

Amusements Serious and Comical

Thomas Brown

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The PREFACE. Amusement I.

The Title I have confer'd upon my Book, gives me Authority to make as long a Preface as I please; for a Long Preface is a true *Amusement*.

However I have ventured to put one here, under the Apprehension that it will be very necessary toward the understanding of the Book; tho' the Generality of Readers are of Opinion, that a Preface, instead of setting off the Work, does but expose the Vanity of the Author.

A good General of an Army, is less embarrass'd at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what Figure to dress his Countenance. If he puts on a Fierce and Haughty look, his Readers think themselves obliged to lower his Topsail, and bring him under their Sterns: If he affects an Humble Sneaking Posture, they slight and despise him: If he boasts the Excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he says: If he tells them there is little or nothing in't, they take him at his Word; and to say nothing at all of his Work, is an unsufferable Imposition upon an Author.

I know not what Success these Papers will find in the World; but if any amuse themselves in Criticizing upon

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them, or in Reading them, my Design is answer'd.

I have given the following Thoughts the Name of *Amusements*; you will find them Serious, or Comical, according to the Humour I was in when I wrote them; and they will either Divert you, Instruct you, or Tire you, after the Humour you are in when you read them.

T'other Day one of the Imaginary Serious Wits, who thought it a Weakness in any Man to laugh: Seeing a Copy of this Book; at the opening of it, fell into a Passion, and Wrinkling up his Nostrils like a heated Stallion that had a Mare in the Wind, said, The Book was unworthy of the Title; for Grave Subjects, should be treated with Decorum, and 'twas to profane Serious Matters, to blend them with Comical Entertainments. What a Mixture is here says he!

This Variety of Colours, said I to my Censurer, appears very Natural to me; for if one strictly examines all Mens Actions and Discourses, we shall find that Seriousness and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if Sullen Moody Sots do not set them at Variance. Every Day shews us, that Serious Maxims, and Sober Counsels, often proceed out of the Mouths of the Pleasantest Companions, and such as affect to be always Grave and Musing, are then more Comical than they think themselves.

My Spark push'd his Remonstrance further: Are not you ashamed, continued he, to Print *Amusements*? Don't you know, that Man was made for Business, and not to sit amusing himself like an Owl in an Ivy-Bush? To which I answer'd after this manner.

The whole Life of Man is but one entire Amusement: Vertue only deserves the Name of Business, and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employed, for all the World beside are Idle.

One Amuses himself by Ambition, another by Interest, and another by that Foolish Passion Love. Little Folks Amuse themselves in Pleasures, Great Men in the Acquisition of Glory, and I am Amused to think that all this is nothing but Amusement.

Once more, the whole Transactions of our Lives, are but meer Amusements, and Life it self is but an Amusement in a continued Expectation of Death.

Thus much for Serious Matters: Let us now make haste to Pleasantry.

I have a great mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that is a true Comical Thought: When all the Learned Men in the World are but Translators, is it not a Pleasant Jest, that you should strive to be an Original! You should have observed your Time, and have come into the World with the Ancient *Greeks* for that purpose; for the *Latines* themselves are but Copies.

This Discourse has mightily discouraged me. Is it true then that there is such an Embargo laid upon Invention, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly New, and intirely his own? Many Authors, I confess, have told me so: I will enquire further about it, and if Sir *Roger*, Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *Durfey* Confirm it, then I will Believe it.

What need all this Toyl and Clutter about Original Authors and Translators? He who Imagines Briskly, Thinks Justly, and Writes Correctly, is an Original in the same things that another had thought before him. The Natural Air, and Curious Turn he gives his Translations, and the Application wherewith he graces them, is enough to perswade any Sensible Man, that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an advantage owing to their Birth, rather than to the Excellency of their Parts beyond their Successors.

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Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the Foundation of the Ancients, have far excell'd in disguising their Notions, and improving the first Essays, that they have acquir'd more Glory, and Reputation, than ever was given to the Original Authors: Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Those who Rob the Modern Writers, study to hide their Thefts; those who filch from the Ancients, account it their Glory. But why the last should be more Reproach'd than the former, I cannot imagine, since there is more Wit in disguising a Thought of Mr. *Lock's*, that in a lucky Translation of a Passage from *Horace*. After all, it must be granted, that the Genius of some Men can never be brought to Write correctly in this Age, till they have form'd their Wits upon the Ancients, and their Gusts upon the Moderns; and I know no reason, why it should be their Disparagement, to capaciate themselves by these Helps to serve the Publick.

Nothing will please some Men, but Books stuff'd with Antiquity, groaning under the weight of Learned Quotations drawn from the Fountains: And what is all this but Pilfering. But I will neither Rob the Ancient, nor Modern Books, but Pillage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very Ancient, and yet always New. In all Times, Men, and their Passions, have been the Subjects. These Passions were always the same, tho' they have been delivered to Posterity in different Manners, according to the different Constitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are Read by every one, according to the Characters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Those who are qualified to Read and Understand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but those that have no other knowledge of the World, but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give Instructions to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the Original: One may as well compare it to a *Country* that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without Traveling through it himself. I began this Journey very Young: I always loved to make Reflections upon every thing that presented it self to my View: I was amused in making these Reflections: I have amused my self in Writing them: And I wish my Reader may Amuse himself in Reading them.

Some will think it another Amusement to find a Book without a Dedication, begging the Protection of a Mighty Patron, and by some fulsome kind of Flattery, expose the Great Man, the Author intended to praise; but that I have avoided, by sending the Brat naked into the World to shift for it self. It was not design'd to give any Man Offence. Innocent Mirth, compounded with Wholsome Advice, is the whole Burthen it travails with; and therefore the Author flatters himself with the hopes of pleasing all Men: Which is a Pitch if his Book arrives to, will be the greatest Amusement in the World.

Amusement II.

The Voyage of the World.

There is no Amusement so entertaining and advantageous, as improving some of our Leisure Time in Traveling. If any Man for that reason has an Inclination to divert himself, and Sail with me round the Globe, to supervise almost all the Conditions of Humane Life, without being infected with the Vanities, and Vices that attend such a Whimsical Perambulation; let him follow me, who am going to Relate it in a Stile, and Language, proper to the Variety of the Subject: For as the Caprichio came Naturally into my Pericranium, I am resolv'd to pursue it through Thick and Thin, to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Business.

Where then shall we begin? In the Name of Mischief what Country will first present it self to my Imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon't already: Let's Steer for the *Court*, for that's the Region which will furnish us with the finest

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Lessons for our Knowledge of the World.

The COURT.

The Court is a Country abounding with Amusements. The Air they breath there, is very fine and subtile; only for about three parts and a half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be Infected with Gross Vapours full of Flattery and Lying. All the Avenues leading to it are Gay, Smiling, Agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same Point, Honour, and Self-Interest.

Here Fortune keeps her Residence, and seems to expect that we make our Addresses to her, at the bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at first sight, that he might reach the End on't, before he could count Twenty; but there are so many By-Walks and Allies to cross, so many Turnings and Windings to find out, that he is soon convinced of his Mistake. 'Tis contrived into such an Intricate Maze and obscure manner, that the Straitest Way is not always the Nearest. It looks Gloriously in the Country, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminishes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfie your Curiosity, whether the Ground it stands upon be firm and solid. I have seen some New Comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been Born there; but quickly found they were in a New World, where the tottering Earth made them Giddy and Stumble: For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally useful to their Advancement, yet were so confounded, to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their Fortunes, that for want of understanding only that pretty knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of seeing it. On the other side, I have seen some Old Stagers walk upon Court Ground, as gingerly as upon Ice, or a Quagmire: And with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great Fortune by the same Defects that rais'd them: And not without cause, for the Ground is Hard in some Places, and Sinks in others; but all People covet to get upon the highest Spot, to which there is no coming but by one Passage, and that is so narrow, that no Ambitious Pretender can keep the Way, without Justling other People down with his Elbows: And the further Mischief on't is, that those that keep their Feet, will not help up those that are fallen: For 'tis the Genius of a true *Courtier* not to lend a Hand, or part with a Farthing to one that wants every thing; but will give any thing to him that wants nothing: Or rather will lay up for a Rainy Day, because what he sees befall another to Day, may be his own Turn to Morrow.

He a stout Heart should have, and Steady Head, That in a dangerous Slipery Path does tread; And 'tis the Court that Slipery Place I call, Where all Men Slip, and very few but fall.

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country, are very surprizing; for he takes the longest Way about, that keeps the old Track of Honesty and True Merit; for where the Address of some, does not help to make the Fortune of others, immediately to Eclipse his Desert, Calumny raises the thickest Clouds, Envy the Blackest Vapours, and the Candidate is lost in the Fog of Competitors, and must hide himself behind a Favourites Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for: So that Vertue is no longer Vertue, nor Vice Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Interests.

A new comer, with his Pockets well lined, is always welcome to any Court in *Christendom*, and every thing is provided for him without his own Trouble. He neither Acts nor Speaks, and yet they admire him as a very Wise Man: First, because he is so Foolish to hear them Talk Impertinently, and next because there is no little Wisdom in his Modesty and Silence; for had he Acted or Spoke never so little, they wou'd soon have found out the Coxcomb.

He that holds a Courtier by the Hand, has a Wet Eel by the Tail. He no sooner thinks he is sure of him, but he has lost him. Tho' you presented him in the Morning, he will forget you at Night, and utterly Renounce you the Day

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following. A profest Courtier, tho he never aims at the Peace of God, is past any Man's Understanding. He is incomparably skill'd in Modish Postures, and Modeling his Looks to every occasion: Profound and Impenetrable, can Dissemble when he does Ill Offices, Smile an Enemy to Death, Frown a Friend into Banishment, put a Constraint upon his Natural Temper, act against his own Inclination, Disguise his Passions, Rail against his own Principles, Contradict his own Opinion, and by a Brilliant Humour, convert a Friendly Openness and Sincerity, into a Sly Chicanry and Falshood.

Is it not a great Amusement, that a Man which can subsist upon his own, should throw himself into the two great Plagues of Mankind, Expectation and Dependance, and spend his Life in an Anti-chamber, a Court-Yard, or a Stair-Case, where he finds no Advantage or Content; but is also hindred from finding it elsewhere.

Is it not strange, I say, to see a great Man that lives and is respected in his own Country like a Prince, Haunt the Court to make himself little by Comparison, and bow to those little Animals at the Palace, whose Creeping, Cringing, and long Services, are all the Merits they can pretend to. Let the Courtiers value themselves upon their refined Pleasures, their Power and Interest: Their being able to do Good by Chance, and Evil by Inclination; yet he that is under no Necessity of living precariously, or mending his present Circumstances, 'tis an Amusement to see him Dance Attendance for a single Office at Court, that has so many at his own Disposal in the Country.

And now let's take our Leave of all the Courts in *Europe*, and hoist Sail for *London*, the Chiefest City in all *Christendom*, where we shall find Matter enough to Amuse our selves, tho' we should live as long as *Mathusela*.

Amusement III. *LONDON*.

London is a World by it self. We daily discover in it more New Countries, and surprizing Singularities, than in all the Universe besides. There are among the *Londoners* so many Nations differing in Manners, Customs, and Religions, that the Inhabitants themselves don't know a quarter of them. Imagine then what an *Indian* wou'd think of such a Motly Herd of People, and what a Diverting Amusement it would be to him, to examine with a Traveller's Eye, all the Remarkable Things of this Mighty City. A Whimsy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his Odd and Fantastical Ideas, will furnish me with Variety, and perhaps with Diversion.

Thus I am resolv'd to take upon me the Genius of an *Indian*, who has had the Curiosity to Travel hither among us, and who had never seen any thing like what he sees in *London*. We shall see how he will be amazed at certain things, which the Prejudice of Custome makes to seem Reasonable and Natural to us.

To diversifie the Stile of my Narration, I will sometimes make my Traveller speak, and sometimes I will take up the Discourse my self. I will represent to my self the abstracted Ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewise represent ours to him. In short, taking it for granted, that we two understand one another by half a Word, I will set both his and my Imagination on the Ramble. Those that won't take the Pains to follow us, may stay where they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading further in the Book; but they that are minded to Amuse themselves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few Moments.

I will therefore suppose this *Indian* of mine, dropt perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himself all on the sudden in the midst of this Prodigious and Noisy City, where Repose and Silence dare scarce shew their Heads in the Darkest Night. At first Dash the confused Clamours near *Temple-Bar*, Stun him, Fright him, and make him Giddy.

He sees an infinite Number of differentr *Machines*, all in violent Motion. Some Riding on the Top, some Within, others Behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach-Box before, whirling some Dignify'd Villain towards the Devil, who has got an Estate by Cheating the Publick. He Lolls at full Stretch within, and half a Dozen Brawny Bulk-begotten

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Footmen behind. Some Carry, others are Carry'd: *Make Way there*, says a Gouty–Leg'd Chairman, that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a Mornings Exercise: Or a *Bartholomew–Baby Beau*, newly Launch'd out of a Chocolate–House, with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make Room there*, says another Fellow driving a Wheel–Barrow of Nuts, that spoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them Wheeze over their Mistresses, as bad as the Phlegmatick Cuckolds their Masters do, when call'd to Family Duty. One Draws, another Drives. *Stand up there, you Blind Dog*, says a Carman, *Will you have the Cart squeeze your Guts out?* One Tinker Knocks, another Bawls, *Have you Brass Pot, Iron Pot, Kettle, Skillet, or a Frying–Pan to mend:* Whilst another Son of a Whore yells louder than *Homer's Stentor*, *Two a Groat, and Four for Six Pence Mackarel*. One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and Howls out, *Buy my Flawnders*, and is followed by an Old Burly Drab, that Screams out the Sale of her *Maids* and her *Sole* at the same Instant.

Here a Sooty *Chimney–Sweeper* takes the Wall of a Grave *Alderman*; and a *Broom–Man* Justles the *Parson* of the Parish. There a Fat Greasie *Porter*, runs a Trunk full Butt upon you, while another Salutes your Antlers with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter*. *Turn out there you Country Put*, says a *Bully* with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his Heels, and throws him into the Channel. By and by comes a *Christning*, with the *Reader* and the *Midwife* strutting in the Front, and Young Original Sin as fine as Fippence, followed with the Vocal Musick of *Kitchen–Stuff ha' you Maids*; and a Damn'd *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to see a *Calf* with Six Legs and a Top–knot. There goes a *Funeral*, with the Men of Rosemary after it, licking their Lips after their three Hits of White, Sack, and Claret at the House of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as Big and Bluff as a *Beef–Eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* scampers for't as fast as his Legs will carry him, and at his Heels a Brace of *Bandog Bayliffs*, with open Mouths ready to Devour him, and all the Nine Muses. Well, say I to the *Indian*; And how do you like this Crowd, Noise, and Perpetual Hurry?

