

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Selected Poems (1685-1700),
by John Tutchin and Spiro Peterson**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Selected Poems (1685-1700)

Author: John Tutchin
Editor: Spiro Peterson

Release date: December 25, 2011 [EBook #38407]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by David Starner, Dave Morgan and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SELECTED POEMS
(1685-1700) ***

THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

**JOHN TUTCHIN
*SELECTED POEMS***

(1685-1700)

INTRODUCTION
BY
SPIRO PETERSON

**PUBLICATION NUMBER 110
WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK MEMORIAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES
1964**

GENERAL EDITORS

Earl R. Miner, *University of California, Los Angeles*
Maximillian E. Novak, *University of California, Los Angeles*
Lawrence Clark Powell, *Wm. Andrews Clark Memorial Library*

ADVISORY EDITORS

John Butt, *University of Edinburgh*
James L. Clifford, *Columbia University*
Ralph Cohen, *University of California, Los Angeles*
Vinton A. Dearing, *University of California, Los Angeles*

Arthur Friedman, *University of Chicago*
Louis A. Landa, *Princeton University*
Samuel H. Monk, *University of Minnesota*
Everett T. Moore, *University of California, Los Angeles*
James Sutherland, *University College, London*
H. T. Swedenberg, Jr., *University of California, Los Angeles*

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

Edna C. Davis, *Clark Memorial Library*

INTRODUCTION

When John Tutchin died on September 23, 1707, he had already created the image of himself which Alexander Pope has transmitted to posterity. There, in Book II of *The Dunciad* (1728), the Whig journalist appears as one of two figures in a "shaggy Tap'stry":

Earless on high, stood un-abash'd Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge, below.

Pope, in his variorum notes on the passage, identified Tutchin as the "author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper call'd the *Observer*," and revived the fiction of his sentence "to be whipp'd thro' several towns in the west of *England*, upon which he petition'd King *James II.* to be hanged." The "invective" against *James II.*'s memory, which Pope mentions, has now been identified in the Twickenham Edition as *The British Muse: or Tyranny Expos'd* (1701).^[1] By 1728, this was all the reputation that remained for Mr. John Tutchin, Gentleman—irascible journalist, pamphleteer, and writer of verses.

The truth of the matter is that Pope was no more accurate about Tutchin's being whipped than about Defoe's losing his ears. From the sparse reliable information concerning Tutchin's early years, one consistent pattern emerges: he tended to depict himself as a hero and a martyr. Born in 1661 "a Freeman" of London, he was brought up in a family of scholarly nonconformist ministers probably on the Isle of Wight^[2]. Even though an enemy claimed that he had been expelled from a school at Stepney for stealing (*DNB*), he received some education and travelled on the continent. In defending his skill with languages against Defoe, he once told how at his school, boys translated and capped verses, and how he travelled "from *Leivarden* in *Friezland*, thro' *Holland* and the *Spanish Flanders*."^[3] Throughout his life, he proudly designated himself a gentleman: during his trial for libel in late June of 1704, he even escaped punishment by setting forth that he was a gentleman, and not a laborer as the indictment read.

In later life, he romanticized himself when young as the hero who fought in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, received the brutal "whipping sentence" from Lord Chief-Justice Jeffreys during "the bloody assizes" of 1685, petitioned *James II.* for "the Favour of being hang'd" to avoid the sentence, and finally freed himself by paying so burdensome a bribe that he was reduced to poverty. All these claims were first made in "The Case, Trial, and Sentence of Mr. John Tutchin, and Several Others, in Dorchester, in the County of Dorset," which Tutchin added to the fifth edition of *The Western Martyrology; or, the Bloody Assizes*, published in 1705. As J. G. Muddiman demonstrated in 1929, most of these claims are outright fabrications. Tutchin was never indicted for high treason, he could never have been challenged by Jeffreys to cap verses, and he invented the petition to be hanged.^[4] In *The Observer* (July 25-29, 1702), he honestly admitted that he was never tried in Devonshire, but claimed he did buy his liberty of *James II.*; and in a later issue (Aug. 4-7, 1703) he challenged an enemy: "if he Pleases to give the World an Account, *When, Where, and for What* I was Whip'd thro' a Market-Town, he will inform Mankind of more than I or any Body else knows...." John Dunton believed in the whipping sentence; and Defoe, the story of the petition to be hanged. Throughout Tutchin's stormy career, his enemies made political capital of the flogging that never took place. He was probably twenty-four years old when, using the alias "Thomas Pitts," he was tried at Dorchester for "Spreading false news and fined five marks and sentenced to be whipped"—but he came down with smallpox and so was not whipped.^[5] Lord Macaulay, who is incorrect on the facts taken from *The Western Martyrology*, certainly exaggerated in stating that Tutchin's temper was "exasperated to madness by

what he had undergone."^[6] That the Monmouth adventure and its aftermath mark a turning point in the young man's life, however, cannot be doubted.

Tutchin may have fought with William III's army in Ireland as an officer.^[7] After the Glorious Revolution and the establishment of William and Mary on the throne, Tutchin devoted himself to a succession of liberal causes. On the one hand, he persisted in identifying himself with the former commonwealth, the Monmouth cause, the Revolution, the reform movement especially in the theater, and Whig liberty. He became noted for tactless exposés of high-level misconduct in his pamphlets and in *The Observer* (Apr. 1, 1702-Sept. 23, 1707). His detractors frequently paired him with Defoe as a monster or a villain. Again and again, he made himself obnoxious to important personages such as the Earl of Albemarle or the Duke of Marlborough.^[8] On the other hand, his hatred for tyranny propelled him frequently into such extremes as his disgraceful complicity in William Fuller's impostures. In the years 1700-1704, he was generally reputed to be "Secretary to the abominable Society of King-Killers"—the secret Calves-Head Club made up of dissenters who met on January 30th, the anniversary of the death of Charles I, to sing prophane anthems.^[9]

Dunton generously summed up the widely varied causes of "the loyal and ingenious *Tutchin* (alias *Master Observer*); the bold Asserter of English Liberties; the scourge of the High-flyers; the Seaman's Advocate; the Detector of the Victualling-office; the scorn and terror of Fools and Knaves; the Nation's *Argus*, and the Queen's faithful Subject."^[10] Even his death in Queen's Bench Prison, on September 23, 1707, was romanticized into another instance of martyrdom. "... *he liv'd and dy'd*," announced the Country-man of *The Observer*, "*for the Service of his Country*." Tutchin's followers dramatized his death as the result of a politically-inspired thrashing which "six ruffians" administered to him, in revenge for slanderous remarks made in *The Observer* against Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Dilkes.^[11] The "*Pulchrum Est Pro Patria Mori*" portrait, reprinted here as the frontispiece, was circulated to attest to Tutchin's political martyrdom. However, as the autopsy-report demonstrates and as Muddiman rightly concludes, "Tutchin really died from a specific disease and not from the thrashing undergone seven months before his death."^[12]

The young man of twenty four who went off to join Monmouth's forces had already published, in 1685, *Poems on Several Occasions. With a Pastoral. To Which is Added, A Discourse of Life*. In the preface, writing like a fashionable man-about-town, Tutchin describes the lyrics, translations, and satires of this volume as "trifles" which he had let circulate and had now secured "by promising to Print them." The book shows the variety in poetic kinds that one would expect in a young writer who had been drinking deeply of Lord Rochester, Waller, Cowley, the Earl of Roscommon, Oldham, and Dryden. Juvenalian satires reminiscent of Oldham are neatly balanced by memorial verses to Oldham and Rochester, late metaphysical lyrics ("And why in red dost thou appear"), classical dialogues ("Cleopatra to Anthony"), translations of Horace, and the well-turned "autobiographical" couplets of "A Letter to A Friend." In its variety and themes, *Poems on Several Occasions* resembles Oldham's *Works*, which was published twice in 1684. Tutchin's "The Tory Catch," like Oldham's "A Dithyrambick. A Drunkard's Speech in a Mask," has a speaker who ironically brags of the social misconduct which the author satirizes. "A Letter to a Friend" is a skillfully exaggerated account of the attractions and dangers in rhyming. Although perhaps autobiographical in part, the poem also imitates the long-standing tradition derived from Horace's first Epistle of Book I, and revived most recently in Oldham's "A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town."^[13] Both "The Tory Catch" and "A Letter to a Friend" are reprinted here from *Poems on Several Occasions*.

