

88 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Hackneys, who merit no Place in our Panegyrick; and for that Reason, are kick'd to ——— *My Whipping-Post* ——— and *Living Elegy* ——— as being fit for no Company or HONOUR but a *House of Correction*, and there I leave 'em, whilst I give the World *A Secret History of those Weekly Writers that deserve a Panegyrick*. And here I shall send a distinct Challenge to ——— *The Review, Observer, Gazette, Post-Master, Post-Man, Post-Boy, Daily Courant, English Post*; for these Eight are Authors of Credit, and for that Reason I'll lay the worst (that I know of 'em) to provoke 'em to a Paper Duel.

And the First that (deservedly) leads the Way in our *Secret History*. (or *Panegyrick on the Weekly Writers*) is Daniel De Foe ——— This Man has done me a sensible Wrong, by Interloping with my *Question-Project*. Losers may have Leave to speak; and I here declare, I'm 200 l. the worse for Foe's Clogging my *Question-Project*; for, his answering Questions *Weekly*, put a Stop to my *Monthly Oracle*: For, tho' his Answers were False and Impertinent, (and for that Reason his Interloping continu'd but a few *Weeks*) yet being Publish'd every *Tuesday*, they ruin'd my *Monthly Oracle*: For, most are seiz'd with the *Athenian Itch*, and chuse rather to be scratch'd *Weekly*, than stay till the *Mouth* is out for a *Perfect Cure*. Such a *Dolt* as I, have laid the *Plan* of near 50 Books, (besides 60 which I have writ since my *Confinement*) then 'tis strange that such a *First Rate Author* as Daniel De Foe shou'd be so barren of New *Projects*, that he must Interlope with mine; but the *Mischief* he endeavour'd to do me, will fall on his own Head; for I have now set up a *Whipping-Post*, and resolve to Lash him (if he dare draw either *Pen* or *Sword*) 'till he has done me Justice. And in the mean Time, I'll take the *Satisfaction* to tell the World, That whatever Questions Foe has answer'd shall be all answer'd again; (with the best of his Thoughts, and my own *Improvements*) my Resolution being to Publish an entire Volume of
the

the *New Oracle* every Year, till the *Question-Project* is Completed.

To this (sneaking) Injustice of *Interloping*, Foe has added that of *Reprinting a Copy* (a) he gave me. He could not but know, that the *giving or selling a Copy*, gives the same Right to the Printer: And therefore, till he giv's me Satisfaction upon this Head, *He continues to pick my Pocket*; And if he think that Expression *Harsh*, I'm ready to meet him, *when and where he pleases*, to prove it. But tho' Foe has wrong'd me in these Copys, (and once in *protesting his Platonick Friend*, yet I must do him that Justice to say, *He is a very Ingenious Useful Writer*. And I hope (as much as he talks of Debt) is in no Danger from *Serjeants*.

*His Body should not be confin'd
Who's a true Monarch in his Mind;
One who with his Majestick Pen
May give the Law to other Men.*

Then if Foe quarrels with this *Journal*, he shall never fail of an Answer. And, to provoke him to fall upon me. I now DRAW upon him in an *Honourable Challenge*: I mean, I here dare him to answer the following Questions—

[1.] Whether the Author of *The True-Born-English-Man, Reformation of Manners, &c.* han't, contrary to all Grammar and good Sense, mistaken himself in the Use of *This* and *Thu*, *These* and *Those*? And whether a Gentleman who don't know how to dispose of such little Words as these, may, notwithstanding, be well enough quality'd for a Judge of *Stile* and good Language, and to answer all New and Curious Questions, as he pretended? I must take the Liberty to imagine, that Author has never met with this Rule in the Common *Syntax*, *HIC & ILLE, cum ad duo anteposita referuntur; HIC ad posterius*

(a) Viz. *The Character of Dr. Samuel Annesly.*

& proprius; I L L E ad prius & remotius prop. iè ac usitatissime referri debet.

[2.] What Authority has the Author of the *Review*, for his Metamorphosis of *Time* into a *Female*? Where's the Rod, and the Ferula!

[3.] Whether there be any such Thing as a *Genus Epicænum*?

[4.] Whether have the *Græcians* a *Casus sextus*? If not, why do we meet with this Verse in *Juv. Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne*, and with many mix'd Sentences, such as these in other Authors, ἐν πολιτικῷ, *genere, ἀποδυστηδῶ. Nihil altius, nunquam in majore ἀποδείξαι, ἐν χερσίν, σὺν Θεῷ. &c?*

[5.] Whether can *Father Lilly* be defended for putting *Vir* among his *Masculina acutè crescentia*, and *Mulier*, also as an Exception to *Mascula in ER*, scil. *acutè crescentia*?

When *Foe* has given a satisfactory Answer to this Challenge, I shall send him a Third; for this is the **Second** **Quæst** I've made at *Daniel de Foe* in vain. (a) So that if he does not answer it now, I'll Post him up for a ——— Friend: But if he thinks good to answer my Challenge, (I mean, to REVIEW that Nonsense I charge him with) I'll either Renew the Fight, or fairly own him the Victor——— But (to do him, Justice again) take him with all his Failings, it must be acknowledg'd, that *Foe* is a Man of good Parts, and very clear Sense: Whatever he says upon the Subject of **P E A C E**, and **W A R**, is so True and Correct, that (like *Pythagoras* his *ipse dixit*) it might almost stand for an **Infallible Rule**. He's Master of the *English* Tongue, can say what he please upon any Subject; and by his Printing a **Poem** every Day, one wou'd think **Whim'd** in his Sleep. 'Tis his Misfortune that a *Prejudic'd Person* shou'd write his Character: But (with all my *Revenge*) I can't but own, His Thoughts

(a) As he'll find, if he consults the *Athenian Catechism*, Numb. 16.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 91

upon any Subject, are always Surprising, New, and Singular: And tho' he writes for Bread, cou'd never be hi'd to disgrace the Quill, or to wrong his Conscience.

And which Crowns his Panegyrick, he's a Person of true Courage. 'Tis true, I have Reason to think *Daniel de Foe* dares not quarrel with *John Danton*, but I believe he fears nothing on Earth but my self: And he says as much, in telling the World (a) ' I adhere firmly to Truth, and resolve to defend it against all Extremities— He **REVIEWS** without Fear, and acts without fainting — He is not daunted with Multitudes of Enemies; for he Faces as many (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) as there are Foes to Moderation and Peace. Loyalty to the Queen is his Guide, and Resolution his Companion, and a **LAWFUL OCCASION** (b) makes him truly Brave. 'Twas this sent him to *Weymouth, Exeter, Crediton*, to Preach **PEACE** and **MODERATION** to the High-Flyers: And tho' they had not the Manners to thank him, yet I hope to see them all on their Knees, for not listening to his wholesome Doctrine. **PEACE!** 'Tis a *Dangerous Experiment* the Western Tickers cou'd not approve of, and for that Reason *The Weymouth Gothams* had tetter'd him, Whip'd him, and (perhaps) burn't him, had not his Known Courage (and ' *Great Party of Two Men* (c)) set him above their Malice.

To Sum up all, *Foe* has Piety enough for an Author, and Courage enough for a Martyr. And in a Word, if ever any, *Daniel de Foe* is a **TRUE-ENGLISH-MAN**; and for that Reason, he's more respected by Men of Honour and Sense, than he can be affronted by *Alderman B—— Justice S—— and the rest of the Western Blockheads——* Now, if such an Author as this shou'd attack my *Journal*, I shall think there is

(a) In his Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

(b) See his Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

(c) They are *Foe's* own Words, in his Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

92 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Reason for it, and will endeavour to answer him. And to speak the Truth, 't's Pity this PEACEMAKING TRAVELLER (a) shou'd have any Enemy but Error, and such a weak Assailant as John Dunton.

AND her Weekly Writer that deserves a Panegyrick, is John Tutchin; a Person no ways Inferiour to Daniel de Foë, for Learning, Wit, or Courage, &c. This Gentleman, if Donck Roger wou'd permit him to Correct my Journal, wou'd be a Person worth my conversing with: For, a. I so many told the World, (b) ' *The Loyal and Ingenious Tutchin* ' (alias Master Observer) is the Bold Asseter of English ' Liberties. The Scourge of the High-Flyers, The Seaman's ' Advocate. The Detector of the Visualling-Office. The ' Scorn and Terror of Fools and Knaves. The Nation's ' ARGUS, and the Queen's Faithful Subject. He writes ' with the Air of a Gentleman, and Sincerity of a Christi- ' an; and I'd TOWEL him my self, (or make his Coun- ' try-man do it) if I did not think him an honest Man——

Tutchin is a Person of an Even Temper, not cast down in a Prison, nor Elated when the World smiles.

In Prosperity he gratefully admires the Bounty of the Almighty Giver, and useth, not abuseth Plenty: And in Adversity (as was seen by his Carriage after his Tryal) he remains unshaken; and like some Eminent Mountain, hath his Head above the Clouds: Shou'd ever Poverty fall to his Lot, he'd cheerfully entertain it, as knowing it the FIRE which tries Virtue; and he who, like John Tutchin, cou'd want in a (c)

(a) See his Character more at Large in the History of my Life and Errors, P. 240. And in Foë's Review, Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

(b) In the History of my Life and Errors, P. 437.

