

Dr. Singleton was a considerable Scholar, a solid Divine, very pious, and of great Modesty. *There was a peaceful Serenity that always govern'd in his Countenance.* He had Abundance of good Humour that made him humble and those he convers'd with very easy. His Understanding was clear, and his Fancy very brisk, but his Reason and his Modesty would not suffer it to grow enormous. He made very little Bustle in Life, was not pushing, and appear'd always content.

Mr. Baxter was a Man well vers'd in Polemical Divinity, and the modern Controversies that were then manag'd with a great Deal of Warmth and Concern. His Humour was something morose and low, which perhaps may be imputed to the many bodily Afflictions he labour'd under, as well as to the Troubles and Disturbances he met with in the World. *He has writ more than most Men can read in a Life Time.* The Honourable Sir Henry Ashurst was his great and good Friend, and never dropt him under the blackest Circumstances of his Life. I shall refer the Reader for a particular Account of this great Man, to the Abridgment of his Life by the Reverend Mr. Calamy.

Mr. Williams is a RICH Man, and preaches very well: As for his GOSPELTRUTH, the World is not altogether agreed about it; But as for his Forwardness to all charitable Offices and Works of that Nature, he deserves a peculiar Character. His LIFE is wholly govern'd by an Interest Superiour to his own, and those that deny this, shou'd have good Evidence for what they say. His very Complexion and his Countenance have nothing but good Humour in 'em: I might add, (from my own Experience) that he'll rather lose his Debts, than do his Debtors a Diskindness. I know there are many of a quite different Opinion, but they shou'd be very cautious that common Report, ill Nature and the Spleen, don't make 'em unjust to the Merits of any Man. But this being so ticklish a Point, I shall leave it, and desire the World wou'd take a fairer Draught of Mr. Williams's Character from the living Original.

Mr. Eoyse, now living in Dublin, is a great Scholar, and a very smart Disputant, and the World has seen a

Specimen

Specimen of his Talent that Way in his *Answer to Bishop King*. His Discourses are well furnish'd with Thought, and the Method of 'em is accurate and clear. His *Humour* is very agreeable, but something inclin'd to too much *Thoughtfulness* and *Melancholy*.

Mr. *Showers* is a very popular Preacher, and delivers himself from the *Pulpit*, in Terms that are easie and intelligible: His Voice is very *small and shrill* upon occasions, which he often raises, to carry home such *Matters* as are more important. *His design is not so much to please, as to make Religious Impressions upon his Hearers*: And his publick Labours have obtain'd so well, that he has a large Vineyard to Dress and Prune. He has Travell'd very much, and had the Happiness to be well acquainted with the Famous *TURRETINE*, who has made himself well known to the Learned World.

Mr. *Rogers* (Assistant to Mr. *Showers*) is a Popular Preacher and a true Friend: He was once under *Trouble of Mind*, and publish'd an excellent Discourse upon that Subject. His Conversation is very pleasant and diverging. He Discourses with a great deal of *Freedom and Sincerity*; and 'tis much if he don't make as many Friends, as are the Persons that know him. He's very *generous and undesigning*, and is nothing of the Humour with those *Authors*, who either turn 'emselves into *Half-Booksellers*, or else insist upon such Terms for their Copy, as that an *Impression* will scarce Answer the *Printers-Cost*. Mr. *Rogers* Preach'd the *Funeral Sermon* of *Dear Iris*; which was afterwards made publick, and met with considerable Success.

Mr. *Burgefs* is a very solid Divine; his Discourses are always well furnish'd with *SUBSTANCE*, and he knows to make 'em *FINE* enough when he pleases. Were it not for some little *Comedy*, and too much *Freedom of Expression*, he might well be reckon'd one of the *First Rate Preachers* of the Age. Mr. *Burgefs* is well known, and every body can tell you some story or other of him, tho' they never regard the Truth of it; if it be but *Comical* enough, they can throw it at his Door.

Tom Brown (that incorrigible Sinner) deserves the *Birch* much better than the *Bays*, for exposing Mr. *Burgess*. But alas! the *Meeting* and the *Play-house*, the *Temple* of God, and the *Synagogue* of Satan, stand too N E A R, to have any good Harmony betwixt 'em.

Mr. *Skinner* is a Man of wonderful Piety and Humility: His Discourses are all fill'd with *the Life and Spirit of Christianity*; the Nature and design of which, is so little understood among the greatest part of Mankind. He has *so much of Heaven in his own mind*, that the whole stream of his Conversation runs that way. His Judgment is very clear, and his *Notions* and his *Thoughts* are surprizing and uncommon. His Principles are very Moderate. Mr. *Baxter* had a particular Friendship for him. And I cou'd name some great Men of the *Church of England* that have a high value for him, and converse very frequently with him.

Mr. *Howe* is deservedly esteem'd the greatest Man among the *Dissenting Ministers*; and, may'nt I add, of the *Age* he lives in! He's well skill'd in most of the *European* and *Oriental* Tongues. He's universally read in *History*; a judicious and accute *Philosopher*, and a *solid Divine*. His *Genius* is large and generous, which gives him a Noble Capacity for those vast *Reaches* and *Fathom*s of Thought, which the *grouling* part of Mankind are altogether unacquainted with. His *Discourses* are all of 'em Masterly perform'd, their *Method* is clear and accurate, and 'tis grown natural to him to talk beyond the Reach of common *Hearers*; some shall sit and only see and hear him, whilst those that understand, shall be, if I may be allowed to say so, supremely pleas'd——. His *Stile* is usually reckon'd rough and obscure; yet he talks at a significant rate, and commonly plunges so deep into the very *Bowels* of his Subject, that common Capacities can't DIVE after him; their thoughts swim on the surface, whilst he labours out of sight, and wades beyond their depth: Yet I'll make bold to say, that his *Stile* is unalterable for the better, for shou'd you endeavour to make it run in an obvious way, without *Pain* and *Uneasiness*, you'd destroy the Strength and the Beauty of Thought, and leave nothing of *Ab.*

Howe

Howe in't. His Principles are full of Moderation and Peace; and he's more concern'd for the Peace and Safety of the Universal Church, than for any particular Sub-division of it. My dear *His* 'took a great delight in
 " Reading Mr. Howe's Blessedness of the Righteous,
 " (a) and she read it Six times over, knowing it was a
 " lively survey of the Holy Land. She discern'd in that
 " description the draughts of a great Hand and a sub-
 " lime Spirit: The truth is, who ever Convenes with Mr.
 HOWS'S WRITINGS, will find his Thoughts dwell
 with great Intention upon the World and the Life to
 come, that his Remove may be his Happiness and his
 Choice, which alas! is no more than a Matter of Ne-
 cessity upon the greater Part of Mankind. He finds
 the present Composition can't always be kept together,
 and that to contend with Death, is but to struggle with
 what is purely impossible. He has been often heard to
 say that he esteem'd it a great Mercy to a good Man if
 God wou'd give him leave to dye. But may Heaven yet
 allow him a greater Length of Usefulness, for when
 he dyes, we may well say, that the only Man in an Age
 that understood himself, is going: For, to conclude his
 Character,

*The secret Springs of Truth he nicely knows,
 And prodigally as the sun bestows;
 Directed by his leading Light We pass
 Thro' Natures Rooms, and tread in every Maze.
 A Throng of Vertues in his Breast repose,
 Which, single, wou'd as many Sams compose.*

Mr. Doolittle: He once kept a private Academy, in Mug-
 wel-street, and is a Man of considerable Learning and
 Usefulness. He endeavours to do good in a plain Way,
 and delivers himself with a great Deal of Affection and
 Concern; he's very constant and labourous in his Ma-
 sters Work, and his Practical Treatises, especially his Book
 on the Sacrament, have been very successful among the

(a) See her Funeral Sermon, preach'd by Mr. Rogers.
 p. 130.

ignorant Part of Mankind; he makes it his great Business to instil *the First Principles of Christianity into Youth*, which will be their Happiness while they live, and their Peace and Comfort when they dye.

Mr. *Pompbret* is a Man of great Eminence and Piety; he preaches with Abundance of *Warmth and Zeal*, and more ACTION than is usual; his Behaviour is very *civil and obliging*, and in all the *Offices of Charity* he's the first Man; he has been a *great Traveller*, which renders his CONVERSATION very pleasant and diverting.

Mr. *Slater* is a plain practical Preacher, which has made him VERY POPULAR in the City; he has labour'd a long time to turn Sinners from their Ignorance and Folly, and to settle 'em in their right Minds. I printed several Books for this *Pious and Reverend Author*, and most of 'em sold extraordinary well.

Mr. *Nathaniel Vincent* was an early Proficient both in Learning and Piety, he was admitted at Oxford when *eighteen* Years old, and at the Age of eighteen went off *Master of Arts*; he preach'd many Years in *Southwark*; his Diligence in his Studies was almost to excess, and his *Humility* all along was the shining Ornament of his Life; *his Principles were very moderate*, but they would not suffer him to conform in 62. He was interr'd in the *New Burying-place*, and on his Tombstone are these Lines.

*Tho' dead I lye, I speak to you that live;
Your Heart, your All, be sure to God you give:
Immortal Souls, to benefit and save,
I have thus made a Pulpit of my Grave.*

Mr. *Jenkyne* was an affectionate Preacher, and very popular; *his natural Temper was a little inclin'd to too much Warmth*: He met with very hard Measures upon the Account of his *Nonconformity*, and dy'd in *Newgate* 1684. The King wou'd not allow him so much as a little living Breath, tho' the *Physicians* assur'd his Majesty, *that his Life was endanger'd by his close Confinement*.

Mr.

DUNTON'S Life and Errors. 237

Mr. *Richard Adams* was an Eminent Divine, of a peaceful Spirit, intirely devoted to the Service and and the Glory of God. He was a great Ornament to the *Ministry*, and so self-deny'd, that being fix'd with a Congregation that was very poor, there were no Proposals of Advantage made to him, that cou'd tempt him to leave his Flock. He was concern'd in the Supplement to Mr. *Pool's English Annotations*, and wrote the Expositions of the Epistles to the *Philipians* and the *Colossians*.

Mr. *Thomas Watson* was a Divine of great Eminence, and his Ministry was attended with wonderful Success. His Piety and his Usefulness made him well known in the City, and gain'd him an universal Respect from all Persons of sober Principles. The Reverend and Learned Bishop *Richardson* had a very high Value for him.

Mr. *William Cooter*: He was a nice Critick in the Tongues, a very considerable Philosopher, a smart Disputant, and well vers'd in Controversy; He was universally read in History, and had a peculiar Genius for Latin Poetry. He was Chaplain to the Queen of *Bohemia*, Mother to the Princess *Sophia of Hannover*, on whom the Succession to the Crown of England is lately settled. He was several Years in her Family, and had free Conversation with the Foreign Envoys that were sent there, and was deservedly esteem'd a First-Rate Politician.

Mr. *Edward Veal* is an universal Scholar, and I suppose Mr. *S. W. Rector* of *Epworth*, can say nothing to the contrary. He's a Man of great Piety and Usefulness, and his Principles are very moderate; he was concern'd in preparing for the Press the *Posthumous Works* of the Reverend Mr. *Stephen Charnock*.

Mr. *Henry Hurst* was well known at *Oxford* for a quick and ingenious Disputant; and Mr. *Wood* himself can't but own, he was a Learned and Religious Nonconformist. He was domestick Chaplain to the Earl of *Anglesey* for several Years; and preach'd with very good Success and Approbation in this City.