Tutchin's first book shows two impulses: the awkwardly lyrical and the directly satiric. He feels compelled, in the Preface, to defend his choice of less serious subjects. His light poems do not, "in the least, detract from *Virtue*; since I have Read the *Poems of Beza, Heinsius, our own Donne, &c.*" He promises to turn to "some Graver Subject." There are other equally significant comments in a Preface that reveals a great deal about changing literary taste. In "To the Memory of Mr. John Oldham," Tutchin curiously avoids the main subject of Dryden's finer elegy, namely, Oldham's achievement in rough satire. His praise is that "*Crashaw and Cowley both did live in thee*." However, in his "Satyr Against Vice" and "Satyr Against Whoring," Tutchin has already learned the art of declaiming, from the poet who has been called "the English Juvenal," John Oldham.

In the years between 1685 and 1707, Tutchin's separate poems were mainly occasional and satirical. Panegyric for William III dominates such an early

piece as *An Heroic Poem upon the Late Expedition of His Majesty* (1689), and hatred for the Stuarts possesses a later poem like *The British Muse: or Tyranny Expos'd* (1701). In *Civitas Militaris* (1690) Tutchin engages in city politics. The elegy on the death of Queen Mary irritated Defoe enough to have "T—n" placed among the "Pindarick Legions" in *The Pacificator* (1700). Two poems, however,—*The Earth-quake of Jamaica* (1692) and *Whitehall in Flames* (1698)—differ from the others in that they are Cowleyan "Pindaricks" moralizing on disasters. *The Earth-quake of Jamaica* is reprinted here to illustrate Tutchin's descriptive talent. He starts with an actual event, the Jamaican disaster of June 7, 1692; and then, as the epigraph on the title page suggests, he presents a variation on Horace's rejection of "senseless Epicureanism," in Ode 34 of Book I. *The Earth-quake of Jamaica* may have been worked over longer than was customary. It was published shortly before December 10, the manuscript date on Narcissus Luttrell's copy now in the Houghton Library. Some six months earlier, in the late morning of June 7, the earthquake had erupted in Port Royal, the "boom" port on the south side of the island. In three shocks lasting less than three minutes, the famed capital of the buccaneers had fallen. News of the disaster did not reach London until August 9. The earthquake then became one of the most widely discussed events. The *London Gazette* ran stories on it, scientists like Sir Hans Sloane published eye-witness accounts in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, the moralists declared God's wrath had come upon the wickedest place in Christendom, and "the actors of the drolls" in Southwark Fair even mockingly re-enacted the event until the Lord Mayor put a stop to the performances.^[14]

If contemporary accounts of the Port Royal earthquake are compared with *The Earth-quake of Jamaica*, the reader becomes impressed by Tutchin's way of adapting the well-known details to a moral comment on life. His scenes are indeed graphic, but they do not have the immediacy of such eye-witness accounts as the following, preserved by Luttrell:

I cannot sufficiently represent the terrible circumstances that attended it; the earth swelled with a dismal humming noise, the houses fell, the earth opened in many places, the graves gave up some of their dead, the tomb stones rattled together; at last the earth sunk below the water, and the sea overwhelmed great numbers of people, whose shrieks and groans made a lamentable eccho: the earth opened both behind and before me within 2 foot of my feet, and that place on which I stood trembled exceedingly; the water immediately boyled up upon the opening of the earth, but it pleased God to preserve me....^[15]

Tutchin's aim is to compare vulnerable nature with vulnerable man: "Can humane Race / Stand on their / Legs when Nature Reels?" He sees in the disaster a challenge for English sinners to repent: the "Hurricane of Fate" wails on "murder'd *Cornish*." He had not yet forgotten the Monmouth adventure. For he alludes here to the act of Parliament passed in 1689 reversing the attainder of Henry Cornish, the alderman who had been brutally executed in 1685 for high treason through participating in the Rye House Plot and attaching himself to the Duke of Monmouth. For Tutchin, politics were always relevant.

Tutchin's true forte is not the descriptive poem, but satire. Poems published in the years 1696 to 1705—from *A Pindarick Ode* to *The Tackers*—exploit the satirical impulse that had been latent in *Poems on Several Occasions*. Increasingly he turns to general denunciation and thinly disguised lampoon. Of the two main Augustan traditions in satire—the "fine raillery" that Dryden perfected and the rough satire that reached back to Donne, Cleveland, and Oldham—Tutchin belongs to the latter. Defoe found him to be "so wondrous touchy, and so willing to quarrel," and noted that "Want of Temper was his capital Error."^[16] The specific circumstance that produced *A Pindarick Ode, in the Praise of Folly and Knavery* (1696), reprinted here, is generally said to be his dismissal from the victualling office because he failed to establish his case that the commissioners mismanaged public funds. Such corruption in the administration would soon transform a deep admiration for William III into the disenchantment of *The Foreigners* (1700). That Tutchin was uneasy in his effort to write satire in the mode of Dryden is suggested by his abandonment of irony after the first part of *A Pindarick Ode*. In his introductory verses, Benjamin Bridgwater accurately observes that Erasmus' *Ironia* no longer suffices:

This hard'ned Age do's rougher Means require,
We must be *Cupp'd* and *Cauteriz'd* with *Fire*.

Echoing Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, Tutchin invites Dullness and "Immortal Nonsense" to inspire his ironic praise of the folly and knavery that now ride roughshod over such traditional values as learning, love, wit, and patriotism. A few of the lines have the moving quality of Augustan satire at its best:

Did e'er the old or new Philosophy,
Make a Man splendid live, or wealthy die?

The irony of *A Pindarick Ode* does not adequately mask the denunciation. In Stanza X, it is even replaced by the antiquated Hero's diatribe against "our modern Knavish Arts"—never to return to the rest of the poem. Doubtless, the indictment of the "nefarious Brood at Home" that grows rich in wartime was the heart of the satire. Defoe hinted at this motive in the satirical vignette of Tutchin as Shamwhig, which appeared in the first edition of *The True-Born Englishman* (1700):

- vii -

As Proud as Poor, his Masters he'll defy;
And writes a *Piteous *Satyr* upon Honesty.
Some think the Poem had been pretty good,
If he the Subject had but understood.
He got Five hundred Pence by this, and more,
As sure as he had ne're a Groat before.^[17]

Tutchin's satire would be henceforth the rough variety. In *The Foreigners* he would also resort to fierce lampoons of William III's court favorites.

