

C H A P. IV.

A Party of Men now living at Cranborn in Dorset-shire, discover'd and Firk'd for their base Ingratitude.

HAVING WHIP'D *W*——— for his *Bawdy Spyes, &c.* (and making Cuckolds and Whores of abundance of Persons) I'll now pass on to the Correcting other Offenders [viz. *Atheists, Cowards, Murderers, Scolds, Thieves, Gamesters, and ungrateful Persons, &c.*] that have been discover'd [in the Letters directed to me from divers Parts of the Three Kingdoms.] All these, with what other Criminals come to my Knowledge, shall be all ty'd to the *Whipping-Post*, and have the *Same*; (a) (or if 'tis possible) a more severe *Lashing* than I formerly gave to Offenders of this Sort.

And here, that the World may see what kind Reception our *Whipping Project* has met wth, I'll Publish a Letter that was sent to me from *Cranborn in Dorset-shire*; discovering to me [such ungrateful Persons] as will deserve *Whipping*. And the Letter was this following.

Sir,

April 2^d 1706.

I Lately read your Book call'd *Dunton's Life and Errors*; and finding a good Spirit and pleasing stile, which with *Naked Truth* is a sufficient Illustration, I have encourag'd my self to ask your Advice. I have bid hard Measure [and most ungrateful Treatment] from a Party of Men bound by Nature, &c. to the contrary; and have a Design to Publish it: But being conscious to my self of my Imperfection, am very desirous of Faithful Correction from your Hands. (And as you've

(a) See my *New Project for Reformation*. P. 12, 15, 23, 81, 84, 99, 102.

' promis'd

' promis'd a Whipping-Post to Reform the Age, I have
 ' a Right to some of your Lashes) ———. In about Two
 ' Months this Copy will be ready for the Press, and shall
 ' be sent to you. I am so far unqualified to become an
 ' Author, that I want the Substantial Part of Grammar-
 ' Learning: But what I write shall be Truth; and if
 ' you'll take the Trouble to transcribe and amend it, I doubt
 ' not its passing Muster, well knowing Mr. Dunton will
 ' want only a Theam, your Skill in Garnishing the Plit-
 ' ter being well known to the World already. I; to what
 ' I have written you'll add a Satyr, you shan't want
 ' Materials for it, I shall only add, Your promising a Whip-
 ' ping Post to Reform the Age, has enourag'd me to trouble
 ' you with these Lines; and if you have any Compassion
 ' for an Injur'd Person, I hope my Ungrateful Friends will
 ' meet with a Lash or Two in your First Journal———
 ' I am sir——— Your most Humble Servant, 'till I
 ' hear from you, &c.

This Letter was dated Cranborn April 21. 1706. But
 surely was sent by some P O S T - A N G E L, for 'twas
 'only) directed——— For John Dunton, Living somewhere in
 London——— And yet it came lively to me, and
 (bating the Flattery I find in it) deserves the following
 Answer, viz.

Worthy Sir——— I receiv'd Yours, &c. and can't but
 wonder that my Life and Errors shou'd please you; for,
 like Apemantus, I write only to please my self: And if I
 have my own good Word (I mean, if my Conscience ap-
 proves my Writings) 'tis all I care for, and as much as I
 can expect; for I generally write what I think. And
 (seeing Dissembling is a little sneaking Art) intend to go
 out of the World an Enemy to Flattery——— As to your
 Copy (when you send it) I shall Impartially give you
 my Thoughts upon it: And seeing you approve and encourage
 my Whipping Project, I shall now L A S H that Party or
 Men that have been so ungrateful to you. And here (accor-
 ding to the Method propos'd) I must first exhibit a Charge
 against the Offenders, and then Whip 'em.

Ingratitude! I can hardly name it without Blushing: To render Good for Evil, is Divine; to render Good for Good, is Human; to render Evil for Evil, is Brutish; but to render Evil for Good, is Devilish. *Will any but a Monster, with his Heel kick me under Water, while I hold up his Chin to save him from Drowning? But such Monsters are that Party of Men I'm going to Whip.*

Lycurgus, the Lacedemonian Law-giver, would make no Law against Ungrateful Persons; because it could not be imagin'd that any would be so unworthy, as not to Recompence one Kindness with another.

And the old Romans decreed, That such as were found *Ungrateful*, should be cast alive to the Cormorant, to be pull'd in Pieces and devour'd.

There seems to be a great deal of Reason for this Law; for under this Monster, *Ingratitude*, have all Vices been comprehended. *Omnia dixeris si ingratum dixeris.* Q. Elizabeth told Henry the 4th of France, she believed Ingratitude to be the Sin against the Holy Ghost — The Poet says —

[Ingratitude makes all Things Black.]

But I won't carry the Sin so high, as to say, 'tis the Sin against the Holy Ghost: But certainly the ungrateful Person is most rightly *Figur'd in Swine*, who eat the Acorns, but never look to the Tree: Or rather, the *Ungrateful Person* may be compared to the Stag in the Fable, which shrouded himself under the Branches of the Vine in a Time of Necessity; which being past, he fell a brouzing, and eat those Leaves which preserv'd him; acting in this like the *Spaniel*, who as soon as he gets to Shore, shakes off that Water which supported him. — *The Generous Person, like the Bee, brings Honey to the Hive; and then like the Bee, is Murder'd for his Pains.*

One would hardly think there were such Monsters as *Ungrateful Persons*: But these Instances are too frequent
for

for my Friend tells me ' *I have had hard Measure from
' A Party of Men bound by Nature to the contrary, &c.*

And my self once oblig'd a Person beyond all possibility of Requital, (*as he had acknowledg'd in several Letters*) but upon the first Misfortune that beset me, he was so far from requiting the Favours I did him, that he challeng'd me to prove I had e'er Oblig'd him.

The least present Interest to an Ungrateful Man cancels all former Obligations; it seeming to many, *That even Benefits suffer Prescription by the Length of Time;* And being once grown Old, do no longer binde to Gratitude——

But as Ungrateful as the Age is at present, there have been Men of a Grateful Temper. *Philip the French King* put one of his Soldiers out of Pay, because he was Ungrateful; and caus'd him to be Mark'd in his Forehead with the Word VILLAIN.

Cresus being Reliev'd before he came to his Kingdom by one *Pamphes*, afterwards in Token that he had not forgotten this good Turn, he sent him a Chariot full of Silver.

And the Gratitude of *Pope Innocent 7th* was very Remarkable—— This Grateful Pope Employ'd a Famous Painter, named *Andrew Martineus*, in Adorning his Chappel of the Vatican. This Famous Workman therein used his most Exquisite Invention—— He (notwithstanding he saw his Labours go Daily on) *felt no Reward coming;* upon this he resolves to be reveng'd with some Trick of his. The Pope having commanded him to Paint *the Seven Deadly Sins;* he, instead of taking his Proportion for Seven Places, added thereunto an Eighth, wherein he purpos'd to make an Hideous Monster. *Innocent* more fully Informing himself of his Design, the Painter answer'd, He left this Place there, to represent **Ingratitude**, as the most Capital of all Vices. The Pope smiling, said, I give Consent thou Paint **Ingratitude** as ugly as thou pleasest, so thou place **Patience** directly over against it; from which
 . thou

thou art very much alienated, being unable a little to expect patiently the Good I have resolved to do thee: And presently he gave him a good Benefice for his Son's Preferment.

By this it appears there have been Grateful Persons in Former Times— But Men are grown so Brutish in this Age, that *now-a-days to oblige any Man more than ordinary, is the way to have him your Enemy.* Which made Cowley say,

*And in this Thanks World, the Givers
Are Eaten even by the Receivers:
'Tis now the Cheap and Current Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation.*

*Nay, 'tis much worse than so,
It now an Artifice does grow
Wrongs and Out-rages to do,
Least Men shou'd think we owe — Cowley.*

So that all's lost that is laid out upon an Unthankful Person: He buries Benefits as the Barren Earth doth the Seed—— In a Word, the *Ungrateful Man* is like a Mouse in a Satchel, or a Snake in one's Bosom, who do but ill requite their Hosts for their Lodging.

And now, ye *Monsters of Cranborn!* (I mean, that *Party of Men* that treated my Generous Friend with such hard Measure) can you read how Black *Ingratitude* makes you, without Blushing? But now I think o'er, the ungrateful Person is lost to all Sense of Shame; and therefore I'll now see what *Whipping* will do, and I'm sure I shall LASH ye with a good Will: For, the *Ungrateful Person* is one I have a particular Respect for; and having been so often Trick'd by him, I have now an Opportunity to make even with him.

I have read of one, who advancing his Friend, was himself put out of Office by his own Beneficiary: Whereupon he made a Present of an Emblem to the *Ungrateful*, which represented the Sun Eclips'd by the Moon, with

with this Motto. *Totum adimit quo nigrata resulget*: She obscures the course of her own Light. This Inscription was Witty and Satyrical enough, but yet 'twas too Mild for the Cranborn Sinners. That their Corrections therefore may be as Notorious and Publick as their Ingratitude, I'll strip 'em Naked, and then tye 'em to the Cranborn Whipping-Post. 'Tis here they Offended, and here I'll Lash 'em; neither can I think of a fitter Place: For——

Near th' outward Walls of Cranborn, stands
 An Engine built to Imprison Hands;
 By strange Enchantment made to fasten
 The Lesser Parts, and free the Greater:
 For, th' the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Gate are fast enough.
 And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch
 As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
 At Twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.
 For as the Antients heretofore
 To Honour's Temple had no Door
 But that which through Virtue's lay,
 So from this Dungeon there's no Way
 To Honour'd Freedom, but by passing
 That other Virtuous School of Lashing.
 Here Knights are kept in narrow Lists,
 With Wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrist:
 This suffer'd, they are set at Large,
 And freed with Hon'able Discharge.
 Then in their Robes the Penitentials
 Are strait presented with Credentials.
 And on their Way attended on
 By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,
 And all Respect, and Charges paid,
 They're to their Antient Seats convey'd.
 In this same Engine I wou'd place
 These Cranborn Brutes of Humane Race,

[A Poetical Description of a Whipping-Post]