I admire and tremble, says the poor Wretch to me. I admire that in so narrow a Place, so many Machines, and so many Animals, whose Motions are so directly Opposite or Different, can move so dexterously, and not fall foul upon one another. To avoid all this danger, shews the Ingenuity of you *Europeans*; but their Rashness makes me tremble, when I see Brute heavy Beasts hurry through so many Streets, and run upon slippery uneven Stones, where the least false Step brings them within an Ace of Death.

While I behold this Town of *London*, continues our Contemplative Traveller, I fancy I behold a Prodigious Animal. The Streets are as so many *Veins*, wherein the People Circulate. With what Hurry and Swiftnes is the Circulation of *London* perform'd? You behold, say I to him, the Circulation that is made in the Heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the Blood of the *Citizens*, they are always in Motion and Activity. Their Actions succeed one another with so much Rapidity, that they begin a Thousand Things before they have finish'd one, and finish a thousand others before they have begun them.

They are equally uncapable both of Attention and Patience, and tho' nothing is more quick, than the Effects of Hearing and Seeing; yet they don't allow themselves time either to Hear or See; but like Moles, work in the Dark, and Undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either about Profit, or Pleasure; and they have Schools for the Education of their Stalking–Horses, which they call *Apprentices* in the Mystery of *Trade*. A Term unintelligible to Foreigners, and that none truly understand the Meaning of, but those that practice it.

Some call it *Over–witting those they deal with*, but that's generally denied as a Heterodox Definition; for *Wit* was never counted a *London* Commodity, unless among their Wives, and other City Sinners; and if you search all the Warehouses and Shops, from *White–Chappel Bars*, to *St. Clement's*, if it were to save a Man's Life, or a Womans Honesty, you cannot find one Farthing worth of *Wit* among them.

Some derive this Heathenish Word *Trade* from an *Hebrew* Original, and call it *Over–Reaching*, but the *Jews* deny it, and say the Name and Thing is wholly *Christian*; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London*

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Alderman, who sold a *Jew* five Fats of Right-handed Gloves, without any Fellows to them, and afterwards made him purchase the Left-handed ones to Match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade*, *Honest Gain*, and to make it more Palatable, have lacker'd it with the Name of *Godliness*; and hence it comes to pass, that the Generality of *Londoners* are accounted such Eminent Professors; but of all Guessers, he comes nearest the Mark, that said Trade was playing a Game at *Losing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools Pence* into *Knaves Pockets*, till the *Sellers* were Rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

About the Middle of *London*, is to be seen a Magnificent Building, for the Accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Successors for ever, so full of Amusements about Twelve a Clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-Mongers and Intelligencers, for that's the first Salutation among all Mankind that frequent that Place. What News from *Scandaroon* and *Aleppo*? says the *Turkey Merchant*. What Price bears Currants at *Zant*? Apes at *Tunis*? Religion at *Rome*? Cutting a Throat at *Naples*? Whores at *Venice*? And the Cure of a Clap at *Padua*?

What News of such a Ship? says the *Insurer*. Is there any hope of her being Cast away, says the *Adventurer*, for I have Insured more by a Thousand Pounds, than I have in her? So have I through Mercy, says a second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Master, at the New Light-House at *Plimouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Goodwin-Sands*, and give us Advice of it from *Deal*, or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another Ship for his Faithful Service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, says one *Alderman* to another. Go Home, Brother, says the other, and if Money and my Man be Absent, let my Wife pay you out of her Privy-Purse, as your *Good Wife* lately paid a Bill at Sight for me, I thank her Ladyship.

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a Parcel of excellent Log-Wood, Block-Tin, Spiders Brains, Philosophers Guts, *Don Quixot's* Windmills, Hens-Teeth, Ell-Broad Pack-Thread, and the Quintessence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you Puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and don't know that the *Greshamites* buy up all these Rarities by Wholesale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every first of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance! *Touch Flesh*: I have have been seeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a pressing Occasion for some Seeds of Sediton, *Jacobite Rue*, and *Whig Herb of Grace*, Can'st furnish me? Indeed lau, No; saith the Merchant. I have just parted with them to the several Coffee-Houses about the Town, where the respective Merchants meet that Trade in those Commodities; but if you want but a small Parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs. *Bald--n*, or *Da--y* and his Son-in-Law *Bell and Clapper*, and most Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little Mr. , I have a Word in private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends that have occasion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were Calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will serve indifferently for any City, or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr. *Pats l* has abundance that lie upon his Hands, and will be glad to dispose of them a good Pennyworth. Enough said, They are no Winters Traffick, for tho' Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michaelmas*, they don't lay Springes for Sheriffs till about Midsummer, and then we'll talk with him about those weighty Matters.

There stalks a Sergeant and his Mace, smelling at the Merchants Backsides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner.

There walks a Publick *Notary* tied to an Inkhorn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter Parties.

That Wheezing Sickly Shew with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities, Projects, Complaints, and all Mismanagements from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, is the *Devil's Broker*, and may be spoken withal every *Sunday* from Eleven in the Morning, till Four in the Afternoon, at the next *Quakers Meeting*, to his

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Lodging, and not after; for the rest of his time on that Day he employs in adjusting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-Gammon* with his Principal.

There goes a Rat-catcher in state, Brandishing his Banner like a Blackamore in a Pageant on the Execution-Day of Rost Beef, Greasie Geese, and Custards.

And there Sneaks a Hunger-starv'd *Usurer* in quest of a Crasie Citizen for Use and Continuance-Money, which the other shuns as carefully as a Sergeant, or the Devil.

Now say I to my *Indian*, Is not all this Hodge-Podge a Pleasant Confusion, and a Perfect Amusement? The Astonish'd Traveller reply'd, Without doubt the Indigested *Chaos* was but an imperfect representation of this congregated Huddle. But that which most Amuses my Understanding, is to hear 'em speak all Languages, and talk of nothing but Trucking, and Bartering, Buying and Selling, Borrowing and Lending, Paying and Receiving, and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of unless those that have them, sell their Gold Chains, the Braziers their Leathern Aprons, the Young Merchants their Swords, or the Old Ones their Canes and Oaken-Plants, that support their Feeble Carcases. That doubt, quoth I to my inquisitive *Indian*, is easily solved, for tho their Grosser Wares are at Home in their Store-Houses, they have many Things of Value to Truck for, that they always carry about them: As Justice for Fat Capons to be delivered before Dinner. A Reprieve from the Whipping-Post, for a Dozen Bottles of Claret to drink after it. Licences to sell Ale for a Hogshead of Stout to his Worship; and leave to keep a Coffee-House, for a Cask of *Cold Tea* to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you shall find the Merchants that will Furnish you. Would you buy the Common Hunt, the Common Cryers, the Bridge-Master's, or the Keeper of *Newgate's* Places? Stay till they fall, and a Gold-Chain, and a Great Horse will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any Naked Truth, or Light in a Dark-Lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quakers Walk*. Have you occasion for Comb-Brushes, Tweezers, Cringes, or Complements, *A la mode*? The *French Walk* will supply you. Want you Old Cloaks, Plain Shoes, or Formal Gravity? You may fit your self to a Cows-Thumb among the *Spaniards*.

Have you any Use in your Country for Upright Honesty, or Downright Dealing? You may buy plenty of them both among the *Stock-Jobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their Hands of them.

Would you lay out your *Indian* Gold for a *New Plantation*? Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you buy a Good Pennyworth in *Darien*: Three of your own Kings, for as many New *Hats*, and all their Nineteen Subjects into the Purchase, to be delivered at the *Scotch East-India Office*, by Parson *Pattison*, or their Secretary *Wisdom Webster*. If you want any Tallow, Rapparee's Hides, or *Popish* Massacres, enquire in the *Irish Walk*, and you cannot lose your Labour: But I am interrupted.

Look! Yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian's* Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their Souls here, for Fire and Brimstone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has Play'd away his Estate at a Chocolate-House, going to Sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from Scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet Reading his Verses, and squeezing his Brains into an Amorous Cits Pockets, in hopes of a Tester to buy himself a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herald* deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam's* Great-Grandfather, to entitle him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be Alderman.

But now the *Change* began to empty so fast, I thought 'twas time to troop off to an Eating-House; but my *Indian* pull'd me by the Sleeve to satisfie his Curisioty, why they stain'd such stately Pillars with so many Dirty Papers. I

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told him, they were Advertisements. Why, says he, don't they put them into the *Post-Boy*? Can't the Folks in this Country read it? Pray let me know the Contents of some of these Scrawls.

Why first here is a *Ship* to be sold, with all her Tackle and Lading. There are Vertuous Maidens that are willing to be Transported with *William Penn* into *Merriland*, for the Propogation of *Quakerism*. In another is a *Tutor* to be Hired, to instruct any Gentleman's, or Merchant's Children in their own Families: And under that an Advertisement of a *Milch-Ass*, to be sold at the Night-Mans in *White-Chappel*.

In another Columbe in a *Gilded-Frame* was a Chamber-Maid that wanted a Service; and over her an Old Batchelor that wanted a House-keeper. On the sides of these were two lesser Papers, one containing an Advertisement of a Red-Headed Monkey lost from a Seed-Shop in the *Strand*, with two Guineas Reward to him or her that shall bring him Home again with his Tail and Collar on. On the other side was a large Folio fill'd with Wet and Dry Nurses; and Houses to be Lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and Setting-Dogs to be sold.

The Way to my Lodging lay through *Cheapside*, but dreading the Canibal Man-catchers at the *Counter-Gate*, that suck the Blood, and pick the Bones of all the Paupers that fall into their Clutches; nay, are worse than Dogs, for they'll Devour one another; I Tack'd about, and made a Trip over *Moor-fields*, and Visited our Friends in *Bedlam*.

A Pleasant Piece it is, and abounds with Amusements; the first of which is the Building so stately a Fabrick for Persons wholly unsensible of the Beauty and Use of it: The Outside is a perfect Mockery to the Inside, and admits of two Amusing Queries: Whether the Persons that ordered the Building it, or those that Inhabit it, were the Maddest? And whether the Name and Thing be not as disagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one Intire Amusement: Some were Preaching, and others in full Cry a Hunting. Some were Praying, others Cursing and Swearing. Some were Dancing, others Groaning. Some Singing, others Crying, and all in perfect Confusion. A sad Representation of the greater Chimerical World, only in this there's no Whoring, Cheating, nor Sleeping, unless after the *Platonick* Mode in Thought, for want of Action. Here were *Persons* Confined that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence, run Mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that for want of Wit and Sense, run Mad for want of Victuals, and a Hard-favour'd *Citizens Wife*, that lost her Wits because her Husband kept a Handsome Mistress.

In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* Pleading; in another a *Civilian* Sighing; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* Ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a Morose Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against Abuses at Court, and Mismanagements.

Missing many others, whom I thought deserved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houses of the same Foundation in the City, where they were disposed of till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualified to be admitted Members of this *Soberer* Society. The Projectors, who are generally Broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaus, and Rakes, and Common Mad Gilts, that labour under a *Furor Uterini* in *Bridewell*, and Justice *Long's* Powdering-Tub; and the Vertuosi were confined to *Gresham-College*. Those, continued he, in whose Constitutions Folly has the Ascendant over Frenzy, are permitted to Reside, and be Smoaked in Coffee-Houses; and those that by the Governors of this Hospital, are thought Utterly Incurable, are shut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhausted, and they begin to Dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hospital built for that purpose near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had leisure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of these Amusements, who after the best manner his Genius would suffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Sence, as the only Beneficial Quality, since the bare pretence to *Wit* was attended by such Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, Small Drink, and Flogging.

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Hearing a Noise as we approached near *Cripplegate* Church, my Curiosity lead me into the Inside of it, where Mr. *Sm ys* was Holding–forth against all the Vices of the Age, but Whoring and Midwifery; for such a stretch of Extravagancy had lost both his own and his Wifes Fees at *Christenings*, and Stuffing their Wombs at *Churchings*: And you know none but Poets and Players decry their own way of Living. He was very Heavenly upon Conjugal Duties and Chastity, for a reason you may imagine: Press'd Filial Obedience and Honesty, with as much Vigour, as if his own Sons had been his Auditors: But above all, laid out himself as powerfully in exciting his Hearers to be Charitable to the Poor, as if himself had been the *Judas* and the Bag–bearer. Now

I that am always more scared at the sight of a *Sergeant*, or *Bayliff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frighted in my Passage through *Barbican* and *Long–Lane*, by the Impudent *Ragsellers*, in those Scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me, *What I lack'd?* At first it made me Tremble worse than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthusiasm*, imagining it had been an Arrest; but their Rudeness continuing at every Door, relieved me from those Pannick Fears; and the next rhat attack'd my Arm with *What ye buy, Sir, What ye lack?* I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, saying, Tho' I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a New Sute from my Back, under pretence of selling me an Old one: Avant Vermin, your Cloaths smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be sold at the *Ditchside* near *Fleet–Bridge*, smells of a Bawdy–House and Brandy.

Smithfield would next have afforded us variety of Subjects to descant upon; but it being neither *Bartholomew–Fair* Time, nor Market–Day, I shall adjourn that View to another opportunity; and now proceed to,

Amusement IV. Westminster–Hall.

A magnificent Building, which is Open to all the World, and yet in a Manner is shut up, by the Prodigious Concourse of People, who Crowd and Sweat to get in or out, and happy are they that don't leave their Lives, Estates, nor Consciences behind them.

Here we entred into a great *Hall*, where my *Indian* was surprized to see, in the same Place, Men on the one side with Bawbles and Toys, and on the other taken up with the Fear of Judgment, on which depends their inevitable Destiny.

In this Shop are to be sold Ribbons and Gloves, Towers and Commodes, by Word of Mouth: In another Shop Lands and Tenements are disposed of by Decree.

On your Left Hand you hear a nimble Tongu'd Painted *Sempstress*, with her Charming Treble, Invite you to buy some of her Knick–Knacks: And on your Right, a Deep–mouth'd Cryar commanding Impossibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a Fantastical Jargon does this Heap of Contrarities amount to?

While our Traveller is making his Observations upon this Motly Scene, he's frighted at the Terrible Approaches of a Multitude of Men in Black Gowns, and Round Caps, that make between them a most Hideous and Dreadful Monster, call'd *Pettyfogging*, of which there is such store in *England*, that the People think themselves obliged to pray for the *Egyptian* Locusts, and Catterpillars, in exchange for this kind of Vermin. And this Monster bellows out so pernicious a Language, that one Word alone is sufficient to ruine whole Families.

At certain Hours appointed, there appears Grave and Dauntless Men, whose very Sight is enough to give one a Quartan–Ague, and who lays this Monster on his Back.