In the rash of satires that followed *The Foreigners* and *The True-Born Englishman*, the anonymous author of *The Fable of the Cuckoo* (1701) pointed to the common tradition shared by both poems. For he attacked Defoe's "hatchet muse" as having been inspired by such "Modern Sharpers of the Town" as Tutchin and "Old[halm the Bell-weather of Tory Faction," who first horned Defoe's satire, "And ever since perverted all good Nature." Advertised in *The Flying Post* for July 31-Aug. 1, 1700, *The Foreigners* was published shortly thereafter by the ardent Whig Anne Baldwin. The "vile abhor'd Pamphlet, in very ill Verse, written by one *Mr. Tutchin*, and call'd *The Foreigners*"—Defoe recalled years later in *An Appeal to Honour and Justice* (1715)—filled him "with a kind of Rage." Tutchin's irascible temper had again taken hold. Scurrilously, he assailed foreigners in high office, especially William III's Dutch favorites, for their monopolizing preferments and usurping command, under such transparent aliases as "Bentir" for William Bentinck, first Earl of Portland, and "Keppech" for Arnold Joost van Keppel, first Earl of Albemarle. The manner was Dryden's in *Absalom and Achitophel*; the venom was Tutchin's own. Official reaction to *The Foreigners* came quickly. The untrustworthy William Fuller spread the gossip that Tutchin fled from his Majesty's messengers, and found refuge "in a blind Ale-house, at the Windmill, by Mr. Bowyers, at Camberwel." On August 10th, he was taken "into custody of a messenger"; and at the grand inquest for the city of London, held on August 28th, there was presented "a Poem called *The Foreigners*."^[18] A mystery envelops the rest of the legal proceedings. There may even be some truth in the allegation that the parry would long since have "ruffled" Tutchin, except that he pleased them with his "railing at King *William's* Friends sometimes."^[19] *The Foreigners* also aroused such ephemeral rejoinders as *The Reverse: or, the Tables Turn'd* and *The Nations: An Answer to the Foreigners*. both published in 1700. Finally, in January of 1701, there was published a satire of more lasting worth, Defoe's *The True-Born Englishman*. Side by side, in *Poems on Affairs of State* (1703), were reprinted *The Foreigners* and *The True-Born Englishman* among verses "Written by the *Greatest Wits of this Age*."^[20] Altogether, the two satirists had three poems apiece in the volume. One of Tutchin's poems, "The Tribe of Levi" (1691), was anonymously reprinted; the other two, *The Foreigners* and *The British Muse*, were identified as "by Mr. T—n." These were the achievements of Tutchin's "hatchet muse."

- viii -

The poems are reprinted from copies in libraries of the U.S. and Great Britain. I am obligated to The Houghton Library for *Poems on Several Occasions* and *The Earth-quake of Jamaica*, to Yale University Library for *The Foreigners*, and to the British Museum for *A Pindarick Ode, in the Praise of Folly and Knavery*. For permission to reproduce the "*Pulchrum Est Pro Patria Mori*" portrait of John Tutchin as the frontispiece, I wish to express my thanks to the Trustees of the British Museum.

Spiro Peterson
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

- ix -

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

- [1] *The Dunciad*, ed. James Sutherland (The Twickenham Edition, Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1943), pp. 115-18.
- [2] Tutchin's birth-year is variously given. The Van der Gucht engraving and the authentic *Elegy* of Tutchin's death state that he died "Aged 44"; but the mock *Elegy*, falsely claiming to be "Written by the Author of the Review," gives his age to be 47. In *The Observer* (Oct. 20-23, 1703), Tutchin implied that he was "Born some years after the Restoration of King Charles the 2d." His certificate of marriage to Elizabeth Hicks on Sept. 30, 1686 places his age then at twenty-five, and supports the birth-year 1661, as given in the *DNB*. See also *The Observer*, May 17-20, 1704; July 8-12, 1704; and July 24-28, 1703. One of Tutchin's enemies charged that he was born in the north of England (*An Account of the Birth, Education, Life and Conversation of ... the Observer*, 1705); and another, that his father was "a Scot, canting Presbyterian Sot" (*The Picture of the Observer*, 1704).
- [3] *The Observer*, June 2-6, 1705. Tutchin stated, in *The Case, Trial, and Sentence*, that Judge Jeffreys had "a true Account" of his activities in Holland. See J. G. Muddiman, ed., *The Bloody Assizes* (Toronto, [1929]), p. 137.
- [4] Muddiman, pp. 136-37. *The Case, Trial, and Sentence* is reprinted as a true record in T. B. Howell's *A Complete Collection of State Trials* (London, 1812), XIV, 1195-200, but as a highly questionable document in Muddiman, pp. 137-46.
- [5] Muddiman, p. 219.
- [6] *The History of England*, ed. C. H. Firth (London, 1914), II, 639. Insofar as the *DNB* article on Tutchin relies on Macaulay, it is erroneous.
- [7] Shortly after Tutchin's death, the Country-man of *The Observer* lauded his beloved master as "an Officer in the Army," and addressed him "Captain Tutchin," as did the mock *Elegy* and the friendly Dunton.
- [8] Narcissus Luttrell, *A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs* (Oxford, 1857), V, 257; *Manuscripts of the Marquis of Bath* (H.M.C., London, 1904), I, 105-06.
- [9] The authorship of the Calves-Head anthems is assigned to Tutchin in *The Reverse: or, the Tables Turn'd* (1700), p. 7, and to both Tutchin and Benjamin Bridgwater in *The Examination, Tryal, and Condemnation of Rebellion Observer* (1703), p. 17. See also Howard William Troyer, *Ned Ward of Grubstreet* (Harvard University Press, 1946), pp. 110, 117.
- [10] *The Life and Errors of John Dunton* (London, 1818), I, 356.
- [11] See *The Observer*, Jan. 4-8, 1707, and "Postscript"; Jan. 12-15, 1707; and Sept. 20-24, 1707.
- [12] Pp. 12-13. See also *The Observer*, Sept. 27-Oct. 1, 1707, and William Bragg Ewald, *Rogues, Royalty, and Reporters* (Boston, [1954]), p. 14.
- [13] For the two Oldham pieces, see *Poems of John Oldham*, introd. Bonamy Dobrée (Southern Illinois University Press, [c. 1960]) pp. 50-54, 72-79.
- [14] *The Diary of John Evelyn*, ed. E. S. de Beer, 6 vols. (Oxford, 1955), V, 115; Luttrell, II, 565; W. Adolphe Roberts, *Jamaica: the Portrait of an Island* (New York, [c. 1955]), pp. 44-45; and Mary Manning Carley, *Jamaica: the Old and the New* (London, [c. 1963]), pp. 34-36, 157-58.
- [15] Luttrell's entry for Aug. 13, 1692 (II, 539).
- [16] *Review*, IV (Sept. 7, 1706) and IV (Nov. 20, 1707).
- [17] Defoe's gloss on "Piteous Satyr" is "Satyr in Praise of Folly and Knavery." (*The True-Born Englishman*, 1700, p. 37.) Since he regards this as the title of the "Satyr upon Honesty," Defoe may be confusing *A Pindarick Ode* with Tutchin's next satire, *A Search after Honesty* (1697).
- [18] *Mr. William Fuller's Letter to Mr. John Tutchin* (1703), p. 7; Luttrell, V, 676, 683; *The Proceedings of the King's Commission of the Peace, and Oyer and Terminer and Goal Delivery of Newgate ... the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st Days of August 1700*.
- [19] "A Dialogue between a Dissenter and the Observer," in *A Collection of the Writings of the Author of the True-Born Englishman* (1703), p. 227.
- [20] II, 1-6, 7-46.



M^r. JOHN TUTCHIN

Dy'd Sept^{ber} 23^d 1707. Aged 44.

<p>POEMS</p> <p>ON</p> <p>Several Occasions.</p> <p>WITH A</p> <p>PASTORAL</p>
<p>To which is Added, A</p> <p>DISCOURSE</p> <p>OF</p> <p>LIFE</p>
<p>By JOHN TUTCHIN.</p>

LONDON,

Printed by J. L. for *Jonathan Greenwood*, at the
Black Raven in the *Poultry*, near the
Old Jury. MDCLXXXV.

22

THE

Tory Catch.

I.

A Friend of mine, and I did follow
A Cart and Six, with Brandy fraught;
We sate us down, and up did swallow
Each a Gallon at a draught:
The sober Sot can't drink with us,
May kiss coy Wine with *Tantalus*.