6 — 0 — 0 — 0
 7 — 5 — 0 — 0
 4 — 2 — 0 — 0
 7 — 0 — 0 — 0
 3 — 0 — 0 — 0
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 17 — 5 — 3

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46 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

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 3 — 0 — 0 — 0
 5 — 0 — 0 — 0

 17 — 5 — 3 —

*Correct and Whip their ugly Hide
 'Till they all o'er with Blood are dy'd.
 Whip on 'till they are in a Feud,
 Or can blush for Ingratitude:
 At least Whip them so sore and rough,
 That B——— (a) cries, Hold, Sir! 'tis enough.*

If this *Cranborn Whipping-Post* don't Reform these ungrateful Brutes, I wou'd have 'em *Lash'd* as the Heathens were accusom'd to punish him who had *Injur'd the Reputation of another*. They wou'd not condescend to speak to him, nor shew him the least Office of Humanity. They wou'd not sell him *the very Necessaries of Life*; nor so much as suffer him to draw Water. If these Ungrateful Persons were thus *Whip'd, 'tis hop'd* there wou'd want nothing further for their Reformation, but to have the **Word—Ungrateful—** Intcrib'd on their Foreheads, that all Persons might know 'em; and after this, he that shew'd 'em the least Civility, that ever Traded with 'em, or spoke to 'em, shou'd have his *Estate made a Forfeiture to the Crown*. By such *Correction* as this, these ungrateful Wretches wou'd be forc'd to wander like *Cain*, and so be cut off from all Communication with Mankind. They must Travel in Deserts and Solitudes, and there converse with *Wild Beasts and Monsters*, which yet are not so Frightful and Monstrous as themselves. I have only to add, (this other **LASH**) that the Mark [**UNGRATEFUL**] shou'd be fix'd upon them by the *Cranborn Gentleman*, against whom they have committed the *Ingratitude*; and this wou'd add to the Solemnity of the Punishment.

Thus Sir, have I Whip'd these *Ungrateful Men* which you sent for Correction, and if they return Penitents, I shall burn the **ROD**: However, I'll wait your Answer, for that I am

Your Faithful Whipster,

And Humble Servant

JOHN DUNTON.

(a) *The Gentleman they offended by their base Ingratitude.*

C H A P. V.

The Murderer of Mrs. Sarah Stout ty'd to the Gallows and Whipp'd (in Effigie) in hopes to discover him.

Dunton's Whipping-Post being a General House of Correction, I shall next Lash the Murderer of Sarah Stout; for tho' he is yet conceal'd, yet 'tis fit this Ruffian (or at least, that the World) shou'd know what Lashes he must expect when ever they take him: Or, if he shou'd die a *Natural Death*, (which God forbid) yet good Use may be made of *Whipping a Murderer*; (tho' but in Effigie) for I shall here shew, that Murder is a Sin of a *Crimson Dye*, and that *Stout's Murderer* (be he never so Rich or Great) deserves not only *Whipping* but *Hanging*; and I don't fear but one Time or other he'll have it. For,

The Justice of God, in all Ages, hath sent out his *Writ of Enquiry* after *Bloody Men*, and for the *Blood* of the Innocent; yea, God will (as it were) give a *Tongue* to the Earth, he will make *Speechless Creatures* speak, rather than *Blood* shall be concealed: Wonderful are the Instances how *Murderers* have met with the *Hand of Revenge*. Some immediately from God; others from the *Civil Sword* of the *Magistrate*; some from the *Hand of the Murderers*, like themselves, and many have done *Violence* to their own Lives, being haunted by the *Furies* of their own *Consciences*.

They rave with all the Madness of Despair,
They roar, they beat their Breast, they tare their Hair;
Dry Sorrow in their stupid Eyes appears,
For, wanting Nourishment, they must want Tears.
Their Eye-Balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Breast of Sleep, they loath their Meat and Drink:

H

They

*They wither at the Heart, and look as wan
As the pale Spectre of a Murder'd Man.*

Blood Guiltiness made not only *Cain* restless, but how terrible also was the Voice of it in *Judas's* Conscience: It did need no Tongue, no Witness to accuse it, but his own. No Man accused *Judas*, but in Case of Blood, *Judas* must accuse himself.

A bare History of all the Murderers that have dy'd at Tyburn in the last Century, wou'd of it self make a Folio of 205.

Consider, if *Hatred* be a Damnable Sin, what is *Murder*? It is the Destruction of God's Image, of a Member of *Christ*, for whom *Christ* died, and a *Temple of the Holy Ghost*. The Land is polluted by it, and cannot be expiated but by Blood. If *Dives* be in Hell for not saving Life, how shall they escape Hell that destroy it? *Whoso shedeth Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed.*

By this General Charge you see what a Black Sin the Murderer of *Sarah Stout* has committed; and tho' he is fled from Justice, I'll here Whip him in Effigie: And who knows but this *Publick Correction* may help to discover him, but I can't say to Reform him; as he must (if he's ever taken) die both by the Laws of God and Man.

The Murderer (but more especially the Murderer of *Sarah Stout*) is such a *First Rate Sinner*, that all the Severities of Humane Justice are, in this Case, Impotent, and cannot punish him up to the Nature of his Crime. All that can be done to him in Time, is on'y to send him sooner to his Misery in another State, where Justice and Omnipotence shall give him his Proportion of Punishment. However, I have something New on this Head; and 'tis this: When the Murderer of *Sarah Stout* is seized, Whip him at *Tyburn* 'till he's out of Breath, (I mean 'till he has none left.) Before his Trial, let his Prison be some dark and some lonely Cave, and the dead Carcass which he has depriv'd of Life, be carried

ried to the same Apartment, and there plac'd t^h the View of the Malefactor, with all the Wounds gaping, and the Face writh'd into all the Postures of Terror and Amazement; and, if a Pale Lamp were fix'd to Advantage, 'twou'd double the Horrors of the Scene, and almost terrify the Criminal into Penitence—— Some Grave Divine shou'd also be appointed to visit the Criminal, and to read Lectures to him upon his Guilt, and upon the Object before his Eyes. This Correction seems wonderfully adapted to give Stout's Murderer a Sense of his Sin, and so to Punish him into Future Happiness. I wou'd not have the World to mistake me neither, for I don't design this shou'd Screen the Murderer from Justice in the usual Way, but only that he shou'd keep the Dead Body Company till he's brought to the Bar: And I'm perfectly perswaded, that Whipping (or Punishing of him) in this Manner, wou'd give Men so much Terror in the very Thought of it, that scarce any, for the Future, wou'd dare to attempt upon the Lives of others; for there's nothing we entertain a greater Aversion to, than the Carcasses of our fellow Creatures. But in this Case, the Conscience of Guilt, the Ghastly Looks of the Dead Body, and the gaping Wounds, would make strange Impressions; the Silence and Solitude of the Place wou'd give him Leisure to Reflect, and the Dimness of the Light wou'd make it look the very Emblem of Hell. And all this is too little Correction for him that (like the Murderer of Sarah Stout) usurps upon the Property of Heaven, and takes that away which he can never restore.

C H A P. VI.

A Young Rake (whose Name is conceal'd, with Respect to his Family) Expos'd and Lash'd for being an Atheist.

THere is no Nation under Heaven so Barbarous, but yields there is a God. It is much ado for Atheism to find a perfect and continual Assent in Man's Heart. Some Ruines of the Truth do still remain in him since the Fall: And altho' he may deny all by Day, his Conscience will make him startle by Night. Caligula, the Atheist crept under the Bed every Time he heard it Thunder.

Even Mr. Hobs, who was so much noted in the World for his Atheistical Writings; insomuch that his Book Entituled *The Leviathan*, was condemn'd by the Parliament, in their Bill against *Atheism* and *Profaneness*, October 1666. And both that, and his Book *De Civitate*, by the Convocation, July 21. 1683. Yet the *Earl of Devon's* Chaplain hath left it on Record, concerning him, that he receiv'd the Communion from his Hands with much seeming Devotion, about Two Years before his Death; than which there cannot be a more Express Acknowledgment of the Truth of Christianity——

But tho' there is no Real, yet there are (if I may believe my Ears) many pretended Atheists: For, being lately at a Friend's House in *Issington*, I met with a Young Rake, who declar'd to Mr. Larkin and me, 'He believ'd nothing of the Scriptures, made a Jest of Heaven and Hell, and advanc'd such Atheistical Principles as are not fit to be nam'd. So that this **W**ild Sinner deserves Correction; and tho' I never see him again, yet in Hopes this *Journal* may find him out, I shall Lash him at *Dunton's Whipping-Post*—— 'Tis true the Atheist, one wou'd think might meet with a Sentence
SEVERE

severe enough at the Tribunal of his own Mind, when he begins to discredit the very Being of his own Maker; but so it is, that before he becomes an Atheist, 'tis generally his greatest Interest to be so. However, tho' his Conscience be full of Terror when he takes a Prospect of Futurity, and does but wish at best, that the Eternal Truth wou'd turn into a L Y E; yet, there shou'd be some Course taken with him that he may do no Mischief to Mankind: And of all Sinners, the Atheist deserves the severest Whipping; for he is such a Replensh'd Villain, such an Abstract of all Vice,

*That if in Hell no other Pains there were,
Men wou'd fear Hell because of Atheists there.*

Now, if Atheists are such Monsters in Wickedness, I think a POST of the greatest Shame will be the fittest Place to Correct him. And I think the Stocks is the Whipping-Post where he'll be best Expos'd and Lash'd; for,

Almost in ev'ry Town, there stands
An Antient Castle, that commands
Th' Adjacent Parts: In all the Fabrick
You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick;
But all of Wood, by Pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made Impregnable.
There's neither Iron Bar, nor Gate,
Porticullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;
And yet Men Durance there abide
In Dungeon scarce Three Inches wide;
With Roof so Low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that who so is in,
Is to the Middle Leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough
Until they're freed by Head of Borough.

[A Poetical
Description
of the Stocks]

54 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

'Tis at this Post I'd Whip our Rake
'Till he did ev'ry Sin forsake,
Did own a God, a Heaven, a Hell,
And Vow'd he ne'er wou'd more Rebel.

We are now to suppose our (Atheistical) Rake in the **Stocks**; and here, seeing the *Rods of Horror and Despair* are fittest to *Convince and Ferk* him, I can't wish him a worse Punishment than *Despair*.

Despair, whose Torment no Men living sure,
But Lovers and the Damn'd, did e'er endure!
Despair, attended with her Ghastly Train,
Anguish, Confusion, Horror, Howling, Pain,
Shall at her Hideous Army's Head advance,
And shak' against his Breast her Bloody Lance:
Shall draw her Troops of Terror in Array,
Must'ring her Grievs, and horrid War display.

If these *Rods of Despair* don't make him call upon **G O D**, my next **L A S H** shall be, to fix a Mark on his Forehead with this Inscription, **I am an Atheist, and don't believe the Existence of my own Maker.** By this Means he wou'd be a *Walking Testimony* against himself; and 'tis a Thousand to One but he'd Publish his Recantation, rather than be Pointed at as a Wen, and a Blemish of Humane Nature. If after this *Correction* he remains Impenitent, he shou'd have a Room allotted him under Ground, in some *Dark Dungeon*, where the Infection cou'd not spread, and where he might have leisure to consult his own Thoughts: And if after all this *Whipping* he continues obstinate, when there is a *Company of Atheists* together, they (with this *Young Rake*) shou'd be Transported into some Desert Island (beyond the *Frigid Zone*) upon Pain of Death if ever they return'd. Thus shou'd the *Inhumane Colony* be sent off from the Society of Mankind, and there let 'em Linger out their Days (if possible) beyond the very *Reach of Providence, and the Protection of Heaven.* This wou'd

wou'd be a *Whipping* (or *Punishment*) worthy of the Name, and wou'd guard others within the Compass of Religion, and Law of Nature.

C H A P. VII.

Mr. P——d of Harwich, &c. Expos'd and Lash'd, for being a Contented Cuckold.

MR. Dunton—— Reading *The Post-Boy* (as I always do, ever since I heard Mr. BOYER writes it) I find you promise *A Whipping-Post, &c.* And desire such Discoveries might be sent to you as are fit to be *Expos'd and Lash'd* I cou'd send you an Account of several Notorious *Usurers, Drunkards, Gamesters, &c.* But as they are a more Infamous Sort of Sinners, I shall first send you a *Brief History of Contented Cuckolds.* I own, this is a *Vice* that can't endure the Rays of the Sun, and is confin'd to Darknes. But let the Sin be never so Abominable, there's Mr. *Bexford* privy to his own Cuckoldom; and Mr. *Gifel* is the same: And I cou'd name several other *Husbands* that hold the Door to their own *Flesh and Blood*; and are what we may call *Contented Cuckolds*—— *Will. Axtell* in *Woodstreet*, finding his *Wife* in Bed with another Man, put up the the *Wrong* for a *Quart of Sack*. S—— proffer'd a *Pint*: Nay, said *Axtell*, *Sure Neighbour 'tis worth Two Pints*; which the *Adulterer* gave him, and *Axtell* declar'd himself fully satisfy'd—— Another *Cuckold* in *Holbourn* (I cou'd name the *Man* and his *Sign*) lends his *Wife* for a *Guinea a Week*—— Mr. *Hastings* of *Moor-Fields*, was more *Contented* than these; for, finding S—— in Bed with his *Wife*, all he said was, *The Lord give me Patience, the Lord give me Patience*; and so contentedly left 'em together—— And Mr. *Sprigins* told his *Wife* *She might Whore as much as she wou'd, if she'd*

1685

56 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

Take Care to fasten the Door, (which she once forgot) that his Servants might know nothing of it—— But of all Cuckolds, I think none so Contented as P——d of Harwich, who being ask'd by his Wife if she shou'd Lie with Sir —— for 5 l. and a good Goose (it being what he proffer'd Her for a Night's Lodging) all the Answer he gave was, ' You know Honey, we want Money, and ' the Goose is a good Goose, that's the Truth on't. To this she reply'd, Then Dear, shall I Lie with Sir —— I tell thee (reply'd the Cuckold again) ' You know Wife ' we want Money, and the Goose is a good Goose, that's the Truth on't—— Sir, I won't warrant for the Truth of the other Relations, (tho' I have heard 'em reported for such) but as to the Harwich Cuckold, you may depend upon that as Matter of Fact, for 'twas told me by one that liv'd there many Years—— If any of these Contented Cuckolds are worth your Blasting, you are free to Expose 'em in your first Whipping-Post, and as Opportunity offers, I'll send you some more Discoveries—— I am your Hearty Friend, &c.

Sir—— In Answer to your Letter, I must first acquaint you that Simple Cuckoldom is no Vice; for if the Wife will be Lewd, how can the Husband help it? And therefore, all Innocent (Honest) Cuckolds are in no Danger from *Dunton's Whipping-Post*: But for a Man to be Pandar to his own Wife, is a vile, Infamous Sin—— The Jealous Cuckold is the more honest Man of the Two, yet is more troublesome than the Contented Cuckold; for Jealousie is the Rage of a Man: Jealousy is born of a good House, that of Love and Honour; but it divideth Beds and Empires, and hath Eyes ever so Bleared, that it cannot endure a Partner, tho' but in Imagination.

*In Love Affairs, so selfish we are grown,
That the lov'd Object must be all our own,
Or else we wish might be enjoy'd by none.*

}
}

But

But if a Jealous Man be thus out-ragious, what is a *Jealous Wife*? And Ladies, to speak the Truth, (for now I'm discoursing with you, and *Lashing the Jealous Wife*) ' There's nothing more vexatious, nor more common amongst you, than this Tormenting Vice of Jealousy: 'Tis almost as Natural to ye as *Pride* and *Peculiarities*, for 'tis an apparent Mixture of both. It argues the Meanness of your Tempers too, as well as, too often, your own *Infidelity*. Little Minds are most apt to Suspicion, (of which *Agnes* is a notable Instance) which the *Great and Brave* abhor, and had much rather be ill us'd without a Cause, than Causelessly suspect any Injury. *Guilt it self is the most Jealous Thing in Nature*. 'Tis a sore Suspicion you have been formerly in the Oven, by your peeping so often into't. There's no Possibility of satisfying a *Jealous Woman*; were you Marry'd to an *Eunuch*, you wou'd scarce trust him out of your Sight. I wonder you have never yet invented *Male Padlocks*, since you'd gladly keep the Men up as close as the *Italians* do their *Women*. And when they have elcaped Prison for an Hour, or a Day, ne'er a Prince in *Europe* has more *Spies* about him than a *poor Husband*: Who shall scarce look on another *Woman*, but his own hears on't almost as soon as the *Glance* is over; but if he dares proceed so far as a *civil Salute*, he's a *gone Man*, and I know not how he'll dare lift up his Face any more before his *Lady Wife*. Alas *poor Husband*! This is his Condition, and so much worse, that one can scarce conceive it without the Hazard of a very dangerous Experiment, and actually enring into the Noose to learn what 'tis. How many Lives have been Sacrific'd, to that *Insatiate Fiend*, a *Female Jealousy*?

Even Night it self, the *Easer* of all other Cares, brings no Benefit to the miserable Wretch that's Haunted with such a *Domestick Fiend* (as a *Jealous Wife*.) What makes up all ether Breaches, only widens theirs: The Sun may set and rise, and set again, but she's no *Changeling*:

The Bed's her *Chappel*, and she lays her Prayers there, but 'tis as *Witches* do, all backward.

She has an Admirable *Memory*, that's the Truth o't, and shall run ye back Ten or Twenty Years, and give the poor Man as exact a *Catalogue* of all his *Sins*, as if she had been his *Evil Genius*, that Tempted him to commit 'em. He rests, but 'tis as the Saint did upon *Gridirons*: When she's tired, which may be about *Cock-crowing*, and Sleep with much ado *Tongue-bolts* her for a few Moments, he's still but little the better, and even she is her own Tormenter; *She* dreams every Moment that she surprises him in another's Arms, Screeches out, and matches after him, till she wakes him in as great a Fright as her self.

Even the Church is no *Sanctuary* to him from her *Intolerable Vexation*, she accompanies him thither more out of *Spite* than *Devotion*, watches him as sharp as an old *Whore* his Rich *Heiress*; keeps her Eye as intently fix'd on his, as if she were *Duelling* him; and if it ever chance to fall on any Female Face in the whole Company, she's ready to unsheath her Talons, fly out of her Seat at her, and fasten like a Cat, to the Destruction of her Innocent Rigging.

She never wants Circumstances to set off her *Venemous Imaginations*; she poysons the fairest *Fame* with but Breathing o't. All *Woman-kind*, in her Opinion, is one great *Stumpet*, and she's Jealous of 'em all, lest her *Grand Seignior* shou'd reduce 'em into one *Seraglio*. Nay, she's Jealous even of her self, lest he shou'd think of others while he's Embracing her; and not content with Persecuting him in this World, wou'd fain carry her Cruelty even beyond the Grave. She's Mortally afraid of dying first, lest he shou'd Marty again; she thinks *Second Marriages* but another sort of *Adultery*, and absolutely unlawful; and if any thing cou'd make her content to leave him, 'twou'd be the Hopes of Haunting him in the Time of his *Second Wife*, drawing the Curtains, glaring in upon 'em, pulling off the Cloaths from 'em, and sliding in Cold between 'em. And earnestly

neftly wifhes for the *Enchanted Ring* they talk of, which made one of the *French Kings* fo mad for his *Misses* and doat upon her very *Carkafs*. But yet even this *Jealoufy* is many times a *Female Stratagem* to conceal her fecret *Adulteries*.