Mr. *Woodcock*

Mr. Woodcock had the *Universal Character* of a learned Man. He was a quick Disputant, and well furnish'd for all the Kinds of *Academical Exercises*. Towards the Conclusion of his Life he was Assistant to Dr. Bates at *Hickney*.

Mr. Milner, Man of Peace and Moderation, a sound Divine and *Practical Preacher*. I don't know that he has made anything publick, except a Sermon in the *Morning Exercise, &c.* Upon *Loving our Neighbours as ourselves*, which is a perfect *Transcript* both of his *Principles* and his *Practice*.

Mr. John Oke was a Man of great Piety, and his Conversation was UNBLEMISH'D; his Humour was constantly bright and gay, and he recommended Religion to the Approbation of others by a *cheerful Innocence*, which is usually attended with better Success than that unpretenti'd Severity, and *Religious Sowness* which is much too common. He was violently seiz'd in the *Pulit*, and silenc'd in the midst of his Work, which to himself might be a comfortable, but to others a very awful and a *preaching Providence*. He was succeeded by the Reverend Mr. Daniel Williams, whose Character I have drawn before.

Mr. David Clarkson, B. D. The Substance of his Character drawn by the incomparable Dr. Bates is this.
 " He was a Man of *sincere Godliness* and true Holiness,
 " which is the Divine Part of a Minister: When de-
 " part'd of his publick Ministry, he gave himself
 " wholly to Reading and Meditation, whereby he ob-
 " tain'd an eminent Degree of *sacred Knowledge*, and
 " was conversant in the retir'd Parts of Learning, in
 " which many who are qualify'd to preach a profi-
 " table Sermon are unacquainted. *Humility and Mo-
 " desty* were his *distinctive Characters*, wherein he ex-
 " cell'd. In his Conversation a *comely Gravity* mix'd
 " with an innocent *Piedantness* were attractive of Re-
 " spect and Love; his *Breast* was a very *Temple* of
 " Peace, and his Temper seem'd to be always calm
 " and unanimo'd; his Language was neither neg-
 " lectful nor gaudy and vain, but judiciously suited to
 " the Offices of God.—Mr. Baxter tells us, he was
 " a

“ a Divine of extraordinary Worth for solid Judgment, *beating moderate Principles*, Acquaintance with the Fathers, great Ministerial Abilities, and a *godly upright Life*. 'Twas his great Honour to have been concern'd in the Education of Dr. John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had a high Value for him so long as he liv'd.

Mr. Richard Mayo, a Man of great Piety and Sincerity: His Labours in the Ministry met with Abundance of Success, and his Memory is precious at Kingston to this Day; his natural Temper was very open and innocent. Mr. Nathaniel Taylor succeeded him.

Mr. Vincent Alsop, was a Man of great Worth and Piety, he had a flowing Fancy, and his Wit was excellent, of which his *Antizozzo* and his *Melius Inquirendum* are living Testimonies. Mr. Wood might as well have told the World that Mr. Alsop was born blind, as that he was no way qualify'd for any Performance where Wit was requisite, either by the natural Bent of his own Genius, or by any acquir'd Improvements; his Discourses were informing, and discover'd a great Depth of Judgment; he was late Pastor of a considerable Congregation in Westminster, dy'd very suddenly, 1703, and is succeeded by the Reverend Mr. Calamy.

Mr. Richard Steel, a very valuable and useful Man, he was a great Scholar, and pursu'd his Studies with close Application; he was well qualify'd for the Ministry, and all his Discourses discover'd Abundance of Accuracy and fine Thought. He met with very hard Measures upon the Account of his Nonconformity. He was seiz'd once by a Warrant and his Almanack taken from him, where he kept his Diary, which was not written very fair, and they made all the malicious Comments upon it that their Envy wou'd suggest.

Mr. Thomas Brand, he once design'd for the Law, but afterwards apply'd himself to Divinity; his Principles were very moderate and he was very Zealous to promote the Knowledge of the fundamental Doctrines of Christianity; he was one of the BRIGHTEST Ornaments of his Function which the Age afforded. Dr.

Auncley brought me acquainted with this generous good Man, and I must own (to his eternal Honour) that he gave more *Practical Books* to the Poor, than all my Customers besides.

Mr. *Lukin*, a very Eminent Man, one that burns with Devotion, and the Zeal of doing good: He's an Ornament of the Ministry, and *his Discourses dwell upon Jesus Christ, his Sacrifice, his Natures, and his Offices*; which are the richest Themes of the everlasting Gospel. What he preaches is *first wrought upon his own Mind*, and then deliver'd with a Spiritual warmth, and from an *inward Perception* of all he says. He's very humble, and appears to be nothing in his own Esteem, and those that enjoy his Conversation must either *be better, or much the worse for it*. I Printed 10000 of his *Practice of Godliness*.

Mr. *Tho. Lye*, was a Man of great Worth and Piety, but his Talent, and indeed, the Genius of his Mind, was peculiarly turn'd for *Catechetical Exercises*. His Method in 'em obtain'd so much among Children, that as I have heard his worthy Friend Mr. *Goldsmitb* say, they usually made it their choice, to be catechized. He publish'd *An Explanation of the Assemblies Catechism*, which he writ whilst he liv'd in *Clapham*, and gave several Hundreds of 'em away, by this means he was an useful Instrument to spread the Knowledge of Christianity among the Youth.

Mr. *Lob*, he was a Person of a piercing Judgment in all points of controversial Divinity; he cou'd state a *Theological Question* with admirable clearness and acuteness, and knew how, in a Controversy, to cleave, as we say, an Hair. He was (I had almost said) an *Invincible Disputant*, his Conquests are as many, as were his Contentions with any Adversaries of the Truth. All the Pieces I printed for him, seem *well meditated*, and furnish'd with a force of Thought and Expression, not commonly met with in others; for he had form'd a *System of Notions*, to which he was always constant, never writing any thing inconsistent with his Principles which with his exact and succinct Stile, render'd the whole judicious. As for the rest of his Character, *his Life was so pure*, (that tho' some blam'd him for going so often to Court, in King James's Reign) his very
 Enemies

Enemies cou'd never prove him guilty of an ill thing, and both Church-men and Dissenters, did equally love him: In controversial Divinity he us'd soft words, but hard Arguments, and laboured more to shew the Truth of his Cause, than the spleen — I shall only add, he brought me acquainted with that Learned Gentleman, Dr. R. Burthogg, and was my constant Friend, to the Day of his Death.

Mr. Vink, — He was a profound Casuist, a Practical Preacher, and a Person most able and dextrous in the expounding of Scriptures. He was concern'd in the *Supplement to Pool's Annotations*, and was one that cou'd as well reach and fathom the difficult places of Scripture, as any Divine whatever. in a word, Mr. Vink, was a most Orthodox Christian, and had thoroughly digested the whole Body of Divinity, and cou'd fluently (and yet rationally) deliver his Notions without the least hesitation —

Mr. Trail — He is Pious and Learned, and counts it no prophaneness to be polish'd with Humane Reading. He is a very affectionate Preacher, beats upon his Text, not the Cushion, making his Hearers, not the Pulpit, groan: He is a Scribe, instructed to the Kingdom of Heaven, like unto a Man that is an *Householder*, that bringeth out of his Treasure, things new and old: He is an able Disputant, but is a Man of too much sincerity, to desire Conferences out of a Principle of Vanity — To conclude his Character, he is (besides his admirable Genius, and Great Learning) a Person of extraordinary Judgment, which always governs the heats of his Imagination, and makes even his silence considerable —

Mr. Quick is a Man of acute Parts, and a great Master of the French Tongue, which was a considerable Help to him in compiling his SYNODICON: His Genius is much superior to the generality of Preachers, and his Discourses are well methodiz'd, and Discover a considerable depth of Thought. —

Mr. Hammond, a Dissenting Minister of great Worth and Eminency; he wants nothing but to be more known, to make him more esteem'd. He is now sunk very

much *under Age and Infirmity*, and yet the **VENERABLE** Remains of what he once was, appear in all his Discourses: His **Stile** is above the common Rate, and his **Humility** and good **Humour** are very Remarkable; he liv'd at *Taunton*, for many years, and is now a Preacher in *Town*.

Mr. *Ness*, a Man of considerable Learning, but Labours under some *Unhappyness* in his **Stile**; he has writ many practical Treatises, publish'd a *Church History* in *8vo*, and an *Exposition on the whole Bible*. He writ for me, *The Life of Pope innocent the 11th*, of which the whole Impression sold off in two Weeks. His *Conversat[i]on* is both *Pleasant and informing*; he continu'd to preach privately in the **DARKEST** Times.

Mr. *Barnard*, a Man of a good Estate, and so preaches purely to promote the Happiness of Men: He's a great Master at *Catechetical Exercises*, which are his peculiar Province. His **CHARITY** is very large, he's constantly giving away great Numbers of *practical Books*.

Mr. *Allen*, once an Eminent Minister in the *West*; he was a *Holy, Humble, Mortify'd Man*, of great Learning and Usefulness, but his Character is so well known, that there's no Necessity to enlarge. I printed some Sermons of his (*sent to me by his Friend Mr. Hamlyn*) which obtain'd very well.

Mr. *Ben. Bridgwater*, he was of *Trinity Colledge*, in *Cambridge*, and *M. A.* His Genius was very **RICH**, and ran much upon **POETRY**, in which he excell'd. He was, in Part, Author of *Religio Bibliopola*. But alas! in the issue, *Wine and Love* were the Ruin of this ingenious Gentleman. I next make room for a Man of another, Character, and Room must be made; for here comes

Mr. *Keach*—mounted upon some Apocalyptical Beast or other, with *Babylon* before him, and *Zion* behind him, and a *Hundred Thousand Bulls and Bears and furious Beasts of Prey*, roaring, ramping, and bellowing at him, to hideously that unless some kind Angel drop from the *Clouds*, and *back* and *hew* very plentifully among 'em

He must certainly be *Tom* as small as a *Love-Letter*—
 This *War-like Author* is much admir'd amongst the
Anabaptists, and to do him right, his Thoughts are
 easy, just and pertinent—He's a popular Preach-
 er, and (as appears by his awakening Sermons) under-
 stands the *Humour and Necessity of his Audience*—
 His *Practical Books* have met with a kind Reception,
 and I believe his *War with the Devil, and Travels of True*
Godliness (of which I printed Ten Thousand) will sell
 to the end of Time.

These have all of 'em writ for me either more or less.
 The next Labour that lyes upon me, is to draw as con-
 cisely as I can, the Characters of my *Lay-Authors*, who
 have either furnish'd out Originals, or translated for me.

Lord *Delamere*, a very great Man, and one that de-
 serv'd well of his Country; he asserted the English Li-
 berties with a noble Zeal, and never carry'd his Point
 by Noise and Tumult, but by Prudence and the
 Strength of Argument; he was a *Christian* as well as
 a *Politician*, tho he made no Bustle in the Church,
 for his Principles had nothing in 'em but Moderation
 and Peace; his *Posthumous Works* give a better Cha-
 racter of him than I can do; they show he was well
 acquainted with the World, and how little he expect-
 ed from it and they discover a very generous Concern
 for Posterity and the great Interest of Religion.

Sr. *Peter Pet* was a *Virtuoso*, and great Scholar, and
Fellow of the Royal Society; he was well accomplish'd
 for Conversation, becaule of his natural *Fluency* and
 the *Fineness* of his Wit.

James Tyrrel Esq; Grandson to the famous Bishop
Usber; he deserves a better Character than I am able
 to give him. He knows, perhaps, the *English Consti-
 tution* better than any Man of the Age; his *Bibliotheca
 Politica* is Argument enough of his Sufficiency that
 way.