Scarce a Day passes over their Heads, but they rescue out of his greedy Jaws some Thousand of Acres half devoured.

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This Cursed Petty-Fogging is much more to be feared than Injustice it self. The latter openly undoes us, and affords us at least this Comfort, That we have a Right to bewail our selves; but the former by its Dilatory Formalities, rob tis of all we have, and tells us for our Eternal Despair, that we suffer by Law.

Justice, if I may so express my self, is a Beautiful Young Virgin Disguis'd, brought on the Stage by the *Pleader*, Pursued by the *Artorney*, Cajol'd by the *Counsellor*, and Defended by the *Judge*.

Some Pert Critick will tell me now that I have lost my way in Digressions. Under favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digressions properly belong to my Subject, since they are all nothing but Amusements; and this is a Truth so uncontested, that I am resolved to continue them.

By way of Digression, I must here inform you, that in all those Places of my Voyage, where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my own Reflexions: Upon this Condition however, that I may be allowed to take him up again, when I am weary of Travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage, whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am so far from confining my self like a Slave to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power still in my Hands, to change if I think fit at every Period, my Figure, Subject, and Stile, that I may be less tiresom to the Modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the Predominant Taste of the present Age.

Altho' nothing is durable in this Transitory World, yet 'tis observ'd, that this Saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of eternal continuance, as Thousands have found true by Woful Experience, I mean *Chancery* Suits. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd Sollicitors and Barristers, make it their whole Business to keep the Shuttle-Cock in motion, and when one Hand is weary of it, they Play it into another. 'Tis the chiefest part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among their Clyents, as it was with the Vestal Virgins in the Days of *Yore*, to maintain the Sacred Fire.

'Tis a most surprizing thing that notwithstanding all the Clamour, Squaling, and Bawling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a Judge now and then take as Comfortable a Nap upon the Bench, as if he was at Church; and every Honest *Christian* has reason to pray, that as often as a Cause comes to be heard, the Judges of Ancient Times were Awake, and the Modern Fast Asleep.

However this must be said for them, that they are Righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which way to take to instruct themselves in the Merits of the Cause. The Contending Parties are suspected by them, the Solicitor embroils them, the Counsellor Deafens them, the Attorney Importunes them, and (is it not a sad thing?) the Shee-Sollicitor Distracts them. Well! Let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the Female Sollicitor.

A certain Judge in the Days of *Yore*, made his Boasts one Day, that the most Charming Woman in the World, was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge. Very likely, Sir, said a Gentleman to him; but I'll lay Twenty to One on Nature's side. The Magistrate was a *Man* before he was a *Judge*. The first Motion he finds is for the Shee Solicitor, and the Second is for *Justice*.

A very Beautiful *Countess* went to a Morose Surly Judge's Chamber, to prepossess him in Favour of a very Unrighteous Cause, and to Sollicite for a *Colonel*, against a Tradesman that Sued him.

This Tradesman happened rhat very Moment to be in his Lordship's Closet, who found his Cause to be so Just, and Clear, that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the Day.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but our Charming *Countess* appear'd in the Anti-Chamber. The *Judge* immediatly run as fast as his Gouty Legs would give him leave to meet her Ladyship. Her *Eyes*, her *Air*, her *Graceful* Deportment, the Sound of her *Voice*, so many Charms in short, pleaded so powerfully in her Favour,

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that at the first Moment he found the *Man* too Powerful for the *Judge*, and he promised our *Countess*, that the *Collonel* should gain his Cause. Thus you see the Poor Judge engaged on both sides. When he came back to his Closet, he found the *Tradesman* reduc'd to the last Despair. I saw her, cries the Fellow as it were out of his Wits. I saw the *Lady* that solicits against me, and Lord what a Charming Creature she is? I am undone my Lord, my Cause is lost and ruin'd! Why, says the Judge, not yet recovered from his Confusion, imagine your self in my Place, and tell me if 'tis possible for frail Man to refuse any thing that so Beautiful a Lady asks? As he spoke these Words, he pull'd a *Hundred Pistols* out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the Tradesman sued for, and gave them to him. By some means or other the *Countess* came to the knowledge of it; and as she was Vertuous even to a Scruple, she was afraid of being too much obliged by so Generous a Judge, and immediately sent him a Hundred Pistoles. The *Colonel* full as Gallant as the *Countess* was Scrupulous, paid her the Sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The Judge was afraid of being *Unjust*, the Countess feared to be too much obliged, the Collonel paid, and the Tradesman was satisfied: Or according to our old *English* Adage, all was well, *Jack* had *Joan*, and the Man had his Mare again.

Shall I give you my Opinion of this Judge's Behaviour. The first Motion he found in himself, was for the Charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot Excuse him for; and the second was for *Justice*, for which I Admire him.

While I thus amus'd my self, my Traveller is lost in a Fog of Black-Gowns; let us go and find him. Oh yonder he is at the farther end of the *Hall*, I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd over-presses him, he's carried down the Stream, he Swims upon his Elbows to get to Shoar.

At last half Spent, and dripping from every Pore in his Body, he comes up to me, and all the Relation I could get from him of what he had seen, was; Oh this Counfounded Country! Let us get out of it as soon as possibly we can, and never see it more.

Come, come, says I to him, let's go and Refresh our selves after this Fatigue; and to put the Idea of the *Hall* out of our Heads, let's go this Evening into the Delicious Country of *Opera*.

Amusement V. *The Play-House.*

The *Play-House* is an Incharnted Island, where nothing appears in Reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by Persons of all Degrees and Qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of Idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worser. Here *Lords* come to Laugh, and to be Laugh'd at for being there, and seeing their Qualities ridicul'd by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the Amorous Smirk, the *A la mode* Grin, the Antick Bow, the Newest-Fashion'd Cringe, and how to adjust his Phiz, to make himself as Ridiculous by Art, as he is by Nature.

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to shew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their Handsome Wives, and their Housewifery.

There sits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not stir his Head, nor move his Body, for fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes, or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de Dance* had set it in, whilst a *Bully Beau* comes Drunk into the Pit, Screaming out, *Dam me, Jack, 'tis a Confounded Play, let's to a Whore and spend our time better.*

Here the Ladies come to shew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admir'd in or about 'em. Some of them having Scab'd, or Pimpled Faces, wear a Thousand Patches to hide them, and those that have none, scandalize their Faces by a Foolish imitation. Here they shew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *Poison'd*, a *Hero* being *Kill'd*, or a Passionate Lover being Jilted: And discover their Modesties by standing Buff at a Baudy Song, or a Naked Obscene Figure. By the Signs that both Sexes hang out, you may know their

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Qualities or Occupations, and not mistake in making your Addresses.

Men of *Figure* and Consideration, are known by seldom being there, and Men of *Wisdom* and Business, by being always absent. A *Beau* is known by the Decent Management of his Sword-Knot, and Snuff-Box. A *Poet* by his Empty Pockets: A Citizen by his Horns and Gold Hatband: A Whore by a *Vizor-Mask*: And a Fool by Talking to her. A Play-House *Wit* is distinguish'd by wanting Understanding; and a *Judge* of Wit by Nodding and Sleeping, till the falling of the Curtain, and Crowding to get out awake him.

I have told you already, that the Play-House was the Land of Enchantment, the Country of Metamorphosis, and performed it with the greatest speed imaginable. Here in the Twinkling of an Eye, you shall see Men transform'd into Demi-Gods: And Goddesses made as true Flesh and Blood, as our Common Women. Here *Fools* by Slight of Hand, are converted into *Wits*. Honest Women into Errant Whores, and which is most miraculous, Cowards into Valiant *Hero's*, and Rank *Cocquets* and *Jilts* into as Chaste and Vertuous *Mistresses*, as a Man would desire to put his Knife into.

Let us now speak a Word or so, of the Natives of this Country, and the Stock of *Wit* and *Manners* by which they Maintain themselves, and Ridicule the whole World besides. The People are all somewhat *Whimsical*, and Giddy-Brain'd: When they Speak, they Sing, when they Walk, they Dance, and very often do both when they have no mind to it.

The *Stage* has now so great a share of Atheism, Impudence, and Prophaneness, that it looks like an Assembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more Blasphemous the Poets are, the more are they admired, even from Huffing *Dryden*, to Sing-Song *Durfey*, who always Stutters at Sence, and speaks plain when he Swears *G Dam me*. What are all their New Plays but Damn'd Insipid Dull *Farces*, confounded Toothless *Satyr*, or Plaguy *Rhiming* Plays, with Scurvy Heroes, worse than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul*. They are the errantest *Plagiaries* in Nature, and like our Common News-Writers, steal from one another.

When any Humour Takes in *London*, they Ride it to Death before they leave it. The Primitive *Christians* were not Persecuted with half that Variety, as the poor Unthinking *Beaux* are tormented with upon the Theatre.

Character they supply with a *Smutty* Song, Humour with a *Dance*, and Argument with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has often reprieved many a Scurvy Play from Damning.

A Huge great *Muff*, and a *Gaudy* Ribbon hanging at a Bully's Backside, is an Excellent Jest; and New Invented Curses, as *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragma*, *Slit my Wind-Pipe*; Rig up a New Beau, tho' in the Main 'tis but the same everlasting Coxcomb; and there's as much difference between their Rhimes, and Solid Verse, as between the Royal Psalmist, and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay's* and *Eeke's* about them.

'Tis a hard Matter to find such things as Reason, Sense, or Modesty, among them; for the Mens Heads are so full of Musick, that you can have nothing from them but empty Sounds; and the Women are so *Light*, they may easily be blown up or down like a Feather.

Amusement VI.

The WALKS.

We have divers sorts of Walks about *London*, in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor to be seen, but like a Noun Substantive to be Felt, Heard, and Understood.

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The Ladies that have an Inclination to be Private, take Delight in the Close Walks of *Spring-Gardens*, where both Sexes meet, and mutually serve one another as Guides to lose their Way, and the Windings and Turnings in the little Wildernesses, are so intricate, that the most Experienc'd Mothers, have often lost themselves in looking for their Daughters.

From *Spring-Garden* we set our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horses have their Diversion as well as Men, and Neigh and Court their Mistresses almost in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People Coach it to take the Air, amidst a Cloud of *Dust*, able to Choak a Foot Soldier, and hinder'd us from seeing those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves: However we made hard shift to get now and then a Glance at some of them.

Here we saw much to do about nothing; a World of Brave Men, Gilt-Coaches, and Rich Liveries. Within some of them were Upstart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could swell them to; sitting as Upright in their Chariots, as if a Stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a Glance upon any thing that's Vulgar, and that's the Reason they are so sparing of their Looks, that they will neither Bow nor move their Hats to any thing under a Duke or a Dutchess; and yet if you examine some of their Originals; a Covetous, Soul-less Miser, or a great Oppressor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their Retinue there are more Creditors than Servants.

See, says my *Indian*, what a Bevy of Gallant Ladies are in yonder Coaches; some are Singing, others Laughing, others Tickling one another, and all of them Toying and devouring Cheese-Cakes, March-Pane, and *China* Oranges. See that Lady says he, was ever any thing so black as her Eye, and so clear as her Forehead? One would Swear her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature; and yet perhaps, answered I to my Fellow Traveller, all this is but Imposture; she might, for ought we know, go to Bed last Night as ugly as a *Hagg*, tho' she now appears like an Angel: and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, her whole is but Paint and Plaster. From hence we went to take a Turn in the *Mall*.

When we came into these Pleasant Walks, my Fellow Traveller was Ravish'd at the most agreeable Sight in Nature. There were none but Women there that Day as it happened, and the Walks were covered with them.

I never, said he to me Laughing, beheld in my Life so great a Flight of Birds. Bless me, how Fine and Pretty they are.

Friend, reply'd I to him in the same Metaphor, these are Birds to Amuse one, that change their Feathers two or three times a Day.

They are Fickle and Light by Inclination, Weak by Constitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping.

They never see the Day till the Sun is just going to Set, they Hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the Clouds with their proud Toppings. In a word, the generality of Women are Peacocks when they Walk; Water-Wagtails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Description of them, says my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, says he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Question, answer'd I, but I know some Women that are Superior to the rest of their Sex, and perhaps to Men also. In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish them from the rest, for they'll soon distinguish themselves by their Vertuous Discourse and Deportment.

Nothing is so hard to be Defined as Women, and of all Women in the World none are so undefinable as those of *London*.

The *Spanish* Women are altogether *Spanish*, the *Italians* altogether *Italians*, the *Germans* altogether *Germans*, the *French* Women always like themselves; but among the *London Women* we find *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans*,

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and *French*, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humours and Fashions.

Nay, how many different Nations are there of our *English Ladies*. In the first place there is the *Politick* Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the *Savage* Nation of Country Dames. Then the *Free* Nation of the Coquets. The *Invisible* Nation of the Faithful Wives, (the worst Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of Wives that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almost forced to Walk upon one anothers Heads, their Numbers are so prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearful* Nation of , but there are scarce any of them left. The *Barbarous* Nation of Mothers-in-Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens Wives, that are Dignified with a Title. The *Strowling* Nation of your regular Visitants, and the Lord knows how many more: Not to reckon the *Superstitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis pitty this latter sort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themselves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them upon doing some things, which otherwise they would not.

I have suffer'd my self to be carried too far by my Subject. 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a Just Moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't speak enough of *Vertuous* Women, and we speak too much of those that are not so.

Men would do Justice to 'em all, if they could talk of them without Passion; but they scarce speak at all of those that are Indifferent: They are prepossessed for them they Love, and against them by whom they cannot make themselves to be Beloved.

They rank the latter in the Class of *Irregular* Women, because they are Wise, and indeed Wiser than they would have them be. The Railing of the Men ought to be the Justification of the Women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raise Scandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them.

Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries; it is very near of as Ancient standing in the World, as Vertue. Defamation ought to be more severely punish'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies, and 'tis a harder matter to secure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber.

All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels, yet for all that we esteem 'em when they excel in this Art. A Nice and a Witty Railer is the most agreeable Person in Conversation; and he that Dexterously picks another Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of those who live by Cutting of Purses.

When one observes in what Reputation both of them live, one would be apt to say, That 'tis neither Defamation, nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkardness* and want of Skill. They are punish'd for not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, says my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you speak of Back-Biting in General, whereas at present we are only talking of that Branch of it which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that Point, which puts me in mind of certain Laws, which was heretofore proposed by a Legislator of my Country. One of these Laws gave permission for one Woman to Slander another; in the first place, because it is *impossible to prevent it*; and besides, because in Matters of Gallantry, she that accuses her Neighbour, might her self be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the Ancient and Righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*.