At *God*, the Women are fo fubtil in Cuckolding their Husbands, that with a certain Drink they give 'em to drive away *Care*, (as they fay) they will make them fleep for 24 Hours, and fo Intoxicate them, that they can remember nought of what they faw done, or heard; and by *Washing* of their Feet, reftore them again; and fo make their Husbands Cuckolds before their Faces

This is a new Experiment to make a *Cuckold Contented*, and I fcarce know how to diflike it; for *Jealoufy* is only a *Gin* that we fet to catch *Serpents*; which, as foon as we have caught them, fling us. The *Jealous Husband* wou'd fain think the beft of his *Handfome Wife*; yet fomething (and often when there is no *Occafion*) is *buft* in his *Brains*, and in the Shape of *Jealoufy* presents a *Thousand Fears*.

I know the *Jealous Husband* will tell us, that he's uneasy at his dear Spoufe, out of ftark ftaring *Kindnefs*. But, *Yellow Sir*, let me tell you, *Jealoufy's* no better *Sign of Love*, than *Fevers* are of *Life*; they fhew there is a *Being*, tho' impair'd and perifhing; and that *Affection* is fick, and in *Disorder*: And if *Jealoufy* be ftir'd in private *Perfons*, to be fure 'tis *Wild-fire* in *Princes*.

One wou'd think, the *Charms* of a *Kind Wife* fhould cure the *Jealous Husband*; but 'tis often feen, it avails little: For, as there be *Serpents* which are naturally *Enemies* to *Fine Flowers*; and as *Dogs* do not *Bark* againft the *Moon*, but when fhe is perfect, and poff fies all her *Light*; fo there be *Jealous Devils*, who have a particular *Spite* againft pleasing and *Illuftrious Virtues*. I know the *Contented Cuckold* will fay, (I mean the *Wittal* who is pleas'd with *Tooting* his *Silver Horn*) *If a Man*
1 2
have

have a Lock which every Man's Key will open as well as his own, why should he think to keep it private to himself?

Of these Contented Cuckolds, there are two Sorts: Some that suspect their Man-hood. And such Contented Cuckolds were the Kings of Calicut; who (as Burton tells us) will not touch their Wives till one of their Biarmi, or High-Priests, have lain first with them. And I suppose this was the Reason for that Scotch Law, whereby every Bride was obliged to lie with the Lord of the Manor, before she lay with her Husband. Or, 2dly, such as live by Cuckoldom: And such Contented Cuckolds were the Men of *Sio*: For, their Wives (as I hinted before) being given to Excessive Venery, their Husbands are their Pandars; and when they see any Stranger arrive, they presently demand, If he would have a Mistress? And so they make Whores of their own Wives; and are contented, for a little Gain, to wear Horns——— There be too many Knights of this Order, so dubb'd by their Wives. Amongst the Carthagenians, the Bridegroom Petitions the King of the Country, to lie with his Bride the first Night, and once a Year. These Contented Cuckolds lie promiscuously altogether. And if we look at Home, (provided there's Money, coming) where's the Man but what's a Contented Cuckold? —— Even at *Ware*, (as large as their *Wed* is) were the Cuckolds of that Town to lie altogether, (like the Carthagenians) their Great *Wed* would scarce hold Half the Contented Cuckolds that are found in it. And if that little Town be so well stock'd, what shall we think of London, Bristol, York, &c. where Contented Cuckolds are said to swarm?

And as there are —— Jealous Cuckolds —— Jealous Wives that are Cuckold-Makers —— and Contented Cuckolds —— so there is the Husband his own Cuckold, I mean that Marries on purpose to be a Cuckold; and for that Reason gets a Captain's or Ensign's Place, that some Lord or Knight may Enjoy his Wife without Interruption.

Having

Having prov'd *P——d* a Contented Cuckold, I come next to the *Whipping-Post* I assign for him, and that is the famous *Horns* in *High-gate*; but you'll say, he scarce deserves such a *POST*; as these *Horns* only swear him to this, 'That he shall never kiss the Maid, when he may kiss the Mistress, &c. and are (no Punishment, but) a Piece of Innocent Mirth to divert the Travellers on that Road; but you know Reader, my *Whipping-Post* was to convince the Criminal (from the Argument of his own Feeling) how vile and abominable his Offence is: And here I'm sure is like to like, or a Pair of *Horns* as large as those that were made (and blown) by his own Consent. Besides, (tho' the *Goose* was a good *Goose*, &c.) these *Horns* are advanc'd upon *High-gate-Hill*, and will make his Crime as Publick as 'tis Vile and Infamous——— *P——d* being now ty'd to the *Horns*, with what Rods shall I Whip him? I think *Deoberty*, (for selling his Wife's Virtue) and *Contempt*, for being a willing Cuckold, are the fittest to Lash his Offence. But methinks *The Contented Cuckold* (I mean *P——d*) is almost below my Correction; His *Conjugal Affection* must needs be grown very Cold upon his Hands; so that he'd scarce feel *Poverty* or *Contempt*, or indeed the Punishment of a *Divorce*.

However, (being ty'd to the *Horns*, and contented with 'em) he shou'd be Lash'd with a *Divorce*, if it were only to lessen and discontinue his Sin: But this *Whipping* shou'd not be all, for after the *Divorce* was past, he shou'd make an Exchange of his Cloaths with his Wife, and be sent to *Harwich* in *Petticoats*, and for ever after wear that Livery; and his Wife (for consenting to be a *Whore*) shou'd be oblig'd to wear her *Husband's Habit*: Both of them in this Dress shou'd be confin'd to *Colchester Prison* during Life Time, where they'll have Leisure to reflect and to repent of their former Wickedness.

Further, that the World may be sure to know that *P——d* was a *Contented Cuckold*, he shou'd Advertise it in all the *News-Papers*, a Dozen Times, and then, (down with the *Whipping-Post*) *War Horns* is the *Word*. (a)

(a) See *Observator* Vol. 5. Numb. 15.

Having done *Whipping the Contented P——d*, I come next to the *Jealous Cuckold*; and if I knew him I'd Lash him thus. The *Jealous Cuckold* (that is, he who supposes himself a Cuckold before he has any Assurance of it) shou'd be oblig'd to wear *Two Antlers of a Buck upon the Front of his Hat*, and never to appear in Publick without 'em, upon Pain of Hunger, or Imp:isonment for his Life Time. This is but a *Just Whipping*, (or Measure of Punishment) for doing an Injury to the Virtue of his Wife, and for *Cuckolding himself*, in his own Imagination.

C H A P. VIII.

Madam Fen ty'd to the Whipping-Post for making Love to the Author of this Journal, &c.

I Shall here take *Madam Fen* by the Lilly Hand, and (having strip'd her of all her Rigging) will tye her to *Dunton's Whipping-Post*——— *Nay, pish! Nay Fi:!* —— Ne'er shrug for the Matter, but off with your Furbel's, &c. and down with your *Smick-t*, for you had like to have whedl'd me into the *Marriage Snare*; and I resolve to Lash you till I'm out of Breath. *Nay pray Sir, good Sir*, (said some Ladies that stood by) How can you Whip that *Milk-white Skin*, and that *Tender Flesh*? Can her *snowy Breasts* and her *sparkling Eyes* move you to no Compassion? How can you Lash a Virgin, for only saying *She loves you*, and is entirely at your Service? Is your *Whipping-Post* so severe, as to withstand and contradict the very Principles of Nature. *Love is a Natural Passion in both Sexes*: Then, to Whip a Woman for *Making Love*, is to un-man your self. Nor can any thing be pleaded more to the Advantage of *Female Courtship*, than that 'tis necessary in some Women, when we come to be *Angels* (as some of your

your Sex call us) 'tis another Matter. There's something highly Rational in the very Essence of Virtuous Courtship. If there be no Reason below the Girdle, sure there's some above it. Then Pray Sir, good Sir, down with the Whipping-Post, and deliver the Prisoner into our Hands, for you are Stone, a Tree, (tho' even they love too in their way) if you Whip a Woman for loving of you. Besides Sir, this Courtship in Fen, is so far from being Humodest, that we defy you to Instance in a Whore or Fool that ever was truly in Love. Then, in meer Gratitude to the Woman that loves you, forbear Whipping her Person or Courtship: But if you resolve to Lash her, we intend to Face you, and when (Pooz Lady) she is taken down from the Whipping-Post, we'll Challenge you to Publish The History of Fen's Courtship; (with all the Letters that pass upon that Occasion) for we resolve to answer it——

Hey dey, will you ne'er be' done! Nay, good Ladies be gone, and let me alone, for that any who talk so little to the Purpose, shou'd yet talk so fast, and so loud, (in Behalf of a Fond Woman) wou'd seem very unreasonable, had you not this to plead for your selves, That 'tis very Natural, that want of sense shou'd be supply'd with some other Qualification: Yet if Fen's Courtship cou'd be defended, or your Discourse were but worth the hearing, I cou'd bear a little better with your Garulity; but such perfect Froth, such unsufferable Impertinence who can endure, unless another Woman? For, among your selves, there is seldom any Nonsense lost: You talk to each others Capacities, and all is well enough. Either, what an extraordinary pretty Gown you have. Madam! Pray who made it? Or, how does little Master and Miss do this Evening? Well, they are the prettiest Creatures! And then a long Narration of their Childish Follies. In short, your whole Sex is a Whipping-Post, and your Tongues the keenest Rods in the World ——
Then (Lady,) I value my Sense of Hearing too much, either to grant your Request, or to venture near you; but more especially when you are Swarming at a Gossiping:

ing: For, I have then wonder'd how 'tis possible for your *Mind* to keep *Pace* with your *Tongue*, believing they spoke *Rationally*, like other People; 'till at last the *Thing* was easy, since 'tis plain your *Speech* is only a sort of *Mechanical Motion*, and you can't afford to think with it.

Then *Ladys*, Be gone! *Troop off*, or I'll tye ye all to the *Whipping-Post* with your *Sister Fen*, who being now strip'd to the *Waist* (as soon as the *Rods* come) I'll Lash her *Back* before all the *Women* in the *Three Kingdoms*, that they may see, in the *Forwardness* of this *Virgin*, how *Impudent*, (or at least *Ridiculous*) 'tis for a *Woman* to *Court* a *Man*.

This *Fond Lover*, soon after my *Wife* dy'd, took (as she thought) *Compassion* of my *Mournful State*, and had she not prov'd a *Thornback*, she had certainly *Kidnapp'd* me into *Wedlock*. There was also *Mrs. A* made some *Matrimonial Signs*, but at present I pardon her *Impudence*, that she and her *Friends* may see how much I can forgive a *Proud and Ungrateful Person*. But for *Madam Fen*, she's such an *Heterogeneous Woman*, I'll Lash her till her *Back* can blush for her *Feminine Courtship*, discover'd to me in these *Lines*.

' Mr. Dunton—— I know the *World* will be apt to
' censure the *Immodesty* of this *Address*; notwithstanding, I
' think the *Case* of *Love* is the same with that of coming
' to the *Coal-Pits*; the first *Lover* shou'd be the first *Pro-*
' *poser*. This is therefore to desire you to make a *Journey*
' to *C*——k as soon as you can, for I have already
' suffer'd the *Beginnings* of a *Feverish Distemper* upon your
' *Account*. I hope my *Age* will not discourage you, for I
' came of a *Fruitful Family*; and my *Fortune* (were it more)
' is entirely at your *Service*—— I am yours first, and
' for ever,—— M. Fen.

The *World* may think this *Letter* a *Fiction*, (as not believing any *modest Woman* shou'd be thus forward in *Courting* a *Man* that deserves so little) but there is no *Jest* like a
true

true one. And I do protest, Madam Fen's Courtship was more Fond and Wanton than is here exprest: And for that Reason she's here Whip'd (and her Letter Publish'd) to cure Over-Forwardness in such Women as beg Husbands.

I need not spend much Time in drawing up my Charge against Madam Fen, for her Letter proves her a perfect Antidote against Marriage. And therefore that I may put her to as much Shame as her Impudent Courtships deserves, the Whipping-Post I'll tye her to, shall be that despicable Creature, an Old Maid, with these Words on her Forehead, "I'm condemn'd to lead Days in Hell.

Perhaps you'll say this is no proper Whipping-Post, which was still to Expose the Offender's Crime; but the being an Old Maid is none of her Fault, for she had been Marry'd some Years ago, if either Ogling, or Courting the Fellows, had but succeeded.

All this is readily granted, but still I assert, an Old Maid is the fittest Whipping-Post for this Woman, for Female Courtship is a Breach of Modesty; and therefore 'tis fit that an Old Maid should be the Whipping-Post, to signify the Scandal of Old Maid is what she deserves, for being so forward to lose her Virginity.

So much for my Charge against Madam Fen— And the Whipping-Post I shall Breathe her at.

I come next to the *birking Instrument*; and the R O D I sha'll Whip her with, shall be an [ANSWER] to her *Courting Letter*: Which take in the following Words, viz.

Yes (Madam) the World will be apt to censure the Immodesty of your Adrets, in courting a Person that never lov'd you: But I need not Lash you much in this Tender Place, for ' that you are Fond, that your whole Sex is fond and forward, and have been coming above these 5000 Years, and stealing back to your Rib again, sure you your self will scarce deny. We have no more Instances of it, than there have been Individuals of your *Yeizig* Sex, since the Creation.

' Now even Old Maids make a shift to keep a Colts Tooth; when they have hardly had more than

‘ Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp at Tilbury*, what
 ‘ a fine Set may we believe are in yours, that are as
 ‘ wild as the Wind, and all your Youth and Blood
 ‘ still about you? As appears by your *Feaverish Di-*
 ‘ *stemper* and *Fruitful Body* you so much Boast of.

‘ Is it not *Fondness* with a Witness, to tell me *the first*
 ‘ *Lover* shou'd be the first *Proposer*; to leave your Parents,
 ‘ to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to
 ‘ straddle over Garden Walls, and fly in the Air like
 ‘ Witches, and ride over House-Tops like Cats; to rush
 ‘ thro' Darkness, and wade thro' *Moats*, and almost run
 ‘ thro' *Fire* as well as *Water*? And what is all this
 ‘ for? Is it not for *Man*, that *Charming Creature*, *Man*, to
 ‘ whom, when you're in an Ill Humour, you'll not afford
 ‘ a *good Word*?

‘ What a Deal of Paper do you spoil in a Year?
 ‘ How many *Heydleberg-Tuns* full of Ink do you squan-
 ‘ der away, in answering *Billet-doux*, and *Love-Letters*;
 ‘ or rather in sending 'em, and *Challenging* all Mankind
 ‘ to do the worst they can to your *Persons* and *Reputa-*
 ‘ *tions*?

‘ But you need not *write*, you can *speak* enough, and
 ‘ you have many *Ways* to do it: Your *Eyes*, your *Hands*,
 ‘ your every *Motion*, sufficiently express how unwilling
 ‘ you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

In a Word, you'll tempt us with Money, (*for, don't*
your Letter say your Fortune is all at my Service?) or say or
 do any thing for a Husband. But I must tell you
 (tho' that *LASH* shou'd cut to the *Quick*) ‘ your *For-*
 ‘ *wardness* is so odious, that you lose me before you
 ‘ have me. Nothing can be imagin'd more Nauseous
 ‘ than your perpetual *Siege*, and *Childish Kindness*. Were
 ‘ you all *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, you'd tire me with *Cram-*
 ‘ *ming me* thus every Day. You'd scarce take it well your
 ‘ self, to be kiss'd to Death. Then how cou'd you think I'd
 Marry such a *Fond Ridiculous Woman*?

Have I renounc'd my Faith? Or basely Sold
 Salvation, or my Loyalty, for Gold?

If I did thus, proceed, I am content
 That Fen shou'd take me, for my Punishment:
 For, never Sin was of so high a Rate,
 But one Night's Hell with you might Expiate.
 Altho' the Law with Garnet, and the rest
 Dealt far more wildly, Hanging's but a Jest,
 To this Immortal Torure: Had you been
 In Martyrs torrit Days Engender'd, when
 Rogues liv'd by Blood, and thro'd by burning Men,
 You wou'd have been more horrit Engine far
 Than Fire or Famine, Racks or Halcers a-c.
 Whith' your Wit, Form, Talk, Smile, Dress, I name,
 Each is a Stock of Tyranny and Shame.
 But for your Breth Spectators come not nigh,
 That lays about God blest the Company.
 The Man in a Bear's skin Baited to Death,
 Wou'd chuse the Dogs, much rather than your Breath.
 One Kiss of yours, and Eighteen Words alone,
 Puts down the Spanish Inquisition.
 And were you not prevented by our Pray'r,
 By this Time you corrupted had the Air.
 A Wife for me! W'hy Succubus, be gone,
 You're drest so like the Whore of Babylon.
 How, doe on me! As if you wou'd contrive,
 The Devil and you, to Damn a Man alive.
 Let me go pray, and think upon some Spell
 At once to bid the Devil and you Farewell.

Thus have I answer'd (in the kindest Manner I can)
 your Courting Letter; and tho' I don't approve either
 of that, or the Person of Madam Fen, yet I'll so far re-
 turn — **Love for Love** — as to wish this Answer
 may serve as a **ROD** to Correct your Fondness, and
 keep you Chaste: For, as I despise a Woman that
 makes Love, so I hear ily wish (for your further Mo-
 rification) that no Man may ever see you — But above
 all, Woe to the Wretch that's in Love with you; for tho'
 when you Court our Sex, you promise 'em **Gold, Chil-**
dren, and value your self upon **Loving first and most,**
R 2
yet

' Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp at Tilbury*, what
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 keep you Chaste: For, as I despise a Woman that
 makes Love, so I hear ily wish (for your further Mo-
 rification) that no Man may ever see you— But above
 all, Woe to the Wretch that's in Love with you; for tho'
 when you Court our Sex, you promise 'em Gold, Chil-
 dren, and value your self upon Loving first and most,
 R 2 yet

68 *Dunton's Whipping-Post.*

yet shou'd any Man **L O V E** you (before you invite him to it) *his Torment is such that nothing can Equal it.* He must be the veriest *Fetch-and-Carry*, the most **Errand Lover**, the *gentlest, tamest Creature* that ever was good for nothing but to make a *Husband*. **Everlasting Teizing** is his **Portion**; sometimes you'd no more let him approach you than a *Persian Bride*, and it may be, a Minute hence the **Wind** changes, and you stifle him to *Death* (as you do me,) with your *Fondness*.

Now you are all **Thunder**, by and by nothing to be heard but *gentle Murmurs*; and presently you are chang'd into *Tehee* and *Laughter*; but to be sure your *merry Humour* comes when he's **Grave**; and if the *Lover's pleasant*, for that very Reason you can once be silent.

Such a **F O N D** one as you will wink upon his *Rival* before his *Eyes*, and yet he shan't dare *complain*, nay, not so much as *sigh*, or look *displeas'd*, unless he'd **Eternally** lose you. And yet still you find a *Way* to twist your self about his *Heart* again; that it shall neither be in his **Power** to hate or forsake you, tho' he knows not how to love you. Away he flies, when you have provok'd him beyond **Measure**; but you can **Lure** him down again, stroke him and please him, make him shut his **Blew Broad Eyes**, and sleep in your *Bosom*.

But I'll Whip you no more at present; (for I see the *Spectators* are all in *Tears*) and therefore in hopes of your *Reformation*, I shall now put on your *Furbelows*, &c. and discharge you for this Time; but if ever you *Court any more Men*, I shall tye you again to the **Whipping-Post**, and will then **L A S H** you till you hate the *Thoughts* of a *Husband*—— I am

Your Whipping Friend

J O H N D U N T O N.

The next I shall bring to the Whipping-Post will be *S*———*vell* of *Oxford*——— *W*———y for his Sa-
 tyr upon the Dissenters——— And all the *other Per-*
sons and Things mention'd in our Introduction———
 But for want of Room, I must reserve these for ano-
 ther Season——— But in the mean Time, to convince
 the World I lash none but such as deserve it, I'll con-
 clude this *First Part of my Journal* with

A Whipping Letter to Dr. Smirk, &c.

Reverend Sir,

YOUR Friend was so kind as to give me an In-
 vitation to your **Countrꝝ Seat**, but upon seri-
 ous Thoughts I judge to give you a *seeming Friendly*
Visit, at a Time when I'm urg'd to **LASH** you in
 Publick, is what is scarce *Just or Honourable*; and for
 that Reason I shall content my self with only praying
 for your *Health and Repentance*, till such Time as I can
 see you with a **Hearty Friendship**. I say **Hearty!** As
Gratitude, Justice, and Sincerity, is all I value my self
 upon, as is largely shewn in *Dunton's Whipping-Post* and
Living Elegy, &c. Where I have done my self Justice
 with Respect to you and my other Enemies, but have
 done it in **Dark Hints, &c.** that no Body knows where
the Shoe pinches, but you (and those) that feel it. If
 therefore you take these **LASHES** as a **Just Reward**
 for the Wrong you did me, I shall think my self fully
 satisfy'd. But you know *Doctor, Revenge is sweet.*
 And I was forc'd to **Whip** you in this Journal, that I
 might be Friends with you for ever. *But why do I say*
that Revenge is sweet? Let me here tye my self to the
Whipping-Post by fairly owning that **Revenge** (tho' the
 most

most enticing of all Vices) 'discharges
 [Dunton ties him- 'at once its Pleasure with its Fury, and
 self to the Whipping- 'like a Bee Languishes after it both
 Post for saying Re- 'spent its Sting; and when it is once
 venge is sweet.] 'acted, (which is often in one Moment)
 'it ceaseth from that Moment to be

'a Pleasure; and such as are tick'd once with it, are
 'afraid of its Remembrance, and think worse of it than
 'they did formerly of the Affront, to Expiate which it was
 'undertaken.

Doctor, I Whip my self in this open Confession, both
 to caution all Men against Revenge and for renew-
 ing our old Friendship; but if my Lashing your
 Gall'd Back, must end in a Paper Duel, Know! That
 Scribbling is the Air I breathe in; and as I have drawn
 my Pen, will never put it up whilst I have one Enemy.

Dr. Smirk, my Hearty Respects to your Better Self,
 and tell her, Had I met with such a Generous Carriage
 from the other People as I find in her, had I lost as
 many Kingdoms by 'em as I do Pence, I shou'd not
 have once mention'd it. For, 'I reckon it much betw
 'me to mention the Favours I have done; but 'tis La-
 'bour in vain, you know, to oblige. where every Kindness is
 'mis-represented, and (of late) most unjustly disown'd;
 'so that I can't say which deserves most whipping, your
 Detraction, or J————s Injustice (a) — Even the S H E
 DON of your Family han't one Grain of Generosity
 in her, (but deserves Whipping from London to Kingstone)
 or cou'd never so wholly forget a Person that beg'd
 40*l.* (b) for her First Husband, when all his K I N, but
 my self, despis'd him. Is this my Reward for procuring
 the Dignify'd Starke, (c) and advancing you to the
 Honour of T————s Friendship? Why sure you thought

(a) I call it so, as no Man e'er paid an Hundred Pound
 without taking a Receipt, or Cancelling the Bond that proves
 the Debt.

(b) Of Alderman Cornish and other Citizens.

(c) Mention'd in the History of my Life. P. 260.

there

there was no *Whipping-Post*, or that *Dunton* was Dead and Bury'd! Is this your way to repay Favours, to slander your Friend, and deny the Debt, &c? I can't say you are all guilty in this Matter, but for those of you that are so base as to add *Injustice to your Ingratitude*, I resolve to Lash you till you own your Fault.

In short (*Doctor*) you and your *Friends* are Whip'd no more than you do deserve. However, you were the *First Aggressors*, and therefore I shall make no Apology for this Letter, or for any thing I have said in Print. *Apology!* No, for if you wou'd but *turn the Tables*, and consider how S O U R E you'd look your selves, upon that Person that slighted and abus'd you only for the Kindness you did him, I shou'd then pass for a meer S T O I C K amongst you, for only Whipping you with *Initial Letters* and *Dark Hints*. But be it as 'twill, you are *Related to*, &c. and for that Reason I will ever be (whether you will or no)

Your Sincere Friend,

J O H N D U N T O N.

DUNTON'S

DUNTON'S JOURNAL. Part II.

O R,

A Panegyrick on the most Eminent Persons [for Piety, Learning, Courage, Moderation, Charity, and other Accomplishments] now living in the Three Kingdoms.

I Shall begin this *Second Part* of my *Journal* with this Assurance, That I'll praise no Person (whether *Rich or Poor*) but such as I think deserve it. And the *first* Person I intend to Characterize, is the *Divine Sabina*; being oblig'd thereto by the following Letter, directed thus, *viz.*

*To the Author of the Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.
To be left at Claypool's Coffee-House in Swan-Alley, in
Birchin-Lane. — Post paid.*

S I R,

Manchester, April 6. 1706.

I Thought my self oblig'd, tho' at this Distance, to make some Return for the Pleasure which the Niceness and Curiosity of your *Living History* has given me in Effigie. I wou'd have you begin your History with the Character of a Lady in these Parts, commonly call'd — [*The Divine Sabina.*] The Accomplishments of this Lady have sufficiently Signaliz'd her, tho' the Bashfulness of her Residence has done all that in it lay to shroud her
from

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 73

from Applause. I'm very sensible she is like to suffer, as your most Racy and Generous Liquors do in the Transfusion; she flourishes in her own Soil, but will look faint and withering in Comparison of the Primitive Piece: However, I hope it may provoke a Hand as Celebrated as her own, to Ravish the Pencil from such a Dawber as I'm about to shew my self I confels too, I wiere better have Initiaed my Hand with an Inferiour Draught; yet suppose me in the best Circumstances, and I'm only like to give it you in Shade and Miniature, and therefore ascribe none of the unfinished Strokes to the Original—— I shall further add, that if this first Character meets with Encouragement, I shall send you the Characters of Dr. Row, Mr. Cunningham Dr. Lee, &c. and of other eminent Persons in Manchester— But to return to the Character of

The Divine Sabina.

SHE is a Lady by Birth and Fortune, and is not only an Ornament to her own *Illustrious Family*, but to the Age she lives in.

She hath Wit not only above most of her Sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values it self so much upon it: To which is joyn'd a Judgment very Correct and Solid. (Two Things seldom found together in the Fair Sex.) This is the Reason that she never runs into those *Little Extravagancies*, nor commits those Witty Fooleries which many of them who possess the First, are guilty of, for want of the Latter. Wit in Women being often a very ungovernable Thing.) But she bears her Advantages with leis Ostentation, and more Temper, than those of her Sex (who have any Excellency above the rest) usually do; which is a virtue by which she is as much distinguish'd from them, as they are from the Ordinary Rank of Women.

She is a very good Judge of Persons, and as there is no Body more Competently qualify'd to give their Opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe Exactness, or with less Partiality; for she always

74 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

speaks her Mind, and spares no Body: But then (I know not how) she orders it so well, that it may be understood as an Obligation; and her severest Reproofs have something in them so sweet, so gentle, and so allaying of their own Gall, that there is hardly any of the Bitter to be found; like Pills wrapt up in Sweet-meats, you swallow them with a pleasing Relish; and as **W**erterous Executioners perform their Office with such a Sleight, that 'tis with little Pain, and almost insensible to the Sufferers. So she manages her most **K**illing **R**eflections with such Admirable Art and Softness, that the Persons concern'd are never offended at it; for she does it in Terms very Ambiguous, like *Antient Oracles*, that might be Interpreted either way, it requires some Consideration to find out which 'tis she intends: *And what she designs as a Reflection, without a very strict Examination may pass for a Panegyrick.*

She is extremely **C**ritical, and likes or dislikes upon great Niceties. The Last is much more frequent to her than the First, for she seldom finds any Body to her Mind; her *Friendship* therefore is obtain'd with great Difficulty, and very easily lost: For, to the keeping of it up, it is necessary one shou'd have all That in the same Degree, which was the Cause of her Contracting it. For, upon the first Discovery of any Failure her Kindness falls too; that is, she cannot pass by the little Errors and Miscarriages of her Friends. So that it is in her *Friendship*, as it is in *Musick*, where if the Instruments are not kept up to the same Key and Pitch, it disturbs the *Harmony*. Tho' if she always continues to proceed by this Rule, she will hardly ever have any very durable Friendship, it being difficult for her to make it upon equal Terms.

She is very *Scrupulous* in all the little and indifferent Actions of her Life; and a most rigorous Observer of that which they call **D**ecency, even to the smallest *Punctilio's*; and makes her self a great Slave to *Custom and Opinion*: That is, she will never do any thing till she hath first very well consider'd with her self, what other People may think of it. Her

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 75

Her *Conversation* is very agreeable, and she hath Complaisance enough, yet loves you shou'd oppose her, and delights very much in Contradicting you; but does it so handsomely, and in such a Manner, as easily shews her *Design is only Pleasure and Divertisement*, and she never fails of her End.

She hath a Sense of Things by her self, very *subtle and fine Notions*, and is rather pleas'd with something particularly *Odd*, than any thing in the common beaten Road: That is, she had rather make *Travels on Nature*, and break into her Enclosures, than keep the High-way.

She never makes her self a *Slave to her Opinions*, nor believes she is always oblig'd to think as she once did; nor is so obstinately constant to any one Tenet, as never to recede from it. By this I mean only such as are not Material, but Indifferent in themselves, and are the Subject of ordinary Dispute and Conversation. And her *Design* (as I have told you) being only *Divertisement*, you shall see her one Time defend a Proposition with all the Earnestness imaginable, when perhaps the next Time you meet her, the Stream will be diverted into another Current, and she will maintain quite the contrary, and say as many fine Things against it, as ever she did for it, if it serve better to that Purpose of *Diverting*. So that her Opinions are like Laws in a State, which change with the Circumstances of Affairs, and that which was before of Force and Valid, is made void upon some present Exigence and Necessity. And for the rest of her Life, 'tis nothing else but *Devotion*.

To Sum up all, she hath a great deal of *Wit*, a true and discerning *Judgment*, she is hard to be pleas'd, very nicely scrupulous; singular in her Notions, uncertain in her Friendship, pleasant in Conversation, Inoffensive in her Railery, sincere in her Piety; and all these are so qualify'd, and so intermix'd, that like different Elements, they make up a most Excellent Composition.

I shall next Insert Two Panegyrick Poems.—
The First, *A Panegyrick upon Death*, and the Second, *An*

76 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Epitaph on the Reverend Dr. Manton. Both written by the Ingenious *Dr. Wild.*

The Gentleman that sent these Poems to me desires (a) I'd insert the Character of *Dr. Manton* in this *Journal*; for, tho' he's Characteriz'd by *Mr. Calamy* yet (to use my Friends Expression) 'Too much can never be said of so worthy a Person. I agree to what this Gentleman says, that 'too much can never be said of *Dr. Manton*, &c. But the Character that is given of him by *Mr. Calamy* is so *Complex*, that I shan't presume to add any thing to it, and therefore I hope I shan't disoblige my *Yorkshire Friend*, if I only Print *Dr. Wild's Verses*, (which I'm told, were never Printed before) and so refer the Reader for *Dr. Manton's Character*, to be found in the *Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Life*; written by *Mr. Calamy*—— But to proceed so.

I. *The Panegyrick upon Death.*

Address'd

To the Angry Brethren.

By *Dr. Wild.*

NOT yet agree! Shame on us all, not yet.
Can Lethe only force us to forget
What the *Sacrific'd Laver* shou'd have done,
And the next best Act of Oblivion?
Now blest be *CHARLES* the Second, Best of Kings,
The Wisest Judge of Persons and of Things;
His Healing Hand at first had cur'd our Fars
So perfectly, there had remain'd no Scars:
As *Moses* took the *Golden Calf* away
Which *Aaron* had set up to make a Fray,
That *Moses* also by Divine Decree,
One Season fix'd for Grace and Unity.

(a) As is hinted in my *Introduction to this Work.* The

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 77

The High-Priest's Death gave General Release,
All Prosecution of the Law did cease,
The Refuge Cities sent Men Home in Peace.
May our meek Moses that Blest LAW renew,
Be each Sinsayer viler than a Jew:
But if a Gracious King can't have it done,
King Death will make a Comprehension;
That great Peace-maker, yet our Common Foe,
Will quiet us, whether we will or no.
For in the Grave, our Wars and F.uds will cease,
And Conquering Death reduces all to Peace.
That equal Empire soon will end the Stir
Betwixt the Prelate and the Presbyter.
All's one to him whether the Funeral
March to the Temple, or a Common Hall:
And at the Burial he Amen will cry,
By Directory, or the Liturgy.
In his Long Laue the Glosk and Cassock meet,
The Lawn and Surplice, in his Wincin-Sheet.
Kings, Queens, Knights, Parsons, Bishops and Rooks do lie
Jumbl'd in his Chess-Bag, and so laid by;
Hearts, Diamonds and Clubs their Tricks may play,
But his Spade Trumps and carries all away.
He both our Friendly and our Fierce Debates,
With one Word, *Finis*, fully Terminates.
'Tis his Determination ends the Sickle
'Twixt Convocation and Conventicle.
What Naked Truth attempted but in vain,
Naked and Shameless Death will soon obtain;
His Hands the Sacred Breast-Plate will unlace,
And snatch the secret Urim from his Place,
The precious Stones before him change their Hue,
And all the Holy Lamps burn Pale and Blew.
He thro' the Ephod strikes the Guarded Breasts,
The Shoulders and the Humeral acrests,
Whether the Funeral Guests do sip or quaff,
Whether the Church Exec'or weep or laugh;
Whether th' Escucheons smutty Pure or Trim,
Whether a Turf or Marble covers him.

What

78 A Panegyrick on Excellent Persons.

What Work the Preacher maketh with his Name?
 Simony dumb, or Sacrilege defame.

Wo and alas, whether his Loaded Hearse
 Bears Panegyrick, or Saryrick Verse.

Whether the Town Boys or poor wretched 3,
 Shall serve or mischief him with Poetry;
 Bishop and Presbyter must take their Lot,
 Both alike unconcern'd, regard it not.

O Mighty Death, let Fear of Sin and Thee
 Make Mortal Men their Mortal Feuds agree.
 Once more, if Tragedy and Funerals fail,
 Let Comedy and Nuptial Shows prevail;
 Charles and th' United Provinces Combine,
 And joya Two Princes of the Royal Line.
 The Virgin Bride ours, thine the Gallant Groom,
 Thrice Happy Match, made without Leave from Rome.
 A Royal Pair of Protestants, in whom
 An hopeful Seed-Plot's laid for Christendom.
 Mary and William the old Order vary,
 More Lucky than A Phillip and a Mary.
 Now if you like the Mitch and High-born Man,
 Prince of a Stately Presbyterian;
 If what a wise King, Duke and Council do,
 The Kingdom's Joy, please but the Clergy too:
 Then let's shake Hands and Clap them, let the Sound
 OF well Tun'd Bells our former Janglings drown'd:
 Let Hymen's Torches kindle Piles of Fire
 In Streets and Hearts, and burn up all our Ire.
 But if Heaven-born Irene can't assuage
 Hell Bard Erynnis Fury and black Rage;
 If Joseph's Tears and Counsel, See I pray
 You Brethren, that you fall not out by th' Way,
 May not prevail, yet give us Leave to die,
 Be not unkind as Edom, to deny
 Poor Brethren Passage by the Common Way,
 We will not spoil, but for our Water pay,
 And eat our own Bread, we'll not wrong a Man,
 But quietly pass on to Canaan.

Not

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 79

Not let our Numbers your Mol. st procure,
Our Sins (you need not) soon will make us fewer.
Cease to reprove our Conscience, as too nice,
Forgive us that Fault which did prove your Rise.
Had we Conform'd then Turn Coats we had been,
If we turn out, then Schismatics, and sin.
Had we Compl'y'd the Free-hold all was ours,
The Curates Cock-Lotts haply had been yours.
Your Service Wednesday and Friday Prayer,
Churchings and Furnely, the High Days Fare;
No Chamblert Cassicks then, nor Sicken Zees,
Your Ladys now had then been Country Jeans.
Give Losers Leave to speak, 'tis all we pray,
Stop not our Mouths till in our silent Grave.
When we come there, ye tread us under Foot,
And piss upon us too, who please to do so;
It will not stain us, only wash the Stone,
And make more legible th' Inscription.

II. AN EPITAPH

Upon the REVEREND

Dr. Manton.

Written by Dr. WILD.

TWO Words (but ah, too hard) *Efficit, Conficit,*
Had made this Stone a Stately Monument;
Then it had run with a more Lofly Stile,
The Dean of Rochester lies in the Isle.
Nay, peradventure, higher, Here lies dead
A Learned, Reverend and Witer'd Head.
Now a small Character must serve the Turn,
So Gold lies hidden in an Earthen Urn.

Here

80 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons,*

*Here lies a Father who in Jesus dy'd,
 With six Dear Children sleeping by his Side.
 Here lies a Great Divine, a Learned Man,
 Smart E'sp'mant, well read Historian,
 Accurate Teximan, Orthodox avow'd,
 If our Church Articles may be allow'd;
 Severe of Brow, but in Discourse serene,
 Whole Tongue cou'd say well all his Mind did mean.
 Hearers inquir'd not how the Time did pass,
 Nor list'n'd to the Clock, nor look'd at Glass.
 Tedious he cou'd not be, tho' much he read,
 The Warp and Woof were both so fine a Thread,
 Black Envy look'd askint, gnash'd, swell'd and swore,
 To see so many Coaches Throng his Door.
 His Sentences to many a Noble Ear,
 Were richer than the Jewels they did wear.
 His Printed Books (pity they were so few)
 Ten Times perused, yet appeared new.
 When his Bright Soul enter'd the Blessed Place,
 After the Smiles of his great Maker's Face,
 Methinks I see those Two Apostles rise,
 St. James and Jude, and with delighted Eyes,
 Behold, Embrace, welcome with Heavenly Greet,
 Their Scholar, feasting him at their own Feet.
 Then by th' Appointment of the Throne and Votes
 Of that high House approv'd and prais'd his Notes;
 So faithfully and fruitfully annex
 To their Epistles, and the Sacred Text.
 Then Glorious David from his Sun-like Throne,
 Bedeck'd with Stars and many a precious Stone,
 Welcom'd the Saint into the Heavenly Quire,
 Thanking him for his Lesson on his Lyre;
 Moving an Order, which not one withstood,
 They might be Publish'd for the Churches Good.
 Next 'twas resolv'd Heaven wou'd be very kind
 To his poor Wife and Children left behind.
 His Absence shou'd not make them fare the worst,
 God's All-sufficiency shou'd be their Purse.*

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 81

*His Providence their All, and all this done
Without their Father's Intercession.*

*'Twas lastly voted, his Remains Below
Shou'd to their Dust with Love and Honour go,
And that a wise Embalmer make and shed
A Box of Precious Ointment on his Head.*

If any question whether these **Two Poems** [*upon Death— And upon Dr. Manton*] were written by the Ingenious *Dr. Wild* (tho' I think the very *Stile* sufficiently shews it.) If *Dr. Manton's Son in Law* will give me a private Meeting, I'll give him full Satisfaction that they were both written by *Dr. Wild*, and left by him with that very Gentleman who sent them to me to be Inserted in this *Journal*—

I shall next step into *Worshire* (for designing a *Panegyrick* on the most *Eminent Persons* in the *Three Kingdoms*, I shall survey every *Town and County* that comes in my way) — And here I shall present the Reader with the **Characters** of several *Eminent Persons* (*both Men and Women*) and the First I shall name is,

The Lady Hewly of York.

THE truly Honourable, Noble, and Elect Lady **Hewly** of *York*, is a Person of Exemplary Piety and Seriousness; God hath blessed her with a great Estate, and also with a Large and Bountiful Heart and Hand. Her Charity is not only a Cistern to supply the present Age, but a Fountain to supply Generations to come, in that Goodly Hospital she hath lately Erected in the City of *York*, and so largely and liberally Endowed for Aged Persons of her own Sex: In which she is so far from assuming any Honour to her self, that like *David* of Old, in his Preparations to Build the Temple, (1 *Chro.* 29. 11, 12.) She gives all the Glory to God; as appears by the Inscription thereupon, *Psal.* 68. 10. *Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy Goodness for the Poor.* And yet
M notwith

82 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

notwithstanding this Publick Structure, the Principal Streams of her Charity run in secret, according to the Rule, *Mat. 6. 4.* This Noble Person (in the Distribution thereof) not letting her Right Hand know what her Left Hand doth; many having been refresh'd by the Streams of her Bounty, that never knew the Fountain whence it came. Her Endeavours (like our Blessed Saviour's) is to do all Good possible, both to the Souls and Bodies of Men; and that in Sincerity and Singleness of Heart, having respect to God's Glory, whatever she does, doing it Faithfully, both to the Brethren and to Strangers. This Excellent Lady, notwithstanding her great Love to the Publick Ordinances, and her Conscientious Attendance thereupon, when her Health and Strength will permit, yet she leaves not her Religion there, but hath God duly Worshipped in her own Family, by the Morning and Evening Sacrifices of Prayer and Praise. She spends much Time also (in her secret Retirements) in those sweet Dutys of Prayer, Holy Meditation, and Converse with her own Soul; having that Serenity of Mind and Peace of Conscience, which is the Result of well doing, and which most are Strangers to.

God hath been pleas'd to continue her (tho' under frequent Bodily Infirmities) to a good Old Age, wherein (to use the Psalmist's Phrase) *She still brings forth Fruit, and is fat and flourishing.* May it please the Lord yet long to preserve her precious Life, and when her Days are determined, that she must sleep with her Fathers, vouchsafe her an *Εὐθανασία*, an Easy and Comfortable Passage out of this World, and an Abundant Entrance into the Kingdom of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mr. Thomas Colton of York.

TH E Neat and Accurate Mr. Thomas Colton, of the same City, is a Person of Exemplary Piety and Seriousness, a very Eminent Preacher; as appears in those Two Excellent Sermons of his lately Printed: But wou'd
appear

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 83

appear much more, if the World might be so Happy as to see his *Discourses upon the Heads of Divinity*. He is a very Prudent, Peaceable Man, of the Primitive Stamp, no Bigot to any Party, but a Lover of all good Men, of what Perswasion soever; and of such a sweet, regular, obliging Conversation, as makes him to be lov'd of all. Another *Demetrius*, having a good Report of all Men, and of the Truth it self.

Mr. Joseph Dawson of Morley.

MR. Joseph Dawson of *Morley*, is a Grave and Reverend Minister of Jesus Christ, an *Israelite indeed, in whom there is no Guile*. An Angelical Man for *Meekness*; another *Moses*: A Man of such a Holy and Exemplary Conversation, and Venerable Behaviour, as gains him Respect and Reverence from all Men. A deep Divine, of great Ministerial Parts and Abilities, and of a sweet and happy Delivery; being affectionately desirous of the Good of Souls, is willing not to impart to them the Gospel of God only, but his own Soul also, because they are dear to him, Exhorting and Charging every one, even as a Father doth his Children; as the Apostle speaks, (*1 Thes. 2. 8.*) Tho' he is now such another as *Paul the Aged*, (being near the 70th Year of his Life) yet he is as Indefatigable and Diligent in his Study, as if but just entering upon his Work, (as our Blessed Saviour before him) *doing the Work of him that sent him while it is Day, before the Night cometh when no Man can work*. In a Word, He is a Burning and Shining Light, a very Pattern of *Holiness, Meekness, Humility, and Zeal for God's Glory, &c.* One whose whole Conversation is in Heaven. He Trained up Four young Men, all Sons of a Friend of mine, in *Academical Learning*, Three of which are now actually in the Ministry, and do worthily for God in their Generation.

Mr. Peter Peters of Leeds.

MR. Peter Peters of *Leeds*, is a truly good Man, and Faithful Minister of Jesus Christ; one that fills up his Post to very good Purpose, of a healing Christian Temper and Disposition: But alas, under great Indisposition, by reason of the *Stone*, or *Gravel*, or some worse Distemper; whereby we have great Cause to fear his Removal, (tho' but a Young Man, in the Midst of his Days.)

Mr. Ralph Thoresby of Leeds.

MR. Ralph Thoresby of *Leeds*, Fellow of the *Royal Society*, is a very Ingenious, Sober Gentleman, and Industrious Antiquary, who hath a curious Collection of Natural and Artificial Rarities of many Years standing; and is still as diligent as ever to make Additions thereunto: He is also a great Preserver and Ingrosser of Manuscripts of all Sorts. He is kind and respectful to his Friends, and never better pleas'd than when they can present him with some Piece of Antiquity, or valuable Manuscript.

Mr. Nathaniel Priestly near Halifax.

MR. Nathaniel Priestly near *Halifax*, is of great Parts, and Excellent Ministerial Abilities, and Universal Scholar, *cui est ingenium subtile in corpore crasso*: He is of a truly Candid Christian Temper, a Lover of good Men, of what Perswasion soever, and is generally well belov'd and respected. He hath a good Collection of the best Books, which he keeps not for Ostentation, but for Use and Service, being a most Industrious and Indefatigable Reader; his Love
and

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 85
 and Delight in Books is such, that he may (as a Great and Learned Man of this Kingdom once did) truly confess himself *extalico quodam librorum amore potenter abreptum & nullius rei preterquam librorum avarus.* He is much addicted to Solitude and Retirement. *Bene vixit qui bene latuit,* may be his *Motto* in this Respect; and I cannot better express the Temper of his Mind, than in that Wish of Cicero, *I wou'd give, said he, all the Wealth in the World, That I might live in my Study, and have nothing to hinder me.*

Mr. Thomas Dickenson.

MR. Thomas Dickenson, is a Man of Gravity and Serioufness, reads much, and is happy in a tenacious and retentive Memory, a hard Student, Excellent in Prayer and Preaching, Temperate in all Things, and of an Exemplary Conversation: He is a Man of Learning and Worth, very Scriptural, Solid and Substantial in all his Discourses, A Judicious Divine, and Workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.

Mr Accepted Lister of Thornton, in Bradford Dale.

MR. Accepted Lister of Thornton in Bradford Dale, is a little Man, but one that has a great Soul, rich in Grace and Gifts, of a strong Memory, good elocution, Accepted with God and all good Men, and one that serves God Faithfully in the Gospel of his Son, Naturally caring for the Good of Souls, and longing after them in the Bowels of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. John Firth of Mansfield.

MR. John Firth, was 45 Years Vicar of Mansfield, and one of the most Famous and Eminent Preachers of the Age wherein he liv'd; a Man of Courage and
 Magna.

86 *A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons.*

Magnanimity, that fear'd not any Man in the Discharge of his Duty; but like *John* the Baptist, wou'd reprove even a *Herod* to his Face. A very hard Student, leaving some Thousands of Notes written exactly, which well deserve the Press: One that exceeded the most of his Brethren, in his Ministerial Parts and Abilities. He was an Excellent Orator, and engaged the Attention of his Hearers by his Grave, Authoritative, and Affectionate Delivery, Preaching in the Demonstration of the Spirit, and with Power: He was Indefatigable in his Labours, Preaching twice every Lord's Day, so long as Strength wou'd permit: He dy'd *May* the 5th, 1699, Aged 74. And whatever Invidious Reflections some that cou'd not endure sound Doctrine, may cast upon the Memory of this Excellent Person, *Mansfield* shall know they had a Prophet amongst them. He lives in his Son, *Mr. William Firth*, a truly Candid, Courteous Gentleman, an Inheritor of his Father's Virtues, and one that hath made it appear, he can forgive his greatest Enemies; who, tho' a Man of the Law, hath at all Times a Chancery in his Breast and Bosom.

Mrs. Bathshina Brooksbank of Ealand.

MRS. Bathshina Brooksbank of *Ealand*, is of a good Mien and Presence; but which is much more, of a Noble Genius and Elevation of Mind and Thought, above most of her Sex, her Natural Parts, which are Extraordinary, being so greatly improv'd by her Diligence in reading the best Authors, doth make her a very Accomplish'd Gentlewoman. She is a great Friend to Learning, and all Laudable and Pious Designs, which she will spare no Cost to promote. She understands a Book well, and hath her Closet richly furnish'd with a curious Collection of the best Authors: In the ordering of which she affects a peculiar Neatness, as she does in her other Family Affairs and Concernments

A Panegyrick on Eminent Persons. 87

In short, she is a Solid and Substantial Christian, of a Candid Temper, a Lover of good Men and Ministers, whom she esteems very highly in Love for their Works Sake; She is for her Seriousness and Constancy in the Dutys of Religion another *Anna*; for Charity and Kindness, a *Dorcas*; and the *Phoenix* of her Age, for a Constant, Faithful, Generous Friend.

Mr. Abraham Sharp of Horton.

MR. Abraham Sharp of Horton, is one that enjoys the Riches of both the *Indies*, the Pleasures of Court and Camp, City and Country, in his beloved Retirement and Mathematical Projections and Improvements, in which he is arrived to a great Eminency, having a curious Mechanical Hand also, and performs his Operations relating to that Science, with an Admirable, and almost unparalell'd Neatness. *Thro' Desire* (saith Solomon) *a Man having separated himself, seeketh and intermedleth with all Wisdom*; as doth this worthy Gentleman, who hath such a passionate Love for these Mathematical Studys, as I cannot better express than in the Wish of one of his Predecessors, of the same Genus. *Crede mihi* (saith he) *extingui dulce esset mathematicarum artium studio*. However, he is not so taken up with these Mathematical Nicerys, as to neglect the main Matter, the one Thing needful, being also a very serious and solid Christian.

Designing *A General Panegyrick on all Ranks and Degrees of Men*, I shall next present the Reader with **A Secret History of the Weekly Writers, &c.**— I call it *A Secret History*, as it discovers such Things of our Town Authors, as have hitherto lain concealed— And I call 'em— *The Weekly Writers*, to distinguish 'em from *The Moderator, Wandering Spy, Rehearsal, London Post, Interloping Whiffler*, and that Rabble of scandalous Hackneys,