(c) See the Narrative of his Western Sufferings. Printed for John Marshall in Newgate street.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons 93

Prison without Murmuring, may be poor, but never miserable——— *Tutchin* is a Man of a Daring Spirit, yet not so Bold to bring Divinity down to the Mistake of Reason, or to deny those Mysteries his Approche, sin reacheth not——— He is a Bigot to no Party, but like a *True Observer*, has discover'd the right Way to Heaven, between all Extreams——— His OBSERVATORS have made him Popular, but nothing can make him Haughty: Pride he disdain, when he finds it swelling in himself; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any Man's Error in Life (*I'll scarce except his Infamous Enemy, Fuller*) make him sin in Censure; since seldom the Folly we condemn, is so culpable as the Severity of our Judgment -- *Leffy*, and all the Tacklers are his sworn Enemies, but I can't imagine for what Reason, for he only strives to Re-form 'em, and pities, not despiseth the Fall of any Man. To conclude his Character, He is a Gentleman of *invincible Courage and Bravery, &c.* Death, how determin'd soever an Aspect it wears, he is not frighted with: He fears nothing but God, and loves nothing on Earth like his Country, and the just Liberties and Laws thereof: And I speak this with the greater Assurance, as *TUTCHIN* is the only Person that ever had Courage enough to Petition for the FAVOUR (as he express'd it) of being Hang'd — In a Word——— He is a Loyal, witty, Brave, Generous, and (I might add) so very Generous, that to forgive Injuries is so easy to him, 'tis scarce a Virtue——— Then who! Heuse, fetch a BUTT of October, and let us drink a Health to *Captain Tutchin*, and *Honest Roger* his Country-man, &c. And may they Publish an *Observer* every Wednesday and Saturday, till they're both Knighted, as was their Predecessor *Sir Roger Lestrage*, only with this Difference, that *Tutchin* writes for the Good of his Country, and *Sir Roger* only to please Knaves——— This is the true Character of *John Tutchin*; (from the best Observations I cou'd make on his *Life and Actions*, for Twenty Years) and as it gives the LYE to all that *Fuller*
and

94 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

and other Scoundrels have writ against him, so it sufficiently justifies (shou'd he T O W E L any thing in this *Journal*) the utmost Pains I can take, in answering a Man of such true Worth.

The next *Weekly Writer* in Fame and Honesty, is Mr. *Post-Man*; and for that Reason, what ever Faults *Monsieur* (a) finds with this *Whipping Journal*, shall ever meet with a Courteous Answer: for his *Learning* deserves Respect, and his *Gravity* a *Weekly Panegyrick* — His *Sagacious Looks* is an *Index* of his *Thoughtful Soul*, *Fonvive* is one so wise and knowing, that a Man wou'd think *Nature* had made all the rest of *Mankind* in Jest, and him only in Earnest — He is ever Chearful (the gaining 600 l. a Year by a Penny Paper wou'd make any Man so) but never dissolv'd into Indecent Laughter, or tickl'd with Scurrilous or Injurious Wit — His *Post-Man* is that *General Echo*, whereby what is done in *London*, &c. is heard all over *Europe* — He cunningly searcheth into the *Virtues* of others, and upon the first Occasion, liberally commends them: But for the *Vices* of Men, he burys those in a Charitable Silence, and reforms their *Manners*, not by *Invectives*, but *Example* — In short, *Fonvive* is a *Weekly Almanack*, shewing (Impartially) what *Weather* is in the *State*; and like the *Doves* of *Aleppo*, carrys *News* to every Part of the *Known World* — *Monsieur*, to carry on this *Weekly Chronicle*, [As to *Foreign News*] he has settl'd a good *Correspondence* in *Italy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, &c. And [as to *Domestick News*] that nothing may scape him that's worth *Notice*, he sits quietly himself at the *Stern*, and calling all his *Athenians* together, he commands one to the *Top-Sail*, another to the *Main-Sail*, a Third to the *Plummet*, a Fourth to the *Anchor*, as he sees the need of their *Course* and *Weather* requires; and doth (in

(a) 'Tis Mr. *Fonvive* a *French Protestant*, that writes the *Post-Man*.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 95

Collecting of News) no less by Tongue and Pen, than all the Marriners with their Hands. So that his Intelligence is UNIVERSAL, of which his *Post-Man* (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) and concise *History of every Year*, is a sufficient Proof—— As his *News* is Early and Good, so his *Stile* is Excellent. His *Fancy* is Brisk and Beautiful, and his *Remarks* witness he knows how to soar to a *Pitch of Fineness* when he pleases. Those that read his Papers must be very Intent, if some *Beauty of Expression*, or *Stretch of Reason* don't scape their Notice, among that Throng of Delicacies which Embellish his Writings—— In a Word, *The Post-Man* (or rather *Post-Angel*) out-flies *The Post-Master*, *Post-Boy*, *Daily Courant*, &c. (and those Lesser-Flyers, the *English* and *London Post*.) So that *Fonvive* is the *Glory and Mirror of News Writers*; a very Grave, Learned, Orthodox Man; and (wou'd it not offend his Modesty) I wou'd here give a Remarkable Instance of his Generosity to a Brother of the Quill under great Distress.

The Fourth *Weekly Writer* I wou'd challenge to a Paper Duel, is Mr. *Ridpath* (Author of the *Flying-Post*.) This worthy Gentleman is Mr. *Post-Man's* Equal in all Respects; and if he was not my Friend, I wou'd say he exceeded him. Neither am I singular in this Opinion, for *Tutchin* says, 'The Honestest of all the News-Papers is the *Flying-Post*.' (a) So that if any thing in this Journal displease the *Post-Man*, or *Flying-Post*, I shall be ready to engage in a Literal War with either of these Authors. For, as to the *Post-Man*, you heard before what Fame he has in the Learned World; and the *Flying-Post* (if a *Flying-Post*) must needs in a few Years, leave the *Post-Man* sweating behind him. However, this is certain —— 'Mr. *Ridpath* (b) is a good Scholar,

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94 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

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96 A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.

and well acquainted with the Languages. He's a Scots Man, and had he been a Minister, as he first design'd, he'd have been a great Honour to the Cloak, (or Gown, had he accepted of it) and to his Holy Profession. He has writ much, and his Style is Excellent, and his Humility and Honesty have establish'd his Reputation. He was very Fortunate in engaging in The History of the Works of the Learned—— Which was Originally my own Thought, and the First I Publish'd under the Title of the Athenian Supplement; and the next under that of The Compleat Library. He writes The Flying-Post, which is highly valued (so the Scotch and German News) and formerly sold better than the Post-Man, Post-Boy, and all other News whatever. But if the Merits of an Author must be determin'd according to the Success of his Works, the greatest Genius of the Age wou'd suffer byt—— 'Twas this Ingenious Gentleman that invented The Polygraphy, or Writing Engine, by which one may with great Facility write Two, Four, Six, or more Copys, of any one Thing, upon so many different Sheets of Paper, at once. This Writing Engine is likewise attended with this Advantage; that being mov'd by the Foot, while the Hand guides the Pens, it keeps the whole Body in Warmth, and Exercise, which prevents many of the usual Inconveniences of a Seditary Life, besides the Time which the Engine saves in Dispatch.

As Mr. Ridpath is a very Generous, Learned, Courteous, Humble Man, &c. So he is a Person of sincere Piety, &c. His fair Conditions are without Dissembling. He is a constant Observer of the Golden Rule, and a perfect Enemy to Falshood. He is a pious and Devout Observer of all the Ordinances of God: And as Religion made very Early Impressions upon his Mind, so he dares subject every Word and Action of his whole Life, to an high and just Censure. He is a Man of what strict Justice; that in a Controversy of 200 l. I propos'd Mr. George Ridpath for the sole Arbitrator; which

which (he being known to the whole Company) was readily agreed to—— In a Word, *Ridpath* is a *True Temple of God*; (tho' Built with a low Roof) and if there be a Pious and Honest Man in the World, it is *George Ridpath*. I heartily condole his Loss in the Death of his Son, but I'm the less concern'd, as *Contrariety of Events* can but Exercise, not Diminish so Holy a Person. He may see a Divine Hand invisibly striking with such a sensible Scourge as is the *sudden Death of an only Son*; but I ask his Pardon, for I don't presume to be capable of giving any Advice to such a Person as *Mr. Ridpath*, who is every way so far above me. I have indeed more Necessity to learn of him, who has attain'd to the Maturity both of *Grace and Age*: All that I presume to do by these secret Hints, is only to refresh his Memory with such Things as he already knows; and what can he be ignorant of, that (like *George Ridpath*) can fetch his Counsel and his Sentence from his own Breast, and is equally arm'd for all Events? Such a Man, shou'd he lose a Wife, (which is much dearer than a SON) he might speak of her with an Unconcernedness, as if anothers, not his own; and might say, (as *Dr. Annesly* did in the like Case) 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord——

To conclude, *Mr. Ridpath* hath a wise and Virtuous Mind in a serviceable Body. He lives quietly at Home, out of the Noise of the World, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his Friend—— 'Tis his very Trade and Recreation to do Good! He's well provided for both Worlds, and having devoted his whole Life and Studies to the Service of Religion, is sure of Peace here, and Glory hereafter—— When ever he follows his Son. (for he's only gone to Heaven before him) he'll make no more of Dying than of walking Home when he's Abroad, or of going to Bed when he's weary of the Day—— I cou'd enlarge in this Gentleman's Character, (without Suspition of Flattery) but *George Ridpath* is a modest Man, and my good Friend, and I'm loth

98 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

to provoke him further by a larger *Panegyrick*: However, I have said enough to convince the World what **HONOUR** I shou'd get by a *Literal Combate* with this Author, and how kind he wou'd be both to me and the World, wou'd he let me know what *Errors* he finds in this and the following *Journals*——

The next I shall challenge is a Weekly Writer, who I only know by his **CHURCH-PHIZ**, and spreading Fame; for Mr. *Post-Boy* (*alias BOYER*) is a Man I never saw, but I hear such a good Character of his *Healing Temper*, and *Weekly News*, that if he affronts any thing in this *Journal*, I shall draw upon him in **Black and White**—— 'Tis true, his Bookseller—— Mr. *Roper*—— is as Generous and Honest a Man as any I know in *London*, and for his Author, he's as much a **Gentleman** as any Person that can be nam'd; but *Self-Defence is the Law of Nature*, and he that **PUSHES** at *John Dunton*, assaults a Man that will fight him; neither will I give, or take any Quarter (*in a Paper-Duel*) but more especially from such an Author as Mr. *Boyer*, for he's a Critick worth my Anger; and if he censures any thing in this *Journal*, must expect to feel it—— If you ask me why I put such a *High Value* on a Person that differs from me in many Things—— I answer, We agree in more Things than we differ; Nay, perhaps we agree even in what we differ: 'For, Persons do many times contest about Words, whilst they do heartily think the same Thing. (a) And that's Reason enough to oblige me to give **BOYER** a good Character; and indeed, I shou'd wrong him if I did not; for he outshines his Predecessor **THOMAS**, in all Respects, and is a most Accomplish'd Person. 'Tis true, **BOYER**'s simple Uprightness works in him such Credulity as can't scape, sometimes, being impos'd upon by his Correspondents; but 'tis seen by all our *News-Papers*, that Custom hath so far prevail'd (*both at Home and Abroad*)

(a) See my *Living Elegy*: P. 59.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 99

that TRUTH now is the greatest News: But if ever BOYER Publishes a *False Thing*, he is the First that tells it, and his very PECCAVI does him as much Honour as the most *Authentick Relation* Publish'd by another Man. Drunken P——s may snarle if he please, at his *freshest Advices*, but he can never find the least Flaw, either in BOYER, or his Correspondents. No! BOYER is a Faithful Historian, and scorns so much the Vices of the World, that he will hardly stoop to a Virtue which is not Heroick; or if he do, 'tis by his good Improvement of it to make it so——

He is a Man of *Refin'd Principles*, and speaks nothing that needs Correction.

BOYER is one to whom *all Honour seems Cheap*, which is not the Reward of Virtue; and had much rather want a Name, than not deserve it—— Every *Weekly Gazette* I have yet nam'd, has some Excellence that the rest are Strangers to, and that which recommends BOYER above the rest, is that nice and large Account he gives of the *Spanish and Home News*. So that BOYER'S POST-BOY (Publish'd every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) might properly be call'd *The Spanish and English Intelligence*—— 'Tis no small Recommendation of the *Post Boy*, to tell the World that the *Ingenious Boyer* writes it. The bare naming the Author is a *Panegyrick* upon this Paper; for 'tis that *Boyer*, that writes and Translates like the famous *L'Estrange*.

Mr. Boyer is the greatest Master of the *French Tongue*, (witness his *French Grammar*, and *French Dictionary*) and the most Impartial Historian (witness his *Annals of Queen Anne*) of any we have in England.

Whoever reads Mr. Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politics, and Morality*, (a) must own that the *Accuracies* of his Observations, and the Matchless Beautys of his Style, have deservedly given him the Name of being a *Master of the English Tongue*.

(a) Printed for Mr. Hartley.

98 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

to provoke him further by a *larger Panegyrick*: However, I have said enough to convince the World what **HONOUR** I shou'd get by a *Literal Combate* with this Author, and how kind he wou'd be both to me and the World, wou'd he let me know what **Errors** he finds in this and the following *Journals*——

The next I shall challenge is a Weekly Writer, who I only know by his **CHURCH-PHIZ**, and spreading Fame; for Mr. *Post-Boy* (*alias BOYER*) is a Man I never saw, but I hear such a good Character of his *Healing Temper*, and *Weekly News*, that if he affronts any thing in this *Journal*, I shall draw upon him in **Black and White**—— 'Tis true, his Bookseller—— Mr. *Roper*—— is as Generous and Honest a Man as any I know in *London*, and for his Author, he's as much a Gentleman as any Person that can be nam'd; but *Self-Defence is the Law of Nature*, and he that **PUSHES** at *John Dunton*, assaults a Man that will fight him; neither will I give, or take any Quarter (*in a Paper-Duel*) but more especially from such an Author as Mr. *Boyer*, for he's a Critick worth my Anger; and if he censures any thing in this *Journal*, must expect to feel it—— If you ask me why I put such a *High Value* on a Person that differs from me in many Things—— I answer, We agree in more Things than we differ; Nay, perhaps we agree even in what we differ: 'For, Persons do many times contest about Words, whilst they do heartily think the same Thing. (a) And that's Reason enough to oblige me to give **BOYER** a good Character; and indeed, I shou'd wrong him if I did not; for he outshines his Predecessor **THOMAS**, in all Respects, and is a most Accomplish'd Person. 'Tis true, **BOYER's** simple Uprightness works in him such Credulity as can't scape, sometimes, being impos'd upon by his Correspondents; but 'tis seen by all our *News-Papers*, that Custom hath so far prevail'd (*both at Home and Abroad*)

(a) See my Living Elegy: P. 59.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 99

that TRUTH now is the greatest News: But if ever BOYER Publishes a *False Thing*, he is the First that tells it, and his very *PECCAVI* does him as much Honour as the most *Authentick Relation* Publish'd by another Man. Drunken P——s may snarle if he please, at his *freshest Advices*, but he can never find the least Flaw, either in BOYER, or his Correspondents. No! BOYER is a Faithful Historian, and scorns so much the Vices of the World, that he will hardly stoop to a Virtue which is not Heroick; or if he do, 'tis by his good Improvement of it to make it so——

He is a Man of *Refin'd Principles*, and speaks nothing that needs Correction.

BOYER is one to whom *all Honour seems Cheap*, which is not the Reward of Virtue; and had much rather want a Name, than not deserve it—— Every *celebrated* *Writer* I have yet nam'd, has some Excellence that the rest are Strangers to, and that which recommends BOYER above the rest, is that nice and large Account he gives of the *Spanish and Home News*. So that BOYER's *POST-BOY* (Publish'd every *Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday*) might properly be call'd *The Spanish and English Intelligence*—— 'Tis no small Recommendation of the *Post Boy*, to tell the World that the *Ingenious Boyer* writes it. The bare naming the Author is a *Panegyrick* upon this Paper; for 'tis that *Boyer*, that writes and Translates like the Famous *L'Estrange*.

Mr. Boyer is the greatest Master of the *French Tongue*, (witness his *French Grammar*, and *French Dictionary*) and the most Impartial Historian (witness his *Annals of Queen Anne*) of any we have in *England*.

Whoever reads Mr. Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, (a) must own that the *Accuracies* of his Observations, and the Matchless *Beautys* of his *Stile*, have deservedly given him the Name of being a *Master of the English Tongue*.

(a) Printed for Mr. Hartley.

100 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons*

'Tis in these *Letters* that all sorts of Men and Professions have their Palates pleas'd, and their Wit refin'd, but more especially all Pretenders to *History* are extremely gratify'd; for (as I said before) *Mr. Boyer is an Impartial Historian*; or if any doubt it, let 'em read his *Annals of Queen Anne*. 'Tis here they'll be fully acquainted with all the Changes and Transactions in *England, Holland, Germany, &c.* since her **M A J E S T Y**'s Glorious Reign.

In these *Annals*, are many Examples of *Virtues*, as Copys drawn for our Imitation, and not a Few of *Vices*, as Sea-Marks to warn us.

'Tis *Impartial History* that gives us the best Prospect into Humane Affairs, and does (as 'twere) *Consociate the Remotest Regions*: This we find verify'd in *Boyer's Annals*, for I've read it three Times over, and find it so Faithfully written, that it reduces **TRADITION** into profitable Knowledge, *Tempers our Minds*, and forms 'em to a perfect Shape and Symmetry.

We may by reading *Boyer's Annals*, reconcile the Future and Present Tense, see *Hungary* in *England*, Travel *Italy, Spain, and Portugal*, visit the *Fighting Camisars*, go to *Vienna* with *Dr. Brown*, behold the *Illustrious House of Hannover*, hear the **STATES** in their *Grand Debates*, Sail with *Lord Peterborough* to *Barcelona*, hear *Charles III. Proclaim'd at Madrid* by the *Earl of Gallway*; sit and consult with *Prince Eugene of Savoy*,—Review the *Irish and Scotch Parliament*,—go to School at *Paris*, and with a free Access hear all the Secret and Publick Transactions in her *Majesty's Court, &c.*

Thus you see, Reader, tho' I'm a Stranger to *Mr. Post-Boy*, I'm very Familiar with all his Writings, (but more especially his *Annals of Queen Anne*) so that I verily think, were it thoroughly known who (*since Thomas's Death*) writes the *Post-Boy*, it wou'd certainly have the **LOUDEST CRY** in the Streets, and no *Coffet-House* in the Three Kingdoms wou'd be without it,

To

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 101

To conclude, Whatever *BOYER* writes, is admir'd; (especially by Men of Sense) and for that Reason, if he ever *PERSECUTES* this *Journal*, I'm resolv'd to hang in the Skirts of him till I am *stiff'd with Argument*.

The Ingenious *Buckley*, is another *News-Writer*, that (shou'd he quarrel with this *Journal*) will deserve an Answer—— This *Weekly* (or rather *DAILY AUTHOR*) was Originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing—— He is an Excellent Linguist, understands the *Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian Tongues*; and is Master of a great deal of Wit——

Sam. Buckley, by a Liberal Education, has been softned to Civility; for, that Rugged Honesty some rude Men profess, is an Indigested Chaos which may contain the Seeds of Goodness, but it wants *Form and Matter*: Yet *Buckley* is no Flatterer neither, but when he finds his Friend any way Imperfect, he freely (but gently) informs him; nor yet shall some *Few Errors* cancel the Bond of Friendship, because he remembers no Endeavours can raise Man above his Frailty.

He is a Thoughtful Man, but not in the least *Exceptious*, for Jealousy proceeds from Weakness or Guilt, and *Buckley's* Virtues quit him from all *Suspitions*.

In a Word, He is a *Generous Friend*, yet he is as slow to enter into that Title, as he is to forsake it; *A monstrous Vice must disoblige, because an Extraordinary Virtue did first unite*.

Buckley is a great Master in the Art of Obliging; yet he is neither Effeminate, nor a *Common Courtier*. The First is so passionate a Doater upon himself, he cannot spare Love enough to be justly nam'd *Friendship*; the Latter hath his Love so diffusive among the Beautys, that he has none left for his own Sex. He is Engross'd in a World of Business, as is seen by his *Writing and Printing*—— A *DAILY COURANT*—— (and *Monthly Register*) yet he is not accusom'd to any sordid way of Gain.

102 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

He is a sober honest Man, and Just to a Nicety. He never exacts of either Author or Bookseller, and if his Servant mistake but a Word in an Advertisement, (I speak what I found by him) he'll Print it again for nothing.

As Buckley is a Person—— of General Learning—— of strict Justice—— of obliging Carriage—— of great Diligence—— and of Generous Friendship, so he is also a CRITICK in all these, as is seen by his frequent and ingenious Answers to Mr. Review: Yet, when he looks on other Mens Errors, he values not himself Virtues by Comparison, but examines (and confesses) his own Defects, and finds Matter enough at Home for Reprehension. And indeed every good Man sees enough in his own Breast, to damp his Censuring others. Or if any Athenian might sit as a JUDGE upon other Mens Writings, 'tis Mr. Buckley; for he has many Perfections that no other News-Monger can pretend to.

In a Word, his DAYLY COURANT is an Abridgement of all News; (as his Life is of all Virtues) and as he orders the Matter, is a sort of Universal Intelligence—— Then S A M. be thinking of the great Horse, for if the COURANT flies as it has begun, 'twill soon over-take the Post-Man in Fame and Riches: And less cou'd not be expected; for Buckley, besides his Admirable Genius and Critical Learning, is a Person of Extraordinary Judgment, which always governs the Heats of his Imagination, and makes even his Silence considerable: So that to WAR with Mr. COURANT wou'd be a DAYLY Improvement in all Literature; but he writes and Prints too much to be at Leisure for Paper-Duels—— Then S A M. Good B' Ye' Tee, for (as De Foe is your Enemy) your FAME is so Ticklish a Point I shall leave it, and desire the World wou'd take A Fairer Draught of Mr. Buckley's Character from the Living Original, to be seen EVERY DAY at the Dolphin in Little Britain.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 103

I shall next **LEER** (a) on my *Neighbour Crouch*, as a Weekly Writer worth my Notice. 'Tis said he is the Author of *The English Post*, and of that useful Journal entituled *The Marrow of History*; which *Marrow of History* was first begun, and continu'd with **Increasing Reputation**, by my Worthy and Ingenious Friend Mr. *George Larkin*; and had it still been carry'd on by the same Hand, might perhaps have found a better Acceptance; tho' as it is, 'tis a *very useful and valuable History*, and makes a shift to bear its own Charges. But why Mr. *Larkin* continu'd it no longer, is a **Secret** I know not **HOW** to justify; and it appears so much the more unaccountable, as Mr. *Crouch* was no ways concern'd in taking it from him; but being warn'd by the unkind Treatment that Mr. *Larkin* found from those that engag'd him in it, he was *so wise as to make better Terms for himself*. But tho' this *Marrow of History* suffer'd some Disadvantage by the Change of its first Author, yet (as it is a useful Book) I hope it will get *Ground every Day*: For, to say the Truth, Mr. *Crouch* collects his News with so much Accuracy and Judgment, that he is only out-done by the *Post-Man* and those High-Flyers I nam'd before; so that I admire *The English Post* shou'd still continue in the Number of the *Lesser Flyers*; for *Crouch* Prints nothing but what is very useful, and very diverting: So that **R. B.** (*alias Nat. Crouch*) is become a **Celebrated Author**. But (b)
' I think I have given you the very Soul of his Character,
' when I have told you that his Talent lies at **COLLECTION**. He has melted down the best of our *English*
' *Historys* into *Twelve Penny Books*, which are fill'd with
' **WONDERS, RARITIES, and CURIOSITIES**; for you must know, his Title Pages are a little
' *swelling*. However, **Nat. Crouch** is a very Ingenious Person, and can talk fine Things upon any Subject.

(a) *Why Leer*, you'll see in the *History of my Life and Errors*. P. 282.

(b) *As you find in the History of my Life*. P. 282.

104 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

This *Weekly* (and *Monthly*) Author endeavours to fit his Matter to the Capacity of his Readers, as desiring rather their Profit, than his own Applause—— In *any Controversy* (and I had many with him in Days of *Yore*) he more delights to shew the Strength of Truth, than his Adversary's Weakness; using *soft Words* (as we use to say) but *hard Arguments*.

He is very Circumspect in ordering his own Conversation, as knowing that Ignorant People learn as much (if not more) *by their Eyes than their Ears*.

In a Word, *Nat. Crouch* is a PHOENIX AUTHOR, (I mean the only Man that gets an Estate by writing of Books) and if he LEERS upon this *Journal*, I have a Broad-side at his Service: Not that I've any thing to say to his Morals; for as to them *he either is, or shou'd be an honest Man*; and I believe the Former, for all he gets will wear well he (COLLECTS and) enjoys it so quietly—— So that *Nat. Crouch* runs an even Path in the World, and juts against no Man (my self excepted) for his Conversation, is a kind of a continu'd Complement and his Life *a Practice of Honesty*. Yet I don't think he is PERFECT; for tho' I have a *Hearty Friendship* for him, yet I must say he has got a Habit of LEERING under his Hat, and once made it a great Part of his Business to bring down the Reputation of *Second Spira*, (a) yet his Natural Temper is some Excuse; for he is exceedingly *in Love with his Humour*, and can't bear to be contradicted. But (to this Day) I find it hard to forget his *unmannerly Treatment of Second Spira*, for certainly no Action of Man hath so great a Soul of Malice in it, as to endeavour [by unjust Slanders] to abate the Esteem of others: For such Endeavours tend to the Murder of a Man's good Name, which is the Noblest Part of Life; and therefore so much the more Ungenerous and Inhumane: But, 'bating but this FALLT, (and where's the Man but

(a) Of which the Reader has a Large and Faithful Account, in the History of my Life. P. 218, &c.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 105

has this, or worse?) his whole Life is but *one continu'd Lecture*, wherein all his Friends (but more especially his *Two Sons*) may Legib'y read their Duty.

