

*Dunton's Whipping-Post :*

O R, A

SATYR upon Every Body.

To which is added,

A Pánegyrick on the most deserving Gentle-  
men and Ladies in the Three Kingdoms.

With the

WHORING-PACQUET :

O R,

News of the St—ns and Kept M—s's.

---

V O L. I.

---

To which is added,

The LIVING ELEGY :

O R,

*Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors.*

With the

Character of a *Summer-Friend.*

A L S O,

The Secret History of the Weekly Writers,  
In a distinct Challenge to each of them.

---

*To the Interloping Whipsters:*

You do not Jerk the Times; are like the Fleas,  
You bite the Skin, but leap from the Disease.

---

L O N D O N : Printed, and are to be Sold by B.  
Bragg, at the Black Raven in Pater-noster-Rowe. 1706

# An *Alphabetical Table* to the First Volume.

Note, *Wh*re the Reader finds Great [P] he must look for the Subject he wants, either in — *Dunton's Whipping-Post—Panegyrick on Eminent Persons—* Or in the *Whoring-Parquet—* And where he finds Little [p] he is refer'd only to — *The Living Elegy.*

## A

**A** Teachers, their Ill Success and Confession. p. 12, 15, 36, 57.  
**A** ——— (Lady) keeps Two St ———ns. P. 115.  
**A**thenian News. P. 111.  
**An** Atheist (whose Name is conceal'd) Expos'd and Lash'd.  
P. 52.  
**Author** offers a Challenge to the whole World. P. 5.

## B

**Brooksbank** (Bathshina) her Character. P. 86.  
**Boyer** (Author of the Post-Boy) his Character. P. 98 — *Some Remarks on his freshest Advices.* — P. 99. *He is a Man of Refin'd Principles.* Ibid. — *Dunton draws upon him in Black and White.* P. 98.  
**Buckley** (Author of the Daily Courant) his Character. P. 102 — *Admirable Genius and Critical Learning.* P. 102 — *Remarks on Daniel de Foe.* P. 102 — *He is challeng'd to a Paper-Duel.* P. 102.

## C

**Colton** (Thomas) his Character. P. 82.  
**Crouch** (Nat.) his Character. P. 103 — *Writes the English Post.* P. 103 — *Collects his News with Accuracy and Judgment.* P. 103 — *Unmannerly Treatment of Second Spira.* P. 104 — *Habit of Lying.* P. 104 — *Dunton sounds his Bell, and attacks him in earnest.* P. 105.  
**Cuckolds** (contented) a Discovery of several such. P. 55.  
—— (D ———s) has Two St ———ns. P. 114.  
**Conversion** of an old Whoremaster. P. 112.  
—— of J ——— is a Keeping Lady. P. 115.  
**Concubine** *Parquet.* P. 115.

Dunton

## An Alphabetical Table.

Dunton (John) *his Idea of a New Life* (*Characteriz'd by a Country Gentleman. P. 2. And by a Loudon Divine. P. 3.*)  
 — *Why he Erects a Whipping-Post in his own Name. P. 6* — *His Religion. p. 58* — *Private Discourse with his Creditors. p. 61* — *Tyes himself to the Whipping-Post P. 70* — *Directs a distinct Pacquet to all Ranks and Professions of Men. P. 17* — *Meets with the good Samaritan in Cheapside. p. 10, 39.* — *Forgives all his Enemies. P. 54* — *Is very happy in his Second Wife. P. 4* — *Writes after he is dead. p. 7.*

Dawson (Joseph) *his Character. P. 83.*

Dickenson (Thomas) *his Character. P. 85.*

Devil is *Pimp General to the World. P. 113* — *He is brought to the Whipping-Post. P. 19.*

D — of — *hates his Wife only for being his Wife. P. 114.*

Despair, *a Poem. P. 54.*

Discoveries *to be inserted in next Journal. P. 120.*

Death, *a Panegyrick thereon by Dr. Wild, never Printed before. P. 76.*

Detachment of Devils. *P. 14.*

### E

L — E — *keeps a Miss. P. 114.*

E — (Lady) *has Two St — ns. P. 114.*

### F

Firth (John) *his Character. P. 85.*

Foe (Daniel) *his Character. P. 88.* — *He is challeng'd to draw either Pen or Sword. P. 88.* — *Riues in his Sleep. P. 90* — *Remarks on his Western Travels. P. 91.*

Fonvive (*Author of the Post-Man*) *his Character. P. 94* — *Is the Glory of News-Writers, P. 95* — *His Generosity to a Brother of the Quill. P. 95* — *Dunton sends him a Challenge. P. 94.*

F — t (*Madam*) *has debauch'd many E — ls, L — ds, K — ts. P. 115.*

Fen ty'd to the Whipping-Post *for making Love to the Author of this Journal. P. 62* — *A Copy of her Courting Letter. P. 64* — *Dunton's Answer to it, both in Prose and Verse, P. 65, 66, 67.*

Grave

# An Alphabetical Table.

## G

- Grave proper for an English General. P. 13.  
Golden Age, a Poem. P. 21.  
Mr. Gazet his Character. P. 105 — He's guilty of many Blunders.  
P. 106 — His Eminent Loyalty. P. 106 — He is challeng'd to  
defend his Writings. P. 106.  
G — (Lady) has run through a System of Debauchery. P. 115.

## H

- Hewley (Lady) her Character. P. 81.  
H — s (Ben) his Character. p. 41.  
Hackney Scriblers their Character. P. 34. — Their ill Fate in Stan-  
dering. p. 56.  
History of the lewd Keepers of both Sexes. P. 115.

## I

- Interloping a base Practice. P. 7.  
Ingratitude, Essay thereon. p. 6.

## K

- Keeping Lord and Lady Characteriz'd. P. 114.

## L

- Letter promising the Characters of Dr. Row, Mr. Cunningham, Dr.  
Lee, &c. P. 72.  
Lifter (Accepted) his Character. P. 85.  
Larkin (Senior) his Character. P. 108.  
Lelley (Author of the Rehearsal) his Character. p. 24.  
Letter from Yorkshire, encouraging the Panegyrick on Living Men. P. 5  
Lives and Deaths of Eminent Persons to be inserted in this Journal. P. 16  
Living Elegy in Prose and Verse. p. 7, 62.

## M

- Manton (Thomas) an Epitaph upon him by Dr. Wild, never Printed be-  
fore. P. 79.  
Moderator (a Hackney Writer) his Character. p. 17.  
M — s her haughty Character. p. 33 — A Poem writ to humble her. p. 35.  
Mettle a Dog of Honour. p. 5.  
Murderer of Sarah Stout Whip'd in Effigie. P. 49.  
Marry'd Woman tempted to desert her Husband. P. 112 — A Copy of the  
Letter wherein she despis'd the Title and Salary of a Kept Miss. P. 112.

## N

- News-Paper which is the best. P. 107.  
Nany-House Characteriz'd. P. 117.  
New-Reformers a Poem. P. 5.

## O

- O — (Lady) meets her Si — n in the Palmall. P. 115.

## P

- Peters (Peter) his Character. P. 84.  
Priestly (Nathaniel) his Character. P. 84.  
P — s (William) Whip'd for his Drunkenness, Detraction, and In-  
loping. P. 26 — His Character. p. 19.

Party



# An Alphabetical Table.

Party of Men discover'd and judg'd for their base Ingratitude. P. 42.  
 P——d of Harwich whip'd for being a (Contented) Cuckold. P. 55.  
 P—— (Lady) keeps a S:——. P. 114.

Q

Quaker in Exeter promises to give the Character of 1000 Ingenious Men and Women in that City. P. 16.

R

Ridpath (George) his Character. P. 95—— His Flying-Post is the Honestest of all the News-Papers. P. 95—— Remarks on the sudden Death of his Son. P. 97—— H. is urg'd to a Literal Combat. P. 98.  
 Roper (Abel) his Character. P. 98.  
 R—— keeps a Whore. P. 114.  
 Rake Characteriz'd. P. 118.  
 R——m (Lady) puts Dr. —— beside his Text. P. 115.

S

S—— (Geo.) Interloper with the Whipping-Post P. 3.  
 Sharp (Abraham) his Character. P. 87.  
 Sabina (Divine) her Character. P. 72.  
 Summer-Friend his Character. P. 4.  
 Sir Charles —— keeps Two Misses. P. 114.  
 Salmon (Female) some Remarks thereon. p. 14.  
 She-Plyer. P. 120.  
 Stocks, a Poem. P. 53.  
 Secret History of the Weekly Writers. P. 87.

T

Tutchin (John) charges P——s with Interloping. P. 8—— His Character. P. 97—— A Health to Captain Tutchin and Honest Roger his Countryman. P. 93—— They deserve Knighthood. P. 93—— Duntou threatens to Towel 'em both. P. 94.  
 T—— (Lady) has lost her St——n by Death. P. 115.  
 Town-Miss Characteriz'd P. 119.

W

Whipping-Post its Novelty and Usefulness. P. 9—— The Method observ'd in Whipping Offenders. P. 9—— All Persons whip'd, without Regard to their Quality. P. 9—— The Whipping-Post, a Poem. P. 47—— A Catalogue of such Persons and Things as Duntou intends to Whip. P. 11—— Whipping-Post and Panegyrick-Office Erected in every Town in Europe. P. 17—— Whipping Letter to Dr. Smirk. P. 69—— Whipping-Post blows his Horn. P. 19.  
 Wedding-Pacquet. P. 120.  
 Wandering Spy Corrected and Lash'd for his Adultery and obscene Writings. P. 30—— His Character. p. 16—— He is charg'd with Two Bastards. p. 16—— A Project to mortify his Eyes, Tongue, and Sense of Feeling. P. 30.  
 Wi—— (a Doggrel Poet) his Character. p. 46.  
 Wife (Jealous) brought to the Whipping-Post. P. 57.

Y

Yorkshire, a Panegyrick on the most Eminent Persons in that County. P. 81  
 The

---

---

# The Introduction.

## *Explaining the Novelty and Usefulness of The Whipping-Project.*

I Am very sensible, he that writes in hopes to have the Reputation of an Author, is like seeking Preferment that is already posses'd; since there are Mr. Norris, Collier, Garth, Addison, Congreve, &c. and many others, that claim a Preheminence in all manner of Wit and Learning, before him; that he may conclude of his Repute, and judge of his Endeavour not worth the fouling of his Pen: Besides, mine is a Whipping-Project, and Men are not very willing to be LASH'D into good Manners; the most being apt to conceive they are wise enough for themselves and the World without farther CORRECTION; it being as impossible that one Man's Pen shou'd give Satisfaction to the World, as that his Sword alone shou'd be able to Conquer it. However, all I desire of my Reader is, That before he begins to read, he lay aside all those Common Enemies to Truth and Justice, [Passion, Prejudice, Partiality, &c.] and there is Reason enough for this Caution; for Montaign tells us, That there was a Book Publish'd in Paris, that being said to be writ by a Great Lord, Sold to the Ninth Edition; but the Right Author being discover'd to be a Poor Tradesman, the Tenth Impression was waste Paper. I have found much of the like Partiality with Respect to my own Writings; for The Athenian Oracle (of which I was the

the first Projector, and in many Places the sole Author came to a *sixth Edition*, (a) by appearing without a Name: And my *Anonymous Satyr on King William* came to a *Fourth Edition* in six Weeks; but my *Idea of a New Life* (being Publish'd with the Author's Name) has borne the Charge of Paper and Print. And the Prejudice shewn to this Book is the more *Ridiculous*, as a Person unknown to me [In a Letter dated April the 10th, 1705. (b)] has done me the Honour to say.