II.

With Musick fit for Serenading,
We did ramble to and fro;
Then to Drink and Masquerading,
'Till we cannot stand nor go;
One Leg by *Bacchus* was quite lamed,
'Tother *Venus* had defamed.

III.

At the Tavern we did whisk it,
And full Pipes did empty drain:
We eat Pint-Pots instead of Bisket,
And piss'd 'em melted out again:
We beat the Vintner, kiss'd his Wife,
And kill'd three Drawers in the strife.

23

IV.

In the Street we found some Bullies,
And to make our valour known,
We call'd 'em Fops, and silly Cullies,
And knock'd the foremost of 'em down:
And with praise to end the Fray,
We, like good Souldiers, ran away.

V.

To the Play-House we descended,
For to get a grain of Wit,
Our own with Wine was so defended.
We sate spuing in the Pit,
'Mongst Drunken Lords and Whoring Ladies,
To see such sights whose only Trade is.

64

A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND.

Thanks for your Praises! were they due, I wou'd
Pamper my self with Joy, and think 'em Good.
Loaden with Laurels for mine unknown Art,
You paint me Great, although beneath Desert.
But if *Macenas* had a lasting Fame,
Because the best of Poets us'd his Name;
Then Merit justly may to me belong,
Because 'tis sung by your all-skilful Tongue.
Oft have I blam'd my Stars, that I should be
Plagu'd with this soft deluding *Poetry*:
This Charming *Mistress* that has kept my Heart,
Quite from a Child, by her bewitching Art.
From her glad Fountain I can always find
A pleasing Philtre to make *Phillis* kind:
For tell me that coy *Maid* could ever be
Cruel, when urg'd by Charming *Poesie*?
Verse is the *Poet's* Beauty, Wealth and Wit;
And what soft *Virgin* won't be won by it?
But, wearied with Delight, I always try
Against this Spell to find a Remedy.
By good *Divinity* I think to find
A Sovereign Remedy for Soul and Mind:
But then, with Holy Flame, I strait do burn,
And all to *Hymns*, and *Sacred Anthems* turn.
Nay, when the Night does waking Thoughts redress,
And Guardian Angels with our Souls converse,
To busie Mortals is the sleeping Time;
I dream and slumber all the Night in Rhyme.
Then puzzling *Logick* next I take in hand;
But this, Alas! can't *Poesie* withstand.
Barbara, *Celarent*, I with Ease express,
And yoke rough *Ergo's* into well-made *Verse*:
My Faithless Lover's *Syllogism* tries;
I by stout *Logick* find their *Fallacies*.
Then *Scheibler*, *Suarez*, *Bellarmino* I get,
And sound the depth of *Metaphysick* wit:
Streight, in a fret, I damn 'em all at once,
And vow they are as dull as *Zabarel* or *Dunce*.
Credit me, *Sir*, no greater plague can be,
Than to be poison'd with mad *Poetrie*:
Like Pocky Letchers, who have got a Clap,
And paid the *Doctor* for the dear mishap;
But newly eased of their nauseous pain,
Return unto their wanton Sin again.
So Poets be they plague'd with naughty Verse,
They never value good nor bad success:
Or be they trebly damn'd, they will prefer
Their next vile scribbling to the *Theater*.
Well might the Audience, with their hisses, damn
The Bawdy Sot that late wrote *Limberham*:
But yet you see, the Stage he will command,
And hold the Laurel in's polluted Hand.
In slothful ease, a while I took delight,
And thought all Poets mad that us'd to write.
So long I kept from Verse, I thought I'd lost
My Versing Vein, and of my Fortune boast:
But having tryal made, I quickly found
My store renew'd, in numbers strong and sound
With ease my happy fancies come and go,
As Rivulets do from *Parnassus* flow.
Then finding that in vain I long had try'd
The *Poet* from the *Tutchin* to divide;
I charming *Poesie* make my delight,
And propagate the humor still to Write.
Our new Divines do alter not one jot,
From what their Tribe in older times have wrot;
Except, like *Parker*, to have something new,
They broach new Doctrines, either false or true:
A Publick Conscience, which for nought does pass,
But proves the Writer is a publick Ass;
Who the new Philosophick world have told,

65

66

67

Have for a new but varnish'd o're the old.
 But all Poetick Phancy can't draw dry,
 Th' unfathom'd Wells of deepest Poesie.
 The *Bifront Hill* is always stout and strong;
 The *Muses* still are handsome, always young.
 The clearest streams of Chrystal *Helicon*
 Do o're the Pebles in sweet Rhymings run.
 Why then should you, *Dear Sir*, (that have pretence
 To the extreamest bounds of Wit and Sense)
 Lay by your Quills and hold your Tune-ful Tongue,
 While all the witty want your pleasing Song?
 Once more renew those Lays that gave delight,
 That chear the Day, and glad the gloomy Night:
 May with your dying breath your Verses end;
 Thus prays your constant, and

Your truest Friend,

J. T.

THE
EARTH-QUAKE
OF
JAMAICA,
 Describ'd in a
Pindarick Poem.

By Mr. TUTCHIN.

*—namq; Diespiter
 Igni corusco nubila dividens
 Plerumq; per purum tonantes
 Egrot Equos volucremq; currum,
 Quo bruta Tellus & vaga flumina,
 Quo Styx, & invisi horrida Tænari
 Sedes, Atlanteusq; finis
 Concutitur. Valet ima summis
 Mutare,—*

Horat. lib. I. Ode 34.

L O N D O N,

**Printed, and are to be sold by R. Baldwin, near the
 Oxford-Arms in Warwick-lane, 1692.**

THE
Earthquake of Jamaica
 Describ'd in a POEM.

I.

Well may our Lives bear an uncertain date;

Disturb'd with Maladies within,
 Without by cross Events of Fate,
 The worst of Plagues on Mortals wait,
 Pride, Ignorance and Sin.
 If our ancient Mother Earth,
 Who gave us all untimely Birth,
 Such strong Hysterick Passion feels;
 If Orbs are from their Axles torn,
 And Mountains into Valleys worn,
 All in a moments space,
 Can humane Race
 Stand on their Legs when Nature Reels?
 Unhappy Man! in all things cross'd,
 On every giddy Wave of Fortune toss'd;
 The only thing that aims at Sway,
 And yet capricious Fate must still Obey;
 Travels for Wealth to Foreign Lands,
 O're scorching Mountains, and o're desert Sands,
 Laden with Gold, when homeward bound,
 Is in one vast impetuous Billow drown'd:
 Or if he reaches to the Shoar,
 And there unlades his Oar,
 Builds Towns and Houses which may last and stand,
 Thinking no Wealth so sure as firm Land;
 Yet Fate the Animal does still pursue;
 This slides from underneath his Feet, and leaves him too.

[4]

II.

Environ'd with Ten Thousand Fears we live,
 For Fate do's seldom a just warning give;
 Quicker than Thought its dire Resolves are made,
 And swift as Lightning flies,
 Around the vast extended Skies:
 All things are by its Bolts in vast Confusion laid.
 Sometimes a Flaming Comet does appear,
 Whose very Visage does pronounce,
 Decay of Kingdoms, and the Fall of Crowns,
 Intestine War, or Pestilential Year;
 Sometimes a Hurricane of Fate,
 Does on some great Mans Exit wait,
 A murder'd *Cornish*, or some *Hercules*,
 When from their Trunks Almighty *Jove*,
 Who breaks with Thunder weighty Clouds above,
 To Honour these
 Large Pines and Oaks does Lop,
 And in a Whirlwind lays 'em upon *Oeta's* Top.
 E're this vast Orb shall unto Chaos turn,
 And with Consuming Flames shall burn,
 An Angel Trumpeter shall come,
 Whose Noise shall shake the Massie Ground,
 In one short moment shall express,
 His Notes to the whole Universe;
 The very Dead shall hear his Sound,
 And from their Graves repair,
 To the impartial Bar,
 Those that have been in the deep Ocean drown'd,
 Shall at his Call come to receive their Doom.

III.

But here, alas! no Omens fly,
 No secret Whisper of their Destiny
 Was heard; none cou'd divine
 When Fate wou'd spring the Mine:
 Safe and secure the Mortals go,
 Not dreaming of a Hell below;
 In the dark Caverns of the gloomy Earth,
 Where suffocating Sulphur has its Birth,
 And sparkling Nitre's made,
 Where *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* prove;
 The Thunderbolts they make for *Jove*;
 Here *Æolus* his Winds has laid,

[5]

Here is his Windy Palace, here 'tis said
 His Race of little puffing Gods are bred,
 Which serve for Bellows to blow up the Flame,
 The dire ingredients are in order plac'd,
 Which must anon lay Towns and Cities waste.
 Strait the black Engineer of Heaven came,
 His Match a Sun-beam was,
 He swift as Time unto the Train did pass,
 It soon took Fire; The Fire and Winds contend,
 But both concur the Vaulted Earth to rend;
 It upwards rose, and then it downwards fell,
 Aiming at Heaven, it sunk to Hell:
 The Neighb'ring Seas now own no more,
 The sturdy Bulwarks of the Shoar,
 The gaping Earth and greedy Sea,
 Are both contending for the Prey;
 Those whom the rav'nous Earth had ta'ne,
 Into her Bowels back again
 Are wash't from thence by the insulting Main.

IV.

The Old and Young receive alike their Doom,
 The Cowards and the Brave,
 Are buried in one Grave;
 For Fate allows 'em all one Common Tomb.
 The Aged and the Wise
 Lose all their Reason in the great Surprise.
 They know not where to go,
 And yet they dare not stay,
 There's Fire and Smoak below,
 And the Earth gaping to receive the Prey:
 If to the Houses Top they Crawl,
 These tumble too, and downwards fall:
 And if they fly into the Street,
 There grizly Death they meet;
 All in a hurry dye away,
 The wicked had not time to pray.
 The Soldier once cou'd teach grim Death to kill,
 In vain is all his Skill,
 In vain he brandisheth his Steel:
 No more the Art of War must teach,
 But lyes Fates Trophy underneath the Breach:
 The good Companions now no more Carouse,
 They share the Fate of the declining House,
 Healths to their Friends their Bumpers Crown'd:
 But while they put the Glasses round,
 Death steps between the Cup and lip,
 Nor would it let 'em take one parting Sip.

[6]

V.

The Mine is sprung, and a large Breach is made,
 Whereat strong Troops of Warring Seas invade;
 These overflow;
 Where Houses stood and Grass did grow,
 All sorts of Fish resort:
 They had Dominions large enough before,
 But now unbounded by the Shoar,
 They o're the Tops of Houses sport.
 The Watry Fry their Legions do extend,
 And for the new slain Prey contend;
 Within the Houses now they roam,
 Into their Foe, the very Kitchen, come.
 One does the Chimney-hearth assail,
 Another slaps the Kettle with his slimy Tail.
 No Image there of Death is seen,
 No Cook-maid does obstruct their Sway,
 They have entirely got the day.
 Those who have once devour'd been
 By Mankind, now on Man do Feed:
 Thus Fate decides, and steps between,
 And sometimes gives the Slave the Victors meed.

[7] The Beauteous Virgins whom the Gods might love,
Cou'd not the Curse of Heav'n remove;
Their goodness might for Crimes Atone,
Inexorable Death spares none.
Their tender Flesh lately so plump and good,
Is now made Fishes and Sea-monsters Food;
In vain they cry,
Heav'n is grown Deaf, and no Petition hears,
Their Sighs are answer'd like their Lovers Pray'rs,
They in the Universal Ruin lye.

VI.

Nor is inexorable Fate content
To ruine one poor Town alone;
More Mischief by the Blow is done:
Death's on a farther Message sent.
When Fate a Garrison does Sack,
The very Suburbs do partake
Of Martial Law,
Its Forces draw
To every Mountain, Field and Wood,
They Ravage all the Neighbourhood.
Worse than the weak Assaults of Steel,
Its Instruments of Death all places feel.
They undiscover'd, like fell Poison kill,
Its Warriours fierce,
The Earth, the Air, and Men do pierce;
And mounted, fight upon the winged Winds.
Here a great Mountain in a Valley's thrown,
And there a Valley to a Mountain grown.
The very Breath of an incensed God,
Makes even proud *Olympus* Nod.
Chang'd is the Beauty of the fruitful Isle,
And its fair Woods lopp'd for its Funeral Pile.
The moving Earth forms it self in Waves,
And Curls its Surface like the Rowling Seas;
Whilst Man (that little thing) so vainly Raves,
Nothing but Heaven can its own Wrath appease.

VII.

[8] But Fate at length thought fit to leave its Toil,
And greedy Death was glutt'd with the Spoil.
As weary Soldiers having try'd their Steel,
Half drown'd with Blood, do then desist to kill.
More Ruin wou'd a second Deluge make,
Blot out the Name of the unhappy Isle.
It fares with her as when in Martial Field,
Resolv'd and Brave, and loath to yield,
Two num'rous Armies do contend,
And with repeated Shouts the Air do Rend.
Whilst the affrighted Earth does shake,
Some large Battalions are entirely lost,
And Warring Squadrons from the mighty Host:
Here by a Shot does fall
Some Potent General;
And near to him,
Another loses but a Limb.
Part of the Island was a Prey to Fate,
And all the rest do's but prolong its date,
'Till injur'd Heav'n finds,
Its Bolts a Terror strike on humane Minds;
Sure we may hope the Sinners there Repent,
Since it has made their lewdest Priest Relent.

FINIS.

Pindarick ODE,

IN THE
PRAISE

OF
Folly and Knavery.

By Mr. *TUTCHIN.*

L O N D O N,
Printed and Sold by *E. W.* near *Stationers-Hall.*
1696. Price 6*d.*

[6]

[7]

A

Pindarick ODE

In the Praise of

Folly and Knavery.

I.

My humble Muse no Hero Sings,
Nor Acts, nor Funerals of Kings:
The great *Maria* now no more,
In Sable Lines she does deplore;
Of mighty *William's* growing fame,
At present must forget the name,
Yet she affects something that is sublime,
And would in *Dytherambick* strain
Attempt to rise, and now disdain
The Shrubs and Furzes of the Plain: }
He that's afraid to fall, shou'd ne'r pretend to climb.

[8]

II.

Let others boast of potent Wit,
And Summon in the awful *Nine*,
With all their Aids of Fancy, Humor, Sence,
Fair polish'd Learning, Eloquence,
And call their gawdy works Divine:
Hov'ring above my Head let *dullness* sit,
The only God that's worshipp'd by the Age;
Immortal *Nonsense* guide my Pen,
The Fames of *Shakespear* and of *Ben*,
Must warp, before my nobler fire
To their regardless Tombs retire.
Thus Arm'd, with Nonsense, I'll engage
Both *Universities*,
And their Pedantick fooleries,
Show the misguided World the Cheat,
And let *Man* know that *Nonsense* makes him Great.

III.

Almighty *Folly!* How shall I thy praise
To Human Understandings raise?
What shall I do

[9]

Thy worth to shew?
 The Glorious Sun, that rules the Day,
 Gives vital warmth and life by ev'ry Ray.
 His Blessings he in common grants,
 To Hemlock as to nobler Plants;
 Thy Virtue thou dost circumscribe,
 And dost dispence
 Thy influence,
 But to the Darlings of thy Tribe,
 Thou Wealth and Honour dost bestow
 On thy triumphant *Fools*,
 Whilst abject Sence do's barefoot go;
 So weak's the Learning of the noisie Schools.

IV.

[10]

Tell me, ye Learned Sots! who spend your time
 In reading Books,
 With thoughtful Heads and meagre Looks,
 To Learnings Pinnacle, who climb
 Through the wild Briers of *Philosophy*,
 The Thorns of harsh *Philology*,
 The dirty Road where *Aristotle* went
 Encumber'd with a thousand *terms*
 Uncouth, Unintelligible,
 Not by any fancy fathomable,
 Bringing distracted Minds to harms;
 The rankest *Hellebore* cannot prevent.
 Tell me, I say, ye Learn'd Sots!
 Did e'r the old or new Philosophy,
 Make a Man splendid live, or wealthy die?
 Tho' you may think your Notions truer,
 They'll ne'r advance your Lotts,
 To the Estate of Wise Sir *Jonathan* the Brewer.

V.

[11]

A *Fool*! Heav'ns bless the charming Name,
 So much admir'd in Ages past,
 As long as this, and all the World shall last,
 Shall be the Subject of Triumphant Fame.
 A *Fool*! what mighty wonders has he wrought?
 What mighty Actions done?
 Obey'd by all, controul'd by none;
 Even *Love* its self is to its Footstool brought.
 For t'other day, I met amidst the Throng
 A Lady wealthy, beautiful and young;
Madam, said I, I wish you double Joy,
 Of a ripe Husband and a budding Boy,
 And with my self a sight of him you Wed,
 The happy Part'ner of your Bridal Bed. }
 Sir, she reply'd, I him in Wedlock had; }
 Pointing unto an Image by her side,
 An odder Figure no Man e'r espy'd,
 Long was his Chin, and carotty his Beard,
 His Eyes sunk in, and high his Nose was rear'd,
 A nauseous ugliness possess'd the Tool,
 And scarce had Wit enough to be a Fool:
 Bless me (thought I) if Fools such fortune get,
 Then who (the Devil) wou'd be plagu'd with wit.

VI.

View but the Realms of *Nonsense*, see the State,
 The Pageant pomp attends the show,
 When the great God of *Dullness* does in triumph go,
 How splendid and how great
 His num'rous Train of Blockheads do appear?
 Almighty *Jove*,
 That governs all above,
 Is but a puny to this Mighty God,
 The blustering God of War,

[12]

Who with one Nod
 Makes the Earth tremble from afar,
 Guarded with puissant Champions stern and bold
 That breath Destruction, talk of bloody Jars,
 Have nought but ragged Cloaths to keep off cold,
 And tatter'd Ensigns relics of the Wars.
 The God of *Dullness* mounted on his Throne
 Beneath a Canopy
 Of fix'd stupidity,
 Prostrate his num'rous Subjects tumble down,
 They pay obeisance to their gloomy God,
 And at his Nod
 They act, they move,
 They hate, they love,
 They bless, they curse, they swear,
 For they his Creatures are,
 He amply does his Benefits afford,
 For each confirmed Blockhead is a Lord.

VII.

[13]

Then talk no more of Parts and Sence,
 For Riches ne'r attend the Wise,
 Have you to dullness no pretence,
 You shall to Grandeur never rise;
 He with a gloomy mien Divinely dull,
 Whose very aspect tells the World he is a Fool,
 Whose thicker Skull
 Is proof against each storm of Fate,
 Is Born for Glory, and he shall be Great.
 Who 'ere wou'd rise,
 Or great Preferment get,
 Must nere pretend to Wit,
 Or be that monstrous, ill shap'd Man call'd Wise;
 He must not boast
 Of Learning's Value, or its cost;
 But, if he wou'd Preferment have,
 He must be much a *Fool*, or much a *Knave*.

VIII.

[14]

A *Knave!* the finer Creature far,
 Tho' of the foolish Race of *Issachar*.
 As the unwieldy *Bear* among her young
 Deform'd, and shapeless Cubs,
 Finds one more strong,
 Active and sprightly than the rest:
 Him she transforms and rubs,
 And licks into a better shape the Beast.
 Thus do's the gloomy God of Folly do,
 With the insipid Race:
 He do's his num'rous Offspring call,
 He handles one and feels his Skull; }
 If it be thick, he says, Be thou a Fool.
 Another, if about his Face
 He spies a roguish Mein, a cunning Look;
 If there appears
 The hopes of Falshood in his tender Years,
 Good signs of Perjury
 And hardn'd Villany;
 This for his secret Councils he do's save,
 Lays on his Paw, and bids him, Be a *Knave*.

IX.

A *Knave!* the elder brother to the *Fool*:
 His vast Dominions are no less
 Than the whole Universe:
 The Lands are bounded by the Sea:
 The Seas the sturdy Rocks obey:
 The Storms do know the Limits of their Rule:
 Neither the Land nor Sea this Hero bind,

[15]

But unconfin'd
O're both he finds a way,
O're both he bears Imperial sway:
His gay Attendants are the Cheat,
That ruins Kingdoms to be Great.
The fawning, flattring Fop, who creeps
Just like a Spaniel at your Heels,
To some illustrious Knave, who sweeps
Away a Kingdoms Wealth at once,
And with the Publick Coin his Treasure fills;
For Kingdoms work t'enrich the *Knave* and *Dunce*.

X.

Honesty's a Garb we're mock'd in,
Only wore by *Jews* and *Turks*.
Merit is a Popish Doctrine;
Men have no regard to Works.
Substantial Knavery is a Vertue will
Your Coffers fill;
And Altars raise,
Unto your Praise.
Be but a Knave, you'll keep the World in awe,
And fear no Law;
For no Transgression is,
Where all Men do amiss.
But here methinks an antiquated *Hero* starts,
Surpris'd at my Discourse;
He starts and boggles like a Horse,
And damns our modern Knavish Arts.

[16]

XI.

Vain *Youth*, he says misguided by a *Knave*,
By some dull Blockhead tempted from thy rest;
The worldly Grandeur thou dost vainly crave,
Is nought but Noise and Foolishness at best.
What Man wou'd quit his Sense,
Or, the wise Dictates of right Reason's Rule,
In vain pretence
To be a rich, a gawdy *Fool*?
Or, quit his Honesty, so much despis'd,
And basely condescend,
To every little Knavish End;
Run headlong into every Cheat,
Attempt each Villany to make him Great.
Believe me Youth, (be better now advis'd)
Thy early Vertues will thy Temples spread,
With lasting Lawrels 'round thy Head.
Shall flourish when the Wearers dead.
I who have always honest been, though poor,
In whom the utmost signs of Age appears,
And sink beneath the Burthen of my Years,
Cou'd never yet adore
A Knave or Blockhead, were he ne'er so Great;
Or, be like to them, to purchase an Estate.

[17]

XII.

Poor thredbare *Vertue* ne'er admir'd in Court,
But seeks its Refuge in an honest Mind,
There it securely dwells,
Like *Anchorets* in Cells,
Where no Ambition nor wild Lust resorts:
To love our Country is indeed our Pride;
We glory in an honest Action done;
When the Reward is laid aside
The Glory and the Action is our own,
We seldom find
The Good, the Just, the Brave,
Have their Reward
From Princes they did save

[18]

From dire Destruction, or a poisoning Foe;
 They let them go
 Contemn'd, disdain'd; and most regard
 Those Villians sought their overthrow.
 As if the Just, the Brave, the Good,
 Were but a *Bridge* of Wood
 To waft to great Preferments o'er,
 Those, who were our foes before,
 And then be tumbl'd down like useless Logs,
 While those, who just pass'd o'er,
 And the obliging Bridge shou'd thank,
 Do scornfully stand grinning on the Bank,
 To see the venerable Ruines float
 Adrift upon the Stream,
 Contemn'd by them,
 Who give the Childrens Bread unto the Dogs;
In vain, says he, *we've fought*—
 But at this Word
 He fiercely look'd, and then he grasp'd his Sword.

