

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

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

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

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

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

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 15

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

(a) To be Published in Parts.

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

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Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.* 17

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(a) The Earl of D———

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

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

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

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 23

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

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

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

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

(the

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 25

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

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

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

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

(b) *Rehearsal* Numb. 57.

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

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

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

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

(b) See his Rehearsal, Numb. 50.

(c) In his Rehearsal, Numb. 18

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

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

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

(a) *Rehearsal Numb. 32.* (b) See his *Rehearsal Numb. 26*
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For his Religion (if he have any) it is altogether for Liberty of Conscience; but whilst he keeps loose his own, he stickles hard for an *Occasional Bill* to bind other Mens ——— He wou'd make a bad MARTYR, and a good TRAVELLER, for his Conscience is so large, he cou'd never wander out of it; and in *Amsterdam* (as much as he hates Dissenters) cou'd pass for a stiff Independent: For Things that are Furious, never last; and he that's a *Bigotted Church-man* to Day, wou'd (shou'd the Wind of Government turn) be as much a Dissenter to Morrow. (a) “ By which it appears 'tis the “ Moderate Man credits Religion, and that the Way to “ Heaven lies between all Extreams ——— (b)

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

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

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

Yet

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(b) Rehearsal Numb. 16.

(c) See his Rehearsal, Numb. 2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I cou'd enlarge, but he is an *Everlasting Argument*; and I am weary of him, and perhaps some will think I have said too much; but I've dwelt the longer on this Character, that *L*——y (and the other *A T T A C H E R S* of my *Person and Goods*) may see what a pretty *Figure* they make when they are drawn at Length——

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

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

E c

Revenge

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

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

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

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

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

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 41

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

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

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

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

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

40 Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors.

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Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 41

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

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



Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 43

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 45

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors*. 47

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

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

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

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

and the more he is in Travel, the less he brings forth. (a)
 Nay, *Wi*—— is such a meer DOLT (of a Poet)
 that he takes such Pains to make a Verse, (or a little
 Nonsense Tag'd with Rhime,) that at the Birth of Each,
 he twists his Face as if he drew a Tooth. He blots
 and writes, and sometimes HUNTS an Hour, with
 the whole Kennel of the Alphabet, for one single Rhime.
 And all this Pains is only to make him a Poor Ragged
 Scoundrel; and (to do him Justice) he does not desire
 to be thought otherwise: For, in his Poem——
 To the Scriblers (b) he there says——

“ Now; Brother Scriblers, let me tell ye,
 “ Bare Lines will never fill the Belly;
 “ This Poem, and that Satyr too,
 “ As little for the Back will do;
 “ And often 'tis the Fate of many
 “ A Poet, not to have one Penny:
 “ But like Philosophers of Old,
 “ Thro' Pocket-Holes you may behold
 “ Their A—se exposed to the Cold. }
 “ Hard Hap indeed it is of Wit,
 “ But so the Fates do think it fit:
 “ And seldom 'tis they dispence
 “ Money to the same Man, and Sense.
 “ But why is Gold such a cross Devil? (c)
 “ When you are so submissive and civil,
 “ To pawn your very souls, and Sense
 “ To Hell, and eve-y Soul for Pence.
 “ Yet ne'er a Broker in the Town, (d)
 “ On Wit would lend you Half a Crown.
 “ Who then wou'd Scribe that has Sense?
 “ That cannot live on Abstinence.

(a) Of which his *Baboon Satyr* is a Notable Instance:
 Or if I mistake the Title, 'tis no Great Matter, for his
 Poems are such meer Stuff, they are all alike condemn'd
 to the Bog-house.

(b) To be found in *Wi*——'s Hymn to Money, P. 15

(c) (d) These Two Lines are a little altered from what
 they are in The Hymn to Money.

