and a Man ought no more
 “ to be passive under the Murderer of his Reputation, than
 “ of his Life——

Then sure Gentlemen, you won't blame me for this
 Vindication: For, as *H*—— had the Impudence to
 call me *K*——, so I was also Attack'd by that
 Enigmatical Quack that writ [*The Tale of a Tub.*]
 This Fleering SQUIRT tells the World, “ That the
 “ History of my Life is a Faithful and Painful Collection, &c.
 Yes, Dr. *Anaw-Dost*, so it is, for 'twas wholly ga-
 ther'd from my own Breast; neither is my Idea of a
 New Life (which Dr. *K*—— never did, nor in-
 tends to practice) stol'n from any thing else but my
 own Thoughts of becoming a New Man.

And Mr. *F*—— (without either *C*——ty, Sense,
 or Manners) takes upon him to slander my New Pro-
 ject for Reformation. (a) Nay, so much as that
 Louzy Wretch, (and Doggrel Poet) that writ [*A New
 Years Gift for the Scriblers, &c.*] had the Boldness to
 tell the World,

“ Let the Renowned *D*——it——n next,
 “ With Scribling and with Care's perplex;
 “ With all the Errors of this Life,
 “ Oblige the World, and cease from Strife. (b)
 “ For Print and Paper give him Trust,
 “ I'll warrant you he will be just.
 “ If not, if *D*——y, *M*——ls, and *H*——l,
 “ Have Patience, he will pay them all:
 “ Patience per Force must be their Cure,
 “ Till he a Chapman can procure,
 “ To purchase an Estate that lies
 “ I know not where, beyond the Skies;
 “ Or else, till he can get Possession
 “ Of an Estate that's in Reversion.
 “ All the Right Owners once in Heaven,
 “ 'Tis his; and then he'll make all Even.

(a) Publish'd by Mrs. Mallet. (b) This Line is a little alter'd.
 These

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These **LIES** were writ to oblige *M*—— (for *Wi*—— was her constant *Hackney* and *Partner*) but the *Rhiming Scoundrel* (I can't say *Poet*) is such a **Contemptible Wretch** he is not worth my **Notice**: But as he did me all the **Mischief** he cou'd, 'tis necessary the **World** shou'd know him.

He's a Poetical Insect—— *A meer Grub-street Poet*——
The worst Sort of Hackney—— *A Murderer of Paper*——
(*Nothing he writes Sells*)—— *The Common Scribler of the Town, that writes and drinks, as he can St*——l, or borrow, *Coyn or Wit*.

His **Brains** lie all in **Notes**; **Lord!** How he'd look,
If he shou'd chance to lose his **Table-Book!**

His Wit at best is but a Tavern-Tympany—— *The Dregs of Poetry.* (He makes *Helicon* a *Puddle*, not a *Spring*.)—— *In Brief, Jack Wi*—— is a very **POETASTER**, that speaks nothing, but *Lyes* and *Bombast*—— *A Good Conceit* or *Two*, *Bates* of his *Stock* of *Wit*, and makes such a *sensible Weakening* in him, that his *Brains* recover it not a *Year* alter—— How did he stare, and sower his *Face*, when he writ *The Hymn to Money?* To vent his *Brains* (in the *Composing* this **Dull Poem**) he eat his very *Finger's Excrement*, and continually scrach'd his *Noddle* (his *Rhimes* were so *Hide-bound*) to tare 'em out. The very best of his *Poems* are — *The Baboon A-la-mode*—— *The Welcome to Victory*—— *The After-Thought*—— *And New-Years Gift for the Scriblers*—— But these are so very *filly* and *impertinent*, that even **JOHN BUNYAN** wou'd be *asham'd* to own 'em—— And for the rest of his *Poems*, (*which now serve at the Bog-house, or under Mince-Pyes*) they are *Doggerel Hymns*, and *Flashes* darted out on the sudden, which if you take them while they are warm, may be laugh'd at, (or *sh-t upon*;) if they *Cool*, are nothing — But yet (which made *M*—— so **PROUD** of her *Author*) he writes **POEMS** best *Ex Tempore*; for *Meditation* stupifies him,
and