By what I've said, it appears, 'twill be no Dishonour to enter into a *Literal War* with *Nat. Crouch*: And if he says but half as much against this *Journal* as he did against *Secund Spira*, I'll found his *BELL*, and attack him in good Earnest; for the Design of this *Journal* is Great and Good; and However weak the Performance is, I ought to defend it to the last Extremity: Or, if *Crouch* is contented to hold his Tongue, I have nothing farther to say to him; till we meet and Embrace in Heaven——

The Eighth and last *Weekly Writer* I wou'd challenge to a *Paper-Duel*, is Mr. *GAZET*: And I name the *Gazet* in the last Place, as 'tis guilty of more Blunders than all the other News-Papers. I own, the *London Gazet* has the Stamp of *AUTHORITY* upon it, and for that Reason I shall ever obey and respect it: But 'tis not the saying

Publish'd by Authority,

that makes an Author Infallible: And therefore, till such Time that Mr. *Gazet* thinks good to refine his *Stile*, and avoid *Blunders*, he must not think he's unmannerly treated, that I make him the Last of those *Weekly Writers*, that I challenge to a *Paper-Duell*.

Having shewn the Dark Side of Mr. *Gazet*, 'tis but Justice to him that I shew his Light; for as *Bishop Tillotson* says, (a) 'If there were any need that a Man shou'd be evil spoken of, 'tis but fair and equal, that his good and bad Qualitys shou'd be mention'd together, otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an Indifferent Man may be made a Monster—— Therefore, as I've nam'd the Blunders of Mr. *Gazet*, 'tis also fit that I tell his Virtues. And here I shall do him the Justice to say, That in all Capacities (but that of an Author) Mr.

(a) Arch-Bishop Tillotson's Works. P. 515.

Gazet is an excellent Person. 'Twas Eminent Loyalty and Virtue that did first direct him in the *Way to Honour*, and they do not leave him now he's in it, but are his constant Attendants, and resolve to accompany his whole Preferment.

He merits the *P O S T* that he has at Court; and tho' he's no *Critick at writing News*, yet he's a Person of great Integrity, and does not make any wilfull Mistake: So that we may well forgive him a *Few Blunders* in Writing, for, to make amends, he is almost perfect in *Loyalty, Justice, Charity, and every other Virtue.*

In a Word, take him with all his Faults, he's a Pattern for Imitation, and wou'd be accounted more than *Humane*, (by those that know him) were not one Part of him *Mortal*. However, 'tis his first Care and Endeavour to make this *Mortal Part* of him such as may make it apparent to the World, how great an *Excellency* may be the Companion of so much *Frailty*.

Reader, learn by this Character, never to slander a *Man till you know him thoroughly*. For, as *Satyrical as Fox* is upon this Author, (and indeed his many *Blunders* have given Occasion for it) yet you see by a *REVIEW* of his Life and Virtues, that *Mr. Gazet* is a *Finish'd Christian*. And tho' I affront his *HONOUR* so far, as to make him the the Last of those *Weekly Authors* that may expect an Answer, (if they snarle at the Author of this *Journal*) yet my Design en't to Expose his frequent *Blunders*, but rather to excite him to such *ACCURACY*, in all future Gazets, that even Envy it self may not be able to find more Faults in his Writings than the most *Critical Eye* is able to see in his Life and Practice.

Thus have I finish'd *The Secret History of the Weekly Writers, viz.* ——— *The Review* ——— *Observer* ——— *Gazet* ——— *Flying-Post* ——— *Post-Man* ——— *Post-Boy* ——— *Dayly-CONRANT* ——— and the *English-Post* ——— *Now,*

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 107

Now, if you ask me which of these Eight Newspapers are the best, I should answer——— *They are all best*——— For, *The Observer* is best to T O W E L the Jacks, &c.——— *The Review* is best to promote Peace——— *The Flying-Post* is best for the scotch News——— *The Post-Boy* is best for the English and Spanish News——— *The Dayly Courant* is the best Critick——— *The English Post* is the best Collector——— *The London Gazette* has the best Authority——— And the *Post-Man* is the best for every thing——— And they are all so Good (or rather Best) as to deserve an Answer, if they quarrel with this Journal.

I have here challeng'd Eight of our *Weekly Writers* to a Paper Duell; and as they are Men of Learning and Worth, I hope they'll accept of it.

But as to——— *The Rehearsal*——— *Moderator*——— *Wandering Spy*——— *London Post*——— *Interloping Whiffler*, &c.——— they are such a R A B B L E (a) of *Hackney Scriblers*, they merit no Place in our Panegyrick Journal. But tho' they are kick'd out for Wranglers in this Place, yet they are all Whip'd in *The Secret History* annex'd to my *Living Elegy*. I have often wonder'd what shou'd perfwade *The Rehearsal*, and his *Hackney Brethren*, to write so much of Religion and Government, (for that is their usual Theam) if you say their Eyes are not open to discern their own Weakness, and the Ill Success of their Tackling Projects; I wonder the more how they can see to write in the Dark——— But be it as 'twill, they have no Right to a Panegyrick, (and indeed, are not worth my Satyr) but for this once I have given them a few Lashes in my *Living Elegy*, P. 16, 17, 19, 24, 41.

Having dispatch'd *The Secret History* (or Panegyrick on the *Weekly Writers*) I'll conclude this *Second Part* of my *Journal* with the Character of my Worthy Friend,

(a) As is prov'd in my *Living Elegy*. P. 34.

Mr. George Larkin Senior.

HIS *very Life is a sort of Panegyrick on Dunton's Misfortunes*—— He has been my constant Friend for Twenty Five Years, and the first Printer I had in *London (a)*—— He is of an even Temper, not Elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her Frowns: And tho' his Stars have not been kind to him, (he having had great Losses) yet he has born all with a great Presence of Mind.

He is a particular Vorary of the Muses, and I have seen some of his Poems (especially that upon Friendship) that can't be Equal'd—— He formerly writ *A Vision of Heaven, &c.* (which contains many nice and curious Thoughts) and has lately Publish'd *An Ingenious Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing*; which will immortalize his Name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself.

His Conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the Purpose——

A Friend is born for Adversity; and sure I am Mr. *George Larkin* does sympathize with me in all I suffer, and I was going to say in all I think—— I ever thought my Acquaintance with Mr. *Larkin* a special Blessing; for, like *The Glow-worm, (the Emblem of true Friendship)* he has still shin'd to me in the Dark. *True Friendship, like the Rose, flourishes best amongst Thorns.* I hate a Noise where there's no Performance. And in this we are both agreed, for *George is no Summer-Friend*, but (like my self) loves a Friend the better for being poor and miserable. So that in *George Larkin* I have a true Friend, and one that loves me—— I am his Soul, he lives not, but in me; nor can I

(a) As was formerly hinted in the History of my Life and Errors. P. 325.

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons 109

act without him—— His Bosom is a safe Closet, where I can securely lock up all my Complaints, my Doubts and Secrets, and look how I leave, so I find 'em—— We are so clos'd within each others Breasts, the Rivers are not found that joyn'd us first, that does not reach us yet—— We are so mix'd as meeting Streams, both to our selves are lost.

We are one MASS, we cou'd not give or take, but from the same; for George is I, I George—— We are Two Souls transform'd into one; our Joys and Griefs are the same.

All Kindness done to him, is the same as done to my self.

*Yes, Dear George Larkin, my Esteem for thee
Is equal to thy Worth and Love for me:
Oh dearer than my Soul! If I can call it mine,
For sure we have the same, 'tis very Thine.
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire,
And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire,
But 'tis a Warmth that must with thee Expire.*

But why shou'd I say **Expire**? For, tho' Death shou'd divide our Bodys, that's all it can do; for our Souls have a true Sympathy for each other, and will meet and carefs were we **Dead and Bury'd**.

*Thus we may double Bliss, stol'n Love, enjoy;
And all the Spight of Place and Death defy;
For ever thus we might each other bless,
For none cou'd trace out this new Happiness,
No Make-bate here, to spoil or make it less.*

By a Sympathy, or Intercourse of Souls, (a new Way of Converse which Friendship has found out) in **Life** or **Death**, we are never parted.

So that nothing can deprive me of the Enjoyment of my Friend, while I enjoy my self—— If I have any Joy when he is absent, (were such a Thing possible) 'tis

110 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

'tis in his **PICTURE** (which Adorns my Chamber) or in his **LETTERS**, that divert my Mind.

Cowley says—— *There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings*—— and *George Larkin* is one of 'em, He is **ALL**, and the only Man I can call a Friend; and therefore **Larkin**, (in thy Death) I bid Friendship an **Eternal Farewel**; except (*Phoenix-like*) from thy Ashes another *Larkin* cou'd arise, and then I can't say but I might enter on a **NEW FRIENDSHIP**, for I love to look on thy Image, (tho' but in a dead picture) and shall ever receive thy Children with Honourable Mention of thy Name. *But why do I talk of Survivors?* **NO!** Part us, and you kill us: For when Soul and Body part, 'tis Death. Then Live, my better **Half**, and add to thy **64** (for thy *Blooming Looks and Temperance speaks as much*) **150 Years**; that so by living to the Age of **PARR**, thou mayst give me *all my self*, for thou art **all!** So great our **Union** is, if I have any Life, or Pleasure, unknown to thee, I grudge it to my self, Methinks I rob thee of thy Part.

