

thrive in the World, but his *whole Life has been so* *blemish'd, that even Envy her self can't fix a Blot upon* him—His Religion is that of the Church of England, and he's a devout and constant Hearer of Doctor *Tort.* But tho' he's strict to his own Principles yet towards Dissenters he's Compassionate and Gentle; and *humbly Proud* to be of the same Judgment with his *Generous Sovereign,* and therefore acquiesces in, nay is extremely satisfy'd with her Majesties good Intentions, and *Legal Kindness* towards her Dissenting Subjects, and I don't doubt but he heartily desires a *Closer Union,* between all such as there's any appearance of a commo-
dation withal; and certainly a *Bill of Comprehension,* wou'd conduce to *Englands* strength and happiness, who must needs have frequent *Qualms* and Sickneses, while little less than *two Nations* are struggling within her.

Mr. Henry Clark—Chief Printer to Mr. *Malthus,* and thro' his Perswasions I engag'd him upon Business. He was extremely civil to the Booksellers, and very Diligent and Dispatchful in what he did. He was a Man of great openness in his Temper, and was very seldom afraid to speak the very Sentiments of his Mind. After Mr. Clark's Decease, his Widow manag'd the Trade by Mr. *Scdwick* first, and afterwards (to better purpose) by Mr. *Barber.*

Mr. *Francis Clark*—after he had bury'd his first Wife, he half Ran'd himself in a Second Courtship; he printed for me, *Dunt n's Remains,* with several other Pieces: and I must say, his Prices were reasonable enough.

Mr. *Darker* and Mr. *Newman*—were Partners, when I first employ'd 'em, and took some Hundred Pounds of me yearly, while they continu'd together in *Little-Britain;* but Mr. *Newman* removing, I procur'd Mr. *Darker* the same Business they had both engag'd in before. He took me so much for his Friend, that when he heard of my Misfortune, he told Mr. *Larkin* that he'd not have any Concerns betwixt himself and me, gave me the least Uneasiness. I have found the same Favour from his Widow, since his Decease; and now in her Second marriage, Mr. *Gantham,* her
Husband,

Husband, has shown himself the same Friend; and tho' I have been long in *Ægypt*, his Faith and his good Opinion, are not in the least disorder'd. To Return to Mr. *Darker*, he was my true Friend, a kind Neighbour, a generous Dealer, and an Enemy to no Man, except himself.—His Death did very sensibly afflict me.

————— *An Epitaph upon his Stone,*
I cannot write, but I can weep him one.

As for Mr. *Newman*, he was very handsome, and had Abundance of good Nature in him; he was something out of Order in his *softer Hours*; but I hope he dy'd a Religious Man.

Mr. *Fanewry*,—I never employ'd him much, but I have found him very ready to serve me, both before and since my Misfortunes, and Kindness has always given me very deep Impressions.

Mr. *Richardson*—an eminent Printer, in *Fan-Church-Street*: He's pretty much up in Years, however, his Young enclinations are not altogether dead in him; for I'm inform'd his Son and He have married Two Sisters; but let Nature run as long as it pleases, so as it keep within Bounds. The Man is grave and very just in Trade. He has done a great deal of Excellent Work, and printed much for me.

Mr. *Everingham*, and Mr. *Whitledge*—two Partners in the Trade; I employ'd 'em very much, and look'd upon 'em to be honest and thriving Men. Had they confin'd themselves a little sooner to Household Love, they might possibly have kept upon their own Bottom; however, so it happen'd, that they lov'd themselves unto Two Journey-men Printers again. Their Misfortunes don't take off my Affections from 'em, for 'twill always be a Pleasure to me, to hear of their Welfare.

Mr. *Tooke*—He's a pretty Modest obliging Printer; his whole Behaviour has been very Innocent, and undefigning; He's a Man of great *Piety and Moderation*, and deserves the Title of an honest Printer.

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In this Character of Mr. *Tooke*, you have the True Picture of Mr. *Larkin Junior*, Mr. *Job How*, (a) Mr. *Bridges*, and Mr. *Barber*, (b) for these Four Printers so exactly resemble Mr. *Tooke*, in Piety, good Humour, and other obliging Qualities, that 'tis impossible to say which is the better Christian —

Mr. *Dawks*——He very often solicited me for Work, I oblig'd him with it, as frequently as I cou'd; he's very obliging and diligent, and reasonable in his Prices. He has a very rich invention, Witness his *New-Letter*, with which he printed, his *News-Paper*; he printed several Pieces of *Salmon*, and does excellent Work.

Mr. *Snowden*——He was my very Dear and Intimate Friend for many Years, a Man of great Industry, and Compos'd much himself: He was a great admirer of Mr. *Lab*. His Widow follows the same Trade; and tho' I was pretty deeply indebted to her Husband, yet she han't once ask'd me for it, which I take as a very Great and Noble Kindness; and so soon as I can possibly compass Money to Discharge my Debts, she, to be sure, shan't lose a Farthing.

Mr. *Rawlins*, Near *Pater-noster Row*——has printed several Books for me; he Works for very Reasonable Rates, and 'twou'd be a great Hardship upon him, I'm sure, shou'd you pretend to offer less than he'll ask you: He's an Honest and a Thriving Man, and has an Excellent Choice of good Letter: He makes great Dispatch with any Engagement he undertakes; and is very punctual to his Word, for he'll rather refuse Work, when 'tis offer'd, than not be just to his Promise.

Mr. *Braddyll*——is a First Rate Printer, and has always been a very Active, Diligent Man. He's religiously true to his Word, and faithful to the Book-tellers that employ him, of which his making no discovery of Two Thousand Books I once burn'd in an Oven, is to me at least, a very pregnant Instance. He was once, a good Friend to Sir *Roger L'Estrange* when Matters look'd a little Dark upon him.

(a) Commonly call'd honest Job. (b) First an Apprentice to Mr. *Larkin*, Senior.

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But Mr. Braddyll has met with Back-Enemies, as well as other Men, and upon that Score he is very tender of giving Wounds to others, in the same Place, where he himself has suffer'd; which is certainly a good Improvement of those ill Practices. I dealt with him for many Years, and have not only found him just, but as well accomplish'd for all the Parts of his Business, as any other Printer I can Name.

Mr. Beardwell and Mr. Moxon — Were Partners all the Time I employ'd 'em. The former is very Generous and obliging, and the latter is, upon all Accounts, a very Fair Dealer.

Mr. Brudenell — deserves great Respect for his Dutiful Carriage to his aged Mother; he has the Unhappiness of a little Heat in his Temper, but was he perfect, we shou'd soon lose his Company. 'Tis but Justice however, to tell the Bookiellers, that Mr. Brudenell is furnish'd with a large Faith, is a good Printer, and truly Honest. I take his Brother, Mr. Moses Brudenell, Mr. Clare, and Mr. Cocket, to be the best Compositors in London.

Mr. Croom, — Some wou'd insinuate as tho' he favour'd the Jacobites, but I take him for a Man of more Sense; however, that's no more Essential to his Character, under the Notion of a Printer, than the Recommendation of an Under-Groom, to Prince-Rupert, which run in such Terms as these, That he was a good Church-Man, had a great value for the Common-Prayer; when alas! Prince Rupert did not want his Horses shou'd be dress'd according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Mr. Croom is a fair Dealer, understands his Business, and these are the Life of Matter. He has always been obliging to me, and formerly printed for me, the *Tigurine Liturgy*, and of late, several Sheets of *The POST-ANGEL*.

Mr. Moore — Was one of those good natur'd Printers, that work'd 'emselves into Debt; so that had his Business been less, he'd ha' kept his Legs the longer; however, I believe him a very honest
mistaken

mistaken Man ; and if he's yet living, I'll Drink his Health.

Mr. *Wild*——He has a very Noble Printing-house, in *Alders-gate-street*. Whilst I employ'd him, he was always very civil and obliging. I brought him to be concern'd in Printing *The Present State of Europe*, in which he is yet employ'd.

Mr. *Mead*——is a Man very fit for his Business, and there's always great Dependance upon what he *says* ; he's a very obliging and sincere Friend ; printed for me, a while ago,——*A Step to Oxford*.

Mr. *Ormb*——I never meet him but I make him my Acknowledgements, for the Length, and the Patience of the Credit he has given me, tho' he'll scarce bear the Mention of it ; so that I am never apprehensive of Mr. *Ormb*'s Relapsing into Duns, unless it be to —— take a Bottle with him, which is a Noble Charity from Creditors to poor Debtors, when their Spirits run low. Mr. *Ormb* is without doubt, a Printer that's very faithful, generous and obliging to the last Degree.

Mr. *James*——is a Man that reads much, knows his Business very well, and is extremely obliging to his Customers, and is something the better known for being Husband to that She-State-Politician, Mrs. *Elianna James*——

Mr. *Robert Stephens*——And 'tis fit *Robin* shou'd bring up the Rear of the Printers, as he's *Messenger to the Press* (as well as a Printer) and orders those IRREGULAR THINGS, as well as they their own heaps of Letters.

I know *Robin* has many Enemies that GRUNT at him (and perhaps they have reason for it) But if I praise the Bridge that I went over, I must say, he never did me the least Injury ; for if I printed a Book that had no License, I took such care to Dazle his Eyes, that he cou'd not see it ; and *Robin* will be as true to his Friend (when there's a Fellow Feeling in the Case) as any Man in the World, which is a Rare Quality in a Man that lives by INFORMING.

And as *Robin* knows how to be *Just* and *Kind* to those that deserve it from him, so were I put to my *OATH*, I cou'd not swear but *Robin Stephens* (and his brother *Messenger*, *John Gellibrand*) are both very *Honest*, *Quiet* Men, (I mean as to me.) And when the World has believ'd this, I'll endeavour to find out their other *Vertues*: For as to *Gellibrand*, I never heard his *Honesty* Question'd. And as to *Stephen's*, he's as much a *Saint* as the World thinks him, and that's as high as I can go in his *Praise*: For if he alone is a *Wise* Man who hath a *Clear* and *certain* Knowledge of things, then I am excluded, for I mistake every Thing. When I weigh the *Characters* of Men (whether *Friends* or *Enemies*) if I come near them, I am within a *Circle* and straight-ways, as if conjur'd from giving a *True* Verdict; yea, when I had *out-law'd* a Person as one altogether unworthy of *Protection*, (and perhaps have thought him as *Black* as the *Observer* has made *Stephen's*) yet how hath the *Tender* of some *Few* *Courtesies* bin ready to make me reverse it? hath not only stop'd my Mouth (as is seen in my *Character* of *Robin Stephens*) but muddied my sounder Judgment of him, so that now I have had enough to do to see the Fault through my *Friend*, my very *Judging Faculty* hath been somewhat bribed to spare the *Sin*, lest I shou'd fall too foul upon the *Subject* of it, and how have I found out a *weak Brain*, a *strong Temptation*, or something or other, to extenuate the *Offence*, yea, an *Intent* of getting a *Place* my self and some possibility of arriving to *Robin's* height, hath been such a *Powder-mine*, that I have been well nigh blown up in my own *Trenches*, and my *Affections* have been like a *Navy* in a *Storm* at *Sea* hardly kept together—— So that (you see *Reader*) if I have given *Stephens* too Loud a *Character*, 'tis so naturally the *Effect* of those *Commiveing Favours* I have receiv'd from him, that to have *lisp'd* in his *Praise*, had been very *Ungrateful*. And for such who think I have mistook his *Vertues* (or said too little in his *Commendation*) I'd have 'em consider that *Robin* has been a *kind*, and

Honest

Honest Messenger to me, and that's all I know of the matter

I shall next Characterize the several *Stationers*, from whose Shops I supply'd the foremention'd *Printers* with Paper ; and they were, *viz.*

Mr. Merreal, at the Rose in Breadstreet—He is Rich, yet very humble—He has been put up for Sheriff, yet this Honour does not make him scornful and imperious, but rather like the fixed Stars, the higher he is, the less he desires to seem—His Face, his Carriage, his habit, favour of humility—He was the first Stationer I ever dealt with, and in trading with him for Twenty years, I ever found him Just and Kind—It is a Question whether he is more his Chapmans Friend, or his own—And to conclude his Character, (he is so naturally good) if there were no Heaven, yet Alexander Merreal wou'd be a Vertuous Man.

Mr. Sheafe—Courtesie and Affability, can be no more sever'd from him, than Life from his Soul ; not out of a servile Popularity, but of a Native Gentleness of disposition, and true Generosity of Spirit—He marry'd Mr. Merreal's Daughter, and is not only a Partner with him, but has the chief Management, of his Shop and Trade—His Words are few, and soft, never either peremptory, or censorious—His Trading is discreet and honest ; he looks not to what he might do, but what he ought—Justice is his first Guide, and the Second Law of his Actions is Expedience—In a Word, he is—A Wise man—A True Friend—A Kind Husband—and Mr. Merreal is very happy in his Son (and Partner) Mr. Samuel Sheafe—

Mr. Dyer—lately deceas'd was also Partner with Mr. Merreal: He was a fair Dealer—and a Pious Man—He knew the Falseness of the World, and tho' he could see but with one Eye, had learnt to trust himself always, others so far as he might not be Damaged by their Disappointment—I bought a great deal

deal of Paper of him, and found by his candid Treatment, he had *White Hands*, and a clean Soul, and I don't fear but Mr. Dyer is now in Heaven —

Major Hatley — He is the Master of himself, and subdues his Passions to Reason, and by this *Inward Victory*, works his own Peace — He is well skill'd in *Military Discipline*; and from being a *Captain*; is advanc'd to a *Major* — He lies ever close within himself, armed with *Wise Resolution*, and will not be discover'd but by *Death or Danger* — *Piety never looks so Bright, as when it shines in Steel*; and Major Hatley holds it the noblest Revenge that he might hurt, and does not — I dealt with this *Military Stationer* for Six Years, but left him (with *Flying Colours*) to Trade with his honest Servant

Mr. Samuel Hool — He is a far *Finer Man* than he knows of; for being one of extraordinary *modesty*, he shews better to all Men, than himself; and so much the better to all Men, as less to himself. *The Air of his Face is a little Melancholly*, but (being very *Just and Kind in his Dealings*) it alwayes *Shines* in his Conscience — He walks according to the *Rules of Vertue*, as the *Hours pass by the Degrees of the Sun*; and being made of *Good Humour*, his *Life's a perpetual Harmony*; But why do I praise *Particular Vertues*, when he excels in all? Or if those good Qualities which adorn his Soul can admit of *Degrees*, 'tis because his *Compassion* is transcendent over the rest — He's as kind to a *Creditor* as if Nature had forgot to give him *GALL* — I traded with him for many *Years*, and can say, from my own Experience, none can be more pitiful to the *distress'd*, or more prone to *Succour the unfortunate*; and then most, where is least means to solicit, least possibility of *Requital* —

Another *Stationer* I dealt with, was Mr. Proctor, in *Bread-street* — He is a *Fortunate Man*, being one of those that drew the *Five Hundred a Year* in the *Parliament Lottery* — As he is *Rich and Fortunate*, so he is *Free and Bountiful* — He lives as a *Man of an Estate* shou'd do, yet (like his *Neighbour Merreal*) he prefers *Conscience before Riches*, and desireth not to be *Great*, &c.

so do good — He is a GENEROUS CREDITOR, and will scarce think of the Debt I owe him, till I send it on my own Accord: For this must be said of the *Ingenious Proctor*, That his Wisdom can distinguish betwixt Parasites and Friends, betwixt changing of Favours and expending them —

The next I dealt with, was Mr. Sharp (*Brother to the Archbishop of that Name*) He acts in these worldly Affairs as a Stranger and hath his Heart ever at Home — He is active in Trade, without disquiet, and careful without hurry, yet neither ingulft in his Pleasures, nor a seeker of Business, but bath his Hour for both — He thinks much, does what he says, and foresees what he may do before he purposes — In a Word, Mr. Sharp is a Person of Great Honesty — very obliging in his Conversation — and thrives so fast in his Shop, that 'tis very likely we may see him riding the great Horse; and what a Charming Figure will the Grave and Majestick Sharp make, when attended with Sword and Mace, surrounded with Aldermen Bedeckt with Jewels and glittering with a Gold Chain!

I also traded (by chance) with Mr. Littlebury, in *Newgate-street* — He is a Man of a compos'd, and serious Countenance, not set, nor much alterable with Sadness or Joy — His Life is distinct, and in Method and his Actions (as it were) cast up before hand — yet he uses this World as not abusing it, (1 Cor. 7. 31.) And one wou'd think (by his forgetting to DUNTON's Creditor) that he traded for ready Money. And the same Character fits so (NICELY) to Crail the Stationer, Brother to the Bookseller of that Name, that you cou'd not know one from the other, save by their different Phiz —

Having characteriz'd the Stationers that supply'd my Printers with Paper, 'tis fit the Stationer to whom I sold all my Waste-Paper, shou'd bring up the Rear. And this leads me to characterize my Neighbour, Tyson, in *Red-Lion-street*, of whom I never Bought but Sold (the more is the Pity!) many hundred Keams of *Tigwin Liturg*

Liturgie, *Edict of Nantes*, and other Books, that my Friends had forgot to ask for——

I might call Mr. *Tyson*——the *Waste-paper-Stationer of London*, for I believe he buys more of that *Necessary Drug*, than all the City besides——He is generally seen in the same Coat [*tho' he has change of Rayment*] as if he thought *Mens Hearts were rather to be chang'd than their Garments*——He is a Man exactiv made, even to a Nails breadth, and is a great Pattern of Humility and Justice——He is firm to his Word, and Bargain, and by his *Beard and Dress*, you'd take him to be one of the *Antient Philosophers*——He is very Quick at forgiving of Injuries; but for his Wit, and Contentment (which has put him in the ROW of *Christians*) 'tis rather to be admir'd than commended.

Thus Reader, have I given a *brief Character*, of the *Printers and Stationers* I dealt with for many Years.——I shall next proceed to the *Binders*, and they were these Seventeen, viz.

Honest Dick Faneway——Like a second *Democritus* he always simper'd——He brought me the joyful News of a *Benefit Ticket in the Parliament Lottery*, which he deliver'd in Capers but (at other Time) his Constant Mirth was no more than a cheerful smile——He had a great Loss by *Alderman H*——but Misfortunes did but exercise, not dismay him. *He cou'd turn Necessity into Virtue, and put evil to good use*——He was an excellent Binder, a Tender Husband, a kind Father; *the surest Friend, the easiest Enemy*; and so much more happy than others, by how much he cou'd abide to be MORE MISERABLE.

Mr. Edmond Richardson——He was my kind Neighbour in *Scalding-Alley* for many Years, bound most of my *Calves Leather Books*; whilst I liv'd in the *Poultry*, and continu'd to bind for me, as long as I traded: From this long Acquaintance with *Mr. Richardson*, I am able to give him the following Character——He is an Excellent Binder, and very just and Punctual in his Dealings.——To all his Promises there need no

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other Bond but his Word, nor no other Witness but God—He shuns Jest in holy Things, and abhors Lies, tho' in Jest—He speaks as near as he can to the Capacities, and not to the Humours of Men—He so Frames his TALK, as one that is going shortly to give an Account of his words—He detracts from no Man but himself (speaks well of all Men, 'till he knows otherwise) and where he cannot speak well, he is silent—In a Word, there is a PURITY hid so deep in his Nature, that those that knew him the Earliest, have often said that even then Nature seem'd entirely sanctify'd in him—So that Mr. Richardson having thriv'd by his binding Trade, he is now a Flourishing Bookseller, in Newgate-Street, and so will continue; for he measures his Wealth by his Mind, not by his Estate; and then to be sure, he'll thrive, for a contented mind is ever Rich—

Mr. Thomas Axe—He is a Man of a Great deal of Wit and Honesty—In any Controversy, I'd sooner chuse him for an Arbitrator, then any Man I know in the World—He was my CHIEF-BINDER for Ten years: But honest Tom has met with Losses; yet his Character is this, No Man is more contented with his Little, and so Patient under any Disappointment; but notwithstanding his Losses in Trade, I believe Mr. Axe will get Money enough, for he's not only a Good Binder, but sells Books, Globes, Auctions, and his Hopes are so strong, that they can insult over the Greatest Discouragements, that lye in his way to be (Honestly) Rich—

Mr. Symson—This Grave and Antient Binder was recommended to me by Mr. Roberts the Printer, for a Curious Work-Man, and a very Honest Man, and so I found him—He did not Bind very much for me, but what he Bound was done to a NICETY—I suppose he is nearly related to Mr. Symson, the Bookseller, for he nearly resembles him for Sincerity, Diligence, and an a Fair Character—And the same may be said of Honest Dodgins, Brotherton, Hawkins,

Hawkins, and my Old Acquaintance *Mr. Joseph Pool*——

Mr. Baker, in *Warwick-lane*——He lives in a Croud and Hurry of Business, yet (as was said of *Mordecai Abbot*) he loses not his Religion in the midst of it, but keeps close to the Private and Publick Duties of Divine Worship——He binds so extraordinary well, that Two of my Customers gave particular charge that no Man in London shou'd Bind the Books that they bought of me, but *Mr. Baker* and *Mr. Steel*.

Mr. Samuel Bourn——He was a Man of a Gay Rambling Temper, but was very just to those that employ'd him——He had his Religion to chuse, which was a great Grief to his Pious Wife——*Bourn* being seiz'd with a Dangerous Feavour, he made Great Protestations, how good he wou'd be, if G O D wou'd please to restore him, but

*The Devil was Sick,
The Devil a Monk wou'd be;
The Devil was well,
The Devil a Monk was he.*

After his Recovery he turn'd *Projector*, and then *Picture Seller*, and then *Rake-bell*, and I hear came at last to an untimely End——

Mr. Cox, in *Sherburn-lane*——He was a grave thriving Binder for Thirty years, but is now retir'd for his Greater safety——He's very Honest, and if his Creditors knew him as well as I, he might whet his Knife at the Counter-gate——He ever maintain'd an unspotted Fidelity, to the Church of England, and (for all his Misfortunes) is a bright Example of Piety and strict Justice——where-ever he is, I heartily wish him well, and wou'd be glad to see him (if I cou'd tell how) if it were but to thank him for old Favours——

Mr. Manhood——From Book-Binding, he went to the *Garter-Coffee-House*, by the *Royal-Exchange*, and I hope he has thriv'd at it——He was a very obliging Binder, and I traded with him till I went to *Boston*——

He is a true Son of the Church, but being so wise as to understand the difference between matters, *Doctrinal and Ritual* is not fettered with *Superstitious Scruples*, but his clear and free Spirit is for the Union of Christians in things essential to Christianity.

Mr. ——— (I forget his Name) but I think I can describe his Person and Qualities, so as any Bookseller may know him — His Person is Tall and Slender — His Eyes quick and sparkling — And his Features regular in an Oval Form. So much for his Body —

As to his Qualities — He's very Pious — Just — Humble — Modest — Sincere — and the Care he takes of his Aged Father, will bring a Blessing on all he has — But I need not enlarge, for he that will read the Character, *Ps. 15.* of an *Inhabitant of that Holy Hill*, will there read his True and most Just Character.

Mr. Richard Baldwin ——— He printed a great deal, but got as Little by it as John Dunton — He bound for me and others, when he liv'd in the *Old-Bayly*, but removing to *Warwick-Lane*, his fame for Publishing spread so fast, he grew too Big to handle his *small Tools*. Mr. Baldwin having got Acquaintance with Persons of Quality he was now for taking a Shop in *Fleet-Street*, but Dick soaring out of his Element, he had the Honour of being a Bookseller but Few Months. However to do Mr. Baldwin Justice, his Inclinations were to oblige all Men, and only to neglect himself. He was a Man of a Generous Temper, and wou'd take a Cherishing Glass to oblige a Customer — His Purse and his Heart was open to all Men, that he thought were Honest, and his Conversation was very diverting — He was a true Lover of King William; and after he came on the Livery, always Voted on the *Right-side* — His Wife, Mrs. A. Baldwin (in a *Litteral Sence*) was an AN HELP-MEET, and eas'd him of all his Publishing Work; and since she has been

WIDOW might Vye with all the Women in Europe, for *Accuracy and Justice* in keeping Accounts, and the same I hear of her Beautiful Daughter, Mrs. *Mary Baldwin*, of whom her Father was very Fond — He was (as 'twere) flattered into his Grave, by a Long Consumprion, and now lies bury'd in *VVickam-Parish*, his Native Place —

Mr. Gifford — He and Mr. *Manhood* got acquainted with me at the same Time, and bound to my Shop for many Years — *Manhoods* Character you had before, and *Giffords* in short is this, He is a down right honest English-Man, I never cou'd hear that he was of any *distinguishing Party*, but still own'd the Common Cause of Religion and his Country — He is a very Ingenious thriving Man, and without affecting Praile is content only to Merit it — He now keeps a SHOP in *Old Bedlam*, and having printed several Copies that have sold well, he will, if he continues Fair-keeping, get a Lumping Portion for his Daughters, who are modest Pretty Women, and very serviceable to him, in his Shop and Trade —

Mr. Knowles — He had a most Particular Respect for my FRIEND *Harris*, and for that Reason I can't but love him — He's an Ingenious, and constant Man at his Trade, and bound for me, that *History of Living Men*, and *Athenian Oracle*, which I lately Dedicated, and presented to the *Prince of Denmark*, and *Duke of Ormond* with my own Hand. I need not enlarge in his Character, for he was ever careful to preserve a good Reputation, but more desirous of a Good Conscience; and for this Reason he asks his own Heart, and not other Mens Tongues, What he is? *There's down-right Honesty in him*; and I heartily wish he may ever be as free from Censures, as he is from deserving them.

Mr. Dowley — His Face indeed is but ROUGH-CAST, but (if he is yet unmarried) the young Virgins can never (enough) admire the sweetness of his Natural Temper — *Humility is his peculiar Vertue*, and Justice and Industry have a great share in his Character. He is also a Kind and Dutiful Son to his Aged Father.

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He publish'd for me *The History of the Athenian Society*, and was as Zealous to oblige me, as any Binder in London.

Mr. Caleb Swinnock—He serv'd his 'Prenticeship with *Richard Janeway*, and being an Active Witty Man, had he trod in the Steps of his *Reverend Father*, had been an Eminent Christian—but he fell à PU R-KING too soon, and met a *She-Clog* that stuck faster to him than usual—He publish'd for me, *The Life and Death of that Great Patriot, William Lord Russell*; and had he not (by working at under-rates) turn'd himself out of Doors, perhaps he had rid out the *Scorn* of *Waving*—*Caleb Swinnock* was the only Man that cou'd ever tempt me to take *Sheeps-Leather Books* at 14 s. the Hundred; and upon second Thoughts (had he not broke Nine Pound in my Debt) I thou'd have thought my self oblig'd to make some *Restitution* either to himself or (in case of his Death) to the Poor; for *Binders* have a RIGHT to live by their Hard Labour; but they that tempt 'em to Work for Rates which they can't afford (and the Case is the same with respect to the Printers) do as 'twere, ROB the Binder with his own consent; and I verily think without RESTITUTION, such *Shop-Pads* can never be sav'd—'Tis true, the case between *Caleb* and I, was a little different; for the *selling Thief* squeezes the Binder against his consent, but *Caleb* here was the *sole-Tempter*—But I shou'd not lath him for this Crime, for *Caleb* has fle'y'd himself with his own *whipping*, and since his stroling into the Country, is more alter'd with Repentance than with Age—But I shan't any longer agravate *Caleb's Faults* or my own, for as *FOE* tells us—

Confession will Anticipate Reproach,
He that Reviles us then, Reviles too much.
All Satyr ceases, when the Men Repent:
'Tis cruelty to lath the Penitent.

Mr. Mitchel, in *Christophers-Alley* — He was a First-Rate Binder, and got a good Estate with a clean and quiet Conscience — Ben. Alsop and he, were Intimate Friends (and Fellow Travellers) for many Years, and was won't to call him his Godly-Binder, and Mr. Mitchel deserv'd it — For he kept up the Life and Spirit of Religion in himself and family, was a constant Hearer of Mr. Hall, and had a strickt Regard to the Discipline and Constitutions of the Church of England, to his dying Day —

Mr. Steel — I may call him my Occasional Binder, for when I met with a Nice Customer, no Binding wou'd serve him but Mr. Steels, which for the Fineness, and Goodness of it might vye with the Cambridge Binding, but (as Celebrated a Binder as Steel is) he is a Man very Humble and lowly in his own Eyes, far from intimating his own Praise, and very rarely speaks of himself, or his own Actions; but never of other Binders, with contempt, or disrespect; yet he has a sudden way of Repartee very agreeable and surprizing, but every way inoffensive, within the Rules of Vertue and Religion —

Mr. Woodward — He was related to Mr. Mitchel (whose character you had before) his Body is little, but well set — His Hair Black and Lank, and take him altogether, John Woodward, is a pretty neat agreeable Man — He has about him all the Tenderness of Good Nature, as well as all the softness of Friendship. He desir'd my Custom as much as any Binder I know in London, and had I not been pre-ingag'd, had bound all my Folio Books. As for that small dealing I had with him, I always found it Punctual, Just, and Impartial —

Having proceeded so far (In the History of the Stationers Company) as to Characterize all those Bookjellers, Printers, Stationers, and Binders, that I had any Trading with, that no Persons that have any Dealing with this Learned-Profession may 'scape my Notice, I shall next Characterize the Engravers in Copper — Shall next proceed to the Cutters in Wood, and to these I shall add

a Character of those that Work at the *Rolling-Press*, for what do Pictures signify (either in Copper or Wood) till the Impression is made—And I'll conclude this *General History of the Stationers Company*, with a brief Character of all the Licensers, for (if the *ACT FOR PRINTING* passes) those Men will be courted afresh, and are so necessary a part of the *Stationers Company*, that no Book can be Printed, but with their *Imprimatur*.

And here Reader, that I may insert nothing Foreign to *The History of my Life and Errors*, I shall Characterize none (in the several Professions before mention'd) but such Persons as I had dealings with; and I shall begin with my *Ingravers* in Copper, who were Mr. *White*, Mr. *Vanbore*.— and Mr. *B-y*.

Mr. *White*—He exceeds all I have ever met with, in taking the *Air of a Face*. He drew for me, the Picture of Mr. *Doolittle*, and he gain'd much Reputation by it, but his Master-Peice may be reckoned the *Seven Bishops*. He takes Faces so much to the Life, that the Real Person may be said to be where-ever you see a Face of his doing. Herein imitating the *Famous Zeuxis*, who died of a Fit of Laughter, at the Sight of a *Comical Old Womans Picture*, which he had drawn, to his thinking, as if she had been really alive so that if none but *Apelles* was permitted to Paint *Alexander*, I think, Mr. *White* merits the same Honour, with Respect to the Greatest King or Queen upon Earth—*Zeuxis* wou'd never sell any Picture, because he thought 'em above any Price, and therefore only made Presents of 'em to Kings and Queens, I am ready to think, wou'd Mr. *White* (Present rather than sell) his *Original Pictures*, the *English Generosity* wou'd advance Mr. *White* to a *Coach and Six*, and exceed that which intricht *Zeuxis*—

Mr. *Vanbore*—was another *Ingraver* that I traded with, he drew for me—*Don Karnophilus*—*The Ring-Bell*—*Innocent the Eleventh*—*The House of weeping*—*The Martyrs in Flames*, and Forty other Pictures— and tho' I can't Rank him with Mr.

White;

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White, for he seldom draws from the Living Original, yet to do Mr. *Vanbove* Justice, he's a very Ingenious Artist, a great Enemy to sensual Pleasures——of Remarkable Justice—And (tho' a *P*—— has a most particular Z E A L against all Severities, and Persecutions upon the Account of Religion.

My Third and last *Ingraver* in Copper, was Mr. *B*——y, he drew for me, *The Persecution of the Duke of Guise*, but was such a scratching SOT of a Workman, I never employ'd him since, and I believe no Body else, for I hear he's out at the Elbows; but he was always zealous to serve me, and I can't but wish he may bear his Poverty with the Decency and Submission of a *Heathen Philosopher*, (for as such I count 'him) whose NAKEDNESSE is too apparent.

I shall next Characterize my *Cutters in Wood*—— who were Mr. *VV*——st, and the Ingenious *S*——

Mr. *VV*——st made all the Cuts for *The Man in the (a) Moon*, &c. and *S*—— such as I wanted for *Arens*, &c.

Mr. *VV*——st—— did the Curious Flowers for *Salmon's Herbal*, and exceeds all the Town, for cutting in Wood—— He has got a H A B I T of M E L T I N G his Penny, and once a Month is as Great as a King, but, bating that *Reeling-Vice*, *VV*——st is an Honest Man, and has about him all that unaffected neglect of Pomp in *Cloaths, Lodging, Furniture*, which agrees with his Grave and sedentary Course of Life——

My other *Cutter* in Wood, is a very sober and diligent Man, and saves a great deal of Money) for *S*—— is always at Work, and has no Relish for the Idle and extravagant madness of the Men of Pleasure—— He does not waste his Time, nor Dissipate his Spirits into foolish Mirth, but he possesses his Soul in Patience, and

(a) I printed a Book with that Title.

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is full of that Solid Joy which his *Industry* as well as his *Sobriety* affords him——

Having characteriz'd *the Ingravers in Copper, and Cutters in Wood*, I am next (as they are Members of the Stationers Company) to mention the *Rolling-Press-Printers*, that work'd off the Pictures for me, and they were——Mr. *Hammerton* in *New-gate-street*, and Mr. *Vincent* in *Black-Fryers*.

Mr. *Hammerton*——Is a good Work-Man for large Pictures, and there's Honesty writ in his Face——For the things of this World he uses them, and Blesses GOD for them, but avoids the *Vanity* of them; yet denys himself nothing that is *necessary*, nor sometimes something that is *Extraordinary*, for he lets no Rules to himself of using or forbearing these outward things, but the *just occasions*; and in all, affects rather Piety than strictness, yet *Hammerton* wears not his Religion as an *Extempore Business*, but performs the Offices of Piety with as much ease and chearfulness, as if they had been ripen'd into Instinct and Nature in him——And Charity and Patience, run through all the Scenes and Branches of his Conversation——

Mr. *Vincent*——Was another *Rolling-Printer*, that work'd off my *small Pictures*——The Life of this Merry *Animal*, was a various Scene compos'd of Brighter and more Melancholy Hours, but under all his Crosses there's a Secret Charm that inspires his words——There's so much *Comedy* in his Conversation, that a Man can't leave it in an Ill Humour——In a Word, the *Serenity* that runs through his whole Life, laves the very Passions of his greatest Enemy, and he's all fill'd with *Ideas that are Calm and Pleasant*, so that *Vincent* has got the very Hearts and Souls of his Masters, and I believe, had the more work, for being Son-in-Law to Mr. *Hanbove*——

I have now finish'd the *History of the Stationers Company*, save just concluding with a Brief Character of the several Licenters, and here (that I may not ramble from my *Life and Errors*) I shall only Characterize
those

those *Licensers* with whom I have had Concerns ; and the First I shall Name is——

Sir Roger——'Tis Pity Towzers old Warrior *Harry Care*, were not now alive, for no Limner can hit his Features so well as he. However, Sir Roger is a Remarkable Person, and I'll draw him as well as I can— Then to come to his Character——Sir Roger descended from an Antient and Worthy Family, yet I can't make his Picture like him, without telling the World *his String is gone*, and since his *Weekly Satyr* is fallen asleep, is no longer a *Guide to the Inferiour Clergy*.

Heark'e *Sir Author* ! comes a little peice o' Crape buzzing, in my Ears——consider what ye say, and do——There's Respect due to the unfortunate, especially to those who have been great, and are still Men of *Sense and Ingenuity*. And besides you know what he has done of undoubted Value ; He only has had the *Rare Happyness* of bettering some of the best Authors in a Translation, and his *Seneca* and *Offices* will live as long as the World——

All this I knew before, but what's this to Honesty ? There's the Jewel, *Wit is no more commendable in a K—— than Courage in a High-way-man*. A Man that betrays his Religion, and Country, in pretending to defend it, and *Writes, round, to all the Points of the Compass*, That was made Surveyor of the Press, and wou'd wink at unlicens'd Books, if the Printers Wife wou'd but—— How far this is the Character of Sir Roger, I leave to his own Conscience to consider, and the rather as he now stands on the Brink of Eternity (for he's now above Fourscore) and has but a few Minutes to repent in——

Mr. *Frazer*——Commonly call'd *Catalogue Frazer*, from his Skill in Books, and constant frequenting of Auctions ; he was our *Chief Licenser* for several years, and 'twas Pity he had not continu'd longer in the same Post, for his Treatment was kind and impartial ; ——He Licens'd for me ——*The Athenian Mercuries* —— *The Works of the Learned* —— *The Royal Voyage*, and such a numerous Company

Company of other Books as advanc'd his Fees (for bare Licencing) to Thirty-Pounds *per Annum*, which I paid him for several Years together, as appears by *Receipts* under his own Hand, and as Mr. *Frazer* was an *Impartial Licenser*; I suppose other Booksellers were as forward as my self to have recourse to him, which made his *Salary* very considerable, and he deserv'd ev'ry Penny of it—for *his Compass of Learning was v'ry large*.—His Judgment correct and moderate, his *Imagination* lively, and he was Diligent and Impartial in all the Parts of his Duty, but (notwithstanding these qualifications) the *High-Flyers* were continually hunching at him, and at last, he surrender'd his *Deputation*.—There's Little of Happiness in High Posts, they're attended with Fatigue and Trouble. Advancement exposes a Man as the *Mark of Envy*, and the Malice of others, every common Mortal must be throwing in his Censure, and meddling with *the Characters of those abode him*; and when neither the Man nor his Management, is well known, he must sit to every *Ill natur'd Clubb*, and have his *Picture* daub'd with suspicion, and Prejudice.—Mr. *Frazer* had his full of this hard Measure, tho' no Man was better skill'd in the *Mystery* of winning upon the Hearts of Booksellers; nor were the *Company of Stationers* ever Bleis'd with an Honester Licenser. He has now a very *Honourable-Place* in *Chelsey Colledge*, where he has a *Noble Library*, and lives in Great Reputation—

Dr. *Midgley*———He was a Co-temporary Licenser with Mr. *Frazer*, and had his *Deputation* from the *Bishop of London*—His Humour was constantly kind and agreeable, his Aspect chearful and strangely obliging — He *Licensed* for me, Mr. *Jayes Tragedies* of *Sen* *Bulows Treatise of Fornication*, and other *Divine Essays*, that were out off Mr. *Frazer's* Province—He was a Good Physician, and very *High* for the Church, yet (to do Dr. *Midgley* justice) censoriousness and speaking uncharitably of Persons, or believing easily any Reports of those that *dissent*ed from him, were Vice his *Scandal*—In a Word, he was a Man of *Singular* *weakness*, and (Living a Pious Life) when h

lay on his Death-Bed, he express'd no concern to live, nor fear to dye; *He kept nothing in reserve for his last Hours,* and being ripe for Death, cou'd not be surpriz'd and the same may be said of his Brother Licenser Mr. D. Poplar.

—Cook Esq;— He receiv'd his Authority from the *Principal Secretary of State*, and was a *fit Licenser*, to succeed Mr. Fraser, for he was no Bigot to any Party, but was true and just to *Church-men, Presbyterians and Dissenters of all sorts*—He was a good Lawyer, and furnisht with a large Stock of Wit and Moderation—He had no *narrow Thoughts*, nor no superstitious Opinions in Religion, and therefore as he did not shut himself up within a Party, so neither did he shut any Party out from him, but was a *Licenser generally lov'd and respected by all Men*. Many of our *City Aldermen* treated him with a Respect so peculiar and generous, and he was so well known in *London*, that 'twas impossible that common Artifice shou'd defame and slur him—His Character was unblemish'd.—His Vertue too bright to be soild by the High-Flyers—and his Carriage was very *sweet and obliging*, so that the *Natural Kindness and Serenity of his Mind*, gave him the Hearts of all the Booksellers.—In a Word, Mr. Cook was a very Active, Ingenious Man, and had such an *Interest at Court*, that he procur'd for me the *Royal Priviledge*, mention'd in p. 216. And had the Act for printing continu'd in Force, Mr. Cook had been Licenser to this Day—

Mr. Heron—Our Fifth Licenser was this Gentleman—He had a comely Mein—*An Air of Pleasantness in his Countenance*—He was furnisht with a large Stock of Learning, and a *great Master of his Temper*—While he was very Young, he hit naturally on the *True method of Study*, and contracted Friendship with great Men (particularly, with the Earl of —) who observing his *Great Piety and Zeal for the Church*, made him a Licenser—His Acquaintance at Court (and Love to his Studies) contributed to the perfection of his Mind, and were Prophetic Symptoms of his Future Eminence, yet *no Perferment or Science*, cou'd divert him from the study of himself (as the

Regularity of his Conversation abundantly shews—
 A becoming modesty and conduct appear'd in the
 first Stages of his Life, and continue like a *Guardian
 Angel*, to attend him to this Day——So that his
 Life Shines in every Part, both Private and Publick;
 and tho' he continu'd Licenser but few Months, yet he
 left his Place with a great deal of Honour, and never
 justly displeas'd any Man——

Our last Licenser, before the Act of Printing ex-
 pir'd, was *Edmund Bohun Esq;*——He licens'd for me
 that Remarkable Book, call'd *The Second Spira*, and was
 wont often to visit me——He uses great Freedom of
 Speech, as one that wou'd neither seek, nor dread the
 power of any——He once took *the shortest way with
 Dissenters*, and was noted for a Furious Man against
 'em——He has a Wit so Pregnant and Prompt to e-
 very thing, that you wou'd think it was form'd for
 the very thing, whatsoever it was he was about——
 He is sufficiently qualified to be a *Licenser*, for he is a
 Man well skill'd in most kinds of Literature, besides
 (*under the Rose*) he's a pretty Author himself, has
 witten a *Geographical Dictionary*, revis'd and enlarg'd
Heylin's Cosmography, and were it not for his former
 Carriage towards Dissenters, I wou'd call him the *Phoenix*
 of the Learned *Licensers*——

I might next add the Character of Mr. *Nicholets*,
 who was a man easie of Access, and ready to License; and
 that's all I shall say of him; for I never desir'd his
Imprimatur.

Mr. *Montgomery*——He is a Bookseller in *Corn-
 bill*, and shou'd have been plac'd among his *Brethren*,
 but being of Low Stature, I happen'd to over-look him,
 but for this Omission, he shall now have the Honour
 to bring up the Rear of the *Licensers*——So
 that the Bookseller I am now to Characterize, is
Hugh Montgomery——He was born a Scots-man, and
 serv'd his Time with *Andrew Bell*——He neither Un-
 dertakes, nor talks much, but had his Matter refus'd
The Athenian Oracle, he stood fair for the Next offer, and
 I believe wou'd have the Good had Luck to have bought
 it

it— He bid like a Man, for *The Athenian Spy*; and from the *Little Dealings* I have had with him, I find his Discourse is neither Light nor Unseasonable, and such as neither calls his Vertue, or his Judgment in Question——He commends no Man to his Face, and censures no Man behind his Back (which is a quality he learnt from his Master Bell)——He never speaks scornfully of his Inferiours, nor Vain-gloriously of himself——He does nothing meerly for gain, and thinks not any thing in this Life worthy of the loss of the next, whilst some of his Neighbours Compass Sea and Land to get an Estate, he thinks Contentment the greatest Wealth, and Covetousness the greatest Poverty, and if he has not so much as others, (tho' he thrives apace) yet he thinks how many are happy with less: He never thinks ill of his Estate because anothers is better; or that he has not enough; because another has more; for he measures his Plenty by his Condition and Rank, and not by anothers Abundance; and is a little Man, that (like aged Littlebury - Grave Scot - Honest Strahan, and witty Chantry) is always for doing the Fair-Thing——(I shall only add)——He so highly oblig'd me by his Great Fidelity, in concealing a Secret, I committed to him, that to requite his Kindness, I have prefixt his Name to this *Idea of a New Life*, and have intrusted him with the Sale of the whole Impression.

Thus have I (in Brief Characters) run through the whole History of the Stationers Company (Authors, Booksellers, Printers, Stationers, Binders, Ingravers, Licensers, &c.) so far as my Life and Actions have bin any ways mixt with 'em, and I hope these Characters of my Learned Brethren, &c. will be of good use, both for Caution and Pattern; for we may learn by their Failings (where we see any) to fortifie our Selves against 'em; and by the Regularity of their Conduct, to form our Manners on the same model——So that if we take it right, the Reading of these Characters, is as good as living over again by Proxy, for they furnish us with a set of Maxims, to steer by, at anothers Expence——

Seeing Excellent use may be made of *This History of the Stationers Company*——methinks the Book should

London (except they are unreasonably bashful) shou'd all willingly see the Pictures of their Minds, as of their Faces, for by *these Characters, we shall begin to know one another a little*; for I hope I have so well hit the Features of every Man (tho' I drew some of 'em by Guess) as all that know 'em, may say (at the first Glance) this, or that, is the Man, for whom this *Picture* is meant; which, as bad as my Colours are, is better drawing, then there was in the *Infancy of Painting*, under which (to be understood) they were forc'd to write, *this is a Bull, and this is a Horse* — or suppose I have flatter'd a little (a thing very common with *Limners*) and drawn some Persons what they shou'd be, rather than what they are (tho' I don't know of any such Instance in this Book) yet 'tis excuseable sure, for who knows but these by seeing how charming *Vertue* wou'd make 'em, may endeavour to Practice it? 'Twas this made *Zenophon* Character his *Cyrus*, not as he was, but as he ought to have been; making him rather the Subject of a *brave Romance*, than a *True History*.

Having characteriz'd the *Authors, Booksellers, Printers, and several Members of the Company of Stationers, &c.* who write (or dress out) Books for the Publick.

I shou'd next SALUTE my Customers, (and Benefactors) for my Life will appear an unfinish'd Piece (and very ungrateful to boot) shou'd I forget those *Bookish Gentlemen and Ladies*, who contributed so much to my well-being, and with whom I spent some of the most agreeable Minutes of my whole Life — Those Noble Friends (or Customers) that I wou'd here Characterize are, viz.

The Marquis of Swancastle — The late Lord
 Wharton — Paron Eccling — Sir Henry Ashurst, Bar
 — Sir William Temple — Sir Thomas Pope Blount
 — Sir Henry Ingoldsby — Sir John Hartop — Sir
 Henry Tichburn — Collonel Colchester — Collonel
 Butler — Collonel Harman — Alderman Pilkington
 — Alderman Ford — Alderman Cornish — Ald. Hedges — The
 Countess of Elmere — The Honourable Lady —
 ————— The

—The Lady Roberts—The Lady Sands—
 Madam Jeffries—Madam Brown—Madam
 Drake—Madam Rivet—Madam Judith—
 Madam Shute—Madam Witchurch—Madam Horton
 —Madam Skilling—Madam Nicholas—Mrs.
 Turner—Mrs. Dunton—Mrs. Hiland—Mrs. Chace—
 Mrs. Littlefield—Mrs. Biscow—The Learned
 Daphne—And the Pious Climene—Counsellor
 Cairns—Counsellor Stephens—Counsellor Orlibar
 —Counsellor Owen—William Yates Esq;—
 Joceline Roberts Esq;—Thomas Wallis Esq;—E.
 Lum. Esq;—Gervase Disney Esq;—John Little
 Esq;—Christopher Usher Esq;—Major Manly—
 Major Dudley—Major Gookins—Captain Pitts
 —Captain Davis—Captain Collins—Captain
 Philips—Dr. Torlis—Dr. Slare—Dr. Rolfe—
 Dr. Morton—Dr. Aires—Dr. Chester—Dr. Wood
 —Dr. Cole—Dr. Oliver—Mr. Burton—Mr.
 Thave—Mr. Whiteing—Mr. Stiles—Mr. Cowper
 —Mr. Smith—Mr. Mott—Mr. Clerkson—Mr.
 Argus—Mr. Singer—Mr. Hamlyn—Mr. Sprint
 —Mr. Catcot—Mr. Woolley—Mr. Gearing—
 Mr. Sands—Mr. Lassells—Mr. Bayley—Mr. Brumley
 —Mr. Thwaits—Mr. Batty—Mr. Mead—Mr.
 Bourn—Mr. Jackson—Mr. Chelsum—Mr. Lawford
 —Mr. Bland—Mr. Morin—Mr. Day—Mr. Pointel—
 Mr. Luffe—Mr. King—Mr. Hearn—Mr. Garrington
 —Mr. Harris—Mr. Child—Mr. White—Mr.
 Marriat—Mr. Abraham—Mr. Lake—Mr. Drake—Mr. Scail
 —Mr. Jones—Mr. Townsend—Mr. Pratt—Mr. Reading—Mr.
 Woolhouse—Mr. Randal—Mr. Wells—Mr. Stokes
 —Mr. Hawkins—Mr. Fryar—Mr. Taylor—
 Mr. Kenswell—Mr. Lutwitch—Mr. Stanton—Mr.
 Fido—Mr. Chace—Mr. Aires—Mr. Biscow
 —Mr. Cock—Mr. Treacher—Mr. Goffam—Mr.
 Latwel—Mr. Fenner—Mr. Dancer—Mr. Short
 —Mr. Dudley—Mr. Mathews—Mr. Dodsworth
 —Mr. Wilson—Mr. Chatman—Mr. Depton—
 Mr. Bullfinch—Mr. Rude—Mr. Johnson—Mr.
 Stonnel—Mr. West—Mr. Wade—Mr. Ruffei—
 Mr. Nibbs—And my old and dear Friend Mr. Peacock—

These Worthy Gentlemen and Ladies (with Nine Hundred more, whose Names I omit) are the Persons I wou'd here Characterize, had not the WORSHIPFUL Company of Stationers, already swell'd my Book beyond the Bulk I intended.

However the Reader shall have a distinct Character of these Thousand Worthies, in *the second part of my life*; for as I had the Honour to know 'em all (and to trade with the major Part) shou'd I omit giving a CHARACTER of 'em, it wou'd render *The History of my Life imperfect*——

I own 'tis a NICE undertaking, to write this *History of Living Men*, but 'tis so intermixt with my own *life*, that I can't avoid it, and therefore as no Man knows but himself may come into the SECOND PART OF MY LIFE, I hope he'll be as well pleas'd to see the *Picture of his Mind*, as of his Face, and be as fond of making it worth the drawing.

I take this NEW-WAY of writing my Life (*by way of Characters*) as I believe *A History of Living Men* (besides the Novelty of it) will be of Great use to promote the *Reformation* now on Foot; for *we are led by Examples, more than Precepts*, and *A History of Living Men* will invite us to Transcribe their Vertues into our own Practice——

No Man need question my being Impartial in these *Characters*, as the Persons are *living*, to whom I must answer for any wrong I do 'em——And for those I commend (which shall be only those that deserve it) my my Pardon is secur'd against all Accusers, but only TRUTH which condemns if injur'd.

So that you see, Reader, if I'll write *an impartial and comprehensive History of my whole Life*, I must give a Distinct Account of every Person I have known or conversed with——

If these Considerations won't prevail with my Friends, to lend me their true Characters, perhaps they'll repent it, when 'tis too late; for in this *Living History* (which shall discover the Secrets of my whole Life) I'll spare neither Saint nor Sinner. And as I shall lash Offenders

Offenders, without Regard to their Quality, so I shall be as forward to praise Vertue where-ever I find it, more especially in those HUNDRED PERSONS I named before. I can't say of one of these, *Black is their Eye*——They make the word of GOD the R U L E, and the Pattern of their Actions——We need but look into their Lives and Carriage, to know how the Primitive Christians liv'd. Their are many of 'em Persons of great Quality, but the Height of their Condition does not exalt their mind——Their Religion consists not barely in knowing or Discour- sing of what is Good, but in practising what they know——They cherish no Sin in themselves, and Countenance none in another——Good Doctrine is weakned much, with ill Life, and therefore he that will do good upon others, must (like Sir Henry Ashhurst, and Captain Pitts, &c.) go in the way of Salvation himself. But their Pious Care does not extend to themselves alone, for they are good to all, especially to the Household of Faith——Their Mode- ration and their Charity, are of the same Piece with their Piety——'Tis Universal, not confin'd to Sects and Parties.—They are zealous Promoters of the Reformation of Manners (especially Colonel ~~Cochester~~ *Cochester* and Mr. Yates) and their hatred of Sin is sincere and impartial——They love nothing too well, no, not themselves——They think of the Pleasures of this World either as Sins, or Occasions of it, and the other more necessary things of it, tho' they have their presence, yet they han't their Heart——They let not the changes of this World make them either fond of Life, or weary of it——They count the Goodness, and not the Length of their Lives, as the Measure of their happiness; and tho' their Bodies are not yet in Heaven, their Hearts are there. I am apt to think the pious Barker copied Right Christianity from their Practice for (by the short Interview I had with 'em) I found 'em the living Original of that Book——Christianity seems reviv'd in their Conversation, they walk as becomes the Gospel of Christ. And I don't think they have one Enemy in the whole World, or at least, none but the DEVIL, whom they renounc'd at their Baptism, and have fought against all their Lives——

So much may serve for a GENERAL CHARACTER of those Hundred Persons that were my Friends (or Customers) *whilst I liv'd in the Poultry*, and I hope I have hit their Features. However, in the Second Part of my Life, I'll attempt a more PARTICULAR DRAUGHT of 'em (and of the Nine Hundred Persons mention'd before) And that none may tax me with being Partial, I'll draw every Man *as I found him*, and not suffer so much as a Wart or Blemish to 'scape my Pencil —

By the *General Acquaintance* I now had with all Ranks, and Degrees of Men (and which daily increas'd by the weekly spreading of THE ATHENIAN MERCURY) Trade enlarg'd so much upon me, that I was quite cloy'd with the *Crowd of Business*, and thereupon I began to bend my Thoughts upon a *quiet Retreat from the World*, that I might be more at leisure to get *Acquaintance with my self*, and to devote my Life more entirely to Study, which has been one of the best Pleasures I have met with ; however, I could not reconcile my self to live altogether upon the *main-stock*, and therefore I thought it the most prudent way to keep a *Ware-house*, which might be manag'd in Privacy, without much Hurry. After long searching, I found Mr. *Shalcrosse's* House, in *Bull-Head-Court*, near *Jewin-street*, very fit for my purpose ; and there (as the *Athenians* jocularly said) my Raven went to Roost. My Friends, at least, I'll allow 'em the Name for once, would have perswaded me to *pursue the World with the same eagerness I had began*; but I thought I had got enough of the World, to bear my Charges to the Grave, and what Necessity of more ? I was much of the same mind with the Ingenious *Cowley* ;

*I wou'd have business, but exempt from strife ;
A Quiet, but an Active Life.*

I had liv'd long enough, like the Dog in the *Whelp*, for others, 'twas now Time to begin for my self. 'Twas not long after I had left my Raven, and come from be-
hind

hind the Counter, but I purchas'd an OWL for my Garden, which was a Bird Dear to Athens, and sacred to Minerva and the Muses. My Fancy ran so much upon this Majestick Creature, that the Ingenious Sapho made me a Present of one drawn very much to the Life, which I have by me at this Day; and I can't forbear to tell the Reader that I have an Essay in Manuscript, in which I have taken up Twenty Sheets, in describing the Vertues of poor Midge. When I was over in Ireland, I receiv'd the unhappy News of the Death of my Owl, on whose Memory I bestow'd an Elegy: And if Erasmus cou'd write in Praile of Folly, and a Reverend Divine in the Establish'd Church in Praise of a Cows-Tail, I don't see why my Essay and Elegy, on his Gravity the Owl, mayn't be made publick. Thus I sometimes unbended and entertain'd my thoughts after I had left the World.

*And they methought deserv'd my Pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The Crow'd and Buz and Murmurings,
Of this great Hive the City.*

I had a long Time been making a Choice Collection of valuable Books, from Mr. Shermerdine's Shop, and at all the noted Auctions, which was much, both for Use and Pleasure in this retir'd way of Living. Now I was return'd to my first Mistress, my Book, and made very firm Resolutions that my future Constancy shou'd make satisfaction for my past Neglects. My Nights were now divided betwixt sleep and study; and according to Honest Randolph.

If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

I rose usually at Four in the Morning, and shutting my Closet-Door upon the VULGAR WORLD, and being Encompas'd with so many Learned and great Men, I thought my self in the very Lap of Eternity. Reading methought was an intellectual way of conversing with the Souls of Learned Men, every Notion

and every Thought I met with, was like some glorious Apparition of their very Minds——But alas! the best State of Happiness, this World can afford, is little more than an *amuse* scene of *Vanity*, which we can't keep from shifting, which makes Life it self but little better than meer KNIGHT ERRANDRY. My Happiness was too Spirituous and Fine to continue long, and the Conclusion of it was a wounding Tragedy; *the Sickness and the Death of IRIS*, with which I am now to entertain my Reader.