‘ Mr. John Dunton——— Sir, I have just now read  
 ‘ over your *Life and Errors*, (as you call it) with  
 ‘ Delight and Satisfaction: We that cannot be *Innocent*,  
 ‘ must needs be *Penitent*; and after all, may say with the  
 ‘ *Psalmist*, Psal. 19. 12. *Who can understand his Errors?*  
 ‘ This is certain, an *Eripticke Line* may be drawn thro’  
 ‘ the best Man’s *Zodiack*; for in many things we offend  
 ‘ all: And none of us can say that we have made our *seins*  
 ‘ *clean*, or are pure from our *Sins*. This is our Comfort,  
 ‘ That if we confess and forsake our *Sins*, God is just to  
 ‘ forgive our *Sins*, &c. I like your *Idea of a New Life*  
 ‘ admirably well, especially your *Oeconomicks*, than which  
 ‘ nothing can be more Excellent, and for your *Characters*,  
 ‘ It is Matter of Admiration to me, you have perform-  
 ‘ ed the Work with so few Coincidencies, almost, or  
 ‘ all the *Characters* in different Expressions.

‘ Sir, I love you the more because you are a dili-  
 ‘ gent Reader, Lover, and Writer of Books. I esteem  
 ‘ such *Meit of Thought* as much above the ordinary  
 ‘ Sort of Mankind, as Angels are above us, allowing  
 ‘ for the *Hyperbole*. I love you also for your *Universal*  
 ‘ *Catholick Charity* for all Good Men. I must own my  
 ‘ self to be a *Dissenter*, but no *Birot* to any *Party*:  
 ‘ I shou’d not have *Charity* for my self, if I thought I had  
 ‘ not *Charity* to all good Men, of what *Perswasion* soever—

---

(a) *Viz.* Three under the Title of *Athenian Mercury*, and Three under the Title of *Athenian Oracle*.

(b) This Letter came from an unknown Person, living as far as York.

‘ I am Hearty sorry for your Confinement, whether  
‘ Voluntary, or otherwise : But

‘ *Who thinks Reproach or Injuries are done,  
‘ By an Eclipse, to the unspotted Sun?  
‘ He only by that Black upon his Brow  
‘ Allures Spectators more, and so do you.*

‘ I doubt not but you will (at least I desire it may  
‘ be so) live to see these Clouds dispers’d, and appear as  
‘ Bright and Shining as heretofore : I hope the Pity  
‘ and Prayers of your Friends will at last open the  
‘ Heart and Purse of Madam Nicholas—— Sir, I have  
‘ much to say to you upon other Matters, which this  
‘ Letter will not contain: And therefore I shall con-  
‘ clude at present—— *Your assured Faithful Friend,  
‘ tho’ unknown, &c.*

This Letter was writ by a Person wholly a Stranger to me; but since the Receipt of it, (as if Providence intended to remove all Prejudice to my Name and Writings) a Pious and Learned Divine (with whom I’m well acquainted) in his Letter to me is pleas’d to say,

‘ *Mr. Dunton, you desire my Character of your Idea of  
‘ a New Life, (or Essay shewing how you’d think, speak  
‘ and act, might you live over your Days again) and I  
‘ shall give it to you with that Freedom that you know is  
‘ Natural to me. And here, after my Reverend Friend  
‘ had given such a Character of my Style and Ideal Project  
‘ as I think not modest for me to Publish. He concludes  
‘ his Letter with saying, ‘ I am sorry that your Writings  
‘ shou’d lose any of that Esteem that might be due to them  
‘ by your kind Opinion of me, but ’bating what concerns me,  
‘ I think your Idea of a New Life useful to all Mankind,  
‘ and very much of it particularly serviceable to Youth; and  
‘ accordingly I have recommended it to my Son, who has  
‘ read it with Improvement; and I take this as the truest  
‘ Evidence of my Opinion of it to you, because you know  
‘ how much I value Him, and how cautious I am in his  
‘ Educa-*



the first Projector, and in many Places the sole Author came to a *sixth Edition*, (a) by appearing without a Name: And my *Anonymous Satyr on King William* came to a *Fourth Edition* in six Weeks; but my *Idea of a New Life* (being Publish'd with the Author's Name) has borne the Charge of Paper and Print. And the Prejudice shewn to this Book is the more *Ridiculous*, as a Person unknown to me [In a Letter dated April the 10th, 1705. (b)] has done me the Honour to say.

‘ Mr. *John Dunton*—— Sir, I have just now read  
 ‘ over your *Life and Errors*, (as you call it) with  
 ‘ Delight and Satisfaction: We that cannot be *Innocent*,  
 ‘ *must needs be Penitent*; and alter all, may say with the  
 ‘ *Psalmist*, Psal. 19. 12. *Who can understand his Errors?*  
 ‘ This is certain, an *Enigmick Line* may be drawn thro’  
 ‘ the best Man’s *Zodiac*; for in many things we offend  
 ‘ all: And none of us can say that we have made our *sins*  
 ‘ *clean*, or are pure from our *Sins*. This is our Comfort,  
 ‘ That if we *confess and forsake our Sins*, God is just to  
 ‘ *forgive our Sins*, &c. I like your *Idea of a New Life*  
 ‘ admirably well, especially your *Oeconomicks*, than which  
 ‘ nothing can be more Excellent, and for your *Characters*.  
 ‘ It is Matter of Admiration to me, you have promor-  
 ‘ med the Work with so few Coincidencies, almost, or  
 ‘ all the Characters in *different Expressions*.

‘ Sir, I love you the more because you are a dili-  
 ‘ gent Reader, Lover, and Writer of Books. I esteem  
 ‘ such *Height of Thought* as much above the ordinary  
 ‘ Sort of Mankind, as Angels are above us, allowing  
 ‘ for the *Hyperbole*. I love you also for your *Universal*  
 ‘ *Catholick Charity* for all Good Men. I must own my  
 ‘ self to be a *Dissenter*, but no *Birot* to any Party:  
 ‘ I shou’d not have Charity for my self, if I thought I had  
 ‘ not Charity to all good Men, of what *Perswasion* soever—

---

(a) *Viz.* Three under the Title of *Athenian Mercury*, and Three under the Title of *Athenian Oracle*.

(b) This Letter came from an unknown Person, living as far as York.

## The Introduction.

3

‘ I am Hearty sorry for your Confinement, whether  
‘ Voluntary, or otherwise : But

‘ *Who thinks Reproach or Injuries are done,  
‘ By an Eclipse, to the unspotted Sun?  
‘ He only by that Black upon his Brow  
‘ Allures Spectators more, and so do you.*

‘ I doubt not but you will (at least I desire it may  
‘ be so) live to see these Clouds dispers’d, and appear as  
‘ Bright and Shining as heretofore : I hope the Pity  
‘ and Prayers of your Friends will at last open the  
‘ Heart and Purse of Madam Nicholas—— Sir, I have  
‘ much to say to you upon other Matters, which this  
‘ Letter will not contain : And therefore I shall con-  
‘ clude at present—— *Your assured Faithful Friend,  
‘ tho’ unknown, &c.*

This Letter was writ by a Person wholly a Stranger to me; but since the Receipt of it, (as if Providence intended to remove all Prejudice to my Name and Writings) a Pious and Learned Divine (with whom I’m well acquainted) in his Letter to me is pleas’d to say,

‘ *Mr. Dunton, you desire my Character of your Idea of  
‘ a New Life, (or Essay shewing how you’d think, speak  
‘ and act, might you live over your Days again) and I  
‘ shall give it to you with that Freedom that you know is  
‘ Natural to me. And here, after my Reverend Friend  
‘ had given such a Character of my Style and Ideal Project  
‘ as I think not modest for me to Publish. He concludes  
‘ his Letter with saying, ‘ I am sorry that your Writings  
‘ shou’d lose any of that Esteem that might be due to them  
‘ by your kind Opinion of me, but ’bating what concerns me,  
‘ I think your Idea of a New Life useful to all Mankind,  
‘ and very much of it particularly serviceable to Youth; and  
‘ accordingly I have recommended it to my Son, who has  
‘ read it with Improvement; and I take this as the truest  
‘ Evidence of my Opinion of it to you, because you know  
‘ how much I value Him, and how cautious I am in his  
‘ Educa-*

B

Educa-

Education—— I shall only add, That a Visit from you will be extremely acceptable to—— Your Real Friend, and Humble Servant, &c.

I had not been so vain as to have Publish'd these Two *Panegyrics* on my own Book, (tho' they are Printed just as they were sent to me, without the Alteration or Addition of one Syllable) but that the World may see how unjust and Ridiculous 'tis to be Prejudic'd at *Mens Names* before we have read their Writings: But if my *Ideal Life* that was merely Publish'd to please and Reform the Age, has met with such *Partial Treatment*, what can I expect from this *Whipping Project*, which is not only attack'd by an *Interloper*, but has as many Enemies as there are *Whores and Rogues in the World*. However my subject is Good and Great, (being *A New Project for Reformation*) and had I handled it with that *Life and Seriousness* the Subject deserves. The *Whipping Post* (tho' written by *John Dunton*) wou'd have the General Suffrage of Good Men. But whilst *Big try and Lewdness* is found in the World, this *Whipping-Post* (as well as its Author) must expect unmannerly Treatment: For, tho' I profess my self—— *A son of the Church*—— yet I will never WHIP a Conscientious Dissenter; and a *modest Papist* will meet with as kind Treatment, for I'm none of those that have either *Respect to Persons or Parties*; but I despise Bigots of all Religions, and shall make 'em all *Caper at Dunton's Whipping-Post*, (from the Great *Sa——rel* down to the *Turn-coat W——y*.)

Thus Reader you see I have drawn my Pen, and defy the Devil and all his Hackneys; for shou'd I fall in the Defence of Virtue, and in a *War with Vice*, 'twou'd be Great and Honourable, and I shou'd only pity and pray for a prophane World—— Then I hope no Man will count me vain, or conceited, for putting my Name to a *Whipping-Post*; for I have fairly prov'd, That in an Age so Learned, and so full of *Criticks*, as ours is, a Man HUMBLER HIMSELF when ever he takes up  
the



the Name of Author. For the Power of the Critics is so great, that no Merit, how well known establish'd, can escape them; and it looks like a kind of Presumption in a Man, to commit himself openly to the Judgment of the Publick ——— To say Truth, He that sits up for an Author, offers a Challenge to the whole World, and therefore must expect the Critics will fall upon him, (or perhaps say he is M A D, and avoid him.) But I profess my self a Disciple of that Great Man, who being ask'd by *Herodotus* 'How he durst be so PLAIN, 'Because said he, I dare die; I can but die if I speak the Truth, and I must die if I flatter ——— I know some will think this Bold Attempt for tis *A Satyr upon Every Body*; [Man, Woman and Child that deserve it] but if the worst of Men in an Ill Cause can be Brave and Daring, why shou'd the Profelites of Virtue be Timorous and Sneaking?

For my own share, I resolve, Every Smile that the Society for Reformation give to my Whipping Project, shall like the Blast of a Trumpet in War, incite and encourage me to a Closer Battle with Vice. And that the World may see how Zealous they are for a Reformation, I hope they'll encourage one of the weakest Instruments, (for so I count my self) that endeavours to promote it.

Yes! a Brave few there are who Firm abide,  
 And stem with their Bold Breasts th' Impetuous Tide:  
 Who D A R E be Good, tho' Numbers them despise,  
 And spight of Riticule, still dare be wise.  
 O! may I (tho' Unworthy) have the Grace  
 In their Bright Ranks to find the Humblest Place;  
 This M I L E into their Sacred Treasure bring,  
 Nor thy disdain so M E A N an Offering;  
 Whilst you kind Spirit, my Frozen Bread Inspire,  
 And Lighten with your own Celestial Fire;  
 So shall I with Success all Hell engage,  
 Above the Affronts of an Ill Natur'd Age,  
 Safe in my close unknown Retirement be,  
 And love and pity those who censure me.



But seeing there cannot be a *Truer Touch-stone* to discover the Temper of this Nation, how far 'tis dispos'd towards a *Reformation*, than from their encouraging a *Project* that is to whip and expose *Scandalous Persons*. I hope I shall have the greater Encouragement, as I came a *Volunteer* into this *Service*, against *Vice*, and will appear Monthly (or as often as my Health will serve) in Defence of the *present Reformation*: And who knows, if *Good Men* will give their Assistance, but our *Whipping-Post* may produce a *General Reformation*, and (where even *BRIDEWEL* has been Ineffectual) may *Lash* the Age into good Manners, I shan't think the *Duke* or his *Blew Garter*, too great to tye to the *Whipping-Post*. Nor shall I find the *Knight*, &c. (or his kept *Miss*) above *Correction*: For if any of our *Nobles* and *Gentry* make use of their *Power* and *Riches* to be more *Vicious* than others, they are as much more guilty than others as they are *Higher* than they, and shall be *Expos'd* to as much (or if possible,) a greater *Shame*; for a *Star*, or a *Shining Title*, will *Exalt* and *Adorn* our *Whipping-Post*, and convince the *World* that *Dunton's Journal* is no *Mock*— *Reformation*, but a *Whipping-Post* to *Correct* and *Amend* the *Age*— Besides, shou'd I expose none but *LITTLE SINNERS*, (such as are pick'd up in the *Streets*, or are *Whip'd* in *Newgate* or *Bridewel*) the malicious *World* wou'd say, (and that justly too) that *JUSTICE* is not fairly *Hood-wink'd*, but makes a shift to get a *Glance* of the *Parties* concern'd, and spares one more than another. But this *Partiality* is a *Sneaking Practice* I both scorn and abhor; and for that Reason *JOHN DUNTON* does here *Erect* a *Whipping-Post* in his own Name, and whoever I *Lash* (be it *Lord* or *Beggar*) shall fairly know the *Person* that hurts 'em, that so if I wrong the *Reputation* of any *Man*, he may know *how*, and *where*, to demand *Satisfaction*. So that if ever *Satyr* has been *Impartial*, 'tis in this *Journal*. — 'Tis true, this *Whipping-Post* is not *Erected* in *Bridewel*, for I shan't presume to *Correct* *Offenders*; where a *Lord Mayor* is the sole *Judge*. However,

ever, 'tis an *Original Project*, (as I prove in the following Sheets) and tho' drawn by an unskilful hand, I hope has something in it that will *Reform and Divert the Age*——

Having given a brief Account of the Partiality and Ignorance of *Danton's Enemies*, and how Impartial he intends to be in the Whipping Offenders —— 'Twill be proper in the next Place, that I present the Reader with *The Secret History of the Enemies to this Journal*; the doing of which will set our Whipping Post in a yet clearer Light, and farther [explain the Novelty and Usefulness of it.]

The first Furies that undermin'd me (and wou'd fain blow up my *Whipping Project*) was *Geo. S* —— and his *Drunken Alceto* (a) of which take this following Account.

Having form'd a new and useful Project, I thought proper to entitle *The Whipping-Post, &c.* I gave Publick Notice of it in my *Fourth Edition of Plain French*, (b) as believing that no Bookseller of *Common Honesty* wou'd Publish any thing with my Title; and I was the more Credulous in this Matter, as I never my self (in the 600 Books I have Printed) went upon any Design that interfer'd with another Man's Project or Title; for any but a *Tacking-Bookseller* wou'd have the Honour and Sense to consider (c) 'That this is but a Learned way of Robbery at best, and a Man may as well take the Bread from his Neighbour's Mouth, as destroy either his Project or Copy—— And I find Mr. Tuckin of the

---

(a) I call him *Drunken Alceto*, as he's so great a *Sot and Fury*. If you'll believe my *Living Elegy*, P. 19. or *The Gentleman's Journal*, P. 190. That all he writes is over a *Glass*.

(b) Or *Satyr upon the Tackers*.

(c) As I formerly hinted in the *History of my Life and Errors*, P. 38.

same

same Opinion; for in his *OBSERVATOR* (a) he does me the Honour to say, ‘*Harry Clitus has set up another Libel under the Title of the Whipping-Post, a Title Publish’d by another Person, and the Paper design’d. to be written by a much better Author; but Harry Clitus thought convenient to steal the Title, not having Sense enough to contrive one fit for his Purpose himself, as also to shew with how much Honesty he began his High-Church Drudgery—* I don’t pretend to deserve the Character that is here given of my *Whipping-Project*. But I must own Mr. *Tutchin* has done me Justice in saying *P*———s has [*steal my Title*] and I’ll prove it upon him before we part: Nay, the *Interlopers* seem to be so honest themselves as to own this; for in their *Whipping-Post*, Numb. 1. they tell the World, ‘*They wou’d not be suppos’d to Interfere with Mr. John Dunton, who has given out in Print, that he design’d to write a Paper with the same Title to it—* Thus far the *Interlopers*; by which it appears, that what I least deserv’d (or suspected) has now come to pass; for *Tuesday July the 12th, S*——— and his *Whipping-Rake* Publish’d a useless and silly Paper with this Title, *The Whipping-Post; or a New Session of Oyer and Terminer for the Weekly Scriblers*: As if ’twas entail’d upon *S*———’s Family, to steal both Titles and Projects from *John Dunton*; for this *Bulky Whipster* is Son to that very *S*——— who undermin’d my *Question-Project*, till he lost about 20 l. (b) and then flung up his *Lacedemonian Mercury*, as the just Reward of an *Interloper*.

But whatever be the Design of our *Whipping-Plagiaries*, this is certain, that their calling their Paper *The Whipping-Post*, is an open and Bare fac’d Wrong to my *First Projection*. But tho’ they have *STOL’N* my Title *Verbatim*, yet they have neither hit on the *Novelty* of my *Project*, nor the *Method* I design in carrying it on.

---

(a) *Observator* Vol. 4. Numb. 38.

(b) As is further hinted and prov’d in my *Living Elegy*, P. 20.



And for that Reason I call it *Journal The Original* (or *Dunton's*) *Whipping-Post*, Sec. — 'Tis an Intellectual House of Correction; (a sort of spiritual Bridewel) and I call it *The Whipping-Post*, as I have lectured a Correspondence with the *Prisoners* against Vice, in several Parts of the Three Kingdoms: And as this way of Lashing Offenders was never thought of before, I hope all the Societies for Reformation will give it Encouragement, by sending to me the Names and Lodgings of Scandalous Persons (or by discovering all such Works of Darkness as deserve Publick Correction.) So that the Interlopers have only stol'n my Title, but have wholly mist what I intended by it; for *Dunton's Whipping-Post* is not to try Offenders at — *A New Session of Oyer and Terminer* — (for Trying and Whipping are different Things) but rather to bring the *First Rate Sinners* of the Age upon their Knees, at Confession, that the Secret Errors and Debaucheries of their Lives being Expos'd in their own Penitential Letters, I may the better adapt my Answers (or Lashes) to the Nature and Quality of the Sinners: For, tho' I shall WHIP all Offenders, (without Regard to their Quality) yet I shall be very tender of such Penitents who fley themselves with their own Whipping: For, as *Foe* tells us,

- ' All Satyr ceases when the Men repent,
- ' 'Tis Cruelty to LASH the Penitent.

So that the Method I shall observe in Whipping Offenders will be this following.

1. I shall persuade the Criminal to a Free Confession of his Secret and Scandalous Sins; and such Penitents as these shall be very tenderly Lash'd — But for such harden'd Wretches that won't down on their Knees and own the SIN they are guilty of, I'll first prove it upon them, and then WHIP 'em severely — So that having found the Offender guilty either by his own Confession, or by some Credible Witnesses —



The Second Thing I shall do is to tye him up to the WHIPPING-POST, which Whipping-Post shall be something of the Nature of his Crime. and that may explain to him from the Argument of his own Feeling, how vile and abominable his Offence is—— As, if the Criminal be A Whore master, A Pockey-Filt—— If a Drunkard, the Stocks—— If a Thief, the Gallows—— If a Scold, the Ducking-stool —— And if a Tacker, young Perkin—— shall be the WHIPPING-POSTS we'll Lash them at, &c.

3. having found the Offenders, and ty'd them to such POSTS, as is most proper to answer the End of our Whipping-Project, I'll next seek out for such RODS as will best Lash and Reform their Morals—— As the Rods of Horror and Despair will be fittest for the Atheist. —— of Shame and Beggary for the kept Misses—— And if the Criminal happen to be a Slanderer, &c. he shall be well Lash'd with the Rods of Truth and Honesty——

This is a Brief Account of my Whipping-Project, by which it appears, the Interlopers have taken a wrong Method in writing A Whipping-Post, and their Paper is wholly suppress'd; (and it was but Time) for 'twas A Scandalous Jacobite Make-bate, and the whole Performance gave the Lye to their Title.

Thus (Reader) you see I'm seiz'd (again) with the Athenian Itch, and I believe now I've hit on a Whipping-Project that will always please; for there is Revenge and Ill Nature in every Creature, and as long as Men are Sinners themselves, they'll love to hear of the Fallings of others, as (they think) it lessens their own.

The Diverting-Post Travell'd but little Ground, but a Whipping-Post is such an Ill Natur'd Project as must needs meet with a General Welcome; for it must be acknowledg'd, that DETRACTION doth employ a good  
Part

Part of the Eyes and Ears of the whole World. Most Pleasures leave an ungrateful Relish behind 'em; there is none but R E V E N G E that gives a full Satisfaction: It grows sweeter, methinks, after it has been tasted, and it continually augments in proportion to the Sufferings of our Enemy. 'Tis my Constitution-Sin an' like Sam. W———— (a) I never forgive those that offend me, 'till I see 'em Penitent. The *Question-Project*, ow'd its Rise to a Flaming Injury, I receiv'd from a Near Relation; and this *Whipping-Post*, to the Wrong done me by F———— W———— and *The London Post*.

I have spent a great deal of Time in writing *Panegyrics* on Eminent Persons; (I Inserted a *Thousand* in the *History of my Life and Errors*) but as I've shewn the *Light Side*, I'll now shew the *Dark Side* of the same Men, &c. And were it possible to strip *Malice* of all its *Appurtenances and Slanders*, it might well be allow'd to be the *Best Informer*, since we are sure that such (where they have *Prejudice*) will speak Home to Truth: But we must take Care in this Case, that they come no further than the *Bar*, to give *Evidence*; for, if they shall be allow'd to give *Judgment*, we may expect an unjust and malicious Sentence. But however others may act, I dare and will speak the Truth; and if I only WHIP such as deserve it, I need not care who I expose.

And here to oblige the Reader, I'll give a distinct *Catalogue* of such Persons and Things as I intend to LASH: And they are

First, *The Devil himself*, as he's the *Arch*, or *Grand Corrupter of Mankind*.

The next I shall tye to the *Whipping-Post*, is *Drunken P————s* (the *Interloper*) a special Fellow to whip the Age into *Good Manners*!

I shall Firk no less a Man than the *Duke of ———* (out upon him!) for keeping *Whores* in his *Old Age*.

---

(a) See his 2d *Satyr* on the *Dissenters*.

W——y, D——ke, and M——th, must take a Turn at our Whipping-Post; and with them all the Hackney Authors in London and Westminster ———

Rehearsal—Moderator—Spy—down with your Breeches; and you Mrs. M—— off with your Smicket, for you have Midwiv'd so many Lives into the World, as deserve Whipping till the Blood comes.

The Two Universities must next appear—— with F I R I O S O, (I mean S——rel) and about Forty of the Cambridge Bed-makers.

All the Atheists, Thieves, Strumpets, Drunkards, Swearers, Persecutors, Cowards, Gamesters, Usurers, &c. that have been discover'd, [in the Letters directed to me, from divers Parts of the Three Kingdoms] shall be all ty'd to the Whipping-Post, and have the same (or if 'tis possible) a more Severe LASHING than I formerly gave (a) so Offenders of this Sort——

Make Room now, and be all uncover'd! for I shall next bring to the Whipping-Post his W O R S H I P the Mayor of St. Albans.

I shall take Madam Fen by the Lilly Hand, and having strip'd her of all her Furbelows, will Lash Her till I'm out of Breath; for sh: had like to have Kidnap'd S O M E B O D Y into Matrimony; and 'tis necessary the World shou'd see how her Back can Blush for her Feminine Courtship.

All Detractors, whatever, shall dance at our Whipping-Post; but more especially such who (like Ben—— H——) murder Men's Fame in the Dark.

Kingdoms, Armies, Intreagues, Books and News, must expect our Saryr——

The kept Misses that Whore for Bread (as well as Common Night walkers) will be fit Persons to be brought to a Whipping-Post: For, tho' Bridewel be the proper Place for whipping of Strumpets (be their Quality never so great) yet many of these Lewd Cattle may 'scape beating of Hemp, (and having their Backs Scarrified) that can't prevent being

---

(a) In my Project for Reformation, Publish'd by Mrs. Malber.



*Lash'd in Print: For, I'll be so Impartial in Whipping all English, Irish, and Scotch Whores, that were my own Mother caught in a Bawdy-House, the World shou'd know it.*

*Scandalous Clergy men, Corrupt Lawyers, Ignorant Quacks, and Cheating Tradesmen, &c. must all expect to be whip'd*

*I'll take a Voyage to Sea, and if I find one Coward in the whole Fleet, (be he Admiral, Captain, or what he will) I'll tye him fast to the MAIN MAST, and Lash him 'till he dares fight.*

Yes, like an English Gen'ral will I dye,  
And all the Ocean make my Spacious Grave,  
Women and Cowards on the Land may lye,  
The Sea's a TOMB that's proper for the Brave.

*Tunbridge, Epsom, &c. And the New Play-House (for I dare not call it the Queen's Theatre) shall all be brought to our Whipping-Post. Not one Actor, Rake, or Comedy shall 'scape Correction.*

*I shall Lash all the Ridiculous Customs, Dresses, Sayings, &c. in England, Scotland, Ireland, &c. and other Parts of the World.*

*The Deists, Socinians, Turn-coats, &c. and High-Flyers (of all Religions) shall be Ferk'd at our Whipping-Post.*

*I shall whip several Heretical Opinions (as that of the Salvation of Devils—— Men before Adam—— Mortality of the Soul, —— Resurrection of Beasts, &c.)*

*And in (the last Place) that the World may not think me Partial, I shall tye my self to the Whipping-Post, and will allow my Enemies (but have a Care of being provok'd by Prejudice or Misinformation) to Lash me as long as they please.*

*I shall WHIP —— But I won't enlarge, for I shan't only LASH what is here mentioned, but several other Things (which are so very uncommon) as I think not proper to give an Account of 'em here, but will rather surprise the World with their Novelty.*

So that you see, Reader, I have Erected a Whipping Post in good Earnest, and resolve, every Thing  
C 2 that



that deserves *Correction*, shall have it: 'Tis therefore desir'd of all that wou'd promote *The Reformation of Manners*, (the chief Design of this *Whipping-Post*) that they'd send me what *Instances* they can under these *Heads*, but let 'em be well attested; for no Persons shall be *LASH'D* here, but what are *Enemies to the present Government*, or *Scandalous Persons*: And for all such, they must expect *no Quarter*. For, as I write nothing but *Truth*, (and for the Good of my Country) if *A Detachment of Devils* shou'd oppose my Design, I wou'd dare to meet 'em half way, and bid 'em *Defiance*——— *Defiance!* Yes, for there is a Book call'd *A Whip for the Devil*; and sure I am, if we resist Satan, he will fly from us.

Having Explain'd the *First Part* of our *Journal*, Entitule [*The Whipping-Post; or Satyr upon Every Body*] I proceed now to the *Second*, which shall be——— *A Panegyrick on the most deserving Gentlemen and Ladies in the Three Kingdoms*——— And here I must acquaint the Reader, That as in the *Satyrick* I shall *Lash Offenders* without regard to their *Quality*, so in the *Panegyrick*, Part I shall be as forward to praise *Virtue*, wherever I find it: And for that Reason (as it sets the *Whipping-Post* in a better Light) I make *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons* one Part of my *Journal*. And I count it the easier Part; for *Reputation is a Tender Thing*, and few can bear to be Whip'd into good *Manners*: But as for those I commend, my Pardon is secured against all *Accusers*, but only *TRUTH*, which Condemns if *Injur'd*. So that if the World were as much in love with *TRUTH* as it were to be wish'd, there might be good Use of *A Panegyrick on Living Men*; and all Persons, except they were unreasonably *Bashful*, wou'd as willingly see the *Pictures* of their *Minds* as of their *Faces*, and (seeing no Man knows but himself may come into this *Journal*) be as fond of making them worth the *Drawing*. Sir *William Cornwallis* saith of *Montaign's Essays*, 'That it was the likeliest Book to advance, *Wil-*  
*sons*

dom, because the Author's own Experience is the chiefest Argument in it. And indeed, shou'd every Man write an History of his own Life, Comprehending as well his Vices as Virrues, how useful wou'd this prove to the Publick? But such an *Impartial History of Living Men* may rather be wish'd for, than expected, since most have preferr'd their own private Reputation, before the Real Good of themselves or others. But yet (which gives me Hopes I shall Compleat this *Panegyrick on Living Persons*) there are some to be found, (tho' their Number is **VERY FEW**) who prefer the Publick Good to any other Consideration whatsoever. And of this Number is my worthy (tho' unknown) Friend now living in *Yorkshire*; for in a Letter he sent me the last Post, he is pleas'd to say ———

Mr. Dunton, If you please to do me the Favour, in your *Panegyrick on Eminent Persons*, (which you promise June the 20th) to Insert the Characters of some of my worthy Friends, &c. in these Parts, I will send you a True Account, upon which you may depend.

Such as the Noble and charitable Lady Hewly of York.

The neat and accurate Mr. Thomas Colton of the same City.

The never to be forgotten Mr. John Fitch, the most Famous Preacher of the Age wherein he liv'd.

The Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Priestly, a most Excellent Preacher, and Universal Scholar.

The Grave and Studious Mr. Thomas Dickenson, a Person of a Tenacious Memory, and Eminent in Prayer and Preaching.

Mr. Pet. Peters, sorely afflicted with the Stone, but a most pious Man, and very accomplished Preacher.

Mrs. Bathsheba Brooksbank, a Woman of a Noble Spirit, and great Encourager of Learning, and all Laudable Designs, &c.

With many others, of whom these are but Hints; but I shall not fail (if this Letter find you) to send you their true Characters at Large; and you may depend upon this, that I will send none but such as will add Honour and Reputation to your Journal.

‘ I must also intreat you to insert the Character of Dr.  
 ‘ Manton; for, tho’ he is Characteriz’d by Mr. Calamy,  
 ‘ yet too much can never be said of so worthy a Person.  
 ‘ Then pray Sir, attempt his Character; and to encourage  
 ‘ you to it, I’ll send you those Excellent Verses made upon  
 ‘ his Death by Dr. Wild.

‘ Sir, I have much to add, but fearing the Post  
 ‘ will be gone, I have now but just Time to Subscribe my  
 ‘ self,

Your Assured (tho’ unknown) Friend, &c.

Thus far my York-shire Friend. And since the Receipt  
 of this Letter, an Honest Quaker in Exeter (in a Letter  
 to an Eminent Trader) has these Words. ‘ If thy Friend  
 ‘ Dunton will come to Exeter, I will direct him to take  
 ‘ the Character of a Thousand Ingenious Men and Women in  
 ‘ this City and Country. And (to encourage me to go  
 to Exeter) he adds, ‘ And every one will buy a Book.  
 But I must here acquaint my Exeter Friend, that nei-  
 ther my Health, nor Circumstance, oblige me to go 200  
 Miles to get a Penny. But if this Generous Person will  
 send me the Thousand Characters he here mentions, they  
 shan’t fail of a Place in our New Journal.

I insert these Two Letters that others may imitate the  
 Publick Spirit of those that writ ’em, and Contribute  
 as much as they can to our History of Living Men; which  
 if our Clergy and Gentry wou’d do, according to the  
 Example of these Letters, our Second Part wou’d ra-  
 ther be a BREATHING LIBRARY than a  
 Panegyrick: And as we are led by Examples more than  
 Precepts, ’tis hop’d ’twill be of General Service.

That nothing may be wanting to render the Second  
 Part further useful, if any Person will send me The Lives  
 and Deaths of their Pious Relations, &c. they shan’t fail  
 of a Place in our next Journal.

I might enlarge; but if these Considerations won’t pre-  
 vail with my Reader to send me his True Character, per-  
 haps he’ll repent it when ’tis too late; for in this Jour-  
 nal I’ll spare neither Saint nor Sinner: And for that  
 Reason



Reason, I can't but think the *Pious and Learned* of either Sex, will *Contribute* their own Characters, (and that of their Friends) towards the perfecting our *Panegyrick on Living Men*. But whether they do or no, I shall now lead the way, 'till I have *Satyriz'd* (or *Prais'd*, where the Case will bear it) all the *Noted Persons* in the *Queen's Dominions*. And that I may more Effectually perform this difficult Task, I do (by this Publick Notice) as 'twere, set up *A Whipping-Post and Panegyrick Office* in every Town in *Europe*.

I have now given a distinct Account of Two Parts of my Journal. [*viz. The Whipping-Post, and Panegyrick on Living Men*] But I can't expect [in a Time of War] that any thing shou'd please much that has not — *A Pacquet of News* — belonging to it: And therefore as every Post carries different Pacquets, [*viz. The English, Dutch, French, Spanish, &c.*] so to comply with Custom, (and to Divert the Reader after he has been tyr'd with Graver Matters) every Part of *Dunton's Whipping-Post* shall have a new and different Pacquet annex'd to it —

We begin with the *Whipping-Post Pacquet* — and shall proceed to *The Ladies Pacquet* — *The Courtiers Pacquet* — *The Scholar's Pacquet* — *The Marlborough Pacquet* — *The Usur-r's Pacquet* — *The Virgin Pacquet* — *The Beans Pacquet* — *The Proj-ektor's Pacquet* — *The Wedding Pacquet* — *The Spanish Pacquet* — *The Adlo-r's Pacquet* — *The Cuckold's Pacquet* — *The Tyburn Pacquet* — *The Occasional Pacquet* — *The Funeral Pacquet, &c.* — And so on, till we have directed a *Distinct Pacquet* to all Ranks and Professions of Men —

so that the *Pacquets* which will be added to every *WHIPPING-POST*, will consist of Occurrences, &c. that neither *The Gazette, Post-Man, Post-Boy, r Flying-Post, &c.* take any Notice of: And that which will render these *Pacquets* yet the more useful, I shall insert no *NEWS*, or Occurrence in them, that (like other Mails) is useless after



after 'tis read; but such as is truly Remarkable, and will be worth Reading as long as we live.

Thus, Dunton's Journal will consist of \_\_\_\_\_  
*A Whipping-Post, (or Scurril on Every Body)* — of a *Panegyrick on Eminent Persons,* — and of a *PACQUET of Athenian News*; and will be so manag'd, as to be made a *Universal Entertainment* \_\_\_\_\_

These are but *Brief Hints* of the Novelty and Usefulness of the *Whipping Panegyrick News-Project, &c.* But by what they are, you may judge what will follow; consider therefore this only as the Design of a Work which *Time will better polish*: And seeing 'tis a *POST* of General Use, 'tis hop'd the Ingenious will send such Discoveries, &c. *in Verse and Prose*, as may properly be inserted in this Journal, directing them to be left at *Claypool's Coffee-House in Swan-Alley, in Birchin-Lane,* [not forgetting to discharge Postage.]

As to the *Living Elegy* (annex'd to this First Journal) I own, 'tis a sort of *Paradox*, that Dunton shou'd write after he's dead; but 'tis what I prove in my *Living Elegy*, P. 7. and as it gives *The Character of a Summer-Friend*, and [*A Word of Comfort to my Few Creditors*] I hope 'twill divert and please all that read it. But my *Secret History of the Weekly Writers*, I suppose, will disgust every Body. And perhaps some will think me a little Bold, that in this Part of my Journal I shou'd send a *Distinct Challenge* to \_\_\_\_\_ *The Review, Observer, Gazette, Post-Master, Post-Man, Post-Boy, Daily-Courant, English-Post, &c.* But these *Eight* are Authors of Credit, and for that Reason, I say all I can to provoke 'em to a *Paper-Duel*: But for the other *Weekly Writers*, [*viz. The Moderator, Wandering Spy, Rehearsal, London-Post, Interloping Whipster, &c.*] they are such a Rabble of Tackers, and Hackneys, they are only fit for a Porter's Correction; and therefore some will admire, that my *Living Elegy* shou'd mix it self with [*The Lives, Religion and Honesty, &c.*] of these Fellows: But tho' I lessen my Credit with *Fighting so many Scoundrels*, yet they

they were RUBBISH, 'twas necessary I shou'd remove before I laid the Foundation of this Building. And S——ge THEFT, in stealing my (Whipping) Title, and the MURDER of others in stabbing my Name, &c. I hope will excuse me for this Time, and the rather, as I'll stain my Paper no more with 'em— Thus Interlopers and Scoundrels, avaunt! Be gone! For, Lo! — The Whipping-Post — Blows his Horn, and I have nothing further to say to you.

---

# DUNTON'S JOURNAL. Part I.

O R, T H E

## Whipping-Post:

B E I N G

*A SATYR upon Every Body.*

---

### C H A P. I.

*The Devil brought to the Whipping-Post (by Two Spiritual Bayliff's) for his Primitive Irregularity.*

**W**hipping-Doings! For, having Explain'd the Novelty and Usefulness of the Whipping-Project, I come now to satyrize Every Body. (i. e. Whip such as deserve it) And the First I'll Lash is Belzebub, as he's the Arch. or Grand Corrupter of Mankind. So that now Enter Devil Trammel'd in a Parcel of Bible-Chains, with a Brace of Spiritual Bayliff's Guarding at his Elbow: After which DUNTON Ad-dresses the Malefactor——

D

Why

Why Satan, you have beaten all this Turf (or rather Temp-  
 sed the Humane Race) but to purchase your self a Whipping;  
 like some Travellers who measure so many Acres Abroad, but  
 return Home Block-heads: For, I have several Weighty  
 Things to lay to your Charge: And in the First Place I  
 shall prove you——Wickedness in the Original, The Source and  
 Fountain of all Mischiefs. All the Instances of Extrava-  
 gance which happen in our wether Climate, are but distant  
 Streams, and Participations of your Primitive Irregularity.  
 To represent your Effigies, wou'd put Nature into a Frigh-  
 t, and turn the Poles Topsy-turvy. However, that I may give  
 the World a rude Sketch of your Deformity, I shall  
 Expose to Publick View Two of your most Darling,  
 tho' Diminutive Lineaments; that from the Foot they  
 may be able to find out the Hercules——

Now the spiritual Parts which I at present design to  
 Whip, are your Two Beloved Members, *Envy* and *Ambi-  
 tion*: *Envy* at the greater Happiness of your Maker,  
 and *Ambition* to put your self into the same Circumstance.

That Member which I shall first Whip, is your *Envy*.  
 You had the Forehead to be displeas'd at the Fellici-  
 ties of your Creator: You sicken'd at the Sight of your  
 Maker's Happiness: You were angry that He who gave  
 you Being *Gratis*, shou'd continue to exist; and were  
 vex'd that *He who could not but be, was*. You were the  
 first of *Atheists*; and like the rest of your Successors,  
 not so much an *Atheist* in Principle, as in Desire:  
 Tho' you might have liv'd like an Angel, yet because  
 you were not suffer'd to Top the Omnipotent, you  
 resolv'd to be Nothing: Because you cou'd not strip  
 Sults with your Maker, make Merchandise of your  
*Identity*, and run out of your own Being into his, (like  
 an Errant Metaphysical Devil as you was) you wou'd  
 needs be making Faces against his Beauty, and for the  
 Time to come have nothing to do with Him.

The other Prospect of your Character I shall set to  
 the Spectators, is the Landscape of your *Ambition*. And  
 here I see you Enterprising Infinite Designs, and going  
 about Daring Atchievements. You endeavour'd to over-  
 turn



turn the Eternal State of Things, to dispossess the Omnipotent of his Ancient Throne, and laying close Siege to the Kingdoms of Eternity, you were resolv'd to make the best of your Way into the Throne; to turn him out like another Saturn, and to make new Promotions according to your Pleasure. And thus (which your Hellish Majesty can't but own.)

The Golden Age was first, when Man yet new,  
No Rule, but uncorrupted Reason, knew;  
And with a Native Bent did Good pursue.

Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,  
His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere;  
Needless was writien Law, where none oppress'd,  
The Law of Man was writien in his Breast.

No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,  
No Court Erected yet, nor Cause was heard;  
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.

No **MINE** nor **THINE** did then Mens Hearts infest,  
For Chincery Courts were kept in ev'ry Breast.

The Mountain Trees in distant Prospect, please,  
Ere yet the Pine descended to the Seas;

Ere Sails were spread new Occans to explore,  
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,

Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shore.

No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Sound,  
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;

Nor Swords were forg'd; but void of Care and Crime,  
The soft Creation slept away their Time:

The Teeming Earth yet guiltless of the Plow,  
And unprovok'd did Fruitful Stores allow;

Content with Food which Nature freely bred,  
On Wildlings and on Strawberrys they fed.

Kernels and Bramble Berrys gave the rest,  
And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast;

The Flow'rs unsworn in Fields and Meadows Reign'd,  
And Western Winds Immortal Spring maintain'd:

But when good Saturn banish'd from Above,  
Was driven to Hell, the World was under Jove.

Succeeding Times a Silver Age behold,  
Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.



Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear,  
 And Spring was but one Season of the Year;  
 The Sun his Annual Course obliquely made,  
 Good Days contract'd, and enlarg'd the Bad:  
 Then Air with sultry Heats began to glow,  
 The Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow;  
 And shivering Mortals into Houses driv'n,  
 Sought Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heav'n.  
 To this came next in Course the Brassen Age,  
 A Warlike Offspring prompt to Bloody Rage.

————— Hard Steel succeeded then,  
 And stubborn as the Metal were the Men;  
 Truth, Modesty and Shame the World forsook,  
 Grand, Avarice and Force their Places took.  
 Ten Sails were spread to every Wind that blew,  
 Rare were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.  
 Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves sustain,  
 Ere Ships in Triumph plow'd the Wat'ry Main.  
 Then Land-Marks limited to each his Right,  
 For all before was common as the Light:  
 Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear  
 Her Annual Income to the crooked Share:  
 But greedy Mortals rummaging her Store,  
 Dig'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore;  
 (Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid,)  
 And that alluring Ill to Sight display'd:  
 Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,  
 Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold,  
 And double Death did wretched Man invade,  
 By Steel assault'd, and by Gold betray'd.  
 Now, Brandish'd Weapons glit'ring in their Hands,  
 Mankind is broken loose from Moral Bands.  
 No Right: of Hospitality remain,  
 The Guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain.  
 The Son-in-Law pursues the Father's Life;  
 The Wife her Husband murders, He the Wife:  
 The Step-dame Poyson for her Son prepares;  
 The Son enquires into his Father's Tears;

*Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,  
And Justice, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns.*

And ever since this Apostacy (I mean ever since the Devil turn'd Rebel, and tempted Eve) he has gone about seeking whom he may devour, and so will continue to do to the End of the World.

And now Ambitious, spiteful Devil, having Expos'd your Character, and that of your Children, to open View, I shall proceed (in the second Place) to let down your **Spi-ritual Wretches**, Erect the **Whipping-Post**, and eye up your Crimes to the *Machine of Castigation*.

And in the First Place, I shall bring your **Envy** to the Stake. Now, the Place which I have Assign'd for the Whipping of this Viper, shall be the *Test and Standard of Universal Excellence*. The Stake, or Post I shall bind you to, is General Success, the Conquests of Religion, the Bloomings of Paradise, the Victories of Justice, and the Blessings of Providence, &c. After this you shall take a Turn with me in the *Gardens of Nature*, examine the Variety and Curiosity of their Productions; and Scan over all the Agreeableness of the Creation. Behold these Plants, in what *Gemely and Beautiful Order* they are Ranged! See the *Delicacy of their Structure!* And what *Art* hath been employ'd in spreading forth their Branches! ——— Methinks you don't seem Transported with the Prospect! But if you examin'd the Admirable Virrues of their Leaves, the Harmony of their Lineaments, and the Exquisite Prettinesses of their various Tincture, you wou'd soon change your Countenance, look as sleek as a Cherub, and smile upon them, at least from the Inclination of Sympathy. What? Can nothing give you Pleasure? I thought you wou'd almost have been Transported to Madness, and that you cou'd not but have admir'd the Omnipotence of your Maker: But I find (on the Review) **Envy** is not so much of Kin to *Enthusiasm*; it can slumber on the Bosom of Beauty without Ravishment; Rife thro' the Curiosities of the Creation without Wonder, and turn over *Nature's Great*  
Poem

24 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

*Poem without Praise*; it grows Lean, with Eating; the Glare of Excellency strikes it stark sick, and it wants Spirits to support the Presence of a Superiour.

Having thus affix'd your *Envy* to a *Post of Correction*, I shall next bring your *Tow'ring Ambition* to the Stake. But let me see? At what Post shall I *Whip* this *Rhodomontading Vice*? Since 'tis a Malefactor of *Extraordinary Quality*, I care not if I go out of the *Way* to meet with Him. I am resolv'd what to do; I will Erect an *Uertal Gyburn*, to which I'll tye Him; a *Stately Pinnacle*, advanc'd within the *View* of all *Created Spirits*, that they may see Him do *Penance* for the *Haughtiness* and the *Vanity* of his *Undertaking*. What, *Defy* no less a Power than *Omnipotence* to single *Combat*? Grapple with the *Irresistable Artillery* of *Heaven*? *The Singularity of the Contest* deserves a *Distinction*; and to *Whip* you in *Private* wou'd be to throw away the *Example*: No, you shall suffer with *Remarkable Infamy*; and the *Distinctions* of your *Punishment* shall be as *singular* as your *Enterprise*.

Having thus far reported the *Materials* of your *Guilt*, and fasten'd both your *Vices* to agreeable *Posts* of *Misery*,

I shall *Thirdly*, (and in the last Place) bestow a *Shower of Lashes* on your offending *Posteriors*; Jerk your *Intestines* with a *Dose of Lampoon*, and Administer a few *Switches* to *what you never set your Eyes on*; and after this, if you carry not your *Hell* upon your *Shoulders*, you shall have an *Hours Diversion*.

Now, the *Sin* which challenges the *Precedency*, is *Envy*; this *Crime* therefore I shall *Whip* first. But hold, this *Vice*, methinks, is hardly a fair *Mark* for *Castigation*; 'tis hard coming at it; 'tis so strongly *Entrench'd* within its own *Inclosures*, that one cannot get a *Stroke* at it to *Advantage*. It might perhaps be thought sufficient to bring down its *Reputation*, if I demonstrated the *Folly* and *Unreasonableness* of its *Original*; proved its *Parent* scandalous, and Exhibited the *Miseries* and *Contradictions* of its *Progress*; how it taints the *Animal Spirits*;



Spirits; corrupts the Blood, and undermines all the Strength and Foundation of the Body.

I shall therefore take a nearer Cut to its Correction, set it a Howling at a Stroke, and oblige it to acknowledge its own Distemper. Now the Course which I shall take to accomplish this Design, shall be to leave it to its own private Chastisement. Envy, as 'tis the first, 'tis likewise the greatest Plague to it self, finding nothing out of Doors that can give it Entertainment; it retires to its own Cell, falls a fretting and eating up its own Inwards; and is obliged in a Corner to fall foul upon it self: Like Prometheus's Vulture, it Feasts and Gormandizes on its own Entrails. 'Tis perhaps the sole Vice which observes no Festivals. 'Tis incessantly in the Wheel, and working at Home, and Preying and Grinding upon its own Vitals. The best Method therefore to be reveng'd upon Envy, is to Switch it with its own Tail.

But your Ambition hath hung long upon the Tenters, I shall therefore now put an End to its Expectations, and give it a Transitory Observation or Two. This Quality is perpetually straining up the Hill, and Languishing for somewhat that lies out of the Reach; 'would gladly overgrow its own Being: It exerts the utmost Stature of its Person, stands trembling upon the Tip-toe, and is ever pulled out into its perfect Length. The chastisement therefore which I assign this aspiring Sin, shall be to Languish on the Wheel, to Hang out into all its Proportions upon the Rack, and lie Extended to all the Advantages of its Being——

Thus (Devil) having whipp'd your Envy, and Ambition, &c. I shall leave you in Chains of Darkness. (2 Pet. 2. 4.) and proceed to one of your choice Favourites, (or Weekly Drudges) by Appellation William P——s.



## C H A P. II.

William P——s Whipp'd for his Drunkenness,  
Detraction and Interloping

**T**His Rake stands somewhat above the usual Level, in Vice he is a little taller than the rest of his Brethren in Wickedness. His Character seems besprinkl'd with a great many Singularities; and in short, lesser Monsters have been shewn; the Scene of his Conversation lies *Antipodes* to the *Scriptures*: So that if his Design had been to demonstrate to the World how Eccentrick it was possible for a Man to run, his Behaviour cou'd hardly have been more Extravagant.

In the first Place you must know he's a *Drunkard* by Profession, and sucking Hogheads thro' a Goose Quill is his Trade.

But why do I say a *Goose Quill*? 'Tis too small a *Conduit* to quench his Thirst.

Make him a Bowl, a Mighty Bowl,  
Large as his Capacious Soul;  
Vast as his Thirst is! Let it have  
Depth enough to be his Grave!  
I mean the Grave of all his Care,  
For he intends to bury't there.  
Let it of Silver Fashion'd be,  
Worthy of Wine, worthy of P—— }  
And made of the same Plate that he ——.(a)  
Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,  
No Bow, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,  
Nor Wars of Thebes, nor Wars of Troy;  
Nor any other Martial Toy:

---

(a) For the meaning of this Line, consult the Silver Tankard mention'd in my Living Elegy. P. 24.

For what does he vain Armour prize?  
 Who minds not such rough Exercise;  
 But gentler S-iges, softer Wars,  
 Fights that cause no Wounds nor Scars.  
 He'll have no Battles on his Plate,  
 Lest Sight of them shou'd Brawles create,  
 Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,  
 Which Wine it self enough can do.  
 Draw him no Constellations there,  
 No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,  
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry  
 Of Animals that stock the Sky:  
 For, what are Stars to his Design,  
 Stars which he'll, when drunk, out-shine?  
 He lacks no Pole-star on the Brink,  
 To guide him in the Sea of Drink;  
 He would for ever there be tost,  
 And wish no Flower, seek no Coar?  
 Yet gentle A list, if thou'lt try  
 Thy Skill, thou draw him, (let me see)  
 Draw him first a spreading Vine,  
 Make its Arms the Barrel entwine  
 With kind Embraces, such as he  
 Twists about his wanton She:  
 Let its Boughs overspread Above  
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.  
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,  
 Draw Bacchus and soft Cupid by;  
 Draw them both in Topping Shapes,  
 Their Temples Crown'd with Cluster'd Grapes;  
 Make them lean against the Cup,  
 As 'twere to keep their Figures up;  
 And when their Reeling Forms he'll view,  
 He'll think them drunk, and be so too.  
 Or Vulcan, make him such a Cup  
 As Nestor us'd of Old;  
 Shew all thy Care to Trim it up,  
 Damask it round with Gold.

E

Make:

## Dunton's Whipping-Post.

Make it so Large, that fill'd with Sack  
Up to the swelling Brim,  
Wast Toasts on the Delicious Lake,  
Like Ships at Sea may swim.

But his **Miscellanies** over **Claret** (mention'd in my **Living Elegy** p. 21.) have prevented me upon this Subject: So that what I now say of his **Drunkenness**, I but report from himself (and his **Sottish Brother**, the **Reeling Oldham**) He lives as if he had been sent into the World to steer by the **Compals** of his own **Inclinations**; as if the present were the sole Theatre of Things, and **Futurity** either past, or nothing but a **Bug-bear**.

Another **Stain** which lies upon his **Character**, is **Dedraction**. He takes as much **Pleasure** in discharging his **Poyson**, and **slanders**, as if the **Act** tended to **Goodness**, or **Generation**; Witness his saucy **Remarks** upon **Dr. Willis's Excellent Sermon** Preach'd at **St. Pauls**; His **Exposing a Private Letter** I sent to the **Printer**, and his abusing **Dr. Keel** for assisting him in his greatest **Extremity**, &c.

The **Third** of his **Extraordinary Qualities** which I shall mention, is his **stealing the Designs and Projects** of his **Fellow Authors**; picking **Subjects** out of the **Ends** of **Gazetts**, and making **Advertisements** Club to his **Subsistence**. This is not only an **Argument** of **fordid Inclinations**, but a certain **Testimony** of the **Barrenness** of his **Invention**. An **Instance** of this **Nature** we have in my **Whipping-Post**, which **Mr. P——** had the **Civility** to run away with, so soon as ever the **Business** was proposed. He made a **Suit** of his own **Cutting** to answer the **Pattern**, and could not forbear **Traducing** his **Benefactor** into the **Bargain**. So that he meely **plunder'd** my **Whipping-Post**. But if his own **Projects** be of the same **Quality** with his **Performance**, he needs not fear any **Body** will do as much for his.

Having prov'd **P——** a **Drunken Reeling** **Bot**, (and every **Thing** else that's **vile** and **base**;) I shall next call a  
Con-

Constable to search him out in some blind Ale-house, and then tye him fast to the Whipping-Post; and I shall be the more severe in LASHING of this Fellow, as the Drunkard (I mean *Wil. P——s*) sins for the most part with Impunity; but 'tis great pity he shou'd; For, when he *Reels, and Foams, and Swears*, he's a Blemish to the Humane Nature, and below the Dignity of a Reasonable Creature.

*The Drunkard forf.its Man, and doth divest  
All Worldly Rights, save what he hath by Beast.  
A Beast! that won't be drunk! he's worse than;  
He that contains more Wine than others can,  
I rather count a Hoghead than a Man.*

In the Nonage of the World, Men and Beasts had but one Buttery, and by Sobriety and Temperance they lengthen'd out their Lives to a great Age: But *P——s* and his Boon Companions (like drunken Soldiers) think the best Alarm is sounding of Healths, and the most absolute March is Reeling.—— They Carouse and sing

*Nothing in Nature's Sober sound,  
But an Eternal Health goes round:  
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,  
Fill all the Glasses there; for why  
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I?  
Why Man of Morals, tell me why? ———Cowley.*

*P——s* thinks there is no Deceit in a Brimmer. He calls the Liberal Cup the Sucking Bottle of the Sons of *Phœbus*, to solace and refresh their Palates in the Night of sad Invention. Hang *Scotus*, quo *Wotzie Will!* Lead me to *Aristippus*; one Epitomy of his in Quarto, is worth a Volume of these DUNCES.

'Tis true, we are told in the *True-Born-English-man* (a right Toper I'll warrant him)

*That when the Bottle does the Brains refine  
It makes the Wit as sparkling as the Wine. E 2 But*



But yet by the Leave of this drunken Distich, *Wit procur'd by Wine*, is for the most part, like the Sparklings in the Cup; when 'tis filling they're brisk for a Moment, but die immediately; and for that Reason the **Little Glasses** are my Favourites: I perfectly have a **Sot** (when he Drinks and Reels like *P——s*) I have such poor and unhappy Brains for Drinking, that a Pint of Sack wou'd make me a Monarch. [*If he that's drunk is as Great as a King.*] But as to *P——s*, I'll say that for him, he never baulks his Liquor: He'll guzzle more at a Sitting than wou'd keep a Family a Month. His sound Brains are potent, and can bear Claret. Drinking does but *cleanse and strengthen his Skull*; his Constitution is **Dot-Proof**: He'd pledge us tho' 'twere a Deluge ——— By this Practice he ruins his own **Health**, turns the *Gifts of Providence* to a wrong Use, and in the End will prove the greatest Enemy to himself.

*He that is Drunken may his Mother kill  
Big with his sister; he hath loos'd the Reins,  
Is out liv'd by himself; all kind of Ill  
Doth with his Liquor swim into his Brains. ——— Herbert.*

So that 'twou'd be the greatest Kindness one cou'd do *P——s* to **WHIP** him into Virtue and Sobriety. There be several Ways to Correct and **LASH** him. And the First shou'd be this. When he is next overtaken in Drink, he shou'd be carry'd to *A Work-House*, and there have no other Allowance but *Bread and Water for Six Years*; and so much as he may reasonably be thought to have spent in **Dunkennes** all his Life Time, he shou'd pay to the Poor of the Parish where he beats Hemp. And as a further Shame, when he's Enlarg'd, he shall ever after wear the *Initial Letters* of the Name of the Work-House upon his Left Shoulder—*The Whipping his Reputation with these R O D S of Disgrace and Infamy*, wou'd make him detest *Dunkennes*, and help to carry on the Reformation.

If the *Clock-House Lashes* do not Reform him, we'll then (if ever we find him Sober) fowle him up in a Hoghead of Claret. (I mean, we'll make him **DRUNK** to teach him Sobriety) And however *Paradoxical* this looks, I have a **Royal Warrant** for this Correction:—For, King *James I.* being ask'd what Punishment shou'd be Inflicted on a Drunken Man? Answer'd—**Let him be Drunk again**—Intimating that he cou'd not be worse Whip'd.

But if neither the *Clocking* nor **Drunken Rods** (I mean those laid in Hemp and Claret instead of Piss) don't reform him, what do you think of the *Pillory*? But now I think on't, he stood there but a Week ago; and his **Tacking-Master** (*Whipping George*) did but just scape it, by owning himself a **Scandalous Fellow**, in *Westminster-Hall*. So that we must now think of some other *Whipping-Post*, or *P—s* will die a **S O T** in spite of all the **LASHES** we have yet given him.

Now, the Third **Post of Correction** which I have pitch'd upon for this Criminal, is, the **Stocks** in *Shoreditch*, or rather the good old Laudable Invention of a **Garret**, which by all past Generations, for 700 Years, (prescribed with perpetual **Water-Grewel**) hath been judged the best *Whipping Post* for Drunken Poets. Let him here Eternally **Snore** without Company, exercise his Fingers in paring his **Excrescences**, and his Brains (if he have any) in *Metaphysical Contemplations*; let him never be saluted with the sight of *Pen and Ink*: And to this End, let him carefully avoid all *Coffee-Houses*, *Chandlers-shops*, &c. And let his **Over-seeer** take Care that his **Windows** be not brush'd down with a *Goose-wing*.

Now (when he's dragg'd into the **Garret**) the **Rods** which I would chuse for the **Whipping** of this Offender, are these following:—I would advise him every Morning before he leaves his **Bed**, (which I suppose may be about Twelve of the **Clock**, rather prompted by his **Stomach** than any Edge to his **Devotions**) to bestow a few **Reflections** upon the *Adventures and Tempests of the Evening before*; how happily

happily he escap'd a Post in such a Place, and a Way-  
 lift in the other: What a Lucky Hit it was that the  
 Capster did not pursue him there; how tenderly he  
 stands oblig'd to his Sword and Long Perriwig,  
 which at many a Dead List have spoken Extraordinary  
 Sentences in his Favour. Let him reflect upon any, or  
 upon all of these Circumstances, and if all this don't  
 humble and amend him, let a Silver Tankard (he  
 knows the Meaning of that Word) be Clank'd in his  
 Hearing, every Morning, Noon and Night, to the End of  
 his Life: And that (or nothing) will make him a true  
 Penitent.

This (P——) I only mention, to engage you upon  
 the Practice of the Advice I have recommended; assu-  
 ring you, that if you ever come to a Sight of your  
 Drunkenness, you will either shake Hands with your Person,  
 or turn Reformer.

---

### C H A P. III.

*The Wandering Spy Corrected and Lash'd for  
 his Adultery and Obscene Writings: With a  
 Project to mortify his Eyes, Tongue, and Sense  
 of Feeling, &c.*

**H**AVING whip'd the Arch-Criminal, and Mr. P——s  
 out of the way, the next Breathing Instance of  
 Iniquity which I shall Encounter, is a sort of a Knight-  
 Errant, call'd *The Wandering Spy*. And here (that  
 I may whip him the more severely)

I shall first give him a Transient View of the Fea-  
 tures of his *Wandering Spy*.

Secondly, I shall cut him out a Scene of Mortification.

And in the last Place, Administer a short Bit of  
 Whip-Cord and Chastisement, to his Eyes, Tongue, and  
 Sense of Feeling.

To



To begin with the First, My Charge against the *Wandering Spy*: And here I shall consider

*First*, The General Design and Tendency of his Paper.

And *Secondly*, The particular Blemishes of his Performance.

*First*, As to the General Design and Tendency of his Paper; 'tis Evident to any one who hath spent the least Time in reading his *Wandering Spy*, that its Principal Design, is to report all *Beer-Garden* Language in Town, to divulge the *Pro's* and *Con's* of the vilest People, and to obtrude upon the Nation the Little Practices of *Broom-men* and *Scoundrels*: 'Tis to make the Inclination of the Age Trifling, and to Charm off the more Civiliz'd into Pedantry and Impertinence. 'Tis to bring Vulgar Adventures into Reputation, and transform the Humour of the Town into Buffoonry. I confess, the *Lives of Porters, Dray-men, and the Dialogues of Jack-Puddings* deserve to be made Publick! The World ought as Weekly to be acquainted with these Importances at Home, as with the Progresses of their Arms, or the Conduct of their General Officers Abroad! Were it not for our Discoverer, a great many Examples of Obscenity and Impertinence, might have languish'd in the *Alleys*, that gave them their Birth, and possibly, the World have grown never the wiser. But, it seems, our *Wandering Spy* is afraid lest these shou'd pass unobserv'd. He is solicitous to immortalize the Memory of Lewd Actions, and to let the World know what vile and lamentable Persons there are in Being—— And this is the General Design of his Paper.

I pass on to the particular Blemishes of his Performance. Now these may respect either the *Fable* or the *Moral*. (For you must know Reader, he call his Paper *The Wandering Spy*; or the *Way of the World* discover'd by way of *Fable*.) Now the Condition requir'd to make a *Fable*, is, that the Piece be *Hab'd* after such a Fashion, that when it comes to take the Air, it may not prove disagreeable to the Imagination. I mean,

*the*



*the Current of the Language ought to flow clean*: There should be nothing of **Immodesty** to disoblige the **Fancy**; for when **Smut** is convey'd thro' the Advantage of *Fable*, it works the deeper, and makes a more unlucky Impression upon the Audience: *The Imagination and the Mind are wounded thro' the Ear*; and the **Poyson** Insinuates with the greater Conquest. Now the **Wandering Spy** is Egregiously Criminal upon this Occasion. A great Part of his Papers consist of these **Lewd Curiosities**; The *Topick of Immodesty* is the best furnish'd of any in his *Common-Place-Book*. This Argument Engrosses the largest Compart in his **Wandering Spy**, and is almost an Inexhaustible Store-House; when his other *Fountains of Adventure* are drawn Dry, He resorts to this never-failing Magazine, where he is sure to have large Suppl's, and to *crowd his last Page with such Fulsome Bawdry, that there shall be scarce Room for a Diminutive Advertisement*. I might produce various Instances of his Fertility upon this Subject; but for Brevity-sake I shall content my self with a Few.

In his *Xth Numb.* we have a notable Account of a **Young Woman's Misfortune in the Loss of her Maiden-Head**, Painted in very Affecting and Decent Metaphors: For, since our Author hath fallen upon this Agreeable Subject, we are not likely to part with him, till he hath drop'd some extraordinary Sentences. No, he hath not Power to pass by, but he must Expatriate: He considers the *Gov. of this Country Girl*, under the Metaphor of an Estate; and upon this Hint, proceeds to draw out the Parallel. Nay, he is so Generous as to present us with a Nice and Critical Account of its *Situation*; He almost shews us in what *Degree of Longitude, &c.* it lies, and represents the **Circumstance** in all its *Land-scapes*. I confess, he seems to have studied the *Geography* of the Place pretty exactly; 'Tis possible, it may be all the **Estate** he pretends to: I somewhat suspect our Author was the Party Assailant, and that he hath furnish'd this Adventure out of his own Experience. (For besides his Intreague with *Peregrine's Maid*, mention'd

in my *Living Elegy*, P. 16.) There are other Stories Bandy'd Abroad.

Now, for what Reason was this Lewd *Fable* made Publick? Hath the World any Occasion to be clearly inform'd in these *Mysteries of Iniquity*? Had not these *Scenes of Sawdy* better have lain hid? Can it be to the Reputation of a Discovery, to have added some Ornament to the Interests of Profaneness? *Immodesty Conceiv'd is Reason offend'd; but Immodest, Publish'd is Reason Ridicul'd and Expos'd.* One wou'd think *Concupiscence* had Fuel enough from our Natural Disposition, and that there was no Occasion to Fan its Flame from the Incentives of Wit: For, a Lewd Pamphlet handsomely writ, is an Argument of Double Force for Uncleannels. People are apt to imagine, where there is most Hamour the Argument is Patroniz'd with the greatest Reason; and where a Cause appears to be Pleaded to Advantage, they are enclined to believe, 'tis Established upon Justice. Our *Spy* makes it his Business to Recommend *Immodesty*, and to supply the Poverty of his Argument from the Richness of his Invention. But all this is but a *short Specimen of his Levity*; there are Bolder Flights of Extravagance behind.

In his 15th *Spy*, he is (almost) wholly taken up in the Celebration of a *Christening*; that is to say, of an Opportunity, 'when Infants Conceiv'd under the Displeasure of Nature, at Enmity with Reason, and obnoxious to the Maledictions of the Divine Law, are by the Imputation of the Merits of their Redeemer, absolv'd from their Disorders, separated from the World, and consecrated to the Love and Glory of their Creator——' Now his Design upon this Emergency, is to acquaint the World what happen'd upon one of these Religious Occasions; Nothing I hope, to disgrace the Dignity of the Institution: Nothing certainly unpatroniz'd by the Authority of that Church, into which the Infants enter their Names. Doubtless, there is nothing to be heard in the Room but mutual Salutation and sober Hospitality: For, Christians consider the Solemnity of Baptism; they know *Any thing which points towards Eternity, looks Formidable*

34 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

*midable*, and that 'tis no good Jesting within the Ring of what's to come. Oh but says the *Wandering Spy*, You are out in your Calculations; our Christenings within a Mile of *Clare-Market*, are quite another Thing: I don't find so many Traces of Christianity amongst them. For here at a Christening, (if you Credit the *Wandering Spy*) the *Gossips* withdrew into a Chamber hard by the *Lying-in-Woman*, and fell to Boast of their Proficiency in the *Science of Smut*, and to Combate fairly for the Prize of *Immodesty*. At this *Christening* the *Gossips* started many *Intricacies in Uncleanness*, and pos'd one another with *Bawdy Questions*. But what their Debates were, are so *Obscene* and *Fulsom*, I refer the Reader for a Sight of 'em, to the *Wandering Spy*; for my Paper won't carry a *Dye* so deep, nor take so *Infectious* a Tincture without blotting. However, from what has been mention'd 'tis plain, that *W——*'s Design in this *Bawdy Fable*, was to *Ridicule* the Institution of *Baptism*, or at least of those who acknowledge its Authority. *Whether the Matter of this Relation were true or not*, 'tis a very bad Thing to relate bad Examples; not only as it refreshes the Inclinations of *Lewd People*, but as the naming so many *Female Patrons* to *Bawdy* looks partly like Authority, or Defence, and most Men would be wicked cou'd they have but Shelter. Then don't this *SPY* merit the Lash? For, can any thing be more *Extravagant* than after having *Counterfeited* (if the *Christening* was a *Fiction*) some Persons into *Obscenity*, to carets them in their *PUKE*, to applaud their *Lewdness*, and condescend to resolve their *Unclean Difficulties*: This is to *Encounter Virtue Ex Professo*, to raise Vice upon Principles, and to employ the *Artillery* of Reason against her self. These *Strokes* of *W——* (If they be *W——*) are not to be *Pattern'd* from the *Play-House* or *Bridewell*; nor can any *Impudence* match it, save what you find of his *Two Authors* mention'd in my *Living Elegy*. P. 16. And therefore to such *Culties* as the *Wandering Spy*, well might the strumpets say,

*Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,  
For none but Fools will wanton Authors obey.*



If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,  
 We exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em Ill.  
 The Lustful Slave that whines, adores and dies,  
 Sometimes we pity, but we still despise:  
 But when we Doar, the self same Fate we prove  
 Goats at the best, but double Goats in Love.  
 We rage at first with Ill-dissembl'd Scorn,  
 Then falling from our Height, more basely mourn,  
 And W — the Bewitching Tyrant, takes his Turn;  
 Lears us to weep for our neglected Charms,  
 And hugs another Harlot in his Arms.  
 And that which humbles our proud Sex the most  
 Of all our slighted Favour makes his Boast.

}

But I won't enlarge on my Charge against this Rake; for his Lewdness is sufficiently Expos'd by his own Light, and there needs no Paraphrasing upon a Monster. But before we part upon this Head, Prithee W — let me ask thee this sober Question. 'For what Reason (except merely to get Bread) did you engage in relating the Lewdness and Adventures of the Town? You must needs be aware, that an Attempt of this Nature wou'd Engage you in a Multitude of Ridiculous Stuff, and draw you into many a Dirty Proxumure. You must be sensible, a Town-Character cou'd not be Painted without Smut; and that a Dose of Ribaldry wou'd be requisite to furnish out a Wandring Spy that shou'd please the Age. Why then did you not suffer this Undertaking to lie quiet? Is every thing that happens fit to be Publish'd? Must the Scenes of Brutishness be display'd in the open Streets? And the Intreaques of the most Lamentable Strumpets cry'd about the Town? Is the World concern'd to be Inform'd how fast our Dark-Alley Whores and Scolds improve in their Impudence? And what a Weekly Advance they make in Debauchery? To proclaim a vitious Character, is in Effect to multiply it. To relate a Lewd Adventure, is to Pimp for the Devil. And to take the most Charitable View of your Wandring Spy, its Design is to make Impertinence acceptable —

Having prov'd the Wandring Spy an Obscene, Scandalous Fellow — the next Step of my Undertaking, is to tye



him up to a *Post of Correction*, and then Lash him with the **R O D S** proper to reform a Whore-master.

And here, seeing the *Wandering Spy* is made up of *Ill Nature and Lyes*, (and those Level'd aganſt the **M O B**) I think my beſt Way will be to turn him over to the Arbitrary Mis-Management of theſe **Two Handed Focs**.

We'll now ſuppoſe him ty'd to a *Decky Jilt*; (the fitteſt *Whipping-Post* for *N——— W———*) then Halloo! *Dray-men, Porters, Mob, &c.* Lash him, Kick him, Pump him——— After that Bandy, his Carkate, like a Tennis Ball——— Tofs him in a Blanket——— Drag him from one Street to another, and then (for *Sir Mob we commit him to your Care*) ſhut him ſalt in a Dungeon, where all his Communication with *Drawers, Wenches and Publishers, &c.* may for ever Expire—— In a Word Gentlemen, (for you'll Tear him to Pieces if I give you a worſe Epithet, treat him juſt as your Fury ſuggeſts.

But hold! Let's ſee! Perhaps the *Lewd Criminal* is yet Reclaimable. In hopes whereof I ſhall now paſs on to the *Third and Laſt Branch of my Whipping-Post*; namely, to ſeek out for ſuch **Wods of Mortification** as will beſt Lash and Reform his Morals.

With theſe **R O D S** I ſhall firſt Lash his *Inventing Obscene Stories and Characters, with a Deſign to Careſs 'em*.

And Secondly, I ſhall Correct and Whip his *Immodeſt Actions*; and propoſe ſuch **L A S H E S** for his *Mortification*, as may reform his *Adulterous Eyes, Whoring Tongue, and Luſiful Embraces*.

To **W H I P** thro' the **Vitals** of the Firſt of theſe [*I mean his Inventing Obscene Stories and Characters, with a Deſign to Careſs em.*]—— I wou'd aſk *W———* (at every Lash) what can be more Abominable than to **C L A P**, and applaud vicious Characters?—— 'Tis to embrace Falſhood—— To deſpiſe Virtue—— To Careſs the **Devil**—— 'Tis to laugh in the Face of the Almighty—— To praife others in his Preſence, for deſpiſing him—— To repreſent *Whoredome to Advantage*—— And in ſhort, 'tis ſuch a vile Practice, that cou'd I ſhew *W———* what *Lewdneſs* he encourag'd in his *Wandering Spy*, the Thoughts  
of

if it wou'd either make him M A D, or throw him into a deep *Despair*.

I shall next **W H I P** his Whorish and Impudent Actions: I mean his turning all he says or does into **Wabby Meanings**.— *Sure such a Proficient in Lewdness will deserve Lashing!* For, what can be more Vile and Intollerable than **Immodesty**? 'Tis the Offspring of a Corrupted Fancy—  
The Adversary to Reason—  
*The Language of the Flesh*—  
And the Scandal of Humane Nature—  
**Immodesty!** 'Tis the *Famine* of the Soul, which transforms her out of the Robes of Virginity; which spoils her Eye, and alters her Countenance; which Falsifies her Taste, and Infects her Judgment—  
'Tis the Consequence of an Habit of Impeintency, and of Wickedness grown to its full Dimensions—  
The Inclination and Practice of Vulgar Souls, and of Men descending into a Relation with Brutes—  
In short, **Immodesty** is not only below a *King, (or Duke) but a Gentleman*—

Molt Vices may be practis'd within the Character of *Quality*, but here a Man can't sin without being a **Clown**—  
So that **Immodesty** in the Entertainment of the Lower Class, (such as Tinkers, Broom-men, and Jack-a-Lanterns, &c.) is Patroniz'd but by a Few; and those *the very Dregs and Sediments of Mankind*—  
(A LASH more, and I have done upon this Head) —  
In a Word, **Immodesty** is the Contempt of Civiliz'd Atheists—  
A Vomiting Potion for Chaste Persons, and is sufficiently discountenanc'd by the Scandal of its Title.

I might enlarge; (*for Immodesty deserves Everlasting Whipping*) but here are LASHES enough to make **W**—  
feel what a Black and Pimping Extravagance Whoredome is. And as he made—  
**A Harlot repent**— (in the Printed Sheets) so I hope (*after this Whipping*) I shall hear of his own **Recantation**—  
I know, at present **W**—  
is a harden'd impudent Rake; for *Peregrin's Maid* is but one of his **Breeding Whores, &c.** and his *Wandering Spy* (tho' writ to Debauch the Town) is the Chastest Paper he ever publish'd. But tho' he writes and pleads for Adultery,  
(and

(and his Secret Sinner (a) ——— And Comforts of Whoring, are so very Obscene as to deserve Burning by the Common Hangman) Yet I don't despair of his Retormation; for we read *Stilpho* (like *W* ———) was naturally addicted to all Incontinence; but by reading certain Precepts of Moral Philosophy, he became an absolute Commander of his own Affections.

Then still we are in hopes of a Convert in *N* ——— *VV* ———; for WHOREDOM (if any thing) brings a Man to Repentance, &c. And (having the ROD of Mortification still in my Hand) I'll here propose such WHIPPING (or Penance) as will Retorm ——— His Adulterous Eyes — Whoring Tongue — And Lustful Embraces —

Of these, the first Member I shall Whip are his EYES: And here I must tell *VV* ——— if he intends to make any thing of his Understanding, and wou'd Recover a Chaste Mind, let him keep these Organs under Lock and Key: I mean, let him make a Covenant with his Eyes, never to gaze on a Beautiful Strumpet.

*VV*hores are (like Syrens) neatly dress'd,  
And still the Newest pleasures best:  
Quickly they like, and leave as soon;  
For Life and *VV*oman's a Lampoon.  
Yet for the Plague of Humane Race,  
These Devils have an Angel's Face.  
Such Youth, such Sweetness in their Look,  
*VV*ho can be Man and not be took?  
Such Form of Love, such *VV*it, such Art,  
To tempt a poor unguarded Heart!

Then *VV* ——— (that I may WHIP thy Lust in the most Tender Part) make a Covenant with thy Eyes, have a Chaste Eye and Hand; for it is all one (saith Bishop Taylor) 'with what Part of the Body we commit Adultery. What tho' I forbear to Cuckold my Neighbour, yet if I let my Eye loose, and enjoy the Lust of that, I am an Adulterer: For our Saviour saith ——— Look not upon a *VV*oman to Lust after

---

(a) Said to be Printed for Ben ——— H ———

ber —



by ——— The Eye is a great Inflamer of Lust. We read of Eyes full of Adultery, (2 Pet. 2. 14.) Joseph's Mistress first cast her Eye upon Joseph, and then she said ——— Lie with me. Gen. 39 7. ——— Beauty is a dangerous Thing; therefore VV ——— when you see a Handsome Woman (especially at Church, if you ever go there) take heed of Eyeing her too much; stare not upon her: You may as well viw a Basilisk as a pretty Face.

Democritus knowing how Temptin a Woman was, put his Eyes out to avoid the Sight of them. I don't expect such Mortification in N ——— VV ——— for he's a (sort of) Universal Stallion, and a Habit of Whoring en's presently cur'd: But he'll do well to remember, VVhosoever looketh on a Woman to Lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her already in his Heart. And therefore I shall Correct his Eyes so far as to tell him he must (if he'd live Chastely) be a Martyr to his own Sight, when ever a Female Object stands before him: Or if he can't prevail with his Eyes to desist from Rambling, yet that he may not be seduc'd again with Tempting Face, let his Eyes (for the Future) never be saluted with the Sight of a Woman under the Age of a Grand-mother

As to what relates to his TONGUE, (for that's an unruly Member, and shall have a Severe Whipping.) I advise him to avoid the speaking of any wanton Words, and if possible the hearing any: And be sure VV ——— write no more Lewd Verses, or Wandring Spys; but instead of wasting your Time in Corrupting the Women, and defiling your TONGUE with Obscene Discourse, I advise you every Morning to Conn over the Seven Penitential Psalms. And above all (tho' I know that LASH will raise the Blood in your Face) Tell all the Women you have ever Debauch'd, that He that committeth Adultery destroyeth his own Soul ——— That a Whore is a Deep Ditch, and that her House is the Way to Hell ——— That you have truly repented of all your Uncleaness ——— That you are not the same Man that you was (Ego non sum Ego, said a Converted Youth to a Woman he had once Debauch'd) ——— And that you'd advise all Strumpets to ——— SIN NO MORE ——— and rather work for their Living than sell their Souls for (Money and) a sensual Minute. They're



*Thy're sottish Fools says wise Demosthenes,  
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these.*

I am next to assign *Whipping* (or *Misery*) to his *Sense of Feeling*: Now as to this, I advise *W*—— never to indulge his vile Fingers the Licentious Curiosity of examining the *SOFT PARTS*, &c. of a Woman's Body; but more especially let him avoid viewing and touching her *BREAST*. We are commanded to *abstain from all appearance of Evil*.

*W*—— if you touch Pitch, you will be defil'd. Women's Arts to seduce are Powerful and prevailing, their *Blandishments* delicate and melting, their Words are Charming, their Looks Enchanting, their *Kisses* killing, and their *Glances* are *Darts to destroy*. And for that Reason I am such a *PLATONICK* (my self) as never to touch the Lip or Hand of a Lewd Woman, (if she is known to be such) There's Pitch and Birdlime in their Lips and Fingers, an *ITCH* of Amorousness of Skin all over: A Man may as well hug a Flame without Burning, as to admit of a Lewd Woman within his Embraces, and not be all on Fire with the Heat of Lust.

If this *Whipping*, and *Caution*, won't serve to Reform his Licentious Fingers, and make all his *TOUCHES* both Chaste and Modest, let him then *Mortify his Body*, (the best *ROD* to Correct Uncleanness) in order to the subduing his Flesh; and to this Purpose *W*—— Fast often; and that a considerable Time; take away *Qyet and Drink*, the Fuel of Lust, and the Heat of it will abate, and the Fire of it goeth out.

*W*—— if you'd live a Chaste Modest Life, you must not eat to Excess. *Jesurun waxed Fat and kicked*. That is, waxed Wanton upon his high Feeding. So *Fer* 5. 8. *They were as fed Horses, in the Morning every one Neigh'd after his Neighbour's Wife*. It is very difficult to feed High and live Chastly.—— Then *W*—— (if your Incontinence can bear such Whipping) Eat nothing that provokes Nature, and abstain from all Liquors that set a Boiling your Brain-Pan—— Thus by Correcting your Body, you'd have little Mind to be  
writing

of *Billet Douxes*, or to run astray, for this ordinary Food will starve your Lust, and bring the Flesh (that Enemy of Yours) to your own Terms—— But *W*—— if the **Rebel Lust** still haunts your Mind, then Whip him yet more leverely; cause him to *Smart*, either by Praying in painful Postures, (as on hard Stones with bended Knees) or by wearing Sackcloth or Hair=shits over your Transgressing Flesh; or by Scourging your Body with the Rod or Whip. This is a Course *St. Paul* took with himself, (1 Cor. 9. 27.) **I keep under my Body, and bring it into Subjection.** (a) ‘ One for this End tumb’d  
 ‘ himself among Thorns; another Burn’d his Face and Hands;  
 ‘ a Third run sharp Pri.ks up his Fingers, between the  
 ‘ Flesh and the Nails—— And (*W*—— you can’t  
 but know) ’tis much better to Lash your self for a  
 while, than to be WHIP’D for ever in Hell——

That all this Correction might not be lost, let *W*—— practice these Rules of Mortification ’till his Body is reduc’d to a *Walking Skeleton*—— And then (if he loaths the Sight of a Whore, and swears he’s Chaste, even in Thought) the P A R S O N may venture to absolve him. [For as ’tis in the Absolution]

‘ Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
 ‘ desires not the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he may  
 ‘ turn from his Wickedness and live; and gives Power and  
 ‘ Commandment to his Ministers to declare and pronounce to  
 ‘ his People, being P E N I T E N T, the Absolution and Re-  
 ‘ mission of their Sins, &c.

---

(a) *St. Bernard.*