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Gentlemen—— if you wonder why these Verses are
 Lame and Foolish, you must know they Sympathize with
 the Author; for in his *Hymn to Money*, he there
 says, “ He hath been so long beating the Hoof in Quest
 “ of Money, that he hath worn the Skin off his Ten-Toes:
 “ And no wonder (adds our Hackney) if the Fancy limp
 “ when the Body is uneasy—— So that *Wi*—— (by
 his own Confession) “ writes for Bread, and lives by
Disimulation—— But (with all his CUNNING and
Salvi) He is but a Numscul —— a Simpleton——
 a Rhiming Ass—— whole Life is but to laugh and be
 laugh'd at. Had *Wi*—— never pretended to P O E-
 T R Y, he might have past for a Half-Witted Fellow;
 (which is a Quarter more than he has) for he is
 something the Less unwise that's unwise but in Prose.
 But when a Goose dances, and a Fool versifies, there is
 sport alike. He's twice an Ass, that's a Rhiming one;
 which is the Case with Respect to *Wi*—— for he is
 only a WIT in Jest, and a FOOL in Earnest; and
 yet (like a Right Hackney) he's so big of himself, that
 when he has writ any thing that has past with Applause,
 he is always Re-acting it alone, and conceits the Ex-
 tacy his Hearers were in at every Period—— Nay,
 he's so Vain and Foolish, as to hope in Time to be
 P O E T - L A U R E A T—— For, in his [*Advice to*
the Sons of Parnassus] he there says,

“ Don Projectero still in vain,
 “ Plagu'd with the Wind-mills in his Brain,
 “ By Scribling strives to raise Himself
 “ Unto the Laurel, and to Pelf.

For this Reason he is always talking of *Dryden*,
Congreve, and *New Poems*, &c. For tho' he knows no-
 thing, he wou'd not have the World know so much.—
 Or if he have any Wit, he wears it as *Bravo's* do
 their Swords, to mischief and offend others, not as
 Gentlemen, to defend themselves—— In a Word,
 He's a meer Empty Fellow; and tho' he talk

much of the *Question Oracle, Learning, and Athenian Catechisms*,
 (a) he learns all from Talking; Two Encounters with the
 same Man Pumps him, and then he only puts in, or
 (GRAVELY) says nothing—— In a Word, his
New-Years-Gift shews he has taken Pains to be an *Ass*,
 tho' not to be a *Scholar*; and where he is known,
 his *POEMS* are banter'd and laugh'd at——

Gentlemen—— having given *Wi——*'s Character
 as a *Poetaster*, I shall next consider him as a *PER-*
FUMER (or Master of Half a Dog-hole in *L——n*
H——l——s——t)—— And here I shou'd
 tell the World, He has been *A Printer* (b)—— *A*
Salesman—— *A Taylor*—— *A Pattern-Drawer*——
A Jack of all Trades—— But he thriv'd in none,
 and broke of all: So that he stinks in the Nostrils of
 all he dealt with. 'Tis true, he endeavours to *Sweeten*
his Credit again with *Perfume* and *Wash-balls*; (c) but
 he stinks so Rank of the *Doctaster*, he'll *B——ke*
 again with an *ILL SMELL*: For in *Jack Wi——*
 The *Perfumer* and *Poet* are Synonymous Terms; and he
 that *SETS UP FOR A POET* Sets up for a
 Beggar. (*Wi——* a Poet, then *Wi——* a Beggar!)
 His Mind to him a Kingdom is, but 'tis a Kingdom
 wanting *Form and Matter*.

When Beadle Death does him at last attend,
Let him go where he will, in this he's sure to mend,
Death kindly House and Land provides him, more
(Besides the Cage) than e'er he had before.
Thrice miserable they, whom Want and Fate
Eternal Mumpers made at Learning's Gate;
Their Souls indeed they Cram with Notions High,
But let poor Colon live by Sympathy:
To Honourable Beggars they give Place,
Lean Younger Brothers of the Lowest Race.

(a) *Wi——*'s *New-Years-Gift*, P. 6.

(b) Or if he want a Printer, he intended to be so.

(c) The Trifles he now Sells.

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But to proceed in my Account of *Wi——* as he's (now) a *SWEETNER* in *l——d——n——H———l* *S———t*: And here I find he *B———sh———tes* (instead of *PERFUMES*) his whole Conversation.

For *Bill*, he's a meer *Wack-bate*, and wou'd set Man and Wife at Dissention the *first Day* of their *Marriage*, and Children and Parents the *last Day* of their *Lives*.

He's Old Dog at *Sc———ing* of Mutton, his very Courtship and Wedding was *T———ft*; and where he can't *Int———gue*, he'll be sure to make Mischief. To prove this, consult the Angry Vintner in *T———by street*, or his *Satyr on my Chaste Wife*, in his *New-Years-Gift*, P. 7. Nor will Innocence ever be safe, or Conversation honest, 'till such as he *leave the World the shortest way*. (I mean, 'till he's fairly Hang'd.)