A Comprehensive View of the LIFE and DEATH of IRIS:

SHE was Daughter to the *Reverend Dr. Annesley*, which was both her Honour, and her Happiness; and for that Care of Providence, her *Prayer* (found after her Decease) discover a very grateful Sense. Religion had made very early Impressions upon her Mind, so that it can't be said of her, that her Life had run in vain. The **NEW LIFE**, sprung up within her, by such *insensible Degrees*, that 'twas more than she cou'd do, to know the *very Time* she was turned to the *Wisdom of the Just*. Her Bible was the great Pleasure of her Life, and she was so well acquainted with it, that she cou'd easily refer you to the Chapter, where you might meet with any Passage you would please to mention; *1 Cor. 15. Heb. 11.* and the *39th Psalm*, were a great Relief to her, under her last Illness. *Mr. Baxter's Saints Rest*, and *Mr. How's Blessedness of the Righteous*, &c. were Books she extremely valu'd, which indeed, are very lively Descriptions of the Holy Land. Her Mind was always full of Charity and Temper, towards those who might differ from her, in Matters of Opinion; she lov'd the Image of Christ
where

where-ever it was form'd. She was no very ordinary Proficient, in the Knowledge of *Practical Divinity*, which her **OWN REFLECTIONS** do sufficiently testify, especially upon the *Grace of GOD*, *The will of Man*, *Original Sin*, and the *Effect it has upon the Faculties of the Soul*. *I will, says she, obey GOD's revealed Will, and adore his Secret Will, and rest upon his Promises, and lay all down at the Feet of Christ, still minding my present Duty. The Belief of GOD's foreknowledge, or decreeing whatsoever shall come to pass, shou'd not hinder me from my Duty, but rather provoke me to be more diligent. I shou'd certainly do more for my Soul than my Body: Tho' I don't know whether Food will nourish me, whether Physick will relieve me in Sickness; yet Ill not neglect any Means.*

She freely confess'd that *Repentance was the Gift of GOD*, and that Sin cou'd not possibly be pardon'd any other way, than by the *Blood, and Merit, and Intercession of Christ*. *I adore, said she, the sovereignty of Divine Grace, that has made me willing to accept of Christ, I find a secret Influence of his Spirit, that makes me serious and watchful in my Duty. Whatever others pretend of the freedom of the Will, I am sure mine is stubborn and averse to every Thing that is good, and that I can do no spiritual Action, without Assistance.*

She kept a **DIARY** for near *Twenty Years*, and made a great many **REFLECTIONS**, both on the State of her own Soul, and on other things, that as far **AS I COU'D JUDGE**, by the Bulk, wou'd have made a very considerable Folio.

But she was so far from *Vain-glory*, or Affectation of being talk'd of after Death that she desir'd that all those **LARGE PAPERS** might be burnt, 'tho' even much of what she writ, was in a *Short-Hand* of her own Invention. That Part of the Diary, out of which Mr. Rogers extracted several Things he' publish'd in her *Funeral Sermon*

mon(a) was with great difficulty obtain'd from her, by my self in her last Sickness, in which, as she express'd it, *She thought it her Duty to deny me nothing.*

The DIVINE REFLECTIONS she made in her Health (but more especially, those she writ in her last Sickness) wou'd be of great use, had I room to insert 'em.

Her Reflection upon hearing of my Loss at Sea, shews what abundant cause we have to trust GOD, shou'd he strip us of all worldly Enjoyments ——— *Her Reflection on her receiving a Letter which she wou'd have conceal'd,* shews what a dreadful hazard that Person runs, that will venture on the Sin of Lying, to conceal a Fault ——— *Her Reflection upon her Dream of Death, and Recovery of a Dangerous Feavour,* shews that Sickness is no Time to prepare for Eternity in; and that we shou'd make it the Business of Life, to get assurance of Heaven ——— *Her Reflection, occasion'd by her Fathers Sermon of GOD's willing all Things, &c.* shews how GOD from Eternity, orders all Things that shall come to pass in Time, and yet Man perishes for his own default, and that the belief of GOD's decreeing whatever comes to pass shou'd not hinder us from Duty, but rather provoke us to be more Diligent ——— *Her Reflection on her being confin'd to her Bed, in her last Sickness,* shews us what 'tis to enjoy the Secrets of GOD's presence on a Death Bed, and how we shou'd press for a conformity to the Will of GOD in every Thing ——— I can't room to insert her REFLECTIONS, at large, upon these Subjects, but the Reader may find 'em, in *The Post-Angel for February,* and in *Turner's Folio,* p. 37. but I have said enough, to give him a taste of Her heavenly Chimiſtry; 'twou'd swell to a Folio, shou'd I transcribe all the Reflections and Meditations

(a) See The Character of a Good Woman, being the Title of the Funeral Sermon, occasion'd by the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunton, Preacht by Mr. Timothy Rogers. M. A.

she has left, and which discover more than a common Acquaintance with the great Fundamentals of our Religion.

She was a great Lover of Solitude, in regard, it gave her an Opportunity to converse with GOD, and her own Heart; however, that more retir'd way did not eat out Duties of publick Worship; Sabbaths and Sermons and Sacraments, were the best Refreshments she met with in her way to Glory. Upon Sacramental Occasions, I have found many such Reflections as these, *Oh how shou'd the Thoughts of free Grace fill me with Love to GOD! I am filled with Joy inexpressible, and full of Glory. O Lord, I solemnly resolve against all my Sins. These are the Murtherers that wou'd not have thee to reign over me. I considered the Love of GOD in parting with his Son to dye for Sinners, what an amazing Love was it, that GOD shou'd become Man? That he shou'd be so poor as not to know where to lay his Head, when he came to enrich the World. Oh to consider that I shou'd be one that Christ had in his Thoughts of Love, It makes me cry out, Why me Lord? Why me! Oh dearest Jesus, I cannot at this Sacrament, take a Denial of thy gracious Presence; I come to meet with GOD, and I cannot be contented without him. Oh Blessed Jesus, bereave my Lusts, my Pride, my Unbelief, my want of Love to thee, the base Sins of my Nature, my dis-ingenuous Carriage towards thee, here, Lord, slay 'em before thee, &c.*

Her *Conjugal Affection* to my self was altogether as remarkable as any other Part of her Character; *who shou'd love best*, was the only Contest we ever had. Her Happiness seem'd to be wrap'd up in mine, our Interest and Inclinations were every way the same; when our Affairs were a little perplex'd, she never discover'd the least uneasiness, she'd make use of means, and leave the Issue to Providence, and the Will of Heaven. Whenever I was indispos'd, than indeed, she was much concern'd, and wou'd much rather, impair her own Health, than I shou'd want looking after, or than another shou'd take Care of me. She had such a Stock of good Nature, that I never went home, and found *It*

out of Humour. But Heaven, and the Blessed Jesus, had a greater Interest in her, than I cou'd claim; she was indeed, the better half of me, but then my Property in her was not absolute. And here, that the Reader may see *our love was mutual*, and continu'd so till Death, I'll insert the *last Letters* that past between us.

Philaret's last Letter to his Wife.

Chester April 10th 1697.

My Dearest Heart!

I Shall ever rejoyce in the *Intireness* of thy Affection, which neither Losses in Trade, nor thy long Sickness cou'd ever abate, but alas! *the Dearest Friends must part*, and thy languishing State makes it necessary for me to Impart *a few Things, relating to my own, and thy decease.*

My Dear, we came together with this Design, to help and prepare one another for Death, but (now thy Life is in danger) methinks I feel already, *the Torments to which an Heart is expos'd that loses what it loves*; yet, my Dear, you may take this comfort, even in Death it self, that *you can dye but half, whilst I am preserv'd*; and to make Death yet the easier to thee, *think with thy self, I shall not be long after thee*; but oh that we might expire at the same Time, for shou'd you go before me, I shall pine like the **CONSTANT TURTLE**, and in thy Death shake Hands with the whole Sex. If we look back into Antient Times, we find there was hardly a Person among the Primitive Christians, that sought comfort in a *Second Marriage* (second Marriage then was counted little better than Adultery) and in our Dayes (tho' they have gotten a better Name) they are a sort of *who bids most*; and therefore if I shou'd survive thee (which GOD forbid) I doubt whether I shou'd ever be brought to draw again in the *conjugal Yoke*,
 • except

except (*Phoenix* like) from thy Ashes another *Iris* cou'd arise, and then I can't say what I might do; for *I love to look upon thy Image, tho' but in a Friend or Picture*, and shall ever receive thy Kindred, with Honourable mention of thy Name——But I need not enlarge, for the many TEARES I have shed for your long *Sickness*, have shewn (even while you are living) how much I shall grieve, when you dye in earnest: *What a Melancholly Thing will the World appear, when Iris is dead?* However, 'tis my desire that we may BED together in the same Grave, and that my Ingenious Friend (*Mr. Thomas Dixon*) preach my Funeral Sermon, upon this Text, *They shall lye down alike in the dust, and the Worms shall cover them.*

I desire to be bury'd with *Iris*, for this Reason, that as our Souls shall know each other, when they leave the Body, so our Bodies may rise together after the LONG NIGHT OF DEATH; *Dr. Brown* applauds those ingenuuous Tempers, that desire to sleep in the Urns of their Fathers, and strive to go the nearest way to Corruption. 'Twas the request of your Worthy Father, to lye by his Wife, in *Shoreditch*, and the Countess of (*a*) *Anglesey* desir'd on her Death-Bed, to be bury'd (as she exprest it) upon the Coffin of that Good Man, *Dr. Annesley*. As it is good to enjoy the Company of the Godly while they are living, so we read it has been ADVANTAGIOUS to be bury'd with them after Death. The Old Prophets Bones escaped a Burning, by being bury'd with the other Prophets, and the Man who was tumbled into the Grave of *Elisha*, was revived by the Vertue of his Bones.

So that you see (*My DEAR*) shou'd you dye First, I shall instead of seeking a second Wife, make Court to your Dead Body, and as 'twere Marry again in the Grave. I once desir'd to be bury'd with my Father

(a) One of the Earls Sons reported this to a worthy Gentleman, from whose Mouth I had it.

' Dunton, in *Aston Chancel*, but Love to a Parent (tho'
 ' ne'er so Tender) is lost in that to a Wife; and NOW
 ' if I can mingle my Ashes with thine, 'tis all I desire.
 ' I wou'd (if possible) imitate the *Generous Hota*, who
 ' follow'd her Husband to the Grave, laid him in a
 ' STATELY TOMB, and then, for Nine Dayes
 ' together, she wou'd neither Eat nor Drink, whereof
 ' she dyed, and was bury'd in the same Grave with her
 ' beloved Husband——

*He first deceas'd, she for a few dayes try'd,
 To live without him; lik'd it not, and dy'd.*

' To thy very Ashes I'll keep a Body pure, and Troth
 ' Inviolable; for separation can have no Place in our
 ' Union, if neither *Death* nor the *Grave*, can part us:
 ' And it will be no small Augmentation of our Com-
 ' placency, to find that Friendship which we had
 ' contracted here below, *translated to the Mansions a-*
 ' *bove*, when (if I get to Heaven) I shall see and
 ' know thee again, with whom I had liv'd so well,
 ' and *slept so long in the dust*: With what Ardours shall
 ' we then Caress one another! with what Transports
 ' of Divine Affection shall we mutually Embrace, and
 ' vent those *Imocent Flames* which had so long lain
 ' smothering in the Grave, like Men that have escap'd a
 ' Common Shipwreck, and swim safe to the Shore!
 ' We shall congratulate each others Happiness with Joy
 ' and Wonder; our first Addresses will be *A Dialogue*
 ' of *Interjections and short Periods*, the most Pathetick
 ' Language of Surprize and high wrought Joy, and all
 ' our after Converse will be couch'd in the Highest
 ' Strains of Seraphick Love——

' *All this (my Dear) is supposing you dye first; but if*
 ' I happen to go before you, prepare me thus for the
 ' Grave.