At the Instance of Sir *William Temple*, Mr. *Salisbury*
 Mr. *Harris*, and my self, put him upon writing his *gene-
 ral History of England*, which tho' 'twas Ten
 Months longer in the Press than we expected, yet he

238 DUNTON'S *Life and Errors*

was so much *dis-interested* in the Matter, that we had no Reason to complain. The first Volume was so well receiv'd that he had Encouragement enough to proceed upon a second. He's an *accomplish'd Gentleman*, an impartial Historian, and his Principles are very moderate.

Mr. Carr, a Man of great Piety and universal Learning. *Philosophy* is his peculiar Province, and perhaps there are but few in this Age of a greater Depth in *De-rivaty* and *Philosophy* than himself: His Thoughts are free and noble, and he's neither ty'd to the old Pedantry of the Schools, nor over fond of our new Discoveries, where the Reason and the Evidence of Truth is insufficient, of which he's a very capable Judge.

Dr. Miller, a Scots Man, a great Traveler, well skill'd in *Physick* and the *Mathematicks*; his genius is rich and noble, he writes much, and to very good Purpose, and knows to translate the *French* incomparably well; his Principles are moderate, and his Modesty very remarkable.

Edward Coke Esq; was a Gentleman of great Learning and Sobriety, and was something addicted to a melancholy Sullenness: He deserv'd to have this said of him, That he was the most impartial Historian of the Age; one who wou'd not be bias'd by any Interest or Party, to convey down the Matters of Fact to Posterity under any *Disguise* and false *Glosses*.

T. W. Brown is a good Scholar and knows to translate either the *Latin* or the *French* incomparably well; he's enrich'd with a noble Genius, and understands our own Language as well, if not Letter, than any Man of the Age. The POEMS he has writ are very beautiful and fine, but the Urgency of his Circumstances won't allow him Time enough to lay out his Talent that way. After all, I can't but say that *his Morals are wretchedly out of Order*, and 'tis extream Pity that a Man of *so fine Parts*, and so well accomplish'd every other way, shou'd spend his Time upon a few *Romantic Letters*, that seem purely design'd to debauch the Age, and overthrow the Foundations of Religion and Virtue.

Mr.

Mr. Dursley has but a low *Genius* and yet some of his *Farces* would make a *Body* laugh. He has writ considerably in his Time, and there are few Authors have been more diverting: Yes, Dursley.

*Thou canst play, thou canst sing
To a Mayor, or a King,
Tho' thy luck on the Stage is so scurvy;
Such a Beau, such a Face,
Such a Voice to disgrace,
Such a Mien, 'tis the Deel, Mr. D —*

Mr. *Ridpath* is a considerable Scholar, and well acquainted with the Languages. He's a *Scots-Man*, and design'd first of all for the Ministry, but by some unfortunate Accident or other, the Fate of an Author came upon him. He has writ much, and his *Stile* is excellent, and his *Humility* and his *Honesty* have establish'd his Reputation. He seems to receive a *Farthing* of *Copy-Money*, till he knows what *Numbers* are sold off. He was very fortunate in engaging in *The History of the Works of the Learned*, which was ORIGINALLY, my own Thought, and the first I publish'd under the Title of *The Athenian Supplement*, and the next under that of *The Compleat Library*. He writes *THE FLYING-POST*, which is highly valu'd, and sells well; but if the Merits of an Author must be determin'd according to the success of his Works, the greatest *Genius* of the Age would suffer by't — I was this ingenious Gentleman that invented *The Polygraphy, or Writing Engin*, by which one may with great facility, write Two, Four, Six, or more Copies of any one thing upon so many different Sheets of Paper at once; this *Writing Engin* is likewise attended with this Advantage, that being moved by the *Foot*, while the *Hand* guides the *Pens*, it keeps the whole body in warmth and Exercise, which prevents many of the usual Inconveniencies of a *Sedentary-Life*, besides the Time which the *Engin* saves in dispatch.

Mr. *Daniel de Foe* is a Man of good Parts, and very clear sense. His Conversation is ingenious and

risk enough. The World is well satisfy'd that he's enterprizing and BOLD; but alas! had his Prudence only weigh'd a few Grains more, he'd certainly have writ his *shortest way*, a little more at length.

There have been some Men in all Ages, who have taken that of *Juvenal* for their *Motto*.

*Aut aliquid Brevibus Gyaris Et Carcere dignum
Sic vis esse aliquis*—————

Had he writ no more than his *True born English Man*, and spar'd some particular Characters that are too vicious for the very *Originals*, he had certainly deserv'd Applause; but 'tis hard to leave off when not only the *ITCH* and Inclination, but the *Necessity* of writing, lye so heavy upon a Man.

Shou'd I defend his *Good Nature*, and his *Honesty*, and the World wou'd not believe me, 'twou'd be Labour in vain. Mr. *Foe* writ for me the *Character* of Dr. *Annesley*, and a *Pindarick* in Honour of the *Athenian Society*, which was prefix'd to the *History* of it, and he might have ask'd me the *Question* before he had inserted either of 'em in the *Collection* of his Works, in Regard, he writes so bitterly against the same Injustice in others.

Mr. *Fuller* is not only a *Villain*, but he's known to be so. He has something PECULIAR in his Face that distinguishes him from the rest of Mankind; but however, he has been such a *Mystery of Iniquity*, that the World had much ado to unriddle him. His Looks are so Honest and Innocent, that you'd think 'twas impossible that any Mischief shou'd be lodg'd in his Heart.

He has told the World in the *History of his Life* that Mr. *Baldwin* and I, did improve his *Narrative of the SHAM Prince of Wales*, on purpose to make it sell which is the most formal Lye I have met with; and Regard the Copy was printed off before we saw it.

In the same *History of his Life*, he pretends to make Publick EVERY ROGUERY he committed, but
lay

says nothing of his carrying Mr. Hayburst and my self, to Canterbury, and several other Places, in Quest of some State Letters which were never in Being, and of the great Summ he's yet indebted to us, upon that Account; so that if his Penitence and his Confession be in the same Condition, they neither of 'em signify a Farthing.

Mr. Gildon is well acquainted with the Languages, and writes with a peculiar Briskness, which the common Hacks can't boast of, in Regard, they want the Life and Spirit, and the same Liberty, and Extent of Genus. He was always very just in the Engagements where I had any Concern, and his Performances were done, as well as the Designs wou'd admit. He writ *The History of the Athenian Society*, which contain'd the just Merits of that Cause.

Mr. Philips, a Gentleman of good Learning, and well born. He'll write you a Design, off in a very little Time, if the Gout (or Claret) don't stop him. He translates *The Present State of Europe: Or, the Monthly Mercury*, incomparably well, which is one of the finest Journals of the kind, the World has ever seen; I was once concern'd in it, but had the Misfortune to drop it.

Mr. Jones, Author of *King William's Life with Cuts*, and printed for Mr. Sprint in Little-Britain. He's Honest and good natur'd, and writes very well. He design'd for the Ministry, but began to teach School, and from that Employment he turn'd Author, and Corrector for the Press. He brought me acquainted with *Esq; Coke*, whose *Detection of the Court and State of England*, met with very good Success.

Dr. Burtbogg, a Man of great Learning, and well skill'd in Speculation, for which his Genius was naturally turn'd. His *Essay on the Nature of Spirits*, dedicated to Mr. Lock, is, to me, a Masterpeice of the Kind, Mr. LOB was his great Oracle.

Mr. Bradshaw, the best accomplish'd Hackney-Author I have met with; His Genius was quite above the common lize, and his Stile was incomparably fine. You cou'd propose to him no Design, within the Compass of

Learning, but he knew to go through with it; he design'd for the Ministry, till he had finish'd his Studies and then fell off something like *Tom. Brown*, tho' the Comparison be a little too mean for him. He writ for me the *Parable of the Magpyes*, and many Thousands of 'em sold. I had once fix'd him upon a very great *Design*, and furnish'd him both with Money and Books, which were most of 'em *Historical* and *Geographical*; but my Gentleman thought fit to remove himself and I'm not sure that I have seen him since. In a little Time after, was publish'd *the first Vol. of the Turkish Spy*, and so soon as I saw it, the very *Stile*, and the manner of writing, convinc'd me that *Bradshaw* was the Author. This gave me a little fresh Uneasiness to find him out, and one Day I met his Wife in *Grays-Inn*; at first sight she was almost *Dumb-founded*, but I was as civil to her as my Nature wou'd suffer me; I ask'd after her Husband, and she gave me this Account, that *Dr. Midgely* had engag'd him in a Work which wou'd take up some Years to finish; she added, the *Dr.* gave him 40 s. per Sheet, 20 s. per Sheet he receiv'd, and the other Twenty went to pay off some old *Arrear*, betwixt him, and the Doctor. *Dr. Midgely* own'd to me he was well acquainted with *Mr. Bradshaw*, and said he was very *Ingenious*, but unhappy, and something indebted to him. After this, I had no more Intelligence of *Mr. Bradshaw*, but the *Turkish Spy* was for some Years publish'd Vol. after Vol. so that 'tis very PROBABLE (for I can't swear I saw him write it) that *Mr. William Bradshaw* was the Author of the *Turkish Spy*; were it not for this DISCOVERY, which was never made known before, *Dr. Midgely* had gone off with the Honour of that Performance. If *Mr. Bradshaw* be yet alive, I here declare to the World, and to him, That I freely forgive him what he owes, both in Money and Books, if he'll only be so kind as to make me a Visit.

But I am afraid the worthy Gentleman is dead, for he was wretchedly over-run with Melancholly, and the very Blackness of it reign'd in his Countenance. He had certainly perform'd Wonders with his Pen, had not his

his poverty pursu'd him, and almost laid the Necessity upon him to be unjust.

Mr. *Settle* has got himself the Reputation of being a good Poet, and perhaps he knows the ART, at least, as well as his Brethren of the Quill. His Latin Poem, dedicated to the Princess *Sophia*, has shewn he's a Man of Learning. His Character of a Popish Successor, has deservedly given him the Name of a Wit, and most of his Plays have been acted with great Applause. Mr. *Dryden* found him smart enough, and cou'd ha' wish'd himself safe out of his Hands.

But, alas! after all, when I see an Ingenious Man set up for a meer Poet, and steer his Course through Life, towards that Point of the Compass, I give him up as one prick'd down by Fate, for misery and misfortune. 'Tis something unaccountable, but one wou'd incline to think there's some indispensible Law, whereby Poverty and Disappointment are entail'd upon Poets. Mr. *Oldham* was something of the same Mind, when writing about his own Inclinations that way, he tells his Friend,

*While Silly I, all thriving Arts refuse,
And all my Hopes, and all my Vigour lose
In service on that worst of Fils, a Muse,
For gainful Business court ignoble Ease,
And in Gay Trifles, waste my ill spent Days.*

A little farther.

*Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheedles with deluding Hopes to win;
But when they hit, and most successful are,
They scarce come off with a bare saving share.
Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
Oft have I try'd (Heaven knows) to mortify
This vile and wicked Lust of Poetry,
But still unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit, or some Darling Sin.*

24 DUNTON'S Life and Errors.

*Nay (Heaven forgive me) when I say my Prayers,
I scarce can help poluting them with Verse.*

Homer himself was but a blind Beggar, and Ovid, when his Father whipt him for making Verses, cou'd not but reply in Verse,

Parce Precor Genitor, post has non versificabor.

And that pregnant Instance which his Father urg'd upon him was ineffectual.

Magnides nullas Ipse reliquit Opes.

However, his Muse gave him but cold comfort in Banishment, and among the Snows of *Scythia*.