But how would you have a Woman quit Scores with a Man, who has publish'd disadvantageous Stories of her? Must she serve him in the same kind? By all means: For if Men think it a piece of Merit to Conquer Women, and Women place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a Lover sings a Triumph; and she that Loves, confesses her self to be Conquered.

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If it were true, that the Ladies were more Weak than we are, their Fall would be more excusable; but I think we are Weaker than our Wives, since we expect they should pardon us in every thing, and we will pardon nothing in them. One would think that when a Man had got a Woman into a Matrimonial Noose, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the same Reason should not the Man be wholly hers? What a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themselves?

But if Men will be slandering Women, let them vent their Fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither Slandering nor Calumniating, tho' it be a Crime the Ladies will never forgive; for the Generality of them are more Jealous of the Reputation of their Beauties, than of their Honours, and she that wants a whole Morning at least to bring her Face to perfection, would be more concern'd to be surpriz'd at her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a Gallant.

I am not at all surpriz'd at this Notion, for the chief Vertue in the Ladies Catechism is to please; and Beauty pleases Men more effectually than Wisdom. One Man loves Sweetness and Modesty in a Woman; another loves a Jolly Damsel with Life and Vigour; but Agreeableness and Beauty Relishes with all Humane Pallats.

A Young Woman who has no other Portion than her hopes of Pleasing, is at a loss what Measures to take that she may make her Fortune. Is she Simple, we despise her: Is she Vertuous we don't like her Company. Is she a Coquet, we avoid her: Therefore to succeed well in the World, 'tis necessary that she be Vertuous, Simple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity Invites us, Coquetry Amuses, and Vertue Retains us.

'Tis a hard matter for a Woman to escape the Censures of the Men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that sets up for Vertue, makes her self envied; she that pretends to Gallantry, makes her self despised; but she that pretends to nothing, escapes Contempt and Envy, and saves her self between two Reputations.

This Management surpasses the Capacity of a Young Woman: Those that are Young and Handsome, are exposed to two Temptations: To preserve themselves from them they want the Assistance of Reason; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reason comes not in to their Relief, till their Youth and Beauty, and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why should not Reason come as soon as Beauty, since one was made to defend the other?

It does not depend upon a Woman to be Handsome; the only Beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak Modestly, think fit to part with, is *Chastity*; but of all Beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose.

She that never was yet in Love, is so asham'd of her first Weakness, that she would by all means conceal it from her self: As for the second, she desires to conceal it from others; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any Body.

When *Chastity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than Youth. Those that have lost their Chastities, assumes an affected one, which is much sooner provok'd than that which is real: Of which we had an Experiment in the Close Walk at the Head of *Rosamond's Pond*, where for one poor Equivocal Word, a Brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off; who after a further Parley, discover'd her self to be sensible of some things which she ought to have been ignorant of, to have maintained her affected Modesty.

A Lady of this Character was sitting on the side of this *Pond* upon the *Grass* with her Younger Sister newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark sitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an Amorous Adventure between my Lord , and my Lady *Love it*; but expressing himself in such Obscene Ambiguous Terms, that a Woman that did not know *What was What*, could as soon fly with a Hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obscurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our Young Creature listen to it, and discover'd her Curiosity by some simple harmless Questions. The Elder of the two Sisters desirous to let the Gentleman, and others that sate by them, understand that she had more Modesty than her Younger Sister, cry'd

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out, Oh fie, Sister, fie; Can you hear such a wicked Story as this without Blushing?

Alas, Sister, says the Young Innocency, I don't yet know what it is to Blush, or what it is you mean by it!

The Gentleman soon took the Hint, and whispering the Elder Sister in the Ear, she immediately sends Home the Young Ignorant Creature by her Footman, and Trig'd away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management, shew'd her an Experienc'd *Coquet*, who observ'd a sort of *Decorum*, to Usher in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is managed in good Order, by a Woman that knows her Company, and understands her Business. He that loses his Money out of Complaisance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The Young *Heir* begins where the Ruin'd *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is succeeded by another that Eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* must Scamper out at the Window.

The Green Walk afforded us variety of Discourses from Persons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a Beau *Bareheaded* by a Company of the Common Profession in Dishabilie, and Night-Dresses; either for want of Day Cloths, or to shew they were ready for Business.

Here walk'd a *French* Fop with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his Pleated Coat before, to shew his Silk Breeches.

There were a Cluster of Senators talking of State Affairs, and the Price of Corn, and Cattle, and were disturb'd with the Noisy *Milk Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies; a Can of Red Cows Milk, Sir.*

Here were a Beavy of Bucksom Lasses complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopilies; and there Vertuous Women, Railing against Whores, their Husbands, and Coquetry.

And now being weary of Walking so long, we reposed our selves upon one of the Benches, and digesting several Dialogues between the Modest Ladies and Coquets, made this Observation.

That tho' the *Coquets* were despised by the generality of *Ladies*, yet they immitate them to a Hairs Breadth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning* Air, the *Bewitching* Glance, the *Amorous* Smirk, and the *Sullen* Pout. They *Talk*, and *Dress*, and *Patch* like them: They must needs go down with the Stream. It is the *Coquets* that Invent the New Modes and Expressions; every thing is done for them, and by them; tho' with all these Advantages, there is a vast difference between the one and the other. The Reputation of Vertuous Women is more solid; that of *Coquets* is more extended. But

I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my Voyage. A Man always Amuses himself longer with the *Women*, than he is willing. Well, since we are here, let's shew our *Indian* the Horse-Guards, the Country of Gallantry.

In our Way thither, was nothing worth our Observation, unless 'twas the Bird-Cage, inhabited by Wild-Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own Bellies to relieve them, and an *English Dog-Kennel* Translated into a *French Eating-House*.

GALLANTRY.

Let's enter into this Brave Country, and see : But what is there to be seen here? Gallantry and Bravery which was formerly so well Cultivated, so Flourishing and Frequented by many Persons of Honour, is at present Desolate, Unmanur'd, and Abandoned! What a Desert 'tis become! Alas, I can see nothing in it but a Disbanned Soldier mounted upon a Pedestal, standing Centinel over the Ducks and Wild-Geese, and to prevent an Invasion

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by *O's Spanish Pilgrims*, or *Webster's Darcinus*.

Why, says my *Indian*, is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a Sword, and is Naked.

I suppose, reply'd I to the *Indian*, since the Peace he has Pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his being Naked, who regards it? What signifies a *Soldier* in Time of *Peace*? Pish, a Soldier Naked, is that such a Wonder? What are they good for else but Hanging, or Starving, when we have no occasion for them; as has been learnedly determined by the Author of that Original Amusement, *Arguments against a Standing Army*.

Our God, and Soldier, we alike Adore, Just at the Brink of Danger, not before; After Deliverance, they are alike requited, Our God's Forgotten, and our Soldier's Slighted.

Come, this is a Melancholy Country, let's leave Amusing our selves about Gallantry and Bravery, and all at once, like Men that have nothing to Do, nor nothing to Have, take a Trip into the Land of Marriage, and see Who and Who are together: But first, What are those Soldiers doing? They look like Brave Fellows.

They are, (says I) drawn up to Prayers; and would be brave Men indeed, if they were half as good at Praying, and Fighting, as they are at Cursing and Swearing.

Amusement VII. MARRIAGE.

'Tis a difficult Task to speak so of Marriage, as to please all People. Those who are not Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a Comical Description of it. The Grand Pox eat this Buffoon, says the Serious Wary Husband; if he was in my Place, he wou'd have no more Temptation to *Laugh*, than to Break his Neck. If I Moralize gravely upon the Inconveniences of Matrimony, those that have a Longing to enter into that Honourable State, will complain that I dissuade them from so Charming a Condition. How then shall I order my Discourse? For I am in a great Perplexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover. I wou'd have him drawn, says this Passionate Gentleman, with all the Graces your utmost Skill can bestow upon him: Above all, remember that *Hymen* ought to be more Beautiful than *Adonis*: You must put into his Hands a Flambeau more Brilliant than that of *Love*. In short, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can bestow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you use my Friend *Hymen*. The Painter who was well acquainted with his Generous Temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his Expectations, and brought him Home the Piece the Evening before he was Married. Our young Lover was not at all satisfied with it. This Figure, says he, wants a certain *Gay Air*, it has none of those *Charms* and *Agreements*. As you have Painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you shall but be indifferently paid.

The Painter who had as much Presence of Mind, as Skill in his Profession, took a Resolution what to do that very Moment. You are in the right on't, Sir, said he, to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is *Soak'd*, and to deal freely with you, the Colours I use in Painting, don't appear worth a Farthing at first. I will bring you this *Table* some Months hence, and then you shall pay me, as you find it pleases you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then. *Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no occasion for Money.*

The Painter carried his Piece Home; our young Lover was *Married* the next Day, and some Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At last he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was surpriz'd when he saw it. You promis'd, says he, that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a difference there is? I swear I scarce know it now I see it again. I admire to see what a strange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; but I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are somewhat of the *Gayest*, these *Eyes* are too Brisk and

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Lively: Then to deal plainly with you, the *Fires of Hymen* ought not to be altogether so bright as those of *Love*; for his is a Solid but Heavy Fire. Besides, the Disposition of your Figure, is somewhat to *Free*, and *Chearful*, and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonness, which let me tell you, Sir, does not at all sit well upon In short, this is none of *Hymen*.

Very well, Sir, said the Painter; what I foresaw is now come to pass. *Hymen* at present is not so beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Case is mightily alter'd from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your Imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.

I understand you very well, says the Husband interrupting him, *Let us drop that Matter*. Your Picture now pleases, and here is more Money for it than you could reasonably have expected. By no means says the Painter, you must excuse me there; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain *Optick Rules* and Perspectives, it shall be so contrived, as it shall please both the *Lovers* and the *Husbands*, and perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a Long-Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove; and to come to this Alcove, one must first pass over a very Slippery Step. On this side of it was the Critical Place where the Piece look'd so Lovely and Delicious; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable Figure.

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint *Matrimony* to the Gust of all People, pray suspend your Censure here, I am going to Present my Picture, chuse what Light you please to view it in.

To come back to my Travelling Stile, I must tell you at first Dash that *Marriage* is a Country that Peoples all others: The *Commonalty* are more fruitful there than the *Nobility*, the reason of which perhaps is, That the Nobility take more delight to Ramble Abroad, than stay at Home. Marriage has this peculiar Property annex to it, that it can alter the Humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently transforms a Jolly Fellow into a Meer *Sot*, it often melts down a *Beau* into an errant *Sloven*; and on the other Hand it so happens sometimes, that a *Witty Vertuous Woman* will improve a *Dull Heavy Country Booby*, into a Man of Sence and Gallantry.

People Marry for different Motives: Some are lead by Portion, and others by Reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more, but that the thing must be done.

There are Men in the World so weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they Marry only to divert themselves. In the first place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them for some time: Then Visits and Interviews, Feasts and Ceremonies; but after the last Ceremony is over, they are more Tired and Weary than ever.

How many Hundred Married Couples do we see, who from the second Year of their coming together, have nothing more in Common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill Humour and their Misery.

I don't wonder there are so many Unhappy Matches, since Folks Marry rather wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by those of others. A Man that Marries of his own Head, not seeing that in his *Spouse*, which all the World sees in her, is in danger of seeing much more in her, than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to trust his own Judgment, fairly applies himself to the next *Match-Maker* in the Neighbourhood, who knows to a Tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of Young Women that are fit to Marry. These Marriage *Hucksters*, or *Wife-Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to sort Conditions, Families, Trades, and Estates: In short, every thing together, except Humours and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves.

By the Procurement of these experienc'd Matrons, a Marriage is struck up like a *Smithfield Bargain*: There is much Higling and Wrangling for t'other Ten Pound. One side endeavours to raise, and the other to beat down the Market Price. At last, after a World of Words spent to fine purpose, they come to a Conclusion.

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Others that have not time to Truck and Bargain so, go immediately to a Scrivener's to find out a *Rich Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a Service.

It is not altogether the Match-makers Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an account of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this Proposition; that *'tis possible for those that Marry to be Happy*. But you must call it Trucking or Bartering, and not Marrying, to take a Woman meerly for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to Marry but to Please one's self, to choose a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, meerly for her Beauty. It is not to Marry, but to *Doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Young Woman* only for the sake of her Company.

What is it then to be Marry'd? Why, 'tis to choose with Circumspection, and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Interest, such a Woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it self; That Strangers have a desire to Settle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be Banish'd out of it with all their Hearts.

A Man may be Banish'd out of this Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true way of getting out of it is by Widdow-hood, and is much to be preferred before Separation; for the Separated are *Savage* Animals, uncapable of the prettiest Ties of Society. The usual Causes of Separation is assign'd as the Fault of the Wife, but often the Husband is the occasion that the Wife is in the Fault; and he himself is a Fool to proclaim to the World that his Wife has made a false Step.

It will be expected now, that I speak a few Words of Widdowhood. 'Tis a Copious and Fertile Subject that's certain: but a Man may burn his Fingers by meddling with it. For if I describe them but as little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I shall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I shall offend the Truth.

Whatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I say there's no Widdowhood without a sprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very Sorrowful Condition to be obliged to Counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow? A very Doleful Part this, that a Widdow must plhy, who would not give the World occasion to Talk of her.

There are some Widdows in the World so mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears cost them nothing I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honestly all that in her lay to afflict her self; but Nature it seems had denied her the Gift of Tears. She desir'd to raise the Compassion of her Husband's Relations, for her All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having shed one Tear. Alass, reply'd the Widow to him, my Poor Heart is so over-whelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am, as it were become insensible by it. Great Sorrows are not felt at first; but I am sure mine will Kill me in the End.

I know very well, said her Brother-in-Law to her, that Griefs too great don't make themselves at first to be perceived; and I know as well, that Violent Griefs don't continue long. Thus, Madam, you will be strangely surprized, that the Grief of your Widdowhood will be past before you are aware.

Another Widow was reduced to the last pitch of Despair, nor was it without a very Sorrowful Occasion. She had lost upon the same Day the *Best Husband*, and the prettiest little *Lap-Dog* in London. This double Widdowhood had brought her to so low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durst not speak to her of

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Eating and Drinking; nay, they durst not so much as offer to Comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The best way is to let Time and their Natural Inconstancy work it off. However to accustom our Widdow by little and little to support the Idea of her Two Losses, a Good Friend spoke to her first of her *Little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony*, there was such a Howling and Crying, such Tearing of Hair, and Beating of Breasts; in short, such a Noise, and such a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together. At last she fainted away. Well, says this Prudent Friend of hers, God be prais'd I was so happy as not to mention her *Husband* to her, for then she had certainly Died upon the Spot.

The next Day the Name of *Dony* set her Tears a running in so great plenty, that it was hoped the Spring would stop of it self, and the above-mentioned Zealous Friend, thought she might now venture to administer some Consolation to her.

Alass, says she, if the bare Name of *Dony* gives you so much Affliction, what might we not fear from you, should we talk to you of your *Dear Husband*? But God forbid I should do that. *Ah Poor Dony!* To be Mow'd down thus in the Flower of Youth and Beauty! Well, *Madam*, you'll never have such another pretty Creature again. But 'tis happy for the *Dog* that he's Dead, for you cou'd never have Lov'd him longer that's certain! Is it possible for a Woman to love any thing after she has lost her Husband?

After this manner it was that this *Discreet* Gentlewoman very dexterously mingled the Idea of the *Husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two Shoulders of Mutton drive down one another, so two powerful Griefs destroy one another by making a Diversion. She observed that at the Name of *Dony*, her Tears redoubled, which stopt short at the Name of *Husband*: It was without question, a sort of a *Qualm*. Every Body knows that Tears are a Tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary Griefs. However it was, our poor Afflicted Widow passed several Days and Nights in this sad Alternative of Weeping for her *Dog*, and Lamenting her *Husband*.

At last her Good Friend enquired all over the Town for a *Pretty Dog*; and it was her good Luck to light upon one much Finer and Prettier than *Dony of Happy Memory*, and presented it to our Widdow, who burst into a fresh Stream of Tears as she accepted it. This Beautiful New-comer, so strangely insinuated himself into her Good Affections, that within Eight Days he had got the Ascendant of her Heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, then if he had never had a Being there. Observe now what a Consequence our Widows Friend drew from it.

If a New *Dog* has put a stop to her *Tears*, perhaps a New *Husband* will have the same Operation upon her *Qualms*. But Alass, the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The New *Dog* so play'd his Cards, that he effaced the Memory of his Predecessors in Eight Days; but it was above *Three* Long Tedious Months, before our Widow could be brought to take a New *Husband* into her Bed.

Now tho' I left my self full power to drop my *Indian Traveller* as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no intention to lose him out of my Sight; for I have occasion for him to authorize certain Odd Fances that come into my Head, concerning *Philosophy* and *Physick*, which are the next Countries I design to visit.

Amusement VIII. *The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country.*

In this Country every thing is obscure, their Habitations, their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long time ago since they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science*; but the only Thing they have made clear and undeniable, is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reason why this is so *clear*, is because it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon so solid a Foundation, that as soon as ever they have well laid the first Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the least fear, so high as the *Atmosphere*; but their *Philosophers* build those haughty Edifices they call Systems, upon a quite different Bottom.

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They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to solid Ground, the Building disappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philosophy*, is very Amusing, and their Collections of *Rarities* exceeds that of *John Tradusken*, for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of Flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oysters. Here they weigh the *Air*, measure *Heat, Cold, Dryness, and Humidity*, great Discoveries for the publick advantage of Mankind. Without giving ourselves the trouble to make use of our Senses, we need but only cast our Eyes upon a Weather-Glass, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or is Fair Weather.

Tempted by these Noble Curiosities, I desired the favour of seeing some of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature, and immediately they shewed me an Old Bard cutting Asp Leaves into Tongues, which were to be fastened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with design to make the whole Creation Vocal. Another was Dissecting Atomes, and Mites in Cheese, for the improvement of the Anatomical Science, and a third was transfusing the Blood of an *Ass* into an *Astrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fish* into an *Exchange-Woman*, which had all the desired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue-Pad* was *Silent*. All Prodigies in Nature, and none miscarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative* Gentlemen, that had their Employments severally assign'd them. One was Chewing the Cud upon Dr. *Burnet's New System of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moses* and all the Antidiluvian *Historians*. Another was Reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, Mr. *Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controversy between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a Period to the Abstruse Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-Trap Makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these Disputants has Reason of his side, I will say that some of them have the *Reason of Antiquity*, the other *the Reason of Novelty*; and in Matters of Opinion, these two Reasons have a greater influence upon the Learned, than Reason it self.

Those that set up for finding the North-West Passage into the Land of *Philosophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were possible, follow these two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Hecceties* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on the sudden seized with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moist, penetrated by a subtile Matter, encompassed with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back, instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never Travel'd through this Country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a distance, know as much of it almost, as those that have spent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the rest, and that is, when they have Consumed their Estates in trifling Experiments, to perswade themselves they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as Luxuriously as ever; they view a single Shilling in a Multiplying Glass, which makes it appear a Thousand, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glass, which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock, and a Three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller pass from this place to *Physick*, 'twill not be amiss to make him remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we lose our selves; that we don't search for our selves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks* and among *Women* we find our selves again; but seldom or never come back from the Kingdom of *Physick*.

Amusement IX. PHYSICK.

The first thing remarkable in the Country of *Physick*, is, that it is situate upon the *Narrow* Passage from this World to the other. 'Tis a Clymaterick Country, where they make us Breath a Refreshing Air, but such a one as is

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a great Enemy to the Natural Heat, and those that Travel far in this *Climate*, throw away a World of Money in Drugs, and at last Die of Hunger.

The Language that is spoken here, is very Learned; but the People that speak it are very Ignorant.

In other Countries we learn Languages to be able to express what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Physicians* learnt their Gibberish for no other purpose, than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a Patient of good Sence that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Disease it self, the Remedies, and Emptiness. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilyrium*, had a Vision in his Fever which sav'd him his Life. He fancied he saw a Feaver under the Shape of a Burning Monster, that press'd hard upon a Sick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who look'd like a *Guide*, came and took him by the *Wrist* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not Strength enough to cross the Stream and so was Drown'd. The *Guide* used means to get himself paid for his Pains, and immediately run after another Sick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Posset-Drink, Barly-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend advised by this Vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Business; for when he was by himself, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Absence of Physicians, is a Sovereign Remedy to him that has not Recourse to a Quack.

These Gentlemen of the *Faculty*, are Pensioners to *Death*, and Travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you must know, notwithstanding Distemper'd Humours make a Man Sick, 'tis the *Physician* that has the Honour of Killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Job, by his Relations that lay in wait for his Life to share his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how such a one Died, he is not presently to answer according to Corrupt Custome, that he Died of a Feaver or Pleurisy; but that he Died of the *Doctor*.

See a Consult of them marching in State to a Patient, attended by a Diminutive *Apothecary*, that's just Arse high, and fit to give a Clyster. How Majesterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themselves are but *Death* in a Disguise, and bring the Patient's *Hour* along with them. While the Patient breaths and Money comes, they are still Prescribing; but when they have sent the Patient hence, like a *Rat* with a Straw in's Arse; they'll say his Body was as Rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impossible to Save him. *Cruel* People, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be Paid when they have done; but must Persecute him in the Grave too; and Blast his Honour, to excuse their Ignorance.

It were to be wish'd that every Physician might be obliged to Marry; for its highly reasonable, that those Men should beget Children to the State, who every Day rob the King of so many of his Subjects.

In this Land of *Physick* they have erected themselves a *College*, for the Improvement of the Mystery of *Man-Slaughter*; which may be call'd their *Armory*; for here are their Weapons and Utensils forged, and a Company of Men attending to Kill Poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one part of their Convent, is a *Chymical Elabaratory*, where some were Calcining Calves-Brains, to supply those of the *Society* that wanted. Some fixing Volatile Wits, and others Rarifying Dull ones. Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promising themselves vast Advantages from the Process; but after they had Resolv'd the *Viscous* Matter, and brought the *Materia Prima* into the *Coppel*, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travel.

In another place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medicines*. The Outsides of their Pots were Gilded, with the Titles of Preservatives, Cordials, and Panpharmacons; but in the Inside were Poysons, or more Nauseous Preparations. However of all our late pretended Alchemists, commend me to the Apothecaries, as the Noblest *Operators* and *Chimists*; for out of Toads, Vipers, and a *Sir Reverence it self*, they will fetch ye Gold ready Minted, which is more than ever *Paracelsus* himself pretended to.

Amusements Serious and Comical

Here were also Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Dislocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and spoke *Greek Words*, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the Gravest among them, propounded this Question to the rest. Suppose a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, and lies all Bruised upon the *Deck*; Pray what is the *First Intention* in that Case? A Brisk Fellow answers: You must give him *Irish Slate quantum sufficit*, and Embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem*. At which I seeming to Smile, another Reprimands me, saying, *What do you Laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th right on't*. To whom I reply'd, With Reverence to your Age and Understanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, the first Intention is, *To take him up again*.

Among all these People every thing is made a Mystery, to detain their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Market of Physick; but were not the very Terms of Art, and Names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distempers, 'tis to be feared their *Remedies* would prove worse than the *Disease*.

That nothing might be wanting in this Famous College, there were others that like Porters and Plaisterers stood ready to be Hired, as *Corn-Cutters*, and *Tooth-Drawers*. The One of which will make you Halt before the best Friend you have; and if you do but *Yawn*, the other Knaves will be examining your *Grinders*; Depopulate your Mouths, and make you Old before your time, and take as much for Drawing out an Old Tooth, as would buy a Sett of New ones.

An Ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curiosities of this College. A *Boy* had swallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be Cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of them would have been poking a Cranes Bill down his Throat to pluck it up again, but the Doctors would not suffer him.

After a long Consultation, one of the two Remedies was agreed on, *viz.* That the Patient should swallow as much *Aqua fortis*, as would dissolve the Knife into Minute Particles, and bring it away by Seige; but the other Remedy was more Philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was to apply a *Loadstone* to his Arse, and so draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the Noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. *W d* was the first that proposed that Remedy, and he is no Quack I assure you.

Not but that there are some Quacks as Honest Fellows as you would desire to Piss upon. This Foreigner here for instance, is a Man of Conscience, that will take you but Half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lambs-Conduit Water* as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Distempers. He Swears it, and Swears like *T. O.* on the right side of the Hedge, since this very Individual Water has Cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diseases.

'Tis with Physicians in *London*, as with Almanacks, the Newest are the most Consulted; but then their Reign like that of an Almanack, concludes with the Year.

When a Sick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much. When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more: And since there is a Hazard both ways, I would much sooner chuse to rely upon *Nature*; for this, at least, we may be sure of, That she acts as Honestly as she can, and that she does not find her Account in prolonging the Disease.

I pardon those that are brought to the Extremity of their Lives, to Resign themselves to the Doctors, as I pardon those that are at the Extremity of their Fortune to abandon themselves to *Poetry*, or *Gaming*.

Amusement X.

Gaming–Houses.

Gaming is an Estate to which all the World has a Pretence, tho' few espouse it that are willing to keep either their Estates, or Reputations. I knew two *Middlesex Sharpers* not long ago, which Inherited a West–Country Gentlemen's Estate; who, I believe, wou'd have never made them his Heirs in his last Will and Testament.

Lantrillou is a kind of a Republick very ill ordered, where all the World are Hail Fellow well met; no distinction of Ranks, no Subordination observed. The greatest Scoundrel of the Town with Money in his Pockets, shall take his Turn before the best Duke or Peer in the Land, if the Cards are on his side.

From these Priviledg'd–Places, not only all Respect and Inferiority is Banish'd; but every thing that looks like Good Manners, Compassion, or Humanity: Their Hearts are so Hard and Obdurate, that what occasions the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Gracians* met together in former Times, to see their Gladiators shew their Valour; that is, to Slash and Kill one another; and this they called Sport? What a Cursed Barbarity was this? But are we a Jot Inferiour to them in this respect, who Christen all the Disorders of *Lansquenets* by the Name of Gaming, or to use the Gamesters own Expression, where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, *To Bite one anothers Heads off.*

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate–House in *Covent–Garden*, where they were at this Noble Recreation. He was wonderfully surprized at the Odness of the Sight. Set your self now in the room of a Superstitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Customs at Play, and you will agree that his Notions, as Abstracted and Visionary as they may seem, have some Foundations in Truth. I present you here with his own Expressions as I found them set down in a Letter which he sent into his own Country.

The Fragments of an Indian Letter.

The *English* pretend that they they Worship but one God, but for my Part, I don't believe what they say: For besides several Living Divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their Vows, they have several other Inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their Publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be seen, built round and covered with a Green Whachum, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several Persons in a sitting Posture, as we do at our Domestick Sacrifices.

At the very Moment I came into the Room, one of those, who I supposed was the *Priest*, spread upon the Altar certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon these Leaves were represented certain Figures very awkwardly Painted; however they must needs be the Images of some Divinities; for in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the Assistants made an Offering to it, greater or less, according to his Devotion. I observed that these Offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other Temples.

After the aforesaid Ceremony is over, the Priest lays his Hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the Book, and continues some time in this posture seized with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the rest of the Company, attentive to what he does, are in Suspence all the while, and unmovable, like himself. At last every Leaf which he returns to them, these unmovable Assistants are all of them in their Turn possess'd by different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens to seize them: One joyns his Hands together, and *Blesses Heaven*, another very earnestly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*; a third *Bites his Fingers and stamps*

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upon the Ground with his Feet. Every one of them, in short, make such extraordinary Postures and Contortions, that they seem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But scarce has the Priest returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same Fury with the rest. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and Curses the Sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but *Complaints and Groans, Cries and Imprecations.* Seeing them so Transported, and so Furious, I judge that the God they Worship is a Jealous Deity, who to Punish them for what they Sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an Evil *Demon* to Possess him.

I have thus shewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to pass upon the Transports he finds in our Gamesters. What wou'd he not have thought then, if he had seen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there.

'Tis certain that Love it self as extravagant as it is, never occasion'd so many Disorders among the Women, as the unaccountable Madness of *Gaming.* How come they to abandon themselves thus to a Passion that discomposes their Minds, their Healths, their Beauty, that Ruines What was I going to say? But this Picture does not shew them to Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

In some Places they call Gaming-Houses *Academies;* but I know not why they should inherit that Honourable Name, since there's nothing to be learn'd there, unless it be *Slight of Hand,* which is sometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning.

The Persons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad* and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *King's High-Way,* to recruit their Losses at the *Gaming-House,* and when a Hue and Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as safe in one of these Houses, as a *Thief in a Mill,* and practise the old Trade of *Cross-biting Cullies,* assisting the Frail *square Dye* with high and low *Fullums,* and other *Napping* Tricks, in comparison of whom the common Bulkers, and Pick-Pockets, are a very honest Society.

How unaccountable is this way to *Beggary,* that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the World to compass any more, unless by hazarding his *Neck* for't, will try an Experiment to leave himself none at all: Or, he that has Money of his own, should play the Fool, and try whether it shall not be another Man's. Was ever any thing so Nonsensically Pleasant?

One idle day I ventur'd into one of these *Gaming-Houses,* where I found an *Oglio of Rakes* of several Humours, and Conditions met together. Some that had lost were Swearing, and Damning themselves, and the *Devil's Bones,* that had left them never a Penny to bless their Heads with. One that had play'd away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Clothes but his Breeches, stood shivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and saying, *Dam me Jack,* who ever thought to see thee in a State of Innocency: Cheer up, Nakedness is the best Receipt in the World against a Favor, and then fell a Ranting, as if Hell had broke loose that very Moment.

What the Devil have we here to do, says my *Indian,* do's it Rain Oaths and Curses in this Country? I see Gamesters are Shipwrackt before they come to understand their Danger, and loose their *Clothes* before they have paid their *Taylors.* They should go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety and Vertue. I told him, instead of *Academies,* these Places should be call'd *Cheating-Houses:* Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came strutting up to my very Nose, in such a Fury, that I would willingly have given half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition, crying out, Split my Wind-pipe, Sir, you are a Fool, and don't understand *Trap,* the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-House* cheats you of your time, and the *Tradesmen* of your Money, without giving you either Sense or Reason for't. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purse, and gives you the *Pox* for't it; and the *Poet* picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for it. *Lovers* couzen you with their *Eyes,* *Orators* with their *Tongues,* the *Valiant* with their *Arms,* *Fidlers* with their *Fingers,* *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs,* and *Courtiers* and *Songsters,* empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why should not we Recruit by the same Methods that have Ruin'd us.

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Our Friends, continued he, gives us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Course we are in, but all to no purpose: We ask them what they would have us do? Money we have none, and without it there is no Living: Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live? that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him: And is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-House*, or a *Gaming Ordinary*. No, we are the Men, says he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril*. Let the Worst come to'th Worst, a *Wry Mouth* on the *Tripple Tree*, puts an end to all Discourse about us.

From the *Gaming-House* we took our Walk through the Streets, and the first Amusements we Encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signes*, enough to perswade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's Dream*, the *Bull and Mouth*, the *Hen and Razor*, the *Ax and Bottle*, the *Whale and Crow*, the *Shovel and Boot*, the *Leg and Star*, the *Bible and Swan*, the *Frying-Pan and Drum*, the *Lute and Tun*, the *Hog in Armour*, and a thousand others that the wise Men that put them there can give no Reason for.

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's asham'd to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *TODD's Four Volumes* in Print, which a Man in Reading of, wou'd wonder that so much *Venom* should not tear him to pieces, but that some of the ancient Moralists have observed, that the Rankest *Poyson* may be kept in an *Asses Hoof*, or a *Fool's Bosom*. Some say, the first Word he spoke was *Rascal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will all speak the same Dialect, and have a Natural Antipathy to *Eggs*, because their Father was palted with hundreds of them, when he was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amusements presented themselves as thick as Hops, as *Moses* Pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapside* in Countenance. Bishop *Overal's Convocation Book* Carved over the Dean of *St. P l's Stall* in that Cathedral. Here sate a Fellow selling *little Balls* to take the Stains out of the Citizens Wives Petticoats, that should have been as big as *Foot-Balls*, if applied to that purpose. Under that Bulk was a *Prejector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credits from sinking. A pretty *Engine* to preserve Bankers and Ensurers from Breaking, and prevent publishing it in the *Gazette*, when they are Broke; that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may stand with their Convenience.

In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradesman of his *Honesty*, things that every Man has, and every thing is, in some Disguise or other, but duly consider'd, there are scarce any such things In the World, unless among Pawn-Brokers, Stock-Jobbers, and Horse-Coursers; so that the *Lord* and *Tradesman* were discoursing about nothing; and signified no more, than the Parson's Preaching against *Covetousness* to the Maim'd, Blind, and superannuated Soldiers in *Chelsey-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon's* prescribing *Cow Heels* to a Married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Ascendant of the *Doctor*.

As we pass'd along, I could not forbear looking into some of the Shops, to see how the Owners employed themselves in the Absence of Customers, and in a Barber's Shop I saw a *Beau* so overladen with Wig, that there was no difference between hls Head, and the Wooden one that stood in the Window. The Fop it seems, was newly come to his Estate, though not to the years of Discretion, and was singing the Song, *Happy is the Child whose Father is gone to the Devil, and the Barber all the while keeping time on his Cittern*; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Beares to be attended by a Bag-piper.

In the Scrivener's Shop I saw a company of Sparks that were selling their Wives and their Portions, and Purchasing Annuities; and Old Ten-in-the-Hundred-Fathers, Damning themselves to raise their Posterities. In the Tobacconist's Shops Men were sneezing and spawling, as if they were all Clapt, and under a Salvation for the cure on't. They that smoak'd it, were persecuting others to follow their Example, and they that snuff'd it up in Powder, were drawing upon themselves the Incommodies of all Age, in the perpetual Annoyance of Rheum and Drivel.

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Pursuing my Voyage through the City, and casting a Leere into the Shops of the Rich *Drapers, Mercers, and Lacemen*, I saw them haunted by many People in Want, especially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spendthrifts*, that came to borrow Money of them. Alas, said the Traders, Times are Dead, and little Money stirring. All we can do, is to furnish you with what the Shop affords; and if a Hundred Pound or two in *Commodities* will do you any good, they are at your Service. These the *Gallants* take up at an excessive Rate, to sell immediately for what they can get: and the *Trader* has his Friend to take them off Underhand at a third part of the Value, *by way of helping Men in Distress*. These are they that inveagle unthinking Animals, into all sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruin them Insensibly under colour of *Kindness* and *Credit*: For they set every thing at double the Value; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprisoned, your Goods seized, and your Estates extended. And they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of *Beggars*.

Among other Amusements, let us speak a Word or two of *Lombard-street*, where *Luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their Magazines, Ingots of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your *Ladies* after they have travell'd thither with some liberal Interloper, carry home with them more than their Husbands are worth, and drag at their long Tails the whole Substance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds, Broad Pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or's*, Crown Pieces, and Dollars without Number: Nay, in some of their Shops is nothing to be seen, or Sold, but great heaps of Money; that would tempt a Man to think, the whole *Indies* were emptied into one single Shop 'tis so full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he that is possess'd of all this vast Treasure, is not worth a brass Farthing. To Day his Counters bend under the weight of *Cash*, and to Morrow the Shop is shut up, and you hear no more of our Goldsmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, torn to pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt: And he and his Creditors made a *Prey* by a parcel of devouring Vermin, call'd Commissioners.

The Neighbouring Country is *Stocks-Market*, where you see a large Garden, Paved with *Pibble Stones* in all the Beds and Allies; indifferently open to all Comers and Goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers, as any in the World. Here is *Winter* dress'd in the Livery of *Summer*. Every day a Crop is gather'd, and every Night are stockt up in Baskets, till the next days Sun does open them.

About this Garden great Numbers of Nymphs reside, who each of them live in their respective Tubs: They have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but like that Philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first Comer whatever comes uppermost. A further Description I would give you of their *Parts*, and Persons, but that I cannot endure the smell of the *Serjeants* at the *Counter-Gate*, who stink worse than old Ling, or *Assa fetida*, and would poyson the Country, if this pleasant Garden was not an Antidote against their Infection. And therefore I'll go back again into the Country of

Coffee-Houses.

Where being arriv'd I am in a *Wood*, there are so many of them I know not which to enter. Stay, let me see! Where the Sign is Painted with a *Woman's Hand in't*, 'tis a Bawdy-House. Where a *Man's*, it has another Qualification; but where it has a *Star* in the Sign, 'tis Calculated for every Leud purpose.

Every Coffee-House is *Illuminated* both without and within Doors; without by a fine Glass-Lanthorn, and within by a Woman so *Light* and *Splendid*, you may see through her without the help of a Perspective. At the *Bar* the good Man always places a charming *Phyllis* or two, who invite you by their Amorous Glances into their smoaky Territories, to the loss of your Sight.

This is the Place where several *Knights Errant* come to seat themselves at the same Table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together, as if they had been of many years Acquaintance. They have scarce look'd about them, when a certain Liquor as *Black as Soot*, is handed to them, which being *Foppishly* fumed into their Noses, Eyes, and Ears, has the Vertue to make them Talk and Prattle together of every thing but what they

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should do. Now they tell their several Adventures by Sea, and Land. How they Conquer'd the *Gyant*, were overcome by the *Lady*, and bought a pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton*, to go a Wooing in. One was commending his Wife, another his Horse, and the third said he had the best smoak'd Beef in *Christendom*. Some were discoursing of all sorts of Government, Monarchical, Aristocratical, and Democratical. Some about the choice of Mayors, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and others of the Transcendent Vertues of Vinegar, Pepper, and Mustard. In short, I thought the whole *Room* was a perfect Resemblance of *Dover* –Court, where all Speak, but no body heard nor answer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee*, the wiser sort joyn'd *Spirit of Clary*, *Usquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly Enchants the Knights: By the force of these Soporiferous Enchantments, you shall find one Snoaring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar; and the third as valiant as *Orlando Furioso*, goes to signalize his Valour in scouring the Streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run through all the several Countries within the Walls of *London*; as the long Robe, the Sword, the Treasury. Every State, in brief, is like a separate Country by its self, and has its particular Manners and Gibberish.

Here you may view the Fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has turn'd Leather Breeches into Gold Chains, blue Aprons into Fur Gowns, a Kitchinstuff Tub into a gilded Chariot, a Dray–man into a Knight, and Noblemen's Palaces into Shops and Ware–Houses.

Here is also the *Barren* Country of the *Philosopher's–Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Conclusion, and now is become almost Desolate, till another Age of Fools and Knaves do People it. To this may be added the *Cold Country* of the *News–Mongors*, that Report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, that Rob one another, and lye in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *Hot Country* of the Disputers, that quarrel and raise a Dust about nothing. The *Level Country* of Bad *Poets*, and Presbyterian *Parsons*: One of which is maintain'd by a good stock of Confidence, and by the other Flattery and Canting. The *Desert uninhabited Country* of *Vertuous* Women. The *Conquer'd* Country of *Coquets*, and an infinite Number of others; not to reckon the *Lost* Country inhabited by *Strowlers*, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their way. They are of easie access, but 'tis dangerous to Traffick with them. Some of them have the Art to please without Management, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *Dear Country*, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*; that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder working Liquor of the World; that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in's own Conceit; a Coward Valiant, and a *Beggar* as Rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Ease, and in Plenty, Swagger and Carouze, Quarrel with the Master, Fight the Drawer, and never trouble my self about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me. A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head, never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a New *Amusement*.

In *Leicester–Fields*, I saw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him, who like a Master in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave them a History of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World. He told them of Fifteen Persons that were Run clear through the Body, and glad for a matter of three Days together, to carry their *Puddings* in their Hands; but in Four and twenty Hours he made'em as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man had been so bold as to ask him when, and where? his Answer would have been ready without Studying; that it was some Twelve hundred Leagues off in *Terra Incognito*, by the Token, that at the same time he was Physician in Ordinary to a great Prince, that dy'd about Five and twenty years ago, and yet the *Quack* was not Forty.

All these Subjects, though very Amusing, were not equally Edifying, and therefore in my Voyage towards the City, I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow was talking Nonsense as confidently, as if he had had a Parent for it, and confirm'd the *Popish* Maxim, *That Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion*. The Women were the Oddest Creatures in the World, neither Flesh nor Fish; but like *Frogs*, only their lower Parts were Man's Meat.

Coffee–Houses.

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From thence I sailed into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-Garden*, where the Vociferous Holder-forth was as bold and Saucy, as if the Deity and all Mankind had owed him Money. He was shewing the way *to be Rich when Taxes rise, and Trading falls*, and Descanting upon all Humours and Manners. He (says the Tubster) that would be Rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, must play the *Thief* or the *Cheat*; he that would Rise in the World, must turn *Parasite*, or *Projector*. He that Marries, ventures for the *Horn*, either before, or afterwards. There is no Valour without Swearing, Quarrelling, or Hectoring. If you are Poor, no body owns you. If Rich, you'll know no body. If you dye *young*, what pity 'twas they'l say, that he should be cut off in his Prime. If *Old*, he was e'en past his best; there's no great Miss of him. If you are Religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will say you are a *Hypocrite*: And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we say you are a Papist. To which I make bold to add, If you are *Gay* and Pleasant, you pass for a Buffoon; and if *Pensive* and Reserv'd, you are taken to be *Sour* and Censorious. *Courtesy* is call'd Colloguing and Currying of Favour: Downright Honesty and Plain-Dealing, is interpreted to be Pride and Ill Manners: And so I took my leave of Dr.

And Peep'd into a *Fine Church* in my Way to *Fleet-street*, where a huge double Belly'd Doctor, was so full of his *Doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one *Grain of Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Dogmatist*, that I made these Innocent Reflections. The Doctor is very Fat, *Doubtless* he is Rich. He looks very *Grum* and *Surly*, *Doubtless* he is not the best Humour'd Man in the World; but I soon gave over these Remarks; for being a Stranger to his *Worship*, *Doubtless* I might have been sometimes in the Right, and *Doubtless* I should sometimes have been in the Wrong; and therefore I removed my Corps to *another Church* in my Road to *London*.

Here a very Genteel *Reader*, to shew himself *Frenchify'd*, instead of reading *Porage*, after our Old Honest *English* Custom, gave it an *A la Mode* Turn, and pronounc'd it *Pottaughsh*; whereas to have been more Modish in his *Tongue*, as well as his other Parts, he might have called it a *Dish of Soop*.

Before Sermon began, the Clark in a *Slit Stick* (contrived for that purpose at a Serious Consult by the Famous *Architects* and *Engineers*, Sir C. W. and Col. *Pickpeper*) handed up to the Pulpit a Number of *Prayer-Bills*, containg the Humble Petitions of divers *Devoto's*, for a supply of what they wanted, and the removal of their Afflictions.

One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good *Post*, desired he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to an Account for *Neglect*, or *Mismanagement*; and that he might continue without controul, God's Servant in Ordinary, and the King's Special Favourite.

A Young *Virgin*, apprehensive of her Wants, and Weaknesses, being about to enter into the Holy State of *Matrimony*, prayed for proportionable Gifts and Graces, *to enable her for such an Under-Taking*.

Some Pray'd for Good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others beg'd *Children* for themselves: And sure the *Husband* that allows his Wife to ask Children Abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home when they are given him.

Now came abundance of *Bills* from such as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both Praying for the Gift of Chastity for their *Wives*, and *Fidelity* for their *Prentices*, till they should return again. Then the Bills of Complaint coming in thick and threefold, *Humbly shewing* that many Citizens Wives, had hard Hearts, Undutiful Husbands, and Disobedient Children, which they heartily Pray'd to be quit of; I discharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on so Melancholy a Subject, and employed my Eyes on the variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might see in one *Pew*, a Covey of Handsome, Bucksome, *Bona Roba's*, with High-Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dress about them, as Merry as *Hawks* in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fans*, and as Light as a *Beaux* Head, or his *Feather*.

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In another *Pew* was a Nest of such Hard-favour'd *She's*, that you would have blest your self. Some with their Faces so Pounced and Speckled, as if they had been *Scarified*, and newly pass'd the *Cupping-Glass*; with a World of little Plasters, *Large, Round, Square*, and briefly cut out into such variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure. They employ'd themselves while the *Bills* were reading, about Hush, hush.

The *Wou'd be Bishop* is beginning, and 'tis a sign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheist, Ludere cum Sanctis*; for tho' I expose the Foppery of Persons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I Grant it, has some of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls Candidate, Bene Vestiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earnest fills a Pulpit very well; but that he so often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders; that he cloy's his Auditors with that unpalatable *Ragoust*, called in *Latin Cramben Biscoctum*, and in plain *English, Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, Marshal'd his Discourse by the help of the *Warlike Josephus, and by the Assistance of the Learned Grotius, and Pious Dr. Hammond our own Countryman, puzzled Aquinas, confuted Bellarmin, and Baffled Origen, pass we on (says he) to the next thing as considerable.*

The *Clark* is such an Affected C. C. C , that he Sings out of Tune, says out of Order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying, *Amen*, he Screams out *A Main*, which had like to put me into a Confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been Over-night at 7 or 11, falling Asleep in the Church, and being waked by the Noise of *A Main*, he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll Set you Half a Crown*

Crowding to get out to breath my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my *New Wig, which (God knows) is not paid for*, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountring a Disappointment, Rub'd off, Cursing the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his *Folly*, that could think a *Poet* ever went to Church, when he had Money to go to a Tavern. Poets are better Principled than to hoard up *Trash*; and could they as well secure themselves from the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the *World*, there would not be a Hairs breadth 'twixt them and Heaven.

Now I cross'd the way to a *Booksellers*, in hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle; but the Stingy Curr pop't me off with a Dish of *Coffee*, and the old Talk that Trading was Dead, that they suffer'd for other Mens Works as well as their own; and in short, finding not a *Penny* to be screw'd out of the *Prig*, I pursued my Voyage to the City; but it happening to Rain, to shelter my self from it, I run my Face into

A Heralds Office.

Here was a Confounded Noise of Descents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coat Armour, Bearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that insignificant Jargon. While I was listening to this *Gibberish*, in comes a Fellow with a Role of Parchment in his Hand, to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely Painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife Died, and then to be transported on the Outside and Front of the House, to Invite a Rich Widdow to Marry him.

My *Father*, says he, has bore Arms for His Majesty, in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a *Tall Fellow* speak to the Constable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the first Man that ever was of the Honourable *Order of the Black-Guard*: And we have had five Brave Commanders of our Family, by my Father's side, that have served the *State* in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Thief Takers*, and gave His Majesty a fair Account of all the *Prisoners* that were taken by them: And by my *Mothers side*, it will not be denied, but that I am Honourably Descended; for my *Grandmother* was never without a Dozen Chamber-Maids and Nurses in Family. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of *Honour*, I have here a Testimonial in my Hand, in Black and White; and in my Pocket brave *Yellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms: Which being produced and Finger'd by the Herald, he immediately assign'd him a *Coat, viz. A Gibbet Erect, with a Wing Volant. A Ladder Ascendant. A Rope Pendant,*

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and a *Marshal's Man* Swinging at the end on't.

I am Sandalized, says my *Indian*, at your Custome in *London*, in making every Saucy *Jack*, a Gentleman.

And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every *Gentleman* call one another *Jack*, and *Tom*, and *Harry* They first dropt the Distinction, Proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up and bestowed it upon themselves; and hence it is, that a *Gentleman* is sunk into plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is rais'd into *Gentleman*.

In Days of *Yore*, a Man of *Honour* was more Distinguishable by his *Generosity* and Affability, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the Vulgar Fry, Honour is grown Contemptible, the Respect that is due to their *Births*, is lost in a *Savage* Management, and is now assumed by every Scoundrel.

The Cobler is Affronted, if you don't call him Mr. *Translator*. The Groom Names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes himself *one of His Majesty's Officers*. The Page calls himself a *Child of Honour*, and the Foot-Boy stiles himself my *Ladies Page*. Every Little *Nasty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every *Impudent Broken-Mouth'd Manteau-Maker*, must be call'd *Madam Theodosia Br*. Every Dunce of a *Quack*, is call'd a *Physician*. Every Gown-Man, a *Counsellor*. Every Silly Huff, a *Captain*. Every *Gay* thing, a *Chevalier*. Every Parish Reader, a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clerk* in the Office, Mr. *Secretary*: Which is all but Hypocrisie and Knavery in Disguise; for nothing is now called by its right Name.

The Heralds I see have but little to do, Honour and Arms which used to employ all Men of Birth and Parts, is now almost dwindled into an Airy Nothing: Let us then go and see how the World wags in the City Circle.

Amusement XI.

The City Visiting-Day.

I have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us save him the trouble now of Beating the Hoof, and shew him the rest of the World as he sits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the Different Characters of it, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain Numerous Assemblies, a sort of *City Circle*, they are set up in imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a Grave Assembly, but ill seated upon Low Stools set in a Round. Here all Women Talk, and none of them Listen. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they Decide all things, and their most diversified Conversations are a sort of Roundeaus that end either in Artificial Slanders, or gross Flattery, but this being in no wise applicable to the *English* Court, I shall wave a further Description of it, and come to

The City Circle.

Which is a Familiar Assembly, or a General Council of the Fair and Charming-Sex, where all the Important Affairs of their Neighbors are largely discuss'd, but Judged in an Arbitrary Manner, without hearing the Parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these Tribunals. Matters of High, and no Consequence, as Religion, and Cuckoldom, Commodores and Sermons, Polliticks and Gallantry, Receipts of Cookery and Scandal, Coquettry and Preserving, Jilting and Laundry; in short every thing is subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it.

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A Venerable Old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam *Whimsey*, whose Relations are dispersed into all Corners of the Earth, is President of this Board. She is Lineally Descended from the *Maggots* of the *South*, an Illustrious and Ancient Family, that were a Branch of the *Wag-Tails* of the *East*, who boast themselves Descended in a Right Line from Madam *Eve*. Here are to be found as many Different Opinions as there are Heads in the Room. The same Judge is sometimes Severe, and sometimes Indulgent, sometimes Grave and sometimes Trifling, and they Talk exactly there, as I do in my *Amusements*.

They pass in a Moment from the most Serious, to the most Comical Strain; from the greatest things to the smallest; from a Duke, to a Chimney-Sweeper; from a Council of War to a Christning, and sometimes a sudden Reflexion upon a Womans *Head-Dress*, hinders the Decision of a Case of Conscience under Examination.

In this Country Twenty several Sentences are pronounced all at once. The Men Vote when they can, the Women as often as they please. They have two Votes for one. The great Liberty that is allowed in the City Circle, invites all sorts of Persons to come thither to see and to be seen. Every one talks according to his Designs, his Inclination, and his Genius. The Young Folks talk of what they are now a doing; the Old Fellows Talk of what they have done in the Days of Queen *Dick*; and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The Ambitious Rail at the Sluggards as a Company of Idle Fellows that take up a room in the World, and do nothing? The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious, that they trouble all the World with their Plots to advance themselves and ruine others. The Tradesman Curses War from the bottom of his Heart, as that which spoils Commerce, Depopulates Countries, and destroys Mankind; and the Soldier wishes those that had a Hand in making the Peace, were at the Devil.

The Vertuoso despises the Rich for making such a bustle about so Foolish and Pale-faced a Mettal as Gold. The Rich laugh at Learning, and Learned Men, and cry, A Fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wisdom forsooth, rail at Love as the most Foolish and Impertinent Trifling thing in the World; and the Lover fattens himself with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wisdom as a Sower and Severe thing that is not worth the Pursuit. Those that are Unmarried fall foul upon the Jealous-Pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles. And those that are Married justify their own Prudent Conduct in endeavouring to prevent their own Dishonour.

A Young forward Puppy full of Vigour and Health, seem'd to intimate by his Discourse, that he thought himself Immortal. Well, says he, I have drank my Gallon of Claret every Night this Seven Years, and yet the Devil of a Feaver or any other Disease dares Attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once. Before *George* I think our Family's made of Iron. There's that Old Prig my Father (a Plague on him) turn'd of Seventy, and yet he's as sound as a Roach still. He'll ride you Forty Mile out-right at a Fox-Chase. Small-Beer be my Portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the Good Manners to troop off.

A Grave Old Gentleman offended at this Rude and Frothy Discourse gave his Whiskers a Twirl, and thus reprimanded our Saucy Whipper-Snapper. Know Boy, cries he to him in an Angry Tone: Know, Sirrah, that every Age stands upon the same Level as to the Duration of Life. A Man of Fourscore is Young enough to Live, and an Infant but of Four Days Birth, is Old enough to Die.

I apprehend your Meaning, Old Gentleman, says our Young Prig to him, well enough. You are Young enough to Live to Day, and Old enough to Die to Morrow.

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company see what they were: The rest both in their Conversation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

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You admire the Gay Noisy Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder, that tells so many Pleasant Stories, and sets all the Company a Laughing. Don't be mistaken in him, he's the Dullest Rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has Plunder'd from others.

All his Jest and Repartees he Purloin'd from his *Fathers Chaplain*; they are the effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there sets up for a *Wit*, and has some Sence to't. Pray mind that Worshipful *Lump* of Clay, that Inanimate Figure that lolls in the Elbow-Chair; he takes no manner of Notice of what is said in the Company. By his Plodding Starch'd Solemn Looks, you would conclude that Business of Importance, and Affairs of State, took up all his Thoughts, and that his Head was brim full of Dispatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what; he's the Emptiest, Dullest, Shallowest Monster, within the Bills of Mortality. He's equally incapable of Business and Pleasure: He'll take you a Nap over a Game at *Cards*, and Yawn and Stretch at the most diverting *Comedy*: Nay, under the *Pulpit* when the Parson has Preach'd all the Dogs out o'th' Church. He Dreams as he Walks, and the Sot when he's a Sleep, differs from the Sot when Waking, as a *Nine-Pin* when it is up, differs from a *Nine-Pin* when its down. He has a Considerable Post in the Government, and a Pretty Wife, and minds them both alike? 'Tis pity he has not a *Deputy* to officiate for him.

That *Young Creature* there by the Window, at the bare mention of the Word *Love*, Starts, and Trembles, as if a *Demi-Culvirin* were shot off at her Ear. Her Vertuous Mother has told her such terrible Stories about it, that the *Poor Fool* believes she hates it. And do you think, Sir, she'll hate it to the end of the Chapter? That's not so certain, I dare not engage for it. A Woman that hates Love before she knows *what it is*, is not in danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a *Freer* manner than I ought, and *Unmask* too many Faces in my Circle; but if I were never so much inclined to spare them, and they themselves had Address enough to conceal their own Defects: I see a *Lady* of great Penetration coming into the Room, who will decipher them more *Unmercifully* than I can.

Now she has Seated her self. Observe what a *Modest* Air she has? How Critically she draws off her Gloves? How *Artfully* she manages her Fan? And if she lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to see whether other Women are as Handsome and as Modest as her self. She has so much Vertue the World says, that she can't endure any that have a less share on't than her self. What is harder still, those that have more Vertue than she, do equally displease her. 'Tis for this reason she spares no Body.

I ask'd a Lady of the same Character t'other Day, how it came to pass that her Exhortations were half *Godliness*, and half *Slander*? Bless me, crys she, *Slander!* What mean you by the Word? 'Tis enough to give one the Spleen, or an *Augue Fit*. The Truth on't is, I am sometimes obliged to accommodate my self to the *Taste* of the World, to *Season* my Remonstrances with a little *Satyr*, for the World expects we should make every thing agreeable, even Connection it self. We must sometimes give a little *Slip* from Morality, to bring in a few *Strokes* of Satyr. Speak more Honestly, *Madam*, says I to her, and confess that you bring in one stroke of Morality, to countenance the making of a Thousand Scandalous Reflexions.

Very well, replies the *Indian* to me, I find the *Londoners* are as Comical in their Garbs, as affected in their Discourses. They would think themselves *dishonour'd* to appear in a Suit they wore last Year. According to the Rule of *Fashions*, this Furious Beau the next Year must make but a *Scurvy Figure*; but I pardon them for following the Custom of their Country. I put so ill a Construction upon their Curiosity, I will not hereafter Judge of the Hearts of Women by the Steps I see them make.

As for that *Beau* yonder, I have a great Curiosity to know whither his Inside answers his Outside. Not a Word has drop'd from him as yet; but surely the *Oracle* will open Anon. The Ladies that encompass him, said I to my

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Curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him Talk, as you can be. Therefore let us listen.

They all Compliment, and address their Discourses to him. What Answers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*, and sometimes *No*, and sometimes *Nothing* at all. He speaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and *Laughs* at a third with so *Mysterious* an Air, that 'tis believed there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the Company are of Opinion that he has *Wit* in abundance. His Physiognomy *Talks*, his Air *Perswades*, but all his Eloquence lies in the Fine *Outside* he makes; and as soon as the Spark has shew'd himself, *he has concluded his Speech*. 'Tis a thousand pitties that Nature had not time enough to finish her Workmanship, Had she bestowed never so little *Wit* upon an *Outside* so Prepossessing us in his Favour, the Idlest Tales from his Mouth wou'd have pass'd for the most Ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Discourse with their Idol, All of 'em resolv'd, if they must speak, to speak with some Body that would answer them again, and not with a *Statue*. Our Beau retires into the next Chamber, intent upon nothing but how to display his Charms to the best advantage. He is at first view enamour'd with a Pretty Lady whom he saw in the Room. He Besieges her with his *Eyes*, he *Ogles* at her, he *Prims* and *Plumes* himself, and at last he Boards her.

This *Lady* is very Reserved, and tho' our Gentleman appear very Charming to her, yet she is not surpriz'd at the first sight of him. 'Tis nothing but her Curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the Field. With this Intention she listens to what our Adventurer has to say to her. In short, this was the success of his Affair with her.

He found himself mightily at a loss how to *Cope* with this Lady. She had an inexhaustible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with *Gracious Nods and Smiles*, but as we see there are a Hundred Witty Women in the World, that are not displeas'd with a fair *Outside*; our Confident Spark flatter'd himself, that if he cou'd but once persuade the Lady that he was in Love with her, the Garrison wou'd immediately surrender. To effect this he employ'd the *Finest Turns* of Eloquence, and the most touching Expressions of the *Mute Language*; but this Fair Lady made as if she did not understand him. What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her. He had a *Diamond-Ring* of a considerable Value upon his Finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a Piece of Gallantry *A la Mode*, to present it to her. Thus *Playing* with his Hand, and holding it so that he might shew his *Diamond* more advantageously to the Eyes of the Fair Indifferent, he plays with it: She turns her Head, first on one side, then on the other side. This Unconcernedness mortified him extreamly; yet still he kept on his *Shew*, which is always the last Refuge of a Coxcomb. He is Astonish'd to find a Woman insensible to such a *Beau* as himself, and to such a *Diamond* as his was; but this made no Impression on the *Lady*, who still continued Inexorable and Cruel.

At the very Moment he despair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this Insensible seiz'd him hastily by the Hand, to look nearer at the *Diamond*, from which she first turn'd her Eyes: What a *Blessed turn* of the Scene was this to a Dejected Lover! He reassumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Passion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from his Finger, and after a Thousand *Cringes* and *Grimaces*, Presents her with it. The *Lady* takes it in her Hand, and holds it close to her Eyes, to view it more carefully: He redoubles his Hope and Assurance, and thought he had a Right to Kiss that Hand, that had received his *Diamond*. The Lady was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at leisure to think of being angry at this Freedom; but on the contrary smiled, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himself secure of *Victory*, and transported with Joy, proposes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting. Sir, says this Lady coldly to him, I am Charm'd with this *Diamond*; and the reason why I have accepted it without Scruple, is because it belongs to me. *Yes, Sir*, this *Diamond* is mine; my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* some Three Months ago, and made me afterwards believe he had lost it. That cannot be, replies our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioness* that exchange'd it with me for something that shall be Nameless.

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Right, right, continues the Woman, *my Husband was acquainted with this Marchioness, he Truck'd with her for my Diamond, the Marchioness Truck'd with you for it, and I take it for nothing; tho if I were of a Revengeful Nature, my Husband very well deserves, that I should give the same Price for it, as he received from the Marchioness.* At this unexpected Blow, our Fine Thing stood Confounded and Astonish'd; but I can now forgive his *being Mute* upon so Odd an Occasion. A Man of Wit and Sence could hardly avoid it.

That Great *Lord* yonder, was Bred and Born a *Lord*: His *Soul* is full as Noble as his *Blood*, his Thoughts as high as his Extraction. I Esteem, but don't Admire his *Lordship*; but the Man, who by his *Merits* and *Vertues* raises himself above his Birth and Education, I both *Esteem* and *Admire*.

Why then should you, whose *Virtues* equal your Fortune, conceal the *Meanness* of your Original, which raises the Lustre of your Merit? And as for you that have no other Merit to boast of, but that of advancing your Fortune; never be ashamed to own the *Meanness* of your former Life: We shall better esteem the Merit of your Elevation.

Look, yonder goes a Man, says one, that takes upon him so much of the *Lord*, that one would think he had never been any thing else. It often happens, that by our Over-acting of Matters, the World discovers we were not always the Men we appear.

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was likewise busie in making his. He did not so much wonder at the Man in the Embroidered Coat, who did not know himself, as at the Assembly, who likewise seem'd not to know him. He was treated with the Respect due to a Prince; these are not Civilities, but downright Adorations. What cannot you be content, says our *Indian*, cannot you be content to Idolize *Riches* that are useful to you? Must you likewise Idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthings-worth of Kindness?

I confess, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this Astonishment. I see another Man of a very good Look come into the *Circle*, and no body takes the least Notice of him. He has seated himself and Talks, and very much to the purpose too, and yet no one will vouchsafe him a Hearing. I observe, the Company Files off from him by degrees, to another part of the Room, and now he is left alone by himself. Wherefore say I to my self, Do they shun him thus? Is his *Breath* Contagious, or has he a *Plague-Sore* running upon him?

At the same time I took Notice, That these Deserters had flock'd about the *Gay Coxcomb* in the laced Suite, whom they worshipp'd like a little God. By this I came to understand, that the Contagious Distemper the other Man was troubled with was his Poverty.

Oh Heavens! says the *Indian*, falling all on the sudden into an Enthusiastick Fit, like that wherein you saw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me quickly out of a Country, where they shut their Ears to the wholsom Advice, and sage Instructions of a *Poor* Man, to lissen to the Nonsensical *Chat* of a Sot in *Gawdy* Cloathes. They seem to refuse this *Philosopher* a Place among Men, because his Apparel is but indifferent, while they Rank that Wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this Abominable Sight, I cou'd almost pardon those that grow Haughty and Insolent upon Prosperity. This latter Spark a little while ago was less than a *Man* among you, at present you make a sort of a *Deity* of him. If the Head of their new Idol should grow Giddy, he may e'en thank those who Incense him at this abominable Rate.

There are among us in my Country, continues he, a sort of People who Adore a certain Bird, for the Beauty and Richness of its *Feathers*. To justify the Folly wherein their Eyes have engaged them, they are perswaded that this proud Animal has a Divine Spirit that Animates him. Their Error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for in short, this Creature is *Mute*, but if he could Talk, like your Brute there in the Rich Embroidery, they would soon find him out to be a Beast, and perhaps would forbear to Adore him.

This sudden Transport, carry'd our well-meaning Traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his Discourse, I desir'd him to cast his Eyes upon a certain Gentleman in the *Circle*, who deserved to have his *Veil* taken off with

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which he covered himself, to procure the Confidence of Fools. Examine well this serious Extravagant. The *Fool's Bawble* he makes such a pother with, is his *Probity*, an amiable thing indeed, if his Heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *Notion* of it that has Fly-blown his Head. Because, forsooth, it has not yet appear'd in his Story, that he is a Notorious Cheat and Falsifier, upon the Merit of this Reputation, the *Insect* thinks himself the most Virtuous Man in the World. He demands an Implicite Faith to all he says. You must not question any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but must pay the same Deference to his Words, as to the Sacred Oracles of Truth it self. If he thinks fit to assert that *Romulus* and *Remus* were Grand Children to *John of Gaunt*, 'tis a Breach of Good Manners to enquire into their Pedigrees.

If any Difference happens, he pretends his Word is a Decree, from which you cannot Appeal without Injustice. He takes it for a high Affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common Security. All the Universe must understand that his Verbal Promise is worth a thousand Pounds. He would fain have perswaded his *Wifes Relations* to have given him her in Marriage upon his bare Word, without making a Settlement. He affects to be exactly Nice to a Tittle in all his Expressions, and if you think it impossible to find a *Model* of this impracticable Exactness, he tells you that you may find it in him, all his Words you ought to believe to a Hairs breadth: Nothing less, and nothing beyond it. If ever he gives you liberty to *Stretch* a little, it must be in his Commendation. Let the Conversation turn upon what Subject it pleases, be it of *War*, or of *Religion*, *Morality*, or *Politicks*, he will perpetually thrust his *Nose* into it, though he is sure to be laughed at for his Pains, and all to make a fine *Parade* of his own good Qualities and Vertues.

A certain *Lady* for Instance, after she had effectually proved that all Gallantry, and Sincerity, was extinct among the young Fellows of this Age, corrected her self pleasantly in this manner. I am in the *wrong* Gentlemen, says she, I am in the *wrong*, I own it. There is such a thing as Sincerity still among the Men: *They speak all that they think of us Women.*

Upon the bare Mention of the Word *Sincerity*, our Gentleman thought he had a fair opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every Man, says he, has his particular Faults My Fault is to be too Sincere.

Soon after this, the Discourse fell upon other Matters, as want of Compassion and Charity in the Rich. What an excess of Barbarity crys our Man of Honour, is this? For my part, I always fall into the opposite Extream. I *melt* at every thing, I am *too Good* in my Temper, but 'tis a Fault I shall never Correct in my self. To make short, another who towards the Conclusion of his Story, happen'd accidentally to let the Word Avarice drop from him, found himself interrupted by our *Modest* Gentleman, who made no difficulty to own that *Liberality* was his Vice. *Ah Sir*, replied the Man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great Vices, Sincerity, Goodness, and Liberality. This excess of Modesty in you, which makes you own these Vices, give me to understand Sir, that you are Masters of all the *contrary Vertues.*

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizer of our Sir *Formal*. This was discharging a *Pistol* at his Breast: One would have thought it wou'd have went to the very Heart of him. In the mean time he did not so much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you say to him in good part. Call him in an Ironical manner, the *Great Heroe of Probity*, he takes you in the Litteral Sense. Tell him in the plain Language of *T. O.* that he's a *confounded Rascal*, Oh Sir, says he, your humble Servant, you are disposed to be merry I find: thus he takes it for Raillery.

These *Raillers* have a fine time on't you see, to *Jest* upon a Man of so *Oily* a Temper. What a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that speak sharp and witty Things, to level them at so *supple* a Slave. All the Pleasure wou'd be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. Wit does but hazard it self by Attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Brass.*

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a Gentleman in the corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himself, that was meant to another. He *Blushes*, he grows *Pale*, he's out of Countenance; at last quits

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the Room, and as he goes out, threatens all the Company with his Eyes. What does the World think of this holding up the *Buckler*, they put but a bad Construction upon it, and say that his Conscience is *Ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String, but it will answer to some painful place. *Touch a Gall'd Horse and He'll Wince*. In a word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over Sensible of Pain.

These are two Characters that seem to be directly opposite; however, it were easie to prove that these two are the same at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word wou'd not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at leisure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorse. I had better be beforehand with him, and hold my Tongue.

Silence Gentlemen, *Silence*, and see you shew due Respect. You will immediately see one of those *Noble Lords* who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himself came in with a *Smiling* look, like a true Polititian. Immediately he makes a thousand Protestations of Friendship to every one; but at the same time that he promises you his Service, he looks as Pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purse.

He is scarce sate down in his Chair, but he embroiles the Conversation. He talks to four several Persons about four several Affairs at once: He puts a *Question* to one Man, without waiting for an *Answer* of another: He proposes a *Doubt*, Treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *hearing* him. They steal off by degrees, and so the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always New, which presents it self to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuses* them. These private Men are so many diversified Spectacles, that offer themselves to the Publick View, and *Divert* it. I have already as it were in *Minature*, shew'd some few of these small inconsiderable private Spectacles. My Fellow Traveller not content with this, still demands of me, that I should speak a few Words more of the *Publick*.

Amusement XII. *The PUBLICK.*

The *Publick* is a *Prince* of which all those Hold, that aim at Honour, Reputation and Profit. Those Sordid Mean-Spirited *Souls*, that don't take any Pains to merit its Approbation, are at least afraid of its Hatred, and Contempt. The Right we assume to our selves to Judge of every thing, has produc'd abundance of Vertues, and stifled abundance of Crimes.

The *Publick* has a Just, a Solid, and Penetrating Discernment: In the mean time, as 'tis wholly composed of Men; so there's a great deal of the *Man* very often in its Judgments. It suffers it self to be Prepossessed as well as a Private Person, and afterwards prepossesseth us by the Ascendant it hath had over us for many Ages.

The *Publick* is a true *Misanthrope*, it is neither guilty of *Complaisance*, nor *Flattery*; nor does it seek to be Flatter'd. It runs in Crowds to Assembles, where it hears Truths of it self, and each of the Particulars that compose the whole Body, love rather to see themselves *Jeer'd*, than to deprive themselves of the Pleasure of seeing others *Jeer'd*.

The *Publick* is the Nicest and most Severe *Critick* in the World; yet a Dull Execrable *Ballad*, is enough to *Amuse* it for a whole Year. It is both Constant and Inconstant. One may truly affirm, that since the Creation, the Publick *Genius* has never changed. This shews its *Constancy*; but it is fond of Novelties, it daily changes all its Fashions of acting, its Language and its Modes. A *Weather-Cock* is not more *Inconstant*. It is so *Grave* it strikes a Terror upon those that Talk to it, and yet so *Trifling* that a *Band*, or a *Cravat* put the wrong way, sets the whole Auditory a Laughing.

The *Publick* is served by the greatest *Noblemen*: What Grandeur is there? And yet it depends upon those that

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serve it: How *Little* it is?

The *Publick* is, if I may allow my self the Expression, always at Man's Estate, for the Solidity of its Judgment, and yet an *Infant*, whom the errantest Scoundrel of a *Jack-Pudding*, or a *Merry-Andrew*, shall lead from one end of the Town to the other. 'Tis an *Old Man*, who shews his Dotage by Murmuring without knowing what he would have, and whose Mouth we cannot stop, when he has once began to Talk.

I should never have done, were I minded to set down all the Contrarities that are to be found in the *Publick*, since it possesses all the *Vertues*, and all the *Vices*, all the *Forces*, and all the *Infirmities* of Mankind.

Let us reassume our Gravity to consider the Real *Grandeur* of the *Publick*. 'Tis out of it we see every thing proceeds, which is of any Consideration in the World: *Governors* to Rule Provinces, *Judges* to Regulate them, *Warriors* to Fight, and *Heroes* to Conquer. After these Governors, these Judges, these Warriors, and these Heroes, have Gloriously signaliz'd themselves in all Parts, they all come to meet again at Court; where Interpidity it self *Trembles*, Fierceness is *Softned*, Gravity *Rectified*, and Power *Disappears*.

There those that are distinguish'd in other Places, like so many Sovereigns; among the Crowd of Courtiers, become Courtiers themselves; and after they have drawn the Eyes of so many Thousands after them, think it their Glory to be look'd upon by *One* from whom those Illustrious *Stars* derive their Splendour, and are never so near their *Meridian*, as when the *Monarch*, that Spring of Glory, shines upon them, and Communicates some Beams of his Magnificence to them.

As his very *Looks* raise the Merit of the greatest Actions, every one is Jealous of him who endeavours to attract them to himself; but for all that, they are so Complaisant, that they don't neglect to *Caress* the Man of whom they are Jealous.

However, there are some *Elevated Souls* that have infinitely rais'd themselves about those *Court Infirmities*. Real *Heroes* and *Brave Men* indeed! Who are no more grieved at the *Glory* of others, than to share the Light of the *Sun* in Common with them.

I own indeed, says my *Indian*, in taking his leave of me, that *England* produces some of these perfect *Englishmen*, whose Reputations have reached our Parts of the World; but it was to see something Greater than this, that I undertook this Voyage; and consider how I reason'd with my self as I pass'd the Ocean. *England* abounds with *Illustrious Men*, and tho' there may be Animosities among them; yet they all unanimously now agree to Reverence and Respect *the King alone*: And must not he be an Extraordinary Man?

FINIS.