Then let us Publish the **Banns of Union**, and Sign **Articles of Friendship**, that so by a *Marriage of Souls*, our Friendship may be **Immortal**.

In a Word, Mr. Larkin is that **NOBLE** (*undesigned*) Thing we call a Friend; and was ever so from the first Moment I saw him: And which makes me Respect him the more, he is the **ONLY FRIEND** in the World of whom I can positively say, he will never be otherwise.—— *Friend!* The Name of *Friend's* too narrow for him, and I want a Word that is more significant, so Express him. So that Mr. Larkin is my **ALTER EGO**, or rather my very self in a better **Edition**. And to Sum up his Character in Nine Words, **Whatever he does, 'tis upon the Account Civil**——
Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same Name and Trade with himself; and **Four Grandsons**, (besides **Larkin How**, his Grandson by his Daughter) which (*Humanely speaking*) will transmit his Name to the End of Time.

Dunton's

DUNTON'S JOURNAL. Part. III.

OR, THE

Whoring-Pacquet.

BEING,

NEWS of the St—ns and
Kept M—s's, &c.

I Am now come to *The Third and last Part of my Journal*, which I call *Athenian News*, and for this Time—— *The Whoring-Pacquet*—— which will be follow'd with—— *The Chaste Pacquet*—— *The Scholar's Pacquet*—— *The Usurer's Pacquet*—— *The Wedding Pacquet*, &c. —— and so on, till I have directed—— *A Distinct Pacquet*—— to all Ranks and Professions of Men.

I begin this *Journal* with—— *The Whoring-Pacquet*—— as *Uncleanliness* is a National Sin, and deserves *Lashing* as often as we can get *Intelligence* enough upon that Subject, to fill a *Pacquet*; which we have now done, as appears by *the following Letters*, the First of which was thus Directed.

To the Author of the Whipping-Post.

S I R,

A Letter sent by a Marry'd Woman, to a Person of Quality, who tempt'd her to desert her Husband.

TH E many Women I have Debauch'd with Money, and Promises of Marri-
age, made me (*almost*) conclude, that few Women were Chaste any longer than till a Temptation offer'd; but I'm now convinc'd to the Contrary: For, I fell lately in Love with a Marry'd Woman, and promis'd to allow her a Hundred a Year, provided she'd Desert her Husband.

This Person was Young and Pretty, but much Reduc'd, her Husband being beyond Sea; so that I did not doubt her Compliance; and the rather, as her Husband had given her the *Foul Disease*, and she must either go to the Hospital for Cure, or accept of it at my Charge. I was so charm'd with her Person, I was willing to be at any Expence to make her fit for my Conversation; but instead of her accepting my Proposal, she sent me the following Letter; which having had so good Effect upon me, as to make me forsake my former Course, I'm willing you shou'd insert it in the *Whipping-Post*, in Hopes it may be as Serviceable to others, as it was to me—— The Letter was this, *viz.*

S I R,

THIS Letter (instead of my Self) comes to give you a Meeting; for I'll not come so near the Temptation as to parly with it. I desire to continue in my known Duty to God and Man, and do absolutely reject your vile Proposal; I call it so, as the Tempting any Woman to the Breach of her Marriage-Vow, is a double Sin, (for if she Consents, she adds Perjūry to Uncleanness.) And tho' 'tis true, my Husband has prov'd false, yet he has ask'd my Pardon, and I do forgive him; and he now sends me Word,
that

The Whoring-Pacquet. 113

that when he comes to England, he'll get me cur'd. But were my Husband ne'er so unkind, or false, his Adulteries wou'd no ways excuse mine; and therefore I'll listen to no Temptations, (were they never so great:) For I shall find more Pleasure in reflecting upon a sober Life, (and so will you too, when you begin to Think) than in the most gainful Transgression; and tho' you promise to get me cur'd, yet your Design is to wrong my Husband; and therefore, tho' I met you by Chance, and promis'd you a Second Meeting; to get rid of your Importunities, yet I shou'd not think myself sa'e, if I shou'd comply so far as to give you a Second Meeting; which I never will, having consider'd of it: For, 'tis not all your Estate can restore that Peace of Conscience which you attempt to wound. And I'm so much your Friend, as to advise you to Repent; and you have great Encouragement to it: For he that repents of his Sin, and forsakes it, shall find Mercy. But Sir, however you act your self, I'll ne'er agree to your lewd Proposal; for I'd rather live upon Bread and Water, than unlawful Gain: And therefore affront me no more with your Billets; for neither you, nor any Man else, shall ever corrupt my Resolutions of living Virtuously: For, tho' my Husband shou'd never return, and I be forc'd to go to an Hospital, yet, if it please God to restore my Health, I can maintain my self, and will not be beholden to any unlawful Way for a Lively-hood ———
I shall only add, Did you know the Pleasures of an Innocent Life, instead of Raving, you'd b: Thankful for this Disappointment, sent to you by

Your True Friend, &c.

In my REMARKS upon this Letter, I shall first observe, That the Devil is **Primp-General** to the World; not a Piece of **WHOREDOM** (whether it be Fornication, Incest, Adultery, &c.) that any Person ever commits, but he is as one at it; by his Enticements to it: He finds and furnishes with Fuel for Lust; and as he knows all the Adulteress, &c. does now, so he will tell all she has done hereafter; where and when, and with whom she has play'd the Whore.

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114 The Whoring-Pacquet.

The Gentleman that tempted this *Chaste Woman* was a Man of Estate and Quality; but I must be so BOLD with his Titles as to tell him, 'tis not his *Knighthood, &c.* or *great Riches*, can lessen his Sin. No! *The Whoremasters of Quality* (especially the *Keeping Cullis*) are as much more guilty than others, as they are higher than they: And yet how does our Kingdom stink of these *Kind Keepers of Quality*? There's the D—— of —— declares he cou'd love his Wife above all Women in the World, if she were not his Wife—— R—— KEEPS a Whore. And my L—— E—— (with a'l his Politicks) is little better—— Sir Charles —— follows his lewd Example; The *Keeping-Cullis* thinks he's out of t' e Fashion, if he han't Two Miss's to drain his Purse.

But I wish I cou'd say that *Keeping, &c.* is only a *Male-Vice*. No alas, this *Whoring-Pacquet* wou'd be very Imperfect, if I did not acquaint the Reader there is *The Keeping Lady* (as well as the *Keeping Lord*) who is at a Yearly Expence (as much as is here offer'd to this *Marry'd Woman* to desert her Husband) for a Man that she wou'd have Constant; but she is scarce so her self; for *Keeping Ladys* are doubly Impudent. Whilst Sin is Modest it may be heal'd, but if it once grow BOLD, the Fester spreads above all Hopes of Cure — *The Keeping Ladys* when their St——ns are absent, will now and then converse with the *Gentleman Usher*, or the *Footman* (when they can catch him) for Variety. Nay, the *Keeping Lady* is grown so Rampant, that rather than not be fristy'd, she will taste her *Page*, will secretly admit a *Groom* into her Arms, will Practice with her *Doctor*, and take *Physick* in a Close Room.

There's the D——s of C—— has G—— and a He-Friend, wherever she goes—— The Lady E—— has her Two St——ns—— And Madam P—— is as well Mann'd—— And most Women have a Tang of this Rambling Fancy.

The Discoverys sent to me of the *Keeping Ladys*, wou'd fill a Volume.

In the First Place, for the well ordering their *Militia*, there's the C—— of F—— has pass'd thro'

thro' all the Officers in *Venus Wars*, from a Corporal to a Colonel, and seldom talks of any other Subject but *Who with Who, &c.*

The Lady *T*——— wou'd fain be Young; she sings the *Lamentation of a Sinner* for the Death of *B*———; but above all, for the Irreparable Loss she had in *Tom S*——— when *Felpied* got him from her.

Madam *O*———s Sins are as big as her Body, and her *St*———n better known in the *Pall mall* than he is at her own House in *Sob*———.

The Lady *A*——— is one of the greatest Courfers upon the *New Exchange*, she out-drinks a *Dutch Man*, out-whores a *French Man*, and has *Two Strings to her Bow*.

K———m lives in a *Scottish Mist*, betwixt Light and Dark-ness: So that groping often for Truth, she now and then lays hold upon the Preacher, and puts him beside the Text.

Madam *H*——— plays Above-board with Mr. *N*——— Under-board with Mr. *B*——— and is somewhat of *K I N* to the *Goodwin Sands*, having swallow'd up many *Famyls, Earls, Lords, and Knights, Innumerable*; among whom is Sir *L*——— who has now taken a Journey to *Naples*.

The Lady *G*——— plays at all Games, and having run thro' *A System of Debauchery*, is now (neither better nor worse than) a *Keeping Lady*, and so intends to continue; for her *Husband* (tho' Young and Rich) is one of the *Contented Cuckolds*; yet take him with *Horns and all*, and he's a very Formidable Monster.

I might proceed in *The History of the Lewd Keepers, of both Sexs*, but designing a *Concubine Pacquet*, (or *History of the Royal Misses*, from *William the Conqueror*, to the *D*———s of *C*———) I shall reserve my further Discovery on this Head, as a proper *Appendix to that Pacquet*.

I shall now return to my *REMARKS* on that Chaste and Excellent Woman who despis'd the Title and Salary of a *Kept Miss*, chusing rather to beg, than to live such a *Lewd and Infamous Life*.

And here (as was noted before) tho' the Devil be *Pimp-General* to all the Whoredomes that ever were,

Yet (as this Woman observes) *Every Temptation we overcome, will be a shining Jewel in our Crown of Victory* — 'Tis true, where many Temptations be Dayly and Hourly Assaulding, and violent Siege laid to our Chastity, we had need have Expert Capains to Marshal our Troops, (to wit) our Passions, and prepared Minds to withstand the Violence of Siege

Most think, that if, with Balaam, they desire to die the Death of the Righteous, it is enough. But this Virgious Person (mention'd in the Relation) knew her DUTY TO GOD AND MAN; and was for dedicating her whole Time and Affections to God; which had such a good Effect, as to convert an old Sinner from the Evil of his Ways. And one would think the Conversion of this Gentleman should be a great Encouragement to other Women, to despise the most specious Offers that tend to debauch 'em, for by this young Woman's preferring an Hospital to a Settlement of a Hundred a Year, it brought this Person (who had corrupted the Chastity of many Women, as he owns himself) not only to a Sense of his Sin, but to believe there was something more delightful in Religion, than in a Wicked Life. And would other Wantons retire a little into their own Bosoms. (or, as this Woman expresses it, *BEGIN TO THINK*) they'd soon see that their Lewd Practices will end in the Ruin of their Health and Estates, and (without Repentance) in the Loss of their Souls.

You see this poor Woman was of this Opinion, and therefore chuses rather to LIVE UPON BREAD AND WATER, (they are her own Words) than to live Plentifully, with the Loss of her Innocence. And her refusing to give her Tempter a SECOND MEETING, shews her Sincerity in this Matter; for we should hold no Dispute against any Temptation to Uncleaness: To dispute with it, is the way to be overcome by it. Hat the Temptation but speak for it self, and before you are aware it insinuates it self into the Bosom of you; and it is in your Heart, before you can see it got into your Head; with an unseen Fire, and invisible Power, it melts you into Softness, and dissolves you

you into Yielding: And therefore this Virtuous Person give it no Consideration, (she'd not come so near the Temptation as to parly with it) but run away from it, as *Joseph* did from his Tempting Mistress. And as these Instances are very rare, (even so rare, that this Gentleman once thought there was no such thing as a Chaste Woman) so she ought to be had in Eternal Honour; for such Persons, were they known, wou'd be better rewarded for their Virtue than Whores are for their Lewdness.

The following Letter was sent to me by an unknown Person; and as it gives a brief Character of a *Strumpet*, *Town Bully*, and *Common Whore*, is here Publish'd as a Warning to Lewd Persons.

S I R,

YOU invite us to send you all the Discoverys we meet in the *Works of Darknes*, I shall therefore (that I may encourage your Whipping Project) send you the last *Night's Adventure*, which may chance to give you some Mirth in the Perusal. Imagine me therefore newly discharg'd from my Closet, yet smelling of Philosophy, and bent on an Evening Ramble, I made the Tour of *Drury-Lane*, and having enter'd a Stale Tavern, I call'd for a Room without Ceremony (as you see, I begin the Relation) and grop'd up Stairs very happily, but ne'er did Malefactor mount a Ladder with more Concern, since *Tyburn* was Erected; however, possessing some Grains of *Stoicism*, by the Influence of *Collier's Antonius* (Mr. S ——— left me) I suppress'd my Apprehensions pretty Philosophical; A nasty Drab follows me up ——— What do you please to drink Sir? A Quartan of Brandy ——— She congeed, and stroll'd down again; in the mean Time I examin'd the Curiosities and Antiquities of the Chamber, where the First Thing that encounter'd my Eyes, was a *Bed*, as deform'd as a *Dog-Kennel*, tho' I recollected afterwards, that perhaps they Slept promiscuously ——— Allowing this to my Fancy for a tolerable Excuse, I remov'd to the Hangings, which proclaim'd to loud the loose
Siege

Sieges and Battles they had undergone, that the veriest Infidel would ha' granted it without injuring his Character—— A *Truckle-Bed* was under, so that I drew the Curtains, and a Consequence too as fullom, what when the Beds were so insulting and paramount, What must the *Gypse* themselves be? By this Time the *Dowd* was come up again with her Liquor, as black as *Syx*, and unactive as *Lethe* it felt; accordingly she told me she had giv'n it a *Dash o' White*, to make it more Palatable, for which Reason I durst'n't drink it, lest the oblivious Creature should ha' spoil'd my Revenge, which I meditated; I had the Patience to make her my Taster, she swoop'd it off at one Gulp—— Hant' you got a Room with more of the Sun in't, I'm an Admirer of Light? Yes; yes, Sir, here *Cicely*, threw the Gentleman into the *Bristol*, I follow'd my Guide Sir, like *Aeneas* thro' the Shades, she made a Halt, and told me I must turn in there. I was left desolate in the Dungeon (for this Paradise of theirs was no better) desolate, and had certainly concluded it Hell, had not this happy Thought come into my Head, that the Way to't was broad and easy, whereas this might ha' led me to *Heaven*, by the *Narrowness* on't. As I was smooking *Mundungus* and musing on the *Stars*, whole malignant Influence I felt, e'en in that lamentable Apartment, in bolts a Facetious Fop, with an *ha! ha! Sir!* in his Teeth, and a miserable Air of Pleasantry in his Aspect; so this is the *He Devil* I concluded: He address'd me with the Familiarity of Seven Years Acquaintance, and being a *Bully* (or *Rake*) that beleng'd to the *Nany-House*, (to protect the Bawd if there be Occasion) I'll here give you his Character——

The Character of a RAKE.

A *Rake* is the Reverse of his Name, who has usually been either too much indulged or too much restrain'd under the Care of his Father. When the Old Man goes under Ground, and the Estate comes to the Young Squire, he first begins to qualify at the Dancing-School and the Play-House; at the Former he learns to put off his Hat, to hold up his Head, and walk upright with his Arms hanging down like a Pair of *Sicks*, how to make his *Ingress* and *Egress*, and salute the Company; together with the necessary Accomplishments of dancing a *Minuet*, a *Loree*, &c. Thus far there's no Harm in it. At the Play-House he learns to swear in the *Fashion*, his Imagination is debauch'd, and he falls a Drinking and Whoring, Two Diversions, that abating the Sin, have nothing but Prisons, Discales and Death at the Heels of 'em. In the Business of W—— ring, so long as his Patrimony can support it, he flies at high Game, carries his Breeches full of *Billet-Deux*, *Assignations*, &c. What the Old Gentleman took abundance of Care to get and secure, he lets fly like Gun-powder upon *Diamond Rings*, *Gold Watches*, &c; for his *Phyllis*. Then he must treat her with Plays, Balls, Revels, and *Malquerades*, and hire a Coach, and Attendants twice

a Year down to Bath, Epsom, or Tunbridge. Upon the Cloudy Temper of his Charmer, she must have a Pearle Necklace, Gold Locket, &c. In a little while Debts and Distempers growing upon him in Proportion, He's thrown to rot in a Jayl or an Hospital, where he usually dies an Atheist for the Relief of his Conscience.

Getting clear of the Rake, (whose Character I have given you) I withdrew for my greater Safety, into a Light Room next the Street: I was no sooner enter'd into this Apartment, (which was hung round with Obscene Pictures) but a young Buxom Girl (I suppose a Plyer to this Nany-House) us'd all her Alluring Arts to tempt me to ——— but her very Impudence cool'd all my Amorous Heat. And as I hate a Whore, (were it for nothing else but her Impudence) so that all others may do the same, I here send you ———

The Character of a TOWN-MISS.

MISS is a well bred Name, which the Civility of the present Age bellows upon one, who by the Ill Nature and Indecency of former Times, was stild *Whore* and *Strumpet*. She's a cheerful Companion for a young Squire, or a Gentleman, that's over-grown in the Purse; She differs pretty much from a Common Prostitute, and your Night-Walker, tho' which of 'em is the greater Sinner, seems hard to determine. So long as her Credit and her Charms are current, she deals by Wholesale; but upon the Decay of these, thro' Use, and the Length of Time, she enlarges her Acquaintance, and bargains her self away by Retail, to all Comers for Half-Crowns, a Pair of Gloves, &c. She's the proper Business of Gallants, the Citizen's Diversion, an Estate in Fee Tail for a Lawyer, a necessary Experiment for Young Doctors and Chyrurgions, and a comfortable importance for the P——ns. Her Rise is frequently from a Waiting Woman to my Lady, where the Coach-Man, the Foot-Boy, and perhaps the ——— are oblig'd in their Turns; 'till Nature improves upon the Game, then she rubs off, with what Terms she can make, and takes a Garret in C——nt G——nt, or D——ry Lane, for 1s. 6d. per Week, 'till she brings forth the new Piece of Human Nature, and with the utmost Providence, puts it off in a Hand-Basket, to the Care of the Parish. Old Scores thus wip'd off, and her Conscience discharg'd, she begins to lay a new Scheme of Life. She Paints and Patches, keeps her Lips Fresh with Vermilion, learns to languish with her Eyes, and to flatter with her Fan, she studys Plays and Romances, and you'll meet her without Fail at the Play-House, when the Fifth Act is begun, because Entrance may be had, when the Play is far run, upon reasonable Terms. The first Game that offers, finds her wonderfully squeamish, she makes infinite Pretences to Honour and Conscience, but the Proposal of Articles quite ruins her, she melts down apace, and swears how dearly she loves him. The Flag thus hung out, and the Surrender agreed upon, why

Why then—— The next Visit he makes, she's all out of Humour, she wants such a Head Dress, something or other in Furbelow, and then, she's so much indebted to be sure; in short, she rings the Changes upon his Estate, 'till 'tis sunk; and his Credit suspected, and then she discards. She renews her Intreagues to the best Advantage she's able, 'till Diseases come on, with which she may struggle some Years, like a disabled Privateer, that has received many Shots between Wind and Water, she's oblig'd to put in frequently at Epsom, or Tunbridge, where she gets her Bottom refitted; but at last, Nature sinks, and she's thrown in an Hospital, too abominable to be touch'd with any Thing, but a Pair of Tongs, or a Feëue, where, if she has Time, she usually wants a Heart for Repentance.

S I R,

Having describ'd the Bully and She-Plyer, belonging to this (and I suppose every other) Nany-House, 'tis fit that I now inform you, that being sick of this Lewd and Insolent Crew, I knock'd for the Reckoning with the Hilt of my Sword, and came off Conqueror; I mean, I was no ways corrupted in this Frolick, but do now rejoyce at my great Deliverance, for no honest Man upon cool Consideration, wou'd have run the same Risk, for the Antiquated Taverns and blind Coffee Houses are most of 'em Nany-Houses; and the Informers keep strict Century o'er such Places: So that if a Man's surpris'd, let his Intentions be as innocent as an Angel's, his Purse and Reputation are both endanger'd. And therefore, as this was the first Night's Adventure I ever made, so I resolve it shall be the last. I am——

Your Humble Servant, &c.

Wou'd my Room allow it, the Whoring Pacquet had been much larger, for I have just now receiv'd,

1. A Discovery how one Maid got another with Child, being a strange Amusement to expose the Marriage-haters.

2. A pleasant Relation of a Man who wou'd believe he had made himself a Cuckold.

3. News from Dublin of a Young Woman who is got with Child by A — n G ——— with some serious Advice to that Aged Whoremaster—— with many Discoveries of Kept Misses and great Sellys, &c.

All which we reserve as a proper Appendix to the Concubine Pacquet.

I shall only add, My next will be The Wedding Pacquet: If therefore any young Gentlemen and Ladys can send me any Pleasant Discoverys (in Verse or Prose) as may properly be inserted in the Wedding Pacquet, if they send 'em to Claypool's Coffee-House in Swan Alley in Birchin-Lane, they shan't fail of a Place in our next Journal, with Remarks thereon, if there be Occasion.

F I N I S.

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

To which is Added,

The Lives, Religion, and Honesty of
the *Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, *Rehearsal*, *London C.—L*
(*alias Post*) *Interloping Whippers*, and the other *ATTACHERS* of my Person and Goods.

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

London: Printed in the Year 1766.

THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors.

My Generous Friends,

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

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A a z

4 *The Living Elegy: Or,*

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

“ There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings. FRIENDS!

“ What bad Word was that? Gentlemen, did you ever

“ see any of those Creatures? Are they Men and Women?

“ If they are, they come from Bantam, or Japan; for my

“ part, I never saw any such born in England. ———

“ 'Tis true, I have seen something like 'em, call'd by the

“ Delicate Name of Well-wishers; Persons that have it

“ often in their Mouths, Well, Mr.

The Character of “ Dunton, I'm glad to see you well,

a Summer-Friend. “ and shou'd mightily rejoyce if your

“ Mother wou'd lend you 500 l. or

“ your Sister B———— cou'd pay you, that you might dis-

“ charge your Debts, and be as happy as formerly; when

“ these Shadows of Friends wou'd not step over the

“ Threshold to do me a Kindness ——— So that except I'd

“ put my self in the Gazette, or stand at the Exchange,

“ like an Irish Man, with my Breeches full of Petitions,

“ delivering 'em like Doctor's Bills, to all I see, I shall

“ get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my Purse is

“ empty

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 3

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

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

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

ever

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

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

Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.* 7

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

(a) *My first Wife.*

prove this Letter *The Living Elegy*: So that my want of Money (in the Opinion of Fools and Enaves) hath chang'd my *Now Living Body* into a *Dead Carcase*. But if I can grow Rich, my *Summer-Friends* (like *Timon's Admirers*) will think me *alive* again, and be as sweet upon me as heretofore; and if I en't partial to my great Losses, I have as much Reason to expect this *Resurrection from Civil Death* [or *New Life of Credit*] as any Debtor whatever: For, Gentlemen, I do assure you, I am not more forward to ask *compassion* to my own Misfortunes, than I have been ready and willing to shew it to others in the same Circumstance (of which *Fineaux of Canterbury*, *R———d of St. Omers*, and *M———y of Cornhil*, are Three late Instances) but till that *Enlargement* happens, the *BEST*, (I might add the *ONLY*) Friends I have in the World, are my *VERY CREDITORS*, who have known my Life and Dealings for Twenty Years. But, tho' Gentlemen, by Trading with such as you, I have fallen into *Generous Hands*, yet it must be confess'd that *Debtors* are commonly the most abject Creatures in the World; and there be very few Traders (*your selves excepted*) while they pity and relieve 'em, but at the same Time have a great deal of Contempt for them; so little Reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, which has made us all *Debtors*, not having the least Right to the poorest Blessing upon Earth: (for what was given at our Creation, was forfeited by Rebellion) So that every Thing lives under a Necessity of owing something; for to God we owe all we have and are. And this *Debt I can never pay*—— But as to your selves, Gentlemen, (were my Name but cross'd in your Books) I'd owe you, not to any Man, any thing else but Love, (Rom. 13. 8.)

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

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 9

good Opinion. ' Indeed, all Men under a Cloud, are
' call'd *Knaves and Maggots*; but 'tis a Word I cou'd
' never digest, and by the Grace of God, I will never de-
' serve it: Yet I can't deny but most Men OWE not only
' their Learning to their Plenty, but likewise their Virtue
' and their Honesty. For, how many Thousands are there
' in the World, in great Reputation for their Honest and
' Just Dealings with Mankind, who if they were put to
' their shifts, (as others, as honestly inclin'd, are) wou'd
' soon lose their Reputation, and be as I L L thought of, as
' they now think of such as are *Poor and Insolvent*. (a)
And for that Reason, I have ever had a great Aver-
sion to be in Debt, in Small as well as in Greater
Matters: I suppose (Gentlemen) most of you will own
this, when you call to mind my *Evening with you* (and
all the World) every six Months. 'Twas this made ye
FORWARD to trust me for Twenty Years; (the
Time I Traded in Publick(b) and as ready to Compassi-
onate that Melancholy Circumstance, some People's
Unnatural Avarice had laid me under—— You
consider'd when I ceas'd to be less Punctual than former-
ly, that 'twas owing to my *Great Losses*, and not to any
Neglects or Injustice. For this Reason, (like *Generous*
Creditors) my Misfortunes did but excite and enlarge
your Friendship; for you have been as willing to trust
me since I liv'd *Incognito*, (and out of your Reach) as
you were when the World smil'd: So that the 200 l.
I am still Indebted, is chiefly owing to the Trust you
gave me since *D——y* (and my *Summer Friends*) treated
me like a Bankrupt——

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

(a) See the *History of my Life*. P. 230.

(b) viz. In *Princes-street*—— *St. Pauls*——
And *Jewen-street*——

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

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

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

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

No

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 11

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

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

'Tis the Misfortune of some Men to run in Debt to **M E E R U P S T A R T S**; (I mean such as are distinguish'd from all others, by their Ingratitude to their old Friends) And the *Insults and Contempt* they frequently meet with on that Account, are such as no Flesh can bear—— But Sir, *John* was only treated ill, because his Money was spent: But my *Summer Friends* have quite mistaken my Case, for to return to my *Generous Creditors*——

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

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

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

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

(a) *H——* and *M——*

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

(c) In Possession and Reversion.

M——

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 13

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

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

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

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

(a) *The Moderator and Wandering Spy.*

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