Our own *Cowley*, if I mistake not the Story, cou'd not purchase himself so much as a little Houie with a small Garden to it, when he made his Retreat from the World; however, we are well assur'd that his Muse and he, had frequently very warm Quarrels between 'em——I wou'd not alledge all this to disswade any noble Genius to pursue this Art as a little pretty Divertisement, but where 'tis made the very Trade of Life, I am pretty positive the Man's in the wrong Box. Mr. *Settle* may wonder at this Sober Lecture of Prudence and good Management, but I must ask his Pardon, if I think 'tis a little to the Purpose.

Mr. *Shirley*, (alias Dr. *Shirley*) is a good natur'd Writer as I know, he has been an indefatigable Press-mauler, for above these Twenty years. He has publish'd at least a Hundred Bound Books, and about Two Hundred Sermons——But the cheapest pretty, pat things, all of 'em, pence a piece as long as they'll run——His great Talent lyes at Collection, and he'll do it ye for 6 s. per Sheet. He knows to disguise an Author that you shan't know him, and yet keep the Sense and the main scope intire. He's as true as Steell to his Word, and wou'd save off his Feet, to oblige a Bookfeller. He's usually very fortunate in what he goes upon: He writ *Lord Jeffrey's Life* for me, of which Six Thousand were sold.

fold. After all, he subsists, as other Authors must expect, by a sort of Geometry.

The PINDARICK LADY in the West, Alias PHILOMELA, Alias, Madam SINGER, who oblig'd the Athenian Society with variety of inimitable Poems, and for whom I printed a Collection, written upon several Occasions, and when ever I take 'em up

*In vain alas ! in vain my Fate I shun,
I read and sigh, and Love, and am undone :
Circean Charms, and FEMALE ARTS I prove,
Transported all, to some NEW WORLD of Love,
Now my Ears Tingl^e, and each thick drawn Breath
Comes hard, as in the AGONIES of Death !
Back to the Heart the purple Rivers flow,
My swimming Eyes, to see, my Feet unlearn to go ;
In every trembling Nerve, a short liv'd Pally Reigns,
Strange Fever-boyl my Blood, yet shudder through my
Veins.
Tyrannous Charmer bold ! my Sense, my Soul restore,
Monopolize not Love, nor make thy ~~self~~ adore.*

To write plain English, she has certainly the richest Genius of her Sex, and to convince the Reader of it, I shall only refer him to her Paraphrase upon the Canticles, and the Fable of Phaeton, which he may meet with in the Collection I have mention'd. She knows the Purity of our Tongue, and converses with all the Britknets and the Gayety, that she writes. Her Stile is noble and flowing, and her Images are very vivid and shining. To finish her Character, she's as Beautiful as she's Witty.

*And here and there she Innocently says,
With an unaiming Dart ;
And none resist her, when with skill,
She levels at a Heart.*

*Bright Wonder of her Sex, with ease she wields;
Vast Thoughts and more refined;
And greater far than e'er were yet
Graspt by a Female Mind.*

Mr. Pitts—He was a Surgeon in *Monmouth's Army*, and was (in Part) Author of the *Bloody Assizes*—He's a meer Angel of a Man, and where's the Lady that can resist his Charms—*There's Nose, there's Eyes, there's complexion*—Well, if all this fails, I'll ne'er trust *Phlogomy* again—An **AUTHOR** too, as sure as *Infidelity*—See how he bites his Nails, and scratches his Head, and twirls his Fingers, all mortal Symptoms of the *Plague of writing*—

I shall next give the Reader a Prospect of *Artemisa*, (who obliged *The Athenian Society* with many curious Questions) &c. Her Aspect is compos'd of *Mirth and Modesty*; she has *sweetness and Enterprize* in her Air, which plead and anticipate in her Favour—Her *Wit*, and *Vertues* are writ legibly in her Face, and this *soot Hand* will give you a juster Idea of her Worth than the *Circumlocution of Words*—Her Eyes bespeak her the Wonder and Envy of her Sex, only with less Rhetoric than her Tongue—

*Saint like she looks, a Syren if she Sing,
Her Eyes Stars, her Mind is every Thing.*

Her *Effgies* and her Character are the same, she's all that she looks, and 'twou'd drain any Wit but her own to raise the Piece to a Level with her Desert; she is a constant *Hearer* of *Mr. Taylor*, and is a very charitable, Lady, but the *Athenians* having prevented me in her Character, I shan't blemish the Colours with an unmasterly-hand.

Robert Carr—A small *Poetical Insect*, like *Bays* in every thing but writing well—an odd Mixture of *Lead and Mercury*—As heavy and dull as an old *Ufurer*, and yet as unfixt and Magoty as *Parson Grubb*—still changeing, displeas'd, unquiet, uneasy, a Perfect **Contradiction** to himself, and all the World: He writ

as *Antidote against Lust*; and has nothing but his CHASTITY to recommend him—

Mr. *Ames*, originally a *Coat-seller*, but had always some *Yimmerings* upon him after *Learning* and the *Muses*. He has almost writ as many pretty, little Pleasant Poems as *Taylor* the *Water-Poet*; you might engage him upon what Project you pleas'd, if you'd but conceal him, for his *Principles* did never resist in such Cases. I printed a Poem for him, under the Title of the *Double Descent*; at that Time the *French* talk'd big of invading *England*, and we were making ready for a Descent upon their Coasts. *Wine and Women* were the great Bane of his Life and Happiness; he dy'd in an *Hospital*, but I hope he was truly penitent; for a little before his Decease, he said to me, with a great Deal of Concern. *Oh Mr. Dunton! with what another Face does the World appear, now I have Death in View!*

I have now finish'd an *Original* of *Gratitude* to my *Authors*, and have done it with all the *Impartiality* I was capable.

I am now to entertain the Reader with the *PROJECTS* I have engag'd upon, for I have been sufficiently convinc'd, that unless a Man can either *think* or *perform something out of the old beaten Road*, he'll find nothing but what his *Forefathers* have found before him. A *Bookseller*, if he's a Man of any Capacity and Observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best Prospect of success. I remember

Mr. *Andrews*, a Learned and Ingenious *Scots-man* of this Age, has offer'd me several *Translations*, and told me they'd certainly sell, the Substance of the Book was so and so, and cou'd not miss; he added, I had printed MORE than any other, and yet none had printed LESS; this was sharp enough, I confess; however, 'tis a Difficult Matter to attack a Man in his own Science. I have 'tis true, been very plentifully loaded with the Imputation of *Maggots*, &c. And What's the Reason? Why, because I have usually started something that was New, whilst others, like *Foot-Pads*, ply only about the high Roads, and either abridge
another

another Man's Book; or one way or other contriv'd the very Life and Soul out of the Copy, which perhaps was the only subsistence of the first Proprietor. I once printed a Book, I remember, under the Title of *Magazots*, but 'twas Written by a *Dignitary* in the *Church of England*. However, I'm willing to submit my self, and to stand or fall by the Impartial Judgment of the Reader: For,

My first Project was the *ATHENIAN GAZET*.

The Humane Mind, tho it has lost its Immacence, and made Shipwreck of the Image of GOD, yet the Desire of *Knowledge* is undestroy'd. Mankind are sunk, as it were, into *Shadows and Darkness*, and now and then they see some glimmering Apparition of Truth, but yet, tho' it be as Glorious, 'tis fleeting as a Vision. The Soul is also as much jilted and juggled with a *walking kind of Happiness*, which is promising enough, but always unperforming. Thus the *humane Understanding* and the *Will* being under penal Banishment from Truth and Goodness, and yet tantaliz'd with the Appearance of Both; the Soul must suffer under a World of uneasiness and pain, for what misery more exquisite, than when the *Faculties* and their *Objects* are divorc'd?

Now under this Condition, what Project cou'd be more agreeable, than that which promises, at least, to open the *Avenues*, raise the Soul, as 'twere, into *DAY-LIGHT*, and restore the *Knowledge of Truth and Happiness*, that had wandered so long unknown, and found out by few?

This was the great Design of our *English Athens*, which was a Thought intirely (if you'll forgive me the *Vanity*) of my own *Creation*.

As the *Athenian Society* had their first meeting in my *Brain*—so it has been kept ever since religiously *SECRET*: But I'll now oblige the *Reader* with a *true Discovery* of the *Question-Project*, and of the several Persons that engag'd in it.

I had receiv'd a very flaming Injury, which was so loaded with Aggravations, that I cou'd scarce get over it; my Thoughts were constantly working upon't, and made me strangely uneasy, sometimes I thought to make Application to some Divine, but how to conceal my self and the ungrateful Wretch, was the Difficulty. Whilst this perplexity remain'd upon me, I was one Day walking over St. George's-fields, and Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Harris were along with me, and on a suddain I made a Stop, and said, Well Sirs, I have a Thought I'll not exchange for Fifty Guineas; they smil'd, and were very urgent with me to DISCOVER it, but they cou'd not get it from me. The first rude Hint of it, was no more than a confus'd Idea of concealing the Querist and answering his Question. However, so soon as I came Home, I manag'd it to some better Purpose, brought it into form, and hammer'd out a Title for't, which happen'd to be extreamly lucky, and those who are well acquainted with the Grecian History, may discover some peculiar Beauties in it. The Inhabitants of Athens were mighty fond of being call'd Athenians, in Regard, they fancy'd the Title did distinguish'd 'em from the rest of Mankind, whom they stil'd Barbarians, which is well known to those that are conversant with their Writings; and from them the Romans receiv'd the same Custom, which indulg'd their Humour of fancying themselves the only refin'd part of the World. 'Tis very easily discover'd, that the Holy Spirit in the sacred Writings, seems for wise Reasons to loath the vanity of these Athenians, for when St. Paul was to defend himself in their Areopagus, or Court of Darknes, he gives 'em no higher Title than that of ἀνθρώποι ἀβυσσῶν. However, the Honest Reader that knows nothing of Criticism, may see the Reason why this Project was entituled the Athenian Gazette, if he only turns to Acts 17. 21.

When I had thus form'd the Design, I found that some Assistance was absolutely necessary to carry it on, in Regard, the Project took in the whole Compass of Learning, and the Nature of it requir'd Dispatch. I had

had then some Acquaintance with the Ingenious Mr. *Richard Sault*; who turn'd *Malebranch* into *English* for me, and was admirably well skill'd in the *Mathematicks*; and over a Glass of Wine I unbosom'd my self to him, and he very freely offer'd to become concern'd. So soon as the Design was well advertis'd, Mr. *Sault* and my self, without any more Assistance, settled to it with great Diligence, (and *Number 1. 2.* was entirely of Mr. *Saults* composition and mine.) The Project being surprizing and unthought of, we were immediately overloaded with LETTERS, and sometimes I have found several Hundreds for me at Mr. *Smith's Coffee-House* in *Stocks-Market*, where we usually met to consult Matters.

The *Athenian Gazette* made now such a Noise in the World, and was so universally receiv'd, that we were oblig'd to look out after more Members; and Mr. *Sault*, I remember, one Evening came to me, in great Transport, and told me he had been in Company with a Gentleman, who was the greatest Prodigy of Learning, he had ever met with; upon Inquiry, we found 'twas the Ingenious Dr. *N——*, who very generously offer'd his Assistance gratis, but refus'd to become a stated Member of *Athens*: He was wonderfully useful in supplying Hints; for being universally read, and his Memory very strong, there was nothing cou'd be ask'd, but he cou'd very easily say something to the Purpose upon it.

In a little Time after, to oblige Authority, we alter'd the Title of *Athenian Gazette*, into *Athenian Mercury*.