XIII.

[19]

Pity it is, he said, this Sword of mine,
 Of late so gloriously did shine,
 In Foreign Fields 'midst Show'rs of Blood,
 With which I've cut my Passage through
 The Snowy *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Hills,
 Where Death the Land with vast Destruction fills,
 'Mongst Warriors, who
 Venture their Lives for their dear Countries good,
 Should now be laid aside
 'Mongst Rubbish Iron old,
 From reaking Blood scarce cold;
 Or else converted to a *Knife*,
 For some damn'd Villain first to cut
 A Princes Bread, and next his Throat:
 In vain we venture to preserve his Life,
 In vain to Foreign Fields we come,
 In vain to Foreign Force alli'd,
 If a nefarious Brood at Home
 Embarrass his Affairs,
 Prolong the Wars,
 Only t' enrich his Enemies,
 Weaken his Government, and his Allies.

XIV.

[20]

'Tis strange a Prince, shou'd ere a *Fool* preferr,
 To be an Officer!
 A *Knave* may serve an unjust Government,
 But ne'er prevent
 Those Mischiefs may attend the just:
 For who would trust
 A Villain may be bought by Gold,
 Unless design'd on purpose to be sold?
 If Princes wou'd use *Fools* as Shop-men do
 Their Signs or Boards of show,
 To tell the passers by there's better stuff
 Within, 'tis rational enough.
 But to set Centry at the Door,
 A Patriot or a Senator,
 Philosopher or Orator, }
 To tell the Passers by their is within,
 A *Merry Andrew* to be seen,
 Is very much ridiculous,
 Tho' to our grief we often find it thus.
 Thus Princes Bastardize
 Their Countries Sons Legitimate,
 And give the fair Estate
 Unto a Spurious Brood,
 That ne'er did good;
 The honest Work, the *Knave* enjoys the Prize.

Kings of all sorts they ignorantly crav'd,
And grew more stupid as they were enslav'd;
Yet want of Grace they impiously disown'd,
And still like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd:
With languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,
The Bad too many, and the Good too few;
Some rob'd their Houses, and destroy'd their Lives,
Ravish'd their Daughters, and debauch'd their Wives;
Prophan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,
And worship'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.

To Foreign Nations next they have recourse;
Striving to mend, they made their State much worse.
They first from *Hebron* all their Plagues did bring,
Cramm'd in the Single Person of a King;
From whose base Loins ten thousand Evils flow,
Which by Succession they must undergo.
Yet sense of Native Freedom still remains,
They fret and grumble underneath their Chains;
Incens'd, enrag'd, their Passion do's arise,
Till at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.
This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done,
Whose Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son,
Made him, like *Cain*, a murd'rous Wanderer,
Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes share.

But still resolv'd to split on Foreign Shelves,
Rather than venture once to trust Themselves,
To Foreign Courts and Councils do resort,
To find a King their Freedoms to support:
Of one for mighty Actions fam'd they're told,
Profoundly wise, and desperately bold,
Skilful in War, Successful still in Fight,
Had vanquish'd Hosts, and Armies put to flight;
And when the Storms of War and Battels cease,
Knew well to steer the Ship of State in Peace.
Him they approve, approaching to their sight;
Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.
The numerous Tribes resort to see him land,
Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand;
With loud Huzza's they welcome him on shore,
And for their Blessing do the Gods implore.

The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
The sad Condition of their drooping State,
And Sinking Church, just ready now to drown;
And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.

Ah Happy *Israel!* had there never come
Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home,
In combination with a Foreign Brood,
Sworn Foes to *Israel's* Rights and *Israel's* Good;
Who impiously foment Intestine Jars,
Exhaust our Treasure, and prolong our Wars;
Make *Israel's* People to themselves a prey,
Mislead their King, and steal his Heart away:
United Intrests thus they do divide,
The State declines by Avarice and Pride;
Like Beasts of Prey they ravage all the Land,
Acquire Preferments, and usurp Command:
The Foreign Inmates the Housekeepers spoil,
And drain the Moisture of our fruitful Soil.
If to our Monarch there are Honours due,
Yet what with *Gibeonites* have we to do?
When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,
To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood.
What Mushroom Honours dos our Soil afford!
One day a Begger, and the next a Lord.
What dastard Souls do *Jewish* Nobles wear!
The Commons such Affronts would never bear.
Let no Historian the sad Stories tell
Of thy base Sons, Oh servile *Israel!*
But thou, my Muse, more generous and brave,
Shalt their black Crimes from dark oblivion save;
To future Ages shalt their Sins disclose,

And brand with Infamy thy Nation's Foes.

6

A Country lies, due East from *Judah's* Shoar,
Where stormy Winds and noisy Billows roar;
A Land much differing from all other Soils,
Forc'd from the Sea, and buttress'd up with Piles.
No marble Quarries bind the spongy Ground,
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-shells are found:
Its Natives void of Honesty and Grace,
A Boorish, rude, and an inhumane Race;
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,
Are born in Bogs, and nourish'd up from Spawn.
Their hard-smoak'd Beef is their continual Meat,
Which they with Rusk, their luscious Manna, eat;
Such Food with their chill stomachs best agrees,
They sing *Hosannah* to a Mare's-milk Cheese.
To supplicate no God, their Lips will move,
Who speaks in Thunder like Almighty *Jove*,
But watry Deities they do invoke,
Who from the Marshes most Divinely croak.
Their Land, as if asham'd their Crimes to see,
Dives down beneath the surface of the Sea.
Neptune, the God who do's the Seas command,
Ne'er stands on Tip-toe to descry their Land;
But seated on a Billow of the Sea,
With Ease their humble Marshes do's survey.
These are the Vermin do our State molest;
Eclipse our Glory, and disturb our Rest.

7

BENTIR in the Inglorious Roll the first,
Bentir to this and future Ages curst,
Of mean Descent, yet insolently proud,
Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd;
Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boast,
And what he got the *Jewish* Nation lost:
By lavish Grants whole Provinces he gains,
Made forfeit by the *Jewish* Peoples Pains;
Till angry Sanhedrims such Grants resume,
And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume.
Why should the *Gibeonites* our Land engross,
And aggrandize their Fortunes with our loss?
Let them in foreign States proudly command,
They have no Portion in the Promis'd Land,
Which immemorially has been decreed
To be the Birth-right of the *Jewish* Seed.
How ill do's *Bentir* in the Head appear
Of Warriours, who do *Jewish* Ensigns bear?
By such we're grown e'en Scandalous in War.
Our Fathers Trophies wore, and oft could tell
How by their Swords the mighty Thousands fell;
What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,
What Battels fought, what Wreaths of Honour won:
Thro the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame,
The Nations trembling at their Awful Name:
Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were,
When we, base Souls! but Pigmies are in War:
By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill;
We learn how to intrench, not how to kill:
For all our Charge are good Proficients made
In using both the Pickax and the Spade.
But in what Field have we a Conquest wrought?
In Ten Years War what Battel have we fought?

8

If we a Foreign Slave may use in War,
Yet why in Council should that Slave appear?
If we with *Jewish* Treasure make him great,
Must it be done to undermine the State?
Where are the Antient Sages of Renown?
No *Magi* left, fit to advise the Crown?
Must we by Foreign Councils be undone?
Unhappy *Israel*, who such Measures takes,
And seeks for Statesmen in the Bogs and Lakes;
Who speak the Language of most abject Slaves,
Under the Conduct of our *Jewish* Knaves.
Our *Hebrew's* murder'd in their hoarser Throats;

How ill their Tongues agree with *Jewish Notes!*
 Their untun'd Prattle do's our Sense confound,
 Which in our Princely Palaces do's sound;
 The self-same Language the old Serpent spoke,
 When misbelieving *Eve* the Apple took:
 Of our first Mother why are we asham'd,
 When by the self-same Rhetorick we are damn'd?

But *Bentir*, not Content with such Command,
 To canton out the *Jewish* Nation's Land;
 He do's extend to Other Coasts his Pride,
 And other Kingdoms into Parts divide:
 Unhappy *Hiram*! dismal is thy Song;
 Tho born to Empire, thou art ever young!
 Ever in Nonage, canst no Right transfer:
 But who made *Bentir* thy Executor?
 What mighty Power do's *Israel*'s Land afford?
 What Power has made the famous *Bentir* Lord?
 The Peoples Voice, and *Sanhedrim*'s Accord.
 Are not the Rights of People still the same?
 Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name?
 Have not Mankind on equal Terms still stood,
 Without Distinction, since the mighty Flood?
 And have not *Hiram*'s Subjects a free Choice
 To chuse a King by their united Voice?
 If *Israel*'s People cou'd a Monarch chuse,
 A living King at the same time refuse;
 That *Hiram*'s People, shall it e'er be said,
 Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead?
 When no Successor to the Crown's in sight,
 The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right.
 If Kings are made the People to enthral,
 We had much better have no King at all:
 But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,
 Always as Guardians to their People stood.
 And Heaven allows the People sure a Power
 To chuse such Kings as shall not them devour:
 They know full well what best will serve themselves,
 How to avoid the dang'rous Rocks and Shelves.

Unthinking *Israel*! Ah henceforth beware
 How you entrust this faithless Wanderer!
 He who another Kingdom can divide,
 May set your Constitution soon aside,
 And o'er your Liberties in Triumph ride. }
 Support your Rightful Monarch and his Crown,
 But pull this proud, this croaking Mortal down.

Proceed, my Muse; the Story next relate
 Of *Keppech* the Imperious Chit of State,
 Mounted to Grandeur by the usual Course
 Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worse;
 Of Foreign Birth, and undescended too,
 Yet he, like *Bentir*, mighty Feats can do.
 He robs our Treasure, to augment his State,
 And *Jewish* Nobles on his Fortunes wait:
 Our ravish'd Honours on his Shoulder wears,
 And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.
 Was e'er a prudent People thus befool'd,
 By upstart Foreigners thus basely gull'd?
 Ye *Jewish* Nobles, boast no more your Race,
 Or sacred Badges did your Fathers grace!
 In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when
 Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men.
 To Chivalry you need have no recourse,
 The gawdy Trappings make the Ass a Horse.
 No more, no more your Antient Honours own,
 By slavish *Gibeonites* you are outdone:
 Or else your Antient Courage reassume,
 And to assert your Honours once presume;
 From off their Heads your ravish'd Lawrels tear,
 And let them know what *Jewish* Nobles are.

**THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT
SOCIETY**

**WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK MEMORIAL LIBRARY
University of California, Los Angeles**

PUBLICATIONS IN PRINT

1948-1949

16. Nevil Payne, *Fatal Jealousy* (1673).
17. Nicholas Rowe, *Some Account of the Life of Mr. William Shakespeare* (1709).
18. "Of Genius," in *The Occasional Paper*, Vol. III, No. 10 (1719); and Aaron Hill's Preface to *The Creation* (1720).

1949-1950

22. Samuel Johnson, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) and two *Rambler* papers (1750).
23. John Dryden, *His Majesties Declaration Defended* (1681).

1950-1951

26. Charles Macklin, *The Man of the World* (1792).

1951-52

31. Thomas Gray, *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard* (1751); and *The Eton College Manuscript*.

1952-1953

41. Bernard Mandeville, *A Letter to Dion* (1732).

1954-1955

49. Two St. Cecilia's Day Sermons (1696, 1697).
52. Pappity Stampoy, *A Collection of Scotch Proverbs* (1663).

1958-1959

75. John Joyne, *A Journal* (1679).
76. André Dacier, *Preface to Aristotle's Art of Poetry* (1705).

1959-1960

80. [P. Whalley], *An Essay on the Manner of Writing History* (1746).
83. *Sawney and Colley* (1742) and other Pope Pamphlets.
84. Richard Savage, *An Author to be lett* (1729).

1960-1961

- 85-6. *Essays on the Theatre from Eighteenth-Century Periodicals*.

90. Henry Needier, *Works* (1728).

1961-1962

93. John Norris, *Cursory Reflections Upon a Book Call'd, An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690).

94. An. Collins, *Divine Songs and Meditations* (1653).

95. *An Essay on the New Species of Writing Founded by Mr. Fielding* (1751).

96. *Hanoverian Ballads*.

1962-1963

97. Myles Davies, Selections from *Athenae Britannicae* (1716-1719).

98. *Select Hymns Taken Out of Mr. Herbert's Temple* (1697).

99. Thomas Augustine Arne, *Artaxerxes* (1761).

100. Simon Patrick, *A Brief Account of the New Sect of Latitude Men* (1662).

101-2. Richard Hurd, *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* (1762).

1963-1964

103. Samuel Richardson, *Clarissa*: Preface, Hints of Prefaces, and Postscript.

104. Thomas D'Urfey, *Wonders in the Sun, or, the Kingdom of the Birds* (1706).

105. Bernard Mandeville, *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Frequent Executions at Tyburn* (1725).

106. Daniel Defoe, *A Brief History of the Poor Palatine Refugees* (1709).

107-8. John Oldmixon, *An Essay on Criticism* (1728).

William Andrews Clark Memorial Library: University of California, Los Angeles

THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

GENERAL EDITORS

EARL MINER

University of California, Los Angeles

MAXIMILLIAN E. NOVAK

University of California, Los Angeles

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

Wm. Andrews Clark Memorial Library

Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. Edna C. Davis, Wm. Andrews Clark Memorial Library

The Society's purpose is to publish reprints (usually facsimile reproductions) of rare seventeenth and eighteenth century works. All income of the Society is devoted to defraying costs of publication and mailing.

Correspondence concerning subscriptions in the United States and Canada should be addressed to the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, 2205 West Adams Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Correspondence concerning editorial matters may be addressed to any of the general editors. The membership fee is \$5.00 a year for subscribers in the United States and Canada and 30/- for subscribers in Great Britain and Europe. British and European subscribers should address B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford,

England. Copies of back issues in print may be obtained from the Corresponding Secretary.

PUBLICATIONS FOR 1964-1965

JOHN TUTCHIN, *Selected Poems* (1685-1700).
Introduction by Spiro Peterson.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, *An Essay upon the Original and Nature of Government* (1680). Introduction by Robert C. Steensma.

T. R., *An Essay Concerning Critical and Curious Learning* (1698). Introduction by Curt A. Zimansky.

ANONYMOUS, *Political Justice. A Poem* (1736).
Introduction by Burton R. Pollin and John W. Wilkes.

Two Poems Against Pope: LEONARD WELSTED, *One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope* (1730); ANONYMOUS, *The Blatant Beast* (1740). Introduction by Joseph V. Guerinot.

ROBERT DODSLEY, *An Essay on Fable* (1764). Introduction by Jeanne K. Welcher and Richard Dircks.

THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

William Andrews Clark Memorial Library
2905 WEST ADAMS BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90018
Make check or money order payable to THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SELECTED POEMS (1685-1700) ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee

for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the

“Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)

(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.