And as for making of Mischief, so for *Lying and Slander*, (all the *High-Flights* this Poet can call his own) commend me to *Jack Wi———*. He tells the World, "*That I shall pay D——y — M——ls ——— and*" "*H———l, the shortest Way, and that my whole Estate*" "*lies in Reversion———* Whereas, *D———y* has given a Receipt in full —— *M———ls* (the *Second Attacher*) is wholly paid——— And *H———l* was offer'd (a) Ten Shillings f' th' Pound, and refus'd to take it, as not doubting of Full Payment ——— Or had I been as Poor and Needy as this *E——k——n Salesman*, &c. wou'd represent me, yet *Wi———* shou'd have been the Last shou'd have made it known; for his *PERFUMES* stink so much, no *Printer* will trust him with Two Farthings; and therefore he might well cry (b)

" As poor as any Howlet still,
 " A Curse that doth attend the Quill;
 " Hence Buttocks bare look thro' my Breeches,
 " Which more abound in Rags than Riches.

(a) By a Stranger to me.

(b) In his *New-Years-Gift*, P. 5, 6.

Gentlemen, eu't this a SWEET FELLOW, to tell my Printers, &c. " *I shou'd ne'er pay 'em? When 'tis thought his whole Estate (either in PERFUMES, or beyond the Skies (a)) won't pay for that Doggrel Poem Entitled *A Hymn to Money* ——— for of 1500 Printed, he never Sold an Hundred; so that (for certain) his Printers can never expect a Farthing ——— And 'tis well if his *Very* Porter be ever paid: For, after Hawking a whole Day his *Hymn to Money*, left him so bare of CASH, that he did not sell enough to pay his Porter for his Day's Work ——— No wonder then he tells his Readers [in his *New-Years-Gift*, P. 8.]*

" *The Old Year's gone, the New Year's come,*
 " *My Tatters scarce will hide my Bum.*

But amongst other of his *Slipshodds*, he hath happily lost *Shame*; and this want supplies him in his *Shoe, Trade, Cloaths, Diet, &c.* ——— But tho he has *Home-spun Impudence*, (b) and can harp enough for his Back and Belly; yet were his Debts honestly paid, he has not a Rag to cover his Nakedness, but must (had he as much Innocence) live as they did in *Paradise*.

" *Who then wou'd follow that damn'd Trade,*
 " *By which he's Fool and Beggar made? (c)*

Then *Wi* ——— (for now my *Relentment's* over, I'll do thee all the Service I can) in meer *Compassion* to thy *W* ——— *k* ——— *n* *Circumstance*, I recommend to thee, to follow thy own Advice to the *S O T.* (d)

(a) See his *New-Years-Gift*. P. 7.

(b) 'Tis a Phrase of his own, in his *New-Years-Gift*. P. 2. ——— (c) See his *Hymn to Money*. P. 7.

(d) See *Wi* ———'s *Hymn to Money*. P. 14.

" Or beg, or starve, which you like best,
 " In Aged Rags and Tatters dress;
 " Or else in stinking Jail mayst lie
 " Till freed by D——'s Charity.
 " Or if so be thou lo'st Command,
 " Boldly upon the High-way stand,
 " Break open Houses, learn to dive,
 " Some Men by Theft and Sharping thrive;
 " And at the worst thou'lt have this hope,
 " To mount to Heaven by the Rope.

Our Doctastor (for Grub street Wits are usually as
 Conceited and Proud as they are Poor and Base) will
 think this but a Course Complement; but I look upon
 Plainness as the best Dress for Truth: And sure our
 Woud-be-Laureat won't give Advice that he won't
 take. However, I have fairly prov'd him
 A Rhiming B——n Slandering
 Limfy, Scoundrel, (alias PERFUMER:) Or if he de-
 nys this, I'll tye him up to our next Whipping-Post, and
 then prove it—— But why do I talk of answering
 such a WRETCH? For he's below my very Porter's
 Correction, and will disgrace (even) Newgate it self, when
 he's sent thither for his Fulsom Libels and SLIPPERY
 PRANKS. (a)

Thus (Gentlemen) I have largely prov'd that Wi——
 [who sent Advice to the Sons of Parnassus(b)] is as Poor
 and Base in his Trading as he is in his Rhiming Capacity—
 He only Buys and Sells (when he dares be seen) to
 ruine himself and to w——ng others—— In a Word,
 He's a poor, silly, B——ken Pedler, that meerly Cum-
 bers the Ground; and will be only able to render this
 Account (of his Life and Rhimes) when he comes to
 die, That he was as long a dying as he did live.