The Undertaking growing every Week upon our hands, the Impatience of our Querists, and the Curiosity of their Questions, which requir'd a great Deal of Accuracy and Care, did oblige us to adopt a Third Member of *Athens*, and the Reverend Mr. *W.——* being just come to Town, all new from the University, and my Acquaintance with him being very INTIMATE, I easily prevail'd with him to embark himself upon the same bottom, and in the same Cause.

With

With this *New Addition* we found our selves to be Masters of the whole Design, and thereupon we neither lessen'd nor increas'd our Number.

The Success of *Athens* growing so very considerable, Mr. *Brown* and Mr. *Pate* began to ape our Design in a Paper they entitul'd the *Lacedemonian Mercury*, which immediately interfer'd with us under a Title, which, 'tis true, was *pretty and pertinent* enough. Upon this, I was resolv'd one way or other to blow 'em up, in Regard, 'twas both *ungenerous and unjust*, to interlope upon a Man, where he has the sole Right and Property, for the *Children of the Brain*, ate as much ours, as those we beget in *lawful Wedlock*.

I first of all advertiz'd, That all the Questions answer'd in the *Lacedemonian Mercury*, shou'd be answer'd over again in our *Athenian Mercury*, with *Amendments*, with the Life of *Tom Brown*, the chief *Antagonist*; this News startled them pretty much, at that Time I was altogether unacquainted with Mr. *Brown*; however, one Evening he comes to me, with all the **CIVILITY** imaginable, and desires to take a Glass with me; I sent for my *Athenian Brethren*, and we went to the *Three Cranes*, where we discours'd the Matter with him at large, but Mr. *Sault* being a Gentleman of Courage, and a little inclin'd to Passion, was going to draw upon Mr. *Brown*, for an uncivil Reflection; upon which Mr. *Brown*, cry'd *Peccavi*, and promis'd very faithfully that he'd never meddle any more, with the *Lacedemonian Mercury*; and tho' they had not dropt it, yet the *flaming Wickedness*, and the Blasphemy that was in it, wou'd have ruin'd the Design.

A little after this, was publish'd, *The NEW ATHENIAN COMEDY*, containing, The *Politicks, Oeconomicks, Tackticks, Crypticks, Apocalypticks, Stypticks, Scepticks, Pneumaticks, Theologicks, Poeticks, Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Pragmaticks, Dogmaticks* of our most *Learned Society*.

This Play was a poor Performance, writ however, on Purpose to expose us, but fail'd so far in the Design of it, that it promoted ours. There was nothing of Wit through the whole of it, and the Reader may take

notice that Mr. S——'s *Genius* was quite run out towards the Conclusion of the *Third Act*, and cou'd not carry it an Inch farther. There was indeed something very pretty in the Author's Quotation out of *Juvenal* towards the Bottom of his Title Page, which *Farnaby's Rhetorick* might help him to, if he was unacquainted with the *Original*; the Lines were these, which methinks have a peculiar Reference to my Humour, and the History of my Life.

————— *Ede, quid illum*
Esse putes? Quemvis Hominem secum attulit ad nos,
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Alyptes,
AUGUR, Schanobates, Medicus, MAGUS omnia novit
ATTICUS esuriens, ad Calum Jufferis, ibit.

The Earl of ——— was once pleas'd to Frown upon the *Athenian Mercury*, and forc'd us into silence; but when Men are pleas'd to make *personal Application* (for the Offence was only taken at a Question that was sent us, of a *Father that had two Daughters*) 'tis a Sign there's a *sore Place*, else they'd never Wince for the Matter; however Captain M———al procur'd us Liberty to proceed, and had Twenty Five Guineas for that Service.

I have waded through these, and many other Difficulties with this Design, and nothing cou'd discourag me, when my Cause was so great and good.

The *Athenian Mercury* began at length to be so well approv'd that Mr. Gildon (whose Character I gave before) thought it worth his while to write *History of the Athenian Society*, to which was prefixt several Poems written by the chief Wits of the Age (viz. Mr. Motteux, Mr. Foe, Mr. Richardson, & and in Particular, Mr. TATE (now Poet Laureat) was pleas'd to honour us with a Poem dedicated

To the *ATHENIAN SOCIETY*; in
these words, viz.

The warmth your *Beams* produc'd, you must excuse ;
 Our *Commendation* first inspir'd my *Muse* :
 Your friendly *Praise* supports her feeble *Wing* :
 You both invite, and teach her how to sing ;
 And while by *Art* your charming *Numbers* move,
 Her *Wood-wild Notes* instruct her to improve.
 Censure, in this *Attempt*, can only say,
 That I my *Debt* of *Thanks* too poorly pay ;
 That from your *Boon*ty I my *Tribute* raise,
 And but return the *Product* of your *Praise*.
 Yet *Mortals* thus, to *Sacred Altars* go,
 With *Presents* which the *Gods* did first bestow.
 We treat them from the *Stores* which they dispense
 Not to requite, but show our grateful *Sense*.
 To sing your *Poils*, let abler *Bards* aspire ;
 While I at distance silently admire,
 How much oblig'd your *Country* is to you,
 If *Wit*, and *Learning*, here, those *Charms* renew,
 That *Arts Admirers* once to *Athens* drew.
 If thither *Conqu'ring Rome* for *Knowledge* sought,
 What *Miracles* have you for *Britain* wrought !
 Who *Athens* home to us, at your own *Charge* have
 (brought !)

Aspiring *Lewis's Self* must yield to you,
 In that sole *Praise* which he can call his *Due* ;
 Translated *Learning* France too dearly buys,
 Which cheaply your *Compendious Book* supplies.
 This *Difference* too, your *Preference* secures,
 His *Aim* was *Glory*, *Public Good* was *Yours* ;
 For while you move the various *Orbs* of *Wit*,
 Conceal'd the great *Intelligences* sit.

N. Tate

In the *History* of the *Athenian Society* is inserted
 another *POEM*, in which the *Ingenious Author* is
 pleas'd to say.

notice that Mr. S——'s *Genius* was quite run out towards the Conclusion of the *Third Act*, and cou'd not carry it an Inch farther. There was indeed something very pretty in the Author's Quotation out of *Juvenal* towards the Bottom of his Title Page, which *Farnaby's Rhetorick* might help him to, if he was unacquainted with the *Original*; the Lines were these, which methinks have a peculiar Reference to my Humour, and the History of my Life.

—————^v *Ede, quid illum*
Esse putes? Quemvis Hominem secum attulit ad nos,
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Alyptes,
AUGUR, Schanobates, Medicus, MAGUS omnia novis
ATTICUS esuriens, ad Cælum Jufferis, ibit.

The Earl of ——— was once pleas'd to Frown upon the *Athenian Mercury*, and forc'd us into silence; but when Men are pleas'd to make *personal Application*, (for the Offence was only taken at a Question that was sent us, of a *Father that had two Daughters*) 'tis a Sign there's a *fore Place*, else they'd never Wince for the Matter; however Captain M———*al* procur'd us Liberty to proceed, and had Twenty Five *Gurneas* for that Service.

I have waded through these, and many other Difficulties with this Design, and nothing cou'd discourage me, when my Cause was so great and good.

The *Athenian Mercury* began at length to be so well approv'd that Mr. Gildon (whose Character I gave before) thought it worth his while to write *A History of the Athenian Society*, to which was prefixt several Poems written by the chief Wits of the Age (viz. Mr. Motteux, Mr. Foe, Mr. Richardson, &c.) and in Particular, Mr. TATE (now Poet Laureat) was pleas'd to honour us with a Poem directed

To the *ATHENIAN SOCIETY*; in
these words, viz.

*The warmth your Beams produc'd, you must excuse ;
Your Commendation first inspir'd my Muse :
Your friendly Praise supports her feeble Wing :
You both invite, and teach her how to sing ;
And while by Art your charming Numbers move,
Her Wood-wild Notes instruct her to improve.
Censure, in this Attempt, can only say,
That I my Debt of Thanks too poorly pay ;
That from your Bounty I my Tribute raise,
And but return the Product of your Praise.
Yet Mortals thus, to Sacred Altars go,
With Presents which the Gods did first bestow.
We treat them from the Stores which they dispense
Not to requite, but show our grateful Sense.
To sing your Toils, let abler Bards aspire ;
While I at distance silently admire,
How much oblig'd your Country is to you,
If Wit, and Learning, here, those Charms renew,
That Arts Admirers once to Athens drew.
If thither Conqu'ring Rome for Knowledge sought,
What Miracles have you for Britain wrought !
Who Athens home to us, at your own Charge have
(brought !*

*Aspiring Lewis's Self must yield to you,
In that sole Praise which he can call his Due ;
Translated Learning France too dearly buys,
Which cheaply your Compendious Book supplies.
This Difference too, your Preference secures,
His Aim was Glory, Public Good was Yours ;
For while you move the various Orbs of Wit,
Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.*

N. Tate

In the *History of the Athenian Society* is inserted another *POEM*, in which the Ingenious Author is pleas'd to say.

*When first the spreading Fame, the Rumor ran,
That Athens had another World begun,
And clear'd the Gloomy Shades of Ignorance,
And form'd new sparkling Orbs ———
This soon employ'd each Tongue; all Ears, all Eyes
Were full of Athens, and the Enterprize.*

Mr. Richardson concludes his *Panegyrick* upon the Athenian Society, with these words.

*The Chain of Causes, and their Order shew,
And clearly shew they're fram'd by Hands Divine.
Ye Great Unknown, this you have aim'd at Now;
And tho' Coy Nature flies, our searching View,
Yet many, who long dead in Ign'rance lay,
Now speak and think, reviv'd by your bright Day,
Go on — Learning, and solid Truth advance,
They're Noble Subjects for such Noble Pens.
Let your opposers trifling Fests pursue;
They write for MINUTES, but for AGES you.*

The Pindarick Lady, was pleas'd to Complement our Athenian Project, in this manner, viz.

*And now methinks I rise,
But still the lofty Subject baulks my flight,
And still my Muse despairs to do Great Athens right;
Yet take the Zealous Tribute which I bring,
The early Products of a FEMALE Muse,
Until the GOD into my Brest shall mightier thoughts
(infuse,
When I with more command, and prouder Voice shall sing.
But how shall I describe the matchless Men!
I'm lost in the bright Labyrinth agen.*

Mr. Swift, a Country Gentleman, sent an ODE to the Athenian Society, which being an Ingenious Poem, was prefixt to the Fifth Supplement of the Athenian Mer-

Many other Persons did also R H I M E in the Praise of our *Question-Project*, but 'twou'd tire the Reader, to insert half the *Poems* that were sent us on that Occasion.

Our *Athenian Project* did not only obtain among the *Populace*, but was well receiv'd by the *Politer* sort of Mankind.

That Great and Learned Noble Man, the late *Marquis of Halifax*, was once pleas'd to tell me, that he constantly perus'd our *Mercuries*, and had receiv'd great satisfaction from very many of our *Answers*.

The late Sir *William Temple*, a Man of a clear Judgment, and wonderful Penetration, was pleas'd to Honour me with frequent *Letters* and Questions, very Curious and uncommon; in Particular, that about the *Talismans* are his.

The Honourable Sir *Tho. Pope Blunt*, when he resided in Town, has very frequently sent for me to his Chamber, and given me particular Thanks for my *Athenian Project*; and the last Visit I made him, he told me the *Athenian Society* was certainly the most useful and informing Design, that had ever been set on Foot in *England*.

Sir *William Hedges*, was pleas'd to tell me he was so well pleas'd with the *Athenian Mercuries*, that he wou'd send several *Compleat Sets* into the *Indies*, to his Friends; and that he thought, the *Publick*, and himself in particular, so much oblig'd to me, that I should be *always welcome to his House*, and that he'd serve me to his utmost, with Reference to my Trade.

I cou'd mention many more *Honours* that were done me, by Sir *Peter Pet*, and several others, whose *Learning and Judgment* the World has little Reason to Question.

Our *Athenian Mercuries* were continu'd till they swell'd, at least, to *Twenty Vol. Folio*, and then we took up to give our selves a little *Ease and Refreshment*, for the Labours and the TRAVELS of the Mind, are as expensive, and wear the Spirits off as fast as those of the Body; however our *Society* was never
 S 3 formality

formally dissolv'd, only Death indeed, (the common Fate of Mankind) has taken off our dearly Beloved Brother Mr. *Richard Sault*: However, our Triumvirate is not only supply'd, but the Number increas'd by a *New Election* of *Nine Members*, all Masters in their several Faculties, so that the World shall shortly hear from *New Athens*, in a supplementary Way to the Performances of the *Old*.

And now that I have made a *true Narrative* of *Old Athens*, I shall present the Reader with the Platform now drawn up by the Members of the *New*.

The *Old Athenian Volumes*, a while ago, growing quite out of Print, a *Choice Collection*, of the most valuable Questions and Answers in Three *Volumes*, have lately been reprinted, and made publick under the Title of *ATHENIAN ORACLE*, Two of which I dedicated to the most Illustrious and Magnanimous Prince, *James, Duke of Ormond*, (*Chancellor* of the Universities of *Oxford* and *Dublin*) and Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*. These Two Volumes I presented to his Grace, with my OWN HAND, and if any thing cou'd make me Vain of the *ATHENIAN PROJECT*, it wou'd be the Generous Reception his Grace gave to each of the Volumes. I have no need here to shew the Reason of this *Dedication*, for his Grace's *Fame* is improved already to an undoubted Immortality. His *Courage, Conduct, and Success* in War, have rais'd him as far above the Reach of Flattery, as above all Parallel. He has waded through *Blood and Battels*, and has freely ventur'd his Life and Fortunes in the Great Cause of Liberty and Religion, and now at last, we cannot but applaud the Judicious Choice of our *Gracious Queen*, in making him the *Guardian* of a Kingdom, which owes so much to his Family, and where his Presence is as acceptable, as 'tis necessary, and therefore as *the Duke of Ormond* is *Patron* of *Learning*, as well as of *Arms*, the Athenian Society thought they had a natural Right to his Protection, and they found it in so ample a Manner, that his Grace not only honour'd each Volume with *his own Preface*, but was pleas'd afterwards, to mention to some Lords, the great Satisfaction, he took in the Athenian

thenian Oracles that had been presented to him. And may his Grace live long, the great Encouragement of Arms and Arts.

The Copy of these Three *Volumes* I sold to Mr. Bell in *Cornhill*, and is all (as appears by our *Articles*) that he has any Right to, and much good may his success do him, for 'tis thought he'll get above a *Thousand Pound* by't. But tho' I was so unfortunate to beat the *Bush* for another to catch the *Bird*, yet *Athens* has a kind of Immortality, and like a *King* or *Queen* of *England*, never dyes. ——— The *Athenian Oracle* being my Darling Project, I have, in my *ARTICLES* with Mr. Bell) reserv'd the *SOLE RIGHT* of continuing of it, to my self and to my Heirs for ever And in Prosecution of the same Method, the Members of *New Athens*, have laid the Plan of Three Vol. to succeed the old.

The *FIRST* to be entituled, *ATHENÆ REDIVIVÆ*: Or, *The New Philosophick, and Miscellaneous Oracle*, which will be purely a *Philosophick Miscellany*, where we shall entirely throw off the Rules, and the Pedantry of the *Old Way*, and think a *New*, both for the *World* and our selves.

For this Vol. we are well furnish'd already, with some *Thousand Questions*, sent to *Old Athens*, which were thrown by, through the *Impatience* of other *Querists*.

The *Second Volume* shall come abroad, under the Title of *ATHENÆ REDIVIVÆ*, or the *Divine Oracle*, and to be a *Directory* for *Tender Consciences*, and contain all the uncommon Cases, propos'd to the *Athenian Society*, by Persons under *Trouble* of *Mind*, or otherwise, communicated to us from other *Divines*. This *Volume* we intend to make the very *Crown* of all our other *Labours*; in *Regard* they are the best of *Friends* that are so to the great *Interests* of the *Soul*.

Our *Third Volume* is to be made publick, under the Title of *ATHENÆ REDIVIVÆ*: Or, the *Secret Oracle*, which is to *Answer* the *Nicer Questions* that relate to *Carnal* and *Spiritual Copulation*, and which were privately sent to the *Athenian Society*, by the

Mask'd-Ladies and *Town-Sparks*. However, the Nature of this Third Volume may appear, we shall take such a modest Care of it, that not the least Blemish of Obscenity and Smut shall pass us.—

We were always much oblig'd to the *Secresie* and *Faithfulness* of Mr. *Smith, the Coffee-Man*, who has read much, and his Judgment is sedate and good; his House is appointed to be the *Meeting-place* for *New-Athens*, and thither our Querists must direct their Letters.

So that the *Athenian Project* does now, *Phœnix-like*, flourish in its own Ashes; and I don't fear but these Three Volumes of *New-Athens*, will please as well as the *OLD*; for they'll contain as great Variety of *Nice and Curious Questions*, (digested under these several Classes) and are absolutely necessary to perfect the *Question-Project*. And therefore if my *Honoured Mother*, (*Madam Jane Nicholas*) will be so kind, as to lend me Two Hundred Pound, to carry on this *New-Oracle*, I doubt not, by *Christmas* next (**HUMANELY SPEAKING**) to pay all I owe in the World, and to make such *Handsome Provisions* for my *Dear Wife*, as is requisite for a Woman of her Fortune.

Thus I have given the Reader a full Account of the Plans upon which *New Athens* are proceeding.

A *Second Project* of mine, which was set on Foot by the *Old Athenians*, and lately publish'd by the *New*, is entitul'd—*The Athenian Spy*, or the Secret Letters of Platonick Courtship, between the *Athenian Society*, and the most Ingenious Ladies, in the Three Kingdoms, with the *Form of solemnizing Platonick Matrimony*, invented by the *Athenian Society*; To which is added their amorous Quarrels on the Disputable Points, relating to Love and Wedlock—The Copy of an Act, to provide Maids with Husbands—As also a Method for unmarrying those that are unequally yok'd. Publish'd to direct the Batchelour and Virgin in their whole *Accour*.—This *Athenian Spy*, will be continu'd to several
Volumes,

Volumes, and the Reader may meet with their various Subjects in the *Preface* to the first Volume.

Madam Singer (one of the Ladies Privy to this *Correspondence*) being fully satisfy'd there was nothing but Innocence (or a *Platonick Courtship*) design'd, in one of her Letters to me, she enclos'd a Letter directed to *Iris*, which was this following, viz.

Your Servant, Madam—For I knew as well as cou'd be, you'd have a FEMININE ITCH to break it ope: Women will meet the Devil rather than not see him—Mr.—— is at *Tunbridge* it seems—yes—and lyes there all Night too—come ne'er cry for the Matter, but call for a Candle, and put on your Night-dress, and go to bed, and divert your self with one pretty Dream or other—— you was better by half, then to stand reading this simple Letter; not that there's any hurt in it, you need not be Jealous, for unless your Spouse be a very Angel, you may keep the Kind Philosopher to your self for me—Therefore dear, sweet, Lady, seal up the Epistle again, and send it away for *Tunbridge*, to morrow Morning, so soon as you are come down the Stairs: And so I wish you good Night Madam, soft sleep and kind Visions attend ye—and now I'll give you the slip, and steal away very sullenly to *Tunbridge*, with more News than perhaps *Philaret* expects—

This Ingenious Letter, (with one inclos'd in't directed to my self) *Philomela* sent to *Iris* while I was at *Tunbridge*. And I might add the NEWS she sent me in this Letter, was the Discovery her Father made of our Correspondence, which was so very Innocent, that my Dear *Iris* (IN MY ABSENCE) return'd her the following Answer to her Letter.

YOU was not mistaken (Dear Madam) when you believ'd I shou'd break open your Letter: 'Tis a Freedom we Women take, that are bless'd with such obliging Husbands as I have; I read it, took your Advice, and sent it that Night for *Tunbridge*, went to Bed, and diverted my self with the Thoughts of that Pure
and

and Vertuous Friendship, which was begun between Philomela and Philaret: I was much concerned at that unhappy Accident which threatned the putting a stop to it; for I ever esteemed Platonick-Love to be the most Noble, and thought it might be allowed by all; but some wise Persons are afraid, lest the Sex should creep in for a Share. Here was no Danger; for tho' Nature and Art, have done their utmost to make Philomela charming to all, HER WIT, &c. being beyond most of her Sex, yet Philaret having for many years, given such Testimonies of a Conjugal Affection, even to excess (if such a Thing can be) that I fancied their Friendship, might have been honourably continu'd to the End of Time. I hope what difficulties they meet with at their first setting out, will heighten their Friendship, and make it more strong and lasting, So wishes

Your Humble Servant,

August 27. 1695.

Elizabeth Dunton.

A Third Project of mine, for the Promotion of Learning, was a Monthly Journal of Books printed in London, and beyond Sea, which was chiefly extracted out of *The Universal Bibliothecque*, and *Journal Des Sçavans*, and it first appear'd under the Title of *A Supplement to the Athenian Mercury*, but was afterwards call'd, *The Compleat Library*. This Design was carry'd on about Ten Months, when *Monſieur Lecroſe* interfer'd with me in a Monthly Journal entitul'd, *The Works of the Learned*, upon which I dropt my own Design, and joyn'd with *Lecroſe* his Bookseller, in publishing *The Works of the Learned*: But *Lecroſe* dying, 'twas discontinued; tho' the same Design, under the same Title, is yet on Foot, and manag'd by several Hands, one of which is the Ingenious *Mr. Ridpath*, of whom I have already given some short Account, under the Character of that Author.

Another Project (which I writ myself and publish'd a Year ago) was entituled *The POST ANGEL: Or Universal Entertainment*.—

*Only that Angel was straight gone, even so,
 (But not so swift) the Morning Glories flow;
 Quick Post, that with a speedy Expedition,
 Flies to accomplish his Divine Commission.
 GOD's winged Herald, Heaven's swift Messenger;
 'Twixt Heaven and Earth, the true Interpreter.*
 ————— Cowley.

These Six Verses were thought proper for the Title of *The POST-ANGEL*, which contained,

1. *The Remarkable Providences of Judgment and Mercy that happened Monthly.*
2. *The Lives and Deaths of the most Eminent Persons that dyed every Week.*
3. *A New Athenian Mercury, resolving the most Nice and Curious Questions propos'd by the Ingenious of either Sex.*
4. *A Poetical Project, under Four general Heads, viz. First, Poems on the most Remarkable Passages throughout the whole Bible. Secondly, A Panegyrick on Vertue. Thirdly, A Satyr on Vice. Fourthly, A New System of Philosophy. All in Verse.*
5. *The Gentleman's Library: Or, Essays on all manner of Diverting Subjects.*
6. *An Honourable Challenge, betwixt my self, and a Cambridge Scholar. —*
7. *The Publick News, containing so much (relating to Church and State) as inform'd the Reader how the World went at home and abroad.*
8. *A Character of Books publish'd every Month, with an Account of those in the Press, and going to it.*

This *POST-ANGEL* ow'd its rise to a Dream, and by the Assistance I had from my Learned Friends, and the Correspondence I letted in diverse parts, I made good the Eight Parts of my Journal, which meeting with Good Success, I continu'd to write it my self
 for

for Elizabeth Montagu: *Incognitus* and *Fido* (in their Power with the Author and Design of the *Post-Angel*) are pleas'd to say that the fine things of this Undertaking; But I am sensible of my great Imperfections that I take what they write was more to shew the Fineness of their Wit, than the Merit of my Performance. However since the Design of this *POST-ANGEL* was a *Divine improvement of every Remarkable Occurrence*, 'Twas much the sale had not daily increas'd; But finding that of making many Books *there was no End*, (and my Health at this Time calling me to *Tunbridge-Wells*) I surrendered my Project of the *POST-ANGEL*, to a Society of Clergy-men. But this Change of the Author was attended with such ill success, that the *POST-ANGEL* was forc'd to fly away in the Printers Debt. — Those that desire a larger Account of this *ANGEL-PROJECT*, must consult my Preface, to the *POST-ANGEL* for *January 1701*.

My *Fifth Project* has been preparing for the Press, for these Ten Years, and is entituled, — *The New Practice of Piety* — Writ in Imitation of *Dr. Brown's Religio Medici*: Or, a System of *UNCOMMON* Thoughts extracted from the Experience of Forty Years — [*May we know what this New Doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? Acts 17. 19*] — This *New Practice of Piety* is written by *The Athenian Society*, and will be Dedicated to our Sovereign Lady *Queen-Anne*. To render this Book the more acceptable to the *CURIOUS* Reader; if any Ingenious *Querist* has conceiv'd in his own Mind (or met in his reading with) any, *New or uncommon Thoughts*, if he'll lend 'em to *Smith's Coffee-House*, directed to the *Athenian Society*, they shan't fail of a place in this *NICE-UNDERTAKING*.

My *Sixth Project*, was, *The Challenge*, sent by a *Young Lady* to *Sir Thomas* — entituled the *Female War*, wherein the present Dresses and Humours of the *Fair Sex*, are vigorously attackt by Men of Quality, and as bravely defended by several Ladies. In this Challenge (or *Female War*) there was an absolute Freedom of Speech allow'd by both Sexes, which was given, and taken, without the least Offence. The whole Encounter consists of several *Challenges*, in which the Ladies attack the Men with such strength of Reason, and Wit and Gaiety, that they generally come off with Victory. My

DUNTON'S Life and Errors. 269

My next Project was entitul'd, *The Post-Boy Rob'd of his Male*: Or, The Pacquet broke open, containing Five Hundred Letters that were taken from several Posts, discovering the SECRETS OF MEN and Women of all Ranks and Qualities. The Club of Gentlemen suppos'd to have been concern'd in this Frolick, make *Remarks upon the Letters as they break them up*. This Project obtain'd so well, that both Volumes are now out of Print. 'Tis true, there are many unwary and prophane Expressions scatter'd through these Volumes, so that I'm heartily sorry I had any Concern in 'em: but the Author sent the Copy to the Press, as he writ it off, and in Regard, I had no suspicion of him, I did not peruse the Letters till 'twas too late to alter 'em; I don't think the same Reason will justify either the Author or my self, upon which our modern *Play-writers* build so much, that because there's Wick- edness in the Life, the Representation shou'd be so too. However, the Project in general, was very well approv'd and will in few Months, be reprinted, and se- verely Corrected, with a large Number of *additional Let- ters*, by *NEW-ATHENS*—

My Eighth Project, was a Design to expose Vice, entitul'd, *THE NIGHT WALKER*. Or, *Evening Rambles, in search after lew'd Women, with the various Conferences held with them, dedicated to the Whores and Whore-Masters of London and Westmin- ster*. This Project was so well receiv'd, that I pur- pos'd to continue it Monthly, till a Discovery was made of the Chief Prostitutes in England, from the *Pentionary-Miss*, down to the *Common-Strumpet*. This Journal was kept up about Eight Months, and then my Author was quite out at the *Elbows*, for want of Matter; however, to fill up the last, that the publick might not have it imperfect, *Two young Clergy-men*, in other Habits, and my self (with the Content of *Iris*) began the *Rambles*, for neither they nor I before, had ever seen *The Humours of the Town*. I am well enough sa- tisfy'd with the Innocence of our Design, but indeed the Prudence of it, I know not how to justify; 'Tis true, there was no WICKEDNESS committed, however,

however, we ran our selves upon Temptation; but I leave that Matter to those *Reverend Clergy-men*, who were neither both of 'em Dissenters, nor yet both Conformists. As for my own part, *I am sorry for the Frolick, and wou'd not act it over again*; but if any of the Discoveries we made, do but give others an Abhorrence of that Wicked Generation of *Night-Walkers*, I shall willingly bear the little Censures I may meet with, and I think I practis'd all the severity of that Nature upon my self, which others can possibly do.

The first Night, we resolv'd to Ramble, Mr. T—— and my self, made an Appointment with our Reverend Knight Errants, to meet 'em at the Bull-Head, exactly at Eight, with some game along with us; we kept to the Assignment very punctually, and had pickt up a young piece of Wickedness, which might easily be known by her telling us where she lodg'd at the very first. Our Gentlemen were not exact to the appointment, and as soon as Miss, and we had Drank Two or Three Glasses, she began to gather up a little too close with us, whereupon I rose up, and with as Ghostly a Look as I cou'd well affect, I said, "Madam, keep off; you think I am a Fool, and Blood; and I doubt not but that I imitate it near enough to deceive your sight; assure your self, I am not what I appear: Reclaim, your Whoredom, or you are unavoidably lost, your Life is almost run out, and the Time you have to repent is very short: If you are otherwise resolv'd, view these Features, and expect me to be a Witness against you at the Day of Judgment." Upon this she wax'd Pale, and Swoon'd away, which gave us the Opportunity to slip off, as tho' we had vanish'd. The next Day we went to enquire and listen in the Neighbourhood where she lodg'd, and we understood the Gentlewoman had given it out how she had met with a Spirit.

In our next Rambles we made sure to have the Benefit of the Clergy, along with us, tho' 'twas but in Masquerades, and strolling in Drury-Lane, we met a M A S K, and she led us to the Horse-shoe, where she reveal'd her self

self, and brighten'd upon us at a strange Rate, whereupon the Reverend Mr. ——— told her if the Blackness of her Mind cou'd as easily be laid aside as that of her Face, she had a good Hand at it, but he was afraid that wou'd prove the greatest Difficulty she had met with. Miss reply'd, shuh! never fear Boy, those Things are Bugbears, for Children, I am as sound as an EUNUCH, and that's the main Point. Well Madam! (return'd he) I wou'd ask you one Question in the solemn Presence of Almighty GOD, whether you think Whoredom to be a sin, or no? Upon this she was all in Confusion, and answer'd, she thought it might be a Sin, but she hop'd GOD wou'd forgive her, for she went to Church every Sunday, forgave every Body, and at the Age of Thirty, she resolv'd to leave it off. Mr. ——— told her, he was very sorry, to hear it, that she was better keep from Church, than go thither upon such Terms as these; as for Repenting at Thirty, she cou'd have no Assurance of Life till then, and if she cou'd not master her Inclinations now, there was no hopes of Victory and Reformation, when the Habits of Vice were strengthen'd by such a Length of Custom and ill Practice. Miss grew uneasy under the Lecture, and interrupted; Fuh, I hate all this stuff, then Flutter'd him in the Face with her Fan, and languish'd upon him; Stand off Madam, said he, if my former Discourse ben't awak'ning enough, what d'ye think of Eternity and the Flames of Hell? Are those nothing but Childish Bugbears? Ascertainly as there's a GOD, and a Life to come, you shall spend an Eternity in Flames of Sulphur, and in everlasting Banishment, from the presence of God and Happiness, unless you ——— Here she started up, and said, What Gentlemen, d'ye bring-me here to affront me? She took her leave, and so the Conference broke up.

Leaving the Horse-shoe, we steer'd next to the PLAY-HOUSE, which is the Rendezvouze of all Extravagance, or rather the Shambles, where both young and old are expos'd to Sale; coming too soon for the PLAY, we took a Turn in the Lobby, where a Black Devil, in a Mask, brusled by, with some assurance. The moving Engine look'd very big upon her own Dimensions,

mentions, which were something mountainous her Shadow swept before her, like a *Link-Boy*; we saw 'twas no talking with such a *Body of sin*, so we made up to the Pit, where, in a Corner, we found a *Knot of Quality* (like *Quevedo's Collection*, in a Corner of Hell) Ladies were talking to Gentlemen, and we suppos'd Gentlemen to Ladies too — We here took particular Notice of a Country Squire, who had got an Antiquated Piece into a *Privacy*; she was certainly a *Procurer*, and the Man too modest to take up at first Hand. This superannuated Strumpet, seem'd at first to be a little Coy, but agree'd at last (for we dogg'd 'em out of the Pit) to meet him at the *Goat in H* — the Country Esq; makes the best of his way to the place of meeting, and the *Old Huiot* goes as fast to the *Dog-Tavern*, where calling for a Room, and Looking glass she begins *careening her self for the interview*; she washes her *Bubbles*, patches her Face, powders her Hair, and sweetens her *Arm-pits*. When she came to the place of *Assignment*, she was told her Spark had been waiting for her above an Hour, and desir'd she'd come to his Arms alone, and without so much as the Company of a Candle. She knew the Night that conceal'd her Guilt, would do the same Funeral Office to the Finger-work of her Dress; and therefore she could not avay with it at first Blush; however a Strumpets Conscience being vvide, and larger by Two Foot, than a *Facetite*, she submitted at last, to the Disadvantage; and felt her way to the Bed; vvhich the expecting Lover vvas feeding on the *Metaphysical Fare of Fancy and Anticipation*; When the *soft Duel* vvas over, the Gentleman sunk into a Slumber; Whereupon having a mind to gratify her Eyes, vvhich the sight of her Conquest she rises; springs a Light, and coming to take a full view, saw the perfect Phizz of her own Dear Husband in the Sheets. For our own Parts, vve only follow'd her to the *Dog-Tavern*, and there left her, but going to the *Goat-Tavern* the next Day, vve had this whole Account from the *Honest Drawer*.