1. ' Close my Eyes with thy own Hand.

2. ' Lay me out in a Linnen-Grou'd.

3. ' Salute my Hand and Cheek, when my Body is put
' in the Coffin. The Chinese always, before they bury
' their Dead (if he was a Married Man) bring him to
' his Wife, that so she might first Kiss him, and bid
' him Farewel.

4. ' Bury me the seventh day after my death, and not
' before, least I come to Life, as my Mother did, on
' the Day of her intended Funeral.

' Lastly, Let my Body be carry'd to the New-
' burying-Place, there to SLEEP in a Grave that will
' hold us both——And then (if no Man goes to Bed
' till he dyes, nor wakes till the Resurrection)
' Good Night t'ye here, and Good Morrow here-
' after.

' My Dear, having said what I thought Necessary,
' with respect to my own, and thy Decease——I come
' next to tell thee I have made my W I L L, where-
' in thou art sole Executrix; that I might give
' at the Rate I love thee : Your Sympathy with me, in
' all the Distresses of my Life, does make thy Vertues
' SHINE with the greater Lustre (as Stars in the
' darkest Night) and to requite thy Love, I am scarce
' contented with giving all, but cou'd grutch my
' Funeral Expences, my very Shrou'd and Grave, that I
' might add to your greater Store. I need not press
' you to believe this, for Men in their LAST WILLS
' appear just as they are; they here grow open and plain-
' hearted and dare not depart with their hands to a lye.

' I have kinder Things to add, but have
' not Time to write 'em half, so must reserve
' the rest till we meet again. I shou'd also
' here consider the Nature of our Souls, and
' that other World we are hastening to, but
' here's enough to let you see that as in Life,
' so in Death I am wholly yours——I shall re-
' turn for London in Three Days, for this Cru-
' el A B S E N C E has half kill'd me——

' I beg thy Answer to this Letter for I'll
' keep

' keep it by me as a Dear *Memorial*—I can't in-
 ' large, for you have MY HEART, and all
 ' Things else, in the Power of

Yours for ever,

Philaret.

Iris's last Letter to Philaret.

' I Receiv'd (*my Dearest*) thy obliging Letter, and
 ' thankfully own, that tho' G O D has exercised
 ' me with a long and languishing *Sickness*, and my
 ' *Grave lies in view*, yet he hath dealt tenderly with
 ' me; so that I find by Experience no *Compassi-*
 ' ons are like those of a G O D. 'Tis true, I have
 ' scarce Strength to answer your Letter; but seeing you
 ' desire a few Lines, to keep as a *Memorial* of
 ' our *Constant Love*, I'll attempt something, tho' (by
 ' reason of my present Weakness) I can write nothing
 ' worth your Reading.

' *First then*, As to your *Character* of me, (*Love Blinds*
 ' you;) for I dont deserve it, but am pleased to find
 ' you enjoy (by the help of a strong *Fancy*) that *Happi-*
 ' ness, which I can't (tho' I wou'd) bestow. But *Opi-*
 ' nion is the rate of Things; and if you think you
 ' self happy, you are so. As to my self, I have met
 ' with more and greater Comforts in a *Marry'd State*
 ' than ever I did expect. But how cou'd it be other-
 ' wise, when *Inclination, Interest, and all that can be*
 ' *desir'd*, concur to make up the *Harmony*? From our
 ' *Marriage* till now, thy Life has been one *continua-*
 ' *l of Courtship*, and sufficiently upbraids that *In-*
 ' *difference* which is found among Married People
 ' Thy Concern for my present *sickness* (tho' of long
 ' Continuance) has been so Remarkably tender, that
 ' were it but known to the World, 'twou'd (one
 ' more) bring into *Fashion Mens loving their Wives*
 ' Thy WILL alone, is a Noble Pattern for other
 ' to *Live by*; and is such an *Original Piece* as wil
 ' not

ne'er be equal'd. But (my Dear) had your WILL been less favourable to me, I shou'd perform all you desire (but more especially with respect to your Death and Funeral) *As to your desire of SLEEPING with me in the same Grave, I like it well*; and as we design to be GROUND-BED-FELLOWS till the last Trump shall awake us both, so I hope we shall be happy hereafter, in the Enjoyment of the *Beatifick-Vision*, and in the Knowledge of one another; for I agree with you that *we shall know our Friends in Heaven*; Wise and learned Men of all Ages, and several Scriptures plainly shew it, tho' I verily believe, was there none but GOD and one Saint in Heaven, that Saint wou'd be perfectly happy, so as to desire no more. But whilst on Earth we may lawfully please ourselves with Hopes of meeting hereafter, and in lying in the SAME GRAVE where we shall be happy together, if a *senseless Happiness* can be call'd so. You mention writing your Thoughts of the Nature of the Soul, and that other World, we are hast'ning to; But seeing you did not send 'em, I shall wait with Patience, 'till those things are no longer the Object of our Faith but Vision——

' But pray *Philaret*, be'n't afraid of my dying first, for I have such a Kindness for you, that I dread the Thoughts of surviving thee, more than I do those of Death; cou'd you think I'de marry again, when it has been one great Comfort under all my Languishments, to think I shou'd dye first, and that I shall live in him, who ever since the Happy Union of our Souls, has been more dear to me than Life itself.

' I shall only add my Hearty Prayer, That GOD wou'd bless you, both in Soul and Body; and that when you dye, you may be convey'd by the Angels into *Abraham's Bosom*, where I hope you'll find

Your Tender and Dutiful

I R I

* B b

1716

This is a True Copy of the Letters that pass between Iris and my self in her last Sickness, and Mr. Turner (the Minister) thought 'em such a Rare Pattern of Conjugal Love, that he did me the Honour to insert 'em in his *History of Remarkable Providences* P. 142.

Having given this short account of her Conjugal Affection (and those other Graces in which she excell'd) I shall next proceed (that I may give a Comprehensive View of her whole Life) to a Relation of her Sicknes, Death and Funeral.

In her Last-sickness, which lasted about Seven Months she never utter'd a repining Word; and when GOD was pleas'd to call her Home, she was very willing to remove. Through the whole Length of her Sicknes she said, *There was no Doubt upon her Spirit, as to her future Happiness.* When her Life began to burn a little Dim, she express'd her self thus, to one that stood by, *Heaven will make amends for all; 'tis but a little while before I shall be happy, I have good ground to hope, that when I dye, through Christ, I shall be blessed; for I Dedicated my self to GOD from my Youth.* When I saw her Life just a going, and my sorrows overcame me she said with an obliging sweetness, *Don't be so concern'd about parting, for I hope we shall both meet where we shall never part; However,* said she, *'tis a solemn Thing to dye, whatever we may think of it. O this Eternity! There's no Time for preparing for Heaven, like the Time of Youth. Tho' Death be never so near, I can look Back with Joy, on some of the early Years that I sweetly spent in my Father's House, and how comfortably I lived there. Oh what a Mercy is it to be dedicated to GOD betimes! When her Soul was just fluttering on her Lips she said, Lord, Pardon my Sin, and perfect Holiness; make me more holy, and fit me for that State, where Holiness shall be perfected. Accept of Praises, for the Mercies I have receiv'd; fit me for whatever thou wilt do with me for Christ's sake. A little after this, she slept in Jesus.*
 Mar. 20. 1667.

*She's gone, she's gone; and a small Grave contains
 He Breathless Dust, Eliza's dear Remains;
 Safe on the Ethereal Shore, methinks I see her stand,
 And there she waits, and there she waves her Hand;
 She Courts me upto Bliss, and wonders at my stay;
 Kindly, My dear, she cries, Come quickly, come away.
 Yes, thither Iris, will my soul pursue,
 When I, like you, have bid the World adieu;
 There, if my Innocence I still retain,
 My Dear Eliza I shall clasp again.
 But cou'd the Fair Eliza see me mourn,
 From that Bless'd place, she wou'd, perhaps, return.
 But vain alas! are my Complaints, thou'rt gone,
 And left me in this desert World alone.
 For ah! depriv'd, my dearest Life, of thee,
 The World is all a Hermitage to me.
 Let every Thing, a sadder look put on,
 Eliza's Dead, the lov'd Eliza's gone.*

Upon this very sad Occasion, I put about Twenty of
 my own, and Iris's Relations into Mourning, and she
 was carry'd in a Hearse, with several Coaches attending,
 to the *New Burying-Place*, where she desir'd to be in-
 terr'd; and upon the *Tomb-stone* I purchas'd for her,
 are engaven,

T E A R S

**To the Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Duntor, who
 departed this Life, May 28. 1697.**

SACRED URN! with whom we trust
 This dear Pile of sacred Dust;
 Know thy Charge, and safely guard,
 Till Death's brazen Gate's unbar'd;
 Till the Angel bids it rise,
 And remove to Paradise.

*A Wife, Obliging, Tender, VVise,
 A Friend to comfort and advise;
 Vertue, mild as Zephirs Breath;
 Piety, which smil'd in Death:
 Such a Wife, and such a Friend,
 All Lament, and all Commend.
 Misd with Eating Cares oppress'd,
 He who knew and lov'd her best,
 VVho her Loyal Heart did share,
 He who reign'd unrival'd there,
 And no Truce to Sighs will give,
 Till he dye with her to live.*

*Er if more we wou'd Comprize,
 Here interr'd Eliza lies.*

There I leave her, till my Life is run out, and then
 I'll lye down by her in the Dust, till the *General*
Resurrection. And upon our **M A R B L E-**
B L A N K E T S, I'd have my *Executor*
 write, viz.

Here lyes (sleeping together) *John Dunton*, Citizen
 and Stationer of *London*, and *Elizabeth* his First
 Wife——She departed this Life *Friday, May*
28th, 1697. And he, &c. and being the last that dyed,
 his **W I L L** was (as they had promised each other
 in their Life Time) to be buryed with her in the
 same Grave, and that on this *Tomb-stone*, shou'd be
 Engrav'd the following Lines——

I'm come to B E D, having lost my Pen and
to S L E E P with I R I S, in her Cell this
[Sight,
[Night;
And leaving all for her, will never take,
another Farewel till our Ashes W A K E.

I have here said nothing of my Dear *Iris*, but what I can prove to be true by her own Papers, yet I had not discover'd so much of our MUTUAL ENDEARMENTS, but only to shew to *Valeria* (my present Wife) how happy we shall be, when Providence brings us together.

All that parted us was a *Misunderstanding*, about the Trifles of this World, and I can't see why we shou'd not equally pass an ACT OF OBLIVION on both sides; for to remember all the KIND THINGS that has past between us, and FORGET all that's harsh and ungrateful (at least never repeat 'em, which is the best way to forget 'em) wou'd be the true Lovers Knot, to tye us together for ever.

'Tis true, there be some that strive to divide us, in Hopes to *wrong me of Sampsil*; but Marriage consists not so much in joyning *Hands as Hearts*, and therefore (as we sincerely love one another) such as these will never obtain their Ends, neither will any but *VVholes and Rogues*, say any thing that shall lessen a Man's Love to his Wife, or a Wife's Love to her Husband—

I wou'd here give a KIND and obliging *Character* of my Present Wife, but the Subject will come more properly, under *The Sixth Stage of my Life*, which treats of my second Marriage; yet this I shall say at present, that nothing can be so Dear to me as a Kind Wife, (for such *Valeria* is, or will be) and that very Minute she'll assist me, to pay my Debts, (for we married for Richer for Poorer, or mistook each other in the Marriage Vow, and ought to be re-married) I will take POST for *St. Albans*, and live over all our absent years in that ONE MINUTE, I first see her, which I hope won't be long; for during her absence from me,

*The Tediouſe Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute ſeems a lazy day.*

And therefore as Marriage has made us but ONE FLESH, when ever she centers our Interest in the Mutual Happiness of one another (for a kind Wife, or Husband

(Husband shou'd make Provision for each other, whilst they live, and as far as they are able, after their death) I shall think *Valeria* my **FIRST WIFE REVIV'D**; and that I've chang'd the Person, but not my Happiness.

For my own share, had I the whole World, it shou'd be hers; neither shou'd I think any Thing too dear for the purchase of her Company; and to shew how desirous I was to have an Accommodation made between us, I offer'd to refer my **CASE** to the Grave and Judicious *Dr. Cole*, (*Arch-Deacon of St. Albans*;) and have gone as low in my Proposals, as wou'd make either her or my self Happy—

For first I offer'd to go to *St. Albans*, that very Moment my Mother wou'd promise to secure me against Arrests; or if that proposal was dislik'd, I told my Wife if she wou'd throw her self upon me, (as her Duty is) and suffer me to take up Five Hundred Pound, upon my own Estate (to pay my Debts, and Trade in the World) I wou'd make it *the whole Business of my Life to please her*.

But till these Proposals are agreed to, **COHABITATION** is no waies Proper (for an Heir to my Estate wou'd cheat my Creditors) but seeing my Wives Birth-right (in Conjunction with mine) is valu'd at Eight Thousand Pound) I can't but think my Deliverance is near at Hand; and the rather, as *Valeria* has often said *she had been miserable, had she Married any Man but Dunton*, and I must requite this Kindness so far as to say *Valeria's Company, and to be out of Debt, is all the Riches I desire in this World*.

But if I must live a Prisoner to my Wives Joynture, I hope my Creditors will be Patient under it, for when ever the World smiles, they shall find me the same honest Man they ever thought me. And I find *Mr. VV—y* (my chief Creditor) of this Opinion, for in his Letter to me, he is pleas'd to say, Sir—you may be assur'd, I shall not do any thing to your prejudice, &c. but as some Friends order the Matter, this want of Money has **WICKEDNESS** in't, and no Man is honest or chaste, but he that is Rich.

However

However, to keep my CREDITORS in good Heart, I this Day, received the following Letter.

Chesham January 10th. 1703.

SIR,

BE N Child is not yet of Age, per Two Years; I suppose, if he dyes before he is Twenty One Years of Age, his Moyety of the Woods, and Bottom Farm, will be yours, &c.

This MOYETY is worth 1500 l. or if this Youth survive me (if there be any Vertue in dead Mens Shoes) I have Five other pair that are making for me, the smallest of which wou'd fit R————'s Foot, and all the Creditors I have in the World. If they'll have Patience but Two Years. So that still there's Life in a Muscle. However, I can't but deplore my Misfortune, that *Camelion-like*, I live only on the Idea; all the Support of my Fraile Life, having been for these Three Years only from Imagination; and I protest Reader, tho' Cowley cou'd feast on a Kind Word, I find it but a Thin-Diet————However, 'tis a Comfort to think that all the Cold-water that G———— has flung upon Valeria's Affection and mine, has not been able to quench it, for we both desire a RE-MARRIAGE (a) and I hope my Honour'd Mother (whose Wisdom and Age inables her to distinguish the Value of this World, from the next) will think it lawful to make us happy before her Death; neither can our RE-MARRIAGE (*which is a setting up again with a new-stock of Love*) be happy without her consent, and for this Reason the Hebrew's Children made more account of their Fathers Blessing, than of all their Estate————

(a) See my late Essay, entituled, The Case is alter'd: Or, Dunton's Re-marriage to the same Wife.

I have heard that the Pious and Learned Mr. Rochford (that did us that GOOD OFFICE to joyn our Hands in St. Peters-Church) has spoke very KINDLY of me, and did often preis my Mother to take from her Great Abundance a small Pittance to pay my Debts, urging 'twou'd be for her own Peace, her Daughters Honour, and Good Example to others.—

And the same Arguments were also us'd by my Kind and Reverend Neighbour, Mr. N. Blackstone; and in his Letter to my Honour'd Mother, he's pleas'd to say, 'My printed Case comprehended all that need to be said for a Total and lasting Reconciliation; and (concludes with saying) What GOD hath joyn'd, no wise man does put asunder.

I am likewise inform'd that Father Prentice, at whose House I courted Valeria, has been a Mediator in my behalf, telling my Mother that 'twas a Braver thing to quit an Estate for the Good of a Child, than to keep it, and that acting thus kindly, wou'd bring a Blessing on all she had. I can't prove that Mr. Rochford, or Father Prentice said these words, for I only have it by Hear-say; but if they did, I own my self greatly oblig'd to 'em, and I am sure they have Scripture for so doing; for our Blessed Saviour affirms that Earthly Parents will give good Gifts unto their needy Children, they shou'd not, says Mr. Adams (a) put their Children upon any sarking Tricks to supply their wants, or keep more in their own Hands than an unuseful Reserve of Conveniencies for their own Food and Rayment.— And therefore 'tis not unlikely but Father Prentice might give this Advice to my Rich-Mother, for he freely gave me Valeria in Marriage. Has letta (as every good Husband and Wife shou'd presently do) his Wives Life in his whole Estate, and has nothing but Kindness in his Natural Temper.—

And as (by hear say) I am much oblig'd to Mr. Rochford, and Father Prentice, for being Advocates for me on their own accord.— So I am also oblig'd to m.

(a) In his Sermon, which treats of the Duty of Parents to their Children, printed for Mr. Cockeril.

Faithful and Generous Friends, Mr. Hiland and Mr. Boyse, for they told my Mother, *that her not paying my Debts (nor suffering my Wife to do it) was enough to ruin me*: I can't say they pleaded my Cause in these Words, but 'tis clear from the LETTERS they sent me (and the Discourse I had with Mr. Boyse in London) they are both of 'em of this Opinion, which I count a piece of Heroick Justice, for they are both my Mothers particular Friends, and Persons with whom she has liv'd a considerable Time——— And as Mr. Hiland and Mr. Boyse did (as 'twere) B E G my Mother to Pity my Case———so they have done EMINENT JUSTICE to my Reputation, and I take 'em to be Two of the best Friends I have in St. Albans——— This reconciling Man and Wife was esteem'd such a Duty amongst the Romans, that if any Difference happened between the Husband and the Wife, the PARENTS of both Parties met in a Temple Consecrated to the Goddess *Viriplica*, and there took notice of their Grievs, and also reconcil'd them. But (*tho' Poor Three Hundred Pound wou'd Re-marry her Daughter to the same Husband, and clear all I owe in the World*) nothing that has yet been said (or done) cou'd ever move my Mother to the least Compassion. And for this Reason I now have done CREEPING for nothing. Plain Justice now, is all I desire from Madam Nicholas; and were it not to shew *Valeria* I love her, I wou'd never speak of St. Albans more; for having sent Fifty condescending Letters to no purpose, my silence now, is the only PLANK that is left to keep me from sinking, for *sink I must without their Assistance.*

But tho' all my Indeavours for a Colabitation has been in Vain, yet I here assure *Valeria*, That whenever I shall be in a Capacity to discharge my Debts, I will send for her that very Moment, and she shall be altogether as welcome and as dear to me, as if my Mother-in-Law had discharg'd my Debts, and wou'd now settle my Life in *Sampsil*, to which I have a just Title (both by her Promise and Letter) after her Death——— Cou'd I say or do any Thing that wou'd convince her more of the SINCERITY of my Love, I wou'd———

G———— and others may give her what Notions of me they please, I shall always request of *Valeria*, that our *mutual Love may continue*; and I hope I may have once an Opportunity, before I dye, to convince her how much I am hers, both by Marriage and Affection —

I must confess, living so long in a CORNER, as if I was really dead out of the World, has brought many Distempers upon me; however, I'll endeavour to live upon the HOPE I have of being enlarg'd, and spending my last Days with *Valeria*; and I don't fear but that very Minute my D E B T S are paid, my Health will return with my Satisfaction.

So that you see Reader, as well as I lov'd *Iris*, that I love *Valeria* as much; and I verily think we shall live like a Pair of Turtles, when ever Providence brings us together; and till then, she has no Reason to think unkindly of our living asunder; for Parting it self is a greater Punishment than I am able to bear, and I'm fully perswaded that nothing in this World can give me any ease, 'till we shall meet again; but do I talk of meeting again? When I can scarce own that we live asunder —

No ————— prove me absent first, and then
I'll write Apologies, or burn my Pen.
Planets are where they work, not where they move;
I am not where I live, but where I love.

Or were *Valeria* and I parted, yet we have Souls to be sure; and whilst they can meet and carefs, we need not repine, for till that WELCOME MINUTE comes that I may enjoy *Valeria*, again, in my busie thoughts, I at this distance dwell with her, and where e'er I go, still her Idea follows me: 'Tis not London where I now live, or any part of the Globe, that's a Sanctuary against her Vertuous Image; she Eats, she Drinks, she sits down and walks with me; and I see her, (and her Pious Mother) every Night in my sleep.

But tho' my Mind dwells with *Valeria* at this distance, and has a constant Intercourse with her, yet our BODIES (as the case stands) are a sort of *Noli me Tangere*—

Then let none Reflect that *Valeria* and I do live at a CHAST distance; for whoever reads my printed Case, (or Reasons for sleeping a sinner,) will find this Conyugal Mortification a Piece of necessar; Justice. But whenever *Valeria* sees it her Duty to knock off those heavy shackles that keep me from her, I shall then be as happy in my second Wife, as ever I was in my First; or to use more endearing words, shall then think I have chang'd a DEAD *His*, for one that's ALIVE; or rather that I have receiv'd *Iris* again from the GRAVE, with all the Advantages that the Resurrection can give her!—

And surely we that know this, shou'd deny one another nothing, for who (in his Senses) ever fell out with himself, or wou'd not be kind to his own flesh?—

I shall only add, upon a Review of this Fourth Stage of my Life, I have forgot to characterize—The Honourable and Publick Spirited Sir *Thomas Travel*— Ingenious and Fortunate Major *Churchill*—Valiant Captain *King*—The Loyal and Acute *Isaac Manley* Esq; Post-master General of *Ireland*—Famous *Dryden*—Satyrical *Oldham*—Laureat *Tate*, Dispensary *Garth*—Celebrated *Congreve*—Poetical *Blackmore*—Metaphysical *Norris*—UNDERSTANDING *Lock*—Critical *Denis*—Virtuoso *Purvil*—Historical *Eachard*—Court *Wellwood*—Observator *Tutchin*—The suppos'd Country-man, Truth and Honesty—Skilful Dr. *Fearn*—Popish *H*—Stationer to *James* the second—Protestant *Bill*, Printer to our Sovereign Lady—Noble Captain *Roycroft*, Printer to the Honourable City of *London*—Orthodox *Roystone*—Single Ey'd *Norton*—Thriving and Happy *Dorrel*—Indenture *Garnet*—Austere and Booted *Clark*, (my Grand Matter) or Matter's Master—Ruling and Courteous *Dring*, of *Paul's-Church-yard*—Wiving *R*—ns—Gentcel