(a) See his New-Years-Gift, P. 7.

(b) 'Tis the Name of a Poem, wherein he abuses Six
 Barth—— G—— Six Charles D—— De
 Foe, Tutchin, Dunton, and several others. Gentle

Gentlemen, having wip'd off all that D I R T that *Wi*—— and my other Enemies have flung at me, I do now in this *Living Elegy* (what I do every Night before I sleep) forgive all the Damage they ever did me. Even that Person that forc'd me (under a *Pin*—— to pay 3*l.* for that which other Men wou'd have thought Nobly Rewarded at 20*s* (a) does not miss of my (Nightly) and Hearty Forgiveness. And I find the Injur'd *Zachia* follows the same Practice; for [in his *Observator*, Vol. 4. Numb. 95.] he there says, “ I can pass by a Thousand Indignities and Affronts offer'd by so mean a Scoundrel as the Author of *The Rehearsal*. And to shew he forgives all his Enemies, [In his *Observator*, Vol. 4. Numb. 94.] he further Adds, “ 'Tis the Property of all good Christians to die in Charity with all Men; and as they Launch into Eternity, [and what is Sleep but a sort of Dying?] to forgive even their Enemies—— which I do in so Hearty a manner, that I never close my Eyes (or sleep) in Malice, or rise with the Thoughts of Revenge—— And if I have ever wrong'd any Person my self (either in *Thought, Word, or Deed*) I as Heartily ask their Pardon as I here give them mine—— Or if we must Quarrel at the Bar to please our Clients, (*alias* Readers) yet I hope we do afterwards forgive, and embrace each other when we meet at the Tavern to drink a Health to the *QUEEN* and our Healing Parliament. Sure I am, however we Expose each other in *PRINT*, if we live in Malice we are much too blame; for 'tis the Duty of all Men to receive the Sacrament. (*He that denies this, renounces his very Baptism, and does as 'twere say, He desires Christ may be quite forgotten: Or at least does not consider, he that forsakes every KNOWN SIN, but more especially*

(a) Yet I'll pay even this Debt October the 10th, 1708. (the Time set to even with all the World) if the Person to whom I gave a Note for the Money, (after considering of it 'till that Time) thinks he may receive it with a good Conscience.

P R I D E

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PRIDE and MALICE is fit to receive the Communion.) Then (as 'tis in our Litany) "From Malice and
 "all Uncharitableness Good Lord deliver us. For the
 "Sacrament tends "to the encreasing our Love one to ano-
 "ther—— It is a Feast of Love at our Father's Table,
 "and the Guests are Brethren: Here are all the Engage-
 "ments to Love set before us: The Love of our Lord, and
 "his express Commandment, John 13. 34. We cannot well
 "choose but pity our Brother's Infirmities, and pardon each
 "others Faults, when we see how much God hath pitied
 "our Miseries, and how Graciously he hath pardoned our
 "Offences; our Animosities will be abated, and our Thoughts
 "of Malice and Revenge will die. A Sense of the Par-
 "don of all our Sins, Happiness procur'd, and Death and
 "Hell conquer'd, will swallow up all our little Picques and
 "Displeasures, and so fill us with the Thoughts of Grati-
 "tude and Love, that we shall forget our Enmities, and
 "embrace our Foes, and shed abroad our Kindness upon all
 "about us; yet, and extend it to all the World, in Pray-
 "ers and good Wishes. And certainly, this Spirit of Charity
 "is a most Divine Temper, and a great Happiness; 'tis a
 "sweet, Serene and Pleasant Thing, a Reward to it self
 "if there were no other; whereas Envy and Malice, and
 "all the Degrees of them, are an Hell and Torment to
 "the Soul; they are great Sins, and their own Punishment.
 Surely, if these Things were considered, all Men
 would frequent the Sacrament, and we should have no
 more Slandering Spyes—— Abusive Moderators—— Spiteful
 Whipping-Posts—— Lying Rehearals—— Revengeful
 Dialogues, or Scandal Clubs—— But, however ready
 we are to quarrel, yet I hope we are as ready to forgive,
 and love as Brethren—— For my own part, having
 done my self Publick Justice, (for the Publick Wrongs
 I receiv'd) I am willing to lead the Way in a Hearty
 Forgiveness of all my Enemies; but (as was said be-
 fore) "Self-Defence is the Law of Nature, and a Man
 "ought no more to be Passive under the Murderer of his
 "Reputation than of his Life—— And for that Rea-
 son I prove it—— a K—— and W—— a
 Scoun.