We laid the Scene of our Third Ramble towards *Charing Cross*, and stepping into a *Coffee-House*, on the Left-Hand of the Passage into *Pall-mall*, where designing a little friendly Discourse, we ask'd, for a convenient Room, and being shown up one pair of Stairs, and sat down, in comes a *Charming Machine* of Wickednets, she sail'd towards us in all the *luring Postures* you can possibly imagine; she first ask'd our Pardon for the *Rudeness*, and indeed she was never more in the Right of it; and then told us *she thought we had been some Gentlemen of her own Acquaintance, but that was nothing, we shou'd soon be acquainted.* We ask'd her whether she was Marri'd? No, *she never marri'd*, she reply'd, *unles 'twas for a Quarter of an Hour, or so*; Mr. ——— then put the Question to her, What Misfortune it was that had thrown her upon that Course of Life? She answer'd, *Her Father liv'd near Hampton-Court, where a Club of Rakes had made her Drunk, and then Debauch'd her, and so she had follow'd her Pleasures.* Ah return'd Mr. ———

*When once Debauch'd, your Sex for ever burn
In Lawless Fires, Vertue knows no Return.*

Really, Madam, continu'd he, I extreamly pity you; you seem to be in the ready way to Misery and Unhappinets. 'Tis true, you may sin on a while, and then Dye in a Hospital. At this she began to Weep, and said, *she was very sensible of it, but she cou'd not supply her Necessities any other way; but if any Gentleman wou'd take a Fancy to her, she cou'd make the most Faithful Wife in Christendom.* At these Words, his REVERENCE was something in Confusion, and methought there was the Appearance of an *Infant passion* struggling in his Breast, for really she was *the fairest Angel of Flesh and Blood, and Rank Inclination*, I had ever seen. However he got his soft Sentiments conjur'd down, and then read her a severe Lecture upon *Debauchery*, both in this, and the next World; and so soon as MISS saw we were nothing for her Purpose, she rubb'd off. But before she went we painted her in her own Colours, and shew'd

her there was no depending on a Person of *her Principles*; this gave her Spleen some Disturbance, and she was all o'ercast with Frowns; I suppos'd we shou'd shortly break up upon't, and calling for the reckoning, *she melted all into Smiles and Affection on a suddain, and petition'd me for a pair of Gloves*: I ask'd her pardon that I cou'd not encourage the Practice, and so dismiss'd her under Disappointment and Melancholly. *She Lodg'd at the H—— and R—— in Chancery Lane.* We had little Hopes of the Penitence of this Harlot, but Mr. M—— (out of his abundant Zeal for her Conversion) telling her how she might write to him, she sent him the following Letter, which for the Conviction of her *Rambling Sisters*, I shall insert in her own Words.

S I R,

I Left your Company in H—— M—— but could not so easily forget what you said; I take your private Reproof as a Christian Office of Charity, and design (through Gods Assistance) to alter the Course of my Life; I am sensible of the Sinfulness of my former Practices; and could cheerfully undergo any thing that would free me from the Punishment which I am fully convinced they deserve; However, I must needs say, you acted much below a Gentleman, in exposing my Residence, and way of Living to the Publick, as I perceive in your last Night-Walker you have done; so that I think you ought to recant what you have said concerning me; I have been something out of order since I saw you, but am now remov'd with some Difficulty, from my old Lodgings, so that Scurrility cannot reach me; you may give Notice to the World, That I am no more what I was, but withal I think you ought to repent for making me an Object of Contempt, and Subject of Railery. From

The Unhappy

A. 1

Th

The Answer.

M A D A M,

I 'M glad however you have so much Shame left, as to feel the Smart when Traduc'd ; but sorry that you charge me with Mis-management ; as to the First, That Flexible Sentiment of *Modesty*, is generally lost with the Maidenhead, in Ladies of your late Principles ; your *Stern* is frequently proof against the Sting of *Lampoon* ; and you part with all good Blood when you take up the Mask : However, I hope yours Survives, and pray feed it tenderly. As to the latter, I took you for a Lady of more Temper and Penetration than to have blam'd me for want of Conduct in that Instance : Don't you disclaim all *Right to Favour* and *Character*, when you abandon to Extravagance and Looiness ? Did I not expose the Sinner, and yet deal candidly with the Woman, at the same time ? *Over and above*, might I not have betrayed you to the Shame and Scandal of *Bridewell* ? And is not the Point of a Pen lighter than the Lashes of a Civil Executioner ? Besides you may remember I insinuated no small Displeasure at your fond Freedom, and unallowable Gesture and Discourse which however, you were pleas'd to continue to the last—I astly, I suppress'd your Name, and upon the whole, if your Pretences to Repentance be sincere, your Reputation is recovered too, do but P.ack up to your understanding, and you may retaine your Courage ; 'tis pity such Wit should be Prodigally spent in the Service of the Devil ; if your Reformation be genuine and well born, you are secure ; but you must remember withal, 'tis not accomplish'd at the Expence of a Tear or Two : In short, if you are Sound, Heaven will forget your Former Lewdness, and then its no great matter what the Cry of the World is ; Let your main Business be to get your self rightly Affected with your Sin ; learn to loath and regret it ; and practise *Abs-tinence* for the past Intemperance of your Moral, and then you may out face any Danger whatever ; Lay by your Powder and Paint Mask and Furbish too, and let your

276 DUNTON'S Life and Errors.

Time be taken up in Trimming your Soul, and refining upon your Faculties; go to Church instead of the Play-House; and sell Brooms, rather than make Money of your self; Pull out the Witchcraft from your Eyes, and let the Lascivious Train of your Tempting Glances, Oghing, Sighing, Languishing, and Dying, and all the Scandalous Company of Deluding Looks, be discarded in Earnest; they are only the Conduits of Sin, and the Vehicles of Uncleanness, and will burn into a Flame which won't be quench'd, if they be indulged in the Progress. If you surmount these Scribles, 'tis a Thousand to One you'll never have so fair a Proposal hereafter; and therefore 'tis your best way to give them all possible Scope and Advantage; I shall readily serve you within the Rules of Modesty.

L. M.

The Night was well advanc'd, and the Clock struck Ten, as we enter'd the street; however it was not too late to pursue another Adventure; and as we were wholly engag'd upon the Scent, an Old Gentleman of the Inn in Leaden-hall-street, gave us the Shoulder, we perceiv'd he was pretty rampant, and had been with the Oyster-Wench; so we trac'd his Doubles very diligently, till he push'd forward into a Dark-Alley, and meeting with—*Et c.* He address'd her, Madam, with I was Twenty Seven for your sake. But if you have the Charity to accept the Service of an—
Here she interrupted him, Sir, I am sorry you're no Younger, if you want a Wife; but if you're ranging for a Whore, pray put on your Spectacles, you've mistaken in your Woman; we're well acquainted, your Name is T—
Et c. My Man of Four Score was dumb-founded, and as he find off, made the very Figure of a Curr disappointed of his Bone. We were glad the Lady's vertue cou'd resist the Attack, tho' the Temptation 'tis true, had little of Flesh in't. The Night being far advanc'd, my self, Mr. T— (and our Two Companions) retir'd to our Lodgings, and let the World wag for that Night.

These are all the DISCOVERIES we made, and I here give the Reader a solemn Caution, never to allow

allow himself the same Liberty ; for tho' the Defence of these Rambles may seem plausible enough, yet I am willing to Number 'em among the ERRORS of my Life——

My last Project (amongst many that I shall leave unmention'd) was entituled *The Merciful Assizes : Or, A Panegyrick on the late Lord Jeffreys hanging so many in the West.* You must know Reader, in the Book entituled *The Bloody Assizes* (of which I Sold above Six Thousand) the Lord Jeffreys is made a very Cruel Man, but in this New Project, I (wholly) change the Scene and turn the *Bloody Assizes* into *A Merciful Assizes.*

But let none be surpriz'd that I make Jeffreys the Subject of a Panegyrick, for there's a Witty Author has defended *The Bloody Nero* ; and of late, a Learned Gentleman has publish'd *An Apology for the Failures of Dr. Walker* ; and with the same Design that these Gentlemen Writ, do I venture to praise that NON-SUCH-MAN, George Lord Jeffreys. This Panegyrick on the Cruel Jeffreys, was so well accepted, that my Friend, Mr. George Larkin, was pleas'd to explain the PROJECT, by an Ingenious Poem, which is prefixt to the Book it self, and is as follows, viz.

To my Friend the Author, upon his Surprizing Book, entituled, The Merciful Assizes : Or, A PANEGYRIC upon the late Lord Jeffreys, for hanging so many Hundreds in the West.

A Panegyrick ! And on Jeffreys too !

My Friend, what is't you Undertake to do ?
 Bless me ! Thought I : Can there within our Isle
 Be found a Man to praise a Wretch so Vile !
 Through what Alimbeck was't, you did Distil
 A Panegyrick from a Theam so Ill ?
 That Actious the most Vile that e'er was done,
 Or Perpetrated underneath the Sun,
 Shou'd thus the Subject be of Jeffreys Praise,
 Is that which does my Admiration raise,

This *Daring Task* since you have undertook,
 (And justify'd your Title by your Book) ..
 shews you that *Great Elixir* have obtain'd
 (so often sought for, but scarce ever gain'd)
 Which by a *Secret Taction*, as we're told,
 Transmutates the *Basest Metals* into Gold :
 For you must needs know *Nature's Mystick pow'rs*,
 That from a *Dunghil*, can extract such Flowers.
 Go on, my Friend ; for since you've got this flight,
 Let none despair to Wash the *Blackmoor White*.

G. L.

Thus have I given a brief Account of the Projects I
 formerly engag'd in, and whether they give me the Title
 of *MAGGON*, (or Promoter of Learning and Vertue) is left
 to the Candour and Judgment of the Honest Reader.

And at this Time I was put in Possession of a confi-
 derable Estate upon the Decease of my Cousin Carter;
 and with the *Master and Assistants of the Company of*
Stationers began to think me sufficient to wear a *Livery*;
 and in the Year 1692, they honour'd me with the
 Office.

My *Livery-Fine* upon that O.casion, was Twenty
 Pounds, which I paid, and the Year following Mr.
Harris, (my old Friend and Partner) and about Fifty
 more of the *Livery-Men*, enter'd into a *FRIENDLY-*
SOCIETY, and oblig'd our selves to pay Twenty
 Shillings a Man yearly, to the *Renter-Warden*, in Re-
 gard to that Honour was usually once a Year attended with
 a *Costly Entertainment to the whole Company*, but as I have
 given an *Eternal Farewel to Trade* (which is an Accident
 I could not then fore-see) I reckon my *FRIENDLY*
BRETHREN are all so Generous, as to release me
 of this Obligation——

The first Year I wore the *Livery*, Sir *William Ashurst*
 being then *Lord Mayor*, I was invited by our *Master*,
 and *Wardens*, to dine with his Lordship. We went in a
 Body, from the *Poultry-Church*, to *Grocers-Hill*, where
 the Entertainment was very generous, and a *NOBLE*
SPOON, he lent to our Wives ; to speak the Truth,
 I don't think Sir *William Ashurst*, ever acted a little, or
 a mean thing in his whole Life.

The

The World now smil'd on me, I sail'd with Wind and Tide, and had Humble Servants enough, among the *Stationers, Booksellers, Printers and Binders*; but especially, my own RELATIONS, on every side, were all upon the very Height of Love and Tenderness, and I was so caref's'd almost out of my Five Senses, that I thought there was no such Villain in *Christendom*, as a SUMMER-FRIEND; but upon riper Experience, I have had very notorious Reason, to alter my Sentiments of this Matter; and so soon as my *Estate returns out of Ægypt*, I'll publish, *THE TRENCHER-SNAKES, &c.* Or, a True Character of my Summer, Friends, &c.

The surest Friend I have found in my Confinement, and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an EMBROIDERED WAST-COAT, presented me, by Mrs. Ann Godfrey; it has stuck to me in all Weathers, and I cou'd almost grow superstitious over the very Ruins of it; neither am I less careful to preserve that *Filligrew Case*, presented to *Iris*, by the same Hand.

However, I have all Imaginable Reason to be thankful to the Goodness and the 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 these Shadows, in which I am now a wanderer. And I have always entertain'd a very grateful sense of the Goodness of Almighty GOD that Providence smil'd on me, so long as Dear *Iris* liv'd; and indeed ever since, my Life has been no more than a WAKING DREAM.

And now making a considerable Figure in the Company of Stationers, *The Right Honourable the Earl of Warrington*, did me the Honour to lend me a Letter (the Original of which I have still by me) in behalf of Mr. *Humphrey's*, desiring all the Interest I cou'd make, to procure him the *Clerks-place*, to the Company of Stationers.

Upon my Reading the Earl's Letter, I did all that lay in my Power, to get Mr. *Humphrey's* Chosen Clerk, tho' by the Majority of Voices, 'twas carried against