Scoundrel——— And (*as a Piece of Justice to my self and all that trust me*) condescend so far as to answer *The Moderator*——— *Spy*——— *Whipster*——— *M*———

(and the other *Hackneys* that wrote against me) But to what Purpose do they Attach my Person or Credit?

For, *The Little Review* (my Private and worst Enemy) by Apeing my *Question-Project*, only got an Opportunity to shew his Teeth; or cou'd he have **B I T**, (*i. e.* stol'n my Project) I had Teeth growing in *Bow-lan. Eufield, St. Albans*, (a) shou'd have bit through **HIS Athenian-Club**, (consisting only of the *Learned, Wily, and Honest D*——— *F*———) and all the **S A T Y R S** he ever Publish'd.———

*Thus Interlopers do betray
Their Bad Success the Shortest Day*

The Moderator (my dull Enemy) after all his Noise of promoting Peace, (and his Papers selling) went out with a Stink and a Lye in his Mouth.

The scandalizing Spy (my Third Attacher) was Arraign'd for a Beastly Fellow, and his *Lewd Spy* (to use a Word of his own) became **I N V I S I B L E**, in a Literal Sense.

Dunkin D———*S* (my Reeling Enemy) has Interlop'd so long with my *Whipping-Project*, that a *London Fury* have found him (and his Tacking Master) guilty of Writing and Printing Scandalous Libels; and (if he have Justice done him) has **W H I P' D** himself into the Pillory.

The London Post (my *R*———*sh* Enemy) is prov'd a *K*——— and *C*———*t*, by *Dr. Partridge*, and his useless and *T*———*sh* Paper is suppress'd for want of Receiver.

The Rehearsal (my Tacking Enemy) tho' he continues to scribble at present, yet may soon expect the Fate of a Rebel, (that is, to Expire at *Tyburn*) and to have his *Bowells* and all his *Rehearsals* burnt.———

(a) From January the 9th, 1697.

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S—— (my Turn-coat-Enemy) 'tis said is run **Distracted**; or if he ben't, 'tis what he is to expect, for whispering Lyes to our HE- (or G——) FRIEND, and for defaming the Noncons. — This **BROKEN LEVITE** has writ at least Twenty or Thirty Books, but what they are, he does not desire **DUNTON** shou'd discover, nor will he (tho' the Wrong he did me was Base and Private) without just Provocation.

M—— (my Ungrateful Enemy) as a just Judgment upon her, has now neither Books nor *Moderators*, &c. to Publish; and (after all her **BOUNCE**) can hardly pay 2 s. 6 d. i' th' Pound.

And *Wi——* (my *Grub-street* Enemy and M——'s Poet) is now so far from writing of **Hymns** and **Satyr**s, that no Printer in Town will trust him.

And the same Fate has attended my **Dublin** Enemies, but *I scorn to Triumph over Men in Distress*: And for that Reason my other **ATTACHERS** shall be conceal'd, (that is) if they'll grow *Honest*, and forbear Slandering a Person that never wrong'd 'em.

But cou'd I *Refine my self to an Angel*, or were as free from K——ry as those in *Paradise*, there's some in the World (*cou'd it save 'em Two Pence*) wou'd rail at me; for you know Gentlemen (*I wish you did not*) I'm guilty of the **SIN** of being in Debt; and 'till the Sun shines, [*I mean 'till October the 10th, 1708.*] I must pass for a **Door** Fellow (*alias K——*) as the Vulgar think and generally call such as are not able to pay their Debts; which makes me to remember the Opinion of the *Chinenses*, who hold Men's Poverty for an *Infalible Mark of their Sins*. But (*my Generous Friends*) you are Men of a better Principle; not (if I may presume to use the Words of the **Princess Sophia** (a)) "*That I judge of People's Friendship for me, by the good Words they give me*; but your Friendship (*Gentlemen*) is **Generous** Actions: And therefore I hope won't take it amiss that I only visit you in this Letter: For,

(a) In her Letter to his Grace the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury